

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO

LIGHT SEEKERS.

FROM OCTOBER 6TH, 1880, TO OCTOBER 5TH, 1881.

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A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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Agents wanted to introduce the paper.

Vol. 1.

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No. 1.

THIS magazine, containing sixteen pages, will be published weekly. It will contain articles upon science, art, literature, as well as upon the subjects of ethics, or the elevation of the spirit alone. By elevating the spirit of man, we develop the true life. The subscription price (one dollar per year) places it within the reach of all individuals. The idea is not to extort money from individuals, but to place before the people pure literature, which shall be within the reach of all classes.

INTRODUCTION.

IN INTRODUCING to the public this pamphlet, we simply state the idea with which we are impressed; that an expression of free thought is the armor which must withstand the darts of persecution and oppression. It is the light which shall sweep away superstition and ignorance. All men are created equal, and the constitution of our glorious country sets forth this principle as the one which led the pilgrim fathers to declare themselves free and independent of those who dwelt across the waters. It is the principle innate in every individual. Every human being is responsible for his or her own actions, and likewise has a right to his or her own private judgment on all matters connected with the realm of thought. As a medium for free thought, we shall introduce this paper to the public. All persons are invited to express their opinions, who will express them conscientiously. Be it understood, it will not be a sectarian paper, but one upholding religious liberty and the right of

private judgment. Then to the world at large we send greeting and invite your expression. The great truths are sometimes like rare gems, found 'neath a rough exterior. The humble workman may have locked within his breast rare gems of thought. We invite your expression as well as that of the sage and scholar.

DARE AND DO.

In olden times it was considered brave for an individual to meet his brother in deadly combat, and the person who came off victorious was lauded to the skies as brave and valiant—the friends of the poor unfortunate receiving not a moment's thought.

Is this, think you, the daring and bravery which springs from a pure heart, from which wells a fountain of love to mankind?

Ah! is it not more daring to give the energies of this short life to doing deeds which fill every heart with joy?

It was on the banks of the beautiful Rhine; two neighboring peasant's sons having had some altercation, and the difficulty not being settled for months, the resentment had deepened and grown into deadly hatred. Now, they meet at a public meeting of the peasants, and a discussion between the leading parties has arisen. The two enemies, belonging to opposing parties, now give vent to all their long cherished hatred, and, it is agreed, at the setting of morrow's sun, they shall meet in deadly combat. Ah! gaze upon those fair, intelligent features, and tremble when you see the demon enthroned within each breast, and see the fiery darts flash from the eyes of both. Yet, there was an angel sometimes dwelt in each temple, and those same faces had kindled with the holiest, purest passion, and the gentle dove could have then symbolized them.

Yes, those two boys, just entering upon manhood, were, in their calm moments, gentle and almost feminine in character; one the idol of a fond mother; the other, a devoted sister, who had taken the place of the mother who has joined the angels.

No entreaties from the bystanders could induce them to desist. One, in angry passion, had challenged; the other had accepted, and both were as immovable as a damantine rock, for the time being.

Each departed to his home; no good angel within. The first, whom we shall call Carl Ravenna, passed up the pretty winding path, which led to the summit of a hill, where, embowered in a

cluster of forest trees, was the humble abode of his widowed mother. Not with the elastic step and merry whistle which was his wont, but with lowering brow and a countenance more befitting an older man. Astonished, the fond mother gazes upon her son; no familiar greeting as was his wont.

"My dear son! what has occurred?" Although the muscles of the mouth relax, and a more softened expression reigns upon his countenance, no answer comes. The question is repeated; slowly he raises his eyes to his mother's.

"Mother! I shall probably see but one more sunrise."

Startled at this expression, she questions him closely, and he is induced to tell her the truth. Oh! the anguish of that mother's heart. Can the satisfying of a vengeful thirst give her joy when her child's life is endangered? What cares she for the daring of the deed? That he has been challenged, and must, as a gentleman of honor, accept, stills not the tumult of her mother heart. None but those who have passed through like experiences can realize the torture which fills her breast. Until the time appointed she moves as one in a dream.

The other, Ralf Revely, passed down a shady walk, on the banks of the Rhine, to a little cot, when the loved sister sprang forward to meet him. In her hand she bore choice roses just culled from her bower, as her brother called a rustic summer house completely covered with the loved rose of their country. Ah! her gay, merry, singing brother she does not meet, but a morose looking man instead.

This passion completely filled Ralph, for being of a much stronger nature than Carl, this hate was deadly, and *vice versa*, his love was consuming. Although he possessed such love for his sister, it was, for the time being, cast aside for this new and deadly passion.

"Oh! my dear brother! what *has* happened?" she cries, as the tears unconsciously start from her eyes. But, for the first time in her whole life he pushes her aside, giving her no answer. Sad is it to look upon this picture. The loving, affectionate brother transformed into a demon, and by this spirit of rage. Again the good angels take flight.

The sister, seeing she could not prevail upon the loved brother to reveal to her the cause of this change, returned to their home to prepare the frugal supper, allowing his passion to silently subside.

At length she calls him, and, somewhat composed, he enters the dwelling and tells his sister of the morrow's plan.

Silently she listens, but her torture is of a far different character from that of the mother's. She well knows that Ralph Revely never lost aim. He was the marksman of their province, and already she looks upon her brother as a murderer. With a silent prayer for divine aid she quickly ponders how best she can dissuade him from his purpose. Gently she pleads with him.

"Oh my brother! well you know that Carl must fall by your hand, and then my brother will be a murderer." Although he sees the force of his sister's argument, he is too proud to relent. No, his word has passed in the presence of others, and cannot be revoked. Long and earnestly she pleads, but, although at times upon the eve of relenting, pride rules the spirit.

Still, the sister is firm, and a determination is formed, by which she knows *the true spirit of her brother shall predominate*.

The spot selected is a lovely opening, where the last rays of the sun are reflected upon the smooth surface of the Rhine. A lovely evening and as beautiful a scene as ever greeted mortal vision. The calm beauty so inspiring, however, awakens no corresponding emotion in the breasts of the pale combatants.

All is in readiness; the two pieces raised. "*One*" has sounded up on the evening air; a rustle is heard in the thicket near by, and, springing as a deer upon chase, comes Alice Revely. She rushes into the open space, and with fearless countenance stands before her brother; so near, that the charge cannot miss her. Already almost willing to relent, this seems to instantly bring him to his senses. Here is the one who has been sister and mother to him, ready to be murdered by his own hands. The frame trembles, the hands fall down by the side, and the hot tears rain down the cheeks of both combatants. "No, no, Alice! you have conquered. No, I *will* not."

Taking the hand of each, she places them together, and silently seems invoking heaven's blessing.

The barriers are broken down, the demon has fled, the good angels return, and, methinks, we can see the angelic form of that angel mother breathing benediction upon that daughter and shedding tears of joy over the return of reason to that son.

The bravery is apparent. It is brave to do right, to *dare to do*

right, even though a prevailing spirit says "Take the world's code of honor." The daring of the young girl has saved her brother from the sin of murder, and united the two enemies as greater friends.

MORAL—*Let us dare to do what is right.*

CORA CORAL.

Nothing is *attainable* unless we *love* it.

OUR CITY.

Our city is denominated the "Gem City of the West," and well has it been named. Its natural scenery has not a superior in the West. Situated on the great "Father of Waters," on a curve in the stream, we have a beautiful view up and down the river for some miles, and the elevated position renders it healthful, sightly, and *romantic* to those who delight in hill and dale. A city to be well located must be "high and dry." The inundations of our beautiful river cannot reach us upon this side, although we may some times look across upon the Missouri side, after our spring rise, and see a vast sheet of water extending for miles. The facilities of our city are good; our port, during the summer, being one scene of busy lading and unlading steamers; and our railways, throughout the whole year, bringing passengers and freight from North, East, South and West, as well as shipments of various manufactures from this place.

Our beautiful city of the dead, called Woodland Cemetery, so named in honor of the late Governor John Wood, as the site was, originally, donated by him, is as lovely and befitting a place as can be found elsewhere. Situated upon a knoll, or collection of knolls rather, with bright grassy slopes extending almost to the river's brink. Covered, too, with the loveliest of forest trees—nature's true temple. In point of beauty, this is one of Quincy's gems, for it is the "City of Gems," truly speaking.

Of our city we shall speak from time to time, and give more of its history.

REV. ARTHUR P. DEVELIN, formerly a Roman Catholic, has delivered a series of lectures at Merrick Hall during the month of September, upon various subjects. His creed is *now*, right of private judgment. His lectures, which were *very interesting*, were well attended.

EDUCATION AND HEALTH OF WOMEN.

(Extract taken from an article by ELIZABETH CUMINGS.—*Popular Science Monthly*.)

The radical defect in the education of girls is, that knowledge, and that of a very superficial sort, instead of the cultivation of the faculties, is made its aim. Regarded by the large majority of educators in a partial light as a means organized for something outside of herself, the girl is simply taught to appear educated. The directing of her mind into a wholesome and self-controlled activity, which is the only means of perfecting the intellectual faculties, is not thought of. Her mind is made a scrap-bag into which are dropped the dabs of this and that which custom has decreed a young woman should know, and which she and her friends regard very much in the same light as the bows and feathers on her pretty bonnet.

Between the ages of twelve and twenty, the time of all others when her body and its healthful development ought to be carefully looked after, a girl ordinarily receives all the intellectual training she ever has. To do credit to the school and satisfy the mistaken pride of her friends, she is kept in a perpetual hurry, memorizing an incredible number of pages per day. Her chief recreation is a sedate walk, in which dress and behavior have to be considered more than the toning up of her flabby muscles and the oxygenizing of her thin blood. Her chief pleasures are evening entertainments, where her vanity is stimulated to the utmost, and late hours, unhygienic dress, and unwholesome food tax her vitality.

Society emphasizes the education of the boarding-school. To appear well is its sole demand upon young women. Earnestness, an interest in the projects which their founders believe will regenerate the world, all the ebullitions of force characteristic of the young mind that thinks, even an enthusiasm for study, are "bad form" for a young lady in society, and make her suspected of being, at least, "queer." Of course, I speak of ordinary society. There are cultivated congeries in every large city in which more is expected of a girl than mere prettiness. A bright girl who has finished her school-life scarcely knows what to do with herself. Her education was not a preparation for any special work, and, unless she was very fortunate, it did not lay the foundation of proper mental habits. The intellectual in her has been roused, but she has not been taught how

to direct it. Some way this force will expend itself: if it can not find a legitimate outlet, it will stimulate the emotions, and find a disastrous activity in them, and too often the "sweet girl-graduate" becomes a sentimental creature, a prey of whims and caprices, capable of an intense but one-sided energy when her enthusiasm is roused, but incapable of any sustained, self-directed effort.

Women rarely find in marriage greater incentives to a real intellectual activity than they find in the boarding-school or in society. Whether the man whose name she takes will be as attractive in middle life as in his youth—whether she will be proud and glad that he is the father of her children—are matters about which the young girl is not taught to think. Domestic economy, as now carried on, is burdensome and full of distasteful and humdrum duties. Having no special aptitudes, not having enough control of her mind to elect to do anything, or to persist in it if she so elect, not knowing how to make the most of what is open to her, unhappiness, real or imaginary, preys upon the average woman to an extent not to be guessed at by a person whose mind is employed.

It is the natural tendency for those powers which are constitutionally the strongest to overrule and weaken the others. If woman is, from physiological causes, more emotional than is good for her, and the habits of civilized life have increased this tendency, if emotional excitement weakens the control which she will ought to exercise over the powers of attention and reflection that stand at the head of intellection, it is the first business of the teacher to employ a girl's faculties as equally as possible—to restrain those which unduly predominate, and exercise the weaker powers.

A girl should be made to understand, from the first, that the education she receives at school is to do for her mind what the scales and exercises do for her fingers in her musical studies; that she is not to study simply to acquire facts, but to get control of her mind. Moreover, she should be taught that it is her duty to look forward to a life-long intellectual activity, so that, when she comes to take full charge of herself, she will direct her mature powers toward some pursuit or line of study which will promote her present or future welfare, and insure to her wholesome mental habits. Especially should her will-power, the force which will, more than any other, make or mar her, receive the most careful training; so that, become adult, she will be able to use it physiologically, and determinately

turn from the enemies, wounds, and serious sorrows, that otherwise might induce nervous disease, or drive her into a mad-house, to some one of the many subjects of interest in which the world abounds.

The first mistake in the education of girls, and the one fraught with the saddest results, is made when they are allowed to leave childhood too soon. To keep them little girls as long as possible, and make them, first of all, what George MacDonald calls "blessed little animals," is the first step in the right direction.

The second mistake is, permitting growing girls to sit in the house and study when their transparent cheeks tell of anæmia and lowered vitality. So long as there are branches of knowledge which are admirable training for the mind and can be pursued best out of doors, this mistake is inexcusable. It remains to be seen whether the old methods of education in use in boys' schools are the best for girls: they are best only if they are most physiological. Girls should be treated as they are, not as they might be under improved habits and conditions.

The third mistake is, making the school-life of girls final, when it ought to be a simple preparation for the intellectual life of the adult woman.

A fourth mistake is, withholding a knowledge of the laws to which woman is subject, in her physical and mental life, her place in nature, and the potential character of her mental state and habits.

PROGRESSION.

The seed through stages various
Passes; and behold! the towering tree,
The rolling wave of time, with grandeur
Brings light, and hope, and liberty.

Liberty is echoed again and again;
For the *mind* now triumphs true;
The savage has progressed beyond the infantile;
Man has bidd'n *old* things adieu.

New scenes, new thoughts, new work;
The arrow and bow, the weapons, all
Should, with the onward march, be lain aside,
And let pure love to fellow man, each heart enthrall.

CORA CORAL.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

CREATION.

Let there be light! commenced the world;
Then was all its glory unfurled;
Then the beauty rare, from divine hand,
Smiled o'er a new, uninhabited land;
Then man was formed, and the sun's bright light
Illumed his day hours and the moon his night.

Thus light it was revealed the beauty;
And as each orb performed its duty,
Rare loveliness each hour was portrayed
From rise of sun to its sinking shade;
When the moon and stars, athwart the skies,
Bade the shimmering light rest the eyes.

So light it was, which commenced the world,
And revealed the beauty, now unfurled;
By an architect of perfect mind,
Who formed each creature after its kind.
Man, the likeness of this mighty one,
To him gave charge o'er the world alone.

Yes, for him the light illumes the earth,
And in him the power of thought has birth.
So pure light it is, which now portrays
The vast power, which 'neath the surface lays.
And knowledge, true, is the brother twin
Of this power, which did the world begin.

Imagine a period of time, when this beautiful world of ours, now dotted with its mighty mountains, its lovely forests, its meandering streams and smiling valleys, was a barren waste, "without form and void," says the record. Let the thoughts be centered upon this idea; close the eyes, dwell upon the scene in fancy. It simply brings the truth home to the heart. "Oh, Lord! how manifold are thy works, and thy ways are past finding out." To bring to ourselves a conception of this chaotic period, and permanently establish a correct picture, is utterly impossible. And in this moment of retrospection, reason says there is a God; there is an architect; a perfect workman, who has fashioned and plained all things; then, with childish simplicity, we yield allegiance to the higher powers. Imagine now,

as scene after scene was brought upon the stage of earthly action, all things called "good," and lastly the light, to tinge the eastern horizon, to bring the glorious effulgence of noonday, the mellow shades of evening and the subdued beauty of moonlight nights, which are contrasted with the dark, starless, moonless nights. These giving a sample of what all would be, but for the holy and most to be prized of heaven's gifts—"light." Aye, light, in its twofold meaning, is the Queen of the physical and spiritual world. But, anon, it has been a subject of discussion by sages and scholars of every age, whether the world was formed in six days and nights, as the record says, or whether it was the same number of periods of time, denominated days; whether Adam and Eve were the only man and woman placed upon the earth, and in them all nations had birth; or, whether there were numerous other families upon the globe, of whom mention is not made. But we think these minor considerations. It matters not. The great power it seems is omniscience, omnipresence; we breathe it in the air; we see it in the broad field of nature. Man was, by some means, placed upon this earth, and not by chance; and whether the story of his eating the forbidden fruit be an allegory, intended to convey a great truth, or whether it be a literal fact, concerns not ourselves so much to-day as the great questions, "How shall *we* live? What is *our* sphere of action? What are *our* responsibilities? That there is an antagonistic power to the good is as evident as that there is darkness in the physical world, opposed to the light, giving us a true appreciation of the light by contrast. Thus the good is the light of the spiritual realm, and the evil the darkness. Then light is Queen. Her sceptre is studded with precious gems, called Virtue, Humility, Brotherly Love, Temperance, Fidelity and Chastity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE city is improving, many new buildings being erected in various parts. Many houses which stood idle during the summer are occupied, indicating an increase of population, although, there has been some emigration from this place to Leadville and other points in the West.

THE season is one of plenty in our place. Apples, grapes, peaches and pears smile upon us on every street corner, as well as our Southern imports.

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, I MAY BE WRONG.

[FROM THE BANNER OF LIGHT.]

When man first trod the face of earth,
And brutal force the mass controlled—
Ere reason scarce had had its birth,
Or words of love had e'er been told—
The rude world sang the weird-like song,
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When tribe 'gainst tribe its force combined,
And plans to subjugate were laid ;
When nations formed to gather strength,
And armies in the field arrayed—
The world still sang the cheerless song,
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When Christ, with meekness of a child,
The Golden Rule to life applied,
By Jewish priests he was reviled,
Betrayed, mocked, scourged and crucified.
Then sang the world the bigot's song,
"Yes ! I am right, and you are wrong."

Paul, Stephen, Peter, Justin, James,
And other matyrs to their faith,
Have left behind immortal names,
But paid the forfeit by their death,
Because the world e'er sang the song,
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When Huss and Luther dared oppose
The edicts of the Papal See ;
When Murray from the Partialists
In public dared to disagree,
Loud rang abroad the hateful song,
"Oh ! we are right, and you are wrong."

Sects have increased and multiplied,
As Father Time strode on apace ;
Yet every sect claims excellence,
With more intolerance than grace,
And sings unto the gathering throng,
"Come ! I am right—the rest are wrong."

Though Jesus bade him without fault
To be the first to cast the stone,
And taught the code of charity—
For none are sinless—no, not one—
The world sings now as then the song,
"Yes ! we are right, and you are wrong."

When first some tender hearts were moved
In pity for poor Afric's slaves,
Though *all now* claim a friendship true,
Division marked those moral braves ;
They heard that self-complacent song
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When Galileo proved the truth,
That grand old earth itself turned
round,
By dint of force did he retract,
And, silenced, yield his vantage ground.
The world sang unto him the song,
"Oh, I am right, and you are wrong."

Albeit many now have learned
That news may flash across the sea,
Just hint that souls may send us back
A message from eternity,
The world sings loud the same old
song,
"Oh, I am right, and you are wrong."

Whoever dares a step to take,
Advancing to a point in front
Of science or theology,
Must stand the buffet and the brunt,
And hear that constant, dismal song,
Of "We are right, and you are wrong."

Thank God ! though bigots think it
strange,
That, ne'ertheless, earth moves along,
God speed the day when man may
change
That hackneyed, pharisaic song,
And sing a wiser, better song,
"You may be right, I *may* be wrong."

When churches practice what they
preach,
And preach from heaven-taught, lib-
eral creeds,
The recreant sinner then may feel
The vital force of Christian *deeds*,
And sing, in time, a better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong."

When all shall lend a willing ear,
To doctrines new and still untried,
And pause awhile, ere they condemn,
To learn the truths of either side,
Then may be heard the better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong."

So may the universal church
Of brotherhood be broad and strong,
As man may frankly own to man,
"I may, as well as you, be wrong."
Come, let us start that better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong."

THE following lines were written in honor of a lady who has lost her husband through what is called death. Thinking it a waste of what she is steward over to erect an elaborate monument over his grave, she took the means she could so have used and built a hall, which she has given freely to the citizens of Quincy and to the world at large as a place wherein free thought may be expressed. The poorest, as well as the richest, has a welcome within its walls. We deem it a greater monument to the loved one waiting on the other shore, and one which shall live in the hearts of the people, where the good and true must ever live. "Make not to me idols," saith Jehovah. Christian and brothers—*all*—make not your departed friends idols, and, building a monument over their lifeless remains, fall down and worship it.

THE MERRICK HALL.

[BY REQUEST.]

A monument of art 'tis not,
A house of worship? no!
It is a place where purest thought
May, like a gentle river, flow.

'Tis for reception
Of angels, pure and holy.
Here may we have no deception;
Here may meet the great and lowly.

'Tis the tribute of heavenly love
To a dear and departed one;
May here shine from that clime above
The rays from the Spiritual Sun.

Worship is not in temples of art;
'Tis not in gorgeous array,
But is enthroned in the human heart,
And must be practiced every day.

'Tis in smallest acts of life
That it is most truly portrayed,
And through scenes of earth's sad strife
The path of worship's made.

Then not in temple worship we;
Our God is not an idol;
But let it flow, both full and free,
Like the incoming tidal.

Bearing onward again a bark
Freighted with its precious cargo,
With Truth's light to illumine the dark
And on sin place an embargo.

[Dedicated to Mrs. Dr. Merrick, by her friend, Ida M. Merrill.]

LOOKING HEAVENWARD.

When we turn our thoughts heavenward, and ask our spirit friends to draw near to us, touch our lips with a coal from the altar of eternal fire, of love, mercy and justice, they come pouring streams of light and magnetic influence over us. And when we are filled with the power, called the Holy Ghost, we can send out streams of the same fire, and touch the souls of others. M. M.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Eighteen hundred years ago, 'tis recorded in the New Testament, that one Jesus of Nazareth lived in Bethlehem of Judea. His parents were pure, honest people; had a family of sons and daughters. Jesus, the oldest son, was a carpenter, and worked like other men at his trade. As he progressed and matured into manhood, he felt a power within, prompting and inspiring him with love towards mankind. When the Holy Ghost descended upon him at his baptism in Jordan, he saw the heavens opened, and heard the voice, saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." He was what is called a medium, a great Prophet, greater than any who had ever lived before him. His physical body was the most perfect organism, and when the Holy Spirit controlled him, he could command the storm and it was hushed. He was a great teacher, going about doing good, healing the sick, raising those that had fallen asleep, or called dead. He also cast out evil spirits, and caused the blind to see and the lame to walk. He taught the people how to live in innocence and purity by his deeds of charity and mercy to the unfortunate, and how to "love one another." The mighty works which he did were called miracles. They appear to the Christian world the same to-day, and what is a miracle? Is not the whole visible world a miracle? Do we mortals know how anything exists? We say there are natural laws, and all things are governed by law. All means *all*, does it not? Then miracles are also governed by laws. The difficulty in the minds of the people is, they do not understand the laws of the Universe. There are millions of laws yet to be revealed to mankind. M. M.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT IS MEANT BY SCIENCE.

Taken from a work by the late REV. J. CLOWES, M. A., Rector of St. John's Church, Mauchester, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The term *Science* is derived from the Latin *scio*, signifying to *know*, and according to the sense of the term denotes in general, *whatsoever a man knows*. Common usage, indeed, has circumscribed the signification of this term within narrower limits, and nothing is thought to deserve the name of science but abstruse speculations on abstruse subjects. Thus we talk of the science of mathematics, of astronomy, of geography, of mechanics, of optics, of hydrostatics, &c. &c., and none are deemed men of science except such as are adepts in those subjects. But why may not we talk of the science of husbandry, of building, of planting, of manufacture, of merchandise, or of any other employment? Certainly, every business in which any man is engaged, implies something to *be known*, and is therefore properly a *science*; and every man may be supposed to follow some employment, and therefore to *know* something, every man is, properly speaking, a *man of science*, and none appears to have an exclusive right to this title. Besides, every man may be supposed to have some knowledge, more or less, concerning God, His law, His kingdom, and a future life, which alone is sufficient to constitute him a scientific man. In short, *whatsoever a man knows*, that is his *science*, and since every man *knows* something, every man must needs be a *man of science*.

Science, it is manifest, is born from that *affection of knowing* with which every man is gifted from his birth, and which properly constitutes him man; for man, it is well known, consists of two distinct parts or principles, *will* and *understanding*, and all affection is of the will, as all science is of the understanding. But the understanding of man, at his birth, is not formed, being nothing more than *the faculty to understand*, which faculty is derived continually from the will and its love, and is continually forming according to the activity and operation of its parent principle. Its first formation is what is called *science*, which is nothing more than the first rudiment of understanding, derived from the objects of sense. But as the understanding is the perpetual offspring of the will or love, in like manner science is the perpetual offspring of the will's desire

or affection, since without desire or affection it is impossible to conceive that any science can be imbibed and received.

It is, nevertheless, to be understood that all the *affection of knowing* is not of man alone, but continually of God operating in man, and that, consequently, all science is not the creature of mere human exertion, industry, and talent, separate from God, but is rather to be regarded as the blessed fruit of God's continual operation in man, tending to produce that heavenly birth of *knowledge* without which man would be utterly incapable of enjoying his proper happiness, because utterly incapable either of loving God or of connecting himself with God.

It deserves further to be considered, that the birth of science is an indefinite or unlimited effect, capable of advancing to any degree short of infinite, and that in this consists the perfection of man above the inferior creatures. For the inferior creatures, it is well known, are born into the science of all things necessary for them to know; but then they are incapable of further progress: whereas man, though born in ignorance, has the faculty of growing in science to all eternity.

DESTRUCTION.

Can anything be destroyed? When the seed is cast into the earth, and the tender shoot bursts forth, well do we know the germ is not destroyed, although you see it never more. The nature of the germ is to expand and shoot forth into an extension of its peculiar species when it is placed in its proper soil. It draws from the earth moisture and the peculiar gases necessary to its unfoldment. The germ is not lost, although seen no more. The wood is cast into the grate and the gases exhaled, and the ashes or remains contain the components of the fuel. The great inorganic bodies may change form, yet are never destroyed. It is a demonstrated fact, that all matter is indestructible. Then nothing in nature is lost.

The Christian tells you the pure deeds are not lost, the impure are your great enemies. Truly so! Nothing in nature is lost.

The remains of an individual, placed in the bosom of mother earth, decays, and returns to its "native element." The spirit nature, which is the life of man, then being a part of this great nature, which is not lost, where abideth it? Is it lost? Have we an ex-

ception here to the general law? Has it no abiding place? Has it no employment? Is it asleep? Is it around us? Is it in heaven or hell? Where is it? Queries by a searcher for truth, inviting the expression of any one, who will intelligently express his or her views.

WOMAN AND PURITY.

When woman takes one step more, and stands by the side of her husband, father and brother at the polls, it will be a gala day in the world—a blessing to mankind. When the banners are unfurled, with love, mercy and justice inscribed thereon, *harmony* and *not* discord will prevail. There will be processions formed in every ward, with flags floating, music ringing, grand equipages with gaily dressed ladies, carrying the inscriptions: *Liberty, fraternity, peace* and *good will*. There will be *no* spirit of whisky; *no* chewing, spitting tobacco; *no* beer to make men cross, and *peace* and *harmony* will be the order of that day. Men will have learned to govern themselves, and woman, instead of losing the qualities inherent in her soul, will soften the asperities of life, tenderly care for children, console everywhere with her love, the ambrosia of her perfection and the prudence of her counsels.

M. M.

OPENING SONG.

(Written for "A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.")

Open sweet buds thine leafy bowers,
And shed thine fragrance abroad;
Peace and love are the fairest flowers,
And lead to a smoother road.

Let light, love and purest thought
Fill these pages, week by week;
With knowledge each line be fraught;
We the good of each other seek.

Thus, aiding the life of a weaker one;
Humanity is open, broad and wide;
There is not one, no, none,
That should be left at the gate outside.

The sweetest, fairest, most fragrant flowers
Are, oft, secreted in a shaded glen;
The brightest, pearliest, gentlest showers
Are far more fruitful than a gushing rain.

—ARIADNE.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

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THIS magazine, containing sixteen pages, will be published weekly. It will contain articles upon science, art, literature, as well as upon the subjects of ethics, or the elevation of the spirit alone. By elevating the spirit of man, we develop the true life. The subscription price (one dollar per year) places it within the reach of all individuals. The idea is not to extort money from individuals, but to place before the people pure literature, which shall be within the reach of all classes.

SALUTATORY.

WE send greeting to all in this second copy. Your aid we ask in exterminating a tyrant, who is called Evil, Sin, Iniquity, Perfidy, and many such epithets. He enters the home circle, he stalks upon the streets, he enters our courts, our legislature, our congress, our capitol—all places wheresoever an individual will bear him company. He is anxious to bring strife in home circles, disgrace upon individuals who are in high places, to bring discord in the house of representatives, in all the seats of government and authority. He is causing a division in our glorious country, which should be as united as one family. In union there is strength. He is flaunted upon the streets in characters which cause the cheek to mantle, when purity is enthroned. Oh woman! that thou shouldst step from thy shrine and become a toy of maudlin aspect. Robe thyself in the dress of modesty, and take thy place in the world's great battle. Let thy true nature reign; let thy walk be one of purity, one of chastity, of humility and of strength of character; and oh man! give the energies of thy nature to noble deeds, elevate thine ownself, and thereby humanity. Let us one and all fight the tyrant evil, and chain him in his den.

CHOOSE WELL.

"THERE is a talisman, which is the key to success, my son," said a mother, who gazed into the clear depths of her son's eyes. Her only boy; he was entering now upon the responsibilities of life, and was leaving home, where he must some times, aye, many times be called upon to decide important matters with no mother's counsel to aid. The time, which must come to every individual who arrives at manhood or womanhood, when self-reliance is necessary, and when the individuality must assert itself. And Charles Truman, our hero, felt the responsibility which rested upon him. Ever had he confided in his mother; but now he was to enter the large banking house of Lynn & Co., in the city of New York, and be subjected to the many temptations placed before him in a large city. Many times had his mother spoken of this period, and given him her counsel. Now, at parting, she says: "There is a talisman, which is the key to success, my son, and this is, 'choose well.'"

In whatsoever you are called upon to decide, these words will ever be a guide. If you choose well, you will take the right. The true spirit of manhood is to aspire, to live honorably, uprightly, with a clear conscience, a determination to conquer all difficulties, and remove all obstacles in the path of virtue. If a tempter says, "Here is fame; here is wealth, but your scruples must be lain aside; you must not consider your brother's right and your fellow's happiness," then, my son, "choose well." Consider, there is another way of which I have heard: We are all children of one family; if I injure my brother, I am injuring my own family, and thereby myself. If the tempter comes in another form, and says, "Come, go with me to this gaily lighted saloon, the band will give us some fine music; it is a pleasant, cheerful place, you need take but a glass of something to revive your spirits," this is the same old story, "choose well" in this instance. The first step was taken by every individual, who has fallen from man's high estate, in like manner. If the siren tempter still says, "You need not keep this path of rectitude above thy fellows; you may step aside from the path of virtue and yet be honorable and hold a high position," "Ah, my son, 'choose well.'" It is thine own approval you should first seek. When you degrade yourself in *any* manner, so much of the true manhood is extin-

guished, and so much of God-given power is buried beneath the ashes of former glory.

"Yes, mother, may I have strength to battle with those temptations, and vanquish this enemy, which you have pictured so vividly to me many times." "Be it so, my son; trust to the higher powers, and listen to the gentle monitor within.

As the train speeds with lightning rapidity over the broad prairies, around the base of towering mountains, and, anon, through dense woods, Charles has time to reflect upon his fond mother's parting advice. The beautiful scenery which meets his gaze, and the quiet ride of his present journey, as he travels alone, but serves to fix the advice indelibly in his mind, and in the future we shall see to what extent it has permeated his character. "New York City!" is called out by the conductor, and then, hurrying to and fro, are seen the persons who frequent the large depots upon various business errands. The usual cries of hotel agents, cabman and newsboys, and immediately new thoughts and new scenes are ushered in. The place selected for him by his employer is near to his business house, and he is soon ensconced in a cab whirling rapidly through the busy city—a quiet, unpretentious place, where several of the clerks of this same house board, and, as he enters, there is a sense of quiet home atmosphere steals over him, much unlike the ostentatious style of many of the hotels. And his mother's parting counsel came to him vividly. Ah mother, just as you would have it; no temptations here.

On the morrow he entered upon his new duties with his natural zeal. The day passed away without a cloud, and so did others in the same manner for weeks. One evening, being sent to the bank after it had been closed for the night, judge his astonishment when he distinctly heard in the banking room the voices of his two fellow clerks. They were conversing in a low tone; as this was the room he was to enter, he paused upon the threshold, and overheard the following conversation: "James, I know it is not as our mothers would advise us, but here it is, we have gambled, and we are obliged to pay this or be exposed. The old gentleman will never miss this thousand, and we can still keep up and return it when we are able." "Yes, but if it should be missed?" "Oh, fie, do not be so womanish." Charles paused, irresolute as to what course to pursue. He must now "choose well."

CORA CORAL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HARMONY.

THE keys of the piano forte are so arranged that, when struck by a masterhand, beautiful peals of music resound; and, when the soul of the performer is allowed to stream from the finger tips, as it were, then we call it inspired harmony. But, let these same keys be struck by an unskilled hand, and what discord proceeds.

In gazing upon the natural world, *all* is in harmony; the woods, the vales, the mountains, the rivers—all things. Were it not so, we might, sometimes, see a tree growing root upward; a mountain ready to fall upon the inhabitants of the valley; a stream meandering up hill; a daisy growing upon an oak tree; search for pears upon the deadly Upas, and like incongruities. But, we expect harmony in the great field of nature, and find it.

One who places upon canvass a representation of a natural scene must harmonize the scene in coloring, in distance, in grouping, in size, in adaptation. Harmony is the master power of art. In all statuary it must reign.

Then in the grand principles of life, in the perfect development of the true manhood, it is the prevailing element. The more perfectly a man's characteristics throughout harmonize with each other, and blend into an individuality, the more perfect is the man.

Be yourself; let your actions harmonize with the inward monitor, which says, let your *true* manhood predominate. Wear not another's character; it as illy fits you as his clothes your person. Crush down the evil power which bids you assume a character foreign to your nature, thus bringing inharmony, the great curse to mankind.

There is, within each human frame, the melodious harp, which needs but the touch of a skilled musician that the beautiful life music may float upon life's ocean; and likewise, may, when touched by an unskilled hand, send forth only discordant, troublous music. Let us call to our aid a master mind. Let the angels of harmony thrum upon the harp strings, and how grand are the reverberations. The true life principle, literally speaking, is developed by yielding to the higher powers.

GENEROUS and self-denying efforts are not in vain, but are painted on the eternal world and never effaced.

L. H. GRINDON.

"AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP."

THE sower prepares the soil, carefully selects his seed, discarding all inferior grains, casts it upon the ground, harrows it in, sees with pleasure the first tiny shoot, watches it grow leaf by leaf, until it has arrived at full maturity; sees it ripen, carefully nurtures it, expecting a harvest of beautiful golden grain. Had he taken seed which a child may have innocently gathered from flowers, grain or even thistles, as it wanders in its search for pleasure, think you he would have expected this bountiful harvest? Again, had he carelessly thrown upon the ground well selected grain, and then lain down as the sluggard, giving it no care, think you he could have expected a plenteous harvest? Verily, "as ye sow, so shall ye reap." They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Yea, tears for thine own transgressions and short-comings, for an erring brother, or tears of sympathy for the afflicted. These keep the heart warm, bringing a harvest of joy.

The tears coming from an overburdened heart, which is crying "More! Oh Lord, more of thy love," will certainly be jewels in the crown which awaits the faithful. Then, do you not see, tears soften the heart, making it tender and willing to yield to the cries of the afflicted. Oh! treasure ye these softening influences as angels' visits. Pause! and consider, "as I sow, so shall I reap." If I sow to the wind, I must expect to reap the whirlwind. If the morning of my life is spent in frivolity, if a votary of fashion, and the world and its vanities engross all of my attention, leaving not one moment to think of my eternal welfare, not one corner of my mind's great storehouse for the Ruler of the Universe, what can I expect to reap?

When the Master of the Vineyard comes to reign with glory, majesty and power, what can I bring to him? saying, "Lord, this is thine." For the talent given is lain carefully away, wrapped in a napkin, aye! even forgotten with the giver.

"Lord, *this* is thine own. I had the affairs of this world to attend to and could not prepare for another. My wife and children, or my father and mother, or my sister and brother, engaged my thoughts; I had no time to think of the Giver of these gifts and Master of this beautiful world."

Think you this a sufficient excuse for carelessly sowing whatever came to your hand? Oh carefully sow, that your spiritual harvest may be rich and fruitful.

Ye mothers, as ye gaze into the eyes of your innocent babes, remember, "as ye sow, so shall ye reap." Their little hearts, while yet pure, as from the Master's hand, are to be moulded by you. Their *character* will be formed whilst under your watchful care. Consider here is the temple of a living immortality. The breath which is in this body lives though an everlasting eternity, and the life-course determines the ascent or descent of spirit. Oh, sow in tears with fervent prayers, hoping to reap in joy in the bright sphere beyond the darksome river. Mothers, as ye gaze upon these little treasures, tremble as ye think of the never-dying soul, and fail not to implant in the mind truth, which it may retain through life; wheresoever the feet may wander, these early teachings will cling to the individual—a part of his or her nature. Those solemn warnings, which only a mother can give, are of untold value to the child, and may come in after years as a beacon light, even if the individual has strayed far from the path of virtue. Oh, forget not the child's soul in the care for the body. Fathers, as ye gaze with pride upon your little ones, remember they are watching father, taking him as the personification of all excellence. *Your* example is of great importance. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Then sow with a careful hand, watching with jealous care. Your little son, if he never sees father lift the intoxicating cup, will be very apt to say, if tempted, "No, my father never takes it." And, as he grows older, if father has exerted a good influence over him, it will be a bright star in his future life and of much value in aiding him to select his company.

Then, "as we *all* sow, so shall we reap." Oh let us sow seeds of righteousness, watering with tears of contrition, cultivating with deeds of charity and kindness, nurtured by the prayers of faith and hope, expecting to reap abundantly in the "far away," but yet near, harvest home.

SHADOWS.—It is said of Michael Angelo that he wore a light over his forehead, whilst engaged upon his great works of art, that he might not cast a shadow from himself upon his work. Well would it be for us all, should *we* be so careful in viewing many things. We sometimes cast a shadow ourselves which darkens the scene, and we are dissatisfied, calling it dark, when it is but the shadow; remove the shadow, and in the pure sunlight the scene may be beautiful.

TRUTH.

A lovely child with golden hair
And mild blue eyes serene ;
She seems to breathe heaven's pure air,
And has a quiet mien.
The lovelight in her eye so blue,
Fills every one with joy,
Who gaze into their depths so true,
And oft does she decoy

Weary ones, by her gentle glance,
Imparting to the heart
The light from her own countenance,
Yielding to us a part.
Of the pure joy which fills her soul,
And gives her life and glee ;
Thus does she many griefs console
And bid old care to flee.

She holds a wreath, a tiny wreath,
Of summer's lovely flowers,
Such have not birth in earth beneath,
But come from heavenly bowers.
Mark her now ! with sweet, childlike grace,
She bears the wreath aloft ;
And, mark the radiance of her face,
She seems to love betrothed.

Within her hand it larger grows,
Although she sees it not ;
So wrapt in the pleasure of those
For whom the wreath was wrought.
The skillful fingers, at love's behest,
Rapidly twined the wreath ;
Taking the flowers which she thought best
Would gladden the heart of each.

As still aloft she bears the wreath,
Unseen hands add more flowers,
Whose fragrance seems heaven's own
pure breath ;

What heavenly joy is ours !
Say those who on this picture gaze ;
The child seems not to know
How many earth-flowers she does raise,
Nor how the wreath does grow.

We watch it steadily expand
And brighter grow each hour,
See now it encircles the band
Who bow before her power.
The fragrance on the senses steals,
And sweet peace fills the soul ;
Ah ! this beauty rare does reveal
The power which does control.

She claps her hands in childish glee,
When suddenly her gaze
Rests on this wreath of rare beauty,
Knowing not that she did raise
Aid for those invisible hands,
But enjoys it the more
As she seems to see the sunny lands
Where the lovely forms soar.

Thus with childlike simplicity
Which does the heart enthrall,
Accompanied by charity,
Truth wins the way with all.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

If there are any persons, who wish for knowledge concerning the grand and sublime signs and wonders that are visible to-day, in this nineteenth century, they should place themselves in a proper condition of both mind and body and ask of the great master, and they will surely receive. Knock and it will be opened; this is the gala day of the world, when the heavenly and earthly will meet in one harmonious triumph of joy. It is meeting now, when spirits in the flesh come to harmonize or meet with one accord the visible and invisible. This is the meeting of the two worlds. Jesus Christ sent out his apostles to work miracles, gave them power and authority

over devils, to cure diseases, and to preach "the Kingdom of God," *now* at hand. The same spirit is here to-day, inspiring and manifesting itself through mortals, mediums, or prophets, but the people will not see the signs or hear the voice that speaks those loving words, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give thee rest." Spirit is life, and what the christian world calls God is the spiritual world, which is the life of all things, and mortals, having a ray of light or love planted in this earthly frame, cannot be separated from the spiritual.

The great God fills immensity of space, and in this we live, move and have our being, become individuals, and, if conditions are favorable, will develop into sons and daughters, and be willing to work in the Father's vineyard.

M. MERRICK.

ARE WE PHILOSOPHERS?

POETRY and philosophy, art and science have been classed sometimes as opposite terms. Some who consider themselves philosophers—master minds—have sneered at poetry. We call to mind such example, an orator of fine ability, whose language was the impersonation of poetry. In speaking of a beautiful scene in nature, says it was one calculated to arouse the inspiration of the poet, although "I confess I have no inclination to poetize, or, in fact, no sympathy with it, although in my younger days I *thought* I had a passion for it." The description of the scene, as of many others he has described, was a high type of poetry, and the exact wording would have formed blank verse. And the thought arose in the mind of the listener:

"Oh wad some pow'r, the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us,
Twad frae mony a notion free us."

This man was a philosopher upon many subjects, but here, whilst philosophizing, he was also poetizing, unconsciously, although not in a rhyming metre, which is by some denominated poetry alone.

The thought also arose, are we not all philosophers? Do we not all philosophize according to circumstances, the capacity of our minds and the development of our character? We have not all found the philosopher's stone, but, nevertheless, there is a philosophy of life, which we are each and all developing. We may not

realize that this is true, for we are, many of us, practical matter-of-fact people. But practical and matter-of-fact, as may be a life, there is not one but has its bit of poetry and its philosophy. There is not an individual but has a sense of the beautiful in a greater or less degree, owing to its development. This love of the beautiful is poetry, if it finds *not* expression in words. We all reason from cause to effect, and where we correctly trace effect to its corresponding cause, we are philosophers to that extent. The child is many times too great a philosopher for us, or we should say, his ideas astonish and his questions baffle us. There is a deep under current in the harmony of nature, that is called harmonial philosophy, or harmonial science. And here we find, in this harmonial law, art, science, poetry and philosophy blended. The art-nature is portrayed upon canvas; the poet-nature is placed in characters upon pages; the scientist takes from the earth, the air and heavens his grand investigations; and the philosopher takes from *all* these and his fellow man. Thus we see all allied by the tie of brotherhood—art, science, poetry and philosophy.

There is not an individual but thinks and is able to draw conclusions, although he may not be able to *express* them, and in his mind's deep recesses he philosophizes.

May not even the brute creation philosophize in its instinctive manner? See the cow lazily chewing her cud, who knows what her brain is doing; who knows but she has power of thought, if not language? See the watch-dog lying snapping at each luckless fly who may come in his way; doubtless he could not explain to you the philosophy. But it is the philosophy of self-sustenance. See the eagle poise herself and dart upon the prey she has sited. With the precision of a marksman she darts quickly through the air, seldom missing aim. And so throughout the brute creation.

Thus it seems there is philosophy in *all things*, and may we not all, to *some* extent, be philosophers. "Sometimes," it has been said, "The wise things are withheld from the great and revealed unto babes." Babes in the world's knowledge, yet wise in the harmonial philosophy, if *we* harmonize our own natures, so that the true spirit of self-hood may predominate.

ANY one obtaining six subscribers for "A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT" will receive one copy per year gratis.

REALITY.

We meet and we part, we come and we go,
 With joy in the heart, or a burden of woe;
 We smile or we sigh, we enjoy or we mourn,
 We laugh and we cry—men die and are born;
 We sing and we weep, we hope and despond,
 We wake and we sleep, and yet look beyond.
 There is joy with grief, there's bitter with sweet,
 There's a garnered sheaf, there are weary feet,
 There's pain and pleasure, there are noblest deeds
 Of untold measure. Life, a great stream, feeds,
 Unfailing 'tis found, ever it surges,
 On it goes, rolls around; and yet emerges
 Ever the same scenes, as a rolling sphere;
 Pure joy intervenes with the sigh or tear.
 'Tis the same story, poverty or wealth,
 Sadness or glory, sickness or health.

Oh! may *we* be guided aright,
 Here are the deceitful and true,
 The real life is hidden from sight,
 For who does unvell the heart to you?

The deceitful fain would conceal
 His real motives, selfish, dark;
 The true do not always reveal
 The noblest emotions of the heart.

Beyond, we each the other read,
 There expands the inner life true;
 There, deception none will need,
 You will read me, and I will read you.

—CORA CORAL.

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

THE record says: The Lord said to Adam, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayst freely eat, but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou must not eat of it, for in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." According to the continuance of the allegory, a woman was formed from the rib of man, and she being weak was beguiled into yielding to the temptation by a serpent, one

of the beasts over which man had been given power. And after she had tasted of the fruit, finding it pleasant to the taste, induces her lord to partake of it also; each time the *weaker* influences, or rules, the *stronger*. Very well; even a school-boy, who can reason from cause to effect, will see that the literal rendering of the translation would render it illogical and void of reason. To suppose that the eating a peculiar kind of fruit would give man the knowledge of good and evil, and that a beast, without the power of speech, should tell a woman the great good which she would receive by so eating. The thought would arise in the mind of the superior, why have *you* not eaten of this fruit? But that there is a great truth contained in this allegory, is evident. That there is a desire within every individual to progress, to pass beyond the infantile period, to know *all things*; a continual aspiration and a deep thirst for knowledge, and that there are laws which bound the span of man's attainment in the physical, and give him a desire to go on into a new realm of thought, or of spiritual development after the tabernacle of clay is lain aside. There is a pure and all pervading atmosphere surrounding humanity, which is called God; man has never been able to explain or to comprehend it. That he is a personal God, with his throne the nethermost heavens, and his foot-stool earth, is the idea of some. And that this great invisible power is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and truth, is the opinion of many. Children can, at an early age, comprehend only that which is tangible and demonstrable; so man in the infantile period could not comprehend anything which he could not, in some way, associate with the five senses. And feeling great awe in gazing upon the mighty works of the visible world, naturally the conclusion was, "Some Great Being made all this, and as we cannot see him, he is far beyond the stars." Aye, and truly did they reason; this power is Omnipotence.

But here originated idolatry, "Let us make an image of this Great Being and worship it, as we cannot see him." There was in the hearts of those aborigines the true spark. The awe, with which they were impressed, far surpassed the awe any individual of the present age experiences in gazing upon the works of the Great Author; for, childlike, they knew not their own capacities, and their power, as yet, slumbered, awaiting the development of time, experience and necessity.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

GATHERING JEWELS.

(Written for "A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.")

Gather jewels bright for thy crown,
 Whilst passing th'ro this world below,
 And place them in the crown of life;
 On each a loving smile bestow.

Then lay up treasures rich and rare;
 And place thy heart's pure trust above,
 Be not cast down with earthly care,
 Thy soul filled with brotherly love.

Tho' cares surround thee every day,
 And dark thy path may sometimes seem,
 There is above a soft light-ray,
 Which sheds o'er thee a brighter beam.

You'll find your path to grow more light,
 Sharing the burden of a weary one,
 And jewels glitter sparkling bright
 When the Master's will is willingly done.

Then let thy light a standpoint be,
 To guide each wand'ring brother,
 To steer his bark where he can see,
 And let his light fall on another.

Then place a jewel there each day
 By some kind act or deed;
 It's light will glitter on thy way
 And cheer thine onward speed.

—ARIADNA.

HOME VIRTUES.

(Taken from a work by MARY G. WARE.)

"To the child, the parent stands as the embodied reason, the form
 of truth and virtue, the highest type of the Supreme Being."

T. T. STONE.

THE natural affections, such as conjugal, parental, filial, and fraternal love, and the love of home, which would seem to bind all the others into a single sheaf of household virtues, are supposed by many persons to be inherently and of necessity pure and holy. Yet every one of these affections may be only modifications of the love of self. Self-love clings, like the Pilgrim's burden, to every trait

of our nature; and can be cast off only at the foot of the cross. Natural affection, until it has been spiritualized by regeneration, is a body without a soul, the form of love without its immortal essence.

We may test the quality of any of our affections, by honestly answering such questions as the following: Does it make us love to minister to others, or demand that others minister to us? Do we seek our own happiness in loving, or the happiness of the person we love? Do we love to be at home, because there we can rule, and fret, and find fault without restraint, and devote ourselves to our own pleasure; or because there we reciprocate all kindly affections, and help to fill out the harmony of a happy household?

We are all prone to love those who flatter our vanity, who pet our foibles and weaknesses, who look with an indulgent eye upon our vices, or who minister to our comfort; and among our family relatives, we usually find more of all this than in any other social circle. We love to be ministered to, and to exercise selfishness in many ways, and a very ardent love of home may dwell in our hearts, because there we are ministered to more than elsewhere—because there we can be more selfish than anywhere else.

If the love of dominion and of selfish indulgence were put away from the human heart, a home would be more delightful from containing a numerous family, and involving every variety of relationship; because the various faculties of the heart would be called into more complete activity, and a fuller and higher life attained, than is possible in a small home circle. The affections lose their pliancy and expansiveness by being confined within narrow limits; and it is more difficult to avoid becoming more indulgent towards ourselves, and less so towards others, in a small household, where there are few interests, than in a large one, where there are many.

A happy home, like heaven, is a place where each individual is seeking to make others happy. There is no class of persons who find so little happiness as those who seek it directly, through self-indulgence of any kind; no matter how innocent the mode of indulgence may be. Self-forgetfulness is the first, and a desire to benefit others the second, requisite in a happy life. We must think of ourselves in order to cultivate our powers of usefulness, our moral and intellectual faculties, and to keep our bodies in a state of health, that they may be able to serve the mind; and we shall find happi-

ness in such thoughts of ourselves; but the moment we begin to form plans of life that have our own individual happiness as means and end, we are taking the most direct method of making ourselves miserable. Just so far as the members of a household seek their happiness in making others happy, home becomes a correspondence of heaven; and just so far as they seek their own individual happiness without regard, or in opposition to, the happiness of the rest, home becomes a correspondence of hell.

Parents who would make home a heavenly abode, must bear in mind that they are to the little child what the Heavenly Father is to themselves. A little child's only idea of God is based upon the ideas of love, wisdom, and power that he receives from the daily life of his father and mother. A child who sees his parents religiously self-controlled, and just and affectionate, will be sure to respect and love and obey them, and the filial virtue they arouse in his mind will form a generous soil, on which piety and reverent obedience to God will spring up and grow until they overshadow the whole being. But if the child is so unfortunate as to see his parents without self-control; if they indulge or thwart his wishes in accordance with the mood of their own tempers, and without regard to propriety and justice; if they deny him at first, and then yield to his teasing importunities; if they tell him to do right, and yet permit him to do wrong; if they pet him when they feel good-natured, and scold him when they feel cross, it is impossible that he should have any feeling of true respect for them. He may love them fitfully, as they love him; and he will obey them when he cannot help it; and all this prepares him to think of God as an arbitrary being, very fearful and terrible, and altogether removed from the plane of his love.

A little child is almost intuitively pious, if the least help is given him by those who are about him; for the angels that continually behold the face of the Heavenly Father, are lending all their influence to his heart upward; and if his earthly guardians would but co-operate with his heavenly ones, his spiritual growth would be as certain and as easy as his material growth. His course would not be steadily upward, because the soul has its natural and inherited diseases like the body; and these will, from time to time, be brought out by temptation, as the physical diseases incident to childhood are developed by favoring circumstances; but these would all be mitigated by a previously wise training, and overcome by wise treat-

ment, with much more success in the mental education than in the physical; because the will has far more power to modify the traits of the mind than of the body. In order to develop true filial respect in the minds of children, parents must first have developed a true and childlike piety in themselves. They must recognize their own responsibility to their Heavenly Father before they can see clearly to direct the hearts of the little beings whom He has intrusted to their care. The child has no reason or conscience of its own; and they must be reason and conscience for him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITTLE FOLKS.

Little folks are sliding adown the stair,
Indoors, outdoors, they're busy everywhere,
Sunny silken locks flying in the air,
Like the thistle's down, as light and fair.

Merry little feet dancing on the lawn,
Little tongues prattling from the early dawn,
Tired little sleepy folks begin to yawn,
Weary ones to the land of nod have gone.

Little household angels indeed are they,
"Mischievous" little rogues" sometimes we say;
But still, we love them dearly any way,
And we trust they will wiser be some day.

How much we love the dancing little feet,
Which in the sweet home-paths we daily meet,
And with fond caresses many times greet;
They are our spring-time pansies, home flowers sweet.

Some little feet we miss upon the stair;
Now we miss a vacant little chair;
One sweet lamb we have been called to spare
To the Heavenly Father's tender care.

God bless the little people that we know,
Heaven's blessings on the little ones bestow;
And may we, while they're with us here below
Train the little feet in right paths to go.

—PEARLIAN LA PIER.

Dear Little Children:—In this second copy we shall remember *you*. When I was a little girl, grown people would say, "Little children should be seen and not heard"—meaning that children should listen to their elders—and this is very true; you should respect your parents, your teachers, all persons older than yourself, and not only this, prefer one another. But I have great sympathy with *you*, children, and yet remember the days of childhood so well, that I know it is natural that you should desire sometimes to be heard. However it may be with the majority of grown people, I say, let us hear from the children. You are to be our future statesmen, congressmen, legislators, presidents, merchants and tradesmen; and you cannot learn too young, that you are to be a responsible person, that you will each have a sphere of action which can be carried out by *you* alone; or, if you are so small you cannot comprehend this idea, "Little One," we say, you are now a child, but every day adds unto your age, and some day you will be as large as your papa and mamma, and books, toys and play must be lain aside; for you will have *some* work to do—employment, business or profession. Your father may be a minister and you become a blacksmith; your father a bricklayer, and you, when a man, a statesman. At an early age you will form some plan for the future, and—let us hear the children—there is within you the germ of manhood or womanhood. Yes, you have a talent, and we will listen to your ideas, for you are many times correct in your choice of future work.

In talking with many a little one I have gained greater ideas of life, and have always been led to higher aspirations by listening to the prattle of an innocent child.

Now, dear children, we will be pleased to hear from some of you; a short letter we will place in our magazine, and feel that it is a dew-drop from heaven. Yes, we love to *hear* the children as well as to see them; we had rather hear something which comes from your thoughtful mind than see you decked as a gorgeous butterfly.

To all dear children we lovingly subscribe ourself

AUNTIE.

A NEW paper comes to us from St. Louis called the *Western Light*; we see they are like ourselves—prefer the light to darkness. Both physically and spiritually light is Queen.—*We desire more light.*

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

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Agents wanted to introduce the paper.

Vol. 1.

Wednesday, October 20, 1880.

No. 3.

THIS magazine, containing sixteen pages, will be published weekly. It will contain articles upon science, art, literature, as well as upon the subjects of ethics, or the elevation of the spirit alone. By elevating the spirit of man, we develop the true life. The subscription price (one dollar per year) places it within the reach of all individuals. The idea is not to extort money from individuals, but to place before the people pure literature, which shall be within the reach of all classes.

WELCOME.

WELCOME, beautiful golden autumn! Welcome lovely tints, purple fruit and rosy apples; we hail thee as we do *every* season. We tire of gazing upon the same scenes, and we delight in the dying of the year, as well as in the revivifying spring, the balmy summer, and we will hail the frosty air, the glittering snow in its season. There is a wise beneficence in the changes of the seasons—the whole year seeming a type of life. The dawn of spring, from the grave of winter, is as the birth of a child; the tender buds and delicate flowers, as the first buds of childhood; the luxuriant roses and brilliant summer's flowers, as the roses of youth; the gathered harvest, golden fruit and purple vintage, as the fruitage of middle age; the dying of vegetation, as the merging into old age; and the appearance of winter, as the hoary head of age. Then welcome autumn! the ingathering time; it only bids us to be cautious and earnest, reminding us that for us there will be an ingathering of all that has been sown spiritually, and corresponding to our cultivation. We are all to reap a harvest. Let us have luscious fruit and purple vintage, although the leaf may be sere and the decline of the physi-

cal life apparent. Hoary winter is followed by the new birth—the birth of spring.

Welcome each and every season, and we welcome each true thought and pure as an autumnal offering from some life.

PIONEERS IN PROGRESSION.

IN tracing the annals of history back to primeval ages, we find man has progressed; not in the material capabilities alone, but in the spiritual as well. The grandsire of to-day can bear us testimony that progression is the law; and he can scarcely keep pace now, in his second youth, with the many new inventions, scientific demonstrations, and new ideas upon all subjects. His little grandson can explain what to him is incomprehensible, for the child has entered earth in this period of development. But he can tell you of the day when he came from the East to the State of Illinois, which was then the “far West,” and many incidents of interest too. He came in a covered wagon; his team, his cooking stove, a few dishes and bed-clothes being his sole wealth perhaps; built his house of logs, a large fire-place to warm its inmates, made bedsteads and chairs of hickory bark and saplings, and contentment reigned within this humble abode, for the sturdy courage of the pioneer gave him a feast of contentment, if the “gaunt wolf” was but kept from the door. They looked forward to the time when this trackless prairie, or dense wood, as the case may have been, would be a beautiful farm, a home for wife and children, when neighbors would be on all sides, and peace and plenty abound. He would sometimes settle where he thought a city might, at some future day, be located, for he knew progression was the law and not the exception in this great universe; and he will tell you also that in most instances his hopes were realized.

The efforts of those pioneers were rewarded by success, and we are to-day reaping the benefits of their labors,—beautiful cities, well cultivated farms, and civilization.

We must have pioneers in every progressive work, and from age to age we have had pioneers in the spiritual outgrowth, as well as in civilization. Then, if one to-day learns of a realm, which is yet to be made subservient to man in the spiritual world, and becomes a pioneer, he must have the courage and bravery of the forefathers.

He must valiantly battle with the opposing power or obstacles which he meets, and he will see the fields of his kingdom cultivated, the desert to blossom as a rose, and a new outgrowth in the realm of thought.

If to-day we see a way whereby the spiritual realm may become more fruitful, and we may cultivate the higher aspirations or ethical nature, let us become pioneers. If success attends the efforts in the material, the law is not the reverse in the spiritual. When it becomes evident to our senses that free thought, guided by the higher powers, is not pervading so-called Christianity, and that to practice what is preached in mild homœopathic doses, many times, is as unheard of as to wear your work-dress to the "temple of God," then we say let us have reform.

Jesus of Nazareth preached reform, said, "Wo unto ye Scribes and Pharisees, ye bring tithes of mint, anise and cummin, yet inwardly ye are ravening wolves." When men pray for the "widows and fatherless," and withhold the helping hand to "the poor and needy, the sick and afflicted," asking God to do what man has been commanded to do, we ask, where is the instrument or agent whereby Jehovah will do his work? All things are governed by law, and the law is works and faith. We say the *faith* of Christianity to-day is strong, but as "faith without works is dead," let us add unto our faith works unto zeal, knowledge, and unto knowledge, charity and brotherly love.

Jesus summed the law in these words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." If it is incumbent upon you to "love thy God," it is, likewise, necessitous to "love thy neighbor" in like manner. Thus, whilst asking God to do anything, if you withhold your own labors you are making of it all a mockery.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

We sing, but when this idol is self, it is many times difficult to dethrone him. It is so easy to worship God if we have a comfortable pew, and are dressed as well as our neighbors; the minister has a pleasant voice, and is not too enthusiastic or too severe. But the church service ended, "worship is over," is it? "Love thy neighbor as thyself" follows "worship God." His case must be viewed from

the standard self-love; consider, "were I in his position?" "Do unto others as ye would be done by" comes whispered, and we realize worship is more than loving God and building Him a gorgeous temple. The minister tells you, "His home is eternal in the heavens, a house not made with hands," and, "The hills and the fatness thereof are His."

In this temple, reared by hands, he does not desire to dwell. This Supreme Power enters the temple of each individual, which is the spirit, if the temple be but purified. A spark from the Central Sun, and a flame from the far-off splendor is enkindled by love, which is the embodiment of the whole law. "Love to God," and love to man, and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it to me." This truth comes to us freighted with its precious burden: we love God by loving humanity. We "worship God," by serving our brother, by elevating ourselves, by inculcating pure principles, wherever we may be called to lend our influence, and by giving scope to all heavenward aspirations; be it "ministration of angels" to ourselves, or ministration of ourselves to others.

Grandly beautiful appears this philosophy to us—ministry; love is ministry, forbearance, charity, and reciprocal affection. It requires the wedlock of reciprocation. The husband, in ministering to the wants of his wife and children, and in yielding the offices of pure affection, delights also in a corresponding return from his wife and children; and they likewise reciprocate by the ministry of love. Thus, taking the example as a type of the whole, you see the reform of to-day is love to mankind, and thereby you fulfill the whole law. It is sad to see that humanity has been prone to take the former clause as the whole law. But, as the only way to serve God is through humanity, we should give more attention to the latter. "Love one another," this is simple; "Love worketh no ill," and pure thoughts will prompt us to noble deeds. We are all judges in the moral philosophy; the criminal judges himself and knows his deeds are dark; the doer of great acts judges himself, but says, "I am only upon the onward road, a great field stretches before my gaze; there is a wider sphere of action in view. Beautiful and glorious is the dawn of spiritual light! "I see heaven is not a far-away place, but is an abiding presence, brought to me by the invisible world and my own deeds."

The grand sublimity of a soul which views the heavenly hosts and feels the touch of "snow-white wings" or purity, cannot be expressed. Though launched upon a darksome sea, perhaps, the anchor is sure; the sails are hoisted, the ship is Zionward, and the haven of peace.

Pioneers in the philosophy of love, which *means love*, and no mistaken idea, "Love to God," which manifests itself through our deeds to humanity, let us be. The angel world brings us tidings of this philosophy—brings us hope.

CHOOSE WELL.

(CONTINUED.)

MUST he enter and reveal to them his presence? Must he inform his employer? Which was the best course to pursue? Should he enter and reveal to them the fact that their intentions were known; it may but deter them this time and cause enmity towards himself. Would it be best to immediately return to his employer, and not attempt to dissuade them? For it seemed to him that were they but warned of this great precipice of ruin they were moving towards, they would see as did he. But, alas! for human expectations, when a demon has taken a throne he yields not possession readily. He earnestly pondered the subject, and finally concluded to enter, tell them they had been overheard, and persuade them, if possible, to do what was right; go to their employer, tell him of the trouble and to honestly and honorably meet their obligations, humble the proud spirit to the Monarch Right.

There is still a struggle, for Charles knows this will be a terrible humiliation to them, as he has formed an estimate of their character during their intercourse. But he says "I will give them one chance to show a true spirit of manliness. By my informing against them, I may but harden them." He opened the door and entered. What consternation and dismay was portrayed upon the countenances of each. Charles fairly trembled with emotion; such was his sympathetic nature that it gave him pain to witness the humiliation of another. Hurriedly thrusting something into his pocket, James, the bolder of the two, comes forward, and with daring effrontery addresses Charles:

"Halloo, partner, did you come to release us? We found ourselves locked in this evening, as we were busy at the time of 'clos-

ing up.” How daring and reckless! Charles could scarcely believe his senses, although James Gordon had always assumed a familiarity with Charles which had been very distasteful, he did not expect this daring. “Oh! James and Henry, how *can* you,” he began, “here is evidence of your work.” A small compartment of a large safe was partly open and a treacherous bill peeped from James’ pocket. Pointing to each he continued, “I returned to the bank upon an errand for our employer, and accidentally overheard your conversation, but entered hoping you might arouse from this passion, thrust away the temptation as the demon which is working your ruin; go to the employer, confess and meet your obligations honorably and honestly, if you must, by so doing, lose caste with some of your fast friends.”

“*Beautiful* advice indeed,” says James boldly. “Who can prove whether you or I took this money? You are the last one known to have been in the bank; prove that it was I, if you can. Come, Henry, let us leave the would-be preacher; we are only borrowing it awhile and expect to return it.” Who will be the wiser? Leaving the room instantaneously, Charles finds himself alone in the large banking house, one compartment of the safe open, and no excuse to make to his employer which will seem plausible, for he is a stranger and the other young men established, and probably this is their first transgression of the kind. Again, “choose well,” comes whispered to him. “Oh, mother!” he cries in agony of spirit, “which *is* the right?” Going to the safe he finds a key in the compartment; a weak tempter comes, says, “lock the safe, destroy the key and say nothing about it.” But the thought immediately comes, “No! I shall, by so doing, but become a sharer in their guilt.” With trembling frame and sinking heart he locks the safe, places the key in his pocket, fulfills his errand, safely fastening the outside door, and returns to his employer.

His resolution is taken, his duty performed towards the young men, he also owes one to his employer. He well knows there is a great risk; *his* character must stand a test. He saw by the glitter of James’ eye that he was relentless, and that were he betrayed he would use every faculty to free himself and would cast the disgrace upon one innocent. But this deterred him not. Charles knew were there nothing said, a shadow could not rest upon him, as it would not be discovered immediately; but he must not be privy to guilt.

With a trembling tone he addressed his employer and produced the key. The employer was more shocked at the thought that he had one in his employ so dastardly, than at losing the amount. He compared the key with the one in his pocket, finding them facsimilies. Asking Charles to accompany him, he immediately returns to the bank. By looking through the books he finds it true, just one thousand gone; and immediately a detective was privately interviewed and enjoined to secrecy at present. He did not desire to make them public examples. James, upon leaving the bank in company with Henry, who was completely under his influence, engaged a cab and was hurried away to an unfrequented part of the city, in the suburbs, where, in a rickety vacant house, some companions were assembled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CORA CORAL.

HOME VIRTUES.

(Taken from a work by MARY G. WARE.)

(CONTINUED.)

PARENTAL authority, during the first few years of the child's life, should be entirely arbitrary. Reason and conscience develop slowly in a child, through instruction and training. Until they are developed he should be made implicitly obedient to the reason and conscience of his parents. To tell a child that an act is foolish or wrong, and then to let him do it, is throwing a responsibility from the parent, who ought to bear it, upon the child, who is too weak to bear it. Every time this is done the child is confirmed in indifference to wrong, and in contempt of parental authority. If the parent has too little self-control to enforce obedience in a child, it is much better to let him alone entirely than to attempt to throw off the responsibility which belongs entirely to the parent. The selfish weakness that attempts to quiet its own conscience, by merely telling a child it is wrong to do anything, and then permitting him to do it, is just as reprehensible as acknowledging a thing to be wrong and then doing it one's self. There are persons who seem to think it mitigates the sin of an evil act, if one confesses it to be wrong; but to sin in the face of conviction is something that admits of no palliation. If you have so little moral strength that you will not enforce obedience in your child, at least have the forbearance to let

him sin ignorantly. Do not confirm him in disobedience towards yourself, and in indifference to right and wrong, by laying burdens of responsibility upon his shoulders that he is wholly unable to bear. Your child cannot appreciate the consequences of a wrong action, because he has had almost no experience or observation of life; you know what the consequences are, and it is your duty to shield him from them by preventing him from doing wrong. We, who are grown men and women, all know how hard it is to resist the evil desires of our own hearts, although we can measure the consequences of indulging them so fully; and yet we wonder that a little child is not ready to put away his evil desires the moment we tell him they are wrong. His passions about little things are just as hard for him to resist as our greater passions about greater things; while his ignorance of consequences is almost total. He needs every aid we can give him to prevent his little feet from stumbling over the pebbles in his pathway, that to our greater strength are hardly noticeable. We must not think we have done our duty, because we have told him of the danger. It is for us to hold him up, till he can walk safely by his own strength; to restrain him, till by degrees he learns to restrain himself; to guide him till he has learned all we can teach him of the right way.

• Simple obedience is the only virtue a little child can practise, and it is the foundation of every other virtue. The child should be trained to it in the very first year of its existence; with all possible tenderness, but with equal firmness. Every month that this training is put off its difficulty increases; and lost time and opportunity are two things that can never be recovered. Be very careful that you are right in what you require of your child, and then bear in mind that just in the degree it is right, you will be wrong if you do not enforce obedience in him.

It is not always easy to know exactly what is right, and how much one should require of a little child. The more one lives a life of childlike obedience to the Heavenly Father, the better one understands what to ask of one's child; and to do this, one must keep as near Him as possible, through prayer and study of His Word. He is nearer to the parent than the parent is to the child; and if the heart is opened to Him, he will teach it "wondrous things out of His law."

S E E D S .

(Written for "A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.")

A curious thing is a seed,
A wonderful thing indeed,
When deposited in the earth below ;
Pushing up through the ground,
From its wappings unbound,
Buds and leaves expand and grow.

The vine how 'twill run,
Fast wooing the sun ;
A thick tangle on the garden bed—
For the fruiting there is need
They grow with all speed ;
Ere summer, her treasures have shed.

There is no time to be lost ;
Soon the withering frost
His crystal breath on the greenery will spread.
The ingathering time
Of the ripe fruit of the vine,
Her work done, she lies withered and dead.

Plant only good seeds,
Let no noxious weeds
In your beautiful home garden be found
To blossom and grow,
To scatter and blow,
To infest the seed in the ground.

From a mite of a seed
Sprouts a fairy-like reed ;
Patiently wait and work cheerfully—
Year after year
Buds and flowers appear :
Showers of golden fruit drop from the tree.

Humble seeds have been sown,
By kindly winds blown ;
On the lonely hill-side left to bloom—
Flowers lovely and fair,
The traveler lingers there,
Refreshed with cheering perfume.

The kind of seed that you sow
By their fruits you will know ;
If you plant love, blessing will come ;
Or if you plant hate,
It will grow early and late,
With a plentiful increase to come home.
An oak tree let fall
An acorn small,

Soon it sprouted from the shower-moist-
ened clod :
There grew a noble tree,
That gave access free
To all on the oak-shaded sod.

A bonny-brown seed,
As bright as a bead,
'Twixt rocks wedged close between,
With just enough earth
To spring into birth,
O'er the rocks spreads a vin'ry green,

Sow early your seeds
Of truthful works and good deeds,
Though in a day of darkness and gloom ;
The work you have done
Will ere long see the sun
In the morn of eternity's bloom.

From toil to find rest,
How happily blest.
Whom all waters have sown beside—
The birds tamely feed,
On the rip'ning seed.
God's lovely creatures love there to abide.

If in sorrow and woe
Your seeds you may sow,
The Husbandman in mercy takes heed :
He will send sunshine and rain ;
'Twill bud and blossom again,
A lovely change in your long-cherished
seed.

The wild torrents amain
Will soften the grain,
Helped on by the sun's faithful blaze :
From the darkness of night
'Twill emerge to the light,
There was good in the stormy days.

Life is wonderful indeed,
Matured like the seed ;
Deposited in Mother Earth,
And there to remain
'Till it springs into life again,
In a renewed and glorified birth.

PEARLIAN LA PIER.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

JESUS worked in his Father's vineyard, doing good deeds, relieving the distressed of both spiritual and physical diseases, and showed the great power he possessed by the miracles which he did. There is tangible proof that he fed a large multitude with five loaves and two fishes. If a medium can, by holding a glass with a little water in it under a table, and a flower appears in the glass, which is proved to be a real flower, does it not prove that bread can be made as easily as flowers? Christians say they believe those miracles were all performed that are recorded in the Bible. Believing does not make anything true or false; but proof is satisfactory. If they will read the writings of to-day, they will find all those mighty works are being done throughout the earth, and that a great day of refreshing is coming. When the disciples were assembled in that upper room, with one accord, or in harmony, and the doors were shut, Jesus appeared unto them. To-day spirits show themselves in many places, and friends recognize them, speak to them, and touch them; and many, very many, deny this truth, as Thomas did; but when he saw the prints of the nails in his hands and the wound where the spear entered his side, he cried out with astonishment, "My Lord and my God." To-day the same spirit, called the Holy Ghost, is controlling mediums, and showing the same phenomena. St. Paul says there is but one spirit, which does all these things, gives us power to prophecy, heal and cast out evil, speak with tongues and interpret. If Christians believed those truths, expressed in that book of human life, why not receive them? Knowledge is necessary before one can have faith in any person or thing that exists. Take a bucket, for instance, you may guess about how much it will hold; but it must be measured before your faith is established. When you know exactly how much it holds it is a fact, and you cannot displace that fact from your mind, so faith is firmly established.

Let us seek knowledge, wisdom and understanding; be diligent and improve every opportunity; be willing to accept these great gifts of love and intelligence that are flowing down from higher spheres to illuminate the minds of humanity. M. MERRICK.

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

WE see in this first development of worshipping the Supreme Power, the true idea of gratitude for favors, and in what has been denominated pagan or heathen worship, there was originally a true principle, the idol being set up as a representation of this Great Being, and not *as* the Being. They, through ignorance, bring gifts to this idol as to a Benefactor in return for all favors.

It is the true spark, but awaits the development of the ethical nature to show him that he may return his thanks for spontaneous gifts, by yielding these loving offices to brother man. As charity always becometh us, in tracing the life course back to the antediluvian period, we find a primal cause for pagan worship; the original idea was deep gratitude, awakened by the beauty and spontaneousness of nature.

But to return to the narration: The man, after eating the fruit, *also* found it good, and *then* realized that he was unclothed. And when the Lord came out in the cool of the day, called Adam, but found that he had hidden—Adam giving the reason that he was unclothed; and immediately the Lord finds that he has eaten of the tree “of knowledge of good and evil.” The Lord now becomes displeased, drives him from the garden, telling him the remainder of his days he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and Eve, the woman, should be ruled by her husband, and become the mother of children. It has been preached to us for ages that great was the punishment of our original parents, for giving heed to the wily serpent. And the punishment was honest labor for man; that woman should submit to her husband’s *authority*, and should rear her innocent children; let us see how great a punishment this was.

To an ease-loving individual it was *dreadful*; here they were, in this garden with every comfort at will; they need but touch their “Aladdin’s Lamp,” and a genii attended, so to speak; for a person so inclined to be told that he must labor, this was a wrathful and tyrannical Being. Again, we say, the literal rendering of the translation would be irreverent; we must take it in its allegorical sense, as coming to us through the legend of untutored minds, although not losing sight of the inspiration, “the diamond in the rough.” In the

first case the Great Ruler of the Universe assumes to be a tyrannical Being, sometimes Omniscience and Omnipotence, and, again, suffering from the changes of weather. Taking this great power as Omniscience, then should He place a tree in the garden, commanding the inhabitants "not to eat thereof," it would seem that it was known from the beginning by Him the result. We will see this is not harmonial law. But, take the allegory as it reads, there is a truth covered in the language of superstition, and we have a beautiful rendering.

Here is an idea which we receive. If we physically injure ourselves, we suffer physically; if we injure ourselves morally, we shall suffer morally; likewise, if intellectually, the intellect pays the penalty; if spiritually, the spirit is depressed. To the extent the spirit has been marred, to that extent we suffer. Another idea we gain, as a similitude to this history, we take an individual life and its development. The little child comes into the world ignorant of wrongdoing, innocent of wrong thoughts, and in a state of nudity; is kept by loving parents' care, as in a garden of Eden; is fed and clothed by them; the realm of home is subservient to him; he is monarch until he begins to pluck the fruit from the tree of knowledge.

Babyhood passed and his powers develop; desirous of knowing all things, he asks you many questions, and transgressions against his childhood's nature are sometimes committed; this is the fruit of the tree. And the day arrives when he must be turned from his garden of Eden, for he has reached years of responsibility, and in the world's great battle must win laurels, or a livelihood by the action of his brain or the sweat of his brow; when he shall take his place in this great Universe of action. Thus we see, beneath the figure of speech, a law which is one of utility to mankind. Yes! man must be turned from his garden of Eden, and develop great and glorious powers, dive into the depth of the earth, peer beneath the waters, mount up to the heavens with his astronomical observations; aye, go beyond into the realm of spiritual development, and use the æsthetic nature, the great unfathomable abyss of thought and research.

Can you find a terminating angle to the earth? Can you find a terminal point in any of the spheres of the solar system? Then we ask, can you find a termination in the cycles of thought, in the cycles of spirit? In the grand developments of great truths we are

ready to acquiesce; new and gloriously beautiful are the developments of science and philosophy. Then *we* are thankful we were cast from the garden of Eden, and will ever look upon poor, persecuted Eve, and Adam following her example, as our great benefactors.



ELECTRIC EARTH CURRENTS.

(Industrial World, Sept. 16, '80.)

A special correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, writing from Boston, August 31, mentions an arrangement, invented by Prof. Bell, for producing sound by light, and transmitting messages by telephone through rays of light. In the same article a reference is made to electric earth currents from east to west, in the state of Missouri.

On the 19th of August we published an account of the patenting, by H. C. Strong, a Chicago inventor, of a telephone by which electric earth currents can be utilized to transmit messages without the use of wires. The following is the account of "a magnetic survey" of Missouri's earth currents:

Forty-five stations for magnetic observations have been established, and the observations for variation or declination of the needle have been completely reduced. The lines of equal magnetic variation from geographical north present great irregularities, and the deviations bear a close relation to the drainage system of those regions—the needle showing a tendency to set at right angles to the valleys and water courses. The hypothesis is that the magnetic needle is acted on by earth currents, which bend round the dry hills and mountains, taking by preference the course of the damper valleys and the streams. According to well-known law, the needle tends to set across the stream-lines of an electric current; and, if earth currents exist, having a general direction from east to west, the abnormal deviations of the needle are thereby fully accounted for. It is proposed to search for these currents according to Matteucci's method, employed in Europe many years ago; that is, by long telegraph lines grounded at each end and without a battery. That earth currents *do* exist is a well-known fact. It remains to investigate their direction and strength.

The following is the article of 19th of August referred to:

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW TELEPHONIC SYSTEM.

The Columbia Telephone Co. is the name of a new company which is being formed in this city for the purpose of manufacturing and selling telephones, the patentee of which claims priority of the invention of the "closed circuit" system dating back to 1856. The patent has been allowed to Henry C. Strong, of this city, who is a printer by trade. A principle is claimed for this telephone by which communication can be carried on through the earth without wires, in accordance with the law of polarity, which renders the use of wires entirely unnecessary. The inventor claims that great changes in electrical science will be wrought by this method of communication.

The inventor has the first telephone that ever transmitted a word, made in January, 1876. We have full power to negotiate for the manufacturing of this telephone in the south.

J. B. STRONG,
Austin, Texas.

We learn that H. C. Strong, the inventor of this telephone, contemplates locating in our city.

A NEW book comes to us from Rev. Dr. Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., entitled "Religion of Spiritualism." The work is neatly bound in cloth, contains 400 pages, 12 mo. To those desiring knowledge concerning the true philosophy of spiritualism, the phenomena of manifestation, the true reason why they return to earth, and the pure, undefiled religion of angelic commands, we cordially recommend this work. Dr. Watson was for thirty-six years a Methodist minister of high standing, and during the latter part of his ministry a Bishop of that denomination. The price of this work we see is \$1.25, which we think very reasonable. Any one reading this work will see that Dr. Watson has not retrograded in the religious sphere, but has gone on to the "ministry of angels."

IMPULSE.—A man may, in a passion or under the impulse of the moment, do what he would not in his collected moments, and yet this man is more honorable, honest and upright than one who coolly deliberates and quietly consummates his plans. Although the deed may be the same, there is an excuse for impulse, but not for deliberate evil.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS."

"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost,"
Was Jesus' blest command;
As before the waiting multitude
The bread increased 'neath his hand.

Teaching by example the precept so grand,
Of which he with his great power
Had no need; but, knowing we,
Through lack of faith, in an hour

Could not bring to our aid miracles divine,
As in nature nothing's lost,
He follows the Ruler's plan;
Thus the fragments were the most.

Twelve baskets full they find, which far exceeded
The seed; as harvest when reaped
Exceeds the grain which was sown
In spring time, and high 'tis heaped.

"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost,"
Nature echoes the refrain;
From the seed and tender bud
Come the rose, the fruit and grain.

Thus the blossoming follows the budding time;
The fruitage comes on apace;
Then drowsy winter of rest;
Again spring begins the race.

Then this earthly body, was it formed for naught,
If nothing in nature's lost?
'Tis the temple of life
Which is a part of the host

Comprising the eternal Universe,
Filling unbounded space.
Then the pure, the noble deed
Is not lost in life's race.

If the pure and noble deeds are not lost,
Where's the ignoble one?
For nothing, nothing's lost
'Neath the rays of our sun.

The unsightly tree, by a change of soil,
And careful training hand,
May be brought to bear much fruit,
And beautify the land.

From imperfection, in a change of sphere,
May come the perfect man—
In eternity, the bright home,
Where no time can span.

You cannot build a Temple for the Spirit of Holiness to dwell in out of stone and mortar; it must be built in the soul, after the true model and the foundation-rock of love, mercy and justice towards humanity. An edifice reared on this principle will stand the tumults of earth without a tremor.

M. M.

FADING LEAVES.

Surely fades the passing summer,
With its bright and sunny days;
Now has come the tinted autumn,
With its soft and mellowed rays.

One by one the leaves are fading,
Turning into brown and red;
Tipped with gold and spots of crimson,
Lie in many a wayside bed.

The harvests have long since ripened,
The grain is all gathered away;
The reapers have bound each shining sheaf,
And stacked is the new-mown hay.

Thus daily pass away our lives;
We cannot see them fading;
But each day brings us nearer
The time of our autumn shading.

ARIADNA.

GENEROUS and self-denying efforts are not in vain, but are painted on the eternal world and never effaced. Nothing that has the ideas and principles of heaven in it can die or be fruitless. Our works are the mirror within which the spirit first sees its natural lineaments.

The poetry of common life does not require men to be versed in philosophy. Nature never intended that all her children should be engaged in what are pompously called solid studies.

The man of genius we may always recognize by his sympathy with the simple and unpretending. Whether it be the objects of nature or the hearts of mankind, the simple and plain are as pleasing to him as the great and illustrious. Such men are glad to hold intercourse with "common people," who, so far from being the vulgar people of the world, include no small portion of "nature's aristocracy."

L. H. GRINDON.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

All communications should be addressed,
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Subscription price, \$1.10 per year.

Agents wanted to introduce the paper.

Vol. 3.

Wednesday, October 27, 1880.

No. 4.

THIS magazine, containing sixteen pages, will be published weekly. It will contain articles upon science, art, literature, as well as upon the subjects of ethics, or the elevation of the spirit alone. By elevating the spirit of man, we develop the true life. The subscription price (one dollar per year) places it within the reach of all individuals. The idea is not to extort money from individuals, but to place before the people pure literature, which shall be within the reach of all classes.

BRING NOT EVIL REPORT.

LET the pure and noble deeds be registered in characters that may live. Let not evil be registered, but let it be cast into outer darkness. Let it be noble and heroic valor, and not the barbarous murder, which fills the page. Let the mind become familiar with lovely truths. Let not the calumnious whisper be breathed upon the air, nor the tongue be used in idly descanting upon trifling matters. There are noble achievements to be won. The powers of this life should be given to that which will elevate and inspire.

Naught but the good report desire we to record.

EXPRESSION.

ALTHOUGH our language is replete with words, there are aspirations, ideas and deep trains of thought, which cannot be expressed. An aerial flight of imagination, to us unexpressed, seems brilliant and poignant, but when clothed in language seems dull and commonplace. The greatest thoughts, it seems, are inexpressible; we cannot place them upon pages as they come to us, as the deepest joy and the greatest woe is voiceless; there is a mute expression, which we

have seen upon the faces of individuals, which speaks volumes. There is gratitude sometimes expressed in a glance of the eye, which is greater than a speech. It is impossible to express ourselves in anything, that every one may understand us, but there is a grand expression of soul to soul by the glance. As the soul looks from its windows, it is met by corresponding souls in expressive language, *only to soul*, which is not transmitted through the vehicle language. As there are human beings, who, it seems, have not found the soul's windows, so when a soul looks forth, they cannot realize it any more than the blind can conceive of the beauty of the earth. He cannot understand the face of nature, as he has not seen it; but an individual, who has seen the face of nature, has a conception of it, if he cannot express it. Thus we may read from the depths of the souls of humanity tales of joy, of woe, of struggles and victories, of thoughts lofty or low, and yet we cannot express these life-pictures.

—●— TONE OF THE VOICE.

There are persons who have a tone of the voice for different stations, and there are others, we may recognize whomsoever they are addressing, and wherever they may be; even though the darkness of night envelope them, we recognize the person, the same courteous tone which bespeaks true gentility. A lady may have a gracious, condescending tone when addressing those she considers her equal or superior, but let us step in when she is addressing those she considers her inferiors, her servants, her washerwoman, her woodsawyer, here is the test of true gentility; it is noble to know how to use power. You may deem your servants inferiors, then, remember you have a greater responsibility in your course toward them. Your parlor company should not monopolize parlor etiquette. If you have power, use it with discretion. Let your servants learn, of you, deference of speech, rather than you of them. You would consider your servant ill-bred should he assume the tone you sometimes have. A true lady is courteous to *all*. A lover may have a tone for his lady love, especially if he desires to "woo and win her," which seems the very music of nature; but let us hear his conversation to those over whom he may be placed, his inferiors in the social circle, before we judge his character; we cannot judge character in Sabbath dress. We should have a tone which is the same for prince or page, for high or low estate, and

this tone comes from a heart which is filled with the love of truth, and from which wells a fountain of love to humanity. We may vary the tone, but let it always be harmonious, true, kind, courteous. We, of course, have a kindlier tone for those who are nearest and dearest to us, but we may have the pure tone for *all*.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

Jesus of Nazareth is the same to-day that he was in days of yore, when he walked the earth alone, without a place to lay his head. Although multitudes followed him, they did not comprehend or understand his teachings any more than they do to-day. He taught them of the resurrection and the life beyond, and that he would come back and bless them at some future time.

After his crucifixion, he left his natural body and arose in a materialized spiritual body; his friends knew him and he talked with them; appeared to them several times in the forty days he remained visible. The time he bid them adieu he said he would come again, and then vanished from their sight.

To-day the materialized bodies of other men are seen by thousands all over the globe, according to law. Neither matter or spirit can be annihilated. Nothing is lost. All that *was*, *is* and ever *will be*, but all will be changed. Old things will pass away, and all things become new. Now, who is so blind as not to see the signs of the times. Must the blind still lead the blind, and continue to fall into the same ditch together, or will they have their eyes opened by the same power that opened the eyes of the blind eighteen hundred years ago? Many people think what is called spiritualism is in opposition to all religion, and probably think that all the grand phenomena that is now appearing in the world is a hallucination or fraud, and the splendid discourses and poems that are delivered through mediums, are from evil or demons that inhabit the lower spheres. But as far as experience has demonstrated facts, we do not see an evil tree bearing good fruit, nor a good tree bearing evil fruit. I have put my hand on the plow and have no desire to look back, but shall endeavor to plow a deep furrow, plant the seeds of love and truth, and cover with the soil of justice and mercy, never doubting the increase will be an hundred fold. "There is not an idea or principle which has heaven in it, that can ever die or be unfruitful."

M. M.

INDIVIDUALITY.

SHOULD thy life be as a tree,
 Fast growing to the sun,
 With branches spread, broad and free,
 Shelter many a weary one.

Let thy tree be fruitful, too,
 Yielding its peculiar kind;
 Nurtured by the sun and dew.
 By this unison we find

The true and heaven-born way,
 Aiding thus do they each other.
 Shall we be more weak than they?
 We should ever aid our brother.

Be thine the power as the sun,
 Or as the gentle dew;
 Let thy mission well be done,
 Thy life to thy calling true.

If to labor thou art called,
 Let that spirit from within
 Prompt to labor *not* for gold,
 If it causes thee to sin.

If to wear a victor's crown,
 Wear it with a loving smile;
 Cast upon no one a frown,
 Let vain glory not defile.

Be a true and noble soul,
 Where'er thy life-course run,
 Let individuality control,
 Thou can'st simply be *one*.

Of the many who people this land,
 One *only* can'st thou be;
 Be thou as the sun, sea or sand,
 Or rain and dew moist'ning the tree.

There is an individuality which attends every person. We may each live up to the highest standard of excellence in every particular, and be upon the same standing in the spiritual sphere with many others, and yet, we each have a distinct character. It is as impossible for us all to think, see, act or hear alike, as it is for every natural object to have the same appearance, the same proportions

and coloring. How dull and unsightly would be our beautiful, diversified world were it otherwise.

Likewise, were we all to think alike, there would be no pleasant discussions, no argumentative faculties required, no way of assisting another in the field of thought, and, we might almost say, no use for our language, replete with its vocabulary of words. Were we all to act alike, use the same modes of expression, the same gestures, or have the same laugh, the same tone of voice, how completely absurd it would be. Were we all to eat the same kind of food to the exclusion of others, some of our most salable products would return to the "native element;" there would probably be a demand for others which could not be supplied. Were we all ministers, there would be no sinners to save; were all physicians, there would be no one to cure; all lawyers, no one to sue; all teachers, no one to teach; all wealthy, no one to labor; all poor, there would yet be the riches of mother earth. And as there was a period when the development of to-day was not apparent, we believe that at that period the individuality asserted itself, and developed the characteristics of individuals. But as time bore humanity onward, it became apparent that some vocations appeared more lucrative than others, and as the love of fame was fostered, it was noticed that some callings brought their followers more renown than others; thus, many who were not fitted for those callings strove to follow them, and in the struggle, as in any battle, the one who could physically rule, many times, pressed forward, leaving the competent individual by the wayside. And to-day we have those following the professions, who would make better mechanics, farmers or merchants, and we have amongst the working class the Herculeanean brain. In a new country we do not find the greatest proportion doctors, ministers, and orators, although they are necessary to a perfect brotherhood; the laborers, honest tillers of the soil, mechanics and millers must predominate. Such was the case with our forefathers.

As, in every age, we require men adapted to that particular period of development, so every individual has his peculiar sphere, whatever the age may be, for an uncontrollable law governs these things. That every individual does not carry out his individuality, and cultivate the peculiar characteristics of his nature, it is clearly portrayed. It is well to have lawyers, physicians, ministers, professional men of all kinds, but young man be assured that you are

adapted to the bar before bending your energies in this direction; or be assured that you are calculated to take upon you the responsibility of other's lives, before you practice medicine; and let it be evident that you are called to the ministry before you attempt to preach the way of salvation, and, at least, have some definite idea yourself, before you attempt to teach others. Individuality is your birth right.

If you have a talent, cultivate it. Be it but the hewing of wood or drawing water, let it be well done, and do not attempt to take another's talent, for it will but be as the exchange of crosses, of which we have read somewhere in a poem, and the burden of the song was, "My cross is greater than I can bear." The complainant was taken to a place where the cross could be exchanged for another; after looking over a vast collection, one was selected, which seemed very bright and beautiful, but, lo! it was so heavy the frame trembled beneath the burden, and another was taken which exactly suited the person, when lo! this became apparent, "My own old cross again." There is a beautiful truth in this little allegory. If our own talent is not as we desire, and another's appears more brilliant, we shall find, by attempting to use it, that, like the cross, it may become too heavy, or literally, our individuality is lost. But if we return to our own sphere, use the talent given, we shall find the burden of life borne easily; for there is a peculiar sphere for each person, and out of that sphere his powers cannot assert themselves. Thus it is that many make of this life a failure. Your powers may be cramped by circumstances, nevertheless, you have a God-given power, which, if rightly used, will bring the proper elements wherein your capabilities will expand. Let not the harrassing of daily cares cause you to swerve; wear your own cross, or improve your peculiar talent, to the extent which circumstances permit.

Benjamin Franklin was not born to wealth and ease; it was battling with difficulties that developed his talent. Abraham Lincoln knew well how to use the ax, hew the log and till the soil, as well as to rule a nation with judgment. Our Father Washington was reared in the colonial times; the noble fathers of Americans were the laboring class, and asserted individuality. Aye, there were poets, philosophers, statesmen, men of genius there; but they used their gifts to the extent of their advantages, and transmitted these quali-

ties to their offspring. To-day individuality asserts itself, as well as borrowed talent.

Every talent is spontaneous. The one adapted to yourself you may cultivate, but not another's. And be your talent dull and unpromising, remember, that what is well and nobly done is "pure gold," be it the humblest calling upon the earth. There is as much need of the delicate flower, as the gigantic oak; the wind and rain, as the gentle sun. It requires this great diversity to form the complete system of nature. It also requires the different capacities of individuals to form the perfect humanity.

CHOOSE WELL.

(CONTINUED.)

JAMES CONNER had been reared by a fond, indulgent mother, who worshipped her child, but knew not how to curb the disposition, which was deleterious to him. His every want had been gratified, and he had not been taught self-control, which is necessary to every child. A child should early be taught that there are many desires which cannot be gratified. In going forth into the world, he must yield allegiance to some if not in the realm of home. Thus James had always had his wants gratified, many times at the expense of his mother's comfort and happiness, and here we see the fruit of this gratification. He could not resist the temptation. Henry's mother, a good, pious woman, had prayed for, but had not been firm enough with her son, and he had been swayed by his companions, even when a child. Now, as of old, he was influenced by the stronger mind. Had that mother, whilst the mind was young, strengthened the character, shown him the great responsibility which he must be called to bear some day, it would have been a great shield to him; but in perfect faith she had prayed for him, and may it not be availing; even now those mother's prayers came to him and caused him to tremble.

We left James and Henry in the rickety house in the suburbs of the city. Here met them companions of similar character; and wine and cards was the order. A debt was paid out of the borrowed thousand (?). The evening was far spent when they dispersed in a boisterous manner, not usually accorded to gentlemen. These young men had reasons for selecting this unfrequented

place for their carousals. They did not wish it known that such was their character, for in the company of ladies they were quite polished.

James and Henry had ordered a cab to take them to their lodging house, and long had it waited. Reaching their rooms at a late hour they threw themselves upon a couch in a state of inebriation, and awakened late next morning. James being the first to partially recover his senses, rang for coffee, and aroused Henry to form some plan in regard to the borrowed money. He began to realize the extent of his daring most forcibly. Henry began to upraid him, saying "I was more sensible than you. Now I shall be implicated, and I never should have done so myself." "Nevertheless, you are in the box," says James with his usual effrontery. "Now we had better manufacture our stories, so they will tally. We are obliged to throw the blame upon that puritanical Charles, and if I see that he has exposed us, I shall immediately manufacture a story; I shall manage to exchange all the bills but one, and slip that one in his overcoat pocket—a fifty, for they were all fifties and hundreds. Then, when he is blamed, they will find it, and how his face will color, and that will be evidence of guilt, and if he beats Jim Connor he will do well."

This was Sabbath morning, and he was using his leisure hours, "the day of rest," in forming plans which should ruin the innocent, were they but consummated.

Henry was too easy to protest, and thus it was settled in their minds.

Monday morning dawned bright and beautiful, and James and Henry are seen wending their way to the bank, with a more hopeful countenance than did Charles, for an oppression weighs upon him as a shadow of coming evil. He is satisfied that James will spare no means to save himself, and knows that it must be settled now. The detective had not discovered the whereabouts of the offenders on the previous Saturday evening. James immediately perceived a cloud upon his employer's brow, and a frown greeted him. He had been a favorite with his employer, as he could assume a polished manner at will, and in merry gaiety he was apt. Thus Charles' position was more critical.

James met Mr. Emmet's gaze fearlessly, addressed him very graciously, passing the topics of the weather with perfect nonchalance. He saw the frown visibly soften, and now was the time for the con-

summation of his plan. "My dear sir," he says, "I have a very important piece of news to impart to you. Last Saturday evening, as Henry and myself were passing the bank, we noticed a light within, and, wondering what the cause could be, stepped to the door, finding it slightly open. We also saw that the new comer, Charles, was inside, and in the inner room; we also distinctly heard a noise as the clicking of the safe door. Hoping no harm was done, still thought it but my duty to inform you—should there be anything wrong. Henry and I considered the matter, and presumed you had probably given him authority to attend to some matter."

Mr. Emmet was very much confounded and scarce knew how to answer him.

"But," he says, "we noticed this: we waited and saw him pass up the street with his hand in his overcoat pocket, whilst he seemed holding something convulsively, and stepped into a clothing store, where he passed a new bill. Should anything be missed, I have no doubt it could be traced in this way, and there *might* be a stray bill in the overcoat pocket. The more I have thought upon the subject the more uneasy I have been. He had such a startled expression as he passed into the clothing house."

Another plan he was forming. He had seen Charles purchase a suit at a certain clothier's, whom he knew could be bought to aid him, for a small amount, and this determination was taken.

"Yes, I should search his pockets," he said abruptly. All this was said without giving Mr. Emmet time to think.

"Now," he says, "but I have a story also James. Charles was sent by me to the bank, and when he returned informed me that he had discovered you and Henry in the bank." "*Henry and I in the bank?*" he exclaimed, appearing to be amazed, "let him prove the base falsity. This is evidence to me that my suspicions were correct."

It happened that the bills taken by James were new ones, and could easily be identified, by comparison with the remaining ones. Mr. Emmet was nonplused, for Henry was called, and corroborated James' statement. Thinking it best to find some evidence, he requested James to direct him to the clothiers mentioned, but called Charles, telling him of James' pretended disclosure. Charles was almost speechless with astonishment; he had never dreamed of such a dastardly deed. But, recovering himself, he says, "I am willing to

have every article which I possess searched, and that you should use all means in your power to prove me guilty." "Ah," says James, "he was well pleased with the burden in his overcoat pocket last Saturday evening." "I am willing to give you every opportunity to test me," and brings forward the coat from its accustomed rack. Imagine the dismay upon Mr. Emmet's countenance as the note was discovered in an inside breast pocket—a *fac simile* of the remaining ones. Charles' consternation was indescribable. "I am sure," he says, "I had no knowledge of such bill being in my possession; there has been foul play."

CORA CORAL.

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

We repeat it, Mother Eve should receive grateful homage, and Adam also, although it seems to many, that with a garden of fruits choice and rare, and but the one kind which she should not dare to touch, that she should not have been beguiled into giving vent to what seems to be a natural curiosity. We must remember that in those early ages man was as a child, in comparison with the development of to-day; and we see here a simulation of a natural tendency—an anxiety to know the why and wherefore of things. As a child is more prone to meddle with anything which he is strictly forbidden to touch, place anything within his reach which he has never seen, and the desire to see it and know something about it is so great that he cannot resist the temptation to examine it, if left alone. And the allegory seems to be a good illustration of this. It is true, if a parent bids a child not to touch anything, the displeasure of the parent rests upon him if the command is broken. But a wise parent will not place temptation in the way of a small child, and as his capacities are developed, he may obtain strength of character. You may herein see this truth. In olden times it was thought best by parents, as it is, likewise, to-day, with many, to punish the child whenever it broke a command, without any consideration whatever, on the part of the parent; that the parent's commands should be arbitrary in every particular, even without explaining to the child the reasons for anything. And such character was then attributed to the Father of all, that He was an arbitrary being, and that He would

punish every act against His distinct commands, which seemed, also, to be of an earthly nature.

Although there is a connecting link between the material and spiritual, they cannot be confounded. The care of the body indirectly affects the spirit, but, it is by a law which passes from lower to higher, step by step. We feed the body that it may be sustained, and the sustenance of the body enables the spirit to perform its mission in the material universe. Although the parent is the crowning work of the material universe, he is, in the same ratio, dependent upon the child. Within the child, there is the germ of the man, and its ideas, wants and desires should be respected as aids to his development into manhood, correspondingly, as the material is made to administer to the spiritual.

We then see that man's legend has given us a God corresponding to the age in which he lives and to his advancement. And now, in this dawn of light, in the present era, we do not have a God of wrath, so much as a God of Love, taking the same illustration, the relation of parent to child. The child of to-day has more freedom, and is governed by many parents, judiciously; his moral nature is called forth, and he is shown that the true idea of obedience is self-government.

Aye, the God of to-day would have men govern themselves; it is not a true manhood which is developed through fear, and as we make a God out of the material, which is brought to our imagination, we see that the greater cultivation of the spiritual nature gives us a more spiritual God. Thus the one of to-day seems spirit, not material, or "earthly King." The miser makes himself a God of his money; some make fame a God, others make their children and family a God; and although this is the nearest the true worship, let us not make unto ourselves a selfish God. Let us take the highest estimate of this holy influx—called God—and which we cannot comprehend or explain. Let us take that which is most elevating. If this holy influence prompts us to loving offices to children, give it scope; we will see in all humanity a likeness to our dear ones. All are connected by ties of brotherhood, and we see it is by something which is above the brute creation. Our power of language is enough to give us pre-eminence; as we see that this life-principle is manifest in the lower order, it is the power of expression in a higher cultivation or sphere, which is called spirit—soul. As we pass on to

the realm of spirit and give scope to the beautiful ideas, and use the great power—speech—we feel that this is the God-given part. It is the spirit which was denominated “in His image.” The true part of man, then, is a reflection from divinity, a ray from the great Sun which lighteth the “New Jerusalem.” Thus we find that spirit is the highest ascent of the mind, and the God of to-day is a spiritual one.

No one would to-day write us such a legendary description of anything connected with the spiritual realm, and no one would accord to Jehovah that of which a moral man of to-day would not be guilty; *then* we affirm the God of each age is the one adapted to the capacities of the individuals of that age.

These antediluvians were but the embryo of humanity, and as every plant germ, which is cast into the darkness of earth, bursts the bonds of its embryotic covering, emerging into the sun light, there to expand, leaf by leaf, bud and blossom followed by fruit, those dark ages had their sphere in man’s development; for, out of the bosom of mother earth, springs the luxuriant vegetation, brightening, adorning and beautifying; thus, out of the darkness of past ages, is evolved the light of to-day. Spirit was the germ, the darkness of their minds, the prison, the wild state of nature, the elements which strengthened; the cultivation necessity, which gave experience, caused the shoot to emerge, and to-day the branches are widening, the fruit comes harvest after harvest. Aye! the *God* of to-day is Spirit; we gather it not from the voices of nature alone, but, from the progress of humanity, the triumph of the minds of individuals. The great Power is smiling upon his children to-day.

EXTRACT FROM “GHOST LAND.”

As men grow into spiritual light and knowledge, they will better understand the methods of communion. This earth is full of occult forces; trees, plants, herbs, stones, minerals, vapors, gases, and fluids are all teeming with magnetism. To comprehend these forces draw them forth and apply them, was the art of the ancient magian, and will be the next phase of science which humanity will achieve, the living forces of the body will then be reserved, and the occult powers of nature substituted as a means of communing with spirits.

Man will take part in that communion, instead of being the mere passive instrument of beings whom he does not know or understand, and this will be the period when spiritual and physical sciences will supplement each other instead of being, as now arrayed, against each other by the ignorance and prejudice of men.

The communion between mortals and those spheres of human spiritual existence, that have as yet been able to manifest to mortals, is but a faint indication of the approaches which the earth is making towards the inauguration of a new era; a time fulfilled, a judgment passed, a dawning day of new life, new light, new heavens and a new earth. Occult science, words, which at present have but little meaning in the ears of men, must be understood, studied, and mastered ere humanity can enter the temple of spiritism, or worship in spirit and in truth that God who is a spirit.

THE well-known American authoress, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, who died at Wayland, Mass., on the 20th instant, at the advanced age of 78, was at one time a Swedenborgian, but modified her views somewhat as she advanced in life. A short time ago she called on her old friend, Epes Sargent, and communicated to him many interesting facts in her investigations into the spiritual phenomena; and a correspondence followed, in which she showed that age had not impaired the vigor and brightness of her intellect. She was an earnest theist, and accepted, with discrimination and critical qualification, the fundamental facts of Spiritualism. Skeptically disposed, she admitted nothing that was not reconcilable to her reason—at the same time remarking that finite reason is far from infallible. She communicated a number of interesting experiences for Mr. Sargent's unpublished work, "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," and took in it a very deep interest, as her correspondence abundantly shows. She writes, "I like your courage and perseverance in probing a subject in which, while there is much to disaffect and baffle us, there is undoubtedly an amount of truth of which those who decry it blindly little dream. I confess it has often repelled me; yet I know that such facts as I have told you admit of but one construction. You are right in taking it up in its unpopular stage, since its mischiefs, if there are any, must be met, not with ignorance, but with knowledge—and this last I think you have."

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

"GIVE AS THE LORD GIVES YOU."

(Written for "A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.")

If we have wealth at our command,
Send it broadcast over the land;
It will return after many days
As bright as the sun's most potent rays.

It will float over the land,
Taking with it healing balm;
It need not reach a foreign strand
To be scattered like the sand.

Nor travel from pole to pole,
To save some poor sinking soul;
We have them at our every door,
The sweat oozing from every pore.

If not wealth, we have love,
Send it like a carrier dove;
With healing in its wings,
Every message it brings.

—MRS. H. J. CURTIS, Bolivar, N. Y.

LITTLE BUDS.

A DREARY place would be this earth
Were there no children in it;
The song of life is nothing worth,
Were there no children to begin it.
No little forms like buds to grow,
And make the heart surrender;
No little hand on breast and brow,
To keep the love chords tender.

Far in the clime toward which we reach,
Through Time's mysterious, dim unfolding
The little ones, with cherub smiles,
Are still our Father's face beholding,
And so said Jesus' blessed voice,
When in Judea he was preacher;
He made a child confront the proud,
And be their simple teacher.

Anise for the children who read "A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT," dedicated to
Mina, who left her little buds and crossed to a heavenly land.

Bolivar, N. Y.

WE had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Sadlerthwait, of England, and Miss White, of Glasgow, Scotland—two cultured ladies—upon the subject—temperance. Are sorry we but heard the closing remarks of the former. She was speaking of the custom prevalent in England, of using strong drinks upon the dinner table, which was much more common several years ago, and at that time was considered an aid to digestion; that she, herself, being an invalid, had accustomed herself to use claret, commencing with a half glass, gradually increasing the quantity to a glass and a half, and *then* seeing, should she continue, it would become a temptation, discontinued the use. She spoke of how the habit would be formed in this way, until a person could not resist. Says she now uses no stimulants, and has better health than when partaking.

We shall briefly notice Miss White's remarks. She spoke encouragingly of the temperance cause; but said, with *them* it was much more common to see women addicted to the use of liquor than it is with us, and what was more deplorable, it seemed much more difficult to reclaim a woman who had become a drunkard. She also spoke of a change in their government, which was conservative until last spring; since that time it has been a liberal government, and the people of each district have a right to choose how many saloons, if any, they shall have. Also the Church of England supports the temperance cause. Several of the Queen's Chaplains are strict temperance men. Many have banished strong drinks from their tables. Mentioned a case where a family placed it upon their table, but did not allow the children to partake. One of the sons marrying and removing to another city, followed the example of parents in this particular, and became a confirmed drunkard.

They organize the children in temperance bands, called "Bands of Hope." She thought it most excellent to train them early, whilst their minds are being formed, showing them the terrible effects of alcohol. Mentioned a free breakfast given to the poor, where they are taught how Jesus fed the multitude. Her last idea was that persons may work in the temperance cause unceasingly, but without the desired result, when it is only the effects with which you may battle—the work will not be effectual until the fountain-head is arrested—the traffic.

We agree with Miss White; as long as we have gaily-lighted saloons, with brilliant music, and the enticing power placed in tempting array, so long shall we have noble men metamorphosed into objects of disgust, and hear the cries of hungry children for bread.

RELIGIOUS ANNOUNCEMENT.

PROF. H. C. STRONG, of Chicago, will speak in Merrick Hall, Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock. Subject—The Reign of Terrorism.

WE must bear the image of the earthly, to bear the image of the Heavenly. We should let our souls go up in thankfulness forever, that we were created. What a glorious thought to know we shall never die, only move to a higher sphere. A. W. Root.

So much *only* as we *ourselves* consider and comprehend of truth and reason, so much only do we possess of real and true knowledge. The floating of other men's opinions in our brains makes us not one jot the more, knowing, though they happen to be true.

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THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD is the best advertising sheet for Manufacturers in the West. Send for specimen copies to *Industrial World*, Chicago, Ill.

LET your light so shine that others, seeing the brilliance, may be enabled to emerge from the darkness which they may be unable of themselves to lighten.

WE should never desire to be regenerated, were it not for the remains of original innocence, which thus repose like sleeping angels in our hearts.

WHATEVER you would not wish your neighbor to do unto you, do it not unto him; this is the whole law, the rest is a mere exposition of it.

To triumph over one's passions is of all conquests the *most* glorious.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

All communications should be addressed,
FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT REPOS.,
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Agents wanted to introduce the paper.

Vol. 4.

Wednesday, November 3, 1880.

No. 5.

THIS magazine, containing sixteen pages, will be published weekly. It will contain articles upon science, art, literature, as well as upon the subjects of ethics, or the elevation of the spirit alone. By elevating the spirit of man, we develop the true life. The subscription price (one dollar per year) places it within the reach of all individuals. The idea is not to extort money from individuals, but to place before the people pure literature, which shall be within the reach of all classes.

TO OUR PATRONS.

TO THE people of Quincy we send greeting, offering our best wishes for all power and blessings to rest on our city, and individuals in particular. May we all awake from our slumbering state, and open our eyes to behold the brightness of this glorious morning of the world; help us all to work in our Father's vineyard, gather the harvest that has been growing for ages, separate the tares from the wheat and burn with fire the rubbish—Evil—which has caused so much agonizing, cruel suffering that is bearing down humanity in darkness, superstition and ignorance. Let us all join in one anthem of praise to Him who rules this universe, and ask His blessing to be poured out upon this beautiful city. May we love and adore goodness and mercy, and purify ourselves that we may meet the holy angels, ascend with them the ladder towards the higher spheres of existence, and become one with the truth, as it was manifested in Jesus the Christ of God. May we take Him as our model, and work for our salvation by looking at His beautiful life, and cutting the marble of our lives, so forming the character as the artist does his image; working diligently, and the gate of heaven will be always open for us. Happiness will crown our days and contentment fill our souls with joy ineffable.

How shall I address you on this all important subject; I desire from my soul your sympathy and co-operation in the investigation of truth? I feel myself alone, standing out prominently, without a cloak to cover my designs. I am merely throwing in the widows' mite to help along progression; we cannot stand still, we must *move*; but the old road is full of ruts, and quick-sands in some places; *these* we should try to avoid, and if we will listen for that still, small voice which is crying in the wilderness of men's minds, and look up towards the great Sun of the spiritual world, we shall discover the highway to happiness.

Thoughts, be they ever so good, if not expressed, lose their power. We have launched a little bark, "A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT," and are waving a banner for those on shore to come on board and help manage the craft. Every plank in her is sound, the captain holds the head-light and the pilot is true—steering for the "Kingdom of Heaven."

M. MERRICK.

MONEY VS. INDIVIDUALS.

HERE is a bright and gloriously beautiful world, and the seeming object of this world *is*, that it is for man to inhabit, and what seems to be man's object? *Too* many times it is filthy lucre for which he strives, and the noble aspirations of his nature are brought down to the groveling and base. *Individuals or money?* Let them be placed in the balances; let an individual be placed in the way of the attainment of *any* object, how many times the individual is sacrificed in preference. Let there be, but, the *one* way of obtaining that object—let it be money or men—and the precious cargo of human freight is cast overboard if the ship is sinking; the gold must be retained, whatever the precious freight of humanity may suffer. *Is* it the correct idea? This money, which is necessary to the human being, if he would long remain upon this globe, should it take the place of the high and holy attributes of man's nature? How many times it is made a God—it is made to supplant the spiritual part of man's being, or rather this greed for gain is made so to do; and herein is the curse. When an individual so far forgets the high, holy and divine intent of his life, as to hold his principles at a price—when money will *buy* principles—when it will cause man or woman to give the glorious right of being denominated "a little lower than the angels," *then*, we say, "*cursed*," CURSED bane. Could we but go to

some lonely island *alone* with God and His pure creation, could we but become a second Crusoe, and be far from sight or hearing of this terrible and *deadly* evil."

Place the two upon the balances.

Will *money* buy you the purity of a clear conscience, if it is bartered for this medium? Will money buy you sweet peace? Will money buy you *friends*? Will it open the gates of heavenly portals? Will it cause Jehovah to bow, and say, "enter in, *here* is the highest seat"? Will it build you a gorgeous mansion in the spiritual realm? Will it cause loving hearts to send forth tendrils, which may cling to thy life?

If thine own heart is guided by this tyrant, will it, of itself, *ever* bring you *any* spiritual blessing? Aye! money is necessary to humanity as a medium of exchange, but will it *ever* accomplish any good object for an individual, if there is not a loving heart which sends it upon its mission? The possessors of it may, by a correct use, relieve the sufferings of the unfortunate, as one, who does not possess it, may not; but, if there is not the true spirit of Christianity accompanying the act, the spirit of the unfortunate one may not be elevated; the material wants may be supplied, but the true beauty of benevolence is lost; and one, who may but have the wealth of human kindness, has the greater benevolence, and has fulfilled the life mission, *more nobly*, if true to the higher nature.

One individual should outbalance the wealth of the world. If any object is attainable, only, through the sacrifice of one human being, let the object fall to earth; let us have principles which cannot be exchanged for money. Whatever *is* done, should be done from principle, and upon this foundation only can we build a true character. In the smallest act of life you may indicate your standing, "as straws show which way the wind blows."

Principle is a prevailing element in the character of the true individual. Terrible is it to see that many times it is, "Money versus Individuals," which is the world's motto. *Can you*, we repeat, buy a "heavenly home, a 'spiritual habitation,'" peace within and without, with this lucre? Let us take our motto, "Individuals versus money;" truth, justice, love, mercy, brotherly kindness, purity and charity versus wealth, fame, or position. Let us die at the stake rather than sacrifice one principle, which is innate, within us, for the Right.

The brief sojourn upon earth is but the bud of immortality, then

let us not mar the bud, nor allow a worm to destroy it at the heart for *then* the unfoldment will be but imperfect. It is not the condition, in which we are placed, that always administers unto the spiritual wants. Speaking as the world—the matter-of-fact world—it is not the dollars we possess which brings us happiness here or hereafter. It is well if we possess wealth, and it is well if we do *not*, if we but fulfill the mission assigned us by an overruling power, well and faithfully; that we may, when the earthly by tabernacle of clay is lain aside, hear the welcome tidings, “Well done, good and faithful servant.”

I. M. MERRILL.

“OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.”

“Taking a little child, He placed it in their midst and said, ‘of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.’” The innocent child—simplicity itself—willing to be taught by its elders, was taken as an example of the Heavenly Kingdom. Should we desire to become spiritual-minded, let us become a little child, pure and innocent; let us be willing to be taught, as well as impart the knowledge we possess. We may learn something good from all. Let us cull the choicest sweets, and discard the dross. If our own minds are pure, we shall delight in the society of the pure.

The Master said, “of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.” It is not children in stature, alone, which compose the Kingdom of Heaven, but the possessor of child-like qualities—the simplicity, the purity, the willingness to submit to the powers that be. In contemplating the mighty heavens, the astronomer must become a little child; he must be subject to the laws which govern these heavenly bodies—stars, solar suns, satellites and meteors; he cannot regulate those laws, but must be governed by them. He has no idea of forming laws of his own, for it is evident those bodies are performing their duty independent of any visible agent. The invisible cannot here be brought to move within the circle of man’s regulations. Likewise, in any scientific demonstrations, man does not first make a given law wherein he may carry forward his work, but discovers a law, and this is used as an aid in all investigations. The grandly-glorious beauty, of the laws regulating the entire universe, is that all are subservient to man, but awaiting utilization by him. We may learn to-day what to-morrow must be dethroned, but the first gives us cultivation for the second. A demonstrated fact, however, can-

not be cast aside—only an idea or belief—a law made by ideas and not demonstration. Some of the laws governing countries, after demonstration, are found not to be natural laws but—ideas—sometimes manufactured by selfish promptings, sometimes through ignorance of the best way of utilizing the forces of nature. As men see the folly of such laws, they are replaced by others.

Every law in nature is at present irrevocable by man. If you demonstrate and prove a problem, it is unchangeable. The simple law, two times one are two, is a demonstrated fact, as well as all other mathematical and geometrical rules, but the simplest is the most important of the whole. The greatest mathematical rule is dependent upon this first step. There is no doubt, in the minds of individuals, that this simple rule is correct, and that it will never change so long as the world stands. The laws which regulate the motion of the earth upon its axis and around the sun are uncontrollable by man. It is demonstrated that the sun lightens, warms it, causes vegetation to spring forth, and that the revolution of the earth around this luminary causes the changes of the seasons. That the earth is a sphere is a demonstrated fact, and its laws are found to be perfect. So long as man thought the earth was an elevated table-land, he knew nothing of the governing forces controlling its movements; but, when he became as a little child, began to inquire concerning the whys and wherefores, he discovered that he was held upon a great ball, suspended in the air as it were, and by what power he was able to retain an upright position upon this rolling sphere, he knew not until, many years afterward, the great force, gravitation, was found to be the power; thus, has all things been brought from this great mass; the laws of attraction, repulsion, cohesion, etc., have been demonstrated.

When men had the idea that the spirit returned to the soil, they were ignorant of the law governing spirit; but when it was demonstrated that there was a hereafter, by angels coming and telling men of that realm, it was a demonstrated fact, and was further proved by the death of Jesus Christ, and by his ascension into a spiritual realm.

When men become as little children, in regard to the laws which govern the spiritual realm, as well as the material universe, they will find demonstration as readily for one as the other, for the spiritual realm is governed by laws far more beautiful, as spirit is the highest ascent of mind. Gold is a precious metal, and is taken

from the quartz, and when it is removed, the remaining substance is of no value. The spirit is the gold of the material body. The grosser particles in the quartz protect the gold until the time it is to be utilized for man; thus the spirit is held by the material until it is called for by the higher sphere. When the spiritual realm opens the mine and takes the gold from the quartz it follows a law, which is demonstrated by past history, by present history and facts. Then, as in the material universe, would we learn anything,—we must become as a child; so, in learning spiritually, let us become a child, for “of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.” I. M. MERRILL.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

WHEN Jesus went upon the mountain, with the three disciples, and was transfigured before them, Moses and Elias appeared unto them, and the disciples were afraid; so they would be to-day if such a vision should occur. Thousands of the same do appear over the world in many places. But many are afraid, and do not wish to know anything about such matters. Why should it be thought such an incredible thing, for the dead to arise and show themselves, as Moses and Elias did, that is, in their spiritual bodies. Laws, governing nature and spirit, can never change. If Moses and Elias appeared, as recorded, why may not spirits of other men make themselves visible in this nineteenth century? Some say and probably think the whole record is a hallucination or fraud, as they do the wonderful signs that are shown to mankind by the invisible world, to make known the presence of angels and dear friends who desire to communicate with spirits in the flesh.

The time is coming, shortly, when a glorious light will burst upon the inhabitants of the earth, and they will see the Sun of Righteousness arise and shine into the darkness; and bring to light ignorance and change it into knowledge. It will warm and invigorate life, and bring happiness and joy, break down the wall of prejudice and illuminate the hearts of mankind. M. MERRICK.

OUR readers will please bear in mind that we are laboring in the cause of progression, and desire their kind regards extended to us in our vineyard here in the West. We need your sympathy and influence for good.

THE SPIRIT SOLDIER'S RETURN.

(First published in the St. Louis *Home Journal*.)

My soul is filled with joy and love,
To know, that out of strife
I have emerged to glorious day, to sure immortal life.
We have a fine, etherial world, encircling earth around,
Where spreading trees and flowery meads,
And groves and lakes abound;
Where music breathes in every sound
And fragrance fills the air,
And budding trees profusely yield—
The flowing robes ever wear.

Let not these truths be hid away
By doubt's obscuring wings;
You only have the grosser forms,
We have the soul of things.
Behold the lilies of the field,
No prince in all his pride
Was ever arrayed in robes so rich,
So elegantly dyed.

Whence come your silks, from little worms;
Your linens, from a weed;
Your woolens, from a creature's back;
O, wonderful, indeed.
Whence come the luscious fruits you eat,
The water that you drink,
The air you breathe, the birds, the flowers.
O, doubter, stop and think.

Can God, from whom all blessings flow,
So good and potent here,
Come short in all His attributes
And powers in our sphere?
Ah, no, the wonders multiply
As upward you ascend,
And ecstasies and forms of bliss
Seem truly without end.

God gives with an unsparing hand,
And every soul that will
At all the fountains of his love,
May freely drink his fill;
Then fear not death, O fellow men;
No hell awaits you here,
Except the hell you bring from earth,
Which soon shall disappear

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

Beneath the genial floods of love,
 That flow from tender eyes,
 On every erring child of earth
 That passes to the skies.

Your envy, pride and selfishness
 Will then be buried deep
 In earth, with your lost robe of flesh,
 In everlasting sleep;
 And all your higher attributes
 Will day by day expand
 Beneath the love of loving hearts,
 In this celestial land.

Then fear not death, O fellow men,
 But calmly wait the day
 That shall announce
 Your second birth.
 Good night, I must away.

The above poem, sent by a gentleman from Chicago, as being spoken by a child some years ago. Although beautifully worded, we feel that there is a deeper idea in regard to man's future state; we feel that man's spirit causes the body to sin; that not *with* the earthly tabernacle of clay is it buried, but that the more pure has been the life upon earth, the more beautiful will be the life hereafter; and every beautiful deed is a gem in the future crown, awaiting the faithful, and the evil deeds will be dark objects in the everlasting crown, or literally, the evil mars the spirit, whereas, the good beautifies. Then, fear not death, *if thy* deeds be pure, for in the pure light of heaven your nature may then expand. But in the glorious light of eternity, where "we shall know, as we shall be known," methinks it would be a terrible hell for the deeds, dark and sometimes hidden, to be revealed. Then, let us have the deeds pure, that no hell can harrass the life. The daily trials and vexations are temporary, when conscience is clear. Then, let us have the life-stream clear, cool, brilliant and deep. Although obstacles may retard its progress, it will find an outlet, and the temporary ruffles, caused by other objects, will pass away, leaving the purity of the stream as before, and, probably, the channel widened and deepened. Great and glorious is the anticipation of an hereafter to the spiritual-minded; but methinks, there are many who look *not* forward with joy at the thought of having their very thoughts revealed under the light of eternity's morn,

Ed.

CULTIVATE ONE TALENT.

[BAPTIST WEEKLY.]

ONE talent, well cultivated, deepened and enlarged, is worth a hundred shallow faculties. The first law of success at this day, when so many matters are clamoring for attention, is concentration; to bend all the energies to one point, looking neither to the right nor the left. It has been justly said that a great deal of the wisdom of a man in this century is shown in leaving things unknown; and a great deal of his practical sense in leaving things undone. The day of universal scholars is past. "Life is short and art is long." The range of human knowledge has increased so enormously that no brain can grapple with it, and the man who can grapple with it, and the man who would know one thing well, must have the courage to be ignorant of a thousand things, however attractive or inviting. As with knowledge, so with work. The man who would get along must single out his specialty, and into that must pour the whole stream of his activity—all the energies of his hand, eye, tongue, heart and brain. Broad culture, many-sidedness, are beautiful things to contemplate; but it is the narrow-edge man, the men of single and intense purpose, who steel their souls against all things else, who accomplish the hard things of the world, and who are everywhere in demand when hard work is to be done.

 "BATTLING FOR THE RIGHT."

IN a battle it is well to have on an armor, a shield, and be equipped for the battle. But, as we do not believe in battling with men, we do not advise *any* armor, excepting in a spiritual sense. Let us put on the breast-plate of Righteousness, the armor Love, the shield and buckler Purity and Justice. *We* would battle for the right; we desire to elevate *ourselves*, spiritually, and add our mite towards the elevation of humanity. As we have heard an old Scotch saying, "Many mickles mak' a muckle," our mickle added to many more will make a muckle. It is the true spirit of right, in every particular, for which we desire to battle; and, if we are mistaken in any idea, in regard to what may be termed right, are willing to be enlightened by another, and accord to the individual, so doing, grateful thanks. It is a beautiful idea to us that we may have mistakes shown us, and that we may rectify them. We desire ever to emu-

late the example of one Jesus of Nazareth, "in whom was found no guile." We do not think that it is necessary that every sentence should contain this assertion. It is the fruit of the tree which portrays the nature of the germ—as the unfoldment of leaflets, in some cases, determines the species. Great truths are clothed in various vesture; as the dress is not the man, the *clothing* of an idea is *not* the idea. If we would understand a writer, we must enter into the spirit of the article, and *then* clothe it in our own language. In a physical battle all do not use the same weapons, so in the spiritual battle all may not use the same weapons; but, if it be for the same principle—Right, it matters not; if *one* victory be gained, whatever the weapon, so it but have power to dethrone *one* demon, we say, "well done, faithful weapon." As Jesus of Nazareth was called a blasphemer, a Sabbath-breaker, the vilest of the vile, by those who knew him not, and understood not his holy calling, so, to-day, the enemies of truth may call it blasphemy for an individual to boldly say he is "Battling for the Right." Not that the person so speaking intends the term to apply to himself; but, that he is ready to labor in the right cause, wheresoever it may be. It is not a sect or creed—Right is not—it is a principle; and with principles, not sects, or men, or creeds, made by men, let us deal. There is a God-given power, called conscientiousness; let us call this to aid us. Let us "pray without ceasing;" that is, let our desires go forth continually for strength to sustain and, direct us in every calling, that we may wrong no man.

LIGHT appears to be on the increase. "*Light for All*" is published in San Francisco. "*Western Light*" has lately dawned in St. Louis, and now "*A Fountain of Light*, Dedicated to Light-Seekers," comes to us from Quincy, Ill., where it is to be published weekly by Mrs. Dr. Merrick. It is in the form of a sixteen-page magazine, edited by Miss Ida M. Merrill, and makes a very creditable appearance.—*Banner of Light*.

To complain that life has no joys while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as rational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.

THE WORLD INSUFFICIENT FOR US.

(Taken from a work by CHAUNCEY GILES.)

EVERY one knows that we never find anything in this world to fully content and satisfy us. We often think we shall be satisfied when we have a little more; but that little more enlarges and recedes as we approach it. *Enough* is an ever-receding goal. The men who have the most knowledge are the most eager for more. Those who have the largest fortunes are the most anxious to accumulate. Alexander weeps for more worlds to conquer; and Newton, who has weighed the planets in the balance of his intellect, and with cunning fingers has disentangled the solar ray and showed its various coloured threads, standing on the pinnacle of his amazing knowledge, is yet "the little child upon the shore who has found only a few shells, while the vast ocean of truth lies unexplored before him." The artist embodies the highest conceptions of his genius on canvas or in marble; but immediately his conceptions rise above themselves; he sees new beauty and grandeur in the human form; and he, too, is running towards an ever-receding goal. The same is true, only in a greater degree, of the affections. There is no home so beautiful and full of love as to satisfy every ideal affection; there is no being so perfectly the complement of our own, that we can conceive no lack and no superfluity.

These ideals and aspirations after something which the world cannot give, are to man, in the material body and the material world, what the organization of the sparrow is to the egg. They are voices implanted in man's nature prophesying another world, that shall be adequate to his largest desires. These stirrings of a higher life within us; these surgings of mighty impulses against the walls of clay—are the struggles of the unfledged bird for a new state of being. They are not, they cannot be, the mockings of some tormenting fiend; they are the powerful voices of an all-merciful, all-wise Father, who has provided a better world for us than this—voices of love, and hope, in which He calls us to believe in that world, and prepare for it.

But, as the sparrow could not fly in the summer air, and pour forth the fullness of its own delight in song, until its organization had been effected in the shell, so neither can man enter into full consciousness of the perfections of the spiritual world, until the

proper spiritual organization has been formed in the material body; and, as the bird cannot enter into its new world until it breaks its shell and escapes from it, so neither can man rise into the spiritual world until he throws off the material body, and thus breaks down the partition walls which separate him from it.

There is another legitimate deduction from these universal methods of the Divine operation, full of the greatest and surest promises of good to man. So far as we know, the plant, the bird, the animal, fully attain the ends of their being. The most perfect animal has no thought, no desire, no impulse even, for anything beyond this world. So far as they are concerned, the declaration of the Psalmist is true—"Thou openest Thy hand and satisfiest the desires of every living thing." It is true for man also. It must be, or the whole creation is a lie. But we must take man's whole being into consideration. It is false only when we mistake the lowest and the merely rudimentary part of his nature for the whole. If you judge the plant by the blossom, or the insect by the chrysalis, you will come to the same false conclusion you do, when you judge man by his life in the material body. Everything in the universe points to the conclusion that the Lord intended, and still intends, to satisfy every spiritual want of man, as fully as He satisfies every natural want of the animal. He has made such ample and varied provisions for every possible want, that man cannot frame a hope which will not be realised; he cannot have a desire that will not be gratified; he cannot conceive a good which he will not obtain; he cannot form an ideal which will not become an actual; he cannot lift an aspiration above the level of his attainment. This is the Lord's promise in His Word—"Ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you;" and this promise is written upon the whole creation.

You have seen an animal in a good pasture lying in the shade or basking in the sun, and you knew that its desires were all satisfied; it had no dream of a want. Within the little round of its life it is content, it is full. Now, what the attainment of the animal is for the animal, will be man's attainment for man. With all his mental and spiritual faculties increased to an inconceivable degree of scope and power; with his knowledge and affections enlarged beyond the present capacities of the highest angel, yet every want will be satisfied. He will be full. Visions of glory and beauty will dawn upon his clear vision, such as no earthly eye has seen,

and no heart conceived, and he will reach them, possess them, enjoy them, and they will content him. There are only two words that express such a state—*Peace, Blessedness*. Peace within, peace with all around. Blessedness in the heart; blessedness in the understanding; blessedness in every faculty and every relation.

This is what the Lord promises us in His Word, and in His works, and it is a promise He will fulfil to the letter. But you must give Him time, and be obedient to His way. He cannot give it to you while you are in the material body. He cannot give it to you in this world, any more than He can give flight and the joy of song to the bird in the egg. It requires a spiritual world to satisfy all the demands of our spiritual faculties.

Now gather all these considerations into one; the limitations and obstructions to the soul inherent in matter; the nature of the soul itself; the universal testimony of the divine methods in the creation; the certainty with which the Lord accomplishes His ends, with no excess of means and no lack of attainment; the Divine promises in the Word; and does not everything point to the absolute necessity of the death of the body? Is there any exception to it? No, the testimony is all on one side. The soul could not possibly attain those immeasurable heights of perfection, of which it knows itself to be capable, without freeing itself from the body. What we call death, then, is an orderly step in life. It is not a curse, but a blessing. It deprives us of no good. It introduces us to innumerable and inconceivable delights. Instead of fearing it, we should thank the Lord for it, and patiently await its coming. We should do our work here well, knowing it is the best preparation we can make for the largest blessings hereafter.

THE St. Louis *Western Light* sends greeting to the American Republic, that floats her banner over all that seek an asylum within her borders, unmindful of race, sex or creed: "Cognizant of this fact, two women of St. Louis—Endie J. Polk and Annie T. Anderson—have embarked in the journalistic craft, steering by the "light" that is beginning to send bright rays of progression from the Western horizon. They have the assurance of a fair voyage, by higher intelligence, over the muddy waters of ignorance, that have hitherto shipwrecked nations by their political and religious ship being managed entirely by masculine officers and crew."

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

INDIAN SUMMER.

O! the gayly-tinted forest,
 How the trees are all ablaze;
 'Tis the golden Indian Summer
 Of the late autumnal days.

Woodland beauties all have perished,
 There are reedy stalks instead;
 And the grass is crisp and withered,
 Crinkling with the rabbit's tread.

In the arching tangled wood path,
 Dry leaves rustle brown and sere;
 Wind spirits murmur strange, sad music,
 In the forest lone and drear.

Softly comes the Indian Summer,
 When the leaves begin to fade;
 Dying all the autumn foliage,
 In a golden-tinted shade.

Shadowy branches gleam and glisten,
 Flaming with a crimson glow,
 Waving in a fiery vesture,
 Over waters still and slow.

Oh! the glory of the weather,
 Dreamy, misty, in a haze;
 Like a rest of sweet enchantment
 Are the Indian Summer days.

—PEARLIAN LA PIER.

NEVER DESPOND.

WHAT though thick clouds obscure the light, know we not that behind the clouds the glorious old sun is doing his duty? At any moment the clouds may disperse, and his brilliancy dazzle the eyesight. Tho' trials press heavily, and the darts of misfortune fly thick and fast, at an unexpected moment the golden sun of prosperity may burst upon the darkened vision, shedding happiness of which we have never dreamed.

No! never despond, for our Heavenly Father's smile is the same through sad days of adversity, and His presence is with us if we but open our souls to the holy influence.

Yea, "whom He loveth He chasteneth." This is such sweet consolation; if we are chastened, then we know we are loved. It is blest to be loved by an earthly friend, but how much more so by our Heavenly Father. How we strive to merit the love of a true earthly friend, and show ours in return by deeds of kindness.

The great Friend, who has done all things for us, but asks for our "hearts," that is our labors. Then, should not we, cheerfully, lay all earthly treasures at His feet, and we have but given to Him what *is* His, and are unprofitable servants.

But, as our deeds alone cannot save us, we, then, may, with child-like confidence, await His great and glorious coming.

CORA CORAL.

HEARTS broken or withering as the autumn foliage, may, as the budding spring, be revived by the touch of the angel Joy, and beautiful buds may spring up in the barren, desolate waste, when the sympathetic and loving offices of true human beings bear the weary pilgrim upon the shoulders of kindness. Ah! many a heart, which has been blighted by misfortune, has been filled with new hopes, new aspirations, and taken fresh courage and zeal by the loving acts of one of God's children. Let us then bind up the broken hearts; let us scatter smiles and bring sunshine if we may to earth's burdened ones. We know not which heart it is that is withering as do the autumn leaves; we know not the bitterness of those we may meet; we know not how the wife is, many times, grieving over failings of husband; we know not how a husband is grieving over the expenditures of an extravagant family, and striving "to make two ways meet," endeavoring to keep these struggles from the knowledge of the beloved ones. Oh! let us have charity for all. We may have sunlight and joy, but there is much of sadness in the world, and when our cup of joy is filled to the brim, let us be ready to share with one of those whom we have met, when the eyes seem to look from a well of sorrow, too deep to be revealed to us. These patient ones, whom we see but to love, but, whom we cannot imitate, are purified from above. The withering heart may but enrich the soil of the spiritual nature.

"CHOOSE WELL" and "History of Life" continued in next number.

THE Quincy *Argo* speaks thus of us: "In receipt of A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, a 16-page pamphlet published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick of this city, with Miss Ida Merrill in the editorial chair. It is a weekly publication, devoted to science, literature, and the advancement of spiritualism. It is neat, ably edited, and will no doubt meet with a generous support from believers in the doctrine which it teaches."

Thanking the *Argo*, most cordially for its notice of our publication, and also, wishing them success in their labors toward the elevation of humanity, we beg to correct a slight mistake. Had the word spiritualism, read spirituality, it would exactly express our idea; but it is as stated in first paper, *not* sects, or creeds, or likewise—isms which we desire to advance, but pure thought. We have never found perfection in *any* sect, or creed, or—ism. We have never found pure religion, or brotherly kindness in any particular creed; it rests with individuals. It is *not* Spiritualism we would advance, but true and pure ideas that may be given by *individuals*. It is *humanity* which should be advanced and elevated *ever*. Then—isms, or creeds are but secondary objects. **Ed.**

WE would also thank the *Post* and *News* for notice of our tiny fountain, which we hope may but aid *other* fountains of Light, and which is but the feeble effort of weak mortals in the cause of truth, wheresoe'er the sparkling Gem may be found. Let us pluck gems from the rubbish of frail humanity and cast aside the dross, letting it descend into the bottomless pit of oblivion. Wheresoever one individual may be brought from a lower to a higher sphere, we have found a gem. Sparkling gems we find in the *Post* and the *News*, for beneath the wording of the articles we see the true spirit manifest, peace and not war—individuals, not party. This is the true principle in all things; and although we possess little knowledge of political affairs, the principle seems correct: individuals, not party—liberty and liberality. When the people of the United States fully realize that "in Union there is strength," perhaps we may call it *United States*.

Parties or men? Let us have a true, noble, virtuous, temperate man to rule over our beautiful country, whatever the party. It matters not how he is chosen, if honorably; it matters not if it is done by the men, of our country, *alone*. Why cannot men elevate themselves, that they may choose a President peaceably, brotherly and in the interests of the United States—as of one family? This is the reform for which *we* would pray, that *all* men may be elevated to this standard of Right, and that not compulsion, *even* by our *own* sex, should bring about this reform. Let us as individuals, men or women, elevate ourselves. **I. M.**

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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Vol. 3.

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No. 6.

THIS magazine, containing sixteen pages, will be published weekly. It will contain articles upon science, art, literature, as well as upon the subjects of ethics, or the elevation of the spirit alone. By elevating the spirit of man, we develop the true life. The subscription price (one dollar per year) places it within the reach of all individuals. The idea is not to extort money from individuals, but to place before the people pure literature, which shall be within the reach of all classes.

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

REJOICE and be glad for the great and beautiful emblems of our trust. Rejoice and be glad for the many gifts which we have each and all received from a bountiful hand. The Father of all, the loving, the allwise, the bountiful Giver, hath showered, upon our land, the wealth of a glorious harvest. From North and from South, cometh the tidings plenty; *no* dearth or famine is within our borders; no pestilence is *now* sweeping over our noble land; no dark and cruel war, no tyrant in human form above our people's weal. Have we not cause to render grateful homage to the Great Spirit? Even the untutored Indian, in his savage state, acknowledged the beneficence of Almighty; when game was abundant he thanked Him in his savage manner, and when it was ill-luck, which befell him, beseeched the Great Spirit to withdraw His wrath from him. As a *nation* we should rejoice and be glad; as individuals we should rejoice and be glad for peculiar blessings, and special ones; we have *all*—most of us—*many* blessings; and although, they, many times, come to us as angels in disguise, in the form of bereavement, affliction and sorrow, know we, that the furnace, "seven times heated," will but refine the gold. The material body is but a dwelling for

a short time, and we are, as you may say, in a crucible preparing for a future state. Dear friends, we each have *some* blessing, have we not? If it is naught, but to know that we are one of God's children, a spark from the heavenly flame. Oh, beautiful and glorious is the idea, that we are a part of an "everlasting," "*never ending*" eternity. Yet, there is a saddend thought which bears this one company; *some* do not realize—ah, *many* do not—this great trust which is given to each—the trust of a never-dying soul, a legacy which is eternal; and, it is pitiable, that some, so far, forget this trust, as to allow this greatest of all blessings—life—to be transformed into a curse. Rejoice and be glad, wheresoever thy life-course may be thrown, that you have the greatest of all blessings, and adorn this trust to the extent of thy capacities. If much is given, much is required; let the talent increase forty, sixty or even an hundred fold.

I. M.

THE PEN MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.

THE turning of the grind-stone whettens the knife. Whilst a friendly hand turns the crank, we shall pour on water and hold the edge of the knife upon the revolving stone, seeing it sharpen for future use.

But the pen is mightier than the sword. With the sword you may cut down human beings—the physical frame—but it rights not a wrong; and only in self-defence should weapons, deadly, be used. Although self-defence is an instinct within us, in using a weapon which would take the life of another, there would come a pang, surely, to any heart, even of the darkest hue. The pen is mightier than the sword, why? It may be used in defence of all right, pure and noble objects and in self-defence, in characters of living value, and destroy not a life—take that which we cannot give. Ah, mighty, mighty is the power of the pen—of language—use it in the cause of right.

If it ever becomes necessary to defend one's self, do it with pure language, filled with truth, every sentence the bearer of naught that may degrade; that may cause the spirit to droop in the darkness of evil. The pen is *mighty*, that we may, by the correct use of language, send forth the pure sentiments of virtue, and *all* pure at-

tributes; that we may breathe, upon the characters, an influence which is deeper than the words; that the *soul* may go with them. It is not mere expressions, but—*soul*. Ah, mighty may be the pen for the right, and mighty—for the wrong. The evil and deadly influence, we may not denominate soul, also may go forth with the expressions. But, again, the pen is mightier than the sword; when the pen *becomes* a sword, it is a *pen* no longer. When the plow becomes moulded into a sword, it is no longer this useful utensil, and is as deadly a weapon as though it had never been a plow. When the high and holy mission of the pen is turned into a wrong channel, this heaven-born gift departs. Might is right? or Right is might? Which? Truth is mighty and shall prevail. It is not individuals *but principles*. Right is might, *not* in a worldly, but a spiritual sense. The right objects—the pure intents—the devotion to holy instincts of the nature—are *mighty* supports—shield and buckler to the spirit. It shall bear the individual sweet company; it will not cause one to tremble and quake; we may fear *men* and nothing more, we may not have the pangs of a guilty conscience. The pen has been used to convey language since ancient times, and what a blessing it is to mankind. The annals of history are retained by this means. Were it but left to man's tradition, how imperfect would be our idea of past ages, and of the progress of humanity through the various stages, from barbarism up to the present time. The pen is made the medium by which all news of the nations of the earth, to-day, are recorded, the efforts of individuals, sparkling gems of thought. Every episode, which may be retained for future use, is dependent alike upon this tiny utensil. Ah, *well* and *nobly* should it be used in the behalf of truth, liberty and justice. Again, there is a language which is written "in the hearts of men," and this language, inexpressible, is mightier than the pen; it is deeper and grander; it is the *highest* realm, wherein there are not words to convey the ideas. For our practical use the pen is sufficient. But as the ideal is a part of our being, let the soul language be pure, for then are ye anchored in a sure haven, whilst about you the treacherous waves madly toss and rage; but, the anchor is sure, and the haven secure; ye may then mock the madsweep of the waves. Although the terrible war and dark appearance of the waters may appal, the thought of fear is not near thee. The placid haven is thine abiding place.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

ABEL'S OFFERING.

A county vast, a desert wide,
 Where, a few sons of earth abide,
 The stillness of that lonely hour,
 When men ruled not with might and power;
 How grandly deep the shaded wood,
 The rocky steep and mighty flood,
 No sound of anvil, or of drum,
 No coaches fair, nor stately home,
 No monuments of art or stone,
 No temples vast, but, *God's own*.
 No mighty monarchs of the deep,
 Save those who in the ocean sleep,
 No ships, had they, to plow the main,
 No railways to transport the grain,
 No mighty implements of war,
 No trumpet sounding from afar,
 No silks or satins, jewels, fair,
 No coronet to bring great care,
 No gorgeous pomp or vanity,
 But, Nature's grand sublimity.
All these, the trophies of a King,
 And loud do Nature's voices sing,
 The gentle birds, the cooing dove,
 The voice of Nature, GOD IS LOVE.
 Two brothers meet with offerings,
 Within each heart a thought upsprings,
 With one, 'twas purest, holy thought,
 That with the offering was brought;
 'Twas gratitude, and holy love
 Ascending to the clime above;
 The other, filled with thoughts of self,
 Gave not from his *heart* the wealth,
 But, lo! the blessing cometh not,
 Jehovah boweth to the thought
 Which pure and holy came from he—
 From selfish motives, who was free.
 Mark now the terrible, dark rage,
 Which does the slighted one engage;
 A fiend steps in, slays his brother;
 And though, alone, and *no* other
 Sees, now, this deed so dark and vile,

He knows the Father does not smile.
 In awful agony so deep,
 Says, "Why must I my brother keep?"
 The terrible torture needs no van
 To say, "you are a guilty man."
 He hides his face from Nature grand,
 And fain would seek a foreign land,
 A mark is placed upon his brow,
 Which telleth all he's fallen low,
 This pure, this first, this angel state,
 Has fled. And now the power great
 Abideth, *not*, in guilty Cain,
 No, *never*, will return again,
 Whilst Abel, now, in realms secure,
 Seeks sweet solace with the pure.

Ah, grand and mighty is the thought
 If, but, thy life with good be fraught,
 The spirit bears, not, guilty stain,
 And sweetly sings a glad refrain.
 It is not here,—this woe is not,
 A guilty conscience, not to blot.
 The mark is there, what e'er the sin,
 'Tis purer if *one* ne'er comes in.
 Oh, let it be a temple pure,
 This spirit which must e'er endure.

After Adam and Eve began the great life work, of searching into the depths of earth, of using the great power—labor, living useful lives, and inaugurating the great sphere,—progression, they began to discover the vast resources of earth. Their children were trained in different capacities; the two, which are most prominent, being Cain and Abel. The former became a hunter, and the latter a tiller of the soil. As the literal version is, they brought offerings to Almighty God, each as his researches had developed. But the one was discarded, the other approved. This we cannot take as a *literal* truth, or again, we bring Jehovah unto a material plane, That Jehovah should delight in material things, that with the mighty universe, His own, He should be brought to bow to one material offering, or that it should find communion with Him. It was the spirit accompanying the gift, which found communion with the Most High. Judging the rendering materially, would rob us, again, of our spiritual God; would make Him an earthly king. But see a beauty in it, as, "God judgeth from the heart." The offering

of a spirit filled with love to humanity, gratitude toward a mighty giver—from the spirit or soul—brings grateful homage; then, “they, who worship, must worship in spirit and in truth.” Could we but bring language adequate to express this idea. It is not the material offering which affects Jehovah, it is the *intent*, the soul consecration and purification; it is the submissiveness, the childlike simplicity, the self-abnegation. Abel’s gift may be simulated to-day, as may Cain’s also—but let it *not* be the latter. Abel’s gift may be, but the wealth of a loving heart, scattering the blossoms of hope, faith and truth, in the path of weak, erring, suffering humanity; and anon, ascending unto the Supreme Ruler, bathing in the floods of supernal glory.

IDA M. MERRILL.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

IN the tenth chapter of Luke, is mentioned the appointing of seventy others, besides the twelve, he had already sent out, and gave them power to heal diseases, and cast out evil spirits; also, preach the kingdom of heaven. Now, he has sent out seventy times seventy, and more, all over the earth, and they are working in the harvest field, binding up the sheaves, and making preparations for measuring and weighing the grain, and preparing for the great feast of the passover; when the day of pentecost will come, when all nations of earth will be drawn together, as it were, in love and harmony. Jesus said in the thirteenth verse, ‘Woe unto Chorazin, woe unto Bethsaida, (churches), for if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon, (two ancient churches), they would have repented long ago; but, it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the judgment, than for you.’ “And, thou Capernaum. (church) which art exalted to heaven, shall be thrust down to hell.” “He that heareth you, heareth me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth Him ~~that~~ sent me.” “And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name.” There is a multitude returning in these later times, saying, even the devils are subject unto *us* through Thy name. And again, he said, “I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven.” Satan is evil, and evil is Satan. He said, “I give unto you, power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you. Notwithstanding, rejoice not that the

spirits are subject unto you, but rather that your names are written in heaven." "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank Thee, oh Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes, even so Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight. All things are delivered to me of my Father, and no man knoweth who the Son is but the Father, and who the Father is but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal Him." Turning to His disciples, He said privately, "Blessed are the eyes which see the things which ye see. For I tell you that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them."

'Tis said there is no time in eternity—always to-day. So spiritual things have not changed; just the same as when Jesus was tempted by the lawyer, what he should do to inherit eternal life. Jesus answered, "Thou shalt love God with all thy heart, soul, strength and mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." The lawyer, willing to justify himself, says, "Who is my neighbor?" Jesus answering, said, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stript him of his raiment, wounded him and departed, leaving him half dead. There came a certain priest that way, and when he saw him he passed by on the other side; and likewise, a Levite, that is one belonging to the priesthood, when he was at the place, came and looked at him and passed by on the other side; but a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, had compassion on him, took him, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, sat him on his own beast, brought him to an inn, and took care of him. On the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence and gave to the host, and said, take care of him, and whatever more thou spendest, when I come again I will pay thee. Every one can judge which of the three was neighbor to him who fell among thieves. Go thou, and do likewise." M. MERRICK.

WE should think of our life as a stream, which, commencing in the wilderness, presently leaps from it, in a water fall, and, thereafter, pursues its endless course through a country infinitely rich and beautiful, with art, civilization and religion reflecting in its serene and softly gliding depths each heavenly scene it visits.

CHOOSE WELL.

(CONTINUED.)

HENRY, taking advantage of the situation, took his departure, saying, he had carelessly left his watch in his room and his door unlocked. Hurrying to the luckless clothier, with whom he had deposited some of the same bills, in payment of an old debt, he quickly settled the matter with him, by leaving another note. Base and deadly evil, that it should give to man the power to suppress virtue, and bring vice into the highest estimation; but, glorious and beautiful is it to know that it may be used as a God-given power—a noble mission has this talent, as well as an ignoble one. It was now satisfactorily arranged with Henry, and he exultingly says, in an undertone, "Now I have you, friend Charles." But alas! for human expectations, "be sure your sin will find you out."

After the departure of Henry, Charles and Mr. Emmit quietly talked the matter over; Mr. Emmit telling him of the accusation by Henry; Charles, knowing himself guiltless, was quite willing to repair to the clothiers.

In less than half an hour, after his interview with Henry, Mr. Emmit and Charles confronted the clothier mentioned. He boldly answered Mr. Emmit's questions, and said, "Yes, I noticed the young lark, and knew he had just come up from the country, and wondered, that a gentleman bearing so many *new* bills, should be third clerk for any one. And, I took pains to keep this bill which he gave me, thinking it might be demanded." Again, was Mr. Emmit confounded; and Charles' consternation was indescribable. He could scarcely believe that this was a reality; it must be some horrible dream from which he would awaken; but, still, realizing that he was sustained by a mighty power, he felt secure. His mother's advice and prayers came wafted on the wings of memory, and an inward thought arose, "Heavenly Father, stay me *now*, deliver me from the power of the adversary." He knew, full well, that *Henry's* work was *here*; and although, he had expected something of the kind, he still had never fathomed such depths of iniquity.

Mr. Emmit blanched, and trembling, says, "Is it possible, young man, *you* have been guilty of this, and have attempted to destroy my confidence in one whom I have known from childhood?"

"God knows, and I know, that I am innocent and guiltless in the matter, and I trust to the powers of deliverance. Do as you will," says Charles.

CORA CORAL.

THE LATTER DAYS.

(By C. W. D.)

The latter days have surely come,
And we must now be nearing home ;
The air of marvel now is full,
Like stirring of Bethesda's pool.
"The age of marvels now is past—
Men have their senses got at last ;"
Thus says the sage, of science proud,
"No wonders must be now allowed.

"All Nature's laws to us is known,
And Nature works by law alone ;
She ne'er by chance these laws o'ersteps,
The boundaries of sense o'erleaps."
Is this thy wisdom, sapient sage ;
Hast thou ne'er heard that in this age
Of vain materialists the boast,
There has been seen one little ghost?

If only one, where are thy laws?
There's no result without a cause ;
If there's no spirit, what is he
So many eyes can plainly see?
The eyes of maidens and of men,
Of women, children, have again
To see the spirits opened been,
And bright angelic forms have seen.

While spirit voices have been heard,
And hidden secrets have been bared ;
Secrets, though hid from mortal ken,
Proclaimed aloud in ears of men.
Ye sages, can ye this explain?
To earth the angels come again,
And what is all your learning worth,
Compared to having spirit birth?

Then take a lesson from the lark,
Instead of groping in the dark,
Who, every time she plumes her wings,
To heavenward rises as she sings ;
While in the crucible you look,
Search wearily in printed book.
A child by aspiration led
May be on heavenly manna fed.

And while you prate of Nature's laws,
And still ignore the Great First Cause,
Your soul with light will never fill,
The shadow you are grasping still.
For spirit is of heavenly birth,
And men who only grope in earth,
Whether for learning, or for gold,
Will find for nought, they have been sold.

The promise have you never read,
Nor where of old it has been said?
"Upon all flesh the Spirit poured
Shall be by Me," thus saith the Lord.
And yet ye say that ye believe
The Scriptures, and their truths receive.
If so, what make ye then of this,
Or do you still its meaning miss?

But it is now, as 'twas of old,
The stone must once again be rolled
Away, that covers up the light,
And buries truth in darksome night.
Alone the Spirit gives the eyes,
Can make you pierce the opening skies ;
'Tis He alone inspires the mind,
Takes off the shackles that you bind.

The shackles forged from dusty tomes,
Or gathered under gorgeous domes,
Theology and science joined,
In ancient fetters you to bind ;
The living voice again has come,
Calling all men to seek their home,
The Spirit's voice that can inspire
Awaken the celestial fire.

The promise to us has been kept,
Although in torpor we have slept,
Our lethargy we must shake off,
No longer at all marvels scoff.
Upon the Spirit's presence wait,
Believe before it is too late,
And ask with aspiration meek,
That inspiration may us seek,

To us a message may be brought
And by our hands be wonders wrought—
Wonders of healing, love and praise,
That usher in the latter days.
A voice for us may now be found
To spread abroad the joyful sound,
To speak of loving words and deeds,
Instead of old and worn-out creeds.

That man a loving Father hath,
Instead of endless woe and wrath,
That now to us may angels come
To point us to our future home.
Glory to God, now to proclaim,
Our Father, what a loving name,
Cry, peace on earth, to man good will,
Brethren in love all should be still.

SPIRITUALISM.

(By J. M. PERBLES.)

WHILE consciousness, reason and aspiration are the seals of manhood, and religion innate in human nature, knowledge is infinitely superior to any system of theological faith. In this century of scientific research—this period of unrest and transition, the searching voice rings out in all lands: Give us knowledge—knowledge of ourselves—knowledge concerning man's inherited tendencies, relations and moral capacities; and more especially, concerning his origin and eternal destiny. Give us facts—tangible phenomena, that demonstrate, beyond a reasonable doubt, the reality of a future conscious existence; and what is more, elucidate the principles and methods that shall be instrumental in generating, educating, and redeeming our common humanity. These are the voices "crying in the wilderness"—crying and inquiring, When will dawn the millennial era? When will God's "will be done on earth as it is in heaven"?

"And I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lighted with his glory" (Rev. xviii. 1). This angel, in the language of Oriental imagery, was Spiritualism; and because of "great power," it was to enlighten the whole earth with a divine glory. But,

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

Defined in general terms, it implies—*the possibility, and certainty of a present conscious intercourse with the inhabitants of the spirit-world.* "Are they not all ministering spirits?" asked the apostle.

In a broader sense, Spiritualism is a phenomenon, a philosophy, and a religion; appealing to the sensuous perceptions through the manifestations and materializations of mediumship; to the reason through a calm, cultured judgment, and to the soul's religious affections through and by inspiring spiritual growth and purity of life. It is not new in the world. The records of India and Egypt—the Old and the New Testaments abound in descriptions of angel appearings and spiritual manifestations; in prevision dream and trance; in oracles, prophecies, levitations, visions, healing gifts; and, to use the apostle's language, "the discerning of spirits." Genuine spiritual manifestations, therefore, are not only in perfect accord with the marvels of the New Testament; but they are the

"greater works" promised by Jesus Christ to believers—the living witnesses of immortality.

SPIRITUALISTS, THEREFORE,

Believe in the Infinite Presence, the Divine Energy, one living and true God, wisdom and love. And upon the pulsing bosom of this God is the soul's rest forever.

Believe in Jesus, accepting Peter's definition, "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles, wonders, and signs." (Acts ii. 22.) Other New Testament writers denominate him the "Son of Joseph," our "Elder Brother," who went about doing good.

Believe in the Holy Spirit as a refined, etherealized aural substance that like forked flames "sat upon the disciples"—that "fell upon those who heard Peter," and was "poured out upon the Gentiles." All those who have been touched by the purifying influences of the Christ-principle, may impart this holy spiritual substance by "the laying on of hands."

Believe in Inspiration, a spiritual infilling from the Divine Fountain from ministering angels, and from the beautiful in nature. Prophets and apostles, martyrs and reformers, were inspired in the past and are in the present.

Believe in Repentance as implying sorrow for wrong-doing, and reformation. But in no way does it promise escape from the legitimate consequences of violated law. Nature holding the golden scales of justice says obey and enjoy—transgress and suffer.

Believe in Rewards and Punishments, as links in the chain of cause and effect. Retribution is inevitable. In all worlds man as a spiritual being is a moral actor, a subject of laws, and responsible—reaping anguish from vice, and happiness from virtue. Memory, the backward looking eye of the soul, accompanies each individual to the world of spirits—that House of "Many Mansions." Each when leaving the mortal body gravitates by virtue of fixed law to his appropriate zone or spiritual plane of existence. The purer and more Christ-like the life on earth, the more ecstatic will be the bliss in that beautiful homeland of the angels.

Divine love reaches down to the lowest sphere. Progress spans all worlds. Angels are ever inviting those in the lower spheres to "come up higher." Every sweet thought breathed, every generous word uttered, every charitable deed wrought, and every heart-beat

for virtue, purity, and peace, will live forever—live to beautify and bless!

Spiritualism settles three questions of momentous import:

I. That man has a conscious existence beyond the grave.

II. That all individuals commence that existence precisely as they leave this, mentally and morally, retaining their identity and memory.

III. That this future existence is one of mental progress and spiritual unfoldment for all human intelligences.

The spiritual philosophy, while undermining the false and overthrowing the Babels of bigotry and superstition, is constructive in purpose, and eclectic in method. It gladly conserves the good and adopts the right and true wherever found.

Spiritualism, as interpreted by its best exponents, has given free thought a new impetus. It has severed the bonds of fear and superstition, revealed in a truer light the law of compensation, opened to anxious eyes a revised geography of the heavens, and convinced multitudes of atheists and deists of a future conscious existence. Unbarring the gates of death, it has brought the loved inhabitants of the summer-land into our cities, our homes, our chambers, permitting us to touch their shining hands and listen to the music of their voices.

It has encouraged the desponding, comforted the sick, and with the tender hand of sympathy brushed away the mourner's tears.

The apostle Paul's injunction was, "Add to your faith, knowledge." Spiritualists, studying the manifestations, have done this. While showing the naturalness of converse with the spirit-world by sympathy, vision, trance, impressions, and inspirations, the tendency of Spiritualism is to elevate the thoughts, encourage fidelity, spiritualize the affections, induce true righteousness, and promote the principles of fraternity and equality. Underlying all reform movements, physiological and social, philanthropic and religious, it would strike the "axe at the root of the tree," by rightly generating, then wisely educating, all the nations of the earth. As a moral power, it is eminently apostolic. Its invocations are soul-felt aspirations.

Kindling in believing souls the loftiest endeavor, the broadest tolerance, the noblest charity, and the warmest heart-fellowship; its prayers are good deeds; its music the sweet breathings of guardian angels; its ideal, the Christ-life of perfection, and its temple the measureless universe of God.

Oh, come let us worship in this holy temple!

ESSAY UPON SCOTTISH POETRY.

(By DR. CURRIE.)

BURNS.—To determine the comparative merit of Burns would be no easy task. Many persons afterwards distinguished in literature, have been born in as humble a situation of life; but it would be difficult to find any other who while earning his subsistence by daily labor, his written verses have attracted and retained universal attention, and which are likely to give the author a permanent and distinguished place among the followers of the muses. If he is deficient in grace, he is distinguished for ease as well as energy; and these are indications of the higher order of genius. The father of epic poetry exhibits one of his heroes as excelling in strength, another in swiftness—to form his perfect warrior, these attributes are combined. Every species of intellectual superiority admits, perhaps, of a similar arrangement. One writer excels in force—another in ease; he is superior to them both, in whom both these qualities are united. Of Homer himself it may be said, that like his own Achilles, he surpasses his competitors in mobility as well as strength.

The force of Burns lay in the powers of his understanding, and in the sensibility of his heart; and these will be found to infuse the living principle into all the works of genius which seem destined to immortality. His sensibility had an uncommon range. He was alive to every species of emotion. He is one of the few poets that can be mentioned, who have at once excelled in humor, in tenderness, and in sublimity; a praise unknown to the ancients, and which in modern times is only due to Ariosto, to Shakespeare, and perhaps to Voltaire. To compare the writings of the Scottish peasant with the works of these giants in literature, might appear presumptuous; yet it may be asserted that he has displayed the *foot of Hercules*. How near he might have approached them by proper culture, with lengthened years, and under happier auspices, it is not for us to calculate. But while we run over the melancholy story of his life, it is impossible not to heave a sigh at the asperity of his fortune; and as we survey the records of his mind, it is easy to see, that out of such materials have been reared the fairest and the most durable of the monuments of genius.

MEN are not saved according to how they die, but according to how they live.

A MAN DOES NOT REALLY DIE.

(By L. H. GRINDON.)

IN order to a true idea of the Resurrection, it requires accordingly, first, that we should have a true idea of what the soul is; second, a true idea of what constitutes Death. The soul is no mere appendage to man, formless and insubstantial, but man himself. Death is simply the departure of man from his temporal, material body, and his consciousness of the *material* world; and entrance upon full consciousness of the *spiritual* world. The fundamental truth of the whole matter simplifies therefore into this—the distinctiveness of *ourselves* from our *material bodies*. "It is the soul," says Hierocles, "that is *you*, the body that is *yours*." What we *are* is one thing, what we have, or some time have had, round about us, is another. We must not confound them. It is because they are confounded, that people cannot see how the soul can be independent, and live and act separately and apart. As we cast off our clothes at night, and wake to the world of visions, so is it at death—we cast off our temporary material bodies, which are only so much apparel, and become conscious of the world of spirits. A man never really *dies*. A change comes over us, but life is never really extinguished, nor for one instant suspended. The dead, as we call them, are no more dead than we ourselves. Solemn is the thought, but *somewhere* our departed friends are every one of them alive, consciously, vigorously, and actively alive.

IN the popular languages one man is called a lion, another a tiger, a dog, a fox, or by the name of some other animal, as he is supposed to exhibit prominently some quality which is a leading characteristic of those animals. As innocent as a lamb, as gentle as a dove, are phrases as familiar as they are natural, and belong to the normal and spontaneous growths of language. Gentle, tame and useful animals represent the kind, good and useful affections; and the wild, noxious, and filthy beasts represent the corresponding hurtful propensities of man. In a barbarous condition of society, wild and ravenous beasts everywhere infest the land; but as civilization advances, these gradually disappeared; and where an enlightened and stable community exists, none but domesticated and useful animals are retained. Just so it is with the internal progress of man.

WILLIAM B. HAYDEN.

PARADISE, WHERE IS IT?

Paradise, Paradise, oh so fair,
Is it in realms of nether air;
Is it above, beyond this earth,
Where, where, has the living soul birth?

In the great glorious fields of eternity,
Stretching through vast ages of sublimity;
Beyond the comprehension of mortal man.
Where, oh where, can be the span
Of the free, unrestrained life of the soul.
Ah, to where does the great life-river roll?
Can ye measure space reach its utmost bound?

Where heavenly hallelujah resound
Through space and its sister space will ye find,
There's the true abiding place of the mind.
No tabernacle of clay have ye
When speeding through eternity.

As the flash of lightning through nether air,
So will be thy home when free from earth's care;
As in His image created He man,
And formed him with perfection's hand,
Breathing into him His own pure breath,
Then as he said in the world beneath,
Ye prepare for glories unrevealed,
To you now the perfection's unsealed;
But within you that breath does remain,
Quickened by Him who made not in vain.

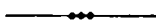
And as the image must resemble the real,
What! oh, what! is life's true ideal?

His attributes, then, His image must contain,
When freed from tabernacle of clay again,
It *ascends to the Master's* glorious home,
Then where does the wandering spirit roam;
As His dwelling place is throughout space,
Where! oh, where! is the soul's abiding place?

CORA CORAL.

AS THERE is no sin so small but it deserves damnation, so there is no sin so great that it can bring damnation on those who truly repent.

MANY persons have an idea that spiritualism is synonymous with low and base; but, as every truth should have proper credit, the *true* theory of spiritualism is founded on divine word. Or, the annals of history, in the Good Book, record the facts, that is, that the angels return to earth, and anything, which is immoral, should never be accredited to *this* Book. For the true idea is the teachings of the lovely Nazarene. It is true religion, wherever it may be found, which is commendable. If we find it with a Catholic, or a Protestant, or a Jew, or a Spiritualist. Pure religion and undefiled, is to "love the Lord with all thy heart and mind and thy neighbor as thyself." Then pure teachings, whatever your denomination, we desire to record. Purity is not with creeds but individuals.



WE thank the R. P. Journal of Chicago for notice of our publication. We have received numerous letters stating notice of the same. Wishing you success in the right cause in the investigation of truth, and in all endeavors towards the elevation of humanity.

GREAT men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages, running deep beneath external nature, give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthen and console them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not dream.

LONGFELLOW.

WE cannot think alike, we cannot work alike, nor is it necessary that we should. Let each, then, in his own peculiar way, work on in the manner in which his nature and his education have best fitted him to work.

NO ONE who is in a right mind ever thinks about *death*, he thinks only of his *life*; knowing that if this be properly regulated, *death*, come when it may, will but invigorate and renew him.

TRUE mourning for the dead is to live as they desire we should do, and as we feel most pleasure in having others live toward ourselves.

THE life, we lead in the flesh, is only the appearance, and the hidden life of the spirit is the reality.

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No. 7.

THIS magazine, containing sixteen pages, will be published weekly. It will contain articles upon science, art, literature, as well as upon the subjects of ethics, or the elevation of the spirit alone. By elevating the spirit of man, we develop the true life. The subscription price (one dollar per year) places it within the reach of all individuals. The idea is not to extort money from individuals, but to place before the people pure literature, which shall be within the reach of all classes.

IS IT DEATH?

THIS decay of summer foliage, is it death? *Is it death?* Is it sad-
dening to see the glory of nature fading and withering? Although
the mind may be more subdued, the vivacity, which accompanies
the budding spring and the opening leaflet, may be for a time ex-
changed for another impulse, yet is it not well to have the heart filled
with a subdued influence, reminding us of that evening of life,
which as surely comes to us all? Soon the snow-white covering
will enshroud all, and this pure beauty is as beneficial to our inner
nature, as is the glory of summer. The sere and faded leaf enriches
the soil for next year's fragrance and beauty. These quiet and
drowsy days bring to us a type of a holy Sabbath, when there seems
to be a lull in the cares of life, and holy thoughts direct the spirit
heavenward. Oh, no! it is not death, ever changing, varying life.
No death to nature—no death to man; naught but everlasting,
never-ending life. The dreamy, hazy weather reminds us of the
change of sphere, and causes the outward fading of nature to lift our
spirits into the realms of the invisible, seeing by the eye of faith
the beauties of the everlasting summer land.

WOMAN! WHAT IS HER SPHERE?

Is it a discredit to be termed a *woman*? Is it more pleasant to be termed a lady? The blessed Master called his mother "Woman." It is a name sanctified by the *use* of this pure Teacher.

Again, is it more elevating to call the opposite sex *gentlemen*? Did Christ, in speaking to his disciples, say *gentlemen*? No, *men* and *brethren*. What is more ennobling than to be *true* men and women.

But, we have especial reference to our own sex. To be a true woman is far better than to be a titled lady; true to the holy calling. Your desire for power, for representation, for suffrage, for *woman's rights*, is a misguided idea, we fear, although, *this* is in direct opposition to those far more talented, experienced, and superior in *every* particular to ourselves, *yet*, we say, "Is war advantageous?" Will it bring a desired effect in an agreeable manner?

In contemplating the war of the great Rebellion, there is a sickening thought arises. In fancy, we seem to see the smoke, the cannon and firearms, hear the clash of artillery, and the groans of the wounded and dying. Ah! that fearful carnage! the nation *to-day* is in sack-cloth and ashes, on account of that same deadly curse, and there is a cry, as "of Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted because they are not."

Did the end justify the means? Think of the happy homes desolated, think of father rising up against son, and son against father, brother against brother. Those terrible and heart-sickening reminiscences are impressed upon childish recollections, too deeply to be effaced; and methinks, where it robbed one of father, or brother, or husband, how terrible must, *even*, be the beat of the drum or the sight of the bright uniform. Many engaged in the war, upon either side were conscientious, and were compelled either to take one side or the other after the current was open.

But, should not agitation cease, when it stirs up strife and discord? Then, we say, when "woman suffrage" brings strife and discord, let it not be agitated. As the end gained by the war of our nation could, it seems, and would have been brought about in a peaceable manner, had a few master minds, such as our President, Abraham Lincoln—who was so minded—but moved quietly forward in the true cause.

Had it been seen that it was necessary to free a race from bondage, it seems, that it might have been done without all this manslaughter, and, to-day, if it is necessary that woman should occupy a different sphere, we *beg*, let it not be by agitation, by bringing our natures down. Methinks, there are fields open to women, to-day, which they have not yet gleaned.

Is it best to attempt reform by compulsion? "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined," is the title of a short sketch read in childhood, which left a lasting impression; and, to-day, *here* is the root of reform. Women, teachers of the young, and mothers, *especially*, *here* is the reform, and herein lies your power.

"As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." Wait not until the tree is twisted and gnarled, before you attempt to straighten, to beautify; but, take the tender sapling, and watch it, day by day, would you have a beautiful tree adorning your home; so, in like manner, take the little child, your sons as well as daughters, into loving care, and day by day, implant principles by example, as well as by precept, which shall cling to the child when years of responsibility shall wrest it from your care. *Then*, do you begin a reform which is lasting. The evil of to-day cannot be righted in a moment. There are gnarled and twisted oaks which will require more force to straighten than is within our borders. But, begin with the young; let the new forest be straight, beautiful, perfect.

Should every mother, or teacher of the young in the land form a determination to have *her* sphere—the one which opens before her *without compulsion*, carried out to the letter—the simple performance of duties coming, day by day, without searching for more victories to win—sending forth an influence pure and pervading—*then* may we expect reform.

As there is a distinct sphere for man and one for woman, we may find our own sphere to be as useful, as fraught with good, with sweet peace as another's. As, in the late war, had you have been called upon to enter the ranks, you would have trembled at the idea, and, although, woman had her sphere in this, it was distinct. Woman's hand fashioned the garments of comfort for the suffering ones, prepared the delicacies, and, many times, it was woman's hand which dressed the wounds, soothed the last pangs of the dying, and folded the still hands upon the breast.

Oh no! let us not give up our birthright, by entering into a war of words; the end will *not* justify the means. Let us *faithfully* carry out our mission wherever it may be. Let us not clamor for what we have no assurance will bring about reform. Let us be true to womanly instincts, true to ourselves.

There are spheres which are not filled. As Miss Muloch has said, there is a special sphere for woman, which would be of far more lasting benefit to herself and others. It is to stand by the bedside of the sick and languishing, to smooth the pillow, to administer medicine physically, and *spiritually*, we say, as well. Let us be *womanly*—women. There is nothing admirable in a masculine-appearing woman, nor in femininity in the opposite sex. Make not a character for *yourself*, woman; but wear the one which befits you.

There are spheres open to woman, if she will but advance to her *true* position; not as the strength of the nation, but as the endurance; not as the might, but as the power, for the sphere of home is *her* realm, and *within* the home arises the incense which ascends to the heavenly portals, or descends into the realms of darkness. It is within the home influences, and especially the mothers', that our great men have gained an upward impetus. Many great men have said, "I owe much to my mother."

Then, woman, clamor not for greater power than you possess.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] IDA M. MERRILL.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

"WE ARE all members of one body," called Christ, and though, some are true and noble, others are false and ignoble; still, we are united in a spiritual sense, and all have power to develop into perfect men and women, or become one with Him who rules the mighty universe.

Very few think of these things, or ever wish to know if there is a heaven, or a resurrection, or God, or devil; and they are not very bad men, they know but little about themselves; they may do many deeds of loving charity, and place gems of rare beauty in an eternal crown of glory and do not dream of the happiness which awaits them, when they arrive in the summer land. If the deeds be done, there will be a record, and they will be astonished when the voice

says, "Enter into the joy of thy rest." "As we measure to others, it will be measured to us again."

Laws are inevitable, never changed, but fulfilled to the letter. One might pray over his neighbor, who had fallen among thieves, forever, and it would not raise him up; we must work; *do* something, or there will be no result, and no gem in our crown.

Materialists say that there is no spirit, the wild Indian of the plain says there is a *Great Spirit*, and they look towards the happy hunting ground with faith and trust, and are a law unto themselves; they know there is a place of abode in another sphere, and "if a man die he will live again." Many, *very* many of the cultured white brethren are ignorant of these facts. A professor of medicine, in an Indian tribe, must have a diploma from the principal of the college of the soul, where he studied his profession. He must be clairvoyant, able to say what the disease is; also, if the patient will recover or not, and if he fails to perform according to the law of his teaching, then he will be condemned and suffer the consequence, which may be death from the braves of his tribe, for pretending to have a genuine diploma, and his failure proved him a fraud. When the Great Spirit sends out a healer with power to heal his brethren, he becomes filled with faith and love; he goes with assurance, and lays his hand on the patient, and he is restored, and the medicine man saved from condemnation. The signs and wonders, which are seen at this time, are enough to startle the whole world with astonishment. If they could awake from their drowsiness, and look beyond the wall of prejudice, they might see heavenly hosts beckoning them to join the grand army of progression, and press forward to battle for right and justice.

The trumpet is sounding, and the hosts are gathering, and will hold the fort, and wave the banner back to those who are marching to the right.

M. MERRICK.

UPON the broad sea of thought one is too prone to drift on, each in his own narrow current, and to regard as tempest-tossed and doomed to shipwreck all who do not choose to follow in the same course with them.

WE can, sometimes, love that which we do not understand, but it is impossible clearly to understand what we do not love.

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED)

MOTIVES, selfish, seldom elevate the spirit. May a human being—who simply to *save* himself from a fiery hell, which has been, many times, pictured so fearfully by men—offer sacrifices, burnt offerings, or *do anything* to appease the *wrath* of the Supreme Ruler? *May* he receive sweet peace, elevation, grandeur and sublimity of life? Is it through fear that a parent gains the love and confidence of a child? Can we love any one who strikes terror to the heart? Can we love a wild and ravenous beast of the forest?

Then, if we picture Jehovah as an awful, a terrible tyrant, who delights in the smell of savory meat, who fain would cast his children into a raging, fiery furnace, and delight in their torture; can we love Him as though He were a loving, merciful, just, allwise, all powerful, and all surrounding Being? That His presence may be felt in dark hours as well as joyful ones; that He is guiding with might and wisdom, beyond the comprehension of mortal man; that this all-pervading power is allowed to descend upon the sons of men, as did the fire, allegorically, upon Abel's offering?

Abel, with pure and holy motives, thinking of the great blessings he has received, ascends unto the throne of the Most High. He thinks not of self, but of this Great Giver, and otherwise, Cain brings his offering, thinking to obtain a favor, as it were, from the Most High. He feels that this offering should be accepted from the *value* of it, forgetting that Jehovah is mighty and Maker of *all* things, and, when enraged by the blessing—the power descending upon his brother—allows the deadly passion hate to take possession, to cause him to take his brother's life, and, as there is always an awakening after such evil deeds, he arouses and guiltily says, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The very words pronouncing him a guilty man.

As *any* evil deed brings, down the nature, from an innocent and pure state, it, also, leaves an impression upon the mind, and a stain, thereby, upon the spirit; the heart is filled with vague unrest. As Cain should be known of all men, *these* marks upon the spirit, *these* impressions become visible, under the clear light of the Spiritual Sun. In that realm, where the light from "His countenance will

light the city, thereof, with no need of either the sun by day or the moon by night," the deeds will be known, the motives, the intents, which man cannot always fathom, will be portrayed. The *noble* intents, which may never be revealed below, will bear the spirit upward, or the ignoble ones, which, likewise, may not be revealed, will bear the spirit downward.

The difficulty with us is, that we sometimes confound the spiritual with the material.

The great and divine intent of inspiration is spiritual development, and spiritual knowledge, teaching men the great truth "*how to live.*"

Thus, in looking at the divine inspiration of this Book, we should see the spiritual truth clothed in earthly language; for, especially, in those ancient times, it was necessary to clothe the ideas in such language as they could comprehend. Then, this allegory seems a beautiful type of this lovely and much to be prized quality within man's nature—gratitude. Devotion may be real, or it may be for a selfish aim, it may be what is termed lip service; then, it arises not to the throne of the Most High, for a spiritual offering must be conveyed in a spiritual vehicle. If the offering is because of gratitude, and the gift is for another, instead of self, we rise *above* self, *out of* self, *forgetting* self, then we receive the blessing of the Holy Spirit; we are linked to the spiritual world, *because*, under the law of that world.

"It is more blessed to give than receive;" we may show our gratitude, to the Supreme Ruler, by our acts toward humanity; as, the great Master says, "Whosoever but gives a cup of water in my name, hath done it for me." Then, we may yield our offerings to Jehovah *through* humanity; we may aid a fellow brother, a burdened one, a sorrowing one, one who is in the slough of despond, or on the brink of despair, and we are submitting offerings to the Most High; we are breathing prayers in our every thought and deed.

It is a natural law, that nothing comes, or *is*, by chance. There is design in *all things*; thus, man is so linked to brother man, by the ties of humanity, that if he injures another, he injures himself.

As did Cain, after taking the life of his brother, feel that he was a castaway upon the earth, and that *all men* would know him; so, to-day, a guilty person needs not man to tell him so; there is a con-

sciousness *within*, which causes him to look upon all men as ready to denounce him.

The offering of meek and lowly spirits—"the humble and contrite heart He will not despise." Then, beautiful and glowing characters of living light, let us place in the spiritual realm; let us "Love one another," as said the blessed Master, not *only* our near friends, our immediate relatives, but *humanity*; pity the weak and the erring, have charity for *all*—for those who seem to be entangled in chains, too powerful for them to break. Oh! let us all feel that we are a part of a mighty current—called Life—and that the purer each individual life, the purer the stream; and know that there are none perfect. We may see our brother's imperfections much more readily than our own; but, by the failings of *another*, we may realize that so fashioned are *we*, and let us gratefully bring our offerings, that the *Great Power*, from the everlasting habitations of space, may send us the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit. IDA M. MERRILL.

CHOOSE WELL.

(CONTINUED.)

THIS was the greatest mystery to Mr. Emmit, in which he had ever been involved.

Charles seemed the impersonation of honor, yet appearances were against him. The circumstantial evidence was, that he was guilty, though Mr. Emmit could not think it true, when he gazed into the clear depths of those honest eyes; nevertheless, he must carefully investigate the matter, and must not yet *condemn* Henry, whose parents he had known for many years. He well knew that Henry had been reckless and frivolous, and somewhat unreliable even, but had never discovered him guilty of anything so terrible before this time.

Ah! sad was Charles, as his employer bade him return to his daily avocation, and await further evidence, either *for* or *against* him. Charles' hourly desires ascended to the Most High for strength and deliverance; an angel of hope hovered near him, and he took courage; perhaps Henry and James would relent.

A bright thought comes to him; he would go to James, he had more faith in *his* uprightness if uninfluenced by the other, and now renews his occupation with a less burdened heart.

Passing down a crowded street, Charles overtakes James; feeling this was the opportunity to prevail upon him, pleasantly accosts him. James, feeling guilty, doggedly answers.

Charles, after a few pleasant remarks concerning the weather, says, "James, is it possible, after the occurrence of Saturday evening, that you will allow me to suffer in your stead, when I urged you to refrain, and honorably meet your obligations?"

James muttered something inarticulately.

Charles says in the kindest manner, "James, let me *beseech* you to act honorably by me as well as yourself. Is this, as your mother would have advised you? Would it not cause her cheek to mantle, to think that her son should be guilty of robbing another, and *then* allowing the blame to be cast upon one who is innocent?"

He had touched the right chord, although that mother had been weak and indulgent toward her son many times, still there was a picture engraven upon the inner temple of his soul; and now it was revived by a retouching of a master-hand; bright and beautiful glowed the picture under the light of this new influence. Again he saw his mother, upon her knees as of yore, and his thought reached farther backward; again it seemed he could see a little boy, which he recognized as himself, kneeling at that mother's knee, and the loving hand upon his head as in blessing.

Charles had touched a chord which would awaken a purer strain. The change in James was wonderful; he was completely subdued, and how altered the tone.

Looking at Charles, with streaming eyes, he says, "My God, help me, for I am undone."

Charles answers, "Yes, friend James, he will, the holy angels now draw near, and you remember, 'there is more joy among the angels over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine who went not astray.'"

CORA CORAL.

SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

(By WILLIAM B. HAYDEN.)

As THE flood described in Genesis swept away every thing that was good or true in the church of that age, save the small remnant that was preserved with Noah, so it ultimated in the final destruction and actual disappearance of the rest of the human race from the earth. This was the natural result of the laws which govern the

human constitution; one which illustrates the eminently normal character of the methods of Divine Providence, and the intimate connection that exists between the moral and physical laws, and the equally organic nature of both.

The antediluvians immersed themselves so deeply in lusts, and gave themselves up so fully to sensual passions and gratifications, that their physical constitutions became diseased and corrupted, until at length the original energies of the race were exhausted, and their posterity finally died out. A process somewhat similar to this, though on a much smaller scale, is now going on among several varieties of the present human race, who, having been recently brought into contact with the more exciting temptations of a superior civilization, without possessing the moral stamina to withstand them, their whole nature being greatly corrupted, are now rapidly melting away, and must sooner or later entirely disappear. Such is the case with our American Indians and the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands; and a large portion of the Bengalese, with many other Asiatic and Polynesian tribes, must in time undoubtedly follow.

The whole of the present human race is, therefore, so far as we know, descended from the church or religious community called Noah. And as this community collected into itself and contained all the individuals who retained sufficient purity to be received and saved, from among all the antediluvian nations, it is not at all improbable, but on the other hand highly probable, that it included within its fold a variety of races. It is more natural to conceive this to have been the case, than to suppose persons of such character to have been confined to a single tribe or people; for all the antediluvian races, whatever may have been their origin, enjoyed equally the opportunity of availing themselves of the light of the primeval Revelation. And this supposition gets further confirmation from the fact, that nearly all historical tradition affirms a variety of races to have proceeded from Noah, possessing, if not from the first, at least very early, those marked distinguishing features which still continue to characterize them. From all we know of the operations of nature in this respect, the fact we mention does not, in the minds of many rational and philosophic men, seem consonant with the idea that Noah was a single individual.

The ark that Noah was commanded to build was an internal frame of mind which the people of that church were commanded to build

up within themselves in order to be saved. It was the ark of the covenant with that church. The Lord always enters really into covenant with man in the inmost principles of his mind; a state of genuine charity and true faith is the only ark of safety for the believer during times of severe temptation and peril. The clean beasts which were to be collected into the ark denote those pure and holy affections which every true believer has stored within him, constituting the life or animating principle of his religious state. These were to be kept alive, and preserved from the impending evils and consequent apostasy. The unclean beasts which were to be brought into the ark denote those lower, natural and sensual affections and appetites of the mind, which in our natural state are only productive of evil. These were also to be taken from the merely worldly life they were leading, and brought into a more elevated state, by being regenerated (introduced into the ark) and made subordinate and subservient to higher ends and uses. This is the duty of every believer now, as it was then—namely, to bring all the passions, appetites, and desires of his lower or animal nature into subjection to the higher and holier impulses of the partially-sanctified man within.

As the individual man belonging to the church called Noah was commanded to preserve in his mind those pure and sanctified affections denoted by the clean beasts, so all those persons who were animated by such affections were to be gathered from out of the world into that church or religious community, to be preserved in it, as in an ark, from the surrounding contamination, and made a peculiar people unto the Lord.

The narrative subsequent to the flood, from Noah to the time of Heber, it is not requisite that we follow, as sufficient has already been said to elucidate the general structure of these early documents, and the nature of the events therein related. The names which follow that of Noah are also the names of churches, and not of individuals. In those early ages, a patriarchal family often became a tribe or nation, still retaining the family name, and preserving its own peculiar form of religious belief and ritual of worship; and frequently a single appellation would correctly designate, at the same time, the family, the nation, the church, and the country they inhabited; as Israel, Judah, Ephraim, Moab, Ammon, &c. So that, although the names Shem, Arphaxad, Peleg, &c., in the tenth and eleventh chapters of Genesis, are there applied to the several bodies designated by

them, in their character of religious communities, and denote their specific qualities in that respect, still, from the nature of the case, they must have been in many instances, perhaps in most, the names also of patriarchal tribes or nations.

The tower of Babel, built in the plain of Shinar, was a false but powerful system of priestly rule, doctrine, and worship which is that "other way" by which men in so many instances, in all ages, have attempted to climb up to heaven. It is needless to say, that all such attempts, whether made on the plain of Shinar, on the hills of Palestine, or in the consistories and councils of Europe, prove equally abortive, and end in a confusion of tongues.

GROWTH AND EXTENT OF SCIENCE.

(By the late REV. J. CLOWES, M. A., Rector of St. John's Church, Manchester, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.)

SCIENCE, like everything else derived from God and proper to man, has its growth, and this growth is *gradual*, according to the operation of the affection from which it is first born, and the *exercise* of that operation. It commences in the state of infancy, and is continued through every successive period of man's life, receiving perpetual increments, until it attains to the full maturity of its growth. It therefore has its ages, which may be compared with the ages of man himself, called *youth*, *manhood*, and *old age*, and its state is various according to those ages; for in youth it is comparatively tender and infirm, in its *manhood* it acquires a greater firmness and stability, and in its *old age* it becomes more tranquil and composed.

There is, then, no part of man's life in which the growth of science is not continued; and, since neither science, nor the affection by which it is introduced, are of man, but entirely of the Lord, therefore there is no part of man's life in which he is not a subject of the Divine presence, operation, and formation, for the purpose of preparing him to become an instrument of use, both in this world and in the other: the law of which preparation is, that he shall imbibe and grow in all that science which is necessary to make him such an instrument, and thus increase his blessedness both here and hereafter.

The extent of science may be considered both in regard to the things of this world and of another, for man has knowledge respecting both worlds, which knowledge may be extended to an unlim-

ited degree. The science of the things of this world is derived from an acquaintance with what is commonly called human learning, and also from observation, and is extended accordingly. The science of the things of another world is derived from revelation, and is more or less extended, in proportion as man studies the Word of God, and suffers its holy truths to influence his understanding. That science respecting the things of both worlds has no boundaries, but is unlimited in its extent, must be obvious to every one who reflects on the immensity of the works of God, and on the numberless truths contained in the Word of God. For there is not a single object of creation which is not a subject of human science; neither is there a single truth contained in the Word of God, which was not intended for the formation of man's intellectual mind, and to enlarge the sphere of its knowledge respecting the vast realities of another world.

Thus man is gifted, by his great and good Creator, with the vast capacity of attaining endless knowledge, and he is moreover placed in a state adapted to such attainment, having the glorious works of God continually before his eyes, and the Holy Work of God continually within his reach. It is his own fault, therefore, if he does not enrich his mind with endless stores of the most sublime and extended knowledge, because it is his own fault if he does not acquaint himself with the word and works of the Great and Glorious God, and thereby ascend to the eternal world and its Divine Author, and thus connecting himself with the Infinite and Eternal, discover, to his unutterable joy, that the extent of science is unlimited, since it is impossible that what is infinite and eternal can ever be fully comprehended by what is finite and temporal.

THE more we love others, the more our capacity to love increases.

THE love of others as surely brings happiness with it as heat brings warmth.

MAN could neither think or feel were he not a subject of inspiration. He does nothing of himself except choose.

SETTING out on thy soul's pilgrimage, unite to thyself what hearts thou canst; know well that a hundred holy temples of Mecca have not the value of *one heart*.—*Persian Eleventh Century*.

A LITTLE BOY'S SPEECH.

(Written for Forest.)

I AM ten years old,
Am fearless and bold;
You say, '*only a boy*,'
But I *do* life enjoy.

And, do you think, sir,
I shall ever drink, sir?
No, sir; I shall not smoke,
And all the ladies choke.

Then, I shall never chew;
I shall be firm and true;
•I shall be a *great man*,
And do all the good I can.

I know I am now small,
But—so were you all,
And in ten years more,
Boyhood days will be o'er.

So let me be a boy,
And my life yet enjoy;
For the time will soon be
When the boy will be free."

—CORA CORAL.

RE - UNION.

THE elements composing this earth—cast upon a mighty volume of waters, revolving in a sea of air, suspended without visible support—are what? Various particles which the chemist has analyzed; by disintegration and dis-uniting, they are scattered—severed wide from the first composition.

The upheavals of volcanoes, the gradually falling away of massive banks, the change of currents of streams; the casting to the wind of tiny seeds; the *many* changes physically are manifest to us, this is the law of dis-union; and again, there is a law of re-union of particles; the waters seek their own channels, although they may be cast far and near, they will become re-united somewhere and at some time.

The dust of the earth caught up by a breeze, and hurried hither and yon, again, re-unites with its natural element.

At the trumpet sound of the angel, awakening us into a new state

of existence, leaving the chrysallitic shell below, the material body then returns to its native element, and the spirit to its native element, following the law of nature.

If the spirit has delighted in the society of the pure, it will seek this element. If it has delighted in the society of the low, the vile, *such* will be the native element.

This is the re-union toward which we look; not the re-uniting of material and spiritual, to form a perfect spiritual realm. This is a mistaken idea, that it requires the resurrection of an earthly body to form an angel realm. The flower needs not the resurrection of last year's worn-out stamens, pistils, petals and corolla. The life-germ remains in the bosom of mother earth, and sends forth new shoots regardless of last year's discarded fragrance and beauty. The materialist founds his conclusions upon this idea, that as the flowers come and go, so does man, yet the original life principle is the same each time in the plant, so in spirit. It is not the simple receptacle, but it is the beautiful life principle which cannot be extinguished.

Can we sever life from life?

Can we break the bonds which bind?

Can we see a beauty grand

Revealing not a master-mind?

Is it clay, or is it soul,

Which portrays a living light?

Is it flesh, or is it mind,

Which scatters darkest, direst night?

Can we think we are but clay?

Can we not see *spirit is*

The only imperishable thing;

The power which feeleth grief or bliss? —I. M.

HOW TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

WE want a few private words with the boys, says the *Parish Visitor*. The truth is, we have a great idea of boys. We used to think men were made of boys. We begin to think now that those were old-fashioned notions, that they are all out of date. We look around and see a great many persons grown up, with men's clothes on, who are called men. But they act and behave so that we feel certain they were never made of boys. If they had been, they

would have known how to behave better. Where they came from we do not know. But what we wish to put into the ears of boys is this—be gentlemen. In this country every boy may grow up to be a gentleman if he will. It is not necessary that he should become a great scholar, nor that he should become a distinguished man.

But some impatient ones are asking: "How can we become gentlemen?" How can a boy go about making himself one? Can he work for it? Yes, he can. And the harder he works in the right way the better. But he must study with his ears. Reading books and newspapers is not enough. He must think and feel, as well as speak and act. Can he buy it? No, he cannot. Money will buy a good many things, but it will not buy what makes a gentleman. If you have money you can go to a shop and buy clothes. But hat, coat, pants and boots do not make a gentleman. They make a fop, and sometimes come near making a fool. Money will buy dogs and horses, but how many dogs and horses do you think it will take to make a gentleman?

Let no boy, therefore, think he is to be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horses he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in or the money he spends. Not one or all of these do it—yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, have no horses, live in a poor house and spend but little money, and still be a gentleman. But how? By being true, manly and honorable; by keeping himself neat and respectable; by being civil and courteous; by respecting himself and respecting others; by doing the best he knows how; and finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.—*To the Editors of the Evening Post:* On Wednesday night preceding the President's assassination, a little deaf and dumb girl in our institution got up in her sleep, went to a classmate, and after rousing her, spelt with the manual alphabet, "Lincoln is shot." In the morning the sonnambulist knew nothing of the circumstance till informed of it by her friend in the presence of others.

The incident would probably never have been recalled but for the sad emphasis which after events gave it.

It now seems one of those cases of prescience which so often arise to puzzle mental philosophers. W.

Institution for Deaf and Dumb, April 18.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

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No. 3.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

OUR MAYOR.—We learn through the daily press, from time to time, of the work of the mayor of our city in the cause of reform. The idea, or principle, seems to be a purification, or rather a higher idea of duties devolving upon heads of families, and, herein we see as commendable a quality as could be called forth.

“Let us render honor to whom honor is due.” Our officials, either of government, state, or city, should receive honor, becoming the position, and *especially*, should it be so when it is an elevation of humanity to which we are yielding allegiance, as “it becometh us to yield allegiance to the higher powers.” Then of what untold value, it is, to have officials who may lead by example, as well as precept.

No single individual, in his daily life, has the influence that attends leaders or rulers. Then to rule *well* is great.

THE FAIRY CARPET.

WE awoke the other morning and perceived, that, during the stillness of the night fairies had been at work, and quietly had spread us a pure white carpet, ALL over our bleak looking earth, festooned the trees and shrubs, *already* for Thanksgiving, with the same pure covering. How calm and peaceful everything *does* look, robed in this fairy mantle. If our thoughts do not turn heavenward, when we gaze upon this lovely picture, they are *unconsciously* purified, at least. Oh, yes! we hail thee, “beautiful, beautiful snow.”

How the glittering snow stars, brought out by the sun's reflections, twinkle! Myriads of them, out-vieing the starry firmament

in numbers and in *minute* beauty. The thought comes, How grandly glorious are the laws of this mighty universe! *Yet*, we do not realize it. We are so accustomed to these changes that we think of it as a matter of course; but, should we see the laws of nature turned into confusion, then, we should appreciate the beneficence of a Wise Creator.

Take this fairy-like carpet as an example. Could man fashion anything to equal it in its transient beauty! The delicate flakes showering down, so noiselessly, at last accomplish the work and the carpet is spread. But there is a thought comes, Oh, transient beauty, we cannot long retain you! Thus it is with the purest of life's joys; they cannot long be retained; they are as fleeting as the pure and lovely snow. But fairy carpet we hail thee! Ever aiding us to look upward, thou hast *thy* mission.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

"WHEN Paul appeared before Agrippa, and was allowed to speak for himself, he stretched forth his hand and thanked him for the privilege of speaking in his own defence, touching the things whereof he was accused of the Jews.

I was a well-known Jew, and after the strictest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee, and, now, I am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers, for which hope's sake I am accursed of the Jews. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead? I verily thought that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth, which I did in Jerusalem, and many of the saints I shut up in prison; and, when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them; I punished them oft in my synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme, being exceedingly mad against them.

As I went to Damascus with authority from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king! I saw a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun, shining about me and them that journeyed with me, and heard a voice speaking unto me, saying, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? I said, who art thou, Lord? He answered, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. Whereupon, O King Agrippa! I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, and shewed forth unto them at

Damascus and Jerusalem, throughout all the coasts of Judea, and thus to the Gentiles that they should repent and return to God and do works for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come, that Christ should suffer, and that He should rise from the dead and show light unto the people and unto the Gentiles.

And as he thus spoke for himself, Festus says, with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; too much learning doth make thee mad."

St. Paul was what is called a medium; he saw a vision; but, before he saw it, he was a very cruel-hearted man, persecuting harmless, innocent, men and women, because they were followers of the Nazarene. They knew that, "if a man die, he shall live again," and, it seems, the Pharisees believed in a resurrection; but, not for all mankind, only a few that prayed three times a day, and gave alms to the poor, and thanked their God they were not like other men; not like the publicans, who ate without washing their hands.

The time is approaching, when all, who think they stand, take heed lest they fall.

M. MERRICK.

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

AND Cain said unto the Lord, "My punishment is greater than I can bear. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day and from thy face shall I be hid, and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth, and it shall come to pass that every one that findeth me shall slay me."

The guilty individual, does he not say so? "I am a vagabond." He feels no sweet solace in fellowship with those who are pure; he feels that he is unlike others; he knows that a step downward is taken, and great and terrible is the punishment which is engraven in characters, horrible, upon the inner temple. He sees not the beauty of a loving God as is manifest, through the evervarying, ever-beautiful face of nature.

The glorious canopy of heaven, stretching abroad, as the dome of our great cathedral; the mighty trees of the forest, as silent and devotional sentinels; the babbling brook, singing everlasting hymns; the chorus of the glad songsters chirruping tender interludes, or piping sweet solos; the mighty torrents, as the grand voluntaries; all these, in grand worship to the Most High—he sees not; but, from within, views a vengeful, wrathful Being, and the glad sounds are to him, as of the mocking of some fiend, and he says, “My punishment is greater than I can bear.” Yet, with the thought, there comes the desire for the pure, the vanished state of innocence. “My God, cast me not away from thy presence.” This great and purifying power—called God—would not destroy, but would change chaos into beauty, fragrance and usefulness; the dark and unsightly, would have subservient to the higher attribute Light;—and the answer comes: “Whomsoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold,” and the Lord set a mark upon Cain lest any one finding him should kill him.

Herein, is a great truth. Have we the right to take the life of any one, even if it is to recompense another's life? Is it according to any natural law? Two from two leaves nothing, but two added to two doubles the original number. Then, if it is a sin to first slay a brother, is it not a double sin to slay a second? Methinks, it is deeply horrible to take the life of a guilty soul, even, more so, perhaps, than of one not guilty. Casting a soul upon the great unknown sea without a bark, an anchor, *nothing*, to which it may cling, but deep and deadly guilt. Oh! horrible is it, that the materials which were placed upon earth for man's use may also be made those of deadly power, that the glittering steel may be fashioned into weapons, deadly; that even the useful article wood may be fashioned into a deadly weapon; that use may be made abuse; the fire, which gives us warmth by a careful use, is one of the greatest blessings, but, by the work of an incendiary, this power may be abused, and it may become one of fearful depredation, and, sometimes, untold agony. Again, the mighty ocean is of great utility to earth's inhabitants; but, the treacherous wave enshrouds its victims, and here we come to a law which is deep and unfathomable. God's plan seems deep and abiding. There are intricacies too awful, too solemn, too sublime, and too painful for us to contemplate.

The life taken by one of humanity, brings not so much of a sor-

row upon that person as upon the one taking it. Cain felt his punishment, but Abel in his sinless state only passed on to glories unrevealed. Returning to the mighty power of Jehovah, we say, in our sorrow, in our bereavement, "Oh God, why hast thou forced the bonds of death? Why hast the spirit been called upon to witness the agony of parting, and, as in Eve's bosom there was a vacancy, a void, robbed of both sons—the one by death, the other by a greater than death—so to-day are many, and the wisdom of the overruling power is doubted. The Divine plan seems imperfect, but *this* will cast us upon a broad sea anchorless. There are duties, there are new joys, and the bark is again anchored, the great drama of life calls us to appear upon the stage as of yore. It is time for our part in the play, and this deep, unanswerable, unfathomable thought is crowded into the background; and, as said Eve, "God has given me another son instead of Abel," we say, new duties and new revelations have held the giddy brain in its proper poise, and forced back the unfathomable, giving not time to question the cause. Ah! were man but left to the contemplation of these ideas, and felt that he must explain the primal cause of all things, and especially the infinitesimal working of this unseen agency, which brings death, disaster, and sorrow upon the innocent, allowing the guilty to go free, he would find his mind involved in a chaos which would completely unfit him for the sterner duties of life. As Abel, the innocent, suffered most in a material view, you will see, in the spiritual, it was Cain who *suffered*. When freed from the tabernacle of clay, Abel was pure and ready to enjoy the lot of the pure, but Cain was a cast-away, a vagabond—no more peace, no more heaven, until he may hear the words of forgiveness from the injured Abel.

IDA M. MERRILL.

CHOOSE WELL.

(CONTINUED.)

JAMES answers, "I will do what is right, if Henry *will not*."

Although he used most of the stolen money himself, I am a sharer in the guilt, and cannot endure this terrible torture any longer, and shall tell Henry so. Had I used the money myself, it seems, that the agony would be unendurable."

"Give me your hand, Charles, and calling God to witness, I say I shall deal fairly with you."

Charles had not even expected *such* a change; his hopes were more than realized; were Henry not manly enough to relent, he would be compelled to do so through fear of exposure.

In turning a corner they met Henry, and his face mantled, when he saw Charles and James were together.

Henry immediately accosted them in his pompous manner.

"What *now* is the programme? Charles, I hope you will clear yourself," he says, derisively.

James answered, "Yes, Henry, I intend to clear him; I cannot endure this torture longer; I shall be an inmate of the insane asylum if I do not."

He turned livid, and for the first time lost his composure; *this* was something he had not foreseen, but, still, he did not intend to be so easily vanquished. Recovering himself, he said:

"Now, James, you need not think you will unsettle me in that way. I have the advantage over Charles and you both. Let Charles tell the story of the bill in his pocket, and of the one at the clothier's, if he can."

"Could I not do so?" says James. "O, Henry! do, I pray, for the sake of a clear conscience, let us attempt to make reparation. I should rather forfeit my year's wages than undergo what I have since that memorable night; and to see Charles suffer in my stead, I should completely lose my senses."

"You remember you called me womanish, that night, because I was loth to commit the evil deed, and, I only wish I had been *manly* enough to say, 'No! *I will not be privy to guilt.*'" CORA CORAL.

UNITY CHURCH INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

One of the most hopeful fields for benevolent efforts in our large cities is found in working among the neglected children of poverty-stricken and vicious parents, who people our closely packed tenement houses, where they are exposed to all kinds of evil influences, with nothing in their surroundings or associations that are pure and elevating, or calculated to develope in them as they grow up pure and honest manhood or womanhood.

One of the best forms of effort for this class is that of industrial schools for girls. As illustrating this class of work we present our readers with a sketch of the Unity Church Industrial School, located at 258 Larrabee Street,

This school has been in continuous and successful operation for the last five years, and is supported by the ladies of Unity Church, who have carried on the work quietly but efficiently, with no flourish of trumpets and no appeal to the public for funds. It is now in charge of Mrs. J. M. Pelton, a kind-hearted, genial and eminently practical lady, as matron, who is ably seconded by Miss Lethe Blackman as assistant. The organization has as its president Mrs. J. D. Harvey, with Mrs. J. Furness as secretary, Mrs. Dudley Wilkinson, treasurer, and an able board of directors from the ladies of the church.

The school occupies a moderate-sized basement cottage, which as one object is to instruct and educate pupils in domestic duties and economy, is furnished as far as practicable with all the essentials of the household, having in addition to its school proper a dining room, pantry, kitchen, store room, bath, etc., and a large yard which is used as a play ground and garden, a part of which is floored and in summer covered with an awning. A portion of the ground is utilized each summer for the cultivation of flowers and vegetables, in which pupils, under the direction of the matron, take great interest, and have produced very satisfactory results.

The school averages from twenty-five to thirty girls, of ages from five to twelve years, whose parents either from vice or poverty have been unable or have neglected to place and keep them in the public schools, and others who have lost their seats from irregularity of attendance. As soon as they can be trained into regular habits, they are transferred to the public school and their places filled with new recruits.

The course of instruction includes reading and spelling, oral lessons, singing, recitations, etc., with kindergarten exercises and instruction in the household duties of sweeping, dusting, cooking, waiting upon tables, washing dishes and sewing, and with the elder girls, the cutting out of garments, such as underclothing, aprons, dresses, patch-work, etc. On entering in the morning, each child passes to the rear room and makes her toilet, water, soap, combs and brushes being supplied for this purpose. Then donning a large-sized apron she is ready for the business of the day. A dinner is served at noon—cooked upon the premises—in the preparation of which the elder girls assist in rotation, being carefully instructed in the proper method of cooking the various dishes which are fur-

nished. They are also taken out to assist in the marketing and instructed in regard to what and how to buy, the making of change, etc. At dinner the same etiquette is observed both in deportment at table and in waiting upon and serving the same as is found in well regulated families. In the sewing department the older girls take charge of the work of the younger ones, preparing it for them and seeing that it is properly done.

Twice a week a full bath is given each child, and every effort is made to enforce the duty of cleanliness of person and dress. Each child for a full day's attendance receives a card entitled "one credit;" ten credits entitle her to a card entitled "one merit," and these can be exchanged for articles of clothing which they have assisted in making up. Thus three merits will purchase a calico dress, two an article of underclothing or a pair of hose, the aim being to impress the idea of *earning* what they receive. At four o'clock p. m., those who have been in attendance during the day are dismissed, and are succeeded by a class of forty girls from the public schools, who are instructed in the cutting and making of garments, and who also attend all day on Saturday for the same purpose.

Such in brief is an outline of the work being performed in a quiet, unostentatious manner by the Unity Industrial School. Its influence is felt in every home from which its pupils come. The lessons of neatness and order which are impressed upon the minds of these children, are carried home and their effect is seen in a marked manner in the improved appearance and condition of many of these homes.

"A little child shall lead them," and many a discouraged and disheartened and perhaps vicious parent has been led back into a purer, better and more orderly life by the influence of a child trained and instructed under such influence as the Industrial School.

Much of the benevolent effort of the day is devoted to reformatory work—the saving, if possible, of some of those who have entered upon criminal and vicious courses. Some years since, during a session of a Prison Reform Convention in Cincinnati, for the purpose of devising better methods of prison management, with a view to the reformation of prison inmates, the *Times* of this city, in commenting upon the doings of the convention, remarked with more force than elegance, "that it was all well enough, only it was working from the *tail end!*" But thoughtful men and women are fully

awaking to the fact that while reformatory efforts should not be lessened, more should be done in the direction of prevention, to the cutting off of the supply which furnishes such a volume of crime and immorality in our community.

In this work of prevention the Industrial School is not surpassed by any other agency, and the number should be largely increased. Every church in the city can find ample field for such a school, and that without encroaching upon the territory of any other, and we hope to see at no distant day a generous rivalry among our churches in this most hopeful field of benevolent effort. O. C. GIBBS.

The above description of an Industrial School we think is one of the *very best* reformatory objects. It is true that reform must begin with the children, that the future generation may be reformed, and also, because, you may, usually, reach a parent's heart through the child. Although it is not *always* the case; where it is not so, the case is *almost* hopeless. Ed.

W H Y ?

WHY does the angel of death pluck the fairest flowers, the sweetest buds, who seem to be angels, but lent to earth? No answer comes which will satisfy the aching heart in its first bereavement. It seems that the heavens are darkened, the voices of nature have no awakening power, there is a mantle spread over all beautiful scenes, and desolation seems abroad. Why are the brightest prospects cut off when the hopes and labors of years are almost realized? No answer comes.

Why are those, full of bright and glorious hopes for the future, with a life-work in view, taken, and the weary one, who feels life a burden, left to battle on, when the summons would be a welcome one to the latter? No answer comes which will satisfy the inquiring mind, or bereaved heart. All that we can say is, *submit*; *because*, it is inevitable, and that the duties of life may be carried on as is required of us. God's ways are not as our ways; and the thoughts of the great unfathomable again crowd upon us, and, we say, "why?"

Why does evil reign, whilst the pure and the good are crushed? Ah, but hope whispers look beyond the veil, here, *only*, is comfort. It is only through the blessed hope—*Immortality*—that we may obtain *any* answer.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Who is my neighbor? I hear you ask,
 May it be to me a pleasant task,
 My ideas to relate in verse,
 And, should it grow into a discourse,
 Pardon me on account of the theme,
 For 'tis one which contains volumes rare.
 Who is my neighbor and who is my care?
 Is it he who proudly the coffers fill
 To gratify self and mammon still?
 Is it he who, midst plenty and ease,
 Is wafted on, most triumphant breeze
 Of adulation? Who basks, midst fame,
 And the honors of an earthly name,
 Who ascends the ladder higher and higher,
 Amidst the one universal choir
 Of earthly voices, and heeding not
 The prayers of weary ones, so fraught
 With anguish. But crushing 'neath their
 feet,

Those burdened ones with voices so sweet,
 Softened by sorrow and humiliation,
 Which sweeps abroad o'er this great nation,

Devastating many a happy home,
 Bidding the dear Angel Peace to roam?
 Or, is it he who, with lavish hand
 Bestows his gifts throughout the land?
 Bestowing the gifts which are not his,
 And blindly saying, "I give thee this."
 Giving not to the Giver of all good
 The glory,—But his dally food,
 Self-adulation and earthly praise;
 Yea, and carelessly spending his days
 In thoughts concerning his own fair name.
 Thinking *not* from what source the gifts
 came?

Or is it the sad, sad, sorrowing soul
 Who hath felt the waves of trouble roll
 O'er the breast with tumultuous roar,
 And who tries vainly, vainly to soar
 Above the waves of sorrow, so dark;
 Anxiously wishing to catch one spark
 Of brightness from the great beyond world,
 Where glories eternal are unfurled?
 And again, may it not be
 That our neighbor's found in he,
 Who perhaps has wandered far, far, away,
 From the glorious and all-cheering ray
 Which falls upon the straight and narrow
 path,
 And who recklessly and carelessly hath

Cast aside the truthful teachings divine,
 Which are revealed in that living mine
 The Bible? May it not be our duty,
 By kindly words and deeds of charity,
 To allure them back,—with tender word,
 Into the way which leads unto the Lord?
 May our duty, *then*, be to he who calls,
 With sorrowing voice from earth's pitfalls,
 And may it be to us a most pleasant task,
 To comfort give, though they may not ask,
 Or e'en expect a kindly word or deed.
 For, might we not a *holy* fountain feed?
 Oh, *then*, may we not a blessing impart,
 By cheering the sorrowing, fainting heart?
 For, who is my neighbor, still must extend
 O'er vast expanse, where our lives blend
 In fellowship with friend to friend,
 Or where our influence sure must go,
 Be it either to friend or foe

We owe a duty to *one* and *all*
 If we are obeying the Master's call,
 And with childlike confidence we trust
 Our lives to Him whom we *know* is just,
 Who alone can guide us through the mist,
 E'en when our feeble frames do resist.
 The pressure of the passing hour.
 And feel, within us, is no power
 To solve the great mystery.
 For, all is uncertainty,
 Unless founded upon divine command,
 And we are walking with outstretched
 hand,

Toward the great and glorious light
 Which we know will illumine the night
 Of sorrow, so dark, and drear,
 Compassing us whilst travelling alone,
 And until we reach the great white throne
 Where, "Jesus rules as the King alone."
 Who is our neighbor we cannot tell,
 But, if we obey His bidding, well,
 According to the light to us given,
 We shall reach that peaceful haven.
Then, what now we cannot understand
 Will be plain, and with that happy band,
 In that great, beautiful summer land,
 Our voices shall in chorus ascend,
 And "who's my neighbor" shall with us
 blend

In songs of adoration and love,
 To Him who has brought us above.

(CORA CORAL.

MEDICAL INTOLERANCE.

THE "*Medical Eclectic*," a monthly medical journal published by the Eclectic Medical College of New York, contains the correspondence between Prof. Buchanan and Prof. Gross, (late President of the American Medical Association), in reference to bringing the scientific discoveries of the former before the National Medical Association for investigation.

Dr. Buchanan states in nine propositions his discoveries as to the action of medicines on the human constitution, which prove that their action is dynamic or spiritual, and does not depend upon the absorption of material substance, as taught in all the colleges. He shows that these discoveries may work a revolution in the healing art, and greatly increase its practical success; and as he has been publicly teaching and demonstrating these doctrines as a medical professor for thirty-four years, he suggests that it is time the members of the National Medical Association should investigate the subject.

To this Dr. Gross replies very courteously that it would be impossible for anything to be done by the National Medical Association, since that body is governed by a strict code which would prevent their holding any professional intercourse with physicians who are not of their own class as to medical practice. Neither he nor any other member would dare to propose in the Association to raise a committee for any such purpose, and he recommends Dr. B. to take his discoveries before some purely scientific non-medical association, adding that "a little longer delay cannot do your cause any serious injury." To this Dr. B. replies that he had thirty years ago tried the plan of going before a purely scientific association, when the National Association met at Cincinnati; but that members of the National Medical Association being present, intrigued successfully to procure the expulsion of his essay on cerebral embryology; "for it is a part of the policy or 'ethics' of the more bigoted members of your Association to carry on a social as well as professional war against medical freethinkers; and wherever the ramifications of this conspiracy extend in society, in the press or in the legislative hall, it is as potent as a Jesuit combination for the suppression of free science."

Thus it appears that a demonstrated science, taught in a liberal college, by a gentleman who commands the esteem even of his professional opponents, will not even be looked at by societies and colleges of the code-bound Allopathic party. The bigotry which rejected and ridiculed Harvey is as intense to-day as it was two hundred and fifty years ago. The late Prof. Caldwell, the most distinguished colleague of Prof. Gross, spoke of Prof. Buchanan's discoveries more than thirty years ago as being then far in advance of the age; but as Prof. Buchanan is a conspicuous opponent of medical intolerance, and one of the founders of the American eclectic system of medical freedom, he will never be forgiven by the Allopathic party.

"THE GIFT OF HEALING" IN AUSTRALIA.

IN the letter of our Australian correspondent, Mr. L. E. Marcus, in another column, mention is made of the wonderful cures effected through the healing powers of Mr. G. M. Stephen. Mr. H. has furnished us with a copy of the *Sidney Telegraph*, from which we glean the following items of interest respecting the results of Mr. Stephen's practice: A man suffering from paralysis of the spine and lower extremities, was on a railway train approaching Castlemaine Hospital. He said he was going there, as he supposed, to die and be buried, as no one in Melbourne could do him any good. His moans were piteous to hear, and he had half of the carriage to himself. Mr. Stephen being on the train, entered the sick man's compartment and told him he would cure him in an hour. He commenced making mesmeric passes over the man's back and lower limbs. In a short time the sick man sat up, pronounced himself much better, and when the train arrived at Kyneton he actually got out of the carriage and got himself a cup of coffee. On his way from there to Castlemaine he remarked that it would seem queer for him to go back on Monday, carrying his carpet-bag, but he appeared quite able to do so when he left the train.

John Broomfield, of Sidney, had for several months suffered severely from an attack of gout. He was so weak that he could not rise without assistance. One day while sitting in company with Captain Hixson, R. N. (the President of the Marine Board), Captain Heselton and other gentlemen, Mr. Stephen entered the room, and

after some joking on part of Mr. Broomfield as to his healing power, he stooped down and breathed upon each of the knees, and then made a pass across them (as if driving away the disease), saying "Gone!" Mr. B. instantly rose from the chair without the slightest difficulty, and to the astonishment of his friends, sat down and got up on several chairs in succession, and then sat down on the ground and got up without any assistance. After lunch, the same day, at the Royal Hotel, he ran down the stairs and back again, taking two steps at a bound.

At Gundagal, Mr. Stephen was visited by large numbers of people. One of them, Peter Linnane, had been totally blind of one eye for fourteen years. Mr. Stephen made a few passes on his face, and then gave him a bottle of water, in which he had previously washed his hands, to apply to his eye assiduously, which he did. Mr. L. has now the full sight of the eye, being able to see by it as well as he ever could.

Charles Kent, of Manly, had for twenty years been almost stone deaf in one ear, and became so deaf in the other that even with the use of a long telephone tube he could only distinguish loud speaking. He could not hear a sound of music, and was obliged to relinquish a valuable appointment in consequence. Mr. Stephen, by making a few passes with his hands, and breathing in his ears, restored his hearing so that he could hear the softest tones of a harp played by his daughter, and take a part in ordinary conversation.

Do not facts like these show that Spiritualism is identical with the religion which Christ taught and of which he said, "These signs shall follow those that believe"? And yet the church, bearing the name of Christ and professing to accept his teachings, exhibits none of these, and charges those whom these signs follow with being children of evil, infidels to truth, and outcasts from the kingdom of heaven, while its ordained preachers join hands (at least in America) in aid of the self-interested Allopathic drug-doctors who are trying to stop the exercise of these healing gifts *by law*?—*Banner of Light*.

NEVER think that God's delays are God's denials. Hold on, hold fast, hold out. Patience is genius.

SWEET is the breath of praise, when given by those whose own high merit claims the praise they give.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY

OF

WILLIAM ERNEST DAWE.

If thy form lies 'neath the ocean,
 Oh! thy Spirit is not there,
 Canst thou not come back to tell us
 Something of that land so fair?

Can it be, that thou didst do it?
 Take the life, to thee so dear,
 When home and friends, *father, mother,*
 Native shores were drawing near?

No! thou didst not. Was it fate?
 Was 't another's hand, so dark,
 Treach'rously took the cup of joy
 From thy lips? The vital spark

Extinguished in a moment's time,
 Ere the light had reached its height;
 Canst thou not come back and tell us
 Of that dark, eventful night?

Mother and father, broken-hearted,
 Friends in anxiety, deep,
 Surmise, wonder, vainly striving,
 To know aught of thy "last long sleep."

If an assassin's hand hath done it,
 Better, far, *thy* resting place,
 Than he who sent thy *spirit* onward,
 Leaving to *friends* no sign or trace.

*No! thou didst not take thy own life,
 Peace, upon thy mem'ry rest;
 Rather be it fate which did it,
 It seemeth strange; but God knows best.*

COBA CORAL.

THE sad news, which is borne across the mighty ocean, is that Prof. Wm. E. Dawe, of this city, who recently embarked for his native country—England—to spend the winter with his parents, whom he had not seen during his sojourn here, five and a half years, was lost at mid-ocean. This is *all—disappeared at mid-ocean;* and, supposition will not answer the question, How? *No one knows* any more, unless it be a treacherous one who will not reveal—how. It may have been accidental; or may there not be a hope that he was saved from a watery grave, even if it does seem a miracle; that the fond parents may not be desolate and heart-broken. There is a saddened thought arises when we are brought face to face with the unanswerable and incomprehensible. Is it not sad enough to say that the parents did not welcome the son as they anticipated? It is not *natural* that he took his own life, and sent the sad news back to his parents.

He was well known in this city as a professor of music, *talented*, a brilliant performer, and made for himself a name; but, words will not add *anything*, for enough has been said already. But, draw the veil of charity; although, previously afflicted, methinks, *surely*, the thought of meeting the parents who are now upon the shady side of life, and of visiting old and familiar scenes, would have buoyed up the spirit, throwing off the mental aberration spoken of, and held the brain cool and calm. Reason says, this was no time

for one to take his own life. We are many times wont to answer the unanswerable, because it then settles doubts, even though, unsatisfactorily.

If he *never* returns to his parents, rescued in some unknown way, still there is an assurance,

“Dust thou art, to dust returneth,
Was never written of the soul.”

LUCRETIA Mott, the well-known Quaker philanthropist, died recently, at Philadelphia, at the advanced age of 88 years. She was a teacher in early life, and at the age of 26 became a preacher of her sect, the Society of Friends.

We have been told by one who was personally acquainted with her, that she used her energies often in behalf of the fallen ones of her own sex—a *nobler* object than leading an army or governing a country politically. Reform is slow and silent, like the slowly dripping of water upon a stone, not as the mighty breakers which dash and roar, and still the rock-bound coast is the same. Silent and deep is the current of the most powerful streams. As a woman true to her sex, and of pure and holy influence, her name should be revered in the hearts of American women.

MR. W. YEATES, in an address published in the *Medium and Daybreak*, says:

Our conjuring exhibitors imitate the spiritual phenomena, and so hound on the orthodox professors to persecute mediums, believing it to be a sacred duty, although they most devoutly believe in the chain trick of the angel, who took Peter out of prison, and in the appearance of the hand which wrote upon the wall at Belshazzar's feast. “They saw the fingers of a man's hand that wrote upon the wall.” But this happened a long time ago. Well, perhaps the manifestations now occurring will, when they become a matter of history, be accepted. At any rate their spirit origin cannot be proved by any amount of fact to those who do not possess the spiritual ability to appreciate them. We can give arguments, and present principles and facts, but we cannot give understanding to those who cannot discern the spiritual points of the evidence.

He that can take advice is, sometimes, superior to him who can give it.

IN MEMORIAM.

LITTLE ERSKINE TURNBULL, who recently passed from this world to one, *we are sure*, even, *more fair*, was taken sick on Saturday with diptheria, and the next Wednesday passed away *sweetly*; *so calm* and *so gentle*, was the death-angel in bearing the little spirit from its tenement of clay, that his mother, who was lovingly guarding him, did not realize that a visitor had taken her darling. He said, "Sing, mama, *sing* all the time until I go to sleep;" and, whilst the mother's tears flowed, she sang him to sleep; but, he awoke in the fields of Paradise. He was a dear angelic child, and, perhaps, the mission of his little life was accomplished. So sensitive, and so delicate and ethereal in nature, it would have been a hard struggle in this busy, surging world. An angel in heaven, now, have the parents—the grand-parents; and all friends, who remember him, will realize that the expression was there which always says, "too fair for earth." We *know* he is in the Heavenly Father's care.

"LITTLE ERSKINE."

Hark ! it is the angels calling,
'Tis a plaintive tone, and low,
They have come to take a darling,
Take it from this world below.

Heaven needs another blossom,
Heaven will make it, still, *more fair*,
'Twill unfold in purest sunshine,
'Neath the Heavenly Father's care.

Yes ! he *was* a precious darling,
Bringing sunshine to thy heart,
Loving, like a child from heaven,
Lent, awhile, but to depart.

Yet, thou hast two other blossoms,
Now, *they* have an angel brother,
'Tis a link to the great future,
Look thou up *dear*, sorrowing mother.

Gently comes the angel's visits,
Taking friends, to us, *most dear*,
One by one, *must* come death's summons,
Ever, is this angel near.

The veil, which hides heaven from us,
Is lightly held by angel's hand,
The beauty of that clime, beyond,
Far outvies an earthly land,

Father, mother, grand-parents—*all*,
The little one has gone before ;
Gone beyond, no grave retains him,
He's *waiting* on the other shore.

Learning in the land of summer,
Lessons of pure holy ones, *there*,
Fear not, to entrust, his keeping,
To the Heavenly Father's care,

Lovingly submitted to Mrs. Emily Turnbull, by her friend, Ida, in memory of "Little Erskine."

NO MAN ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and kept away from idle companions.

CHARITY towards the weakness of human nature is a virtue which we demand in others, but which we find very hard to practice ourselves.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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No. 9.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

THE signs, that are appearing at this time, are seen and felt by millions of the inhabitants of this earth, and it is in vain to ignore or scoff at those who are moving towards the front of the battle, sometimes with heavy hearts, on account of the obstacles thrown in their way to prevent their progress. The great wave of love and intelligence, that is bearing them onward, will flood the world, and cover or destroy the evil, and sweep it from the face of the earth.

For what purpose is this great turmoil that is shaking the mountains of superstition, ignorance and evil-doing, that encompass all lands, and fills many minds with sadness and gloom?

Those who have idols, they and their fathers have loved so well for ages, fear for their gods, that they may be brought down from their high places, and laid low in the dust, never to be restored to their prominence again.

The kingdom of heaven is like unto a king, who made a marriage for his son, and sent out servants to call those who were bidden to the wedding, and they would not come. It is the same, to-day, all things are ready; the time is at hand, when those who should grace the feast will not respond to the king's invitation; but, make light of it, and spend their time about the common duties of life—farming, merchandise and amusements—and treat the servants of the king with contempt, and despitefully use them, and, even, persecute them.

He sent out more servants, saying "Behold, I have prepared my dinner, my oxen and my fatlings are killed, all things are ready. Come unto the marriage!" But, they who were bidden were not

worthy, and now the servants have gone out into the highways and are gathering together, both bad and good, and the wedding will be furnished with guests.

And, may they have on the wedding garments.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED)

IN the life, which Cain had given him, there was a *greater* punishment than death. In the silence of the forest's gloom, while at his daily occupation, in the stillness of the night hours, during each respite from the busy whirl of active life,—there would come a *fearful* scene, the pale and imploring countenance of his brother in his helplessness, in that last sad hour, when he hurled him into the mighty unknown world.

Ah, yes! "My punishment is greater than I can bear," was echoed, again and again, in his heart, and was the burden of his life, and here originated an element which is called terror. The passion, guilt, fills the heart with anxious fears; the individual is looking for vengeance to fall upon him at every moment; he expects some beast of the forest to clasp him in a death embrace; the rocks and hills to fall upon him; even heaven, itself, may cast upon him some fearful curse, and—Terror is evolved.

Had there never been evil in the world, fears and trembling would never have been known. The very existence of wild and ravenous beasts of the forest is a comparison to the deadly evils to which humanity is heir. Evil is the opposing element, and for what cause it may have sway we cannot see with the natural eyes; for, now, we "see as through a glass darkly."

But, we realize the glorious beauty of the sun's effulgence, of the bright and perfectly tinted canopy of heaven, the shadowy forests, the great scroll of nature ever unrolling, by contrast with the darkness of night, enveloping all things, hiding the beauties of a lovely world, from our sight, for a short season. Then, may it not be that evil has its part in the great plan, giving us an appreciation of the true and beautiful in spirit by contrast?

Had no mariner been shipwrecked, we should have no knowledge of the breakers; still, there is a query, which is difficult to answer.

With our finite minds we say why does infinite wisdom place the breakers there? Were it not as easy to render the sea smooth and placid? Why place temptation in the way of man? Why is evil allowed to exist? Why may not life be as a garden of Eden?

Still, we feel that infinite wisdom is beyond finite, and evil *must* have its mission or never should it have existed. These trials, these exertions, which are necessary to a human being's existence, bring forth the latent energies, perpetuate a great and rolling sphere called progression.

The human being, who sits down and says, "I have no more to hope, no more to learn, no more to achieve, expect no more trials, there is naught now but sweet repose, 'flowery beds of ease,'" rests not; the everlasting power of thought, mind, spirit, soul, whatever may be termed this higher attribute of man's nature, is busy.

There is a gentle and holy attribute called forth in contemplating sin, and it is called—Pity. Is this evolved from evil? It is *well*, then, we say. Again, when the one, who is enchained by evil, looks up, in hopelessness and helplessness, another attribute springs up—Mercy. We see the writhing, human being, with the serpent's coils clasping him in a deadly embrace, and we say, justice to fellow-man and humanity, O! rescue him from the serpent's coil; then, we see in the eyes of the poor struggling one an attribute which is aiding us, and we say, "Oh, Gratitude! thou art also evolved." We struggle with the serpent, we see the coils removed, we extend the hand of sympathy to the entangled one, and there is a mutual chord, and we say, Angel Love! thou, too, dost come. Gratitude on the one side, Pity on the other, has united the two by a tie of humanity, and it is called Love. For what greater end could the Allwise create His children, than that they may attain unto his greatest attribute—His personification—for "God is Love."

The outgrowths, of Love, are Charity, Benevolence, Brotherly-kindness, and Forgiveness, and from these spring all the pure and holy attributes of our being.

IDA M. MERRILL.

HOPE AND DESPOND.

Who does not enfold the angel Hope in a loving embrace, and say the future will be bright? Who does not say, "Welcome, angel! Thy presence brings me joy, gilds the future with a silvery lining, throws a roseate hue over all objects, sweetens the bitter cup,

casts aside the lowering clouds, and spreads a beautiful picture before our eyes—a scene in which our own future life is an act of the drama.”

Yet, who is there that retains this angel ever; if we do not thrust her aside, ourselves, she is ruthlessly cast from our hand by a power which we cannot control, and the dark and lowering countenance of Despond gazes upon us, follows us, casts a dark and shadowy curtain, which we cannot remove.

Now we are in the slough of despond, and we need guides to safely lead us out. Yes, we wander about, we sink deeper in the mire, and yet, there is a bright vision which memory retains upon the inner temple, and we do not sink entirely; for, lo! in the distance, we hear the rustle of an angel wing.

Dear angel Hope! Thou art returning. Thou wilt remove us from this slough; we know thee, and have confidence in thee as of old; thy face has never changed; the expression is the same; but we forget thee, how beautiful thou art, when absent. Joyful is thy return; a silvery tinge athwart the horizon is the first omen, then, a bright halo, and the angelic form draws near.

Hope and despond! Yes, as long as the life course may run, we hope and despond as regards temporal blessings. Yet, there is an abiding hope which is engraven upon the inner temple, if we but keep faith strong; the spiritual hope is fervent and lasting.

But, who is there that does not live in the material a part of the time? When we become so spiritual-minded that we are not affected by these influxes of earthly joys or sorrows, we do not long remain on this mundane sphere. We may view the heavenly from afar, and may ascend into the ideal, yet, anon, we descend to the slough of despond.

Parents hope and despond in regard to the future of their children. Sometimes these hopes and fears will be of a material order altogether, and again, they will be for the spiritual welfare of the beloved ones.

It is well that the temporal wants should be supplied, but there is a Good Book, says, “Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all these things shall be added unto you.”

Bereaved ones will hope and despond in regard to the dwelling place of one who has passed into the Great Unknown, and hope is only founded upon the walk of the departed one here, if there may

not come to us an electric message borne upon the air, or whispered in the silent stillness of night, saying, "All is well."

Oh, Hope! Angel Hope! abide with us, with thy cheering presence. Bring us heaven; bring us tidings of the great summerland; bring us angel bands; bring us a sweeter than changeable and fickle earth joys. The blessing of the Father and Maker of all.

CORA CORAL.

CHOOSE WELL.

(CONTINUED.)

JAMES was at a loss what to say for a moment; but, suddenly leaving them, says, "Settle it the best way that you can, I shall do nothing."

He was gone, and Charles and James quietly pursued their course. Charles was completely puzzled to see the daring and *effrontery of Henry still*. Henry had proceeded about two blocks when, as he was crossing the street, a team, which had been left standing a moment, took fright, dashed madly towards him. In attempting to rush forward he stumbled and fell, the mad beasts trampled him under foot, the vehicle passing over him.

He was picked up insensible and carried into a hotel near by.

A surgeon was called, immediately, and his wounds, though very severe, were thought not fatal, at least, so far as could be discovered at present; but, he could not be removed.

With the return of consciousness, Henry began to realize his position and uneasily inquired if he had to leave this world, or was he to lose his arm, which seemed a helpless weight by his side? The surgeon bade him rest quietly for a time, as a great deal depended upon this.

Slowly the events of the past week came up before him; with the intense suffering physically, the mental torture was almost unendurable. The attendants had left him, at the surgeon's bidding, that he might sleep. But, no sleep came to quiet the racking brain, Charles' manly countenance seemed before him constantly, and the sad expression, which was his last remembrance of Charles, haunted him.

No sleep! no rest of mind, no respite from physical pain; for, the quietus, which the physician had given him, would not lull a guilty

conscience to rest. The hours rolled on, and, preferring to remain alone, he feigned sleep when any one came to his door to see if he needed anything. Finally the surgeon on his return from his office to tea called to see if his patient had rested well, and to ascertain more clearly the nature of his wounds.

By this time he had worried himself into a fever. Astonished, the physician inquired if he had not rested? Instead of an answer, he heard inarticulate mutterings, incoherent words, and immediately saw that his patient was in delirium. After a hasty consultation with the one left in charge, he found that he had been left alone with nothing to excite him.

Ah! some trouble of the heart, fretting about plans of the future frustrated by this accident. He recognized but the one word, "Charles," which he seemed repeating, and the other expressions were too inarticulate to be understood.

He immediately administered another potion, and the effect was for the better, still the wild raving continued.

A quick rap at the door and a visitor was ushered; it is our hero Charles; he has heard of the accident and immediately after leaving the bank, wends his way toward the house where the unfortunate man lies. Noiselessly he crosses the room, and places his hand upon the throbbing temples of the suffering man. He *pities* him from his inmost heart; there is a magical effect which has a greater charm than the physician's potion. In the touch of that hand, the troubled spirit *feels* the forgiveness of Charles, and a quiet sleep enshrouds him.

CORA CORAL.

WOMAN! WHAT IS HER SPHERE?

(Continued from No. 7.)

It *may* may be well for woman to have greater rights; we do not profess any great knowledge ourselves. But, are there not powers which she might use without entering into a strife? For so it seems that it must be when touching upon the subject of women voting.

Is woman's knowledge any greater than that upon the other side? Is every woman of the land an angel and gifted with infallibility? *Are we sure* that her judgment would at all times be superior to that of the ruling element?

There seems to be a greater responsibility involved than some have anticipated.

As a looker-on, in a battle, may have better judgment as to the enemy's position, many times, than those engaged in the contest; for, through the excitement of the onset, you may not have time to view the scene; so, it seems, if woman becomes entangled in the intricacies of governmental affairs, there would be none to view from an unprejudiced and unexcited state. None to counsel and encourage.

It is urged, by many, that were women to vote, the rumshops would be closed; *perhaps* they would, and they *will* be, even if she does not. Is every man upon this continent in favor of the dramshops? We say "No!" There are earnest temperance workers who see the evil as does woman, and although it is not common to see a woman a drunkard, have we an assurance that every woman would sanction the prohibition of the liquor traffic? Ah, no! if *her* dear ones were safe there are women—sorry are we to know it—who would not; for, by so doing, she would forfeit her jewels, her rich apparel and many luxuries. Human nature is as weak in our own sex as the opposite. It *may* be well; but, is it the correct way of bringing about reform? By agitation, by becoming engaged in a battle, as it were? In this temperance reform it *may* seem necessary that woman should vote; but, still we say, *are we sure* it will have the desired effect?

We may use our influence wherever we may be called, and there is a power. Let the prayers of faith ascend and continue the work of reform within our own reach. Let every woman be determined not to place the enticing beverage to the lip of another, using her influence in a quiet way, and *this* will become a power. If it is necessary that we should be called upon to higher duties, let the lower ones be well performed. Charity *begins* at home—but, we do not mean to say that it *ends* there.

We once read a comic sketch: A little ragged boy, standing on a door-step crying, who was asked why his mother did not mend his clothes, said, she was at the charity school, sewing for the heathen; although the incident is overdrawn, still there is foundation for it in some cases.

We repeat, that in *most* instances home is woman's realm. We speak of the sex collectively. A woman, in rearing a family which

she has placed under her care to the best of her ability, training the little feet in right paths, implanting principles which shall cling to them through life, directing and guiding, has accomplished *more* than if she has governed a state; she has in her *own* realm reigned *queen*.

If it is our right to come to an equality of intelligence and education with the opposite sex, we *surely* have the advantages in this free country. Women are advancing into every grade of scholarship, and there is no war *here*; then, let us glean the fields which are open, to-day, and await the result of future development.

There are drunkards and dramshops yet, *although*, women have lent their influences. If but the whole nation could, with one accord, say, "*Down with the curse*," then may we expect the traffic to be stopped. For this, let us pray.

Again, woman's sphere is among the downtrodden of her own sex. Ah, there is a deadlier evil, even, than intemperance, which we need not mention, and those of our own sex are victims. Have there ever been efforts put forth in their behalf, equivalent to those in behalf of the drunkard. Oh, woman! it is thine own hand which, many times, crushes these poor, misguided ones. *Are* they not objects of *pity*, as well as *contempt*.

Mothers, it behooves you to anxiously guard your little daughter. Once these erring ones were as pure and sinless as *she*. Oh, woman! here is a field which you have not gleaned. You, and *you only*, can begin reform here. If once they have erred, there is no pledge which they may take to break and be forgiven again. You, who have the power of position and wealth, who have a foothold wherefrom you may not be dragged down yourself, and thereby contaminated, are the *only* persons who may so do. Did you ever think, woman, that these sinning ones have a soul to save?

IDA M. MERRILL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISS ELVIRA CRABB, of Troy, New York, has been teaching school twenty-five years, and at the extreme age of 80 years, is still teaching. She could not spend the evening of her life in a better manner. The dawn of the heavenly world comes to her with the youthful mind as companions; the purity and innocence of youth is bearing her company to the everlasting portals.

RELIGION OF JESUS.

(By SAMUEL WATSON, D. D.)

SPIRITUALISM has its PHENOMENA, its PHILOSOPHY, and its RELIGION. The majority of Spiritualists are content with observing the phenomena of the different phases of manifestations. Like the Jews of olden time, and many of the Church at present, trust in, and are satisfied with the externals, without any knowledge or experience of the spirituality which they were designed to represent. The phenomena are important. The evidence that man exists after the physical organization is dissolved must be demonstrated. This is proven beyond the possibility of a doubt, by unimpeachable testimony as to the identity of spirits who once have inhabited this planet, who now come and communicate with mortals in various ways, susceptible of scientific demonstration. While these facts are of scientific or logical demonstration, they do not touch the most important phase of the subject—its religion. They are but the steps by which we may ascend the temple of truth in order to reach the inner sanctuary of man's nature. In this lies the most far-reaching and important truths connected with the whole subject of intercommunion between the world of matter and the world of spirit. This is of infinitely more importance than the discovery of a new force or power by which the laws of gravitation or cohesion are to a great extent controlled. These are often contradictory, and to the superficial observer fleeting and illusory. They often puzzle those who are desirous of knowing the truth, who have not the key or the result of patient investigation. Those who do not go on to the religious aspect, but simply observe certain phenomena will perplex themselves with endeavors to understand their rationale. They will only be the guide-posts on the highway of spirituality. In a word, all who do not see in this great movement of the nineteenth century the commencement of an era which is to bring about the establishment of the reign of truth, which will sweep many of the dogmas of the past into oblivion, have failed to discover the real significance of the object to be attained by the spirit-world.

But says the reader, "You propose to unsettle the faith of the churches." If the search for truth from the same book, claimed to be the source from which all true theology is derived, unsettles any one, and puts them to reading, as the noble Bereans did, to "see

whether these things are so," I would like to stir them up as the eagle does her nest when her young are ready to fly, in order to test their wings in the air, rising from their thorny abode above the clouds, to laugh at the storm raging below. There are many represented by the story of the eagle, who was hatched out and brought up among the goslings. He knew not the power he possessed, until one day an eagle discovered him among the geese, sailed down and showed him the power he inherited. He flew off with his new associate among the clouds, perfectly delighted with his newly discovered capacity to soar aloft. After having fully tested this glorious privilege, he concluded to return on a visit to his brethren, when he began to soliloquize thus: "I was born and reared up with these, utterly ignorant of my ancestry, but now I see I am an eagle, though brought up among geese." And he left them. One of the prophets of olden times used the eagle figure for a purpose. So do we. We want to stir up those who are still going on the tread-mill of phenomena, to soar away from these first principles and go on to the perfection of the religious phase, making better men and women. If the creeds of the different sects of professed Christians will bear the searching scrutiny of the teachings of the Founder of Christianity, and they can give a sound reason for their faiths, then their foundation is sure and steadfast. If they are built upon the declaration of some council away back in the darker ages, the sooner they are remodeled the better for the churches and for the world. If the creed on a scriptural analysis proves to be, as I think it will in many cases, a human invention, dishonoring to God and pernicious to man, then every honest person should substitute for it something nobler and better suited to man's wants, and the earnest cravings of the soul in search for truth in regard to his eternal welfare. In all great movements onward, they have been preceded by convulsions, by the unsettlement of opinions, by the tearing up of prejudices, the sweeping away of old errors, and thus preparing the soil for the reception of the good seed sown therein. The faith that sufficed at an earlier and less enlightened age is not sufficient for this, which must have added knowledge. The cravings for more light springs up in the hearts of those who are pioneers of the NEW AGE, that I believe is now dawning upon the world. It comes in proportion to man's need, his fitness, and receptivity. Among the many causes of dissatisfaction with the present

age is its crude materialism, its social sins, and its pervading selfishness. The minds of many must be unsettled as the first necessary step to advanced knowledge from which a truer life can be inspired.

THE ROSTRUM.

WILL THE WORLD COME TO AN END IN 1881? IF NOT, WHAT
WILL COME.

An Inspirational Discourse Given through the Mediumship of W. J. Colville, before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, Sunday Evening, February 29, 1880.

The present aspect of affairs, everybody must admit, is both critical and transitional, and no one can be at all acquainted with the current topics of interest in the present day, without feeling confident that we are all of us on the verge of a very important crisis; and while different reasons may be assigned for the general influence of which we are all conscious to-day, none of us can deny that, outwardly and inwardly, religiously, socially, politically, and also in the external manifestations of nature's working, we are living in an age of strife and wonder.

Now, the idea of the world coming to an end at all, is undoubtedly based upon the rock of scientific fact, and we cannot possibly deny that there is a scientific basis for the theological dogma that the world will ultimately be destroyed by means of a general conflagration.

All planets within your solar system have proceeded from the solar orb, and doubtless all planets in other solar systems have proceeded from their respective centers or sun. Those planets that are farthest from the sun are the most developed; all forms of life there are approximately perfect; those planets are the most ancient, they are the largest and, in all respects, the most glorious. The outermost planet, not yet discovered by the material scientists, is far in advance of your earth, and even of Jupiter, which shines so brightly upon you often at eventide. Planets which are near to the sun are younger; their development is not as great as your own. Vulcan, Mercury and Venus, at their best stages of development, are beneath your earth at its best; whereas Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and the outermost planet, are beyond your growth and development, both in the physical and mental, and also in the spiritual aspects of nature.

All those planets in the solar system, of which the asteroids form one, are twelve in number ; and all these twelve different gradations of life, physically, mentally and spiritually. While Mercury will never be able to attain to the eminence of Venus, neither will Venus ever be able to attain to the eminence of the Earth or the Earth be able to attain to the eminence of the planets which are beyond it.

All these different planets take, each one respectively, according to their advancement and distance from the center, different lengths of time to arrive at the zenith of their perfection. When they arrive at the zenith of their perfection, they will describe perfect circles round the solar orb. Then will all forms of life be perfected ; then will there no longer be ferocity in man or beast ; but the prophecies of Isaiah may be fulfilled in the letter as well as in the spirit—that the lion and the lamb might safely lie down together and be led by a little child, who would not be afraid to put his hand in the hole of the asp. There will no longer be any fierceness in animals, no longer any poisonous plants, no longer volcanic eruptions, tornadoes, whirlwinds, earthquakes, cataclysms. All these things are becoming less and less frequent, and, while undoubtedly the earth, comparatively speaking, in ages gone by, was an almost shapeless mass that might be compared to molted fire, it is gradually cooling down, its crust is becoming thicker and thicker, the temperature is becoming more and more equal, and, until the earth has reached to the zenith of its perfection, there will be a continual increase in the coolness of the earth, and less and less likelihood of stormy visitations, either physical or intellectual, and the general rounding-out of all the conditions of human life, until man below shall discover the elixir of life and live in his material form until it can be disintegrated by the operation of the soul within, that has attained to the very portals of the angelic realm.

Then, after the planet has arrived at the zenith of its perfection, there will be a gradual decadence ; it will become less and less fit to sustain animal and vegetable life ; but, as geologists may inform you that in all probability the earth is millions of years old and has taken millions of years to arrive from a condition of chaos to its present condition of order, so, after the earth has arrived at the zenith of its perfection, it may take as long for the planet to descend the hill of time as it took to ascend the hill of time ; and then the return of the planet to the solar orb will not be an instantaneous occurrence, but it

will be a matter of gradual growth, and, when the earth is drawing nearer and nearer to the solar orb, it will become warmer and warmer; it will be no longer fit for human habitation; neither animals nor vegetables will be able any longer to exist upon it; it will then return to the source whence it came, to be absorbed into the general center, and the elements out of which it is composed will not be destroyed, but will be thrown forth again in after ages, and will form other worlds, giving experience to other souls that will require contact with matter in future ages, as you require it upon this orb to-day.

Unquestionably, the idea of a general conflagration at the termination of the earth's career, has a scientific, philosophical and rational basis; but the mistakes which have been made by theologians have been principally in this direction: That when reference is made in any sacred record, Jewish, Christian, Persian, Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, Scandinavian or Mahomedan, to the termination of an era, a cycle, an age or a dispensation, the theologians have imagined that the end of the age, or the end of a dispensation, signified the end of the world, whereas the end of the age or dispensation only signifies the culmination of a messianic epoch, which occupies an average period of about twenty-two hundred years.

The Vulgate translation, acknowledged as correct by the Church of Rome, has the following passage: "Lo, I am with you always, even to the consummation of the age;" whereas King James' version, in use among Protesant religionists, has the following passage in the same position in the Gospel narrative: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The translation, "the consummation of the age," is far more in accordance with the true spirit of the ancient manuscripts, while the translation "the end of the world" is undoubtedly the result of a misunderstanding of the spirit of the passage on the part of those who translated the Bible out of the original tongues, for the purpose of supplying the Protestant Church in England, in the days of King James, with a copy of the Scriptures in the vernacular.

Now, when we look upon the words "end of the world" as being erroneous, and accept the translation "consummation of the age," or, as it might also be rendered, "close of the dispensation," or, "termination of the messianic epoch," we discover that Jesus represents himself as being the angel of the earth for a certain cycle of the earth's development. Just as Osiris, in ancient Egypt, has been regarded as the divine God incarnate, just as Gautama Buddha and Krishnu have

been regarded in the Orient as incarnations of Deity, so has Jesus necessarily been looked upon by the Christian world as the direct embodiment of Deific life. But, when you bear in mind that Jesus is the angel of the earth for the present dispensation, and that all those Messiahs concerning whom reference is made in the sacred books of the Orient, have been but messianic angels, ruling the earth for a dispensation, we then discover that the termination of their governorship does not signify the end of the world, but only the culmination of a certain epoch.

You are now upon the verge, not only of the termination of one messianic epoch, but of three. The three distinct cycles which have been given to the Eastern hemisphere are now drawing to a close. Antedating the Mosaic record, behind the civilization of Egypt, before any civilization of Assyria, we discover, spiritually, that there were three dispensations, each occupying about two thousand years, known to the Western hemisphere. Vestiges of ancient civilization are discoverable in Mexico and in Central America, whereas the written records of that civilization are not preserved among you; but today, with the united effort of the Orient and the Occident, with the combination of Eastern and Western life and influence, we discover that the key is about to be found, the clew will be discovered whereby the mystery will be solved, and the Adamite period in Genesis will no longer be thought by any one to refer to the beginning of the world, or to the first member of the human species, but only to the commencement of the first of those three epochs of religion and civilization, which have brought light and knowledge to the Eastern hemisphere.

You are probably aware that the great Pyramid of Egypt, erected upon the ground given for the purpose by King Cheops, at least 2,170 years before the commencement of the Christian era, contains a great gallery, which is 1,881 inches in length, and after you have traversed thirty-three inches of the great gallery in this pyramid, you discover a representation of death, burial, descent into Hades and resurrection, and unquestionably these thirty-three inches of the great gallery of the Pyramid of Egypt alluded to those thirty-three years of the life of Jesus, and the special manifestation of the spirit which accompanied his life in the material plane. Whereas, after you have followed the great gallery all along, and have come to the end of the 1,881 inches, you discover that the great gallery abruptly terminates, and that the termination is directly over a wondrous precipice.—*Spiritual Record.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NUMBER of Chicago ladies met at the Palmer House and organized a Mother's Society. The special purpose of this organization is to disseminate information regarding the physical, mental and moral influences affecting maternity, and the proper care, nursing, training and treatment of children. Mrs. Thomas H. Wilce was elected President.

What better reformatory object? Commencing with the rearing of children, mothers begin a reform which is lasting. Preventing crime is far better than curing it. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is a trite saying, originating in the medical practice, and it is, likewise, applicable in the mental and moral sphere.

Leading young minds in a right direction, commencing when babyhood is not passed, even. How apt are the little ones to slip into the ways of the older ones. When they begin to learn the language, they are developing a character which involves responsibility in themselves, and can be taught right from wrong, and the laws of their being. How soon they learn that the fire will burn them, the cat has claws, &c., will notice your countenance whether it is wreathed in smiles, or wears a frown. How quickly they find what will please or displease you.

Previous to this time the mother is the responsible individual, alone, and although her responsibility is not lessened, she has now to implant within the child the impression, which will cause it to realize its responsibility, as soon as its mental faculties are developed.

Success to the Mother's Society. Your efforts will become fruitful in the future; you are beginning a reform which shall echo, and re-echo throughout the earth in the years to come, and throughout the ages of eternity.

THE world is waking up, and anxiously calling, calling for light! More light! Knowledge is the birth-right of every human spirit embodied in earth—life, and woe be to those who, possessing the knowledge of truth, continue to trade upon the credulity of their less instructed fellows, for, assuredly, it will, eventually, recoil upon the heads of those who continue to perpetrate such an enormity. The withholding of a known truth is equivalent to the proclamation of a lie.

CEREMONIES differ in every country; but true politeness is ever the same.

THE perfectly contented man is also perfectly useless.

HE needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought.

PERSIAN.

GOOD books, like nature, at once alleviate care, repress the insurgency of evil passion, and encourage and animate the amiable.

WE cannot conquer fate and necessity, but we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.

THESE six—the peevish, the niggard, the dissatisfied, the suspicious and those who live upon others' means—are unhappy.

THERE is a pleasure in contemplating good; there is a greater pleasure in receiving good; but the greatest pleasure of all is in doing good, which comprehends the rest.

"A TRUE critic," says Addison, "ought to dwell upon excellencies rather than defects. To discover the concealed beauties of a writer and communicate to the world such things as are worth its observation."

THE article "Religion of Jesus," is taken from a work by Rev. Samuel Watson, who was thirty-six years a Methodist minister. The work is entitled "Religion of Spiritualism." It has been noticed in another number of our magazine. Price of work \$1.25, for sale by author, Memphis, Tenn.

"When I come into my library," says Heinsius, "in the very lap of eternity, amidst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit, and such sweet content, that I pity all those great and rich, who know not this happiness."

WE can think good and beautiful thoughts till the inward light will shine out through our countenance, making the homeliest face bright with a pure and lovely lustre. Dark, gloomy or evil thoughts always leave their impress upon the features; hence we should be doubly careful never to give them place in our minds, but fill them so full of high, noble and pure aspirations that no room will be left for aught else.—Mrs. E. D. Slenker.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

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No. 10.

IS SPIRITUALISM SYNONYMOUS WITH FREE LOVE?

Oh! terrible, terrible thought! Who was the corner-stone of Spiritualism 1800 years ago? Jesus Christ arose from the dead, ascending into the spiritual realm passed from mortal vision, and says, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also," and "I will come again and take you to myself." The truths which he taught are the elements of *true* Spiritualism. This is enough then, to contradict the fallacy. He who says by thy deeds shalt thou be justified or condemned, was pure and sinless, and even his enemies could find in him no guile.

A person may call himself a Spiritualist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, a Catholic, or be a member of any sect, still, may not practice what is taught in the inspired Word.

True religion is the same wherever found. It is like the various paths which may lead unto a city. If a person follows one of those ways, does not wander about losing himself, he will reach the city. But, if he takes no path, he is not likely to reach his destination.

So, with true religion if you are conscientiously following a path, using the figure, which leads to a heavenly land, your creed is of the same value as another's; but, if you should take a course where there are doubts in regard to your reaching the city spoken of, there would be no *assurance*.

Every individual is endowed naturally with a power which has been termed conscience, and tells him right from wrong, and he has, in addition to this, the experiences of others, the inspired writings and the voice of angels; if he is not living a true life, he has no assurance of the future being a happy one—of heaven; for heaven *must* be happiness—the highest state of joy.

Can you, we ask, think that the great Jesus, who "arose from the dead and with him many of the saints," founded anything that was immoral or impure? There is not a person to-day, claiming to be a Protestant, or a Catholic, who will say so. Neither will a true spiritualist say so. Jesus and the saints who arose with him were not devils, neither are the angels who come to the pure to-day. You may by your actions bring demons into your hearts, or to your fire-side. And you may, by earnest treaty and upright actions, bring to your side an host of holy angels to comfort and to bless you, and in accordance with the will of the Supreme Being, and founded upon the Divine Word.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

WHEN the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place, and suddenly there came a sound, as of a rushing, mighty wind, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterance.

When this was noised abroad, the multitude came together and were confounded because every man heard them speak in his own language. They were all amazed, and were in doubt, saying, one to another, "What meaneth this? Are not all those which speak Galileans?" Others, mocking, said, "These men are full of new wine."

Now these wonderful signs were not done in a corner, or in darkness, but took place in the morning and were recorded for a grand purpose, (nothing comes by chance,) which is being fulfilled to prove, that now is the time for the second appearing of the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth.

Peter, standing up, raised his voice, and said to them, "These are not drunken as you suppose, as it is but the third hour of the day, but is that which was spoken of by the prophet Joel, 'It shall come to pass in the last days,' saith God, 'I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, and your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams, and on my servants and hand-maidens I will pour out my spirit, and they shall prophecy, and I will show wonders in heaven above and signs in the earth beneath.'"

There are thousands of the inhabitants of earth, to-day, who are witnessing the signs which are there spoken of. All the gifts named in the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians, are being demonstrated in every land. The gift of healing, of working miracles, prophecy and discerning of spirits, divers kind of tongues, interpretations of tongues. All these gifts are by the same spirit, and we should covet the best gifts. In a spiritual sense the multitude in these days are condemning every spiritual operation, or demonstration, that corresponds with the teachings of that chapter, or the gifts of that one spirit spoken of. Some scoff and ridicule the idea, saying, it is from lower spheres, or demons, that all these miracles are done, and are ready to crucify the Nazarene, who went about doing good, preaching the gospel to the poor, raising the oppressed, and teaching all, that would be taught how to live in peace and happiness with each other.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

CHOOSE WELL.

(CONTINUED.)

CHARLES says to the physician, "I will watch with him."

After giving some directions, the physician takes his departure, and Charles esconces himself in a comfortable chair, with some newspapers to pass away the time. The hours slowly pass away until the clock strikes eleven. The patient has peacefully slept and now awakens with a start.

"Where am I," is his first question.

Charles is immediately at his side and says, "Henry, you have received some injuries, but, if you remain as composed as possible, it is thought your wounds will not prove fatal."

Slowly the events of the previous day come before him; not only the accident, but his conversation with Charles; then, the thread of life is carried farther back, and he remembers every incident in regard to the stolen money. The temptation, the yielding, the after-sins, attending and in consequence of the first—each comes before him as a terrible scene, haunting him; and he says with intense sorrow, "Charles, do you think you could ever forgive me for the injuries I have perpetrated against you?"

"*Can I?*" says Charles, "already have I forgiven you. It is yourself you have injured most, not me. I am rejoiced that you have been induced even at this time to follow advice given by me in

the beginning, and was instilled into *my* mind by the teachings of my devoted mother. You injure yourself, by wrong-doing, far more than you may injure another. But, by *this* course, you may yet become a great and noble man, although you may never be wealthy."

"Charles," he says, "I am very anxious to see Mr. Emmet."

"It is now about midnight, Henry, and at break of day I shall go after him; but, you must rest quietly, until that time, as your speedy recovery depends upon keeping yourself unexcited."

"*Are you sure* that you forgive me, Charles?" again he says.

"Henry, let me assure you that it is your own nature you must ask to forgive you; the injury to yourself cannot be repaired in a moment, whilst that to me needs but your vindication of my character. Rest assured my forgiveness is complete."

Thus soothed, he again relapses into a quiet slumber.

When daylight appears, Charles, with a lighter step than has been his wont lately, repairs to the residence of Mr. Emmet—delighted at the thought of being able to intercede with Mr. Emmet in Henry's behalf, feeling that the punishment he now endures is quite sufficient.

And Mr. Emmet is as willing to forgive as is Charles; it had sorely grieved him to think that he had one in his employ whom he dared not trust.

He hurriedly prepares to accompany Charles to the bedside of Henry; they find him awake and looking for them.

He is overpowered to see, the kind smile which greets him from Mr. Emmet's countenance, and that he is forgiven even without asking.

Cordially grasping his hand, Mr. Emmet says, "God bless you boy! Let us thank God that you have been brought to a realization of the dangerous gulf which was before you. Your manhood would have been lost; you would have taken a downward course, which could not have been so easily retraced; but, now, as you see the ruin which threatened you, I feel that it will be a reminder to you in the years to come."

Henry's pompous manner had entirely vanished, and humility had taken its place. He was now willing to make reparation, and in the very act, such a sweet peace and happiness entered his soul, as he had not experienced in many days.

It was all explained, yes! he was willing to humiliate himself to the utmost, *even* to explaining the history of the treacherous bill found in Charles' pocket, and of the one found at the clothier's.

Henry was forgiven, and Mr. Emmit, taking him by the hand, says, "It gives me joy, my friend, to see you upon this bed; for, through these quiet hours you may reflect and form plans for the future, whereby you may become a *man* noble and true; and the reparation for the first crime being made, you may begin life anew, and you will ever find a friend in myself who will extend the hand of sympathy, and one in Charles, also, I am sure."

Kind reader, it is not necessary to follow Henry through the long hours of convalescence; but, let it suffice to say he recovered, and by the kindly sympathy of those who knew of the circumstance, both he and James became *noble* men. It was not the work of a day; temptations came, which—had they felt that no human being was prayerfully aiding them—they perhaps might not have overcome. There was a power which aided them in the world, as well as the power from God. God works through his *mediums*—who, in this instance, were Mr. Emmit and Charles—to bring about any good thing to humanity.

Think you, dear reader, had Mr. Emmit have caused this trembling wretch—*who had injured himself most*—to be cast into prison, *punished* to the extent of the law—there would have been the same effect? *Never.*

"Chide mildly the erring;
Kind language endears.
Grief follows the sinful;
Add not to their tears.
We *all* have some frailty,
We all are *unwise*.
The power which redeems us
Must come from the *skies*."

And how does it come? It descends upon the sons of earth, filling their hearts with love to humanity, enervating them to noble deeds, extending the hand of *sympathy* to the erring or the frail.

CORA CORAL.

[THE END.]

NOTHING sharpens the arrow so keenly as the courtesy which polishes it; no reproach is like that we clothe with a smile and present with a bow.

CHESTERFIELD.

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

THE DELUGE.

The ark was built, it was secure,
 And mighty torrents must endure;
 The 'habitants of earth beneath
 Must be submerged; be put to death;
 For, sinful, vain and full of woe,
 Were those who felt the fatal blow.
 Within the ark were taken pairs
 Of beasts below, and fowls of air,
 A motley crew; and yet, 'twas God
 Who ruleth from the world abroad,
 It seemed, who ordered all this done.
 Then darkened was the glorious sun.
 The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,
 Fearful, mighty, was the crash;
 The rain descends, in torrents comes,
 And still, the wondrous heavenly domes,
 Seem naught but clouds of fearful rain,
 Ah! will dry land appear again?
 It rises o'er each mountain's head.
 Each victim, long since this, is dead;
 No tree, nor shrub, nor naught save rain,
 And still, the fierce torrents remain,
 Sweep madly, wildly, *ever* on,
 'Till forty days and nights are gone.
 The terrible, deep and solemn sight!
 Naught save on ocean, and heaven's light.
 From the ark a raven does come,
 Returns *not* to the floating home.
 Again, Noah a dove sends forth,
 It wildly flutters—South, now North;
 No resting place for it is found,—
 Returns—seven days roll around;
 Again, the bird flies from the ark,
 An olive branch finds; 'tis a mark
 Of the waters ebbing away.
 The inmates see a cheering ray
 Of hope. The waters disappear;
 Now dry land is drawing near.
 The dove, again, flies o'er the land,
 Comes no more to the gathered band
 Who watch and wait for fragrant earth.

The waters gone; but, direst dearth,
 Abroad, o'er the world does now reign.
 God says, "Never, no, never again
 Shall waters destroy an earthly land,"
 And scatter His children as the sand,
 No! never more this deluge great;
 No! *now*, His anger does abate.
 His word is given not to destroy,
 In like manner, this earth here below,
Solemn, terrible, must be the scene,
 No familiar face, no verdure green,
 No dwelling-place, no goodly field,
 Where nature her great stores do yield.
 No joy, no beauty, *all is sad*,
 As though Dame Nature had gone mad.
 A bow appears, with colors bright,
 Athwart the horizon's mellow light.
 'Tis the bow of promise, oh, so grand!
 No more flood to submerge the land.

The record says, "God saw the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.

And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and grieved him in the heart."

Our God is Allwise, Allpowerful, Allseeing. Think you the great Maker of all could give his power over to the enemy? That he would allow Satan, as it were, to say, "*ha, ha*, thy plan is imperfect, that thou should'st lament and grieve over the power of thine own hand." Is the great Jehovah a trifler, an experimenter, and upon precious human souls? Is He given to materialistic views of life? *Again*, we see the diamond unpolished; the inspiration, or purifying process, comes through darkness, superstition and materialism. This light was obstructed and lessened in power, just as a ray of light may fall upon an inmate of a darkened cell. It is not the ray which is imperfect, but its power is lessened by the objects which lie in its way, so we still repeat, do not lose sight of the diamond.

Wickedness ran riot, as it does to-day. The rain fell upon the just and the unjust.

But there comes a time when there seems to be retribution, when the whole earth is shaken from circumference to center, so to speak. When the wicked are cut off in their evil deeds, when there seems

to be a visitation of the Almighty; the evil-doer is stopped in his mad career; and the true follower of the law of God is saved from the tumultuous floods.

There is a mighty truth herein contained. The Lord said, "Man should be destroyed;" but, Noah found favor in His sight; he and his family were saved. He built an ark with his own hands, and saw that it was good. Man must build his spiritual ark with his *own* hands, using the figure. If we go on to the history of Jesus, as a comparison, we call to mind His own words, "I came not to *de-*stroy but to *fulfill* the law.

Day by day you are building the ark which must withstand the tumultuous floods of death, that you may rise above the waves and say, "Oh *death*, where is thy sting? Oh *grave*, where is thy victory?"

IDA M. MERRILL.

ABSENT FROM HOME.

How many hearts and homes are made desolate to-night by the sight of an empty chair. How thoughts fly back to days when the absent ones were gathered around the hearth, and home was so pleasant and bright.

Picture the absent ones to yourself, and it seems the chair is almost filled by the loved one's presence. Oh, could we ever keep the picture thus and fancy was a reality! But no, ah no! death has stepped in and robbed us of some of the fairest, brightest and purest flowers, and fancy can never again be realized as a reality, until the death-angel comes fluttering in with her noiseless wings to release you from life's storms or sunshine—whichever may have been your lot—and you meet the loved ones face to face.

How many lessons of love and honor have been learned around the family fireside, and how many, hearts and lives, have been moulded into pure and noble men and women, learning lessons from father and mother, or, through the influence of a gentle sister, instructing little ones in the daily lessons, or comforting the young heart with its childish grief and cares.

Let us make home cheerful and bright, and keep the hearts tender and warm, that when the separation day comes, and some member of the family goes forth to meet life's battles—that be it adversity or prosperity which meets them—they can say there is a vacant

chair for me to-night, and I know some loved one is saying, "We miss thee at home;" and home is ever ready to welcome me back.

Oh, the influence of a happy home! when the little ones are gathered in at even time and their young hearts are trained to love the hour of coming twilight; when father comes home, and, in one harmonious song, joins with the family in singing, "Home, sweet home." No one could realize home joys more than he who wrote the sweetest song. Young lips were ever trained to sing, Home, sweet home! and, surely, no one could feel more desolate for the want of home, than he, while walking the streets, a wintry and stormy night, with no home, no sheltering place, and as he glanced into the cheerful-lighted rooms, the thoughts, of heartfelt feelings, were suggested, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

Sister, brother, *all!* be careful how you speak to an erring one; do not inflict a wound so deep which time cannot heal. Speak kindly to the frail ones, for earth cannot long retain them, and their vacant chair can be filled by none as they filled it. Speak kindly to *all*; for, oft times, when you least expect it, death stands knocking at your door asking for admittance, and cannot wait and snatches from your loving grasp the ones you little dreamed were ripening for heaven.

And if there is an absent one, in another part of the globe, write often, cheeringly and lovingly, tell them home is waiting to receive them, and though they might have transgressed, at times, tell them they are forgiven; for, as we forgive those who trespass against us, our father in heaven overlooks our transgressions. There may come a time when the absent one is no more; they may never come to fill the chair which is unoccupied and waiting for them.

There's a vacant chair by the hearth to-night,
And our hearts are lonely and sad,
For no one comes in, with a welcome smile,
To cheer our hearts and make them glad.

The chair has waited long for them;
Is waiting by the fireside still;
It cannot be filled by another;
But still they come not at our will.

How many homes are sad to-night,
As they glance at an empty chair?
And how many hearts are asking:
Where is the loved one, where, oh! where?

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

Does there a mother say to-night:
 My family has not been broken.
 How many brothers or sisters think
 Of words by some absent one spoken?

How many friends, to-night, may think
 Of school-days that are past and gone?
 Many hearts are almost breaking,
 Away from mother, love and home.

Ah, yes, how many vacant chairs
 There are, I know to all, to-night,
 How many bitter tears are shed
 That cannot make a sad heart light.

For, our home too has a vacant chair.
 Will it ever be filled again?
 Another could not take their place,
 And wipe out grief and pain.

No, ah no! there is none other
 Can fill our saddened hearts to-night.
 There is none with a beaming smile
 Can make the world to us look bright.

But, mothers, friends, schoolmates—all,
 If the chair is ne'er again filled,
 There is a time we soon shall meet,
 Where sweetest songs are by angels thrilled.

'Twill not be long, this journey here,
 Where separations to all must come;
 Again our hearts will be made glad,
 Joined together in one bright home.

Perhaps the absent one is near,
 Although we do not see their form.
 Could we but feel the angels' breath,
 'Twould cheer our hearts and make them warm.

We'll leave the chair for the absent one
 And watch and wait, hope and pray;
 Perhaps we'll meet again on earth,
 Our hearts from night be turned to day. —HETTA HAREBELL.

OUR life is twofold; sleep hath its own world. A boundary between the things misnamed—Death and existence. BYRON.

FOR not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. Rom. III., 13.

THE ROSTRUM.

WILL THE WORLD COME TO AN END IN 1881? IF NOT, WHAT
WILL COME.

An Inspirational Discourse Given through the Mediumship of W. J.
Colville, before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago,
Sunday Evening, February 29, 1880.

(CONTINUED.)

You may be aware that about two thousand one hundred and seventy years before the commencement of the Christian era, two planets were in conjunction, and were drawn nearest to the sun, and that these two planets in their perihelion affected the condition of affairs very greatly, giving rise to the story of the deluge. At the time when you are informed that deluge took place, the overflow of the Nile was far greater than usual, and while the Nile overflows its banks annually, and this overflow is necessary for the cultivation of the ground, about four thousand years ago, the overflow of the Nile was so great as to cause serious devastation and loss of life; therefore many large buildings were erected as granaries. The great Pyramid was not one of those granaries, but was erected for religious, astronomical and scientific purposes. The design of the construction of the Pyramid was an attempt to solve the mathematical problem of squaring the circle, and also to embody in solid masonry the scientific and religious knowledge possessed by savants of ages gone by.

This great Pyramid of Egypt points directly to the year 1881 as the culmination of the present epoch, and undoubtedly refers to the approaching perihelion of the planets. With the progress of this perihelion, we discover that in all affairs upon the earth there is strife, agitation and confusion, and almost immediately you may expect that the nations of the earth which do not present the acme of civilization will be engaged in bloody conflict, in physical combat; whereas, those portions of the earth which represent the highest civilization and the greatest moral and spiritual attainment, will fight with the tongue, rather than with the sword. There will be an upheaval of all governments, and societary conditions. There will be general disturbance, strife and confusion everywhere, and be assured that now, at the very present moment, the powers of light and

darkness are contending together for supremacy, and another deluge will sweep over the earth—not a flood of water, but a flood of spiritual influence; not a flood that will submerge continents, but a flood that will revolutionize all your schemes, all your systems of religious thought. Kings will tremble upon their thrones, dynasties will pass away, thrones will crumble into dust, and out of the general chaos will be a new resurrection, and like unto the fabled phoenix of olden time, will there be a glorious building, comprised of the living stones of developed humanity, forming the church and the government of the future.

Are you not aware that it is a historical fact that at the commencement of the Christian era not only were the Jews dispersed over all the nations of the earth, but the Roman Empire waned away? That mighty civilization of which you have heard so much, crumbled into dust as soon as the Christian dispensation was fairly inaugurated. All in the philosophical systems, all in the Jewish theocracy, that was capable of being admitted into the new Church was carried into Christianity; but the Jewish system and the Roman Empire must vanish away. Before the introduction of Judaism, long before the erection of Solomon's temple, the civilization of ancient Egypt waned away, and, undoubtedly the story of the deluge had reference to the decline of Egypt's greatness, and the overthrow of her mighty monarchs, so that when the kings ruled who knew not Joseph, that is, were not in alliance with the highest spiritual powers that were occupying the earth through their representatives on earth, their power waned, their national greatness was a thing of the past.

Why have all the nations waned away? Not because of the onslaught of foreign foes; not because of the attacks of troops from without, but because of debauchery, licentiousness and criminality within. A man's enemies are those of his own household, his own unbridled lusts and passions, and if these be tamed and kept in suspension, no undeveloped spirit in or out of the form, no adversary of your peace, can ever destroy you, and, as it is with the individual, so it is with the religious organization, so it is with the family, so it is with the nation.

When the patricians and the plebeians of ancient Rome were banded together, when there was a brotherhood, when there was fraternal alliance, when they would unite together as one man to

withstand the attacks of a foreign foe, then all external hostility on the part of others only increased the glory of the nation. As soon as there was division, strife, pride and selfishness, and the plebeians were crushed beneath the yoke of the arrogant patricians, then the nation could no longer survive, it must crumble because of its own interior demoralization, and any external attack was only the instrument which might facilitate its downfall under the then existing conditions, but which would only have increased its strength had the internal condition been pure and elevated, instead of impure and debauched. If to-day we behold that any nations of the earth are coming up for judgment, or that any religious systems of the old world are about to crumble away, we find that the cause of the decadence is not an external attack, but it is an interior decline of all that makes a nation or a church truly great and truly noble.

Look at the condition of Europe to-day. Where is there a nation in Europe that is resting upon a firm foundation at the present hour? England has long been regarded as the mistress of the seas, and it has been said, and truly said, that the sun never sets upon the Queen's dominions. The little island in the ocean has been looked upon as the center of all commerce and the birth-place of all modern civilization.

What of England to-day? A great part of the best blood of the English nation is to be found in Australia, New Zealand, at the Cape of Good Hope, in Canada, and mingling with your own national life in the United States of America. Englishmen and Englishwomen have left their native home, have traversed the seas, have established their homes elsewhere, and therefore the isle that gave them birth is divided to-day between labor that endeavors to dethrone capital, and capital that endeavors to exercise an unlawful and arbitrary coercive sway over labor that is not sufficiently paid. Look at the present condition of England, and we find that the Queen is practically a nonentity, she is merely a cipher; her ministers rule for her, and, under the administration of Gladstone, the representative of the Liberal party, and Benjamin Disraeli, the representative of the Conservative party, we find that alternately the Liberal party in politics and the Conservative party in politics have expressed their views; the Queen has simply been an abstraction. Persons have spoken of the throne and spoken of the Queen, but what did it mean? It really meant the Parliament, and, most of all, it meant the Prime Minister.

Now, in England to-day what do we discover? That with famine, with bad weather, with provisions being very dear, work very hard to obtain and salaries very low, numbers of the inhabitants have been so thoroughly disaffected that they have burned the mills and manufactories of their employers. Strikes have been very common, general confusion and anarchy have been the order of the day. From the sister island of Ireland, the population has been continually emigrating, traveling westward, until there are more Irish in New York to-day than there are in Dublin, and probably far more Irish in the United States of America than are to be found in the British dominions. The population of England, Scotland and Wales has increased during the past few years; whereas the population of Ireland during the past twenty years has been reduced from something over eight millions to something over five millions, and this reduction of population has been greatly owing to the famine caused by the blight in the potato crops, and also to the very extensive emigration.

Turn to England to-day. What is her condition? Her labor market is oversupplied; her produce is so extensive that producers are obliged to sell their products at almost nominal prices, and thousands of intelligent men and women, boys and girls, are working many hours a day for the scanty pittance which can scarcely support them, or else are obliged to depend for their support altogether upon private charities. We are called upon in America to-day to support the English and the Irish who are in destitute circumstances, not only owing to famine, to bad weather or to deficiency in crops, but owing to the general dissatisfaction in the country and to the conflict which has been raging for the past few years fiercely between capitalists and laborers.

What is the cause of this conflict? The caste, the class distinction, the supremacy of aristocrats who have nothing to boast of except blue blood in their veins. Men are allowed to occupy vast acres of land to which they have the title-deed, to keep these acres of land all uncultivated while thousands of the population are starving for the want of bread; and that nation calls itself a Christian nation which tolerates a condition of things as utterly repugnant to the Gospel of Jesus as falsehood is repugnant to a high sense of truth and honor. The land ought to be cultivated in order to supply bread for the starving people.

As long as a man is allowed to own land and keep it in idleness when there are people starving, the blessing of higher intelligences can never rest upon the government that permits such an anomaly and allows such abortive practices to hold sway. Therefore the best blood of England is crossing the ocean, coming to America, going to the south of Africa or to Australia, and the English government is trembling to-day upon its throne, and many entertain very serious doubts as to whether England herself will not have to undergo all the horrors of civil war. Whether she is to undergo those horrors or not, she is gradually becoming poorer instead of richer, and will no longer, or much longer, be able to support her foreign colonies and dependencies. She will be obliged to draw her armies away from Canada, from India and from other portions of the world that are to-day allied with her government, in order that she may protect herself at home and husband her resources.

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE, thou priceless gem! That jewel more precious to the drunkard's wife than gold or silver. And now, as the cold and chilling blasts of winter sweep across our thresholds, how many there are who are suffering from cold and hunger made so by a father's cruel neglect, caused by strong drinks. God, in his great and bountiful love, created us for good and noble purposes; but, as a nation, we are fast drifting into ruin. Crime raises its gigantic head, and Virtue, Truth and Morality hide their faces behind the curtain of shame; for justice is held down by the iron heel of the rum power. One would suppose that in a country having sixty thousand churches, and these aggregating a congregation of nearly twenty-three million for the worship of Christ, that crime would soon decrease, instead of increase.

To Christians, Christ gave the power to put down crime, saying, "As my Father sent me so I send you," and yet in a city like Quincy, Christianity is a myth and crime the ruling power. *Friends of temperance!* Let us buckle on the armor of right, and face this mighty foe that is robbing us of our homes, our fathers, husbands and boys; for, with right on our side we will conquer, and we say, you great, strong and noble-hearted men, rise up and protect your homes from this venomous reptile, this seductive worm; put your

heel upon its neck before it has crushed you and yours; and your sons and daughters will rise up and call you blessed.

CHARLES S. MILLER.

“DRAWING NEAR TO GOD.—Drawing near to God tends to intellectual devotion. It is the highest pursuit of an intelligent mind; the direct opposite to whatever is low and debasing. It is to leave behind the errors, and follies and vices of the world that degrades and enslaves, and to ascend to a plane of apprehension, thought and life on which are purity, freedom, beauty and joy. It produces spiritual elevation. Communion with God begets Godlikeness, a resemblance to the moral character of the All-Perfect. It produces assimilation, and we bring back from the mount of vision to light our way through every dark valley of humiliation and sorrow, the transfiguring light of the ineffable glory.

When the soul rises up to meet God, and receives his inflowing energy and light, it is transfigured. ‘As he prayed the fashion of his countenance was altered.’ If we prayed more from the depths of a great moral purpose, and with a holier energy, we should be stronger and purer, and our changed countenances would proclaim the joy of our hearts, and would be radiant with the light of the divinity which ever shines in the face of transfigured humanity. We grow in likeness to God, and have the light of life, as we draw and live near to him.”—*Manford's Magazine*.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Medium and Daybreak* expresses a hope “to see the time when Spiritualists will tie the sitters, and not the medium.” He thinks, considering the treatment some mediums get after months of toil and trouble, that a change in this direction is desirable.—*Banner of Light*.

WM. H. LAMBDM, the “Cosmopolitan Missionary,” passed to the higher life on Sunday, Sept. 26th, from Philadelphia, aged 52 years.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Ps. xxiii., 4.

BUT be ye doers of the word and not hearers only. James i., 22.

UNTO the upright there ariseth light in the darkness. Ps. cxii., 4.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 11.

MORAL COURAGE.

What is it which will sustain one in any trial, in affliction at all times? A consciousness of doing what we deem to be right. The man who has the moral courage to resist temptation in any form, to rise up in the face of a thousand, if it need be, and cling to what conscience says is right, to take the weakest side if convinced that it is the right one—has achieved a conquest greater than if he has led an army to victory. When convinced, thoroughly, that you are right, have the moral courage to adhere to your principles in the face of a frowning world, ready to face a cannon, so to speak. To be sure we must be positive that we are in the right, so far as we have received enlightenment.

Again, if we find that we are in the wrong; that we have been laboring under a mistake in regard to any thing, then, moral courage should be brought into requisition, for it is as much our duty to say so as it is to uphold what we know to be right. This is a principle which should be instilled into the minds of the young. One who has the moral courage to say "no" to temptation in such a manner that the tempter is silenced—is encased in an armor. One who has the moral courage to denounce what he knows is sinful, and to stand on a pedestal where from he may not be wrested, that the gigantic power of evil must cower and seek another subject whereby he may hurl darts of calumny and infamy upon the weak and innocent—has solved the problem of life; he may look down upon this cowering enemy with pity and contempt. Give us moral courage guided by a desire to do right, and the world *must* be purified.

LIFE outweighs all things, if love lies within it.—*Goethe.*

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

The spiritual nature of man is formed day by day, as was the ark; and would we have the ark which is to carry us safely through the river which is called death, strong and buoyant that we may arise above the mad sweep of the waves, and that the fierce torrents may not touch us; we may build it of the best material; we must give our energies, our very soul, up to the brightest, noblest, purest, deepest purposes. Every day adds something to the ark. Let there not be an imperfect piece of timber.

There is another beautiful truth comes—if man has lived in accordance with the Divine law—the natural law; has not transgressed against his own nature he finds “favor in the sight of God.” He is blessed, not always in a temporal sense, but in a spiritual. The love of God is imaged in his heart and shines through his countenance. He sees that there is a divine plan, and the humblest object, upon the earth has its mission. He takes the high, the noble things—taking the pure gold, discarding the dross.

There is a deep beauty in the idea: God despises not the small and the weak. Of every living thing upon the earth, some were spared. May it not be a figure, or even if not a figure, and is a literal historical fact, do we not see a concealed or figurative beauty? Man should despise nothing that is good, not even the smallest creature, as well as the humblest individual.

If but we gain this it is enough; God's ways are not as man's, and His plans are past man's comprehension.

Another beauty we see in the figure, Do we not see a similitude here? Man may inhabit his spiritual ark whilst journeying below; he may rise above the waves of sorrow, of affliction, and distress; above the waves of dastardly, evil, and, from without, may hear the fearful torrents, the darts of envy, malice and hatred; but, he is encased in an armor which they cannot penetrate, the ark is secure, the promise is sure, and the mighty flood *must* abate, the dry land *will* appear again, the desert waste will again blossom as a rose, and the whole surroundings are purified by this typical flood. Aye! the floods of adversity will purify the pathway, scatter evil and calumny, if the spiritual ark is secure, and there is a new and purer abiding place *still*.

The raven was sent from the ark, the raven as dark as night, which

we might take as symbolical of the Evil; it returned not. The dove was sent forth, which we shall call the Good—the emblem of purity and Love. It returned wearied; again it was sent forth, and *again* returned, bearing an olive branch—emblem of peace—the waters were disappearing and dry land was drawing near.

The dove, typical, as we say, of Love and Purity, brought the glad tidings by a simple olive branch, and gave the weary and watching inmates of the ark, hope, that not forever, must they be banished from the sight of beautiful earth. The pure Love which should fill the hearts of humanity, is ever thus: It fulfills the mission of life with grandeur; the gentle dove's mission accomplished, it returns to the face of the earth again; but has left the bright ray of gladness which is never forgotten. Think you, when the remnant of earth which was left in the ark should behold the dove again after they have taken their abode upon the dry land, their hearts do not go forth in gratitude to this humble creature? There is a sacred and hallowed memory clings to it, the simple token—the olive branch—is remembered as the greatest object which clings to their existence. The branch gave them joy, sweet peace and assurance that the floods were abating. The Lord's promise was sure and secure.

And we say, "How grand is the unfoldment of Divine plan!" We may realize that, day by day there is a power, which is gently leading us, whether it be through tumultuous floods of sorrow, through a garden of Eden, or cast from it, *still*, the same gentle voice of Love and Purity says "I am with thee even unto the end."

There is a linking together of incidents which assures us, there is a plan which we do not recognize when all is enveloped in darkness, and the deluge is at hand; but, when the clouds clear away and the great sun shines again causing a renewal of earth's verdure and beauty, and peace and quiet again reign, we say, "Oh floods and torrents, the mission which ye do have is greater than all the purifying; is deeper, the respite is sweeter, the earth has a brighter hue, the very heavens seem arrayed in a more transcendental loveliness, the notes of the songsters are sweeter and clearer, the ripple of the stream is more musical, and all things speak to us of the Love and goodness of the great Creator.

IDA M. MERRILL.

To be truly *great* it is necessary to be truly *good* and benevolent, for all other distinctions the clouds of the valley will cover, and the worms destroy.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

HOME.

A place where sweet peace broods, like a snow-white dove;
Where heart echoes to its kindest soul;
Where there is purest joy and most holy love
Sheds a heavenly brightness o'er the whole.

Home! 'Tis a tender word--a type of heaven;
It should be a place where the aching breast
May find the sweetest balm and where the leaven
Of kindness fills the soul with peace and rest.

Where there is patience and self-denial
Practiced by each member of the family,
Gaining strength from on high for each trial,
Bidding the spirit of evil to flee.

Where daily the incense of prayer ascends
From humble hearts to a throne on high;
Where sweet songs of praise with labor blends,
All is serene as a cloudless sky.

Such a home in fancy we see;
The tower clock has chimed the hour of six.
Bess, Nellie and wee brother Lee,
Each striving to gain "papa's" first kiss.

Mother stands waiting in the door,
To welcome the weary one from toil;
Thankful is he that when 'tis 'oer,
Here is a haven from turmoil.

A humble cottage, but the flowers
Are planted here by the hands of love;
Sweet songsters beguile morning hours,
And lead the mind to a clime above.

Round the low thatched roof, ivy green
Lovingly twines the simplest beauty,
As in true nature here is seen,
Is a type of the humblest duty.

This humble cot is an abode fair,
And as regal, to the dear ones there,
As though a mighty palace rare,
Was reared by architect with great care.

Such a home is heaven begun;
'Tis not the abode which gives it worth;
But, love of hearts warmer than the sun;
Wherein, the heavenly has its birth.

Yes, love and home! home and heaven!
Sweet synonyms, we find are they, of all
The holiest ties to man e'er given,
And the purest joys which hearts enthrall.

—CORA CORAL.

OWING to a delay in getting material from Chicago, we failed to get out a number last week.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
THE LOVE OF WOMAN.

165

REV. J. E. DAVENPORT.

Gold cannot purchase a treasure so precious as woman's love. Titles and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In the most trying moments of our life, when disappointment and ingratitude mingle in life's experience, when troubles and trials gather thick around us, and the gaunt form of poverty menaces us with its skeleton fingers, it throws around the soul a divine effulgence. In the dark days of adversity and misfortune, it is a talisman to lift man up, and save him from despondency and despair. Time cannot mar its beauty, distance but strengthens its influence. Bolts and bars cannot limit its advancement. It follows the prisoner into his gloomy cell, and sweetens the frugal meal that appeases his hunger. In the silence of the midnight it cheers the loneliness of the secluded one, and in his dreams he presses to his heart the form of her who loves him with unswerving devotion although the world has cast him off. The couch spread by the loved and loving one, is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and the medicine administered by the same hand loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by the hands of the faithful and loving wife gives repose to the fevered brain, and her words of timely encouragement revive the saddened and sinking spirit.

The love of woman is full of the spirit of generosity and self-sacrifice. Edward 1st, King of England, once received a wound from a poisoned arrow, and would have lost his life but for the fidelity of his faithful wife, Eleanor of Castile, she drew the poison from the wound with her lips, thereby jeopardizing her own life, to save that of her husband. Washington Irving in one of his beautiful essays, says: "There is one in the world who feels for man in his sadness and dejection a keener pang than he feels for himself; there is one to whom reflected joy is better than that which comes direct; there is one who rejoices in another's honor more than in any which is one's own, there is one on whom another's transcendent excellence sheds no beam but that of delight; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faithfully than her own; there is one who loses all love for self in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness and devotion to man, and that one is WOMAN." Who is so ready as woman to succor the unfortunate, or to relieve the suffering of the sick and the afflicted?

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

THE JOYS OF LIFE.

Is life one beautiful cloudless summer day? Is unalloyed joy the lot of a single individual upon the earth?

"Each heart knoweth its own bitterness." How true it is! And there is a *sweeter* thought each heart knoweth its own joys. They are graded according to capacities of individuals. What may be joy to one, may be sorrow, or an irksome duty to another. The purer a life, the nobler the instincts, the more keenly does that person realize sorrow, or appreciate the joyous moments.

Some find it the sweetest joy of life to administer to the wants of those around them, to scatter roses in the path of humanity, caring not if it is never known what hand sent the lovely blossoms showering down—*content* to see the pleasure of those for whom they were scattered, binding up the broken hearts, filling the lives of others with gladness, dispersing gifts that are freely given, feeding the hungry, wiping the tears from the eyes of the sorrowing ones. Aye! living a life which is the embodiment of self sacrifice is the purest fountain of true joy.

Some may obtain joy by being simply a receiptent of blessings from others, by selfishly demanding all homage which is within their power, and sighing vainly for that which is placed beyond their grasp; but, is this real joy? It may be thought that it is; but it is unnatural pleasure. Drink a draught of pure clear water from the well, and that which is carried to you from the murky river will never have the same pure taste; but, if one never tasted the pure water, he will not realize that there is a better draught. So, if one has never found the everlasting well, which springs up within the heart, leading unto everlasting life, he does not understand the purest state of joy.

See the mother in gently smothering her little one, why does it give her joy? Because there is a high and holy instinct called forth, and it is protection, and the truer is that mother to the heavenly monitor, the greater joy does she receive in administering to the wants of the little one, because she calls forth inherent, angelic qualities—devotion, self sacrifice and love. Yet, the purer are these motives, the greater scope does she give to her God-given power. She sees, in the helpless ones around her, a field of labor and joy is found in administering to the wants of those who are not allied by ties of kinship, where no selfish motives prompt to loving deeds.

We see the fond father—proud of his children and of his wife, because

they are his own; yet the greater joy which he experiences in caring for those dependent upon him, and the greater love he has for the dear ones the greater joy does he take in aiding suffering humanity, in extending the hand of sympathy to those who are overburdened; for, the thought many times, comes, if not a higher and more unselfish thought, "For the sake of the loved of mine own household." If not greater ideas of the joy of life, this is one which will be an anchor to the tempest tossed mariner. *Anything* which calls forth the God-given nature is sublime.

Despise not the small things of life would you grasp the great. Life is made up of small things; joys are not as a continuous stream; but, are as the spray from a fountain, one will touch you, another fall to the ground.

The June roses do not bloom all the year, yet we may have an everlasting bloomer in our window; so, in like manner, we may have the roses in the heat ever blooming; not as the June roses, but, one at a time, and the memory of June rests with us.

Oh joy where art thou found?

In the daily cares of life.

If thy heart with love abound,

'Tis sweetest joy with duty rife.

There is no joy, without alloy;

No glory, without grief,

No pang which can all hope destroy,

For every sorrow theres relief.

The Father of all knows each path;

The walker in He views;

His *love* is greater than his *wrath*,

And his gift does not refuse.

'Tis the gift. "eternal life,"

To every human soul,

And though it has its strife.

The glorious beauty does unroll.

The brightest joy is elevation,

The sweetest cup is "Give;"

Ah come ye every station,

Come to the fountain live.

The fountain head was Christ,

The bidding was come to me.

Not to save from eternal death,

But to work through eternity.

"Salvation is free to all,"

You may obtain it, if you will,

By simplest duties well performed

And sweetly your mission fulfill.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

After the crucifixion of Jesus, Joseph of Arimathea went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus, and laid it in a stone Sepulchre, and the women who came with Jesus from Galilee drew near and saw how the body was laid and returned to prepare spices and ointments according to commandment. On the first day of the week they repaired to the Sepulchre and found the stone rolled away, and the body of Jesus not there. As they were much troubled to know what had become of his body, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments and as they bowed their heads they said unto them: "Why seek ye the living among the dead?. Remember what he told you when in Galilee, that he should be crucified and the third day rise again." They witnessed and told these things to the eleven, and all the women and the rest of the Apostles. And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not. That same day two of the Apostles were going to a village called Emmaus, and they were talking of all those wonders that had been told them, and reasoned together. Jesus drew near and went with them, but they knew him not. He enquired what things they were asking about, as they walked and were sad. They answered concerning Jesus of Nazareth, a mighty prophet in deed and word before God and all the people; how he was condemned and crucified, and certain of our women astonished us who were early at the Sepulchre, saying they saw a vision of angels which said he was alive, and as they drew near the village where they were going, Jesus made as though he would have gone farther, but they asked him to abide with them as the day was far spent, and he went in to tarry with them. And when they sat down to meat he took bread and blessed it and brake and gave to them and their eyes were opened, and they knew him and he vanished out of their sight.

They were quite as much surprised then as people are at this time when hearing of visions and dreams, with all the wonderful signs appearing to thousands of intelligent and scientific men and women all over the globe. Those two men were greatly excited and rose up the same hour and returned to Jerusalem and found their friends, and declared that Jesus had arisen and appeared to many.

Now men and women declare that their husbands, wives, children and friends appear to them, and take them by the hand and walk about the

room, do all manner of marvelous things, *all* to convince spirits in the flesh that there is no death; that they are vigorously and actively alive, desiring recognition, or in order to develop and rise into a more elevated sphere of existence.

Now as all natural laws are inevitable, was, is, and ever will be the same. Why is there so much opposition to this grand meeting of the visible with the invisible world.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

WOMAN! WHAT IS HER SPHERE?

(CONCLUDED.)

Did you ever consider woman that you may have a duty in regard to those of your own sex? As we have said intemperance is a dreadful evil; but, there is a *deadlier* evil—we repeat it. Can you not counsel with those of your own sex, who have strayed from the path of virtue? Aye! sometimes driven because they have not the moral courage to battle with the difficulties which beset their pathway, and because those who may have led them to *higher* and *nobler* ideas of life have cast them down? Again, they are entirely in the wrong, no one has hurled them into this evil; but, perhaps, they might by persuasion, by being shown a brighter and a purer path, be constrained to come out of the prison house of evil, and walk in newness of life, so to speak.

Woman, *here* is a field; it is a terrible thought to think that so many of our women are entangled in greater chains, even, than intemperance, and there are so few efforts put forth in the way of reform.

You may say, the evil is denounced, yet, is this your entire duty? Should there not be more reformatory schools that they may be taught as are children? Perhaps they have never had the proper training in childhood.

Again, there is a reformatory work for women which is practiced in many cities; but, as yet, the outskirts of this field are but touched; it is a field extending over an area equal to the known world in magnitude.

This is the training of children who are not placed under proper training at home, commencing at the very foundation, instilling the principles of virtue into the young mind; for, if once this purest of gems, this safeguard against all the assaults of evil is tarnished, it may never obtain its original lustre and purity.

Oh women! instill into the minds of the young, principles of purity—

teach them that the path of virtue once lost is never so clear and beautiful, even, if they find it again. As a pure white piece of paper, when soiled, may never become as it was before unless it passes through the mill; so the character cannot become as it was before the transgression, until the *effects* of the sin are removed from the spirit.

Women, as mothers, owe first a duty to their own household, and afterwards to others, and may accomplish as much, in the purifying of a nation as to cast a vote.

Women, in any of the vocations filled by the sex, if consistently carrying out the daily duties, performing them faithfully, aiding all who are within her reach, standing fearlessly in the path of virtue, allowing nothing which is degrading a place in her life, and wherever she has a voice let it be for the right—has accomplished as *much* as to cast a vote.

Consider before you take upon yourself responsibilities in which no woman has had experience; there are duties for women which would seem out of place for men. Taking a *practical* view of the subject, we say, it would seem singular to visit a farmhouse, see the husband in the house preparing the meal, or washing the dishes, and the wife in the field, plowing, or sowing the grain; and why? Because the one is adapted by nature to one employment, and the other to another. Man by superior strength is adapted to greater toil; woman by endurance is fitted for meeting the trifling perplexities of labor.

Woman has not as great concentration, although more patience, and could she but see that there are spheres where she may patiently work at reformatory objects, such as has been mentioned, and these are but as a grain of sand in comparison with what she *might* accomplish.

It should be understood, it is not simply your vote which will bring purity; it may satisfy a desire for power, for "equality," as some are pleased to term it. Have not the women of America, enlightened Europe, to-day "equality" just as much as if they passed a vote upon every question of the day, and led political meetings, torchlight processions, or carried out any of the attendant *privileges*? This may look like derision; but, may we ask you, women, do you desire to have the honors of any thing without laboring for it? If you desire "equal rights," all these are comprehended in the *rights*.

Woman! your rights are greater than they *will* be in such a state of affairs, your *equality* is greater than it could possibly be under such a reign. The deference which woman receives from the opposite sex, when she goes out in the world she could not expect to receive. A woman en-

ters a car; there is no vacant seat; who is it that arises to give place to her? Not one of her own sex—a gentleman—and it is so much of a custom that, many times, we take it as a *natural right*.

But when woman loses her nature, allows it to be transformed into a masculine one, she may expect to be treated so, and will the end justify the means? Will it bring about reform? There is never any thing gained by extremists in any thing; you may in escaping Scylla strike Chary bidis and nothing is accomplished.

There is much that may be done quietly, steadily and patiently, and we may wreath, for ourselves, a crown of pure flowers, by the simple performance of daily duties which may far excel an earthly crown of power. We may with faith remove mountains—mountains of difficulty—of sorrow, which greets us upon all sides; we see some one every day whom we may aid in some manner.

“If we want a field of labor,
We can find it anywhere.”

HAPPINESS is like a sunbeam which the least shadow intercepts, while adversity is often as the rain of spring.

LET us never forget that every station in life is necessary, that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but its duties does honor to the man.

NOTHING more powerfully argues a life beyond this than failure of ideals here. Earth gives us only fragments of humility, fragments of heart, fragments of mind, fragments of charity, love, and virtue; and instead of being a world is only a handful of seeds, out of which a full blown world might grow, but has not yet grown.

THE truly religious man cannot be sectarian. He has no prejudices. He loves and honors virtue and wisdom everywhere. Wherever brave and holy men, the daring philanthropists who live and die for an ungrateful world, wherever they appear, his soul goes out to them in enthusiastic love. Whoever has in his own soul the same elements of the religion of Divine Love which animated Jesus and the apostles, cannot but feel fraternity with them, and love them as those of his own household. Their noble words in the New Testament rouse a deep response in his own soul, and as he loves them they come to him in spirit, and strengthen his soul for similar work—*Prof. Buchanan*.

THE ROSTRUM.

WILL THE WORLD COME TO AN END IN 1881? IF NOT WHAT WILL COME.

(CONTINUED.)

What will the result be? The Anglo Saxon race will not perish. English men and women will not perish, but their activity, their best blood, their distinctive characteristics, will flow into various portions of the earth, even as the various tributaries from a great river may all flow together in the confluent streams which discharge themselves into the ocean. The result will be that English men and English women will live; only the little island of Great Britain may sink into comparative insignificance. England may no longer be the ruler of the ocean and the land, and yet at the same time the life elements of England will be found merged in the life elements of other nations, until this land and the Australian colonies will undoubtedly rise up as the world of civilization in the near future.

Look at the condition of France. Almost torn to pieces by her war with Germany, she is now vacillating between monarchical and republican ideas. With the death of the young prince, Louis Napoleon, a great many of the monarchical supporters have lost their hopes for the restoration of the monarchy. The feeling of hostility toward Germany is still encouraged by many in France, and while the republican element is strong, there is a very strong element in another direction. Still it cannot be doubted that France is about to emerge from her night of severe trial, and will, probably, ere long mingle with other nations of the earth and help to form a portion of the great general republic.

Look at Spain. War has been raging there until the country has been almost reduced to poverty. Look at the condition of Italy. No longer has the Church of Rome the supreme sway which she formerly had. The papal dominions have been ceded to the crown of Italy, and generally there is a revolution tending directly in the opposite direction from that which would encourage the papal supremacy, in which the civil power was only a tool in the hands of the ecclesiastical power. The outlook for freedom in Italy is most encouraging, and the political as well as the religious aspect of affairs there appears to be pointing the finger in the direction of an amalgamation with other nations which will form the republic of the future.

Look at Russia. Until within the last few years millions of serfs were bound in the cruelest bondage, and their very lives depended upon the arbitrary word of the Czar. Now the serfs have been all liberated, and as free men and free women grow up and enjoy educational advantages—as they will in the near future—the spirit of democracy will develop itself in Russia until absolute rule on the part of the Czar will no longer be possible. Look at the condition of Germany. The Emperor William and one minister, who has been looked upon as almost equal to the Emperor (we of course allude to Bismarck), have pretty well had their sway over the people; but the condition of Germany to-day is a condition of affairs most turbulent. Many of the citizens are contemplating conspiracy, against the government, and in matters of religion the Protestant Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches are losing their members and their influence. The people are either allying themselves with the old Catholic movement in connection with the Church of Rome, or else they are drifting into skepticism and materialism. At the present day in Russia we behold the advance of Nihilism, which is a system looking upon the blackest side of nature. All Nihilists are out-and-out pessimists. They look upon nature as being as bad as it can be, and believe that nothing in itself is really good and beautiful; whereas on the other hand, the arrogant assumption of the Greek Church, contending for the divine right of kings, have been called in question by almost all the leading minds. Greece is now beginning to develop; she is beginning to regain her ancient independence; whereas, Turkey has been so impoverished by her recent conflict with Russia that the power of Musselman in Europe appears to be growing less and less every day, and the power of the Mohammedan in Africa, in Asia and in Europe, appears to be so declining that many anticipate that in a very few years the Jews will be able to have possession of the Holy Land, because the Mohammedans will no longer be able to support the country and guard it from the invasions of other nations; and, when the Jews are left free and the Mohammedans have vacated Palestine, the Jews will undoubtedly gravitate to their own land, because they love it better than any other land, just as a fish loves the water better than dry land and will find its way back into the sea or into the stream if no longer held captive but allowed to be free.

When we look upon the general condition of Europe, we find that there is dissatisfaction on the part of the people, displayed toward governments and also religious systems, and that the nations which have held absolute sway as monarchical institutions in days gone by, are now

almost all in the condition which betokens that an important crisis is at hand.

And what of the Orient? The works of scientific authors of England, such as Darwin, Spencer, Tyndall and others are translated into the languages understood by the Brahminical and Buddhistic Priests, and you will find that the Brahmins and the Buddhists are almost as familiar to-day with your scientific literature as the most developed scholars among your Christian ministers. The Christians have sent missionaries to China and India. It would be far more to the point if the Chinese and Indians had sent missionaries to England and to different Christian places. Buddhists are nearly all very respectable, good-living people. Many of them abstain entirely from the use of flesh. They are so merciful to lower creatures that they will not take any life at all. They are kind and temperate in almost all their habits of life, and their religion as a system contains all the cardinal virtues which have been looked upon by many as exclusively Christian, and the life of their incarnate God, Gautama Buddha, may be compared very favorably with the life of Jesus of Nazareth.

We discover that men of to-day are beginning to understand each other better than they understood each other during the ages of the past. We behold that nigh at hand is a union on the part of all the best minds, until exclusively Jew, Mohammedan, Brahmin, Buddhist, Parsee or Christian we shall none of us be, but, recognizing the universal fatherhood of the Great Spirit and the universal brotherhood of all His children on earth, we shall be united together in a general system, a universal religion, which will be in perfect accordance with science, in harmony with the facts that may be discovered in nature by the brain as well as by the heart, by the use of the intellect as well as by the use of intuition.

The present conflict on the part of theologians is a conflict between the letter and the spirit. The letter which killeth is fast receding before the brighter beams of the spirit that giveth light. I turn to the prophecies of the Old Testament and I find that because they were interpreted in the letter alone, and not in the spirit, Jesus, the meek and lowly teacher, was crucified between two thieves upon the mount outside of the gate of Jerusalem, by those who were the orthodox people in the age in which he lived and who obeyed with punctilious exactness all the commands and details of the law of Moses, and even, in some respects, went beyond the obedience which Moses enforced. I find that, because the prophecies were interpreted literally instead of spiritually, the man

who came preaching a truth, and speaking with the authority that always accompanies the inspired mind and the noble life, was regarded as possessed by Belzebub, the prince of devils, and I find to-day that all the antagonism manifested on the part of nominal religionists to Spiritualism, to free religion, to liberal thought generally, is the result of the materialistic tenacity with which men have clung to the letter of the record instead of looking beyond the letter to the soul, which is not confined to the Jewish or Christian Bible, and lies under the superstructure which has been erected upon the one foundation of truth in the form of Shasta, Veda, Zend, Avesta and other true and inspired records to which you may refer us.

To-day there is a conflict of ideas, and many persons are expecting a moral interregnum, and say, where is the safe-guard for morality? If we take away from men their belief in an angry God and an everlasting punishment, shall we not make of earth a pandemonium, and will not every one rush headlong to the devil? Certainly not. The power that would restrain you when it is only the dread of punishment, is a power that cannot restrain a noble man. I have a respect for that out-and-out murderer who will fly in the face of threats of execution, but I cannot find any one with a spark of humanity left in him who can ever resist an appeal that is made by a tender, loving friend to all that is best in his nature.

I find to-day that the manifestation of the spirit world, as they have presented themselves to earth, have been misunderstood, and the messages brought by spirits have often been misinterpreted on the part of many, even as the sayings and doings of Jesus were misrepresented during his earthly life.

Remember that history repeats itself and that there is a law which regulates the rise and fall of dynasties and the return of periods of special spiritual refreshment to earth; that, as the life of Jesus is said to have been thirty-three years between 1848, when the Rochester knockings first heralded the advent of modern Spiritualism, and the year 1881, which has been fixed by Egyptians, astronomers and religionists of old as the time when the Christian dispensation would come to an end.

Friar Roger Bacon, in England, in the sixteenth century, prophesied that the world would come to an end in 1881, and various newspapers have given you some doggerel lines purporting to emanate from the brain of a strange individual named Mother Shipton, and almost all the prophesies which are there made have been fulfilled. This last prophecy

with reference to 1881, was undoubtedly the outgrowth of an inspired mind, whereas the language was in accordance with the narrow theological aspects of the day, and the underlying thought was correct. Instead of having it, the world will come to an end in 1881, we might have "the present age, the present dispensation, the present state and order of things will come to an end in 1881." As I look abroad upon the earth to-day, I find that among the civilized nations of the earth there is a general upheaval; we are upon the verge of an important crisis, and undoubtedly about the middle of next year, spiritual manifestations will be so triumphant in their character, that they will arrest the attention of thinking minds everywhere. Who can say that Spiritualism has not made wonderful progress during the past thirty-two years? Think of it. There is no civilized part of the world where you will not find some Spiritualists; and, recently, many German professors investigating with Doctor Slade, the medium well known to you, have come to the conclusion that the manifestations which occur in his presence are the result of an outside intelligence, and not the result of fraud, trickery, or imposture. I do not deny that trickery, fraud and imposture have sometimes passed current for spiritual phenomena. I do not say that there have been no counterfeit manifestations, or that there is no quackery in all professions, and perhaps making claims in connection with everything which are not justified by the fact of the case. There will be mercenary persons who will attach themselves to the Spiritualistic movement, and who are not mediums. They will advertise that they are mediums, in order that they may get money from the gullible, and those who are not sufficiently fortified by strong will and good sense to investigate all things for themselves.

A SILVER egg was prepared as a present to a Saxon queen. Open the silver by a secret spring, and there was found a yolk of gold. Find the spring of gold, and it flew open and disclosed a beautiful bird. Press the wings of the bird and in its breast was found a crown; upheld by a spring like the rest, was a ring of diamonds which fitted the finger of the princess. Oh how many promises there is within a promise in the Scripture, the silver around the gold, the gold around the jewels; yet, how few of God's children ever find their way far enough to discover the crown of his promise, or the ring of his covenant.

LIFE is love, and love is eternity.—*Menken*.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

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THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

The time is drawing near when the inhabitants of this world may look for mighty signs in the heavens and on the earth. Natural laws are being revealed to man through the earth; knowledge and truth are brought forth and manifested, in many ways, to enlighten the minds of people. The great works that are mentioned in the Bible are being fulfilled, and when the time arrives we shall behold a new order of things—trance, vision, and the meeting of angels face to face will be as well understood, as other natural laws; there *may* be none other but natural laws. Mesmerism is a well established fact; thousands of people have seen one man by laying his hands on another take possession of his will. There is now a war raging between truth and error, between good and evil, a great struggle spiritually shooting needle guns with deadly aims, all those who are engaged in the strife should be fully persuaded in their own minds which side they are battling for.

I once heard a minister say, when one is on the side of the Lord, he is in the majority; so, it would be well to investigate and endeavor to be on the side of right and Jesus.

Mesmerism, what is it? It may be inspiration, when people can understand that there is no death; that all our friends and relations are near, and they know our thoughts, see our deeds reflected in the spirit world every day; they may be willing to look honestly for information concerning the important subject. When a circle is formed of a few people that are in harmony, and they pray or desire the great spirit to send his angels down from higher spheres of intelligence to instruct us in the ways of goodness and mercy towards the unfortunate neighbor;

they come, and surround us with power, and mesmerize a medium which joins the circles and whoever controls the medium can speak his thoughts. One spirit that inspired a medium said circles formed in that manner produced a power that could move anything on earth that was movable.

Please set aside prejudice and form a family circle and establish an altar in your house, and angels will visit and mingle their prayers with you.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

BASE men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them.—*Shakespeare.*

THERE is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. I like a person who knows his own mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what is to be done in given circumstances and does it.—*Wm. Hazlitt.*

If men wound you with injuries meet them with patience; hasty words rankle the wound, soft language dresses it, forgiveness cures it and oblivion takes away the scar. It is more noble by silence to avoid an injury than by argument to overcome it.—*Beaumont.*

IN 1867, the laws against witchcraft being in force, one Jane Womman was tried before Sir John Powell, a native of Worcestershire, and her many adversaries swore that she could fly. "Prisoner said our Judge, "can you fly?" "Yes my lord." "Well then you may: there is no law against flying."

FASHIONABLE PREACHING.—As he was ascending the pulpit steps one of the elders button-holed him to whisper an additional caution.

"The liquor dealer has just come into church, and he gives us a lift some times. I wish you would not be particular to allude to whiskey business or the temperance question."

The young minister, getting frightened to see the moral ground thus steadily narrowing before him enquired:

"Whom or what shall I preach against, then?"

The elder's reply came like an air of triumph.

"Preach against the Mormons; they haven't got a friend in town."

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
THE DYING OF THE YEAR.

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The old year is dying; we watch the pulses of its fast receding breath. The most joyous season of its whole life is one week before it fades never to return. Thoughts crowd upon us, we dwell upon the scenes which are impressed upon memory's tablet, and the thought arises how much of good have we accomplished? How many hours have sped away for which we cannot account? How much have we enjoyed which in memory is *yet* a joy? All that we pleurably retain upon the tablet is pure; all that comes with thoughts of unrest, of dissatisfaction, we may not denominate impure; but, were mistakes, perhaps.

But there are *beautiful* thoughts come; there are feasts of joy which individual hearts must selfishly enjoy; because, no one else could partake in the repast it would be unpalatable food. There are pictures which cannot be portrayed. It is the sweet solace, of our silent hours, when we enter into our hearts' chambers and search, to find our idols broken, replaced by living characters, many times. We find that the weary one, whom we have aided in anyway, has placed in our heart a flower of unfading beauty. They have unconsciously aided us.

Yes! the dying of the year calls to mind loveliest of all thoughts that our life is as a year, and we may enter into a new state beyond like unto this in one respect that is a living state. We shall not die, but, as one year succeeds another, our life shall gently ebb into another in the land of everlasting summer. As the angels of that clime draw near we will bid them welcome us to another life as willingly as we herald a new year, here, if the old one was well spent.

TALENT is a cistern, genius is a fountain. Talent deals with the actual, with discovered and realized truths, and in action always looking to precedents. Genius deals with the possible; it creates new combinations discovers new laws, and acts from a deep insight into principles..... Talent gives out what it has taken in, genius imparts that which has risen from its unsounded wells of human thought. Last and best of all genius is self sacrificing and humane. It is not exclusive; it calls no man common or unclean; it is no respecter of persons. In politics it is generally found on the side of the people and against all monopoly and aggression. Talent is exclusive, because conventional; genius absolves from the van of convention, and restores to common life its sacred right. Wherever it bears fruit, *humanity* is renewed and true equilization is advanced.—*Rev. J. E. Davenport.*

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

New Year's morn dawned bright and clear in the city of S—. The grand old sun beamed down upon palace and hovel, and the glittering icicles glistened like diamonds beneath his rays. Happy New year! rang out on the clear frosty air and the merry voices of the children of luxury made glad music as they hurried hither and thither in quest of pleasure. Sleighs sped over the glassy surface of snow, as birds skimming the air, and all went "merry as a marriage bell" in high life.

On the Sabbath preceding the minister arose from his velvet cushion, unclapsed the elegant Bible, read from the Holy word; the heads were bowed, and thanks for the blessings and mercies of the past year arose, and aid for and in every good work the ensuing year was invoked. The text chosen, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup; for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The danger of indulging in the use of wine or strong drink of any kind was clearly portrayed, and the danger of placing it upon New Year's tables was vividly pictured to the hearers.

As was said, the whole city seemed alive with gaiety; but, let us step aside into the by streets, let us enter the homes of the poor, see the wan, weary smile of a patient mother as she strives to keep up her spirits for the sake of husband and children when hope has almost departed, and the wolf now at the door, and none in the city to whom they can apply in their distress, and this scene is repeated in hundreds of homes. Scantily clothed and half fed children—God's children too—and those with coffers filled close their ears harden their hearts to the wails of agony

In a retired house on Pearl Ave. dwells the widow Ernest and her son Harry, a bright and noble youth of twenty.

"Happy New Year! Mother," was the first sound that greeted the widow's ear on that memorable morning.

"To-day, mother, is my first *real New Year's day*. Clint Obert and I have the finest sleighs in the city, and Oh! we will have such a jolly time."

"My son, I have misgivings in regard to your going. Could you not spend the day with your mother?"

"Oh mother I *must* go! Alice Kent receives to-day and it would not be complete if I did not call, for, have we not shared every pleasure

since my father died," and she said 'don't cry Harry, you shall share *my* appa.' "

"Then my son take your father as an example, and touch not the ruby wine."

"Trust me mother!"

"May the blessing of God be with you, my son."

"Here is Clint, mother, and I must go." He kissed his hand to her as he departed, and the mother's heart arose in prayer, for her son, that he might be able to resist temptation.

All had been bustle and excitement at the Kent mansion. The table almost groaned beneath its weight of choice viands; silver decanters and goblets were placed in tempting array upon a silver salver. All was in readiness, and Alice claps her hands, in almost childish glee, as she gazes upon the rich beauty of the rooms; the choicest of hot house plants, boquets of rare exoticts rested in the bright evergreens which festooned the rooms, or in handsome vases; the highest conception of fairy land could not be more beautiful. But alas! her eyes rest upon the decanters; her childish mood has changed, and the thoughtful womanly expression takes its place.

At length, she says, "Mama, Harry does not drink wine; I wish I could have coffee instead."

"*My daughter!*" came from the lips of the cold, stern woman of fashion, "Is it possible, that you, the acknowledged belle of our circle, could make such an absurd proposition?"

"Well mama, our text iast Sabbath was, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup; for, at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

"My daughter, you do not think that the class of gentlemen, who visit you, are drunkards do you?"

"No mama, I do not think so; but, Harry is so strange."

"Well, my daughter, do prevail upon him to lay aside his foolish scruples, for once, and to acquiesce for the sake of the day—*your first reception.*"

The dialogue was interrupted by the ring of the door bell and two young gentlemen were ushered.

"O Harry," says Alice, "I am glad you are the first to see my table; does it not look pretty? Mr. Obert, your friend, also I am pleased to meet."

Immediately, others were announced, and after passing the compli-

ments of the day, they proceeded to the table.

Alice, says in a low tone, "Harry will you not for this once lay aside your prejudices and conform to the customs of polite society. As he hesitated, she said pleadingly, "*My first reception.*" Still, no answer. The struggle in his mind brought warm blood to his cheek. The wine was poured, and with a beaming smile she placed a goblet in his hand. The goblets were soon drained by all excepting Harry. *Still* his mothers parting words rang in his ear. He was rallied for his puritanic notions, and again, Alice cast upon him a pleading look. He could resist the temptation no longer for he had not asked God's blessing upon the day.

With trembling hand the fatal cup was carried to his lips, and three "cheers for Ernest," echoed around the table, and Alice had triumphed; but, immediately a saddened feeling stole into her heart, for which she could not account. Her pleasure was instantly chilled.

Harry was hastened on, from place to place, by his friend, each time it was easier to yield to the tempter, and amid the excitement and gaiety his mother's words were lost. Being unused to the beverage he soon began to experience a dizziness, of the brain, and the clear tone which spoke to his mother at parting, was changed to a husky whisper. In disgrace his friend carried him to his own room, for he dared not meet that mother.

When Alice was alone in her own room, she fell in to a sad reverie, "ascoming events cast their shadows before." She could scarcely divine the oppressive feelings which filled her breast: but, suddenly ejaculated, "I am so sorry that I insisted to-day; and caused Harry to renounce his prejudices, and take the wine; he looked so changed, and I did not enjoy the day as I expected, but, *surely*, that small glass of wine could do him no harm, and it is my first reception, and mama would have been so disappointed."

In her troubled dreams, that night, she beheld Harry a reeling drunkard, awakening with a scream, she shuddered and said, "Oh! *wine* surely could not make a drunkard."

CORA CORAL.

HE who goes through a land and scatters roses may be tracked next day by their withered petals that strew the ground; but he who goes through it and scatters rose seeds, a hundred years after leaves behind him a land of fragrance and beauty for his monument, and as a heritage for his sons and daughters,—*Theodore Parker*.

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

As must every flood abate—be it of sorrow and afflictions, a simple wave of misfortune to individuals, or a mighty torrent which submerges the whole universe in mourning, for a time, such as wars, famine or pestilence—so did the flood of ancient record. Noah and his family left the ark and offered burnt offerings—sacrifices unto the most High; here again is brought forth the power—Gratitude. As Abel brought offerings for the blessings of a beautiful world and abundant harvest, gratefully submitting homage to Jehovah, so, Noah, and his family, praised the mighty Ruler of all, for deliverance from the terrible deluge which had lain low the wicked and rebellious.

There is a deeper beauty in the type than in the consideration of the fact as a literal truth that the Allwise Being is swayed by men, that the Lord said, because, he “smelled a sweet savor” that He would no more curse the ground and that “While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.”

But, the laws of God are so perfect and so accurate that man soon learns when to expect seedtime and harvest, day and night. Man may fail in the performance of his duties but the great All-controlling power never does. Centuries roll around, and these laws are still at work; there may be upheavals in various places, both physically and spiritually, yet the “seasons come and go.” This year is as last, excepting there have been deluges in some sections, with some individuals, or, they may have been general. The deluge may affect individuals, and, still, the world moves. It may affect the whole world as in war or famine, and, still, the earth revolves upon its axis causing day and night, or performs its yearly revolution around the sun causing the changes of the seasons. Men die and are forgotten, excepting in the hearts of the few, and, yet, the world moves. Cities take the place of the wild prairie and the shaded wood, and in the place of the woodman’s axe is heard the sound of anvil and ponderous machinery; the shriek of the engine, bearing its precious freight of humanity at lightening rapidity over the iron rail is heard instead of the hideous howl of the wolf and the shrill scream of the panther or the tramp of the buffalo, and, yet, no changes in these laws which are beyond man’s control, in comparison with these. Man may utilize the powers yet cannot control them; he may dam the waters of a

stream, so that it will turn a mili, but, if the heavens fail to send forth the refreshing showers to replenish the stream when its waters are exhausted by the sun's powerful rays, he cannot control it. He may fell a forest of trees and replant it with others, but, must await the development of nature's law before he may see another forest. It must add unto its strength and beauty daily; it cannot grow up in a night, or, like Jonah's gourd, would wither under the sun's piercing rays. The seed which is sown at spring time must pass through the various stages of development, from the earth and air must draw sustenance, bursts the bonds of its prison house and we have, "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear," and then the genial sun's ray must ripen the grain before it can be harvested.

There may be storms and this will affect our harvest; this also is uncontrollable; the Great Power, which sends the storms, sends us also the bright and glorious sun to clear them away, sends the gentle showers which are necessary to the growth of our harvest, sends all beautiful objects to gladden our sight.

Thus we see in the spiritual soil of our natures the same Great Power which showers blessings upon us also permits the deluge of sorrow or affliction and we cannot murmur, for His love is greater than His wrath.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS."

"Merry Christmas" is echoed again and again on this day which is ever held in remembrance of the birth of the purest character that ever dwelt upon earth. How many hearts are made glad by the numerous remembrances from dear friends, and how happy and joyous are the children who are blessed by the visit of Santa Claus. He is very generous with many, but how many children are there at this merry time, who have not even necessities of life. To *them* life is reality, and Santa Claus is no myth.

Such cases come under our observation. Little children come to our doors, in a city as wealthy as Quincy, at bedtime, begging for food having had no dinner—*orphan children*—and the city cannot provide for them, *because* they are not *citizenized*. They must dwell in the city a certain length of time which comprehends a space of time in which they starve to death if assistance does not come to them in some way—*then* they may obtain an existence—a *mere existence*—may be sustained. Is there not some method whereby these suffering ones may be looked

after? Where there are able bodied men if they will work, or cannot get it—as is many times the case—should there not be some way of testing their desire for labor, there is not employment enough for the masses. Talk of sending to Europe for laborers, when our *own people* are starving at our very doors, when hungry children come to you with pitiful stories, *no food* in twenty-four hours, and when we find it is true we say *cannot* something be done? There are master minds who may form plans, we only suggest the idea, could not those who have the power do something for our own city? Could there but arise from this city the universal chorus “Merry Christmas”

Could every home of suffering and want be visited by Santa Claus! Oh! remember that your everlasting abode is not here, that you will not carry with you to the portals of everlasting day anything but lifes deeds, you cannot take houses or lands, bonds or deeds, shining coin or valuable jewels—naught but the jewels of unfading beauty. Deeds and not words will alleviate woe, kind and gentle words have their mission, but will not feed a hungry child, as will also bread accompanied by harsh and bitter words almost choke recipient. Words and deeds make up the grand problem of life, and make the future crown.

If you have never opened your heart to the cry of the unfortunate, the suffering, the weary little pilgrim who are children of want, on this Christmas, visit those families, who inhabit your city, who know not what it is to have a comfortable home, and see if you do not experience a joy which has not been your portion for many days. We may ask God to remember the poor and needy, to care for the sick and afflicted, but at the same time we should remember that God works through his agents; he does not rain bread down from heaven.

CORA CORAL.

GARNERED SHEAVES OF THOUGHT GLEANED FROM THE HARVESTS OF YEARS.

BY WARREN BOYNTON.

MY ASPIRATIONS.

I would have a monument, not of stone, or bronze, or iron, but of human affections. I would be remembered, not as one who dazzled humanity with light extreme, or wisdom most profound, but one whose utterances are loved and cherished by masses forever; that shall warm and comfort human hearts; that shall ever ripple over the sea of human

turbulency, and quell its strongest waves of inconstancy to rest upon the sunny, quiet shore of peace. I would strike a chord of music, whose strain shall ever vibrate in desolate human hearts, harmonizing, inspiring the warmest, sweetest sentiments of love.

ANCIENT SPIRITS "HOMEWARD BOUND."

"Who knows whether the final term of progress in the million of ages will not bring back the absolute consciousness of the universe? And in that consciousness the awakening of all who lived at?"—*e-nou*. The ancients are flowing back to Mother Earth. The spirit world, like the great physical oceans of our planet, have their ebb and flow. A great cycle of eternity's time, has about elapsed,

Our earth and spirit world are in conjunction; their orbits have crossed; they will blend for a time, and jostle each other. Spirits of the past and present will commingle for mutual benefit. Every creature, the proudest of this planet, needs to return sometimes to its mother earth. No matter how far the child may stray from its paternal roof, it must sometime desire to return either as a prodigal to the parent heart, or as a helper to others who are groaning for a deliverance from the thraldoms of sense.

JESUS OF NAZARETH

was in every sense a man, and not a myth, but a real living human being, with all human possibilities and frailties. He was like ourselves, one of the humanities, subject to the same laws and circumstance of being that we are subject to. As a person, his influence exists and will exist forever. As a spirit, his power will be like a mighty, flowing stream, increasing in volume down through the remotest æons of eternity. As a spirit he can and does manifest himself to minds prepared for his reception, as a luminous and powerful loving influence. He has never been lost to the world. Some ardent loving souls, in all past time, as well as in the present, have felt, and do feel his benign presence. A name has been worshipped by many; a person has received divine homage, forgetting that a name or a person is not, nor can he ever be the Christ.

It is the spirit—the "from everlasting to everlasting;" the Christ spirit which has ever existed—the "annointed" that is worthy of homage. The Christ spirit has been felt through all the cycles of time past, and will permeate the spiritual atmosphere for all time to come. It is as the principle of God-power that

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

All true and developed souls recognize, love and revere the Christ spirit, wherever, or by whomsoever possessed. For "they have Christ in them;" it is but a whole of which they are part; they have their own indwelling lives; they, like Jesus, "feel the spirit of adoption." To such he is precious. Living in a spiritual atmosphere they feel their immortality. They need no argument to convince them, for it vibrates in every part of their spiritual being. The very air is resonant with the anthems of the immortal realm, and redolent with aromas from the verdant fields and gardens of immortality.

A POET.

The maker of all visible and invisible things, God is the Great Poet Author of the Universe. His work is all sublime, and rings lyr cly in metre, harmony and rythm in the profound verse.

TARES AND WHEAT.

Persons imbued with the spirit of reform may take to their bosoms the fondest and strongest hope and confidence; any assurance that their labors to benefit their race, will not be in vain, or their attempt to ameliorate the condition of mankind, be futile; or to erect a more equitable temple for humanity's worship, be lost; for the divinest medium and prophet has said—"Every plant that my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up." "Let both grow together untill the harvest," then the angels will come and separate the wheat from the tares and store the good for legitimate uses.

Deep are the groans, violent the death-throes of all institutions of error now in their dotage, which fail to impress the spirit as God-like in their structure. A great revolution is breaking forth; a great convulsion will soon sieze the idolatrous systems of the past and present, and truth, like a mighty avalanche, will make an utter destruction of false theories and faiths, and in their stead will be erected a structure of ineffable beauty, whose foundation shall be truth, whose dome shall touch the portals of the spirit land, forming a connecting link between the earth and heaven.

THE brightest crowns that are worn in heaven have been tried, and smelted, and polished, and gloried through the furnace of tribulation.—
Chapin.

THE BOSTRUM.

WILL THE WORLD COME TO AN END IN 1881? IF NOT WHAT WILL COME.

(CONCLUDED.)

But this does not affect Spiritualism at all, any more than it would affect the integrity of the honest physician in his position as a medical practitioner, if some person who understands nothing of medicine were to endeavor to practice, and, without being qualified in any sense either by nature or by learning, were to deceive some one instead of curing his disease. The *debris* which has been a disagreeable habilitment of modern Spiritualism has no real connection with the movement at all, and is no more a part of it than the particles which attach themselves to the rock are a part of the rock itself. Spiritualism is based upon a sure and certain foundation, and is destined to triumph in spite of all obstacles. It is the harmonizer between science and religion, linking together the materialistic thought of the present age, which deals in outward things, and the spiritual aspiration of the human soul, that will not be satisfied with a contemplation of inert matter devoid of intelligence and feeling, nor believe that the soul is nothing more or less than a compound of gases, purely the outgrowth of material things. You cannot take away man's belief in God and immortality; this belief is a part of man's nature, and you might as well try to make a man live after you have cut off his head, as to try to make the human race live and take away from them their spiritual aspirations and religious natures. It is a part of man's nature—this religious element; something must come to satisfy it, and the religion of the future, which is now fast making its appearance, will not contradict one statement made in honesty and truth, as the result of scientific investigation, but it will rather carry you beyond science, carry you beyond the form and introduce you into the presence of the ever-living spirit that abides in all nature, and that animates all forms, which is the cause of appearances and existences upon this or any other world.

Some persons say: "I do not believe that the perihelion of the planets affects the condition of the earth at all; I do not believe that any of your predictions with reference to 1881 are anything more than the outgrowth of superstition and folly. You talk about all these changes, but I do not

believe that any of them will come to pass."

Now, those persons who talk in this way ought to be able to answer the following questions: You are obliged to admit that there is great strife and confusion everywhere, religiously, socially and politically, at the present time. What is the cause of it? If the cause is not the cause we assign, give your reason; and until you give your reason—more reasonable than ours, we shall hold to our opinion and reiterate our statement.

Why is it that the weather has been so remarkably changeable during the past year or two, and that you can hardly know winter from summer; that you no longer have the regular cold winters and hot summers that you had before, but sometimes in the winter season you have days that might well be placed in May? Why is it that, during the past thirty-two years, there has been an unprecedented advance in knowledge of the sciences and the arts, and that civilization has made rapid strides that it has not made during any previous portion of the Christian era, if is not an account of the approaching changes, and the advent of a new dispensation and the ministration of the spirit world? What is the cause of it? Until scientists, materialists and scoffers of spiritual inspiration, are capable of giving us a reason and assigning a cause for that which we behold around us, we shall state that they are merely talking about that of which they know nothing, and denying Spiritualism in the name of science, as the outgrowth of a pseudo-science and nothing higher.

Certain persons, who call themselves scientific, may claim a great deal of knowledge concerning matters which science does not teach, and these persons are not competent to give any opinion at all upon spiritual things. You may study theology, you may be a very good theologian, you may know everything concerning the discussions in the Christian Church with reference to the nature of God, the doctrine of the Trinity, the nature of Jesus Christ, and all the other doctrines which are connected with Christianity; but because you are an authority to matters geological, and because you have studied chemistry, you are not necessarily versed in the science of astronomy; you may be a good mathematician, and yet, at the same time, you may have no knowledge of music. In the very same way, you may know a great deal of certain material sciences, and be as ignorant as a child unborn with reference to spiritual matters, or the underlying cause in the realm of spirit which produces the material results here.

Now, why do the planets effect the earth? Merely because all the plan-

ets are part of the solar system. Blot one planet out, and the whole system would be in confusion. Interfere with the revolution of one orb, and all the other orbs would be affected. Just as all the different parts of your body are united together by subtle cords of sympathy, so that you cannot injure one without injuring all, so are all the planets in the solar system united together by the laws of attraction and sympathy, and whatever affects one, affects all of the others, however remote they may be from the one that is directly affected.

Now these four largest planets in the solar system, which have been discovered by the scientific world, will be together nearest to the solar orb about the middle of next year, and until about the middle of next year you may expect that all disturbances will increase, that all agitation in every direction will become more and more prevalent, that the weather will become more and more unsettled, and that the signs that betoken the end of the present dispensation will cluster more and more thickly around your pathway, arousing your attention and compelling you to know that some great deliverer is at hand.

The Irvingites, forming themselves into a Catholic Apostolic Church, every day in their service are looking forward to a near approach of the Messiah; they are expecting the return of Jesus.

The Millerites, some few years ago, were so confident that the Messiah was to appear in personal form very quietly that they prepared their resurrection robes and neglected the cultivation of the ground; and all over the world we find that the cry is going up: "O, Lord, why dost Thou tarry so long? Wilt Thou not come and bless Thy waiting people? Take us home."

You are told that the elect will be gathered from the four winds of heaven when the present dispensation draws to a close; but remember that the prophecies which relate to the close of dispensations have been misinterpreted when persons imagine that they relate to the end of the world. Two women may be grinding at the mill, and the one may be taken and the other left.

Now, what is the meaning of all these passages? Merely that there may be persons upon the earth who have become imbued with the knowledge that the spirit world is now bringing to earth, and that those who are linked together in spiritual bonds and have formed hallowed alliances with higher spiritual atmosphere and will meet the Lord in the air. What does this meeting the Lord in the air mean? It means a moral and spiritual elevation; it means rising out of the condition in which you grovel

amid things of time and sense; it means emancipation from bondage to the senses; it means spiritual growth; it means a resurrection of the inner man; it means a control of the senses by the soul.

Thus, when we interpret the prophesies spiritually, we discover that those who will be gathered together in the New Kingdom, those who are to form the mystical number, the 144,000 who will be redeemed at the close of the earth, will be redeemed from selfishness, error and sin, and that their introduction into the higher spiritual kingdom does not mean that they all will be taken out of their physical bodies and be removed to some distant star, but it means that they will receive higher knowledge, added light, interior illumination, that they will be the recipients of divine influx from celestial spheres, and that spiritually they will be harmonized into one blessed brotherhood, who will be able to discover the secrets of nature and to understand the message that the spirit world is delivering to earth.

Now, what are we looking forward to? We are looking forward to an approaching alliance of the earth with higher spiritual powers than have ever held direct sway over it before. Jesus promised the comforter would, and he said that the comforter would do more than he had done, that the comforter, when he came, would lead men's minds into the recognition of truth of which they had only caught glimpses during his earthly career. He spoke of the words that he had whispered in the ear being proclaimed from the housetops, and the prophets all speak of the time coming when the young men and maidens will prophesy and be endowed with the multitudinous gifts of the spirit, when the old men will dream dreams and see visions, and when the knowledge of the Lord will cover the earth as the waters cover the ocean bed.

We are now upon the verge of this new dispensation; and remember that you are now having the opportunity either to embrace or reject the new light that is shining upon the world. Already we behold the dawn of a new spiritual star in the firmament above us. Already we behold that there are tokens of a spiritual deliverance, and the spiritual deliverance will be the result of the direct action of high and holy spirits upon the earth, influencing mediums and inspiring mankind generally.

Who are the angels of the new Messiah? They are those pure and faithful souls who have vanquished temptation and risen above selfishness; they are those mighty ones who have struggled upon the earth in bygone days, and who have now reached to the spiritual eminence that they can control the matter that once controlled them. These mighty angels are

returning, these glorious spirits are drawing nearer and nearer to your earth, and your earth, being more receptive to spirit influence, will be so saturated with spiritual light and so filled with spiritual knowledge that, as the older order of things passes away and the new order of things takes its place, we shall be upon the verge of a new government, a new social order, and a new religious system.

What is the new religion to be? The new religion will be one which will comprise all the salient parts and virtues of all the existing religions; the archaic and the ethnic religions will all contribute their elements, mingling with Christianity.

In social life, we shall have a condition of order, peace and harmony, in which developed men and women will seek the interests of others rather than the interests of themselves, and in which the communion that has been prophetically revealed by Robert Owen and Robert Dale Owen will be established upon the earth as an attainable condition of human life.

What sort of government shall we have? The monarchs, the emperors, the sultans, czars will be obliged to quit their thrones, and the people will elect by common consent the best representative to fill the highest positions in religion, in science, in government and in everything.

The year 1881, next year, is, according to the spiritual computation, the commencement of the new spiritual era. The present spiritual manifestations are the principal preaching; they are the Elias ministry preparing the way for the new epoch.

Undoubtedly, Spiritualism is now being brought up for trial; it will be condemned by many of the leading minds, as men look upon leading minds, and, for a brief interval, it may appear to be under a cloud.

Doubtless about the middle of next year, many persons will say that they have killed Spiritualism, while it will grow stronger and more vigorous during this year up to about the middle of next. About the middle of next year, it will be under a dark cloud. Then, after a very, very short space, it will burst forth, and there will be a resurrection. Then will those who have been previously reviled be looked upon as the world's true teachers; then will the principles inculcated by the spirit world find recognition at the hands of intelligent men everywhere. We are now preparing the way for the inauguration of the new epoch. You may expect a great increase in spiritual things during next year. Then there may be a temporary eclipse; but following that, there will be a glorious revival, and the Spiritual movement will be upon a footing so strong that no power on earth or in heaven can shake it.

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NO. 13.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

There are a great number of books and newspapers giving elaborate descriptions of the appearance of angels and spirits of men women and children in all parts of the earth that correspond with similar phenomena in the Old and New Testaments. Materialists and all others who do not believe anything recorded in the Bible might be induced to think better of it after an unbiased reading of what is called miracles, and investigating with an honest desire the subject—the appearing of angels or spirits of men now in this noonday of the world.

There are thousands of intelligent people who declare they have met their friends, wives and children; others have seen visions, heard voices; others have been healed of painful diseases.

In the tenth chapter of Acts is recorded several important facts. There was a man in Cesarea called Cornelius, a centurion, a devout man, one who gave much alms to the people and prayed to God always. He saw, in a vision, about the ninth hour of the day, an angel coming in to him and saying “Cornelius,” when he saw the angel, he was afraid and said, “What is it Lord?” “Thy prayers and alms have come up before God as a memorial; now send men to Joppa and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter,” and he obeyed, prepared his servants and sent them to Joppa. As they drew near to the city Peter went upon the house-top to pray, and he became very hungry, and would have eaten, but while they made ready he fell into a trance and saw heaven opened and a certain vessel descending to him. It appeared like a great sheet, knit at the four corners, and let down to earth, wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, wild beasts, creeping things, and fowls of the

air. A voice came to him saying, "Rise Peter kill, and eat." Peter said, "Not so Lord for I have never eaten anything common or unclean." The voice spake again saying, "What God hath cleaned, call not thou common." While Peter thought on the vision, doubting the meaning, the spirit said unto him, "Behold! three men seek thee." Peter went down and met the men introduced himself and inquired for what cause they came. They said, "Cornelius, the Centurion, a just man, had been warned by an angel to send for thee into his house and to hear words of thee." Peter went with them and on the morrow after they entered Cesarea Cornelius waited for them and as Peter was coming in he fell down at his feet and worshiped him, but Peter took him up, saying, "Stand up, I myself, also, am a man." As he talked with him he went in, and found many that were come together, and he said unto them, "Ye know it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company with another nation, but God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean. Therefore, I came as soon as sent for and for what intent have you sent for me?" Cornelius related the story of the vision and Peter said of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons. He taught them of the resurrection; how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power; who went about doing good, healing those who were oppressed with the devil, or evil, for God was with him, and we are witnesses of all things which he did both "in the land of the Jews and in Jerusalem; whom they slew and hanged on a tree; him God raised up the third day, and showed him openly, not to all the people, but unto witnesses, even to us who did eat and drink with him after he arose from the dead."

These wonderful signs are being proved daily in many places, without doubt to those who are free from prejudice. MRS. M. MERRICK.

"THERE is not a boy or a girl, all Christendom through, but their lot is made better by this great book."—*Theodore Parker.*

"I KNOW the Bible is inspired, because it finds me at greater depths of my being than any other book."—*Coleridge.*

"To give a man full knowledge of true morality, I should need to send him to no other book than the New Testament."—*John Locke.*

RECORDS of crime furnish the sin news of many papers.

WINTER'S JOYS AND SORROWS.

Now, has come the hoary winter
With his white and spotless crest,
And the days by some so welcome,
Filled with peaceful quiet rest.

Thanksgiving passed with pure white robes,
And its bright and sunny clouds
And now again a pure white snow
Our peaceful city enshrouds.

But as we rendered thanks to Him
For all blessings here below,
Then, did we, on earth's sadd'nd ones,
A thought or loving word bestow?

The pure white snow which schoolboys hail
With shouts and gleeful joy
Can bring to their hearts no happiness,
Nor can their grief destroy.

And, as you glide upon the snow
With dashing steeds and bells so gay,
Remember those who cannot see
How they will be fed day by day.

Then cast a thought upon these lives,
And cheer the fainting weary heart,
And send a helping hand to each,
And thereby joy to them impart.

Your heart will only lighter grow,
By lifting cares of a weary one;
Then by so doing think ye not
Your duty now to man is done.

For God has given you the power
To e'er aid thy weaker brother;
Then, linger not from day to day
Or leave the care to another.

Although you might not give as some
Who wealthier than you may be,
You can visit a home of distress,
And cheer the heart of hopeless misery.

As Christmas bells now are chiming
And filling many hearts with glee,
Let us pause, and think a moment,
And bid all selfish motives flee.

And think of those who never know
The visits of sunshine and joy,
And send a part of your small store
To some poor starving girl or boy.

HETTA HAREBELL.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

The widow Ernest kept a lonely vigil that New Year's night, and Harry did not return. Many were the earnest prayers which ascended to heaven from that mother's heart, for, she felt that God alone could shield her son.

Early in the morning Harry awoke from his unnatural slumber, and with shame meditated upon his conduct. How could he go to that mother who had pronounced God's blessing upon him, when he left, and whom he had asked to trust him? But, the good which was in him triumphed; he arose and started immediately to his mother. Yes he would go, confess his error, and ask her prayers and counsel, that he might in future avoid the same mistake. Noiselessly, entering the house, he found his mother sitting in the rocking chair where she had fallen into a light slumber after the nightly vigils. Gently slipping his arm around her, placing his hand upon her shoulder and falling upon his knees, he said softly, "Mother!" With a start she awoke, saying, "My son! Thank God that you have returned! I trusted you to His care. Why did you not come to your mother yesterday evening, and tell her all about your day? Mother waited all night."

With tears in his eyes he confessed *all*: how Alice felt so badly that he should be so unlike the rest, how he could not resist the temptation the next time, and lastly that he did not remember how the day concluded. She did not chide him for he was truly penitent, and felt keenly his disgrace. Long and earnestly she talked to him, showing him the danger in yielding to the first temptation. Kneeling at the same throne, the mother implored the blessing of the most High upon Harry's new resolves and he felt sure that this would be his last transgression of the kind, but, alas, for human resolves; how frail, even, when the higher powers are acknowledged. What is it that overcomes the noblest resolves and the deepest motives for the right, many times? The great evil power which has its reign, as well as the good. May Harry's resolves become a power for good. May these earnest and heartfelt desires of the mother not become a source of deep and abiding benefit to the son. Is there a beautiful thought, an earnest desire for purity, for goodness, for elevation lost? Does not every upward aspiration echo throughout the great eternity, wave upon wave, as do sounds upon the

air, as the sweet musical chords of a harp of a thousand strings. Oh! hallowed and holy are the moments when one feels that there is something beyond the earthly portals which is more abiding, and when we may view the majesty of the Greater Power through a weak, erring humanity, as well as through a perfect natural world.

Whilst the reception progressed at the Kent mansion, another scene of a far different nature transpired in the stately ladies' private sitting room. After the early festivities were finished, and Alice had become accustomed to the routine—gaining self reliance through her mother's encouragement, Mrs. Kent had retired to the room and donning an easy costume had settled herself comfortably with a novel, of the day, in her hand. A seamstress was ushered by one of the servants with sewing which should have been returned the evening before. A plausible excuse to a benevolent heart was offered; but, the cold stony countenance of Mrs. Kent never relaxed as she told the pitiful story of a sick child, that she was compelled to sit up during the previous night to complete it, and sincerely hoped she would be in time that morning.

"Well, I cannot possibly pay you this morning, please call this evening."

Ellen Harman's heart sank within her; she did not say to this woman of luxury, that her cupboard was empty; but, had she not said enough! She had never been reared to this life and knew not how to combat with such natures; she could gain access to hearts by her sorrow; but, not to adamant; she knew not how to meet cold and frigid rebuff, and quietly passed from the room.

That mother returned to her sick and almost famishing child. A Happy New Year *indeed!* to that family which consisted of the young mother—who had become a widow before her child was one year of age, finding herself penniless, cast upon the world—and the sick child a noble looking boy of now five summers. The hard earned money refused for what? A momentary pleasure, and who may tell the unutterable woe such a deed may bring forth.

Oh, woman! a tithe from your loaded table, would be an unheard of luxury in that home. The smile which would light the pale face of that little child had he, but what you with careless hand may cast to the dogs. Oh ye whom the Lord has made his treasurers! what must be your power for good, or evil? With careful hand, and prayerful heart should the gifts be used.

Whilst the gaieties prevailed upon the fashionable streets in S—let us

return to the widow Ernest whom we did not follow through the day. Shortly after Harry's departure her sleigh, also, drove to the door. Her faithful old negro, Ben, was ready to the moment when she had requested him previously to do so. Baskets and bundles were piled into the sleigh by Ben, at the bidding of his mistress, and let us follow them in their New Year rounds. Ben well knew which drive to take; it was not the one which Harry had taken; but, leaving the heart of the city they emerged into the suburbs—not the fashionable suburbs where were retired mansions with great lawns, and beautifully laid out grounds, but, the South side as it was called where rickety, tumbling, tottering houses were placed in divers positions; where there seemed no regularity about the streets, one was straight perhaps and another diagonal, another seemed inclined to curve, and some places there appeared to be but a narrow alley; these houses some of them were built originally where they stood, and others had been removed from the fashionable part of the city, as they had been replaced by stately mansions, or new business houses. What a wretched looking place! and yet, this was the home of hundreds of families—all the home some had ever known, or ever expected to have; with others it was a home to which they had been driven by the gaunt wolf misfortune. Yes! the inmates of some of these wretched abodes, had dwelt in as stately mansions as graced S—, but, the contemplation of the past only brought their abject misery and wretchedness more vividly to view on this festive day; those who had never known better days, although, as keenly alive to physical suffering, could not realize their position by contrast.

We will not attempt to follow the widow Ernest, but, sufficient is said when we say that she left in each house a gleam of joy which would not soon be dispelled. Some token—some useful article was left with each member of the families she visited, and the remembrance of a cheerful smiling countenance and kind and encouraging words. What greater joy could this noble woman experience? None other, than the welfare of her son whom she thought of as each gift was placed in childish hands.

There was one abode she visited that day with whom we have made the acquaintance, that was Ellen Harman's, the seamstress. The little face of Willie Harman lighted with joy at the sight of the dear, familiar face which he had learned to love so well. Yes! the very things his mother had promised him should she obtain her money, were brought—oranges and lemons, these would cool his fevered thirst. In addition to

this she brought a few candies and sweet meats, and a basket of more substantial articles to the mother. The mother burst forth into tears, and told the tale of her disappointment that morning; it was the first time she had ever spoken freely to Mrs. Kent, although, she had known her from childhood—known her in better days, seen her wedded to Charles Harman, followed his remains to its last resting place, visited her and tried to assist her in a quiet way, but, Ellen was proud and would not accept the offer of a home in her house, feeling that she was yet young and able to battle with the world.

As we have said, at her husband's death she had been left penniless—it was found that Charles Harman, by an unlucky investment had lost *all*—the beautiful mansion was theirs no more, and this explained to the wife the wild ravings—that they were lost and ruined—in that short, but severe illness preceding his death.

Mrs. Kent to-day had a new proposition to make to her friend; familiarly addressing her as she had done since childhood, she says, "Nellie, I find that after being accustomed to have Harry at home with me, I shall be very lonely when he leaves, as you know that he goes next year to enter college, and I must have you and Willie with me for company, and you must come very soon that I may be accustomed to your being with me, and I shall not realize the change so much." It had never occurred to Ellen Harman in this light before—that she might also be of use to her friend who had been true to her through adversity. Little Willie who says, "Pease mama go home with Auntie Kent."

She could not answer for a moment and Mrs. Kent says, "Yes Willie you shall and mama can say no more. If she desires to assist her old friend she will." The generous lady left them to enjoy their dinner and said at parting, "Nellie I shall be here the last of the week and expect you to be prepared to go home with me."

SPIRITUAL LIFE.—If you will go to the banks of a little stream, and watch the flies that come to bathe in it, you will notice that while they plunge their bodies in the water they keep their wings high out of the water; and after swimming about a little while they fly away with their wings unwet through the sunny air. Now that is a lesson for us. Here we are immersed in the cares and business of the world; but let us keep the wings of our soul, our faith, and our love out of the world, that, with these unclogged, we may be ready to take our flight to heaven.—*Rev. James Ingles.*

The New York *Tribune* devotes a large space in a recent number to a description of a new home for the helpless children which it rescues from the hands of cruel parents and guardians. The home is located on Fourth avenue and twenty-third street. It is pleasantly situated, and is well adapted for the purpose for which it is used. The first floor contains the offices of the society; the Superintendent, with his family, occupies the second floor, and the third and fourth floors are fitted up for the temporary home of children rescued and brought under the care of the society.

The visitor first enters the front office, where complaints are heard and the ordinary business of the society is transacted. Upon one of the walls of this room is hung a curious collection of articles captured by officers of the society in the discharge of their duties, and used in evidence. Among them are various implements of torture, whips and straps with which children have been beaten, pla-cards taken from beggars, musical instruments and miscellaneous articles, each having connected with it a sad story, telling either of that most contemptible and cowardly of crimes—brutality to a helpless child, or of the guilty coinage of money out of the tears, the pain, the agony of wretched little beings. The reporter read some of the cards accompanying the curiosities. A heavy leather strap “was used by John Fogarty in beating his daughter Nellie, aged four years, over the shoulders and head, terribly lacerating and disfiguring her face.” The card adds the comforting information that Fogarty was obliged to dwell six months in the penitentiary in consequence, and that the child rescued by the society was afterwards adopted into a pleasant home. A rawhide hanging near the strap “was used by one Mary Lacey on her boy Patrick, six years old, who refused to go out on a begging tour in the drifting snow-storm of December 23, 1878, after having been out already on three such errands the same afternoon, and being almost frozen. His head and face were frightfully cut and bruised.” The boy was cared for by the society, the mother by the penitentiary.

“Here is an example of the refinement of cruelty,” said Superintendent Jenkins, handing the reporter a bunch of leather thongs, tied together in the cat-o-nine-tails fashion, with hard knots tied along them at intervals. This fiendish instrument was used by Helena Wolf upon the naked body of her niece, Anna Schmidt, ten years of age.” The

penitentiary received the woman, and the little girl, after being treated at a hospital, was cared for by the society, and finally adopted by a family in good circumstances.

Among other important results of the society's work, the system has been broken up in New York by the conviction and imprisonment in the Albany penitentiary of one of the padrones, and the poor Italian children are no longer subject to this cruel system of servitude.

"How is the society supported?"

"By contributions and by the members. Each member, except the life members, pays into the treasury \$5 a year. Life members pay in \$50 at first. Many, however, pay the regular membership fees, but subscribe from \$10 to \$100 annually beside. The society has now over 2,000 members of both classes, of whom the greater proportion are ladies. Since our organization we have cared for nearly 2,500 children.

A GREATLY increased exodus of colored people from Alabama and Louisiana is anticipated this winter, and the question is where can the poor refugees go?—*Providence Journal*.

Where shall they go? To Liberia, to be sure, where, *willi nilli*, they will in the order of Providence be compelled to go at last, and help establish and civilize a great African republic, extending in the line of the equatorial region across the continent from ocean to ocean. For this purpose it was that Las Casas, who built "wiser than he knew," imported the first negro slave from Guinea into the West Indies. To facilitate this beneficent end, the people of the South, who, with all their faults, are overflowing with generous instincts, should unite heart and soul with their Northern brethren and prepare a way for their exodus across the ocean free of expense to the colored emigrants. The cost of transportation will not be the tithe of a tithe of the wealth the unrequited labor of the colored race has caused to flow into all sections of the Union, and most of all into the Northern States. So let us help the negro to go to his Fatherland—and let the cotton fields of the South be tilled by the non-voting Asiatics, who will there find a field for their cheap labor without encroaching on the domain of the voting laborers of the North and West.

THOS. R. HAZARD.

"I MUST confess the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with astonishment," *Rosseau*.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.***A HISTORY OF LIFE**

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

Yes! the beneficence of the Almighty is greater than His destruction. Gaze upon the mighty natural world, see the diversity.

Here a broad rolling prairie, there a trackless forest with meandering streams, some fed from great springs having their source in underground channels, and see these streams united together, coming from various points and forming another stream called a river, upon which may be transported the human family, or various commodities; this is for man's provision. See the timber which composes this forest utilized by man, in various ways, from the fuel which warms his dwelling and cooks his food, to the furnishing of that abode and the dwelling itself.

See the vast mountains, the mighty rocks piled high one above another—these too have their value not only do they add to the beauty of natural scenery but are useful. The mountains upon which rest perpetual snow disperse cool and salubrious breezes to modify the sun's heat, send rivulets down their sides to perpetuate the continuous flow of waters, purify the atmosphere, and protect the country in various places, also, from the piercing winds of winter.

The great rocks piled high one above another or imbedded beneath the earth's surface, are brought from their resting places and used for man's benefit; the precious ores are found in this same great store house, or washed from the streams; minerals of all kind are unearthed, and, greatest of all, vegetation is seen to peer from beneath this same surface, to expand in grace and beauty, daily, adorning the earth and purifying, producing the mighty oak, maple and various species to shade the door yard, the tiny flower to beautify, the rose and, also, the thistle, the various products of garden and field upon which all natural life is sustained; then can we not say, truly, His love is greater than his wrath?

There are few imperfections in the beneficence of an Allwise Providence; for every thistle there are tens of thousands of roses, for every serpent there are myriads of sweet songsters, for every lion there are herds of lambs, for every sorrow there are many joys, for every failure in perfection there are perfected most beautiful pictures, in the great drama of life, by invisible hands—a silent and steady tracing, as is seen by the invisible hand of Jack Frost.

We love to contemplate this grand panorama that is spread before us—life in its two fold sense physical and spiritual. Is there not a compar-

ison to the spiritual in every form or development of nature? From the earliest ages man has been wont to draw these comparisons, although, like the developments in the natural world, they were many times crude?

Could but humanity reach a state of perfection equivalent to that of nature, what a gloriously beautiful picture would be—life how perfect the characters of the drama! How well the parts of the play would follow each other! How noble and true would be humanity! Woe and suffering would be compelled to crawl upon the earth, as does the serpent; the deadly passions hate, malice, envy, slander and calumny would be under subjection, as are the beasts of the forest, and the peace of the gentle dove, the meakness of the lamb, and the fidelity of the faithful watch dog, would take the highest place in man's nature.

The ideal world and the actual are widely separated in reality; but, in the realm of thought are closely allied. Do we not live within another world spiritually, which we cannot bring to earth? Does not the inner nature ascend into starry realms and revel in the glories of heaven—not the mighty canopy with the grandeur of constellations, the bright-path of the milky way, but inner heavens—ideal heavens. We trace constellations of brilliant thoughts, we follow the path of the milky way—thoughts so indefinite, so minute, so blended into each other that we cannot separate them—this is our heaven of heavens; we cannot reveal their beauties to a world any better than can the astronomer, by words teach us the beauty of the natural heavens. Each individual forms his own constellations, traces the milky way of his own spiritual firmament; we have our own peculiar name for combinations, or, we have no name; no two are alike.

As the representation of the natural heavens is to the actual grandeur and sublimity, so is the expression of these thoughts in comparison with the contemplation of them. By gazing upon the most accurate portrayal of heavenly bodies if we cannot through imaginative faculties, go beyond—upon the mind's retina trace the astronomer's great idea—we cannot gain a conception of the grandeur; alike, we may trace upon the soul's retina a real picture of the constellations of another, and find that by the great power *thought*, a spiritual realm is linked together, and the more transcendent are our ideas the more readily may we appreciate the heaven of heavens of other individuals, and we find that life is not simply the existence of the natural world, but, that this is the lowest form of life proper as is the molecule the lowest form of life primal.

IDA M. MERRIL.

**A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
TO THE "FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT."**

BY J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M. D.

Welcome, welcome, Fountain true
Of God's eternal Light;
Thy mission, beautiful, indeed,
To banish error's night.

Angels from the world on high
Will strengthen thee, and bless
For every noble thought that may
Relieve or overcome distress.

May noble minds and noble hearts
Aid thee in missions bent,
May rich prosperity to thee
By angel power be sent.

May error's night pass soon away,
And down Truth's morning Light
And every wrong be overcome
By power of Godly Right.

CHARITY.

What a world of meaning! and yet how few there are who give it a passing thought; we meet in our every-day walks of life, all kinds of faces. Faces all sunshine, faces sorrowful and disconsolate, faces hard as adamant, and, if we would stop and ask them to give us a page of their lives, we might learn a lesson that would be of some value to us and shape our future destiny. Among these faces are those who ought to attract the attention of the passer-by. Faces bearing the imprint of sleepless nights, spent in tracing the outlines of the great future before them; they are the faces of the young beginners in life; as they start out to meet the frowning populace and buffet the rude winds of adversity. And where they expect to receive charity, they meet with such coldness that it dries up every spark of ambition, that thrives within their breasts, and leaves them sad and disconsolate. When a young man of sober and industrious habits, tries to make his mark, the people ought to come to his aid and help him up the first few rounds of the ladder or till he gets a foothold, and they would be well rewarded. I cannot but contrast the difference between an honest, hard-working, upright young beginner, and a low unprincipled villain. The first asks for a little aid to start in some enterprise that will benefit society, and the first question is what security can you give? His answer is an honest heart, and strong and willing hands. That won't do; you had better give it up. But some good samaritan comes along, and smooths his way and the un-

charitable say, "How can they be so foolish as to spend their time and money on him?" And to them I want to say, "If the bright sunshine of love cannot enter your own hearts, do not keep it from entering others; on the other hand a temperance lecturer comes along, covered with old sores of pollution and vice; he seeks the Christian people, for a field to work in, and on bended knees he offers up his sacreligious prayer, and the people give freely, for Temperance, for it is a glorious cause; he pockets out, of the proceeds of the campaign funds enough to start some honest man in a legitimate business, but he takes it, starts on a drunk and don't stop until he has squandered it all for drink, and such a wretch as that, the people help and turn their backs to the other one. O, would there were more charity, in the world and less pride and avarice! We want a better state of affairs, existing between man and man, instead of searching the Scriptures to see what they did thousands of years before Christ, let us turn our thoughts toward improving the condition of the human family; in this the age we live in, by being Charitable to those who are deserving Charity.

CHAR. S. MILLER.

DIAMOND DUST.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord."—*Psalms*.

Do good with opportunity; do not wait to be importuned; there are many ways of aiding another; each simple loving act is, as a seed well chosen which will spring up in the future bearing much fruit.

Love and Peace are twins; where love abounds, peace and good will to men is carried out in daily practice.

Links of gold, are loving words—and beautiful deeds are counter links which strengthen and perfect a chain, uniting us to humanity and the angel world,

Live as long as the world hath need of thee, and if it has not need of thee, and thou art a helpless burden live, yet, as long as a loving Father desires, if it be but a trial of thy patience and endurance.

Gently chide the erring; the bruised heart needs healing balm; the wayward, perhaps, may heed the loving call.

We may learn of a little child, many times, great lessons of life; we may learn from the untutored in the world's knowledge, simple and beautiful truths: an acquaintance with the world teaches us painful lessons, sor-

rowful ones' tales of woe and grief, of sin and crime.

Comfort the distress which meets thee; there are hungry and ragged children who need home-mission care; you cannot expect a beautiful character reared in want and squalor: the physical supports the spiritual nature, and if you would prevent crime, relieve want.

Life is not a bed of roses, neither is it a bed of thistles; although the rose has its thorn what is this small imperfection in comparison with the fragrant beauty? What is the slight ripple of life's stream in comparison to Life which is never ending?

Leave the great things, and accomplish the small ones, and, as many particles united in a mass will compose a large body, you may unconsciously achieve great things.

A WORD! how much depends upon a simple word; sentences have been passed upon criminals by one word; hearts have been broken, or lives have been blessed, by a simple word. How powerful are these tiny words of daily use. Use power well.

May we have the good angels guide us, if the Heavenly Father wishes it—if He does not how may they come? We know evil is permitted to dwell, but, are our desires for good disregarded by Him whose name is Love?

CORA CORAL.

WE are now entering a long period prolific in important astronomic events. The great southern comet of 1880 approaches so near the sun that it swept round its perihelion passage with enormous velocity, rivaling the great comet of 1843, which was brilliant enough to be visible at midday very close to the sun, and in one day it traversed over three-fourths of its entire orbit. Although astronomers failed to get as good observation of this body as they would have desired, they have others in prospect. Winneck's comet, not far behind Swift's recently-discovered comet, makes its perihelion passage Dec. 4, and is likely to be visible for some weeks afterward. Faye's comet will be at perihelion Jan. 22, 1881, followed in November by Encke's and before it is due a look-out will be kept for the comet of 1812. Four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon (one a total eclipse), occur in 1881, while in the same year, as ringed Saturn hastens toward the sun, his mysterious belts will offer astronomers increasing opportunity to study their texture. These and similar phenomena so soon to take place will open the way to test the theories which make our atmospheric envelope a delicate sensorium, promptly responding to every wave of physical energy that beats on it from stellar space.

RE-COMMENCEMENT.

In this the beginning of a New Year, let us retrospect the past, and let us profit by past shortcomings. Let us begin the journey of life anew, if we have made mistakes; let us strive to lay aside all that is weak in our natures; let us implore the aid of God and angels, to perfect us in every good word and work. Yes, a New Year! a whole year seems so long when we have some expected pleasure in view; but how, moment by moment, and hours are told; hour by hour and days are gone; day by day and weeks and months have sped, and soon a year is passed; and, we say, what harvest of never dying value have we?

Let us begin the New Year with zeal and faith for the Right, that the dying of the year may find us with a plentiful harvest—a harvest of eternal value. Fear naught—but Evil. Love naught—but Right which comprehends *all*. Humanity is frail, but Right and Truth is mighty. The God of Love be with you all and the guardianship of the holy angels fill thy lives with sweet peace and holy intents.

OBITUARY,

One of our subscribers by name, Thomas Jasper, age 69 years, passed beyond on Monday morning Dec. 27th between 12 and 1 o'clock. He was a believer in the communion of this world with the angel realm. It was through this communication with his friends who had passed before that he became entirely convinced of the immortality of the soul. When we cross the river of death which ushers us into a new scene of life, the loved ones gone before may meet us, take us by the hand and, perhaps, aid us in our progress in this new sphere.

ETERNAL LIFE NOW.—O man or woman, whosoever thou art, young or old, what wilt thou do that thou mayest inherit eternal life? Not simply life somewhere when thy mortal days are ended, but the eternal life which may begin within thee now by following the spirit of the Eternal. If thou livest for nothing—for only such a nothing as thyself—I will not say that thou wilt die, for thou art dead already; but if thou wilt live for something—if thou wilt strive to be perfect by doing what thou canst—thy divine parentage will make it self felt more and more, and thou shalt have eternal life indeed.—*Thomas Sadler*.

THE truest beauty is not that which suddenly dazzles and fascinates, but that which steals upon us insensibly. Let us each call up to memory the faces that have been most pleasant to us,—those that we have loved best to look upon, that now rise most vividly before us in solitude, and oftenest haunt our slumbers,—and we shall usually find them not the most perfect in form, but the sweetest in expression.

GREAT THINKERS.—“It is a belief in the Bible which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life.”—*Goethe*.

“I account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy.”
—*Sir Isaac Newton*

“A noble book! All men’s book. It is our first statement of the never-ending problem of man’s destiny and God’s way with men on earth.”
Carlyle.

CIVILIZATION.—Civilization is only the aggregate of individual careers; and hence those impulses which lead the mind to seek education, and a home, and a name, and happiness, and a God, do at the same time form a civilization which may retain for centuries those results which lingered only a few years with the individual. Civilization is the ocean of which the millions of individuals are the rivers and torrents. These rivers and torrents swell with those rains of money, and home, and fame and happiness, and then fall and run almost dry; but the ocean of civilization has gathered up all these waters and holds them in sparkling beauty for all subsequent use.—*David Swing*.

THE world, if ever to be reformed by men, can only be so by the personal intercourse of living men—living epistles not dead ones. Love, meekness, kindness, forbearance, unselfishness, manifested in souls, uttering themselves by word, look and deed, and not by mere description of these sentiments or essays upon them, can alone regenerate man. Neither money nor schools nor churches can ever be substituted for living men. Not ministers, going their rounds like policemen, with black clothes and white neckties, nor elders taking statistics, nor deacons giving alms, nor ladies, tracts; all are good, but we want Christians, whether they are smiths, shoemakers, tailors or grocers, or coach drivers, or advocates, to remember their own responsibilities, their own immense influence for good, and to be personal ministers for good.—*Norman Macleod*.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

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NO. 14.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

The Bible is being proved, a record of human experiences instead of a history of nations, or people; if men of cultivation, who have not read or thought much of the Bible, will read it with an unbiased mind, will see the light expressed in the correspondence of natural objects with spiritual; or the virtues and elements of the soul. David, the Psalmist, appeared to have multitudes of enemies, and fought them desperately, and when he captured them he put them to cruel deaths, under harrows and sawed them in pieces. They may have been enemies of his own household as he had many evil passions to contend with. He had a Prophet or seer, called Gad, that he could enquire of the Lord, how to meet and conquer his enemies. There are as good men at this time as David, and they can have mediums, or prophets to direct them in the right way, to prosperity and happiness, if they will bring themselves into the proper condition. If God or angels ever spoke to mortals or made a sign, they can always do so, and will if men and women will come with an honest intention and desire for self improvement.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

Compliments of Mrs. M. Merrick and Ida M. Merrill, soliciting your aid in the spread of "*A Fountain of Light*." The object of the magazine is to disseminate truth, for the expression of free thought, which we believe to be the channel which shall widen and deepen, cleanse and purify. Where thoughts are freely and conscientiously expressed, evil ones would be denounced. We ask your co-operation with us, that we may carry forward the work as we seem to be directed. To any one who will obtain six subscribers we will send an extra copy.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.**A HISTORY OF LIFE**

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

Can you see a thought? No! the answer comes; but nevertheless we are all convinced that thought exists, that it as real as the mountains towering over our heads, as the mighty ocean roaring and dashing at our feet, we are as certain that the atmosphere, which surrounds our earth, is a reality although invisible, as are we that the earth revolves upon its axis. What is it that gives us evidence of these invisible agents? It is not through the visual organs, but through the perceptive faculties that we receive these impressions, that which is a part of the real man we cannot see, we may never see our own eyes—the most delicate organ, and the most useful—simply a reflection of them; thus, we see, that, taking life in its true and grand meaning, we cannot consider it simply the natural world, alone,—that which meets our gaze.

We are well aware that by inhaling the pure air which surrounds our earth, the physical nature is sustained, we are even more dependent upon this invisible agent, than upon food and drink, we are, also, well aware that a person may live a greater length of time without food than he can in a room where the air has become vitiated, and the oxygen exhausted; likewise, this invisible power thought is more necessary to carrying forward great developments, than is labor for without the power of thought there would be no system, no guides and all action would be futile. Thus, tracing all the way up, from the lowest to the highest we see that the invisible agents are the most powerful. As the air may be confined in certain ways, thought may be directed in a particular channel, and great results obtained.

We gaze out upon the starry firmaments, we see myriads of worlds reflected there, we feel within us the pulses of a never-dying spirit, and we say, greatest of all is the spirit of man, aided by thought, which is closely allied to it; it is the controlling power of the mighty universe—spirit. The God of love, the spiritual sun from which emanates peace, charity, purity, and all the kindred virtues, is not an earthly king, for, He is everywhere present, pervading all and would draw all men by the bonds of Love. Is it through the natural senses? No! through the spiritual by the power of thought and, as the oxygen of the air sustains the physical nature, we go beyond, we see that this great power sustaining the mighty planets, also, sustains a temple of unfading beauty, the invisible,

the spiritual, and we say, "Majesty of majesties is thine, Oh Jehovah! A spirit of spirits." In the two fold development of life, Thou art the Controlling power and they who worship Thee must worship in spirit and in truth.

Let us return to the narration.

Let us, by using the imaginative faculties, contemplate such a scene as is described in the allegory. Every vestige of vegetation is swept from the face of the land, bare and desolate are the majestic monarchs of the forest, no merry songsters twitter in leafy branches, no low of cattle, no sheep grazing upon the hills, no fields of waving grain, no garnered sheaves, no product of vine or field, naught but desolation; the only sounds which break the solemn stillness are the roar of the cataract, the rush of receding waters, or the murmur of those which have almost gained their natural state. But look above; the heavens have not been affected by this deluge, the same blue sky, the fleecy clouds scud, here and there, like angel barks, the lurid streaks are in the east—the great king of day arises, moves across the canopy, the zenith is reached and desolation stares us in the face, now the shades of evening are drawing nigh, dark clouds again appear; with what horror do the beholders contemplate it? Ah, joy! the sun breaks through the clouds and in the eastern heavens a beautiful semi-circle appears, those colors, so delicate, so gradually does one blend into the other! this is a compensation for the dreary waste below.

It is the bow of promise; no more shall the beautiful land be devastated, seedtime and harvest shall not cease. In the great deluges of earth a dreary waste always follows, but, look up, see the sun of peace in the spiritual heavens, the angel hope is too hovering, the bow of promise appears, and seedtime and harvest shall not cease.

Keep the heart lifted, in the realm of Love you may gain strength, the bow of promise is varied, one beautiful deed may follow another, it may be the simplest duty of life, but, it is a tinting for the bow. You cannot describe the beauty of that bow to one who has never beheld it neither, may you describe the bow of your ideal heavens. It must be witnessed and this can be done only through the daily actions. A loving word and here is a delicate tracing or shadow of the real bow; a noble deed, and here is the bow itself, the one is beautiful, but the other is resplendent; its beauties are brought to view. We take fresh zeal for the daily duties, knowing that peace is, again, upon the face of the earth.

IDA M. MERRIL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

The recent convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Association, which was held in this city, was the first demonstration of such a character which the women of this country have ever made, and it was in every way worthy of them and of the noble cause they advocate. The motto of this society is "Home Protection." The mothers, wives and sisters of the land are fully convinced that they, if any one, are the chief sufferers from the prevailing evil of intemperance, and they appeal to all voters, to all political parties, to the Legislatures of the several States and to Congress, to step forward without delay or hesitation and do what can be done to stay this evil. Their appeal is the most moving one ever addressed to the people of any country.

The public have taken an unusual interest in this convention of women, in consequence of the new methods adopted by them for reaching the consciences of men. The church in which the exercises were held was daily crowded with people of both sexes. The addresses and debates excited an unusual degree of interest, and forced the question on the minds of all whether this most important of all social subjects had hitherto received that serious attention which it deserves. It was very evident that the temperance cause has been taken hold of on a new side—its domestic side. There the tenderest and profoundest sentiments known to men are located.

Something like this has long been needed to lift the temperance cause out of the ruts of habitual advocacy and give it a fresh form of presentation to the public thought and reflection. The men having shown themselves incapable of doing any more good for the temperance reform at present, they could not do so good as to surrender the field to women. In the comparatively little time during which the latter have been at work they have shown what they could do if they were not interfered with. In their hands is placed a lever with power to move bodies supposed to be immovable before. Women will have a hearing on this subject when they demand it, as they do now. She is able to wield influences which are hardly supposed to exist. As her work goes on her power will be made more visible.—*Banner of Light, Boston.*

THE realities of life are not as the anticipations of youth, the flowery paths are not always the real ones, but, the imaginary ones; stern duty is sometimes followed over stony paths.

OUR FOREST.

See the great sublimity of nature in the grand old forest, hear the merry twitter of songsters, it is spring time, the buds are bursting their prison houses, they are struggling to be free; see the delicate fibrous stem which first appears, then, the perfect stem and leaf, the whole is one waving mass of emerald—the banners of nature are the most perfect—they are waving a glad and joyous welcome to the return of balmy breezes, sweet echoes in the neighboring hills, the trickle of water from the ice-covered sheet of the past; the blades of grass, too, are peering from a darksome mould, now they wave in the shadows of the elm, oak, hickory and various species which comprise our forest. Ah! we see the spring blossoms, the butter cup, the daisy, the violet, the bluebells and sweet williams, the locust blossoms shower white petals upon the mossy turf, and as we gaze upon their loveliness, we say, Ah, mighty art thou Divinity! sublime is this evolution, *great* is the voice of the Ruler that it may descend from the mighty thunders, unto the low murmur of the stream, and the slight breathing of the lowest form of vegetation.

Again, we gaze upon our forest, the sun has reached its meridian, it is noonday, the scorching heat of summer is upon us; we do not long contemplate the scene, but, we enter the forest, we recline beneath the sheltering arms of the oak tree, we see the stream which was laughing, dancing, merry, at spring time, sluggishly move adown its course, we see the pebbly bottom where the waters were shallow, and are now exhausted, by the sun's scorching rays, we see here and there a flower in some sequestered shade, the cattle lazily grazing or resting beneath other branches. This is our forest, YET, not the same. Is it the forest which has changed, or is it the state of life? What has caused it? It is the progress of the earth around the sun, bringing it in that direction where the sun's power has greater force, and the development of vegetable life is proceeding; we are not astonished, it is our forest yet; we enjoy the breezy shades we see that harvest is nigh.

Again, we enter the old path; we do not now recline beneath the shades of the outspread arms; we wander adown the well-worn path, we see the stream gathering new forces, not the same merry ripple, but a steady gathering of power for a time, a deeper tone, a wider channel than of spring time; the scorching heats of summer are past, the earth is still revolving, the rains of autumn are past, and a cool salubrious atmosphere pervades; we see in the distance through the interstices of the

forest the gathered grain, we hear the light tread of squirrels as they hurry past with nuts, the voices of children are wafted on the air, they are gathering bountiful supplies, also, for the winter, and, as the nuts are heaped into huge piles, their merry glee ripples upon the breeze—like the tones of some perfect music they come to us, the vibrations awaken echoes in the heart, we are carried back to the time when we first entered our forest, *then*, the song of the stream was as the laugh of the children, and we are suddenly brought into communion with the Supreme Power. Ah yes! we say, our forest is almost ready to throw off its leafy mantle and in this last transition, the childish laugh has carried us back to the first spring time.

We have another forest, and it is a temple as grand as this majestic picture in nature's realm. Sunny childhood is the ripple of the spring brook, the dawn of manhood is the meridian, it is then, when the physical powers are greatest, that the heat of the battle is heaviest, then, we enter the depths, yes, beneath shade of the great sentinels, we ponder upon the problems of duty and pleasure, we do not contemplate the scene from without but enter into the depths of progress in some sphere—some vocation, select a resting place—bend our energies in some particular direction; the streams ripple not as of yore, the shallow waters are exhausted, and the pebbles—difficulties, are in bold relief; but the deep beds where collect the sunfish are visible, we know where the difficulties are, we know where may be found the deepest channel, when the stream rises again; the laughter and gaiety of childhood is exchanged for the sober thought of maturity, and the scanning of future developments.

As the pebbles were not visible in spring time, and childish feet bared that may wade the shallow depths could trace them only in this way, not with the bold relief which greets us, so, with childish griefs and sorrows—emerge from the stream and they are remembered not, but, in this view they stare us relentlessly in the face.

Autumn, and we see our harvest, the wheat and tares have grown together, and we separate them as best we may; we are in the path as of old, the reflection of the deeds of the past are mirrored upon the full rolling stream, as are the shades of the trees upon the literal one. The leaves are falling, and, for every leaf that falls, there is a silvery streak in the glossy locks.

The gently ebbing of autumn into winter is the most silent and steady. Ah, now we see the sheet of waters transformed into a glassy surface, the children are here again, gay, and joyous are the shouts, the skates and

sleds, bearing the merry ones, skim before us; we arouse and look upon our forest again. Behold! the mantle is changed; pure white fleecy robes envelop all, and we say, "Our Forest still," the same—but, not the same—the wheel of time has but given us new robes, changed the songs and echoes for the calm state of repose. The silver locks are the greatest, the peace and quiet of repose is around us, and we emerge, that we may gaze upon our forest for the last time. It can be contemplated from without best, as it could in the first picture. Would you have it otherwise?

We see the same forest really, and the pictures are all engraven upon the mind's temple. So gradual, and so blended has been the tracing of the delicate artist that we scarcely know where is the termination of the one and the origination of the other. Thus, is our forest of forests which is ours to cultivate, to enjoy, to value, to appreciate. From the early childhood to the last robes—the last scene, does this temple which is, as truly God's, as the wooded temple of nature, present the grandeur and sublimity of a Mighty Monarch.

IDALINE.

DIAMOND DUST.

Give of what thou hast to him that asketh; whosoever but giveth a loving word hath placed a gem in life's crown, hath planted a seed in fertile soil. It is not the value of the gift which gives the most pleasure, it is the spirit with which it is given. Words are abundant; use gentle words; they cost naught.

If thou hast something good to tell me of a brother, tell it but, if thou hast not please desist; if it be anything that can be rectified, then it may be well. If it is told with this object in view there is an excuse. If a brother has a fault, and we may help him to overcome it, this is precious gold.

Golden sheaves of grain are the loving words, but, noble deeds are as the grain threshed and fanned. If to our words, we do not also add noble deeds, it is as though we left the garnered sheaves to the inclemency of the weather.

Lives of humility, of patient performance, of daily duties—although obscurity envelops them, are grand pictures in the Drama from which, by careful study, we may read volumes.

In the story of last number, "Where's the Sin," the name Mrs. Kent in the last four paragraph should have read Mrs. Ernest.

MORE INFORMATION WANTED ABOUT SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

BY D. HOWLAND HAMILTON.

Is this world, physical or mental in any sense, governed by special providence? Does God the Father, God the Christ, God the Holy Spirit, or God the Devil, (I speak reverently), ever hear or answer verbal prayer directly? In other words has the deific power any other mode of government than by immutable, unchangeable, impartial law? Is there any call in the affairs of men for the use of the term "special grace?" Should we ever call any event in the affairs of men, however favorable or unfavorable, specially providential? Are not all seeming providences, good or bad, the results of coincidence of human-angelic interference?

I know very well what the professedly Christian church says, but I want the world at large to know what we as a body of modern Spiritualists believe as touching this important doctrine of the church. A truthful, unequivocal answer to this question, it seems to me, entirely and forever decides the matter as to whether we ought to be, or have any right to be styled Christian Spiritualists, for the whole formula of Christianity hangs on this one idea of God's special care for his saints, and special dislikes for his sinners.

Now, if we are to believe that God or the deific spirit is no respecter of persons, and that he governs the physical, mental and spiritual world by unvarying law, then we have no claim to the title by which Christians choose to represent themselves; and when the matter involved in these questions is intelligently settled in the minds of Spiritualists, there can be no schism in our ranks. Then none will be called infidel and none called Christian, but all called men and women, brothers and sisters, rational believers in immutable law and eternal progress in spheres beyond this life, from which departed spirits, sometimes called angels, do return, under favorable circumstances, and communicate with mortals in the body. I appeal to know if such a belief which is the real gist of all modern angelic teaching, does not afford a platform broad enough and good enough for all the world to stand upon and grow into harmony with themselves, their fellow men, and the universe of God, without calling themselves anything but men and women.

Spiritualism will soon be accepted by the whole world as completely as the principles of phrenology, or mesmerism, and what but human brotherhood and God over all, in all and for all, is left, out of which to

formulate a creed? When people come to believe that it is impossible for God to be partial, and that he cannot be teased to do anything even for the most saintly, outside of impartial law, and that he never lets slip a single chance to help even the weakest and most erring of his creatures when circumstances permit, then they will be what I call "Harmonial Philosophers," entirely above the use of all such terms, as "Godless souls," "God forsaken," "lost sinners," "hell doomed," "totally depraved," "irredeemable infidels," "goats," "tares," and all such unbrotherly, unsympathetic epithets. Before the millennium can possibly come in its fullness the world has got to be imbued with the idea that every human being is just as good as he possibly can be, considering the natal, ante-natal, and post-natal conditions of his existence. This is the only just ground on which the law of charity rests.—*Religio*.

MAN IMMORTAL.

Bishop Foster of the Methodist Church recently delivered an excellent discourse on the immortality of man. The following is the gist of it:

Man was an exceptional being; he was a spirit—a spirit-shrine, The body was not the man; only an accident of his existence. His bodily organization was designed to be a temporary arrangement, never intended to be a perpetual, but was succeeded by the spiritual body, that of resurrection. When the animal body died, the man survived. Death was evolution, progression. To the animal it was a door opening out into the darkness; to man a door leading into light and life. To the animal it was life obliterated; to the man it was a beautiful being, mounting on wings of flame into an existence of beauty and glory. The difference between man and animal was in the non-animal existence. The soul survived death because the Divine plan intended that it should. There was no argument that affected the integrity of man's immortality. Certainly there was no positive evidence that it did exist hereafter; but there was no positive evidence to a man that the sun was existing after it sunk beneath the horizon. The materialist asserted that the soul was dependent for much of its activity, and the death of the brain involved the death of the soul; in fact, all the senses depend on physical organization of their sensibility. Therefore materialism drew its inference of non-existence hereafter. The argument involved much rationality, But facts did exist which abated the force of, if they did not entirely set aside these arguments; the intellect did carry on all branches of activity, as

was known, without the aid of the senses. Man's spiritual activity on earth was called for by material objects. Whatever was the dependence in point of fact. The most fundamental activity of spirit was intellection,—the knowledge of its own consciousness, and the recognition of a like element in others. It could never be brought to, debate the existence of a thinking spirit in the arrangement of plan. Therefore this existence of the plan of creation, was proof positive to the human mind that a thinking spirit must have devised it. Materialism was there at fault, and must admit the pre-existence of mind to matter. It was a gratuitous assumption on the part of materialism that because the spirit did exist in matter, it could only exist thus. We know what other beings thought, not by physical observation but by external action of the body, by which God made the internal man visible to our consciousness. Antecedent thought was known to us by the manifestation of a predetermined plan; for we could not believe in the devisement of the plan without a devisor.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

The 2nd day of January, 18—, and two days, succeeding each other, could not be more alike in appearance; the grand sublimity, of unsullied loveliness, still enlivened the gay and joyous city of S—. Sleighs still sped over the glassy surface, but there is something in the air which tells us this day is not as was yesterday, the gaiety, the bustle, the excitement of holiday action is toned down to sober, real life, the sleighs now carry more persons intent upon business, than upon pleasure; we read in the faces of those we meet another story; were we but ushered from a strange country and knew naught of the day, we would know that it was not holiday. There is an atmosphere, which pervades dwelling houses, cities and localities, which gives us an insight into the inner life, we come in rapport with the prevailing ideas, or sentiments. Quiet reigned in most mansions, ladies were languidly conversing upon the events of the day previous, not in the jubilant excited manner of yesterday, when preparations were the order, and pleasure was anticipated.

Alice Kent arose from her couch heavy hearted. This was an emotion which was unnatural to her sunny, loving disposition. She usually awoke as happy as a lark, for, as the only child of the wealthy Mr. Kent, she had

no more care than the merry songsters which twittered in the branches of the maples in spring time. At breakfast she was rallied by her father for her unhappy countenance. Mrs. Kent had not yet made her appearance.

"What will papa's little bird be by the time she has been in society three years?"

"Well, papa, I never want to have another wine reception, if I am called 'vulgar' by our class. I became so worried that it was fairly irksome to repeat the same silly nothings to those for whom I did not care, nor they for me. Papa, some of the gentlemen acted so silly and walked so unsteady, I would have thought they were drunk, only, mamma said such gentlemen as would visit me were not drunkards."

"You dear little puss, I fear you will not be so innocent of the ways of the world by the time you have been in society a year."

"Dear papa if this is a sample of the life I must lead in S—, I wish I was back in dear old H—, where we studied all day, had an hour's recreation in the library before tea, where we might converse together, or amuse ourselves as we liked, then, our dear little prayer meeting after tea, where we talked together freely, so unlike the stiff, cold meeting in the cathedral here; it fairly chills me. Then we never had to be so prim, and so careful what we said, all the time and afraid to laugh for fear we should be called rude, and the quiet talks I had with Aunt Fannie were so dear to me. (Aunt Fannie was one of the teachers who received this appellation because of her sympathy with the girls.) I wish I could have lived there always and never come into society, if I might have had you and mamma near me"

To Mr. Kent, Alice was the same simple little girl whom he had taken to H—, seminary five years before; he could not realize that she was on the threshold of womanhood, and addressed her in the same manner.

"Never mind, little daughter, you are to comfort father and mother in old age. You shall not be hurried into the care and anxiety which attends fashionable life. You are getting pale, you must have more exercise. Get on your wraps, I want you to run down to the store with me and help me look over my books. Beginning the New Year, I always see that all is right by personally examining the accounts. Then we shall have a sleigh ride."

"Oh papa, I shall be so pleased to go."

She skipped along by his side, prattling like a child, filling the father's heart with joy to see that she was indeed the same artless child yet.

CORA CORAL.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.***HEAVEN AND HELL.**

BY B. F. BARRETT.

Both hell and heaven, according to the New Theology, are within men. They are not places but states of life. But in the other world, these states project themselves outwardly, making all the surroundings of each spirit a perfect mirror, as it were, of himself;—reflecting with mathematical precision his own affections and thoughts. Heaven is a state the very opposite of hell; as opposite as day is to night, light to darkness, health to sickness, love to hate, good to evil. The essential life of heaven, is the life of disinterested love—love to the Lord and the neighbor. The essential life of hell, is the life of self-love; and this is real hatred of the neighbor. Heaven is a state in which the understanding is illumined by the light of truth; hell is a state in which it is obscured by the darkness of falsity. Heaven is a state of spiritual health, order, peace and joy unutterable; hell is a state of spiritual sickness, unrest and comparative sorrow. In the most exalted heavenly state, every one loves others more than he loves himself; in hell, and in all hellish states, every one hates others in comparison with himself. Heaven is a state of humility, self-forgetfulness, and of sweet and serene trust in the Lord; hell is a state of pride, self-seeking, and inward alienation from and opposition to the Lord. Heaven is a state of the most delightful freedom, in which every one finds his highest gratification in the performance of good uses from love to the Lord and his neighbor; hell is a state of spiritual thralldom, in which no useful act is performed from love or of delight in the use, but only by compulsion, as a slave works under the lash.

It should be said, however, that the love of self is evil and makes man an infernal only when it is the supreme and ruling love. Then it is out of its place and the soul is in disorder. In its right place, which is a state of subordination and complete subjection to the nobler love of heaven, it is good and useful. Says Swedenborg:

“These three loves (the love of heaven, the love of the world, and the love of self) are related to each other like the three regions of the body, the highest of which is the head, the intermediate the chest and abdomen, while the legs and feet and soles of the feet form the third. When the love of heaven forms the head, the love of the world the chest and abdomen, and the love of self the feet with the soles of the feet, then man is in a perfect state according to creation, because the two lower

loves then subserve the highest as the body and all its parts subserve the head."

But when the love of self or of the world is as the head—is supreme—then the true order is reversed; the man is turned, as it were, upside down; the love of heaven is as the feet, and he tramples on the laws of justice and neighborly love as often as his ruler (self-love) dictates.

Such, according to Swedenborg is the essential nature of heaven and hell. They are both within the human soul, and consist in essentially opposite states of life—opposite kinds of love—resulting by inevitable sequence, in character, conduct, modes of government, and an outward or objective world, as different as are the loves that rule in those two kingdoms respectively.

Surely there is nothing unreasonable in all this.

THE SPIRITUAL CRISIS IN CHRISTENDOM.

That such a crisis impends is a wide conviction, even in the churches; occasionally spoken of in public, oftener in private, and much thought of by those who are silent. A late number of *Unity*, the Unitarian paper, has the following suggestive words under this heading:

"A recent utterance of Dr. James Martineau, of London, one of the profoundest seers and most eloquent advocates of spiritual religion living in our day, does not seem to have received the attention which he deserves. It was at the close of the brilliant Hibbert lectures on early Christianity, delivered by Renan, that Dr. Martineau is reported to have spoken very impressively of the religious crisis through which Christianity is passing at the present day. He referred to the striking resemblance existing between the early Christian age and the present, and showed how true it is that in certain broad and general aspects history repeats itself. * * * That age was pre-eminently one of transition, and so is this. The time-honored superstitions of Christianity were dying out then, and the time-honored superstitions of traditional Christianity are dying out now. The philosophical superstitions of that age, prompted by "unsatisfied wants," have their counterparts in the speculations of to-day. That was specially a time of unrest, and the same term describes the present. The alternatives then seemed to men to be between a rigid conservatism, clinging tenaciously to the traditions of the past, and an advanced liberalism utterly rejecting those traditions; and is not the alternative presented to thoughtful minds to-day essenti-

ally of the same character? Dr. Martineau closed by asking:

‘May we not expect the emergence of some faith remote alike from mediaeval orthodoxy and present negations, so that neither in this mountain, nor at Jerusalem, will men worship the Father, but on some height of thought and piety veiled as yet in cloud?’

“These words show how thoroughly this remarkable man appreciates the gratuity of the present interregnum in Christendom. The Church would do well to take to heart the warning of one of her greatest teachers, and prepare in season for the change that is inevitable. True, as one considers the present pomp and power of the ecclesiastical world, how far-fetched and idle seem such apprehensions! But here, too, history furnishes us with an impressive parallel and lesson. Never was the outward glory and pride of the Pagan Church so great as when at the beginning of our era, corroded with unbelief and insincerity, it was tottering to its fall. The sun never seems more splendid and creative than when at evening it lingers amid gorgeous flushes of crimson and gold in the western skies. And yet its essential life-giving heat has then departed from earth, and its lessening rays are only sufficient to produce this illusive pomp and glory of color. So the vital heat of the prevailing Christianity is fast dying out on the horizon of our time, and glimmers but feebly in the hearts of its votaries, while yet the outward church was never more imposing in the perfection of its admiration and the pomp and circumstances of its worship.

“But the sun never fails to rise again with new stores of illumining and creative power. So this central sun of the moral universe, the quickening force of religion in man’s heart, though eclipsed for a season, will never entirely pass away. . . . Our own day is critical rather than creative, but this also is only a necessary transition. It is even a hopeful condition of things religious, since it presages and prepares the way for a new manifestation of the Spirit of faith. We are engaged to-day in sifting the products of the past; its mingled truth and error are separated with careful discretion. We are clearing the ground of the accumulated rubbish of centuries, and preparing a way ‘for the returning forces of the creative spirit.’ What form that return shall assume, who shall dare to say? It may be a re-birth of spiritual Christianity, or it may be, as Dr. Martineau seems to opine, a new and higher revelation still from the Eternal Wisdom. But we have no fear of the result, and do not share in the shallow opinion that faith has been destroyed by science and that men will grow less religious as they know more.”

Blessings are sometimes nearer than we think; truths stand at our door unseen while we strain our eyes to catch a faint glimpse of some dim and distant glory.

The spiritual philosophy, or that synonym for it, the Harmonial Philosophy, adopted by a living seer, is "a harmonious search for wisdom" in the light of spiritual ideals. This philosophy is strong in the truth that orthodoxy and paganism hold, but would free them from all dogmatism or revolting doctrines; it is strange too in the truths of materialism, but would make law the process of mind, and so intensify it with new life. It starts with the positive power of mind over matter, of the soul of things over that outward body we can see, and which we call Nature. It gives us, in the facts of spirit presence, outward proof confirming the inner witness of the soul that a life beyond is real and not an empty fancy. It is broad and eclectic, recognizes the unity and fraternity of humanity, in its inner life; and so is hospitable to truth—old or new, Pagan or Christian; hospitable also to truth from both worlds—or from the realm of eternal life beyond the grave as well as from those in earthly forms around us.

Out of this comes natural religion—the binding one's self to the eternal life, the clinging close to the eternal law and right which is freedom and growth.

Here is "the emergence of a faith remote alike from mediaeval orthodoxy and present negation," which the gifted Englishman looks for; the salvation from orthodox or negative dogmatism; "the height of thought and piety veiled in a cloud" to those who fail to see the angels at their doors!—*Religio*.

AN organism is not a man, or any part of a man. Everything that pertained to humanity is of spirit. But it is the Divine plan that every spirit has a martial form to bring it into visibility and give definite relation to space. While man's a spirit in present form, he was not designed always to maintain the same relation to that form. All the senses administered to the person; but since this form was all-necessary as a primary meditation to the future existence, when it has accomplished that end it becomes a nonentity.

All attention to the animal existence is degrading in comparison with spirit; and God never intended that the spirit should only live to administer to this body and then die.—*Manford's Magazine*.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The old year gone, the new one dawns,
Its sun is rising now.
In faith and hope, with zeal and truth,
Precious seeds let us sow.

As each day comes, may we gain strength
To battle with life's throng.
May we build well, upon a rock,
Foundation firm and strong.

May we stand firm for right with might,
For goodly word and deed;
May we take truth where'er 'tis found,
The crystal fountain feed.

For every failure in the past,
A flower we'll place this year,
We'll list to voices in the air,
Saying, "Do right—never fear."

CORA CORAL.

THOUGH the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off.

The Lord will destroy the house of the proud.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

THE MISCHIEF OF PASSION.—"Will putting one's self in a passion mend the matter?" said an old man to a boy who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. The dog only barked at him in play.

"Yes, it will mend the matter," said the passionate boy; and quickly dashed the stone at the dog.

The animal thus enraged, sprang at the boy, and bit his leg; while the stone bonndd against a shop window and broke a pane of glass.

Out ran the shopkeeper, and seized the boy, and made him pay for the broken pane. He had mended the matter finely indeed!

It never did, and never will, mend a matter to get into a passion about it. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder when you are in anger.

If you have met with a loss, you will only increase it by losing your temper.

Try to be calm especially in trifling troubles; and when great ones come, try to bear them bravely.

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NO. 15.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

In the third chapter of Acts Peter and John went up together at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour. There was a certain man lame from his birth, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple to ask alms of those that entered in. When Peter and John were about to go in he asked alms. Peter fastening his eyes upon him with John, said, "Look on us" and he looked expecting to receive something of them. Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none, such as I have I give thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." He took him by the hand and lifted him up and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength and he walked with them into the temple, and all the people saw him walking and praising God as the man that was made whole by Peter and John. All the people ran together, greatly wondering. Peter said unto them why marvel ye or look so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?

Peter then related the death and resurrection of Jesus, how he was the Great Prophet, promised Israel, or to the Church and that they had deemed his being the one he represented himself to be, and that they had killed him whom God had raised from the dead, when we are witnesses and by the same power that raised him from this lower or natural sphere, into the spiritual, has given this man the perfect soundness in the presence of you all. It was through ignorance ye did it as did also your rulers but those things which God before had showed by the mouth, of all his prophets that Christ should suffer, he hath so fulfilled. Repent ye therefore and be converted that your ignorance may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

The same power is being manifested at this time and may be called the

Kingdom of Heaven, as it brings happiness and joy to those who can receive knowledge, as little children, from the great teacher. The Bible is likened unto a candlestick, it holds a light but those who are buried in material ideas or as it were cannot discern the light, therefore, they think there is none. All those who think they stand on the pinnacle of science take heed lest they fall, there is no limit to progression, they have only learned the alphabet of natural things and the great problems of life are revealed to babes, or those who have but little knowledge, but they have a curiosity to learn something and are willing to investigate without arrogance and light and knowledge will be their reward. Both learned and unlearned, if they will knock at the door of the spiritual realm where the soul of all light dwells, it will be opened and ask for knowledge and they will receive.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISS. IDA M. MERRILL, EDITRESS *A Fountain of Light*.:—I have before me two copies of the above named Magazine of 16 pages, Vol. 1st and 7. I have read them through some two or three times, and if I live much longer I expect to read them as text books every day in finishing education in this my mundane and preparatory school, so that I may stand a good examination when I pass over to that grand University in the Summer Land I wish to enter an advanced class in that college of many mansions. I admire the name of this little text book and will now talk a little about it. I shall get a copy of it every week as long as I live; it is printed on good paper and excellent large and new type, and when one commences to read it they will rarely stop till they read the entire book through of sixteen pages, and then review it. No man or woman will carefully read these numbers without being made the better for it, and improved mentally and morally. I have copies of most of the *Progressive* papers published in the United States, and I can truly say that I find in this *Fountain of Light* more to praise and admire and less to blame or dislike than any publication I have ever read. No seeker after light can read these little Magazines without imbibing largely of the Christ Spirit, and becoming wiser and better. I am old and infirm; have lived three scores and 12 years. I wish to do all the good I can the short time I may be permitted to remain here. I do not believe that I can better serve my God than to circulate this *Fountain of Light*. I must now close this sheet, as I am suffering with an afflicted eye.

JAMES DOW.

DIAMOND DUST.

It is not the position you occupy which makes you great, but it is the faithful performance of the humblest duty.

Grandeur and sublimity of soul is experienced when we forget self, and extend the hand of sympathy to others.

Like dewdrops on the parched grass are tears shed o'er failures and shortcomings, and, as the refreshing drops revive the withered turf, so may tears purify the heart.

We are gently gliding adown the stream of time, or we are lashed by the mighty waves but we are as surely nearing another shore in the one case, as the other.

We learn by experience lessons of wisdom, of patience, of hope and truth; we also learn lessons of sorrow and grief, but they all make up life.

Let us not forget our blessings and mercies, as we remember our misfortunes.

Live with the idea in view, that thou art laying the foundation of an everlasting life, if the foundation be not firm a building cannot stand.

We love most that which is in harmony with us; if our natures are pure we love the great natural world, and the good and true in humanity; if they are earthly, we love the shining coin, and may not see through humanity, even the erring and weak—the diamond which but needs polishing.

CORA CORAL.

To the little babe, of three weeks, who has received the name "Ida" in honor to us, we send our best wishes, for its future welfare; may it grow in beauty daily, may the blessings of heaven be showered upon it, and may the holy angels guard and guide it, aiding the parents in the cultivation of the character, that it may become a true and noble woman, a comfort to the parents, filling their hearts with joy and gladness. To the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Bruton, of Alabama, we say, we thank you for the compliment, and a very singular coincidence is the little one was already named Mary and by the addition, "Ida," which you expect to call it, gives it our christened name in full, but, always being called Ida, also, write it Ida M. Did the angels do it? We want to hear more from the little one when it learns to write. We have written a poem concerning Ida M. which shall appear in our next issue.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CHANNILNOO)

The books were soon looked over. Loving hearts made light work for ready hands, and the father says:

"Alice we shall have such a delightful ride; Beauty fairly dances with impatience, and we shall have one every day as long as the snow lasts, and after that a buggy ride that we may get some roses in your pale cheeks once more."

"I do wish mama would come along too papa and laugh, sometimes, and be happy. Aunt Fannie says Christians ought to be happy and try to make others so. She always said, girls remember the only way you can obtain happiness is by making the most of life, and kindly assisting others, by seeing beauty in every thing; and papa do you know, that since that time, I have seen such lovely things in everything, I have watched a little bird build its nest and this was what I thought, you dear little bird you never went to school, you never studied a latin lesson in your life, you never run the scales of a piano, you never learned a trade, yet, you can do what I could not, you can take the little twigs, the little tufts of wool, dry blades of grass, stray bits of thread and make your little nest just the right size, hang it to the tree, or press it between the branches and all with the delicate bill, then you open your little bill and the sweet strains of music rivaling the grand production of the, great masters are sent out on the still air, floating like an angel's voice to me, then, I would think, papa, God surely did it. He taught the birds, and I have wished He could teach me so that it would come to me and be a part of me—all this that I have to learn; it seems so grand there would be no mistakes and trying again, as Aunt Fannie used to say, but everythin' would be perfect when we first try. It was always so hard to run the scales over and over again, and not get them perfect, until the hundreth time almost, and to read over my lessons, again and again, before they were perfect, but, Aunt Fannie always said you will some day girls see a grandeur in this, and she always had such good reasons for every thing I think it must be true."

"Yes, my daughter as you learn lessons of life, you will find the same is true, were we to have everything to come to us in the most perfect state, were there no exertions, or energy required, you see man would not be above the beast; the little bird you noticed had not the great power which

my little daughter has, the instinct, which taught it, was self-sustenance and although it could form this nest—its home, if one of its kind was in distress it could do, nothing to alleviate its misery; it could not change the aspect of this great world, as can man. It could not show any results which proved that the soul of this mighty Universe was working through. It but followed a natural instinct, like unto that manifested by birds from time immemorial; whilst, as human beings, we may accomplish results which have heretofore been unknown in the world, as now we have ships and railways, cities and manufactories, and the many indications of civilization, which shows us that these attempts and failures, but aid man's progress."

Mr. Kent saw in the brain of his little daughter, simple minded as she was the germ of the real life; she had begun to ponder upon the infinite workings of the unseen agent and but needed the aid of a right direction.

"Oh papa I see it now!" exclaimed Alice. "It is so much grander to be able to talk to each other, as we did at H—, and as we are talking now, and to learn things over and over again, we would not have anything to think about—and, then the people that build houses make every one better than the first and change them so that we can tell they are new; we would become very much wearied to see every street and every house exactly alike whilst we are passing up and down."

As they passed a corner, they met Harry; Mr. Kent insisted that he should get in and go home with them, but Harry declined saying he was upon an errand for his mother, and he also remembered the day previous with sorrow. Mr. Kent and Alice had not heard of his disgrace, and great would have been the sorrow of Alice had she known it for the forecast had given her a premonition that she had done wrong.

Mr. Kent had always had a fatherly care over Harry, since the death of his father, and Alice had in truth shared her "papa" with Harry. William Ernest at his death left his son to the guardianship of Harry Kent, as they had grown up together, shared the same sports, attended the same school, entered business together, had been firm friends—like brothers always. When he felt that the land immortal was in view he says, "Harry be a father to my son."

And faithfully had Mr. Kent fulfilled his promise. Oh, sweet are the ties of friendship which bind congenial souls. It was not simply to satisfy the momentary prayer of the dying man, and to be forgotten, again, in the busy world's care, but, sacredly had he held that promise. May it not be that the presence of that departed father hovered near aiding him

in his watch-care?

As was mentioned before, Alice had five years previous been placed in the Seminary at H—, to be educated. A beautiful home, too, it was—fifteen acres in orchard, vineyard and play ground. The beautiful lawn in front adorned with ornamental trees of various kinds, gave the young mind a place where it might read lessons from the book of nature; here it was that Alice learned the lessons of the birds, and many other useful lessons. Alice and Harry had graduated at the same Seminary the spring preceding their introduction to the reader.

CORA CORAL.

MODERN REVELATIONS.

BY A. G. HOLLISTER.

"Yes there is but one way (of justification) for all souls, whether in time or eternity, and that is the straight way which admits of no sin, nor of any soul that hath committed sin, until a full and honest confession of the same shall be made to the witnesses of God who are the light of the world. All the soul's words and ways must sooner or later be brought to the judgment seat, or the soul remain miserable forever. Then where can be the gain in prolonging a life of iniquity? Souls are liable to commit more sin after leaving the body than before, but with less pleasure, not having the means to accomplish their designs of pleasure to the same extent as while in time, yet the spirit moves with greater activity. But sufficient means are given for every one to choose good or evil, both in time and eternity, and to give all a perfectly free choice.

"The honest sincere soul that is seeking after righteousness, and is willing to sacrifice all things to obtain it, and in this humble dependent spirit crieth to me continually, his prayers are heard and answered in my own time. But they who continue to pursue pleasure and self-gratification, find sufficient to divert them from the pursuit of righteousness until they are called to judgment. Then they must yield obedience to the light given them, or after a fair trial they will be bound in chains of darkness, and the power of gratification will be taken away, but the raging fire of their passions will become their tormentors. For every act of sin strengthens those passions which lead to sin; therefore the longer souls follow their own ways and wills in sinful gratifications, the more deplorable is their state and the greater will be their sufferings. You

read of war in heaven, which is a warfare of the soul against the powers of evil in those who seek the kingdom of heaven and its purity. This is the spiritual warfare, and ye have the same on earth. Ye also have the warfare which is carnal, wherein men seek to slay or captivate each other; and as the earth and things therein are in imitation of the invisible world, why not carnal war therein?—*Mind and Matter.*

There is none perfect, no not one; but, the pure desire, the upward aspirations, and the holy intents elevate the spirit, and every day art thou judged. Oh man! If thy desires are evil thou needst not wait until an appointed day of judgment, that an awful judge may pass sentence upon thee. If the evil has sway in thy breast dost thou makest for thyself a hell or heaven? Dost thou make chains of darkness, or wreaths of imperishable flowers? Thine own heart tells thee, and thou art thine own accuser, and hast made thine own heaven or hell—thine own happiness or misery. If there is light, and love is the law of the spiritual world, if it is the ruling element in all purity, if it is the God-principle, which we believe it is, it can reach from the highest “archangel,” to the lowest depths and there must be a breaking of the chains, a bursting of the bonds of evil, and the pure light—the law of all purification—Love must triumph and there is none, no not one, who can perish, for there is nothing lost, but the abstract; the reality must ever be retained and the original state is purity. The infant we know is purity—here is the real life and the evil, which it may gather in journeying through the world, is only the abstract and must be lost, giving the individual the original purity with developed powers. We cannot say when nor how long will be the progressive period, but reason says there is one, or the Great plan the natural law, is turned into confusion, and we are dwelling in a realm of chance, and may as well expect a snow when the spring flowers should bloom, as to expect the delicate blossoms and leafy branches.

JOSEPH SELIGMAN, the Hebrew banker, who has made such munificent benefactions, irrespective of color, race or creed, ought to shame the last Christian into silence against the Jews. No charitable institution of note has been overlooked by this princely philanthropist. The Israelite has indeed returned good for evil by his bequeathing such sums to benefit humanity. When the world begins to live above sectarianism, then the wolf and the lamb will lie down together. This lesson of love and good will, will be of greater value than the silver and gold he gave—*Western Light.*

IS LABOR A CURSE?

Is a life of freedom from care, from employment of any kind to be considered the greatest blessing upon the earth? Think of the grand researches physically and spiritually, mentally and morally that have been brought forth by the great power—labor. Even the power of thought is labor. The greatest developments of science, as well as the simple daily avocations are alike dependent upon this power—labor. It is considered by many a curse that men may not live in a garden of Eden forever. Could you retain an infant in your arms forever? Is it not snatched from your grasp by the ever revolving wheel of time? A few revolutions and you behold the man instead of the child. Does not nature say, labor, progress? Does not a pleasant state of mind require employment? Does not the very movement of the planets, involve a power which is equivalent to labor?

. You will find that machinery from the farm implements to the greatest mechanism made by man retains its power by use. The rust will collect upon an unused plow, but use the same utensil, carefully, cleanse it from the particles which adhere to it place it in the shelter and the utensil will be of value for many years.

"It is better to die in the harness" is a true saying; we see that those, who labor, live longer than those who live an easy life. There is a medium between toil and inaction, and that medium is well directed labor careful, steady and collected. No! the labor of the world is not a curse but we agree with those who have said *toil—never ending toil*, is not a blessing—no respite, no sweet reprieve in which the great majesty of life may be contemplated. The grand mission for which we have been formed cannot be realized when incessant, weary, harrassing toil from early morn to close of day must be carried out, and the thought crowds upon the weary one, "If I but sink beneath this burden, if di sease lays its hand upon me, what will become of the dear ones dependent upon this toil?" A cold and uncharitable world is no asylum, the greedy avarice of humanity will not allow the great and noble qualities, of many, to shine forth, and the weary burden oppresses, goads almost to madness the brain which might otherwise be employed in higher and greater thoughts, yet this does not come under the head labor—*labor* which develops the physical, mental and moral nature, which uses the capacities of an individual which but calls out the inborn talent, whatever it may be—hewing of wood up to occupying the highest seat in government.

See the honest peasants of the "old country," they never expect to be wealthy, they are able by steady labor, to enjoy the good things of life, in a simple manner; their ideas are simple, artless, free and unrestrained, and physical labor is with them a blessing. It is no curse for them to pursue the daily avocations, their holidays are enjoyed, but they do not desire this life every day. The anticipation of pleasure is many times greater than the participation, and thus whilst enjoying the brief holidays they return to labor with a will, looking forward to the next, or backward to the past, with as much pleasure as in the participation.

What would be the appearance of our cultivated civilized world without this great power labor? What is it that has built our cities, filled our land with luxuries, given us the railway, the telegraph wire which has utilized steam, stretched the cable across the Atlantic, given us the telephone, the electric light, the beautiful homes, the exquisite adornment of these abodes, the musical instruments from which may be sent forth the chords of melody—the echoes of strains which may never be transmitted through language, and also the medium by which language may be expressed, first the elementary characters, then words; these grouped in sentences express our ideas. How grand it all is! Labor has brought it all to perfection. Oh, no! it is not a curse; it is the motor of the earth; it is the happy medium between ease and toil.

IDA M. MERRIL.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

Mary Grew sent to these columns a just and beautiful tribute to Lucretia Mott. The press and the pulpit of the country gave the most ample, cordial and well-deserved testimony to the personal excellence of Mrs. Mott, to her superior intellectual ability, to her moral courage, to the statesmanlike qualities and to the decisive part she took in shaping and carrying forward great national movements, while at the same time, she maintained the most beautiful home life. Her death was a national loss, and was so regarded.

But the question forces itself: If it was so praiseworthy that Mrs. Mott shrank from no peril to free slaves, that she stood with the first advocates of equal rights for women, with the friends of free thought in religion and of temperance and peace, how can those who praise Mrs. Mott justify their own failure to follow her example; or, still worse, how can they justify their opposition to those movements so cherished by Mrs. Mott.

For more than thirty years she asked for the rights of citizenship for women. But she died a disfranchised subject. What possible praise of this dear saint can hide so shameful a fact or relieve the hollow sound of eulogy from those whose deeds do not support their words?

The Brooklyn *Eagle* proposes that women build Mrs. Mott a monument. But would it not be more suitable that men, who now praise Mrs. Mott, who have not helped but rather hindered her great claim for equal rights for women, should have a monument built tall enough to have inscribed on it her great, heroic and sweet womanly qualities; and below these, let it be written: "This monument is dedicated with reverend tenderness to the memory of Lucretia Mott, by repentant men who failed to support her claim for justice to her sex, and who left her die by law to the level of felons and idiots, but who now, by this token, pledge their best endeavors to establish for women the claim to equal rights which she never ceased to make!"

Surely the highest tribute that can be paid to Mrs. Mott is to carry out the idea, to the support of which she gave her life.

One after another, women, who are great as philanthropists, great as statesmen, great as reformers, pass away. Sarah Grimke, Angelina Weld, L. Maria Child, and Lucretia Mott, each helped to mold the age in which they lived. Their virtues are extolled when they are dead. The greatest objects to which they devoted time, strength, money and life are left unaided by the majority of those who are foremost to sound their praises. It may be to the credit of such persons that they are able to appreciate the worth and work of these women. But it will add nothing to their own credit that they refuse to aid or are indifferent to the claims for justice to women, and equal rights for all, which Mrs. Mott upheld, and on account of which all hearts are now drawn with grateful reverence to her memory. Why will they not take up the work that fell from her hands only when life itself ceased, and thus aid in carrying it forward where she longed and strove to have it go?—*Woman's Journal, Boston.*

ALL the passions of our animal nature are increased by indulgence. If they are improperly indulged, they will triumph in our ruin. They will obliterate those heaven-born qualities of our minds which, if properly cultivated, would assimilate us to angels and bring us home to God.

"PLEASE OR DISPLEASE."

We are sometimes pleased with the road of life,
There are roses scattered by the way,
And all with beauty and joy is rife;
We would not have it another way.

But the road will change, the thistle show,
The thorny path, the stones appear,
And, "displeased," we say—'tis always so,
A laugh or a smile, a frown or a tear.

"Pleased or displeased," was our childish play,
And we chose which one we'd speak;
But, we find in life's rugged way,
"Please or displease," is not as we seek.

A shift of life's scene, and a cloud will come,
Another move, and a sunny ray.
A forecast of our heavenly home;
But, yet, we choose not our way.

We are "pleased" because 'tis real joy;
Or "displeased," because of grief;
But, the pure gold must have alloy,
Straws are a part of the garnered sheaf.

"Pleased or displeased," it matters not
If the beautiful city of pearl,
Down to our lives may be brought
Amidst the great world's whirl.

Down to our heart's midst the strife and woe,
Down to our lives with lessons of love,
Teaching the feet the right way to go,
Linking us with the clime above.

Teaching us to be kind, gentle and good,
Teaching us to be noble and true,
Feeding us with the angel's food,
The beautiful city lies always in view.

Our lives a part of the streets of gold,
Our deeds may be some of the pearls,
Then "please and displease," our story is told,
And we leave the world with its whirls.

CORA CORAL.

FORBIDDEN fruit may be pleaeant to the taste, but it is not good for the system. It does not bring peace, but bruises the heart and sickens the soul, and sometime or other must produce reaction, repentance, and leave room for better desires.

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

If trials and perplexities come make the best of it; do not sit down and mourn over what is uncontrollable, but be up and doing, with a will, what your hand finds to do. It is impossible for you to have all the sunshine there is in the world, in your little garden, wherever it may be.

If afflictions deep come upon you, if the dearest idols are broken, if your beautiful garden is made desolate, if clouds lower and storms beat, yet, make the best of it. Earnestly and zealously labor, plant another garden, let your time not be wasted in repining over what is past, and can never return only in a new form. Give earnest heed to life's lessons as they come, and make them valuable, useful. The trifling daily cares must come to each individual, deep sorrows, too, are a part of the grand make up of the great teeming ocean—life, and see we not a loving Father guides? Ah, yes! we cannot think of this majestic world, this curiously constructed human frame, with the powers which accompany it, the grandeur of soul purposes, of unspeakable joys, of unrevealed glories which cast a delicate shadow before, of minute workings which reveal a greater power than man—without yielding homage to that power as a Father—a kind and loving Father who leads His children through paths various, and, though the road be stony, and the bleeding feet mark the path of the way-farer, the loving soul may see, in the distance, the halo of a land which is eternal; it is the uplifting of the spirit in the arms of a loving Savior who would draw all men to Him, by self consecration, self abnegation, by the blood-stained cross, even, not by the death of one man, but, through the taking up of that cross which means, meet life as it comes to you, buffet with the waves, and lift up your brother the while, heal the sick, cast out devils, lead the blind, which may be those who are sick spiritually, blind in the great lesson of life. They do not know how to make the best of it; pity them, aid them, lead them, gently, tenderly, lovingly draw them by the chords of love; teach them the better way, the bright side—the angel side of life, forgiving and forgetting, so far as human nature is capable of forgetting, knowing that as said Jesus of Nazareth of his persecutors, they know not what they do.

It is through ignorance of the beautiful side of life, the better way that many are cursing the world with evil deeds; if they could be taught the better way, the noble way, which sees a beauty in the pleasure of others, enjoys the happiness of others, and mourns over their grief,

not selfishly enjoying simply that which brings pleasure to this frail human frame, but sees in the happiness of others one of the links which form a real eternity, a heavenly home, a better land. Oh! let us make the best of life! it is too grand to be spent in murmurs, and repinings over what cannot be remedied, only by placing the hand to the plow and steadily moving on. We may overcome mountains of difficulty in this way, and what seems to be, great troubles may vanish when we combat them as we should. Yes! the beautiful life of him who is called Savior by the Christian world, was given as an example. By doing good deeds we are accepting him, saving ourselves from the knowledge of an evil life, following him, even to the cross, by being ready to die, if necessary, rather than commit an evil deed. What is it to yield up this human frame to its native element, carrying a pure spirit into the Great Unknown. Is it not more precious than to dwell with a guilty conscience?

CORA CORAL.

TEMPERANCE.

Why should we love Temperance? Because it brings with it happiness and prosperity, and makes us a better people; contrast the difference between a drunkard's home and one where temperance dwells; one is squalid, misery and slavery, the other independence and liberty, and yet it is the duty of all temperance people to do all they can toward lightening the burdens of those people, made so by the relentless hand of the rum seller.

God blesses every good and noble act we do, and the good and heroic deeds of this life are among those that lift up fallen humanity, probe the cesspools of iniquity and vice, by restoring them back to manhood. We live in what is called a christian age and the natural supposition is—we ought to be a christian people. Christianity does not consist in robbing your neighbor six days in the week, and on the seventh going to a fine church with a sanctimonious face to be received into the folds of Christ by taking part in the church services, and receiving the benediction from the lips of the minister. Oh, no! Christianity means love, and if there is a christian work to be performed here on this earth, it is in the reformation of the drinking class. All along our pathway we meet wrecks of what once were noble specimens of manhood, fit to adorn places of honor and trust; we see their families brought down from happy homes to poverty and disgrace; we see crime on the increase; we

see temperance people derided by the officers of justice, who are kept there by the rum power, and a bad state of affairs existing everywhere. Oh, hasten the day when we can look upon each other as brothers and sisters, working towards the advancement of that grand liberal thought, to make this our habitation here, as near perfection as we can instead of cheating, robbing and killing with the ministerial hope held out to us, that no matter what we do the future looms up before us in all its glorious splendor, with the great Giver of life sitting on his throne surrounded by angels of mercy to welcome us to that land of love—then we will have done with scaffolds and penitentiaries and a better feeling will exist throughout this, our beautiful land.

C. S. M.

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

In contemplating the natural world, to-day, we see where may be drawn this inference, that Jehovah was displeased with men on account of their wicked deeds, and sent this flood to purify, to destroy.

When a terrible plague, a famine, or deep trouble of any kind comes upon men, it is apt to draw their minds to a self-examination, and to cause the untutored to think it is the wrath of the Almighty.

It will deluge evil deeds, evil thoughts, and imaginations, when the light of the coming era, this the dawn of the millennial period is upon us; history has repeated itself, prophecys have been fulfilled, nation has risen up against nation, father against son, brother against brother, the earth has been devastated by pestilence and famine, submerged in the darkness of superstition, the light has been hidden under a bushel, angel voices been denied, the Great Monarch of the earth still holds the mighty planets, the ponderous weight—life. There are none—to-day, who can deny that there is a power pervading the spiritual atmosphere of our being, which is stirring the pulses of a deathless spirit, wakening in the mind great and lofty thoughts—if they but reasonably ponder. The thoughts cannot be expressed or really understood in the full meaning; for, as yet, this era which is approaching is but tinged with the rosy dawn; the darkness of the darkest hour in the spiritual realm is receding and returning like the ebbing tide; but, with each wave we see that the water mark is lower, the sun will banish the clouds, and we must expect in this accession, or era, to see the bow of promise; the clouds, of

evil deeds, of evil thoughts, must banish when men may read the thought, the intent, the design, when the loving angels from the invisible realms draw aside the curtain. They show us, even now, mirrored the deeds the thoughts and even the intents, not only our own, but others. When we see reflected in the same clear depths, motives thoughts and deeds of others, we may "see ourselves as others see us," see others as they are, as they mean—intend. We see the loving angels, also holding the book of life, the pages are turned, here are blots and tears, here are blank leaves, here are pictures of desperate struggles, here are the imperfect pictures finished by the master artist.

We see the great realm of immortality which has no bound or span, which comprises the starry firmament that meets our gaze, and here is but the confines of this boundless realm. Oh grandeur and sublimity of life! we have taken but one feeble step in thy mighty path; we find that, as the grain of sand upon the beach in comparison with the countless millions, is our story of three score years and ten upon the world called earth; as the drop of water taken from the ocean, so, is an individual life, as the power of life's ocean is formed by the union of the many comprising it, we find that we are in like manner linked together by ties of humanity—kindred ties; we find that as we injure self, we injure others, and bring sorrow to self; that if we aid another, unconsciously, we have been elevated to a higher standing; that we are grandly and gloriously fulfilling a simple mission in this great beautiful plan, if we but yield to the holy influences—are willing to be guided by the Great power, the inward monitor which says: Do right; if thou hast erred and see it be willing to make recompense to thyself and brother.

Yes the bow of promise in Christendom is appearing. The dogmas and the creeds, the superstitions and vagaries, the selfish man-made laws will die out, and the pure and undefiled religion of "Love to God and man," will take their place and the truth will become apparent, that "there is nothing hidden but shall be revealed."

Still, the angels come; they again show us the book of life, they show us in the place of the tear and the blots a bright and beautiful crown; for every tear over failure, we see a pearly drop in the crown, it is unfading, it is crystallized and under the pure light of the spiritual sun it sparkles and radiates. The tears shed over the weakness of another whether literal, or only in thought, radiate to that individual giving that spirit an upward impetus, at sometime; if through the darkness of earth it may not penetrate, when the earthly tabernacle is laid aside, then they

fall upon that spirit, bear it above the tumultuous floods, form an ark which is secure. Oh no! the earnest desire, for elevation of souls or humanity, cannot be lost, we see the blanks of the books are filled, by these same loving angel hands, with words of encouragement, of comfort, of admonition, of cheer, of advice; we see in place of the struggles and conflicts a mighty armor of victory, the prayers or desires are again answered; perhaps, those desires were never expressed, it is not necessary that they should be.

The spiritual realm—the great beyond receives impressions from this invisible life, without the aid of the material; if thy bended knees and thy loud speaking alone will save thee, thou hast a plan which is unlawful, whilst thou prayest for thy brother, or thyself, use all the power that thou hast to accomplish the fulfilling of that desire, if it is right. The adversary is at work—the evil power, and, if thou dost patiently wait, the victory is his. Thou mayst see that the inward desires whilst at the daily toil have formed the gold for the crown, making it firm; and unsullied it remains in that same great light if the pure desires have triumphed.

Yes! we say let prayers ascend, let them be sent on the mighty ocean of thought, but, if whilst the prayers ascend, thy labors do not coincide with them thou hast established two opposing elements which counteract each other, and all is lost. Add to thy prayers and desires the deeds which are of equal value they do not rise above the head and no bow of promise may appear in the heaven of heavens. IDA M. MERRILL.

“HINT TO PARENTS.—Few parents realize how much their children may be taught at home, by devoting a few minutes to their instruction every day. Let a parent make the experiment with his son of ten years old, for a single week, and only during the hours which are not spent in school. Let him make a companion of his child, converse with him familiarly, put to him questions, answer inquiries, communicate facts, the result of his reading or observation.”

In receipt of a letter from a gentleman, of Lamberta, Alabama, near Mobile, giving us a description of his orange grove and many other items of interest, which we should like very much to publish if he had not requested otherwise. We thank him for the kind letter which he has sent for publication to know that our feeble efforts are appreciated also, for the subscription he sent in addition to his own.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

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NO. 16.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

"This is the stone which was set at naught by you builders which has become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," from errors and transgressions against the laws of our nature. Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John and perceived they were unlearned and ignorant men; they took knowledge that they had been with Jesus, and seeing the man who was healed before them, they could say nothing against it. When they had commanded them to leave the council; they conferred among themselves saying, "What shall we do to those men; a miracle has been done by them, is manifest, we cannot deny it, but, that it spread no farther, let us threaten them that they speak henceforth to no man in the name of Jesus."

Who can say that the signs of the times to-day do not correspond clearly with those recorded in the bible.

Peter and John answered whether it would be right to hearken unto God, or you for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard, and when they had farther threatened them they let them go. They went to their friends, and reported all that the chief priests and elders had said unto them. Now Lord behold their threatenings; and grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak thy word by stretching forth thy hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of Jesus. At that time the Kings of the earth stood up and the rulers gathered together, against the Lord and his Christ.

There is a similar opposition against truths, that the same spirit manifested through Jesus and his apostles, Christ and the apostles taught the resurrection of man into a higher sphere of existence, and the life of

Jesus was love, mercy and justice, all the virtues and elements of the soul expressed in his loving kindness to humanity. There is no proof of his ever living on earth until the Jewish time. Swedenborg—may be compared to John the Baptist, who came crying in the wilderness of men's minds, prepare the way for the light, and now the voice of angels say prepare thyself the way is open, and woe unto them that put stumbling blocks in the way.

There is but one God, one Supreme Power over all, and one grand principle of life, love to God and humanity—this is all the law the prophets taught.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We take the following from a correspondent, on receipt of first publication:

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Jan. 7th, 1881.

MISS IDA M. MERRILL:—The "FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT" just received. I fully approve of its objects—as I understand them. In your speaking of your cemetery, it recalls to me pleasant recollections of one at Hannibal near you, mentioned in my poem on, "Hannibal in Home," my book of poems—"How green and peaceful dost thou lie, making us almost wish to die!" In this land of endless sunshine, and almost unvarying mild climate, our cemeteries grow brown and desolate in the summer, and when yours are covered with the snowy mantle of winter, ours smile in their garments of green; but we miss in them the typical spring resurrection from the death of winter, and so, notwithstanding one feels that they could not live again in your extremes of cold and heat, yet, the spring time remains in the memory a sad, sweet Oasis of the past.

I am glad to see an effort to arouse woman to her coming destiny, so near upon her; let us hope that she will be in time, to help build the breakwaters against the terrible waves of unlimited wealth in the forms of monopolies, that are again building up the Bastilles of monarchies and tyrannies, that the struggling people have shed so much blood to demolish. I send a little impromptu rhyme, given on the moment; use it if you choose.

ADIOS J. H. B.

139 MAIN ST., LOS ANGELES, Cal.

Command respect by correct deportment. Civility and politeness are a part of the true gentleman, or lady.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.

To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers as bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaleth."

When the shades of evening gather, and the darkness comes on apace, we know that it is only for a season; the morrow will dawn as it has always; it may be a cloudless day, or one in which the sun will not appear, nevertheless, it will be day, and thus in the shadows of evening we know there is light in darkness. We watch, in the gathering twilight, the shadows flit here and there like phantoms—the memories of departing day or they. We know that the light is but curtained from us for a short season that we may repose upon our couches, allowing our physical frame to rest for the coming morrow.

It is a beautiful provision of the Allwise power that twelve hours out of the twenty-four are veiled from the suns glare, that the weary eyes may close upon the world's turmoils, that the brain may quietly perform its function that the spirit may soar in the land of dreams, that we may be oblivious to sorrow, or even joy, for a season; but, should we in closing our eyes upon the great throbbing world, feel that this would be the last time we should ever feel the pulse beat to sorrow or joy; either, in this state or another, what agony would attend the thought! As it is, we expect to awaken on the morrow, either in this world—taking up the thread of life where we left it—or in another sphere, following the law of that clime—and thus there is light in darkness.

As the darksome night is a blessed renewer of the vital forces, may not the dark clouds of sorrow, of failures, be renewers of the spiritual nature, may we not see that light always shine through the darkness, and the clouds but give us the opportunity to rest by the way side and to hearken to the loving tones from the better land which extends to our very door?

Glean the fields of usefulness which are at hand and others will open to thy view, the great world is the field, and faithful gleaners are few.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

A truly religious influence prevailed this school, which was carried out in daily practice; and everything that could add to the comfort and improvement of the pupils was done by the faithful teachers. The Aunt Fannie, with whom we have become partially acquainted was the presiding genius, and the corps of teachers were in harmony with her. They labored for the improvement of the pupils, because their heart was in the work—not only for the stipulated sum which they received quarterly—and the result was that the pupils who left this institute, after even one years instruction, carried with them the germ of progress which could not be stifled, and Alice during her five years abode had developed a character which had become a part of herself, so much so, that society life could not change it. She would move in the path that her mother would select for a time, and, yet she would be no part of it; the “real Alice” was not there, her spirit would be with the birds and the bees, in the forest or in the vale, or in dear old H— amongst the familiar scenes, learning the lessons again, correcting the mistakes, talking with Aunt Fannie or in the library again before tea. Every nature seeks its own food, as does every physical system, *its* proper sustenance. There was no congeniality to Alice with those whose lives were made up of the fashionable folly of the day; as she must take part in it for a time, it was with no spirit nor vivacity, for her *soul* was not there, and we shall see where she shall be found, many times, during three years we shall follow her pathway. We cannot say that early training does not add the greatest impetus to the character; if it has been such as will develop the peculiar talent of the individual, the work has been well and faithfully done, and such was the training at H— Seminary. Harry at the death of his father, was placed in this institution by his guardian. The fond father had intended that Harry should be educated under his watch-care until he was ready for college; but, at the death of his father it was decided, by the mother and his guardian, that the discipline and instructions of H— would be better for him, as the mother's feeble health would not permit her to give him that attention she so much desired; so, with many tears and prayers, on the part of the mother, Harry took his departure, she comforting herself that the self-denial, on her part, was essential to the future welfare of her child. “It will teach him self reliance, too,” she

would say. "Oh loving mother! may thy self-sacrifice be of value, and may thy desires be fulfilled, if not whilst dwelling here, mayhap when thou hast passed beyond and view this world with spiritual eyes.

Thus the days rolled by with little change in the widows quiet home and merchant's lonely household. Yes! after the departure of the sunny Alice, with her winning ways, ringing laugh and merry song, there was a gloom as of death, in the stately mansion but the father and mother looked forward to the homecoming of their darling, although, each awaited it with widely different plans. With the mother it was fashionable to send the daughter to boarding school, and she anticipated the time when she should receive her daughter "finished" and when she should be the belle of S—. Not so the father; he had selected a *home* for his child—for, the real home life had been developed here, with the instructions, in the various branches was mingled lessons of the Christ-life, lessons of patience, forbearance, meekness, forgiveness and love; like a family of brothers and sisters were those pupils. The Aunt Fannie spoken of had been a mother to Alice, as well as to all who would listen to her gentle voice. The beautiful thoughts, implanted in her mind by this noble woman, had aided greatly in forming her lovely character.

Oft, as twilight gathered; would she tap at Aunt Fannie's door and always received a cordial welcome, and she never left the precincts of that sanctuary, but she felt that she had been drinking from the fountain of life. For this woman was indeed a mother in Israel. Oh, precious mission to train aright the young and tender buds of humanity!

We shall go back to the time when Harry was initiated in the household at H—. His guardian accompanied him, and Alice felt that she was called upon, to comfort him in the loss of his father, and to introduce him to various places of interest in the building and grounds; the favorite haunts, where she often with book in hand learned her lessons alone, were shown him, the playgrounds, the great pine trees which in this climate attain such perfection, the lawn dotted with every variety of evergreens, ornamental trees and shrubs, the flower garden and fountain, the birds's nest and bee hives, the chickens and the cows, the old carriage horse, Dick, who had faithfully and carefully drawn the girls upon many a pleasant errand, Towser, the watch dog and even the old grey cat which was a favorite with many of the girls.

It was upon one of these occasions, after Alice had taken him to a shaded nook, where a few rustic seats were placed in the recesses of an arbor-vitae bower, with a large pine tree overshadowing it that Alice says:

"Harry, I have now shown you all over the ground—everything that I enjoy, but this is my bower, where I come when the girls are all on the playground, and sometimes study, and other times think, and make up fairy stories, sometimes, I imagine I can see the fairies in that little shady path near the fountain, you know they always come out of the woods or water, once I dreamed that an angel came to me and said just like fairies do, 'I will teach you.'"

Harry could scarcely comprehend Alice's fancies, but said, "I never have thought a great deal in my life, Alice, until since father died and since that time I have been studying why such strange things occur, why some persons die that every one seems to miss? and who have so much to do in the world as father had, and why others live that are always wishing to go and seem to be a trouble to themselves and every one else, just like old Ben, there in S—, who never does anything but quarrel and fight with all the boys, who come near him, and keep his son's family in a state of uneasiness all the time, for fear he will kill some of them, and I cannot think that it was right that father should have been taken when I loved him so much, and other boys, who say they would be glad if their fathers were dead still have them."

Then it was when Alice says, "Never mind Harry you shall share my papa."

Alice was now at the age when childhood merges into womanhood, standing upon the threshold of life, with the sweet baby innocence—with one hand holding the precious bud, with the other, opening petal by petal the delicate beauty, by the power of thought and observation; the future looms before her, with no cloud, her sky is serene, and she knows naught but to watch the beauty of the opening bud; she is drinking of the pure waters and is gazing out upon the grand panorama with ecstatic delight. Happy, happy youth! thou must sometime find that there may be a worm in the core of thy lovely bud, and that another, must be opened, but we would not warn thee; enjoy the beauty, it is well enough when thou findest, and mayhap, this will be a perfect one, may it beso with our fairy Alice.

Harry is a lad of sixteen summers, and, as we have said, had been carefully reared under his father, was yet simple and boyish; to him Alice was the same little girl with whom he had played in S—. He was upon the threshold of life, too, and the deep sorrow, which had come upon him, had drawn out the power of his nature, which had lain dormant in his reliance upon the much beloved parent; the world to him now had a

new hue, he was a part of it, he, also, thought of himself as being now his mother's stay and support in her declining years; he had already found a worm in the core of his beautiful bud, but could we have robbed him of one day's enjoyment had we perceived it? It would not have sweetened the bitter pang but have added unto it.

Harry answered, "Yes, I know that you are kind and generous Alice, but, still, it is not like having my own dear father, to whom I can go in every trouble."

"But, Harry can't you go to Aunt Fannie? I always do, and she can make me happy again."

"But, yet, Alice, you see you still have your father, she will not be like my father."

Again she says, "but I will share mine with you; you shall call him papa."

Says Harry, with a light laugh, "May I alway? Some day you will be a young lady and will want to marry, and then some one else will want to call him father."

"Never, no never," says Alice, "I am going to be a teacher like Aunt Fannie, and never marry, and comfort papa and mama in vacation."

"And I shall never marry either, I suppose as father is gone, and I must be mother's stay, she says, in her old age, won't it be splendid? I shall go into the store with your father, perhaps, when I have finished my education and, perhaps, you will teach here in H—, and, on examination days, I shall come out with your father and you will go back to the city with us."

"Yes, delightful! just as I have often planned, but I never had you in it, because I never dreamed your papa would die, and you would come to H— too; but, let us go and talk with Aunt Fannie about it; she can explain it to you in some way, that you will feel that there is a bright side, too, as she always says. She says that every trouble has a blessing.

CORA CORAL.

LAZINESS promises a man ease for the present, which is sure to produce a terrible future—therefore, resist laziness as you would the devil.

Love of self has been deprecated as a sin, but we say, "Love thyself, so well that thou wouldst scorn to do an ignoble deed, or harbor base thought and thou wilt thereby love humanity so well, that thou wilt wrong no man, but will faithfully observe the great maxim, 'Love one another.'"

**A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
LIFE TO BE MADE THE MOST OF.**

BY LEO H. GRINDON, IN "LIFE, ITS NATURE, VARIETY AND PHENOMENA."

Nothing is ever lost, while much is always gained, by attending to the good of a thing before its evil. Catullus' address to Lesbia, for instance beginning

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,

which beautiful little poem may be taken as a type of all its class, has in it something so exquisitely tender and affecting that we can readily suppose the poet to have laid so much stress upon the certainty of never returning into the sunshine of terrestrial life, in order to encourage mankind to value that life as it deserves, and to enjoy it as intensely as the Creator desires we should. As the perishableness of the rose quickens our sense of its beauty and fragrance, so the picture of Joy, with death in the distance, inspires us with new interest in our innumerable temporal delights, given us, as they are, "richly to enjoy." We need such reminders; men weaken in soul as well as body; the glow and ardor of love for the beautiful and true die from out of them, like strength from the limbs, if not watched and fed; the high and glorious function of the poet is, that he comes to us with his stronger soul, and sets us growing and living afresh. Such restorative, invigorative influence it is the nature and utility of all true poetry to exert upon us, and the degree in which it vitalizes is the token of the poet's genius. And though his particular theme, as in the song referred to, which dwells wholly upon kisses, may seem trite and poor, still he is none the less faithful to his mission if he awaken lofty and amiable sentiments. The physical images with which he deals, are so many figures and representatives, which it is for ourselves to translate into their significance, making out a new poem in our own minds. The opposition of ideas, so remarkable in the opening lines of the song spoken of, has a beautiful reflex in the Arcadian landscape of Poussin, representing rural festivity, the charm of which would be sensibly diminished, were it destitute of the monument and inscription. *

Be it Catullian or not, the sentiment that we should make the most of life; that as we go along we should enjoy every gift of God as ardently and as copiously as we can, consistently with sobriety and order, is a perfectly right and proper one—it is more, it is one of our first and highest duties. To sell one's self to sensuality is one thing; thankfully

to accept, and temperately to enjoy the honest pleasures of the senses, is quite a different matter. Sight and hearing, taste and touch, were bestowed for no other end than to be exercised on things congenial to them. The true way to enjoy most of heaven is previously to strive how much we can enjoy of earth; not, however, by striving to enjoy it exclusively as an earthly thing, still less as a sensuous one, to the neglect of the moral and intellectual; neither again by laying ourself out for pleasure, purely as such, but by taking as our ruling motive, in our search for enjoyment, the higher development of our humanity. The golden rule of all is to connect, as often and as closely as we can, the terrestrial with the heavenly. The highest of which human intelligence is susceptible is that which comes of the habit of translating the ordinary circumstances of daily life into ideas that lead ultimately to God; there are no truly beautiful and nourishing ideas but such as are felt to gravitate imperceptibly towards Him, while none are so practical and efficacious, as ingredient of happiness, as those that are sucked, honey-like, from the merest trifles of existence. So in regard to the time for enjoyment. Though we may rely upon the recurrence of some few sources of pleasure, the greater part are so fitful, the total of the circumstances is so unlikely ever to be the same again, and our own changes of emotional state are so frequent and extreme—what enraptures to-day often becoming distasteful and even bitter on the morrow—that if we would realize life in its fullness, we must let no chance, not the slightest, escape, though at the moment it may seem utterly insignificant. Life is made up of minutes, and its happiness of corresponding little pleasures; the wise man secures the atoms as they flit past him, and thus become owner of the aggregate. Making every circumstance of life, sensuous, moral, and intellectual, and every day and hour, contribute a little something, he finds that though a brilliant and memorable pleasure may come but twice or thrice, the secret of a happy life is nevertheless his own. That fine secret is not so much to lay plans for acquiring happy days, as to pluck our enjoyment on the spot; in other words, to spend that time in being happy which so many lose in deliberating and scheming how to become so.

Non est, crede mihi, sapiente dicere Vivam;
Sera nimis vita est, crastina, vive hodie.

I'll live to-morrow, 'tis not wise to say;
'Twill be too late to-morrow,—live to-day.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.***LIGHT, MORE LIGHT.**

TAKEN FROM "RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM" BY SAMUEL WATSON, D. D.

"I thank Thee, O, Father! for this another opportunity of communion with these, Thy faithful followers. They come to this holy place to seek light from Thee, and Thou, in goodness and mercy, hast sent me to tell them Thou art forever, and forever, God. And none of Thy children are turned from the fountain of light and knowledge who come seeking with pure and honest hearts. O Thou Holy Spirit! the essence and power of God; which is manifested in all the works of Thy hands, let us, while we commune with these Thy children, seeking for the truth, be filled with Thy power, and enable us to make such revealments as will make them seek those higher conditions that will bring them nearer Thy angel messengers, and through the light given to them draw nearer to Thee, O God. Amen.

"The 'Stream which maketh glad the City of God' is to quench your thirst. 'The Tree of Life' is to satisfy your hunger. Its 'leaves are for the healing of the nations.' These leaves are presented to you daily by the angel hands which are ever outstretched for your deliverance. The fruits which the apostle saw, and called 'twelve manner of fruits,' are presented to you daily by angel missionaries, who come to enlighten and feed starving humanity. These figures of speech were impressed upon the mind of the apostle, to give him the knowledge that the children of earth were fed and feasted upon heavenly things by spirits sent from God. The apostle thought the angel was God, so like Him was he in spiritual brightness and perfection. He had never had his spiritual vision opened before to the perfection and beauty of departed ones, whose earth-lives had fitted them for entrance into high and holy conditions. Hence, he believed the spirit who came and showed to him so much glory, must be the author of all things in earth and heaven.

"The spirit felt that the giver of all these blessings must be worshiped, and not his glorified ones. To make the apostle understand that earth's children did rise nearer and nearer to God's perfection, He told him who He was, and thus gave the first tangible proof of the return of spirits; since the translation scene.

"The angel who appeared to Peter did not tell he was a departed spirit from the earth, hence Peter did not understand the whole of his mission, a part of which was to teach the soul's immortality in another state of

being. Peter preached immortality without tangible evidence, just as ministers of the present day do. He was guided by spirit intelligence, in making declarations which gave him precedence, whenever the occasion demanded prompt and decisive action. Ministers are often misled in regard to what they should speak, because spirit utterances are stifled by asserting their own individuality; or rather giving heed to educational discipline, while the spirit impressing and bearing testimony with their own, answers no, and burnishes the truth with spiritual light.

"Oh how long will the heralds of Gospel truth wear the yoke of creedal bondage? when every day brings new light, which makes the enlightened soul of man cry, 'Light, more light.' "

FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT

Let there be light! that magic word
 Stands written on the sun's bright face;
 In tremulous tones of music heard
 By listening souls of every race.

Let there be light! tho' bigots frown
 And build their adamantine walls;
 Light shimmers thro' the ages down,
 While error 'neath its sunray falls.

Let there be light! light always was
 Like purest gold; we need but go
 To nature's fountain, shun the dross,
 'Tis found above, around, below.

Let there be light! when sunny beams
 Are hidden by the earth's deep breast,
 The night reveals light's myriad gleams
 That sing her sleepers to their rest.

Let there be light! the human soul
 Pants like the thirsty antelope
 For living streams of light that roll
 Adown the fields of love and hope.

There must be light! the centuries bring
 Their swelling waters to the sea;
 And echoing angel voices sing
 The wave song of eternity!

FOR "A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT."

JESSE H. BUTLER.

Compliments of Mrs. M. Merrick and Ida M. Merrill, soliciting your aid in the spread of "*A Fountain of Light*." The object of the magazine is to disseminate truth, for the expression of free thought, which we believe to be the channel which shall widen and deepen, cleanse and purify. Where thoughts are freely and conscientiously expressed, evil ones would be denounced. We ask your co-operation with us, that we may carry forward the work as we seem to be directed. To any one who will obtain six subscribers we will send an extra copy.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.***A HISTORY OF LIFE**

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

"And, Noah lived after the flood three hundred and fifty years;" successive generations were added unto his family and all were of the same language, we are informed up to the time of the erection of the tower of Babel. Three hundred and fifty years! one man's life; add together the ages of ourselves—should we dwell upon earth the three score and ten years allotted to man upon an average, to that of each generation dating to our great, great grandfather and we have in the approximate the age of the one man. What an age! and how much might be accomplished in that length of time! What mighty results if man could but retain the use of his faculties clear and unclouded the length of time. If one thought that this preparation day—this short step in life, which by many is called life—was the acme of all intelligence, of all learning, of all progress, of all the unfoldments of divine plan, of all the powers of thought, of all labors for right, truth and justice, of all errands of mercy and missions of love, we should say, "three hundred and fifty years let us have, and then we have taken but one feeble step;" we stand trembling upon the verge of a mighty universe; we look upon the grandeur, the beauty, the sublimity, the depths of wisdom manifest in the great natural world; we see the majesty of all the worlds in the starry firmament, the glory of light, which tints every flower, which rainbows the tiny drops of water, which develops every species of vegetation, which dispels clouds and banishes the storm when the parched earth has received enough of the refreshing beverage water; we say, "three hundred and fifty years more,"—yet, we are not ready to precipitate ourselves from this verge into the darkness of oblivion, which is typified by the darkest night; contemplate it; enter a dungeon, there is no crevice whereby the smallest ray of light may penetrate the solemn darkness; there is naught which we may, touch, there is nothing to which we may cling but darkness—deep terrible; we are stifled, we reel, we stagger; one ray equal in size to the smallest atom would relieve the terrible oppression; and yet, there cannot be a ray, the most minute, in this great unknown, if we are to sink into oblivion, even for a time. "Are we," the question arises, "to dwell in this dungeon a length of time which comprises ages, until an appointed day of judgment, when there shall be a trumpet sound and the dead shall arise and come forth?" It is too terrible to contemplate. It

is not in accordance with the law of reason, that man should be given faculties—which unquestionably belong to man alone, which elevates him above the beast, denominates him, “a little lower than the angels,” and the power to cultivate these faculties, to draw near to perfection, yet never attain it, stand upon the verge of an immortal world, view the majesty from afar—and then be cast into oblivion. We say give us some tangible reason why this life principle was ever evolved, why the lofty aspirations, which are not a part of the earth were given us, if they are not linked with an immortal world; if they are not immortal, and must perish as do material things, as the grass which comes up and then withereth. Why do not they come to perfection, as do the robes of the forest, the flowers and the fields? We see the design accomplished and say, “it is well.” But when we see the imperfection in the outgrowth of human character, we say, where is the design? We have not yet reached the ideal of the great Maker and Builder—the perfect artist; we have but entered one small domain of His great beautiful world, have but received one crumb from the table, one ray of light from the great sun, one scattered fragment from His great mind, which, mayhap, has rebounded from sphere to sphere, from planet to sister planet, and the ray which has come direct to us is only one of the millions, which are warming, renewing, vivifying, a never-dying soul.

To create within us the broadest, deepest, purest of thoughts, to give us desires for holiness, and perfection which are as utterly impossible to be fulfilled upon this planet, as it is impossible for man to create a natural object, even the most delicate flower—would give us an irrational Creator—one who is dependent upon chance—would give us a world of chance with no cause for anything, and then we come to a terrible chaos, and say “have done with science and philosophy.”

As there is no effect which cannot be traced back to its corresponding cause, in all our reasonings, then, we say, for what cause is this life—not this material, but this spiritual, this inner life, which every reasonable person is as conscious of possessing, as he is conscious of the material objects around him. The beautiful inner life which is every individual's secret chamber, one which we can enter and say this is my temple, it is sacred, these aspirations and these imaginings are not a part of this material world, there is not in the material anything which is imperishable enough to link them with, they are joined to the great cause of all things. Whatever and wherever this great cause, I know it is perfection, I know that it is the essence of all goodness, holiness, purity and

Love to mankind, I know that it is spirit and soul, that it is another atmosphere, and that it is not material, but, is a higher, a more ethereal air, which we cannot breathe continuously in the material world; for, as yet, we are linked with the material, but, I know that it cannot be destroyed, neither can it be obliterated, neither can it lose its separate existence, its identical originality; it is one ray from the great sun—one fragment, but united with the many fragments of the great plan, it is yet the same fragment—the individual life with the same faculties, as the tiniest flower of a great conservatory has as separate an existence as though there were but this one. Yes! if this were the acme of all human perfection we would say three hundred and fifty years, and yet, we have taken but one step in the great life.

IDA M. MERRILL.

THE OBJECT OF "A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT."

As was expressed in our first copy, and from time to time since—it is, that pure thought, irrespective of sect or creed, may be freely expressed. To those of our readers who may not know anything concerning the parties who are fearlessly standing for the right, we think that it is but due to the lady who is known to you as publisher, Mrs. M. Merrick, for us to say, that it is a truly, benevolent idea which instigated her—a love of humanity, and a desire to cast in a widow's mite in the cause of progression. It should be known that it is not with the expectation of making money or even defraying expenses, but as she is a lady on the shady side of life, believing that the angels are bearing her company to the beyond world, and assisting us in our work, she feels that her life mission is not yet complete, and is using a part of her means in this way, expecting no reward, only the one which comes from doing good.

The hall—which she has built in this city and dedicated to humanity was the beginning of her noble work, prompted by the angels from the invisible world—is open to all, sects or creeds, all progressive movements, and as it was built as a monument to her deceased husband it seems there could be no better monument. It is a beautiful, neat, substantial building, and in the first story we have our office, also the office of the Greenback paper of this city called the "*Quincy Post*." The workers in the temperance cause have been holding a series of meetings in the audience room of the building.

Although in every progressive work we must expect opposition, and liberality is deprecated by many churches, yet it is the very essence of

religion if it is confined in a proper channel; the man, who may see the good in humanity and appreciate it without enquiring whether he be a Jew or Protestant, a Catholic or a freemason, a materialist or a spiritualist, has found the key to the city of pearl, has found the path which leads to holiness. We expect to find some opposition in this work, but we expect many to take us by the hand, and aid in the circulation of this work, and to send us an expression of noble thoughts. We ask your aid in this movement, and your influence in the right cause; wherever you may be if you do not assist in this, in some other good work use your efforts; for, in this new era Right and justice must prevail. We will say that it is without the knowledge of the lady referred to that we mention these facts, but think it only a just tribute to her noble efforts and an appreciation of her kind and encouraging assistance to ourselves, and many others.

THE BETTER WAY.

The grandeur of the present day,
Is light and knowledge for a world;
Across the earth comes heaven's own ray,
Its wondrous beauty is unfurled.

The light is ours, the angel's hands,
Have held it at our very door;
If we accept—the holy hands
Will reveal the beauty's, o'er and o'er.

The loving call from heaven is, "work,"
The vineyards full the gatherers few,
Oh! let us not our duty shirk,
Stand to our calling firm and true.

Give heed to monitions sweet,
Which bid us patiently pursue
The work we find and not retreat,
With the beautiful city in view.

There is no blessing without love,
No labor which is done in vain—
Guided by this gift from above,
Which every life should here retain.

No sin then would we have on earth,
No crimes of vilest taint;
Then heaven below would have its birth,
And life would be without restraint,

Our neighbor's weal would be our own,
Our daily cares as light as air,
And heaven would need no wondrous throne,
Majestic monarch enthroned there.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

But everywhere would be His throne,
In humblest cot, or mansion fair,
He'd dwell and make it as His own
Destroy dark crime, woe, grief or care.

Oh! haste the day, when all shall say,
A better path we've found at last,
A higher road, a nobler way—
The chord which binds humanity fast.

We none are right, we all are wrong,
We all have failings, all some light;
Then swell the universal song,
We all are searching for the right.

CORA CORAL.

TO MARY IDA.

OUR NAMESAKE IN ALABAMA.

Dear little babe in the sunny clime
Breathing the perfume of orange flowers,
Thou'rt a tender bud in life's spring time,
Of the great clock time one of the hours.

As the tiny bud unfolds each day,
May lovely character be portrayed;
To the parents' hearts a sunny ray,
May thy sweet purity never fade.

May the loving angels guard and guide,
Aiding thy mother, and father, too,
To train the feet clear streams beside,
And thy virtues may they be not few.

When years have past, if thou art here,
And the writer is yet on this earth
We'll meet, and may the little dear
Be joyous, happy, filled with mirth.

DIAMOND DUST.

Give us wisdom and understanding that will aid us in every effort,
give us hearts filled with love to the Great Ruler, which we manifest by
our deeds to humanity.

It is better to weave a golden web in life, by renewed efforts when we
have failed, than to tangle the threads and complain that we have no
compensation for our labors.

It is nobler to rise above calumny and slander, by living a pure life
than by contention to strive to contradict it. Be thankful that thou
hast the power whereby the truth may be proven.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 17.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

At the time Herod the Tetrarch heard of the fame of Jesus, he said unto his servants, this is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead; and therefore mighty works do show forth themselves in him." Herod believed in the resurrection, and appearance of spirits in form on earth, after Herod had killed John, the disciples took the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus. When he heard of it he departed into a desert place—apart; and when the people heard thereof a multitude followed him out of the cities, and when Jesus saw them he was moved with compassion toward them and healed their sick. At evening his disciples said to him this is a desert place, send the multitude away, that they may go to the village and buy themselves victuals. Jesus said "no they need not depart; give ye them to eat." They said unto him, "we have but five loaves and two fishes." He said, "bring them to me; and after the multitude were seated he took the loaves and fishes, blessed and broke, and gave to the disciples and they to the multitude, and they ate and were filled. The fragments that remained were twelve baskets full; the number fed were about five thousand men besides women and children. Then Jesus constrained his disciples to take ship, and go before him to the other side." "After they had all departed he went alone on the mountain to pray—or meet the holy spirits who came to minister unto him; to give him strength and encouragement, to do the works he was appointed to accomplish. When the evening was come he was there alone but the ship was in the midst of the sea tossed with the waves; for the wind was contrary, and in the fourth hour of the night Jesus went unto them walking on the sea, and when the disciples saw him they were troubled, saying it is a spirit; and they cried out, for fear Jesus spake to

them saying, "be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Peter said, "Lord if it be thou bid me come to thee on the water." He said, "come!" and when Peter came down off the ship he walked on the water; but, when he saw the wind boisterous he was afraid, and beginning to sink he cried "Lord save me!" Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him and said: "O thou of little faith! wherefore didst thou doubt. Man is fearfully and wonderfully made, and knows but little about himself, or the great power he possesses. Jesus said, "you can do greater works than I have done, if you have faith"—in yourselves—and believe what I tell you, that you are immortal, there is no death of the spirit, but life and happiness forever. Believe in the principles I have taught you and love one another, and all power will be given to those who are willing to receive it; and all things are possible, no limit to progression.

All the signs and works done by Jesus of Nazareth were to prove the truth of a future state of existence, and that state is here—on, or around this globe. He seems to have had no other object, when he took three men on a mountain, but to show them a vision; when he became transfigured, there appeared the spirits of two men talking with him—Moses and Elias—and the same idea is expressed when Jesus constrained his disciples to cross the sea before him, that he might show them the great powers given to mankind, whereby, they could do greater works than he had done, even greater than walking on the water or quelling the storm.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

P. S.—In "The Signs of the Times" of last number, in the last paragraph, "Jewish time" should have read present time.

QUINCY has a new publication in the form of a magazine entitled, the "*Medical Call*," to be issued quarterly, edited by Drs. Foster and Crandall, (50 cents per annum) single copies 15 cents. Is "devoted to the wants of the busy doctor." A knowledge of the laws of our being is a safe guard against disease and misery. Knowledge is always power if rightly used.

FIRST number of the "*Liberal*" received is edited, at Lamar, Mo., by G. H. Walser; terms, one dollar per year. It is an expression of free thought, also, we perceive—a drifting out after the tangled threads of christianity—searching why prayers are not answered, finding the most tangible way is to add labors and exertions to the desires and not leave for God to do what is unquestionably man's sphere.

WE ALL WORK.

We all work, there are none idle,
The greatest lord, the poorest serf;
Work sweeps o'er as a great tidal,
Filling the utmost bound of earth.

Laborers in the vineyard to-day,
Laborers in the works of love,
Let us each fill our appointed way,
Be joined, thereby, with realms above.

'Tis better to labor for Right,
The evil will never bring peace,
Labor for truth, 'twill banish night,
And the glorious day never cease.

There are simplest ways to labor,
There are sweetest missions here,
Be ever willing to aid our neighbor,
And the path is beautiful, clear.

Work wherever we find we may
Sow a seed which will bear some fruit,
Work! and always in the better way,
Man should be above the brute.

His wondrous power, as mighty king
Upon this glorious universe,
Should let his soul, with joyous ring,
Say, no! Labor is not a curse.

It is the power which gives us life,
The power which gives us peace and joy,
The power which banishes woe and strife,
If we yield to noble employ.

We all must work and not refuse,
If we would have a lovely land,
The powers are here which we may use,
Placed here by a perfect hand.

CORA CORAL.

Compliments of Mrs. M. Merrick and Ida M. Merrill, soliciting your aid in the spread of "*A Fountain of Light*." The object of the magazine is to disseminate truth, for the expression of free thought, which we believe to be the channel which shall widen and deepen, cleanse and purify. Where thoughts are freely and conscientiously expressed, evil ones would be denounced. We ask your co-operation with us, that we may carry forward the work as we seem to be directed. To any one who will obtain six subscribers we will send an extra copy.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

A light tap at Aunt Fannie's door was followed by the gentle "come in," and Alice and Harry stood upon the threshold.

"Come right in my dears," said Aunt Fannie, "I am alone and will be pleased to have your pleasant company for awhile and hear what pleasing fancies the little story maker has this evening."

Alice had confided to Aunt Fannie some of her fanciful fairy stories, and had gained much useful information in return by confidence.

"Aunt Fannie! Harry has already come to you for advice; you know his papa has just gone to heaven, and he feels as though he can never be happy any more—real happy as he use to be, and he thinks God did not do right to take his papa when he loved him so, and other boys who do not love their's near so much, still have them."

"Come sit here upon this ottomons by the window where you may be comfortable, and we shall talk the matter over, and see what ray of light we may find; see if we cannot in some way reconcile Harry to his loss. Yet! it is a deep sorrow to one so young as Harry to have his father go out into the Great Unknown world, to see him as he may think for the last time, yet there is a beautiful passage of Scripture which says, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." The blessed Father who doeth all things well—sees from everlasting to everlasting; the life here upon the earth is to Him as a grain of sand upon the beach in comparison with the great and never-ending eternity, and had not disease lain its hand upon your father, he may have lived to be an old man perhaps; yet, as an angel from the realms of the invisible world he may come near to you, strengthen and guide, and, the separation is only a separation of soul from body; your father is not dead, but, is still living only that the spirit is free, and as you have read of the angels appearing unto those in Bible times, he may walk by your side, as of yore, only, you do not see him, except through memory and thought. You may, as you pursue your studies, say "I will do this well—will thoroughly accomplish that which I know would please him, were I directly under his watchcare could I raise my eyes and, see him before me;" for, perhaps, he may, from this great world, which we call heaven—gaze upon you and with pleasure see that his greatest efforts for your

welfare were not in vain. "Yes! I know it is hard to bear," she added as the tears silently course down Harry's cheek, "yet, we can never recall the departed ones by grief, and if they may draw near us—as I believe they may—it will only add unrest to them to see us grieve."

To Harry this is a new revelation; he had thought of his father as being dead—he knew that the life had fled where, it was, and what were the conditions of that life had never entered his brain. To think that his father might be near him and might see him, even, was a ray of light. Yes, Harry was an intelligent boy, and he knew that there was reason in this; as he had gazed upon the lifeless remains of his parent there, had been a slight wondering wherefore had this change come, and this was a solving of the mystery—death. How well he would strive to meet the approval of that father, if it was really true, that he could come near him. Yes! he would believe it anyway, it would make the burden lighter, and give him a new impetus. These thoughts had flashed through his brain with lightning rapidity as she talked, and he said:

"It never occurred to me, that father might be near me; mother says, he has gone to heaven, and I did not think he would ever see me again, until I go there and if I should not happen to get there, I should never see him; these are the thoughts that have been troubling me—but to think that he might be near to me, even for five minutes in the day, would be worth every thing; and I will try to do as he always desired me—then I shall imagine I see him anyway."

"That's just beautiful, Aunt Fannie! that's just like my fairy stories; now, I imagine I see them and it is just real to me—it is beautiful to think of Harry's papa coming over from heaven to see Harry and, perhaps, he will come and see me too, sometimes; I shall listen and see if I do not hear something like an angel's wings—just like a little bird that fluttered past me one day, so quickly. I could not see it; but, I did not forget it for a half hour or more the flutter seemed ringing in my ears, and, perhaps, that would be the way with Harry's papa; if he only staid a minute, we could not forget it for awhile, and all the while we are studying our lessons it would seem like an angel's wing fanning us—just like an echo of it, I mean."

"You have woven quite a fancy my dear little girl, and you have an idea, also, which is correct; the memory of the dear parent will rest in Harry's mind, the presence of his invisible form will be a double incentive to improvement, and he will be enabled to become a comfort to his mother in her declining years—his father's mantle may descend upon

him, and he will be apt to be a more self-reliant man than had he always depended upon the fond father."

We cannot see the end of all broken links; we but see that they are broken, that the beautiful cloudless sky is changed—that the thorns appear, that the sorrow comes; but, there is a wise hand which gathers together the broken links, a firmer chain is "fastened to the skies," angel hands cement anew the sundered ties, dispel the clouds, and show us a beautiful city descending; it is the New Jerusalem; its streets are of gold, and its gates are pearls, "and there is a river which maketh glad the inhabitants, thereof." It is the river of life and whosoever drinketh thereof, shall never thirst—no never thirst;—Aunt Fannie was an inhabitant of this city; she was drinking of the pure waters daily; she had found the well spring of happiness, and that was bestowing happiness upon others.

But, we wander—the dialogue was interrupted by the ring of the tea bell, and this was the close of Aunt Fannie's first lesson to Harry, but, it was never forgotten—his life was linked to the skies and the chain was yet perfect, a ray had entered which penetrated his first deep sorrow, and another bud would he pluck to enjoy for a season; thus must be life; we see the dear ones go out into the great unknown, we fain would go out after them, or bring them back but the hand of wisdom checks us, the still small voice says, "It is I be not afraid, thou must rise above the turbid waves of sorrow and see the beauty of life yet, thy mission is not yet fulfilled; pluck the flowers which are in thy pathway for the adorning of an everlasting life."

We shall not attempt to follow Harry and Alice during the school life as our pathway with them is centered in the three years succeeding the New Years reception; but, may at times add reminiscences of those days—that we may connect the links, showing wherefrom they were brought together, wherefore severed, and how reunited.

But, let us say that many valuable lessons did Harry, also, received here, as well as Alice, and there arose within the hearts of each an altar which could not be extinguished, the love of the beautiful, the true in everything, in nature, in humanity, and in self; and this very idea had but added to the grief of Harry, when he committed this first error against self, he was conscious to what extent he had injured himself—and the altar still lighted his heart, coming up through the transgression, with the desire to have it removed, the desire for atonement which is only through the blessed power—reform, and inward purification; holier

desires than we are able to fulfill, are many times implanted within the breast which gives us a hope of an immortality, wherein they may become perfected.

CORV CORAL.

INSPIRATION.

The Bible is called a sacred book by those who call themselves Christians; they say it is written by inspiration, and as all laws are from the beginning, are now and ever will be the same; all books are written by inspiration, and what is inspiration? It is the infusion of ideas into the mind by a superior power, divine influence. We are all born under the law subject to the infusion of ideas through the organ called brain, or inspire to support the spirit or life, of the spiritual body, as we breathe or inhale the air through the lungs, to support the natural body; it is plain to some, we do not live by bread alone but by the divine influx from the spiritual world which continually surrounds us, and in which we move and have our being. If we were not subjects of inspiration, we could neither think or feel; it is the bread that comes from the spirit realm, that if a man eat he shall not hunger; the same is mentioned in the prayer Jesus taught his disciples, "give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." It is said, all life is from the Lord, all intelligence, knowledge, wisdom, understanding, all ideas, thoughts, memory, imagination. This is man, and he walketh in a visible form, his earthly body and when it is worn or torn in fragments, the spirit rises—is born into a higher sphere of existence in the twinkling of an eye and possesses all the faculties and elements of the soul, and can when conditions are favorable, and they find an organism that they can controll, come to those they love and have the greatest desire to be recognized.

Those, who pretend or really do believe the Bible, condemn all modern spiritual manifestations, say if spirits do come to earth they must be evil spirits. Now Jesus made himself visible, Moses and Elias, and many more are mentioned in that book, that were good angels, and Jesus said where two or three are met together in harmony I will be there to bless, them. Some people think heaven is a far away place, that we must ascend to some place in the atmosphere, or go somewhere in space, but if one was to ascend to the top of a church steeple, it would not change the moral or spiritual condition in the least, neither will death, or the withdrawal of the spirit from the body.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

**A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
MORALS AND MATHEMATICS.**

It is each year becoming more evident that the churches all combined cannot make their schools and labors keep pace with the advance of the population; and that unless the State shall introduce the morals of all humanity as it reaches from the Nile to the Orange, millions of the children of this country will never know by heart a single moral sentence, either from any human or any divine lips.

The modern Gamaliel should teach ethics. Ethics is the science of human duty. Arithmetic tells man how to count his money, ethics how to acquire it, whether by honesty or fraud. Geography is a map of the world, ethics a beautiful map of duty. This ethics is not christianity, it is not even religion, but it is the sister of religion, because the path of duty is in full harmony as to quality and direction of God. And in our times this ethics has greatly widened out, and has been flinging out words of praise and directions whither it once looked with ignorance or indifference. Ethics now teaches the actual beauty of simplicity of dress and style, and the dignity of all labor, so that all young persons issuing from a public school house should go forth fully persuaded that work in a shop or on a farm is not only permissible, but is both a duty and a happiness. A school which breeds an intellectual vanity and makes all the girls and boys of a town or city long to be poets, or historians, or lawyers, or orators, or statesmen and millionaires is very narrow and false; but broad, and just, and true that sets forth the ethics of labor that all industry at the desk or in the shop, or behind the plow will seem like the acceptance of a call from God and humanity. It must be reckoned a misfortune if as a poor lad or poor girl is taught at public expense to read and write, the lad must purchase a cane or hire a buggy for a Saturday afternoon, or the girl must aspire to some showy jewelry and must learn the glitter of the life long before she learns its import. That our public schools do to some degree build up an intellectual vanity more rapidly than they build up wisdom must be admitted. Such evils will continue until the councils which govern courses of instruction shall conclude that no lessons in arithmetic or geography can ever compare with the simple lessons in human life.

What the State wants is not the vanity of its multitude, nor is it their poetry nor their fine clothes and gay plumage and jewelry, but their wise attractive lives; and if this be the need of the nation, then the school house should make every young heart that enters its doors commit to

memory all the precious maxims of duty that lie like pearls all along the way from Zoroaster to Benjamin Franklin. The free schools are founded upon the assumption that the heart of a child is easily molded into a goodly shape. It is assumed that if taught to read, it will read good books and will encounter and love those vast truths which have become imbedded in the literature of the world. Thus all our school-buildings are based upon the assumption that the eyes which pore over the alphabet and readers in the heart's young days will sooner or later shed tears of appreciation over the divine lesson of labor and duty and charity and temperance which will sparkle before them upon the open pages of letters. To the majority of children the moral works and possibilities of society must be pointed out with care, and memories at first unwilling must be loaded by force persuasive and kind with the undeniable propositions of ethics. An Auerbach and a Carlyle and a Franklin may easily discern the best paths through this world, but there are not enough of these quick souls to make up a nation, not even a village. The multitude of youths must be patiently taught morals, just as they are taught the multiplication-table, and must be aided toward the feeling that society depends more for its happiness upon the truths of character and being than it depends upon arithmetic.—*Prof. David Swing.*

SPECULATION AS TO THE FUTURE LIFE.

Years ago, in the days of Bishop Butler, very much stress was laid upon the analogies in nature illustrating, and supporting the idea of a future life, and the treatises then written were models of intellectual power and patient research. A great impression was produced, not only upon uneducated but educated minds. Since that period science has progressed with giant strides, and at every step has so largely added to the list of striking analogies or incidental proofs, that the illustrations of early date seem few in number and dwarfed in proportion and force. The idea of an unseen immaterial existence involves, also, the idea of unseen activities and correspondence in the rayless realm. The most stolid of us cannot fail to be impressed with the beautiful analogies which recent scientific discovery affords. Do we not every day converse with unseen friends long distances away, do we not recognize their familiar voices, in homes separated from us by rivers, woods and mountains? These voices come out of the darkness, guided by a frail wire which provides a pathway. Even the curtain of night is drawn about

us the voices are heard, and we have not the shadow of a doubt of their integrity and identity.

And further, have we not analogies of sight which startle us by their significance? Is it not true when abroad we are open to the unseen observers long distances from us, and our every act and movement known? The excellence of optical instruments is such that we have seen the motion of the lips of persons in conversation, while sitting on a house balcony three miles distant, the observed of course, wholly unconscious of being seen by any one. If our friends in this life, dead to us (hidden as they are by the shroud of space), can be seen, and we can hear their voices, their shouts of laughter, the words of the hymn they sing, the cries of the little ones in the mothers arms, it is very absurd to anticipate a time when those dead to us by the dissolution of the body may, by some unknown telephone, send us voices from a realm close at hand, but hidden from our mortal eyes.

We have no proofs to offer that this realm of the departed, this home of the soul, is close at hand, but it is certainly more reasonable and sensible to adopt this hypothesis than the popular one of a material world or place, some where far off in the depths of space. One view possible, the other absurd.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

THE INSTITUTE OF HEREDITY.

We take the following from an exchange, in regard to a reformatory work. What greater reform than taking the reformation of the race beginning at the foundation? As, would we have a perfect tree, with care the germ is selected, the best modes of cultivation brought to bear upon the development of the specie, and care is taken to select the proper soil and climate—the one best for the germ,

In like manner the great humanity—the vast forest of everlasting life—should receive as much attention certainly, the cultivation physically and spiritually, not for the present moment alone; but, that the unborn generations may become—that which man was designed to be—a little lower than the angels. Reform must begin at the foundation principle or the work is futile as when you build a house you are first sure that the foundation is substantial. Crime would be lessened, if man could be brought a state nearing perfection, as we are well aware, that the natural murderer has a peculiar malformation of the brain, also, the thief; whilst the artist, the poet, the musician, the natural logician, orator or statesman, has a peculiar formation of brain.

Could man but realize this and understand the laws of his being, so well, that he would realize that by transgressing the pure and holy laws of his being, he is extending this hereditary crime, there certainly would be a revolution.

In every good work of the kind we heartily acquiesce, and invoke the blessing of a great and broad humanity upon it—the blessing of a perfect world, could but the highest ideal of a wise Designer be fulfilled:

“The institute of heredity, which is designed to reconstruct and establish the foundation of social order upon the natural laws of human life and relations, was organized in Boston on the 27th of November, 1880, under the following Constitution and Government:

Believing that many of the moral and physical diseases which afflict humanity are congenital, and are transmitted from generation to generation, through ignorance and disregard of the natural laws of descent: Therefore, for the purpose of acquiring and promulgating a knowledge of these laws and urging such obedience to them as will bring posterity into mental and physical health and right moral action, and so eradicate much of the disease, vice and crime with which civilized society is burdened, the undersigned hereby form ourselves into an association, to be known as the Institute of Heredity.

The principal clause in the Constitution which portrays the design is:—
 □“Public meetings of the Institute shall be held at such times and places as the Executive Committee may appoint; and the same committee shall designate persons—with their own consent—to prepare and read essays or papers upon such forms of congenital inheritance and hereditary transmission as are of the greatest public interest and utility, and prizes may be given for the best essays; and the Directors shall establish a library with one or more schools of instruction, with teachers and lecturers, whenever the means of the Institute will allow.”

No. 7. of the new form of Miller's *Psychomet ric Journal*, Brooklyn, N Y., received; it is an eight page, five column paper, it is neat and contains many able articles, is published monthly at one dollar per year.

Many thanks to Jesse H. Butler, Esq., for the poem of last issue; will be pleased to publish any other article, equaling it in merit. Also should say to J. Wm. VanNamee, M. D., we return the same, and should be pleased to receive other contributions according to promise, if it is “Welcome, Welcome Fountain True.”

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

(CONTINUED.)

The sons of earth—they fain would build
A city which the sun should guild
A mighty tower, unto the skies.
Higher, and higher still, does it rise:
How grand, majestic, does it tower!
A nation shows by this its power;
A monument, and for what cause?
It shows no fitness in His laws—
No purpose, in this wondrous height,
But, that it shows a nation's might;
With zeal they work to rear it there
A tower and Oh! so wondrous fair,
But lo! what means this Babel now?
This mighty change upon each brow?
With consternation all do gaze—
List to the others in amaze;
Tho', they speak unto each other—
No man can understand his brother,
The work must cease—the tower undone;
It will no more grow toward the sun;
But, each pursue another path.
Again, Jehovah vends His wrath,
No tower may they, with power, build,
No heaven's sun their work does guild,
The spirit was not, "Love to God,"
Who rules the world—the spheres abroad,
Neither was it "Love to brother,"
The edict was, build another,
Build upon foundation firm,
Upon the earth you'll find the germ;
For, heaven needs no mighty tower,
To show the vastness of thy power,
Labors of Love—errands of worth,
Belong to the mission upon this earth.

"And the whole earth was of one language, of one speech." There is a harmonious flow in any language well carried out; but, when several persons are brought together speaking various languages, we may readily perceive the confusion or Babel which would eventuate. No one would understand the other. There is a slight comparison, in this, to the different ideas of individuals, or this language which we may denominate—soul language, sentiment, expression of ideas, fancies or realities.

We will take an example, which will illustrate the idea, and show that

there may be as great a Babel in expression, as there is in language. In the first case each individual may have the same ideas, yet, cannot express them, because the vehicles by which they are conveyed upon, the waves of sound are unlike. The sounds are unintelligible to each other. They may in this case by pantomime convey ideas which may be similar; but, let us contemplate the second case.

In the example,—here is an assemblage of persons; they have been brought from the different spheres of thought, one is intent upon the fashionable folly of the day, the soul is wrapped in this material covering, no thoughts of else can penetrate for the time being; here is another who has dived deep in the wells of science—has made this a hobby naught else is life to this individual. We find another who is completely immersed in the thoughts of amassing wealth, so much so, that no other thoughts may enter the soul's sanctuary—this is the language that he comprehends; it is called, avarice. Here is another, a wearied mother so filled with the cares of life, the petty and wearing littles, which make up the great care, the outer life, and the inner completely submerged by daily annoyances, and unfinished tasks, and her sanctuary is Care. Here is another with soul language trembling and quivering with every breath of the Great Supreme Power—every breeze stirs the harp and melody flows, yet there is no melodious thrill in this assemblage. Why? there is no answering chord, the waves of melody are drowned by the contending voices.

The Babel is complete, there is none who may understand his brother, there are yet others, here, upon every mission bent, but, each in his own self-appointed way, and how can there be else but Babel—inharmony, confusion.

The soul language of each is peculiar to himself, and, if he breathes nothing in common with his brother, how may he understand him? But could a fairy hand be magically waved over this assemblage, as in a fairy tale—and each cast aside the burden or hobby which he is bearing—forgetting, for the time, that which pertains to self, directly—be it fashion and folly, science or avarice or the weary care, you may hear the melodious tremor, the light thrilling angel tones, the sweet unbroken chords from the perfect world—the links of the mighty universe be made manifest, the grandeur of a perfect language—a harmonious one, in which none can ever be confounded—and the greatest Babel must disperse. Fashion and folly bows meekly to a Supreme power, with awe contemplates a grander God, and becomes a devotee to a greater shrine. Ava-

rice lets the hand which is clutching the shining coin relax, as the perfect music steals on the soul. Science finds a grander realm, a greater research, a deeper well, and the mother's tears are wiped away by angel's hands, the burden and care is lifted by these same loving hands, and in the distance is seen a perfect light, a spiritual view, a recompense, the perfect pictures painted by the angel hope—yet, how seldom is this picture realized.

The forgetting of self, of the hobby or the burden—is not in the real as it is in the ideal; we must take life as it is; but, as we have painted it in the illustration, how many times is it the case; we can see naught but the Babel. But is this life? Ah no! it is a fragmentary view of it, and an imperfect portrayal of the great design. The highest conception of life—that in which a harmonious flow pervades,—a steady under current without a ripple—the deep and placid waters never exhausted—one where soul to soul speaks the same language, is the real life. Then will be mankind “of one language, one speech”—a language which is understood by all—when self is dethroned and the love which passeth understanding—the Christ love which would offer up a life for truth, right justice—and for each other—then have we found the link which unites earth and heaven; there is a giving up of life which is a death more terrible than being nailed to the cross. It is patient, self denial, a dying to selfish motives each day, and yet it is not terrible either; it is the harmonious under current—it is the missing link in the chain. Let every soul be filled with this principle, and the flow of the river is perfect. When all with one heart and one mind live out the character which is their own, walk in the way appointed, which is too intelligent to be called chance, carry out the loftiest ideals of the nature, improving the talent given, that it may not be lain away in a napkin until the master calleth for it,—the great Master death who is prince and power of the air. The time of dissolution must come to all, and this angel is master, if he comes lovingly, gently bearing the spirit, or if he snatches it ruthlessly at an unexpected moment—and one state is passed, perhaps with the work unfinished. But, taking each day as it comes to us, using the trifling cares, even, advantageously, filling our life with beautiful thoughts, enjoying the beauty of the great natural world, faithfully discharging our duties—which should not be called duties—to humanity, living moment by moment, breathing every breath of pure air that we may—not the atmospheric air which surrounds earth, alone—but, the heavenly atmosphere which comes to us, letting our souls go forth to meet the Great Soul to

beat in unison with it, and the language is understood by all,—the Great Maker's ideal is realized, "and we are all of one language, one speech." No mighty Babel shakes the foundation of the tower and leaves the work unfinished; unconsciously, and without effort, the tower is reared, the invisible hands have made the imperfect places perfect; its foundation was firm; the great sun of Righteousness guilds the spire and the work is complete.

"And all are of one language—of one speech."

IDA M. MERRILL.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

CHURCH AND STATE.

The following extract is one of the many brilliant ideas in the above named address, and deserves the attention of the American people. It is given by the "Provisional National Association," for the secularization of State.

Free and unrestrained by man-made creeds we believe that the noble qualities of humanity may shine like brilliant gems in the sceptre of liberty—which was the one chosen by the "Pilgrim Fathers," in seeking an asylum from the oppression of a monarchical government. And if, to-day, America follows in the path of her Fatherland, after the rebellion, the triumph and comparative peace, for a season,—the terrible struggle of those faithful fathers was of no avail. Every object which has the freedom of American citizens in view deserves the attention of Our Republic—the people of our nation.

EXTRACT:—"In proportion as a nation assumes a democratic condition of society and as communities display democratic propensities, it becomes more and more dangerous to connect religion with political institutions, for the time is coming when authority will be handled from hand to hand, when political theories will succeed each other, and when mere laws and constitutions will disappear or be modified from day to day, and this not for a season only, but unceasingly. Agitation and mutability are inherent in the nature of democratic republics just as stagnation and sleepiness are the law of absolute monarchies. If the Americans, who change the head of the government once in four years, who elect new legislators every two years, and renew the state officers every twelve months—if the Americans who have given up the political world

to the attempts of innovators, had not placed religion beyond their reach, where could it take firm hold in the ebb and flow of human opinions; where would be that respect which belongs to it amidst the struggles of factions? And what would become of its immortality, in the midst of universal decay? The American clergy were the first to perceive this truth and to act in conformity with it. They saw that they must renounce their religious influence if they were to strive for political power; and they chose to give up the support of the state rather than to share its vicissitudes."

A marked indication of the truth of De Tocqueville's statement has been seen in the fact that since he wrote, in Italy, France and Mexico, where the church then enjoyed its supposed advantageous ascendancy over the state, its property has been confiscated, its religious orders dispersed, its priesthood, and even its sovereign pontiff, stripped of important temporalities, and educational interests wrested from its grasp. Meanwhile, in America its faith has been wholly unmolested; the sole government which is wholly indifferent to religion always presenting an asylum to the refugees who flee from states which the church rules.

DIAMOND DUST.

"Pray without ceasing." How so? By faithfully performing each duty, by zealously laboring for the right, by sympathizing with the weak, and distressed, by gathering the jewels of righteousness which consists in scattering smiles, dispelling joy, and gladness everywhere, by using the noble qualities of our nature.

Goodness does not consist in an outward show of religious duties, always, so much as in a faithful performance of daily tasks, and a patient forbearance with each other. A kind and generous spirit, carried through every work, is a living example—a sermon. Let us all preach such sermons each day.

Moment by moment we live; let us improve each one as they come, and when we come to pass down the shadowy vale we may look back and see a perfect chain—a complete life mission wherever the tossing waves may have cast our bark.

CORA CORAL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 18.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

Materialization is not a new idea; but is one of the great natural laws of life, and has been in operation since the beginning of creation; this is a materialized world, and the law is always in operation; all vegetation is brought forth by this law—the leaves, blossoms, fruits and seeds are materialized in due season, and dematerialized in due season, and as matter cannot be annihilated, it is in existence, and nature makes use of the same invisible material to clothe the earth every year. This earth is one great magnet the North Pole being the head, and the South Pole the feet; human beings are all magnets; little worlds in themselves and all visible *objects* *are* held in their proper sphere, by the law of magnetism, as the magnet holds the bar.

This planet was invisible before it was visible, and was in spirit form before it was materialized, and the prototype of all things is in spirit first; as when we desire to build a dwelling house we begin by thinking, and expressing our thoughts to others, and make a spiritual pattern, and cannot see it with our natural eyes, until it is materialized; and from this stand point may with reason and our best judgment, perceive that the spirit world is the real world; the cause of this and all others. The great tree of life has its roots in the earth, and its branches have no limit to the circumference; this tree is knowledge, wisdom and understanding, and we are the branches, having life continually from that source; all things are possible for man to accomplish, if he is willing. Jesus materialized bread and wine, clothed his spiritual body with material, that made him appear to his friends the same as when in the flesh; other men can do the same. It has been done since the beginning, and always will be notwithstanding, divines scientists and all the knowing ones in exis

tence cannot change one natural law—cannot make one hair white or black. The great spirit is striving with mortals, through his divine laws to make humanity understand the true principles of life, and is at this time, pouring out his spirit on all flesh, raining down intelligence, love and mercy, and there will be a flood of power that will remove all obstacles in the way of this grand army of progression.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

HOW MAY CRIME BE PREVENTED.

What shall we do to prevent the horrible crime, of bloodshed, of injustice, persecution and oppression of humanity towards each other? "Men seem to be endeavoring to join house to house and field to field, till there is no place left and they dwell alone in the land." Evil thoughts and deeds seem to prevail throughout the world, and correspond with some demon of darkness that is filling the land with cruel suffering. This is called a Christian land, where there are thousands of churches, and divines claiming to be followers of Jesus of Nazareth, and preaching his gospel. "Who by some was called a mighty prophet before God, and all the people." He taught the resurrection of the spirit from the death of the body, also, the will and love of our heavenly Father toward His erring children. The God of the invisible world spoke through His prophets saying to the inhabitants of earth, "Thou shalt not kill!"

Does the preaching and praying of our Christian brethren go far to prevent crime? It seems not. As the monster demon goes stalking up and down the land, seeking whom he may devour; and there are no disciples filled with the Holy Ghost, to cast him out. Jesus in his grand teachings says, "no longer an eye for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth; but, you shall overcome evil with goodness and you shall forgive your brother seven times seven every day." Pity and pray for your enemies; do good to those that spitefully use you, and love your neighbor as yourself; this is a most important part of the gospel, he preached as he went about doing good. Can this be a christian country, where murder is sanctioned by law made by man, contrary to the true principles of life, which are Christ—the truth Jesus taught.

If one man kills his brother, then, his brethren shall take him before a court and condemn him to be hung by the neck until he is dead, and the last murder is far more cruel than the first, and all those, who consent to the last murder, are as guilty as the first; all come on the same plane.

or in the sphere of murderers; this is the law of life and cannot be changed; all deeds are done for a purpose—nothing comes by chance. When a murder is committed, all those, who stand on the rock of love to humanity, should give their kindest pity and sympathy to their unfortunate brother, or sister, send them letters expressing your regret for their misfortune; do not condemn, only pity, and such a course will produce an influence that will overcome the evil, and elevate the one who is cast down. Streams of magnetic influence from the source of all life and love will be poured out, until the world is filled with happiness and joy unspeakable.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

A SPIRIT POEM.

Downward from the courts of heaven
Where the purest light is given,
Come I to your earthly door.
As through mundane walks I'm treading,
Gleams of light supernal shedding,
Spirit's thoughts with mortal's Wedding
In communion ever more.

Oh! how dark was my earth roaming;
All its walks were in the gloaming
Sorrows on me seemed to pour.
With a more than brimful measure
Blight stole o'er my richest treasure—
Billows round me seemed to roar.

Earth passed from me; I found soul-land,
Anchored on the shining gold strand,
Sought the link I now adore.
Now while God's own truth receiving,
Past is all my anxious grieving,
Spirit poetry I'm weaving
In this brightness evermore.

And the sweetest boon I've found there,
Is the love by which I'm crowned here.
Love of my once lost Lenore.
Hand in hand, light on us streaming,
Rove we lost in Love's sweet dreaming;
Life is real here—not seeming;
Pure and perfect evermore.

So from soul-land's glorious portals
Come I unto anxious mortals; ☐
Enter in your open door—
Gladly prove that power is given,
Tho' my form from earth is riven,
Thus to whisper words from heaven;
Life that lasteth evermore.

(Signed,) EDGAR A. POE.

The above poem was given through the mediumship of Mrs. E. Desmonde, in 1871, in New York City.—*Mind and Matter*.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

On the same New Year's morn of Alice's first reception, we shall enter another dwelling, and receive an introduction to those whose lives are linked with our small domain, in this great world of links, and counter links; the few scattered fragments—which come to us we, sometimes, take as the whole, forgetting that the chain of humanity is infinitesimal, unbroken, only we but see, that which meets the range of our vision; as we may gaze out upon the natural world, and see a small portion of the earth's surface, but, know that there is a connection at the terminus of our vision; as we may travel indefinitely, and find ourselves no nearer this terminus; we cannot reach the end of the rainbow; as, we were told when children that we should, at that point, find a sack of gold, reason soon taught us this was an impossibility; but, in our maturer years we, sometimes, think that we have found the terminus, we have reached the end of the rainbow, and mistake the dross for the pure gold. Are we able to define the limit of the links of humanity, the chord which unites everything, the delicate blending of beauties and irregularities, in the human family, depicting therefrom, a grand scenery in the inner realm?

These ideas are brought from the connection between the two who shall become the most intimate of girl friends—that delightful congeniality, where, with honest and purely unselfish motives, confidences are shared, the real thoughts which are not revealed to the world at large, for they cannot be understood only by those of similar natures. The extreme diversity of the surroundings of the two, has aided us in seeing the singularity of the connecting links, at many times.

"Eva Ernest," readers, and this dear old lady sitting in the easy rocker there, by the side of the open wood fire, with knitting in hand is her grandmother. The cheerful blaze brightens the neat, but plain room, and adds a deeper color to the rosy hued maiden, very unlike the delicate Alice. We recognize, in the dark curling locks, and black eyes, a resemblance to some one we have met before. Ah, yes! there is the same mischievous twinkle in the eye as that which characterizes Harry Ernest; but, we have been hurried so, from the beautiful fairy land in Alice's domain, over hill and dale to find our other friends, we could not recall the connection at first. Yes! there it is plainly mirrored; had we

have taken time to think one moment, we should have seen immediately the resemblance, sister and brother could not be more alike, "Harry's cousin," you say. Ah! here is the link; this is what has brought us, Eva is an orphan, the daughter of William Ernest's only brother, and this is Harry's grandmother—the dear old lady. This unpretentious cottage is in a vale of the Green mountains; the snow is drifted in huge banks here—a deeper and grander snow than that in the far away city; we emerge from the dwelling, and behold the mountains towering above the grand sublimity of nature which can but inspire the beholder with awe and admiration. The snow was scudding hither and thither yet, banking against fences, filling gullies, sweeping into the faces of travelers, and hurrying through the air as if intent upon some mission of mischief or frolic.

"Dear, dear, Eva, how the wind does blow, I am just sure it will bank over the sheep cote, and, may be, block the way to the barn so Dan cannot get there to take care of the horses and they'll starve to death, then, dear child what would we do; I wouldn't see you deprived of old Lin, for anything; you have little enough pleasure, here in the lonely old home, and you would stay when you could have gone up to the city, and learned to be a fine lady with your Aunt Lizzie. It is half your life in the summer to have old Lin and ride where you please."

"Oh, grandma, dear! do not borrow any trouble; Dan can clear away the snow, if it piles as high as the house; if he cannot do it alone, I can help him—do not fret about my not having pleasure, I would rather be here—with my dear grandma, and the birds, the chickens, the cows and pigs, even, to have a plenty of room to breathe in, and to look at these dear mountains and pretty streams—than to be the finest lady in the land; for, Harry said when he was here last summer, that you would go miles and see nothing but great high brick houses, and fine things in the windows, that would take a mint of money to buy."

"You are a dear child! grandma does not know what she would do without you; but, it seems selfish-like, for me to keep you here, where you can have no advantages at all."

"Why, grandma, what do I want more? I have all that I want to read, I have the chickens and the little lambs to take care of in the summer, the dear old dog for company always, besides your dear self, and the delightful horse-back rides in summer, and sleigh rides as we have had this winter."

"But dear child you will have no accomplishments like the girls in the

city have, and when I go to the everlasting summer land—to my last long home, you cannot stay here alone, but, will go to your Aunt Lizzie; then, you will realize your loss, by being almost buried alive here.”

“No, no dear grandma! do not talk of leaving me, I cannot think of it; I always want to live, as we do, and be your comfort; if we could have it so; dear mama and papa over there in that other world, and you to go. Oh! I cannot think of it!”

“Yes, dear child, but we must talk of it; for, I cannot possibly live many years, and you must be prepared for the change; but, always remember, that wherever you go, there is a Han which is leading you, remember, that you are a part of a great world which can never die, and you must be guided by the higher motives, remember the passage of Scripture which says, ‘Inasmuch, as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my children, ye have done it unto me.’

“As you go forth from this secluded life, you will find the world very different; you will see sorrow and misery; you will be tempted, perhaps, by wealth; you will see those who are hardened in sin; but, let this be your comfort, ‘Inasmuch’—never do anything which will injure another or yourself; you are one of the least of these; each human being is one of the Great Father’s children. Christ taught the doctrine which was a reform to the old Jewish rules; that it was heart purity; and not form which constituted religion—it was living, not preparing for death. You will be sustained by a mighty power, if you give heed to the noblest teachings that the world has ever known. ‘For thy word shall be a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path’—the light of heaven may descend to us—come by our giving heed to the trifling things of life. You are now secluded from what may be termed the world—the busy life may for a time be irksome for you; but, it will be better for you to gain some experience by mingling with others” * * * * *

We will leave the inmates to again look at the surrounding scenery. As Harry found it last summer, it was as picturesque—a place as the eye could gaze upon. Aye! one which should arouse the poetical nature, the ethical nature, the soul-inspiring language, the highest type of poetry, which cannot be expressed in language—a shadowy breezy place, where the bright dancing mountain streams came rippling, gently gliding, softly murmuring, with here and there, a great dash, and a deeper bed for a season, or a gentle curve where the waters rolled sluggishly,—green grassy slopes upon which cattle and sheep leisurely grazed, lovely little dots of forests in the center of great knolls—all gave one an idea

of the whole natural world; mountains and vales, woods and clearing, streams so clear, with mossy banks, rocky beds in some portions, pebbly in others, and as Harry once said to Eva,—for, they often wandered the region comprising their valley.”

“This must be the fairy land, which Alice Kent has always pictured, to me; how I wish that she was here, how much you would like each other I know. In just such a place as she has painted in fancy and dwelt in, you are really living, you must be one of her fairies.”

“Oh, no! Cousin Harry, you could not call me a fairy; I am a brownie perhaps. Did she never have any brownies in her imaginary worlds? If she were here she would be fairy queen, with her golden hair and blue eyes, which you have described to me so vividly, that it seems I can see her. I shall be acquainted with her the first time I meet her, if I ever am so fortunate. If she were here, we would wreath her a crown of those handsome white blossoms with just a few rose buds, and place her upon this beautiful knoll which I have always called my kingdom, here the loveliest of spring flowers are always found, as you see now, and see that natural seat there formed by those two trees inter-twining, then growing up again—grandma remembers when they were saplings, and the children twisted them up bending them down for horses—would be her throne whilst you and I would be her subjects; cousin, I should give you the seat of honor. But you will want to share the throne, since I come to think, and so you might there is room for a king and a queen both, and I will be the devoted subject—the brownie and come out of the thicket at your bidding. What kind of a rule do you suppose she would exert in fairy land?”

“Oh! her rule is one that you would like; she is as gentle as a lamb, loves everything from the canary birds, the chickens, dogs and kittens to—”

“Yourself,” says Eva gaily, helping him out, “yes, yes, I know Harry that is it; she cannot help loving my dear cousin.”

Harry blushed perceptibly, for Eva had made the praise of Alice terminate rather more personal than he had intended, but recovering himself he said:

“Dear cousin Eva, I know there has always a warm friendship existed between Alice and myself, especially since the death of my father, but I do not think Alice has any more love for your humble cousin, than for any one else, the canary bird for instance.”

“Trust me for divining the heart of my fairy queen, even before I

have formed her acquaintance, only, as it has been brought me in this fairy realm of Alice's; I sometimes live in a fairy land, too, as we all do."

"Alice expects to become a teacher and never marry."

"Yes, and I expect to always live with grandma, here, in fairydom; but, grandma says we never do just what we expect to do; that life will be with us much as it has been with other people, no difference what we picture to ourselves."

"Well, Eva, you must go home with me and become acquainted with Alice really."

"No, no! not yet Harry, I shall come sometime, although I can scarcely think of it; I know that grandma must, sometime soon, go to the other world which she so often talks to me of, she says it is not death, but another life, and I can see a beautiful light in her eyes which makes me think of the angels, when she talks and I know, by this, that it is true that she cannot remain here long—then, Harry, I shall come to your home grandma says; but, until that time, I must remain here; I could never be happy away from her; I want to stay with her until the last moment, see that she has every comfort, watch her life go out into the other world, and receive her last blessing.

CORA CORAL.

INSPIRATION.

LEO. H. GRINDON.

If there be any coherence and validity in the reasonings contained in the foregoing pages, the conclusion must need be that everything of which human intelligence is cognizant, whether animate or inanimate, material or spiritual, depends on the personal support of the Creator, and that Life is One and Omnipresent; in other words, that God is the supra-natural ground of all phenomena, whether physical, physiological, or intellectual; and that all beginnings and endings are displays of his divine life in operation;—life which flowing continuously into his creation, never begins or ends, but always is. "Natural laws" there are, plentiful and amazing, through which his Divine wills are effectuated, but God is the great mover and upholder of those laws; there are no laws independent of Him, and all things are sustained by law. He who said "I bring a cloud over the earth," teaches us thereby that he is the direct

and personal agent in natural phenomena, however slight and apparently casual they may be no "less than in all spiritual phenomena" "Even the blind heathen named their supreme diety 'cloud driving Jupiter;' and shall not we thus taught by God himself, still more explicitly and reverently own the living Jehovah, the God in whom we live, and move and have our being, as the creator of every cloud that flings its shadow over earth? We own him in the uproar of the tempest; let us own him in the stillness of the calm. We own him in the huge billow; let us own him in the ripple that sinks quietly to rest upon the strand. We own him in the whirl wind; let us own him in the placid breeze of evening." It is no trifling source of mere pleasure thus to recognize the Creator in the ordinary occurrences of the world. It sweetens every moment of our time; unites us delightfully to the beauties of nature; and associates us with so many varied objects as with so many friends and companions.

Viewed in this way, the whole earth is a scene of—*Inspiration*,—inspiration of sustaining and directing force, as regards its objects and physical phenomena, and of the power of thought and feeling as regards the soul.

Inspiration is literally "breathing into;" Life which is inbreathed. Man could neither think nor feel were he not a subject of inspiration; he does nothing purely of himself except *choose*. It is permitted him to elect by his free-will what things he will love and seek to possess, but all the vitality which he brings to bear upon the acquisition of those things, all the efforts which he makes in connection with the object of his love, have the well-spring and maintenance in God,—the fountain." Every vessel that is presented to him, God fills with his sustaining life, leaving the recipient to deal with it how he will; whether it be a pure vessel, or a foul, Life is poured into it all the same; the quality is preserved or marred according to the condition of the receptacle. We talk of our acquiring knowledge of what surrounds us by virtue of our intellect. True. We do so nevertheless, only in so far as God first *inspires* our intellect. We know nothing of a single object of creation in a manner absolutely *original*. As finite things in their very nature are derived, our knowledge, as finite beings, must also be derivative. As the light of the sun makes nature, which in its absence is dark, physically visible; so the light of heaven makes it *intellectually* visible, and without that light we could know nothing about it. Man's physical eye does not see by virtue of innate power to perceive, but through that light which has come into the world. We know, in short, just so much of things as God inspires

us to know;—a slender and fragmentary knowledge at the best,—even in its highest degree, mere opinion, since the real nature of things can only be known by the Infinite. Still, it is enough of them that we know, being just what is needful to our happiness,—the design of the Almighty in all that he confers.

TEACH US WISDOM.

WHERE MAY RIGHT BE FOUND?

Could but humanity find the key to wisdom, the open sesame to grandeur of life; could we have a nation which was self-governing; could men be taught to govern themselves; could the moral nature be developed the grandeur of purpose which stands fearlessly for right; could the curse of the nation, to-day—money—be transformed into its blessing, as it should be; could all humanity stand upon an equal footing, each performing his mission faithfully, so intent upon a noble life purpose that no thought of hurling down another, thinking, thereby to rise, using one of precious humanity as a stepping stone to success (?) crushing pure and noble souls—might enter the heart's tabernacle, then we have a beautiful picture portrayed as to what humanity should be.

The great and good Father's design has been perverted—Oh, so sadly! we look upon the weary pilgrims in life's journey; we read in the faces of many that we meet, tales of woe, of blasted hopes, of sorrows deep; we see those cursed by misfortune, whose lives have been noble; we see malice, envy and all kindred demons rankle in the seats of honor; we see crime stalk abroad, and the innocent condemned; we see so much that seemeth not to be wisdom, we say, "Oh, Heavenly Father! Mighty Ruler! teach us thy ways, give us understanding that we may not doubt thy loving kindness, thy tender mercies. Give us knowledge of the right, and may the holy angels aid us in the faithful performance of that which we deem right. No, Oh no! this cannot be the acme of human perfection; this cannot be the terminus of right and progress—this short span called life. There are too deep and too forcible proof, that we must exist forever, or we have been placed here by a tyrant who does all things for some selfish motive, or end which we cannot understand.

But it is inevitable that man has a mission to perform in the reform of the world; we look abroad and see the state of things; we see the confusion—that all is wrong—that vice, intemperance, poverty and misery

is rampant, and we say: "Where is there a beginning?" We see in fancy an ideal world—all are happy, pure, contented, willing to be led by the high and holy instincts of the nature—to be noble men and women; there is no toil here.

It is the same broad, beautiful, natural world; the same majestic forests—towering mountains—mighty torrents—placid rolling rivers, with vessels gliding as now. The same great ocean, the same sand upon the beach, the same fish in the sea, the same birds skimming the waters, the same flow'rets in wood and vale and in the door yard; still, there is something which says to us, "the world is metamorphosed; not nature, but, the world—the people—every human being is happy." Ah! this is the change; we feel not oppression of the burden and woe of others, as of old, even though it were not our own; for there is none; we walk adown the streets of the cities; there is not so much grandeur; there is not so much misery. No! there is no misery; we see faces wreathed in smiles; we see children happy and contented; for, there is no want, no hunger for those who cannot understand why it is that they are cursed—there are none accursed; for, the path of wisdom is found; labor is sweet, and money is no curse; for, it blesses every individual in the land. What a joyous acclaim ascends to the most High, in humble gratitude! Still, we see none upon bended knees, all are intent upon the daily avocations; each using the talent given, whatever it may be; each yielding homage to God through brother man; each respecting the rights of the other; and there is one law in this world and that law is—Love, which is rendered, "Do unto others as ye would be done by," and "Do not unto others what you would not have others do unto you."

Oh! teach us wisdom—all humanity—that a nation may not call itself a free country, a liberal government; yet, the very air that we breathe, would be held by some, if such thing were possible, and dealt out for shining coin, or at the caprice of the fortunate one who has monopolized this heavenly blessing. Aye! is it not so in a deeper sense? The spiritual atmosphere—the heaven which comes to us—the happiness and joy—the peace of soul—would be monopolized by some. If they may but make your heaven and deal it to you at will, they are content; again, others can have no heaven or happiness unless it comes through the agony of another. What is it that causes all this? The air of heaven was freely given man—the air which invigorates the physical system, and alike the atmosphere which constitutes heaven—the state called happiness, and no man has a right to monopolize either. The Creator

has placed every variety of blessings upon the earth, everything that will add to the highest development of man's nature; yet, we see another power which is not God-like—a demoniac power, which causes this misery or hell, and we say, "Where, Oh where, can perfection be found?" Not here, for, many times, this lower power seems the ascendent; but it cannot be that this is the conclusion, and that all the lofty, the high, holy, intelligent aspirations have been cultivated to be lost and to see the loathsome, the sensual, the demoniac desires triumph. No! wisdom says, "All that is material must sink into oblivion, as do all material objects; the low and sensual desires must perish, because linked with the material. We see the Spirit of the great universe lives forever and loses not of all these great powers, and how can the spirit of man lose that which cannot be quenched by any material surroundings?"

But, to return to our ideal world; how may such a heaven below be obtained? By carrying out the law. But, can such a state ever be reached upon this earth? It seems impossible, the roots of crime are imbedded in humanity; they spring up, many times, at an unexpected moment; still, there is an opportunity for those who would see the world a garden of Eden. Teach unto the youths, the children of tender years, lessons of responsibility—lessons of self-government—of respect unto the rights of others. If laws are necessary, let them extend to this; wait not until the twig is bent but stay it early; strengthen by precept and by example; teach them that it is better to become healthy—physically, mentally and morally—than to become wealthy; there is too much glitter of life, and not enough of the real. How many times do persons find that the coveted wealth does not bring happiness! The monopoly of the wealth of the world, of the air which we breathe, or of the spiritual atmosphere or happiness, cannot produce a perfect world, even, though it is dealt out to others. It is freedom which brings happiness, and the ideal world—not freedom, wherein the low and base desires are gratified; but, freedom which means—no chains, and unquestionably sensuality is a chain. Peace and good will to man, recognizing all humanity as brothers, and that all are equal in the sight of the Great Law-giver, as, also, are all responsible to a certain extent for the deeds committed; but, beware how we place stumbling blocks in the way of others; for, our duty is to each other; our influence should always be in the right; there is an inward monitor which tells us, when we have done right.

There is a sweet peace enters the soul, when we have yielded every impulse of the nature to the higher motives; when nothing, not even

death, can deter us from carrying out what conscience and reason tells us is right. We cannot, at all times know exactly what is best to be done under certain circumstances, and often mistakes occur; but, these are not a transgression of the element in the grand principles of life; all who have had the moral nature cultivated, are judges of what is right. Then, could we but have the whole race cultivated to the highest moral and spiritual standing, we are then in the dawn of the millennium.

IDA M. MERRILL.

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

"And the Lord came down to see the city and tower, which the children of men builded. said, "Behold, the people is one, and they all have one language, and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do."

*Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech."

Here we have a material God again; one who is supposed to have a dwelling place somewhere in the heavens; who comes down to earth, sees a tower in process of erection—that they are all of one language, and to prevent them from proceeding with the work confounds them. He is represented as talking with some one concerning the material, as though He was an earthly ruler, and was jealous of His power.

Let us again search for the diamond; it is established, in our theory, that Jehovah is made of the material which the individual, or nation brings out of the great research—the conclusion at which they arrive after asking, why and wherefore this wisdom; the conclusion does not effect the most High—does not change one of His laws—does not constitute the power; but, is a satisfactory demonstration to the individual; and, as we have said previously, in those early ages, before the spiritual nature had gained the ascendancy; when man was allied to the material, for he was to build this world, to bring forth the dormant powers, to evolve another realm, a spiritual one—the material which came to him was matter; it was rocks and trees, rivers and vegetation, and, therefore, the highest inspiration, or idea of Jehovah was as an earthly king; but, let us right here take up a connecting link with the present; let us see if

we may not find a diamond polished; leaving for a moment the intricate path, which has led men up from the dark ages, unto the light of the present era. Let us stand for one moment in the dawn of this era; let us contemplate the grand concourse of humanity, who have peopled this earth—the never-dying spirits which have been evolved from the material universe, or have been cast back upon the breast of the great first cause—a part of it and yet an addition; the germ unfolded—like the infant upon its mother's breast a part of that mother, and yet, not the mother—an individual life linked, to that mother, by a silken cord—and we see a shadow of the spiritual world; we have a grander idea of the universe—a more spiritual God; we see how all things are moving within a spiritual world, and we feel the inspiration, not from material, but, from the throbbing, living world; the grand and mighty concourse of individuals, returned to the Great parent who is Omnipresence, and those children—the myriads of earth gone before—are then omnipresent—upon the breast of the parent of Love, and we have a Spirit—God, one who delights not in the gratification of selfish desires, who has no selfhood but infinite Love, mercy, wisdom and justice; who breathes upon humanity the breath of life; who would draw all men to Him by the silken cord of love, and would have His children obedient, not to whim and caprice, but, to high and holy instincts, to noble purposes, to lofty endeavors. Can it be that humanity will still say, "Let us cling to this old idol! we would have one made of wood and stone, and mortar—not an image is it, but, a temple—there to confine, the living presence, but, lo! it is fled. The inspiration that comes to you, which gives you evidence of His presence, must be brought by spirit, not material surroundings.

Man may form laws by which he may think to cause Jehovah to work. But, has there ever been a law demonstrated, that was not found to have its origin in nature—that it was only discovered not made? Columbus discovered the Western Continent did not make it, and even then, thinking he had arrived at India calling the inhabitants Indians, did it detract from the fact? Not in the least. His thinking, that by sailing in this direction he would reach India, had been brought to his mind, from a belief that the world was round; nevertheless, he had no proof of it; the belief in his mind was so strong, that it almost amounted to a real knowledge; but, he could not convince others that it was so, without some tangible evidence; but, the discovery of this great Western continent settled the fact in his mind, proved his theory to the world, and

the free people of America are enjoying the fruits of his labor, his persevering efforts, in the opposition of kings and emperors. He knew not how well he builded; but, the great Power had this world in store for the inhabitants; the tower of tyranny and oppression was in process of erection, "and all were of one speech, one language;" the ignorance of the lower classes, only made them willing tools, and the tower must be destroyed, if it were by the confounding of language; the people must be scattered; a broader field of thought must be ushered in, and, when the oppression of the people became so great that they could scarcely breathe a free breath of air, the asylum was ready, prepared by the same Wise Hand, and the tower of religious bigotry did not grow so rapidly. Again, after the great struggle between this and the mother country, the same spirit begins to assert itself; mankind has been rearing a mighty tower which is expected to reach the skies; and, in the great work, the simple mission, the humble offices, which constitute religion are forgotten by the would-be tower builders, and, again, does Jehovah say, "Let us confound their speech."

The mighty tower which has been called religion is shaking; the foundation, is weakened; for, it is being builded upon prayers, so many times, without works. Can it be that Christians will in this era of light speak of Jehovah as a material God? That he has a habitation upon the winds of heaven, where he takes his good children, who have built him an elegant abode of worship, and have prayed that he would, in all mercy remember, "the poor, unfortunate, bless the poor and the needy, comfort the sick and the afflicted;" yet never making any exertions to aid those; not even, if they come directly under their observation. Can it be that man has degenerated, has gone back to heathendom? Do you not know by this means, you are making as great an idol, as there is in heathendom? It is not the material which composes your idol, but it is the spirit. If you worship Jehovah in spirit and in truth, you must let Him enter the heart's temple; this is his shrine, and no elegant abode does he require. No! humanity is crying out, from the chains of cruel bondage and oppression, for the care which you lavish upon this abode, and to "Worship God," you say, that He is Ruler, that the worlds are His, how may you then bring him an offering?

Search for objects of humanity, who are burdened with the great weight—life. Give to them cheering rays of divine influence; if your soul is filled with love to God, do not waste the outpouring upon desert air; let the great bidding, "Go into the highways and hedges and compel

them to come to the Master's table" be your rule. Yes! compel by the only way that compulsion may be made effectual; and it is the one law—Love, which is the only law Jehovah knows; draw them, by the cords of Love, into the beauty of life, into the grandeur; if they need physical aid, with the true spirit inciting you, aid; teach them that Jehovah delights in a pure heart, and from that will spring pure actions; the cord if once thrown around them, you may gently draw all men to Him—compel them to come to the Master's table—for, there is no malice, envy, hatred, anything that may defile which springs from this great law; then you have worshipped Jehovah, although you have entered no abode, save one of squalor and misery, carrying with you the heavenly ray, and in ministry had not time to bow the knee.

IDA M. MERRILL.

DIAMOND DUST.

There is beauty in every natural object, there is beauty in every generous action, in every pure thought, every noble intent, and each, alike, shows a part of the Great Maker of the Universe; a part of his great life—a part of his great love. The life-principle of the material world, and the love-principle of the spiritual, these constitute the forces of a Universe; they are the emanations; from divinity and the imperfections constitute the opposing power or Satans realm.

Let us gather the gems which lie along life's pathway, and discard the loathsome objects; let us find the hidden springs of happiness, which are easily unclasped by a pure hand. There is a delightful pleasure in contemplating, at close of day, our thoughts, motives and intents, without a pang, knowing that each one was prompted by what we deemed to be Right.

Grand and glorious is the thought! that, we are only beginning to live, even, though we are passing down the vale of life; the silver locks and the toiling frame reminding us, that material objects must decay; but the young life within, the renewal of the childish fancies, and simplicity showing us that we are being born into another life—a higher state of existence.

"Love the Lord with all thy mind." How may we? by loving the beautiful and true in all things, the God-principle—the outflowing of his great soul, the grateful acceptance of life's blessings, returning thanks not to space, but, to suffering humanity.

CORA CORAL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

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THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

Spirits of mortals are visible in the spirit realm to each other, and walk about on the air as we, in the flesh, walk on the earth; they move with the rapidity of lighting; they change in an instant into the smallest compass, or become like the seeds of a tree. An acorn contains the whole tree; but, it requires many years for it to materialize into a full grown oak, and thereafter it always remains an oak; but, a spirit has power to enlarge or compress at pleasure, and passes through air, earth and water, as matter is resistless to spirit, and like the oak the spirit of man retains his individuality forever. There are prophets in Israel at this time when both learned and ignorant can inquire of the Lord or his agents concerning spiritual things; all must become as little children, or in a passive state. In a communication with an invisible intelligence, I remarked: "I have thought sometimes there was but one spirit as all seemed to know my thoughts." He answered: "Spirits may be compared to drops of water, that compose a river; when those drops flow down, up on the earth and unite, it forms a powerful stream and when spirits come as rain drops, and join together with the same force that holds the bar upon the magnet, a great power is brought to bear—a mighty influence that can move anything on earth that is movable, and hold up men, as they appear to walk on water and move through the air, without any visible support. If furniture moves about a room without visible hands, what moves it? It is related of a person in England (Mr. Home) who was projected out of a window and taken in again without injury or assistance from mortals in the flesh.

Jesus took three men on a mountain to witness a vision, that it might be recorded to prove that men never die, but are always actively and

vigorously alive—never dead or buried for one instant; it is impossible to bury a *man*, no value in the shell after the bird has flown. With our natural eyes, we cannot see a human being, only the appearance—that innerself—no mortal can behold until the evil of flesh is drawn aside, then we shall see ourselves as others see us. Nothing concealed, but as we read again the panorama of life that ineffaceable record which every soul must read and read again the past returns with its appropriate judgement—many events which at their time of action we had felt regret for, even remorse we may now behold, as an inevitable sequence to other acts, stepping stones, without which our lives would have been incomplete.

Deeds, on which we prided ourselves, now show the littleness, or petty egotism from which they sprang. Sorrows, which have wrung our spirits appear as blessings; thoughts we had lamented once, we now perceive to have been effects inevitable. Our thoughts, motives and acts are reflected in the spiritual world every day, and the impression made is never effaced; we keep our own record if our deeds have been love and mercy to the unfortunate, those who have fallen among thieves, and left by the way side to suffer alone in darkness, if we have ministered to them bound up their wounded hearts with bread and wine of kindness and sympathy; then we have fulfilled the true law, and our reflected life is perfect.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

INTEMPERANCE.

This is a subject of great importance to all humanity. At present the minds of the people are exercised on the evil of alcoholic drinks, and it appears to be the most destructive of human life and happiness of anything that exists. Many are inquiring what can be done to arrest this great monster evil that is destroying the growth, development and beauty of humanity. Some say we must have laws passed by congress to prevent the inebriate from temptation. It seems such laws cannot be enforced without encroaching on individual rights and producing confusion. Law means force, and we cannot force an individual to drink or to not drink, and those who sell liquor may think it unjust to bring a power or law to close their doors or open them. Law does not appear to produce reform. When men and women learn to govern themselves we shall need but few laws. Love and sympathy, if brought to bear on subjects of intemperance would produce far better results. Now the har-

vest is ready, but the laborers are few. Who labors to bring about reform? The people sit down to eat and drink and rise up to play as of old. Who of them cares for the drunkard or his poor wife and children, who have no happiness, cruel suffering instead. With thousands of churches scattered over the land, all claiming to be christians or followers of him, who went about doing good if the individuals composing the societies of those churches are one with him who said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," it seems we might behold a different state of morals. Society is responsible for many of the evils so prevalent at this time, especially those belonging to churches, as they profess to being regenerated and are doing the will of our Heavenly Father on earth as it is done in heaven. In ancient times when there were prophets in Israel (church) they could inquire of the Lord or his prophets how to proceed in their movements against the enemy. Intemperance has been marshalling their forces for ages, and Satan is leading them on, and there is to be a battle fought spiritually. It is even raging in some fields to-day, and if we would inquire of the Lord or his prophets as the Kings did of old when they went forth to meet their enemies; we should be directed in the right way to gain the victory. If all who are willing to join the grand army of progression put on the armors of righteousness; have our hearts filled with love to God and our neighbor, all join in one harmonious band, and march to the front, and hold ourselves in readiness to seize every opportunity to overcome evil with goodness. We must leave all selfishness and prejudice behind, and be willing to unite with publicans and sinners in routing the enemy. When the battle is over and the enemy is ours we may separate, and the Lord will select his sheep as he knows them, and they will come at his call and enter into the fold and rest from their labors. The goats will depart and take care of themselves or suffer the consequences of their own acts.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

George Eliot is called by the *Athenæum* probably the most accomplished woman the century has seen. She had a complete mastery of French, German and Italian and serviceable knowledge of Latin, Greek, Spanish and Hebrew. She was widely learned in science and philosophy, and deeply read in history; and she had an intimate knowledge of music and painting.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.***A NEW YEAR'S STORY.**

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"Eva, I never heard any one talk as grandma does about dying—just as though she were going to another country, and knew all about it—excepting Aunt Fannie of whom you have heard me speak; she always talked so and taught me to think of my father as being alive, only he is in a new form; and has greater powers—may come to my side; perhaps is listening to our talk now."

"Just as gran'ma says of dear papa and mama, that they did not forget their little girl, but are watching over me, are guardian angels, and that she will do the same after she has gone; although, it will not be like really seeing her sitting in her easy chair, or slowly walking around the house."

"It became such a pleasure to Alice Kent and myself, all through our school days, to think that father was near us, and we did not have to wait to write a letter and receive one in return as we did from Mr. Kent; but, if we thought of him, the desire was known, by the angels and his presence was with us, like the message borne upon the telegraph wire; we often sat in Alice's bower, studying together and imagined, any way, that we felt the flutter of an angel's wing, as Alice always said; it seemed that there were hands aiding us in writing extracts upon the various studies, in casting up the accounts, in solving difficult problems, and, sometimes, it seemed I could hear my father say: "Be diligent my son," and other expressions of encouragement, just as in the olden time, when I sat upon the low chair by his side, as he wrote at his desk."

"Dear cousin Harry! is it possible that you have thought so too? I never could think of telling any one so; it seemed so sacred—just like walking around the coffin of a dead person—but, how often have I sat here upon this throne, and felt that papa and mama were near saying: 'Our own little daughter! we love you yet, and come to see you every day.' But Harry, you know our preacher says, they are in heaven, singing hymns all the time—that if I am not a good girl I shall never go to meet them, and they will be so happy, the Lord will not let them think about me. How can that be? There is old Mrs. Kenner who has a drunken son; she says she loves him better than any child she has, and all of the rest—six of them—are as industrious and sober as they can be. How is it that when she goes to heaven she will forget all about him?

Now she is perfectly miserable, if he is out of her sight; because she dreads to see him return as he most always does. I have sat here alone and studied over these things hundreds of times, and I have thought, perhaps, our minister is mistaken; perhaps he doesn't know any more about God than we do; I have thought—if there was a God of Love, as the Bible teaches us—He would be something like the people who love their children, only a great deal better, and He could have heaven to take all the evil out of people—to make Jack Kenner, for instance, quit drinking, and troubling his mother so; I am sure Mrs. Kenner would love a God, like that, a great deal better than if He should take her son, throw him into a lake of fire and brimstone, she never seeing him again, having no hopes of him ever becoming a better man.”

“Yes, Eva, I know that many Christians think so; but Aunt Fannie did not; she said: God was a loving, tender Father, that all were His children, and just as the parent loves an erring child, and wants it to become better, so, does His Great Love reach to His erring children; Mrs. Kenner does not really love her drunken son the best; but her anxiety is deeper, because she sees that he is not living as he should.”

This short conversation will give us an idea of the character of Eva Ernest, and Harry's development, in the inner life, since his introduction to II—Seminary; this being the first summer after his graduation which he spent at his grandmother's. We shall leave them now; this is but one of the many conversations which passed between the two cousins, who, although reared so widely apart, were in the same realm of thought—had begun solving the mysteries of godliness—searching for the keys to heaven, and the lost key which should unlock the portals of the realm of darkness, and set the captive free, allowing him to bathe in the sunlight of redeeming love—had commenced to think—were judging the Wisdom of God, by the hidden springs of purity which flowed into their hearts from that divine fountain. * * * * *

We return to the New Year's scene in the Green mountains; it is a week later; the snow does not hurry through the air now; but lies grandly, beautiful upon the sere earth; sleighs may now skim o'er the surface; the dear old lady is at rest in regard to the welfare of the dumb brutes; Dan, the faithful servant, was able to clear the snow away without assistance, and has now gone to the city for the mail, and upon sundry other errands; Eva sits by the window as though waiting—for she knew not what; she was not, particularly, expecting any letter; the aunts and uncles wrote short missives to the old lady at stated intervals,

which Eva answered, simply to give them the desired information; but, here she was by the window; an indefinable something seemed to hold her in reverie; she scarcely thought, but glintings of tremulous waves, which were not distinct enough to be termed—thought, swept over the senses, holding her spellbound.

Here comes Dan now. Not knowing why, Eva ran to the door as the sleigh drove up; he holds a letter in his hand beckoning her; knowing it must be something more than ordinary, she hurries forward and claps her hands with delight, as she sees by the post mark it is from S —. “Oh! from Aunt Lizzie or Harry,” she says—a beautiful design upon one corner of the envelope and “Happy New Year” in gilt. “Oh, is it not sweet!” she says a moment later, to her grandmother, “we never have such here.”

The letter from Mrs. Ernest was a pleasant interesting one, to “grandmother and Eva,” telling of Harry’s first appearance as a New Year’s caller; but, with true, motherly pride, withholds the termination of the day.

Here is another, a dainty envelope, with the simple words, “Cousin Eva.” This is from Harry and she must peruse it alone; handing the ot her to her grandmother—that she may look it over again, as she always does—she passes into the next room to read it. It ran as follows:

DEAR COUSIN EVA:—As mother has written about all the news, which will interest you, excepting that which lies directly with myself, I shall constitute that personage, the subject of this sketch, and relate the particular facts clustering around the first day of Jan., 18—. To begin: All the ladies—or most of them—in our class of society receive callers on New Year’s day; this you know, yet, have never experienced the episode—as my friend Clint Obert terms it—by the way he is one of the characters in this sketch of myself—to you, and, if you have not already begun to picture him in fairydom, will give you his description. He is as unlike the subject—myself—as is Alice Kent—your “Fairy Queen”—unlike you in appearance; now, you know Alice’s visage, and I shall allow you to form an idea of my friend with these aids. Thought—cousin, you know—develops the brain. Clint is very anxious to form the acquaintance of my brownie cousin, and I have given him about as much food for the imaginative faculties, as I have yourself; but Clint is not as interesting a topic to myself as is—your “Fairy Queen.” That eventful morning, as she stood, in her spacious drawing room, amid the festoons, your woes came vivibly to my mind. Yes! where could there be a more perfect fairy queen; but now, cousin comes the saddest part of my sketch; I know mother has kept it secret; but I shall not; I want you to denounce me with all the energy you can summon. To be sure it is fashionably to have wine and every one sips it; I had promised mother not to touch

it, and at first refused, but, Alice—dear little innocent—wanted me to do as others do, not to appear odd; she did not know of the danger (how should she?)—pressed me, as it was her first reception; she looked so bewitching, with the tears ready to start from her eyes, that I could not resist; after taking one glass it was much easier to take the second, and the third, until the day was fairly over, I was in disgrace—helped to Clint's room, as any drunkard. Now, I have not spared myself, and I want you to write and denounce me in the strongest terms. Give my love to grandma and reserve a small share of esteem for your

ERRING COUSIN HARRY.

Long did Eva sit and ponder; here, in one short sketch, were so many paths of thought opened to her; she knew not which one to follow for the time; curiosity turned her attention to the friend, and sympathy to her cousin; whilst of Alice she thought as being perfectly innocent in his downfall, yet, directly the means. How could she straighten it?

CORA CORAL.

A MIRACLE.

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA, Feb. 10.—The town of Summit is excited over an alleged miracle. About thirty well-known citizens have signed a wonderful statement, declaring that Miss Ella McQuelian, aged twenty years, was suddenly stricken with a disease that paralyzed her whole body, which began to wither away. For eight days she lay in a state of trance, to all appearance dead. The Rev. Father Maloney came to pray for her, and as he invoked the help of Jesus and Mary, animation returned to the corpse-like body, the withered limbs resumed their former plumpness, and she arose and unaided walked about. The subscribers to the statement make affidavits to its truth. Singular to relate, it is stated that the priest was so terrified at the result of his invocation that he nearly fainted.

Why should we be astonished at the answer to prayers? Christians pray, and, if the prayers were answered, as they request, consternation would be depicted upon their countenances. Why might not the prayer of faith heal the sick? Why may not miracles be performed to-day, as well as in Christ's time? He said "These things and greater shall ye do." The angels stand at the door with power from the invisible realm; if the spiritual eyes were open you might recognize the loved ones gone before. The laws have never been changed, and, if miracles once were performed, is not that same power—the Christ-principle—existent? Did he not ascend from sight in a visible form, showing that death was not death—but a casting off the garment of flesh—a spiritual form but like unto the old one in resemblance, but in quality spirit, as he entered the house with doors and windows closed. It was called a miracle, but must have followed some law, even if not understood.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
THE LAYMAN IN THE PULPIT.

LAZARUS AND THE MODERN CHURCH.

The following lines offer a sermon as eloquent and effective as that with which the worthy divine above is electrifying his audience. How much over-looked in these days of "fashionable" religion are these injunctions:

"He heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them."

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord."

"He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent."

"For what is a man profited if he gains the whole world and lose his own soul."

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God."

"There is no respect of persons with God."

"The love of money is the root of all evil."

Well, wife, I have been to chuuch to-day—been to a stylish one—
 And seein' you can't go from home, I'll tell you what was done;
 You would have been surprised to see what I seen there to-day;
 The sisters were fixed up so fine they hardly bowed to pray.

I had on these coarse clothes of mine—not much the worse for wear,
 But then, they knew I wasn't one they called a millionaire;
 So they led the old man to a seat away back by the door;
 'Twas bookless and uncushioned, and reserved for the poor.

Pretty soon came in a stranger, with gold ring and clothing fine;
 They led him to a seat far in advance of mine;
 I thought that wasn't exactly right, to seat him up so near;
 When he was young and I was old and very hard to hear.

But then, there's no accountin' for what some people do;
 The finest clothing now-a-days oft' gets the finest pew;
 But when we reach that blessed home, all undefiled by sin,
 We'll see wealth beggin' at the gate, while poverty goes in.

I couldn't hear the sermon, I sat so far away,
 So through the hours of service, I could only watch and pray;
 Watch the doin's of the Christians sitting near me round about:
 Pray that God would make them pure within as they were without.

While I sat there looking all around upon the rich and great,
 I kept thinkin' of the rich man and the beggars at the gate;
 How, by all but dogs forsaken, the poor beggars form grew cold,
 And the angel's bore his spirit to the mansions built of gold,

How at last the rich man perished and his spirit took its flight,
From the purple and fine linen to the home of endless night;
There he learned, as he stood gazin' at the beggar in the sky,
"It isn't all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

I doubt not there were wealthy sires in that religious fold,
Who went up from their dwellings like the Pharisee of old;
Then returned home from worship, with their heads uplifted high,
To spurn the hungry from their door with naught to satisfy.

Out, out with such professions! they are doin' more to-day
To stop the weary sinner from the gospels shinin' way,
Than all the books of infidels, than all that has been tried,
Since Christ was born in Bethlehem—since Christ was crucified.

How simple the works of God, and yet how very grand—
The shells in the ocean cavern—the flowers on the land—
He gilds the clouds of evenin' with the gold light from his throne.
Not for the rich man only; not for the poor alone.

Then why should man look down on man because of lack of gold?
Why seat him in the poorest pew because his clothes are old?
A heart with noble motives—a heart that God has blest—
May be beatin' heavens music 'neath that faded coat and vest.

I'm old—I may be childish—but I love simplicity;
I love to see it shinin' in a christian's piety;
Jesus told us in His sermons, in Judea's mountain wild,
He that wants to go to heaven must be like a little child.

Our heads are growin' gray, dear wife—our hearts are beatin' slow—
In a little while the Master will call us for to go;
When we reach the pearly gateways, and look with joyful eyes
We'll see no stylish worship in the temple of the skies.—*Brockville Recorder, Ontario.*

THE RESURRECTION OF MAN.

BY CHAUNCY GILES.

According to the doctrines of the New Church, Death and Resurrection are the same event in different aspects. The death of the material body is the natural side of it, and consequently it is all we can see while we are in this world. Resurrection is the spiritual side. The material body is left behind and turns to dust. Man rises out of it. He is withdrawn from the body as the hand is withdrawn from a glove; and when the separation of the spiritual from the material body is fully effected, he stands complete man in the spiritual world, with all his senses and his whole organism perfectly adapted to it. He has lost no more than the sparrow loses when it breaks its shell. When the material body dies, man rises. He does not wait for unknown ages, and flit about no-

w here, and nobody, waiting for a general resurrection of the material body, that he may crawl back into his old prison and resume his chains. He has left nothing behind him that can ever be useful to him again. The beautiful moth never becomes a worm. The sparrow folds its wings, closes its eyes to the new world in which it has rejoiced for a brief summer, and becomes reinvested with its old shell. So it is with man. The material body returns to the ground whence it was taken. "Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust." The spiritual body is raised up into the spiritual world, its proper home, where it will dwell forever.

The statement of Swedenborg on the subject is as follows:

"When the body is no longer able to perform its functions in the natural world corresponding to the thoughts and affections of the spirit which it has from the spiritual world, then the man is said to die. This takes place when the respiratory motions of the lungs and the systolic motions of the heart cease to act; but still man does not die; he is only separated from the corporeal part, which was of use to him in the world; for man himself lives. It is said man himself lives, because man is not man from the *body*, but from the *spirit*, since the spirit thinks in man, and thought with affection makes man. Hence it is evident that man, when he dies only passes from one world into another.

"The spirit of man, after the separation, remains a little while in the body; but not longer than till the total cessation of the heart's action, which takes place with variety, according to the state of the disease of which man dies. . . . As soon as this motion ceases, the man is resuscitated; but this done by the Lord alone; by resuscitation is meant the drawing forth of the spirit of man from the body, and its introduction into the spiritual world, which is commonly called resurrection."

He then goes on to say, "that man is man from his spirit, and not from his body; and that the corporeal form is added to the spirit according to the form of the spirit and not the reverse; for their spirit is clothed with a body according to its own form; wherefore the spirit of man acts into the minutest particulars of the body, inasmuch that the part which is not actuated by the spirit; or in which the spirit is not acting, does not live. That this is so, may be known to every one from this alone; that thought and will actuate each and all things of the body with such entire command, that everything concurs, and whatever does not concur is not a part of the body, and is also cast out as something in which is no life; thought and will are of the spirit of man, and not of the body."

"When man enters the spiritual world, or the life after death, he is in a body as in a world; to *appearance* there is no difference, and he does not perceive nor see a difference. But his body is then spiritual, and thus separated or purified from earthly things, and when what is spiritual touches and sees what is spiritual, it is just as when what is natural touches and sees what is natural; hence, a man when he has become a spirit, does not know otherwise than that he is in his body in which he was in the world, and hence he does not know, at first, that he has deceased. A man's spirit also enjoys every external and internal sense which he enjoyed in the world; he sees as before; he hears and speaks as before; he also smells and tastes, and when he is touched he feels the touch as before; he also longs, desires, craves, thinks, reflects, is affected, loves, wills, as before; and he who delights in studies, reads and writes as before. In a word, when a man passes from one life into the other, or from one world into the other; it is as if he passed from one place into another, and he carries with him all things which he possessed in himself as a man; so that it cannot be said that the man after death, which is only the death of the earthly body, has lost anything of himself. He also carries with him the natural memory, for he retains all things whatsoever which he has in the world heard, seen, read, learned, and thought, from earliest infancy even to the end of life.

"But the difference between the life of man in the spiritual world and his life in the natural world is great, as well with respect to the external senses and their affections, as with respect to the internal senses and their affections. Those who are in heaven perceive by the senses; that is, they see and hear much more exquisitely, and also think more wisely, than when they were in the world.

"The difference of these external senses is as the difference between sunshine and the obscurity of mist, and as the difference between the light at mid-day and the shade at evening, in the world."

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A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

"So, the Lord scattered them abroad over the face of the earth, and they left off to build the city."

Every unworthy action—selfish one—is sooner or later cast to the ground, and must when instigated by a nation or sect who are all of one language become a mighty tower of Babel. The work which is fruitlessly carried forward for vain glory—to satisfy a desire for fame—for self gratification, when no benefit to humanity is mingled with labors—must eventuate in a Babel—confusion will sweep upon the individuals, and they must be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth. Labors of love are needed, and not mighty towers of superstitious vagary, which would confine the living God and would think to find Him only in a temple made by man.

"The groves were God's first temple." Think of humanity—the thousands of souls, who had a life as do we, who existed as wild men of the forest, if worship is necessary to your salvation, it was necessary to theirs. Aye! worship was necessary to the higher cultivation of the nature of the aborigines, and, also, was an inborn quality; it was divine; it was a part of the real man, which inhabits the temple of clay. Was it necessary to have an edifice of grand and imposing appearance? Does Jehovah delight in these? Gaze upon the mighty temple of nature; think you, that a grander domain may be reared, which will woo the living God, if he partake of the earthly nature at all, and require the imploring and pleading as of earth. Is it Jehovah or is it man whom we may worship best? Does Jehovah suffer from material wants? Can He not be said to own the mighty worlds? His children cry out to us from every quarter of our glorious land; cruel bondage, which is poverty, is building up a slavery which is more terrible than the slavery of the African, who are now free from the chains; churches are being erected at a cost, in some instances, of millions of dollars, where man may meet upon the Sabbath thank Jehovah, that they are not as other men are—to talk of the best ways and means of casting the crumbs from the table to the poor unfortunate ones, who are cursed by poverty and, sometimes, crime. Oh! we say, can there not be some way of remedying this? Must the tower go forward, and the great and mighty earth with its blossoming, its bud-

ding and fruitage be left to bless not humanity? Must not the tender blossoms of purity, of love and the angel qualities, which are springing with the thistles and the thorns be cultivated? Oh! spend the labors upon the earth; we do not denounce religion nor churches, yet, we say: "Is it the proper way? Is not one individual soul worth more than every temple of worship in the land? Is not suffering humanity crying for light and knowledge, for peace and contentment?" Could but your Sabbaths be spent in really worshipping God, which you can only do by loving deeds of ministry to his children—those burdened by the woe, which you are, many times, able to alleviate.

You may say: "We furnish employment, to the laboring class, by having these gorgeous buildings erected." Ah! let me ask you: "What is it?" A miserable existence of toil, which is carried forward incessantly. Many a weary burden is placed in the glittering panes of glass; many a sad story is painted in the pictures; many are the invisible words of sorrow beneath the beautiful aphorisms; many an aching woe is impressed upon the statuary, and you say, "But, how else may it be?" Let the language become really one language, and let it be the pure—the language which Jehovah delights in—the language of love to brother man; not, selfish love, which means, the fulfilling of the law unto those who are intimately connected with us, who are a part of self, as those who may gratify desires which will directly benefit this god, self, all,—the erring, the weak, the sinful, the vile; for is not crime a disease which, if properly treated, might be removed? Yes, could the Sabbaths be spent in visiting those who are in distress, in carrying the divine ray of love to those homes where worshipping God in a temple is impossible to the inmates, who cannot, in their plain workman's dress, feel that the house of grandeur is open to them, who would, if entering the abode, fear that the coarse garments would soil the elaborate upholstery, or the delicate tints of the ladies' dresses, with which they might come in contact. In plain attire you might enter those dwellings and by loving sympathy in their behalf, if only by kind and encouraging words, you may worship God, you may teach the children lessons of the Christ-life, not so much lessons of his dying for all men, and that if you believe on him you shall not perish; but, teach them to follow in his footsteps, by being gentle and kind to each other, by shunning the evil, by loving truth and right, and then will the earth be peopled with a grand tower, the spire may reach the skies, for the spirit rises above sorrow and distress, and the New Jerusalem descends; the angels stand at the door—come down to

meet the spire to walk up and down the streets of the city, walk with us hand in hand to lead us up and on to grander achievements, to nobler motives, and a higher road. "All are of one language.....scattered abroad on the earth." living—not simply existing—every dwelling house is a temple for the most High, and worship is carried out every day in practice, and not in precept alone.

IDA M. MERRILL.

"IS MATERIALIZATION TRUE? IF SO, ITS PHILOSOPHY."

BY SAMUEL WATSON.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

"Mediums for materialization are those who possess, therefore a certain amount of that nervous, or what we choose to term psychodynamic power that is unemployed by themselves, but which spirits aware of its existence and of the method of its manipulation, can employ for the purpose of materialization. As the body, in its physical structure, attracts to itself the particles of the atmosphere to sustain it so the spirit can attract from the atmosphere substances and particles, through this force that exists in the materializing medium, out of which can be fashioned either the pictured likeness of the friend, the sculptured image, or the living and apparently vitalized form. And this law by which the vital forces of the medium are utilized in this way, is a law of spiritual volition acting upon the medium, but the medium's mind having nothing to do with it, save the passivity with which the medium and the surroundings meet the effort of the spirit to do this thing. The agitation of a single wave of thought, the opposition of a single will-power, anger, suspicion, hatred, all violent passions, interfere with this normal circulation of the fluid that is employed by spirits in materialization. Hence you are frequently told: Be harmonious in your circles; keep your mind passive; let there be no violence; let there be no suspicion. Why? Because, even as the various points of the magnet become depolarized by certain processes, so these various atoms become depolarized, so far as the spirit-will is concerned, by the agitation of intermediate waves of thought, and cannot be thus utilized.

"When the conditions are perfect the perfect form is evolved; when the conditions are imperfect various stages are evolved, and are considered a failure; sometimes are even considered impostures. But supposing, in

the process of taking a picture, you were suddenly to rush into the photographer's dark cabinet, insist upon hauling out the plates and seeing what progress he has made, would it be imposture, on the part of the photographer, if there was no real picture there? So many persons imagine, because, during the process of materialization, certain things are discovered that do not seem to conform to their ideas of what should be the state of affairs, therefore there is trickery. Do you consider the sculptor an impostor because when you tear aside the screen that veils the unfinished marble it is incomplete? Do you consider anything in science an imposture because it is interrupted before it is fully formed?

"You have heard that materialized forms or images have been interrupted in the process of development, and that various things, all confusion, seemed to appear in the cabinet. Did it ever occur to you that a spirit requires time and conditions to make perfect things, just as well as mortals, and that those conditions and that time may be as carefully preserved from interruption under all fitting test conditions that should be applied *beforehand* and not *during* the time of materialization?

"Did it ever occur to you that the most delicate process in the universe must be that process that through occult forces evolves a palpable image to the sight of men? But the only wonder is, not that there are so few of these manifestations that are satisfactory, but that there are any, considering the delicate nature of the conditions required, and considering the rude, uncouth, and crude manner in which human beings proceed to the investigation of them.

"If you would know the laws that govern materialization, you should guard them as carefully, preserve the conditions as sacredly, treat them with the same kind of deference and the same kind of reason that you do the carefully prepared plate, the electric battery, the various refined and subtle processes of chemical science that are oftentimes experimented with a thousand times before there is one successful result.

"This substance upon which spirits act to produce the representation of material forms is, as we state, the most delicate of all substances which the human form holds, and is one ultimate link connecting matter with spirit. Upon this spirit breathes its volition or will power; an aura is created that draws just so much of the vitality from the form of the medium and frequently from others who are in sympathy that are present. These subtle and delicate atoms attract other corresponding atoms from the atmosphere; and by this process of motion, which is created when these atoms are drawn from the form of the medium, the at-

traction goes on until either the picture, the sculptured image, or the vitalized form is revealed to the vision.

THE TWO GLASSES.

There stood two glasses filled to the brim
 On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
 One was ruddy and red as blood,
 And one was clear as the crystal flood.
 Said the glass of wine to the paler brother:
 "Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;
 I can tell of the banquet and revel and mirth,
 And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
 Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
 Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
 From the heads of kings I've torn the crown,
 From the heights of fame I've hurled men down;
 I've blasted many an honored name,
 I've taken virtue and given shame;
 I've tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
 That has made his future a barren waste.
 Far greater than king am I,
 Or than any army beneath the sky.
 I've made the arm of the driver fail,
 And sent the train from the iron rail;
 I've made the ships go down at sea,
 And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,
 For they said, "Behold how great you be!
 Fame, wealth, strength, genius before you fall,
 For your might and power are over all."
 "Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
 "Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"
 Said the watered glass, "I cannot boast
 Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host;
 But I can tell of a heart once sad,
 By my crystal drops made light and glad.
 Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved,
 Of hands I've cooled, of souls I've saved.
 I've leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain
 Flowed to the river, played in the fountain;
 Slept in the sunshine, dropped from the sky,
 And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
 I've eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
 I've made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain.
 I can tell of the powerful wheel at the mill
 That ground out the flour and turned at my will.
 I can tell of manhood debased by you,
 That I lifted up and crowned anew.
 I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
 I gladden the heart of man and maid.
 I set the chained wine-captive free,
 And all are better for knowing me."
 These are the tales they told to each other,
 The glass of wine and the paler brother,
 As they sat together filled to the brim,
 On the rich man's table, rim to rim.—*Selected.*

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 20.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

In the 16th chapter of Mathew is recorded: The Pharisees and Sadducees came to Jesus with much assurance and authority, desiring him to show them a sign from the spiritual world or heaven. He answered: When it is evening ye say, "It will be fair weather for the sky is red, and in the morning it will be foul weather to-day for the sky is red and lowering." Oh, ye hypocrites! ye can discern the face of the sky but cannot discern the signs of the times. A wicked and adulterous generation, seeketh after a sign and there shall no sign be given unto it but the sign of the prophet Jonas. Those questions and answers were for a purpose, for a lesson to mankind to-day. The spiritual teachings of that book called the Bible is for all time and eternity. It contains the whole law of life. It has been misunderstood by the teachers and they planted tares with the wheat and we are now reaping the reward. The harvest is ripe for the sickle, and where are the reapers? Those who can discern the signs of the times are praying the Lord of the harvest to send out more laborers as the tares are bearing down the good grain into the dust and we need more help. Evil seems to be driving the car of destruction over the earth, bringing misery and cruel suffering to humanity. We would implore all women to rise up in their power and bring their influence to bear on the destructive element that now prevails. Let us purify ourselves from all prejudice and selfishness, bring ourselves into harmony, unite like drops of water that form a powerful stream, be one, in purpose, to overcome evil by establishing justice, right and liberty to all. We have the greatest burdens of life to bear, therefore we must buckle on our armor and stand firmly on the rock of love to humanity, and we shall succeed—overcome all opposition.

There has been, we hear, a murder committed in Missouri; we understand a member of the legislature, Mr. Talbott. Two of his sons have been tried, convicted, and sentence of death pronounced upon them, and are to be executed on the 25th of March—executed—that means murder the most cruel—in the first degree. We would appeal to all Christians, Jews and Gentiles—all mothers and widows to join in protesting against this second crime. It is contrary to the teachings of Jesus—the Christian's model. He said, "No longer an eye for an eye." How dare anyone pretending to be a follower of Him give their consent or acquiesce and allow two boys to be killed contrary to the teachings of the law, of love to your neighbor and forgiveness to our brothers who have possibly been from their surroundings and development chosen to suffer that we Christians might have an opportunity of advancing towards perfection in showing love and mercy to the unfortunate widow and orphans. If those boys should be killed and the murderer of their father be discovered afterward what shall be done to those who have murdered the boys?

MRS. M. MERRICK.

P.S.—In last number in "Signs of the Times," "evil of flesh" should have read, "veil of flesh."

MY EXPERIENCE.

My experience in the investigation with the interior or spiritual realm where the soul dwells after it leaves its physical body, I went to a medium, a girl twelve years old, with the intention of discovering what a medium was, and if there was any good to be found in searching in that direction. I found the medium as much interested as myself, in making inquiries of invisible intelligences. She was no wiser than myself. It was but lately she had lost her brother, about sixteen years old, who died suddenly. The family felt the loss deeply, and having heard of tables moving and bringing messages from departed friends, they were impressed to sit around a table, and in a short time the table made a move, and they began to ask questions and receive answers, and the medium found she could write messages without knowing what she wrote. It was about this time I commenced investigating the subject.

I had the girl come to my house in the afternoon, and sit by a table, and write messages, and talk with signs made by powers, not known by me, that seemed to know all about me and my thoughts, and was familiar with papers and things belonging to my husband, before our marriage.

From our frequent meetings, I was convinced it was him, and three years have elapsed, and I have not changed my mind. How can those who speak so scoffingly about what is called spiritualism say they believe in that book of life—the Bible—and not in the appearing of spirits of men and women in this nineteenth century, as was six thousand years ago.

It must surely be possible if they once appeared, they can always appear, and millions declare the phenomena to be substantiated. Three weeks after I had established a line of communication with my friends. One morning the medium came to me and said they had a circle at her father's last night, and Henry—her brother—told them to find three chapters in the Bible—fifth of Matthew, tenth of Luke and tenth of first Corinthians—and live accordingly.

So I immediately began to study and try to find both the literal and spiritual expression in those chapters. I inquired of ministers and others, with but little satisfaction, after trying my best to understand the true meaning and failed. I was impressed to ask for information of my spirit band and they were able to give me the true meaning. I was astonished when I understood the Great Spirit wished me to work in his vineyard, and after a few weeks of consideration and inquiry, I gave myself up to the influence that seemed to surround me, and promised to do the will of our Heavenly Father on earth as it is done in heaven; and I have been impressed or directed in many ways that seem strange to me. I have many trials but shall persevere in doing what seems to be required of me. I have a medium in my own family whom I can rely upon. I have no fear of devils as I never have seen one.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

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Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

Eva, now, had a more difficult problem to solve, than any she had ever attempted. She did not blame Alice; yet, the temptation had been placed before him by her Fairy Queen—the perfect ideal of Harry's boyhood companion and later friend. Alice had never heard of such a son as *was* Jack Kenner; she did not know that by acquiring the habit of taking any thing that might intoxicate, a drunkard's grave is many times the result; she had probably never met with such a case as Jack Kenner; had always been in boarding school and knew little of the outside world—all these excuses flashed through Eva's mind. Then came thoughts of how she should counsel Harry. No! she would not denounce him; she would only aid him by her encouragement. Yes! she would write immediately and tell him to remember Jack Kenner and to tell Alice of him, so that she might understand, why he was not willing to take anything which was intoxicating. Her sympathies had gone out to Harry, as a tiny prayer unuttered. May it not be, the desire vibrated upon the atmosphere of heaven, until it reached him. The good Father has built the delicate and the tender fabric, as well as the mighty material world. The natural telegraph may be, but a similitude to the invisible.

With natural curiosity Eva's thoughts now revert to Harry's friend. She fancies a dim picture appears to her. Harry and Clint are the objects. Of course she would like Harry's friend; her warm-hearted, loving cousin Harry could not have friends who did not possess noble qualities. She did not care to have this picture plainer; it was enveloped in a mist which was more pleasant than the full portrayal of the personage, for the time. What was it? This reverie was upon her yet, and she was spell-bound; snatches of thoughts indefinable swept over the harp of a thousand strings. Suddenly, as though touched by an unseen hand, she aroused. She must return to the realities of life. "Grandma will wonder why I leave her so long," she said aloud. Hurriedly entering the room again, she says, "It is really delightful is it not grandma up at H— on New Year's Day, as Aunt Lizzie has pictured it?"

"Yes, dear child, just as I have said to you there are many pleasures you lose by being here."

"Now, dear grandma, please don't. You know I have as much pleasure as any one can possibly have. I have no doubt, I have taken more pleasure in the description, than Alice did in participation. It is just

delightful to hear of those things—like reading a pleasant story. I always imagine I am the heroine, and seem to live in that world, for the time; that is if the heroine suits my ideas of heroism, or life. Now, in Aunt Lizzie's description, I seemed to have been living in H— for the time. Then grandma to open my senses and see I am here with you; it is grand, I have had *two* worlds, for a time."

"Dear child, that is the true idea, too; you *may* live in two worlds. The angel realm is at the door; the invisible curtain of space shrouds us with the boundary of heaven."

"Grandma, I love to think that mama and papa are near. How can any one fear the dear friends who have gone before? Of course they love us yet."

"Yes, dear child, the old body is thrown aside, only, and the real person is alive—has a spiritual form which is invisible to the natural eyes."

"My dear you must answer Aunt Lizzie's letter, and tell her I want her to come and see me, once more, before I leave you."

"I shall grandma, this very evening."

Eva now leaves the room and we hear her in the kitchen humming a tune which she had learned of Harry. Eva was housekeeper of the humble abode, as well as her grandmother's companion—a friend to all the dumb brutes, the chickens, and the birds, and withal had time to read, to wander in the woods and vales, and learn lessons of life from the great book of nature.

The frugal tea now ready, and grandma carefully seated in her place, Eva again allows thoughts to sweep over the brain; so fast and so conflicting are the emotions she scarce eats, which worries the dear old lady. Eva thinks it best not to reveal to her Harry's transgression and thus it is a responsibility which she must bear alone in regard to advising him.

Here is Eva alone in her own room—a blazing fire upon the hearth, which lends her inspiration. The letter is written to Aunt Lizzie, the invitation sent, and now let us look over her shoulder as she writes to Harry:

DEAR COUSIN HARRY:—I hasten to answer your interesting letter, which gave me pleasure, mingled with sadness. Pleased to be remembered amid your festivities—that you had not forgotten our fairydom; that my Fairy Queen reigns supreme in your temple. Yes! I fancied I could see Alice as I read; more perfect—this picture—than any I have ever painted in regard to her. Your friend, whom you desire me to describe, is as yet dim in my studio—the simple outline, commencing with

a description of character, judging from his being *your* friend—he is full of life and spirit; takes pleasure in the refinement of social life; is a gentleman; has nobility of character enough to extricate my cousin from difficulty, as much as is possible. He knew it would give Aunt Lizzie sorrow to see you in that sad plight—the reason he took you to his own room. Now, dear cousin, Harry, *I* shall not denounce you; this would do you no good, whatever; you feel remorse enough already, and I shall but give you my earnest desires, that, in the future, you may not yield to the temptation again; keep this failure ever in your mind, and remember Jack Kenner. Tell Alice your reason for desisting from the use of intoxicating drink of any kind; and remember that your cousin Eva is sending her best wishes from this quiet vale. Your father may come now as he did in the school days. I trust that your high sense of right will aid you. The Heavenly Father does not denounce, but pities his erring children. The blessed Christ said: “Go, and sin no more,” and this is as much as your cousin will upbraid you: “Sin no more.”

Dear Aunt Lizzie did not mention it—your failure—how much better that you should have told me! Now, I may talk with you freely, and extend my sympathies to you. Please remember me to Alice, and tell her that her kind invitation, in your last, I cannot accept at present, but should be very much pleased to have her come to visit me, if she could enjoy herself in my wild mountain home. Perhaps she would come with your mother.

YOUR LOVING COUSIN EVA.

Many thanks to Jesse H. Butler, of Los Angeles, California, for the beautiful volume of poems, entitled, “Home.” As we have sketched it, find the sentiment and expression of the true poet.

Live every day; you may have to-morrow, and you may not; but the bright blossoms in the pathway, to-day, may lie withered and dead to-morrow, and the barren waste may be your only picture, for, life is progress, you cannot retrace the steps, but must move on; but, if the blossoms have been plucked which lie within the path they, even if faded, are mementoes of the past beauty.

A gentle word and a diamond dust lies in some weary heart.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
VOICES IN THE AIR.

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Hark! I hear sweet angel voices,
Softly floating on the evening air,
Bidding us to sing glad rejoices
To Him who made this world so bright, so fair.

Then let us raise our thoughts to heaven,
For the many blessings we here receive;
Nor to weary repinings be given,
But on God, the giver of all, believe.

Yes, He who made this Glorious universe
So beautiful, so wide, so grand;
He who will our each and ev'ry care disperse,
And gently lead us by the hand.

The little drooping violet and each flower,
Nestled in their mossy bed,
Shows forth His majesty, a wondrous power
That all by Him are daily fed.

The glorious sun and spreading tree
Give evidence of God;
And the ever busy humming bee,
The green and fragrant sod.

Then let us daily sing praises to Him
That we may at last reach this haven;
And let not our minds be given to sin,
But with heavenly, themes be laven.

HATTIE HAREBELL.

Give heed to the trifles of life, which are found to be the most important occurrences in retrospecting the past.

In our next issue will appear an article by Jesse H. Butler, of Los Angeles, California, which we did not receive in time for this number. Subject—Life—one that is never exhausted.

Let each individual of our race learn to use the pen for his own improvement, and for the edification of others. Let each man be intent upon writing at least one paragraph or line, that shall add to the world's store of intellectual wealth. A single line, well written and full of meaning, conveying to the sons of men some maxim of wisdom, some facts of philosophy, or doctrine, or precept of religion, may be of more real benefit to the world than a whole volume of common-place ideas or expressions.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.***MY RIGHTS.**

Yes, God has made me a woman;
 And I am content to be
 Just what He meant, not reaching out
 For other things, since He
 Who knows me best and loves me most has ordered this for me.

A woman, to live my life out
 In quiet, womanly ways,
 Hearing the far-off battle,
 Seeing as through a haze
 The crowding, struggling world of men fight through their busy days.

I am not strong or valiant—
 I would not join the fight
 Or jostle with the crowd in the highways
 To sully my garments white;
 But I have rights as a woman, and here I claim my right.

The right of a rose to bloom
 In its own sweet, separate way,
 With none to question the perfumed pink,
 And none to utter a nay
 If it reaches a root or points a thorn, as even a rose tree may.

The right of the lady-birch to grow,
 To grow as the Lord shall please,
 By never a sturdy oak rebuked,
 Denied not sun or breeze—
 For all its plint slenderness, kin to the stronger trees.

The right to a life of my own—
 Not merely a casual bit
 Of somebody else's life flung out,
 That, taking hold of it,
 I may stand as a cipher does after a numeral writ.

The right to gather and glean
 What food I need and can
 From the garnered store of knowledge
 Which man has heaped for man,
 Taking with free hands freely, and after an ordered plan.

The right—ah, best and sweetest:—
 To stand all undismayed
 Whenever sorrow, or want, or sin
 Call for a woman's aid,
 With none to cavil or question, by never a look gainsaid.

I do not ask for a ballot,
 Though very life were at stake,
 I would beg for the nobler justice
 That men for manhood's sake
 Should give ungrudgingly, nor withhold till I must fight and take:

The fleet foot and the feeble foot
 Both seek the self-same goal;
 The weakest soldier's name is writ
 On the great army-roll;
 And God, who made man's body strong, made, too, the woman's soul.

SARAH COOLIDGE.

**A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
OUR RIGHTS AS WOMEN.**

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Yes, dear sisters, we have rights which many do not accept. The right to alleviate woe and misery, to bind up the broken hearts of unfortunate sisters, to love humanity, to pour oil and wine upon the wounds of suffering ones, be it the oil of gladness and human kindness, or a literal binding up of wounds. We have been told that time is money, and what does this mean? That money may be considered equivalent to precious time, when souls of humanity are starving? As money may be considered the greatest material blessing, purchasing physical comforts; so time in the spiritual sense is the counterpart of money. If this be true, the time, which is spent in agitating questions of right and wrong, is unprofitably spent. There are rights which are not utilized; the right to purify, not subdue, the world is yours—woman—to sympathize with, to relieve distress which cannot be prevented; to reach the hearts of humanity; touch the hidden spring, and you will find the living waters; comfort the drunkard's wife, and strive to find the key which will unlock the hardest heart.

In attempting to unknot a tie, if you resolutely pull, without searching to find how the knot is tied, you only draw it the firmer; but, patiently loosen the knot, finding which was tied last, and you have no difficulty; thus begin with the last effect of the cause, in the great world of misery, gently and patiently laboring, you may trace effects back to first cause. "Last shall be first;" as, should you see a workman desiring to tear down a wall several feet high, drawing the stones from the bottom, you would say, "Man do you know what you are doing?" The wall will fall upon you. Then, dear sisters, find the hidden springs which shall open at your touch; there is but one key, or spring, and that is love. Yours is the power of weakness, and when you yield the womanly qualities, and become strong in nature, but weakened at heart, you are neither the one nor the other; neither the oak nor the vine; for the beautiful tendrils are trailing in the grime and dust; the verdure faded; the life and soul benumbed; pandemonium established; there is no distinction such as was evidently intended by the Great Father.

Women, to-day, would have their sons "sit in silent subjection" and listen to their mothers, as they should, the coming day of Independence; that is correct. Children should pay respect unto their parents; but there comes a time when your sons have inherited the natural tendencies of their parents, and they desire, also, to be heard and would you

teach—we have found—you must teach by example; let it not be upon one side alone; listen to your sons would you have them listen to you. You may reason, with one, where you may not compel.

Oh, contemplate it! the terrible and heart-rending cries are ascending to the skies every day, where only woman's hand may alleviate. Your rights are to raise the fallen, comfort the distressed, allowing your souls to expand in the sunlight of purity: you can but develop holy qualities, by so doing; every spark of ambition, of desires for earthly fame and glory dies out before the pale messenger; when you stand by the bedside of suffering, relieve and sympathize, your soul goes out to the great Soul of the Universe, and when you see the lamp of life feebly burn, and finally go out, you say, "What is life?" What is it of earth, that may satisfy this great desire, which is placed in every bosom—progress.

It is many times improperly carried out; the waters must have a channel in which to move; if sweeping broadcast over the land, there is no turning of the mills, no depth for the steamers, no beautiful rivers.

Thus these desires of progress, becoming ambitious, reaching out, leaving the channel are as the waters unrestrained.

The river cannot be an ocean; the vine cannot be an oak; the simple wren cannot be a bird of paradise; the sheep cannot be a lion, or the wolf cannot be a sheep; if a wolf in sheep's clothing, the truth is very apt to be detected.

You can but move in the sphere which is yours with ease; you can but carry out your *own* individuality with success.

A woman, and, yet, God's child;
He taught us to be gentle, mild;
Taught us to walk our own way;
Taught us to watch and pray;
Taught us the battle—not ours—
The terrible fight with powers
Of fiercer strength—greater might;
Taught us—to *aid* is our right;
Taught us to live and to love,
His great life, thereby, to prove;
Every creature upon this land
May receive it from our hand,
Every sorrow we may heal
Does His mighty power reveal;
Every joy, we may disperse,
Teaches us: Womanhood is no curse.

IDA M. MERRILL.

"IS MATERIALIZATION TRUE? IF SO, ITS PHILOSOPHY."

BY SAMUEL WATSON.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

"As we state, this process can only be comprehended by those who are accustomed to the subtle changes and transformations of chemical science; can only be comprehended by those who have studied with the greatest care, perhaps, the writings of Reinbach, Prof. Faraday, and others who have investigated to a certain point the occult forces connected with the human system; and they must also go a step beyond this and understand that the violation of the spirit acting upon these substances which are held in solution in the form of the medium, causes the attraction of other atoms, and the making up of the fabric which to that intent and for that purpose is for the time being materialized.

Sometimes the question is asked: Is it, then, only an image? Certainly it is only an image. No one ever saw with material eyes an actual spiritual form. This is an image (the outward form) which expresses yourself to-day. No one pretends it is the man or the woman that sits here in the material garb of material life, and fashioned and formed shapely or unshapely. It is simply the representation of the spirit. No one claims that this is the Ego—it is the outward image only. The difference between your form and the image which appears for the time being as a materialized spirit form is that yours has passed through the process of organic life, while the spirit form is the result of the immediate created life given by the spirit. And this explains why, in ancient lore and among the biblical prophets and seers, there were frequently men described as angels, and messengers who walked and talked and ate and drank with them as angelic visitants, these forms appearing in the guise of men, and taking on themselves the real form of existence. But these images also had powers to dematerialize and disappear again without organic process of decomposition."

MATERIALIZATION.

This is that phase of spiritualism which is more convincing to skeptics than any other, but the truth must be sustained or the phase loses its effect. The spiritual mind does not require such manifestations, but the subject is being investigated more for the benefit of skeptics, materialists and infidels. The subject must be understood by minds who doubt the phenomena, by the material manifestations. The spirit-world

is actively engaged in the development of mediums to perfect the phase of spiritual truth. It must be perfect before the material mind will accept it as truth.

Magnetism is the element used by spirit action to so manifest the materializations that they cannot be mistaken for the medium's double. Here is the great difficulty. Magnetism must be refined by spiritual development. This the mind so material cannot understand, and consequently the harmony necessary to materialize is seldom found in promiscuous circles. Much has been said about imperfect materializations to the detriment of mediums, when in reality the mediums were unconscious of the manifestations transpiring from their magnetism. The objections often urged by skeptics in regard to dim light is more the want of information as to the influence which light exerts than a conviction that the manifestations are not real. Light dispels the element just as the warm rays of spring sun melt the snows of winter. The water is absorbed or evaporated—so the magnetism is absorbed or evaporated by being thrown into repulsive elements. Diffusion is detrimental to materialization, but repulsive elements are positively incompatible with materialization.

Spirits must have proper conditions before they can influence matter in any form. The phase of spiritualism is of a low plane, since matter is less refined than spirit; consequently materializing mediums are less spiritual and less intellectual. Their natures are less inclined to spirit communion, hence their aspirations do not rise above the material plane. The materialization phase is gaining ground. Mediums are developing with better surroundings and the magnetism is, in consequence, less repulsive to spirits of high order. This will give that phase an impetus which will dispel skepticism that could not be done from a spiritual and intellectual standpoint. Those so material as to believe spirit nothing more than matter refined, or no spirit at all, will have to invent another theory to solve the mysterious manifestations, as they are called. Those who deny immortality will see that their friends whom they know in earth-life still live, and bring them light from that "land from whence (it is said) no traveler returns." This idea had its origin in the minds of those who never knew the power of spirit impression upon the mind, nor soul full of spiritual light.

"God is not God of the dead, but of the living." Yes, God is life, and His creatures have His life in them, so they can never die while God lives. This manifestation of His power controls all living, moving intel-

ligence. God is wisdom and power, and all matter He has made has from its creation been made to praise the author of its creation by carrying out His designs. All spirit is a part of His being, and will live throughout the eternity His being fills. The material is too much the study of mind. The spiritual is the most important. God intends to make infidels and scoffers bow their knees and hearts to the truth, which shall soon be revealed in terrible power. The materialist will have to make the confession that God is spirit, and not matter refined. God is God, and God is spirit. "No man hath seen God at any time;" no man will ever see Him only in the greatness of His power. Christ is the power of God manifested in the sphere of light and love. Christ taught this idea when He said, "I am the light of the world." He said, "How can a man love God, whom he hath not seen?" By this he meant man could not love God in matter, but in spirit could see Him and then could love Him as He loved the Father who sent Him to manifest His spirit in doing His will. God takes care of His creatures in the spirit of His manifest Son, protecting them by the ministry of His angels. Oh, how the scriptures abound with truth which the mind being so material, is lost to their understanding!

CORRESPONDENCE.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 7th, 1881.

MRS. M. MERRICK:

Dear Sister :—Yours received; and in its womanly tenderness and honesty of purpose, it fell like the recollections of home and maternal love on my heart. Work on sister; it is the only thing worth living for; and such souls as yours, shall sow the seeds of human usefulness, that shall spring up in the coming generations in such a harvest of sympathetic utilities as the present generation does not dream of, in its creed-bound faiths, that ignore reason and bury the human soul under its dark pall of selfishness and superstition. Never mind the drawbacks and cares so long as you can keep this mortal clothing comfortable, till it is worn out, that is enough; what you use for human advancement will constitute the fragrant flowers in the garden of your immortality. Intuition and reason are now embracing each other, and the laboring earth shall rejoice in their progeny, whose brows shall have imprinted on them "we are the children of love and wisdom; and are we not the sons and daughters of God?" Never mind your age, your soul has just com-

menced to live! The great Brougham—Sir Henry—was called old when young, and when old he became a youthful, mental Ajax. Adios.

J. H. B.

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

After successive generations, Abram and his family are the important personages noted in the genealogical record. "Now the Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house unto a land that I will show thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great."

As man reaches maturity he goes forth from his father's house; goes forth to battle with the world; to build up nations; to wield the sceptre of progress; to search for the hidden stores of wealth in the bosom of the great earth, upon the rolling prairies; within the majestic forests, upon the mighty streams, and on oceans crest.

He begins to search another realm, and this is the one which has its center in the mind. Science, art, and philosophy are evolved. Deep and grand are the revelations which are unfolded. Beauties rivaling and excelling the material world. Broad fields of thought; broader than the best fields of nature. Deep stores of brilliant gems, more valuable than the most precious ore found in the bosom of earth. More abiding streams; more perfect ones; the living waters sparkling, limpid, ever cool, clear and pure. Forests of perpetual growth and never-dying verdure; sweet blossoms of love and purity; buds of eternal promise, and leafage of heavenly hue. Waves of majestic aspirations, of transcendent loveliness and heroic powers; deep oceans of thought brought to bear upon the great resources of earth, and the command given Abram is to all.

The Garden of Eden, from which Adam and Eve were cast, casts out all her children, casts from a loving mother's arms, and a fond father's watchcare into a world, says: By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou live. Abram followed where the Lord lead, and, so may, we all, to-day. How? By following the true characteristics of the nature; the talent improved as circumstances will permit, accepting the life-work, yielding to holy intelligences—the good angel, monitor which continually strive with men saying: Do right.

Great and solemn, terrible and deep, are the thoughts which come to us freighted with the heavenly cargo. What may we say that will express the idea—the great responsibility—which rests with each individual. Think of the great trust! The legacy which is imparted to you by a kind and loving Father. The legacy of a never-dying soul, of an inheritance in the universe *forever*. There is no bound or span to eternity, as there is no limit to a circle; no extinction of the life principle; no loss of the reality—of the germinal principle, no leaving the present, finding the past—but continuous progression. Life cannot be lost. It is demonstrated in the lower order, or animal kingdom; and man, by superior ascendancy over all earth, has, certainly, superiority in this particular. The soul is expanding, or warping, owing to cultivation, just as your fields, forests and orchards are doing, only, in the highest order of individuality, the grandest unfoldment of the life principle.

The babe, in infantile purity, has the germ of the real man, just as the bud contains the elements of blossom and fruit. We take a tiny bud on a bright spring morning; we ponder; we say: "Here, in this tiny store house, is locked, by a secret spring which nature alone may touch, a delicate blossom, a sample of fruit, and we judge of the tinting of the blossom, which shall appear, and the fruit to be moulded in nature's crucible, by the species from which the bud has been taken. We cry out in wonderment; we say: "Oh Jehovah how wonderful are thy works!" How infinite are thy plans! We *know* they are infinite. Who may hold the hidden springs? Not man. Then we fain would follow where the Great Wise Power does lead; that we may be blessed. The germ principle—purity—we would have to tint the blossom, to perfectly mould the fruit of untold value; that the reality may be retained without imperfections, requiring changes of soil to overcome.

As we have said, there is no loss of the germinal principle, purity. The fruit may be imperfect, blighted, but the seed appears, and the life is not extinct; through stages of growth and development it may pass, not quite so perfect, perhaps, yet, the individuality is not lost; the grand principle is carried out; the beautiful Love of the Father is manifest, inasmuch, as He has given that which He cannot himself take, without violating His own law. This He never does. The wisest of parents, He never makes laws for his children, which he does not obey himself. His commands: Love God and thy brother—are whispered to thee, in the evening breeze; are caroled by the robin and linnet, are musically babbled by the brook, are echoed in the resounding forests, are mirrored upon the broad

rolling streams, are repeated again, and again, by the ocean's waves, are evolved from earth in stores of grain and fruitage for the sustenance of the physical, and painted upon the nethermost heavens in living characters of light.

Grandly, beautiful comes the inspiration, if we discard the dross. The diamond is herein contained: If man follows the path which Jehovah would lead—the path of purity and brotherly love, nations—great nations are built up—we are blessed as the Lord desires. We are filled with the power of the Holy Spirit; we are a part of the great law, because under the law—and we have received, that which is greater than earthly blessings—a heavenly heritage.

IDA M. MERRILL.

DIAMOND DUST.

Live each day as though to-morrow's sun would find you cast adrift launched upon the unknown sea—out in the new life, searching another realm, becoming a child again, learning *greater* lessons of life.

There are deep wells of water—living water—from which we may drink daily; they are the well springs of life, and the waters, so pure, so clear, are never exhausted. They have their source in the heart; they are deep and abiding, and we call these wells, fountains of joy; the noble deeds feed them. Let us all keep the living wells.

Great and noble are those whom we, sometimes, would pass as mediocre persons; the life course has been one of virtue and humble performance of duty—a simple honest interest in humanity, and the life work is as grand as though laurels had been wreathed for the brow. The laurels in the spiritual world are perfect, fragrant, and never-dying.

Gently chide the erring; strongly denounce the bold and cool-headed villains; there is a wide difference between the weak, erring one, and the strong and forcible nature, which deliberately commits an ignoble deed.

Glide with the smooth waters, saving the energies for the turbid sea and mighty tempest.

Dare to do right at all times, and though the daring which may at the time call forth all the energy of the nature, and seem a terrible struggle—strength has been gained: the daring has become a source of consolation through dark hours.

CORA CORAL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1881.

NO. 21.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

The signs of the times are propitious; the light is breaking; a new era is dawning; the sun of the spiritual world is rising, and Aurora is driving her chariot of light; is escaping from the darkness that has held her in its embrace so long. Come let us all mount the car of light and progression, while it is morning and press forward and leave the old monster behind; bid him adieu forever. Light and darkness correspond with good and evil. Now is the time for the inhabitants of earth to choose the road they prefer to travel; the car of progression is ample, fills immensity of space; is liberal and waiting for all to enter; beasts, wild beasts, creeping things, and birds of the air, kings and beggars, priests, publicans and sinners, can take their choice, and there is but one first-class car. There are those who think as the antideluvians did in the time of Noah; there is not going to be much of a shower; and after looking into the first-class car, and seeing such a motley crew say, we never associated with publicans and sinners, and shall not go in that crowd; we shall wait for another car; there will be one along soon—a special one for us.

When Peter saw the vision of the great sheet let down from heaven and was told to eat, he said, no, I never ate anything common or unclean; the vision convinced him there was no distinction between Jew or Gentile. The laws have not changed, but are being revealed to the world daily. All those who took the cars early found it perfectly delightful traveling with such a variety of characters; the pure with the impure in the beautiful morning light made the contrast add greatly to the enjoyment; one could perceive that all were in harmony, being one family, all members of one body, and every member necessary to the devel-

opment of a perfect body. Those left behind are trying to patch up an old worn-out car that has no wheels, or motive power, and commune with themselves saying, if we cannot fix up this thing, we shall walk, and they are trying to persuade those who were asleep when the car passed to help them, or travel in their company, although it is a hard road, and darkness surrounds them; no oil in their lamps, or bread from spirit realms, or water from the everlasting fountain, to cheer and quench their thirst on the way.

There is a conductor on the first-class car who is watching out for those who were left by mistake or had not informed themselves when the car would pass, and as it moves in a circle, it will soon be around again, and the conductor will take every one on board who is willing to ride, even tramps. The car is spacious, no limit to its circumference—the same cushioned seats for all.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

TO THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.

MOST HONORABLE SIR:—In behalf of the two convicted boys—Charles and Albert Talbot—of your State—sentenced to be hung for the murder of their father, upon circumstantial evidence, we address you. Are not acquainted with the boys, have never heard of them before, but there is a power impels us to plead in their behalf. Is it natural that they should murder their own father? And again, if they should have done it, oh! do not let their lives be sent forth into eternity, in this horrible manner. Is it the way to prevent murders? If we would but pause, and consider; it is murder again. Oh! spare their lives, and good people all let your sympathies go forth to that mother; her husbands form lain away in its last resting place; his soul gone forth to the unknown, and the sons to suffer this ignominious death. Can she not be constituted judge; not according to law, we know, but, in accordance with the right and justice of humanity. We ask you, governor and people, humbly and before the Mighty Ruler of the universe—the judge of all mankind, to grant a reprieve, to change the mode of punishment at least.

Think of it; sending out innocent souls, perhaps, into eternity. Oh! it is no trivial matter that the life may be taken. You can never recall it, should you thereafter find the best of evidence that they were innocent. Oh! let us beseech of you, for the sake of brother man, to spare the life, anyway, and would plead in behalf of all those who are being sent out into eternity, willingly, and at the hand of justice.

Does crime cease? Are not murders committed as of yore? Could not a better mode be found? If guilty, confine them and teach a better way; train the morals which have, perhaps, been uncultivated; there *are* ways and there are strong minds in our government officials and there are also hearts and we appeal to your hearts; open them and let the noblest emotion, which can shed a tear over misery and distress, now triumph. It is not a womanly weakness; it is manly; it is heroic; it is *noble* to listen to the appeal of that widowed mother; to spare her so much sorrow as you may.

Power is noble, used judiciously, and with leniency, as far as possible; it is powerful to yield, to the weak and erring, sympathy. As those in authority have these noble qualities, have desires for the beneficence of humanity, we know you will consider this request; *we know* you will; and may it occur to you in this light as it, mayhap, many times has; the life once taken you cannot give, and the innocent soul may call for vengeance of thee.

The deed done, cries and supplications or remorse cannot undo it; even if guilty, they are not redeemed by this mode, and humanity is as exempt from their influence if confined. Oh! in mercy and with justice grant a hearing to the widowed mother whom we do not know, only through sympathy. Yours in behalf of Humanity,

(Signed,) MRS. M. MERRICK.

IDA M. MERRILL.

Would also add my signature, and say, with the above, I agree. Am an old lady and have always felt that there was some better way of punishing crime than by taking life, and as our sympathies have been aroused by this, we ask you to listen with consideration, and, if possible, grant the request of hundreds whom we are sure will stand by us in this move; it is a desire to see humanity benefited, and not cast out without a hope of reform; reform and not extermination, will prevent crime.

Will all who are in favor of the pardoning of those young boys lend their influence and their names—pardoning inasmuch as regard the sentence: To be hung.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

MRS. ELIZA KERR.

Perhaps the best punishment—man ever inflicted upon his brother, was exile to a beautiful island. Here the glad voices of nature harmonize the soul, with the great Soul; and the pure beauty subdues the fierce passions.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"Well, mother, here is a letter from Eva," says Harry Ernest one afternoon, as the widow Ernest sat in her cosy sitting room with little Willie Harman by her side, and his mother at a window engaged upon some light sewing. We scarce recognize in the rosy, happy-looking boy the little, pale creature whose acquaintance we formed about three weeks previous. Ellen Harman had accepted Mrs. Ernest's offer, and was repaid by the reviving of the life and spirits of her darling child. Like a sickly plant—brought into the sunlight and cultivated, receiving pure air and fresh water—this delicate babe was thriving in the sunlight of prosperity; with a plenty of wholesome food, pure air and comfort, the roses blossomed in his cheeks, filling the mother's heart with joy.

Mrs. Ernest assured her, every day, that she was never so happy in her life; the little child was so much company for her, and reminded her of the time when her own little son stood by her side, asking her questions, sometimes, unanswerable, or following her with wonderful stories of childhood's joys or troubles.

Ellen Harman saw every day, that it was just as God intended we should be in this world—each dependent upon the other—saw that she had been in the wrong in thinking it best to submit herself to such hardships—and most of all, her darling boy—when her kind friend, not only derived pleasure in assisting her, but *real* benefit. Thus we tangle the threads of life many times by our wilfulness—our determination to do when the command has only been given, "Wait," "Receive the blessing." There must be a receiver as well as a giver. The Great Giver of all has His children capacitated to receive as well as give, and is there one who may not give? Did not Ellen Harman give as well as receive? She gave to the widow Ernest, more than material blessings—happiness; enabled her to fulfill the truth: "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and it was reciprocal; she, whilst receiving, gave.

Mrs. Ernest has read her letter over, now reads it to Mrs. Harman, and, as she reaches the clause containing the invitation, exclaims: "There Nellie it will be exactly right, that you are here. How fortunate! Now you see, already, my need of your assistance. I shall have no fears in leaving the house under your charge. I must go to see mother, as soon as possible, as it is probably the last request she may ever make of me."

"Certainly, Mrs. Ernest, nothing could give me greater pleasure than

taking the charge of the house for you. It gives me pleasure to feel that I am useful to you in any way. I find that God leads me, so easily where I am willing to be led. I think I have been a wilful child, hoping to make for myself a path, through thorns and thistles, when a beautiful one was made for me already—a path of usefulness, too."

"Ah, well Ellen, we will not lament anything. Life's lessons are sometimes difficult, simply, because we have not found the easiest way to master them; but when well and faithfully done, through difficulties, are never forgotten. But, considering mother's request, I must, as soon as the weather becomes settled, make preparations to go." * * *

Here is Harry alone, reading his letter; like Eva, he felt that solitude would suit his emotions best. No, Eva did not denounce him; she could not. Like a refreshing shower upon withering plants, came this missive to Harry from the distant mountain—came vibrating the chord which even his mother could not touch; none but Eva had stirred this strain of music which was within his breast—with the grand and jubilant tones now came a vibration, a sad plaintive one, but gradually coming back to the original jubilation with a slight cadence of the plaint. Much as he confided in his dear mother, he could not read this to her. Eva understood without explanation, and at this period explanation could not be made to one, when he could not himself define, what Eva intuitively knew.

If it were not too weak we should say, Harry was in a reverie, too. He was pondering then. How should he tell Alice about Jack Kenner? How should he approach the subject? Perhaps Alice had not heard of his disgrace, and this would cause him unnecessary mortification; he must tell her of Eva's invitation any way. Taking the suggestion of Eva, however, he did not tarry long. It was now near tea time, and making a slight addition to his toilet, descended to the sitting room. Little Willie had found a great friend in Harry, and immediately begins to ply him with questions. "How does the snow come?" he asks. "Mama says God makes it snow. Does he keep it up there, and all the rain, too. I s'd t'ink he'd feeze. Mama al'as says, come in Willie, you'll feeze in 'e snow."

"Dear philosopher, you must ask some one wiser than me. It is strange to think God keeps everything in His arms, snow and rain, hail and thunder, ready to cast upon us at any time, like a boy with his arms full of weapons, ready to cast upon all whom he may meet."

Harry talks as to himself; the childish prattle had awakened thoughts

in his mind. How singular it is to childish mind—this great power which moves in so mysterious a manner! Ah, deep and intricate are these workings of nature! proving, even to a child, that His laws are infinite. Suddenly remembering he had not satisfied the child, noticed the eager expectant look upon the child's face, as he glanced from the window, from where soft white flakes were seen showering down upon the yet whitened carpet of former falls.

"Little Willie," he says, "wait until you are older, and you will understand more about it, that is what mother always told me. God doesn't freeze. He cannot suffer or you see, long ago, it would have quit snowing or raining either; it was just the same when I was a little boy, and you see He is not as we are."

"Oh dat's so nice," exclaimed the child. "Now if I was like God I could pway in the snow all'e time cause I 'u'd'nt feeze."

The tea bell rings, and soon all are seated at the table, little Willie occupying Harry's chair of bygone days. Ellen Harman looks bright and happy, and we scarce recognize in her the pale, wan woman who applied for her wages at the Kent mansion upon New Year's morn. How happy was Mrs. Ernest, as she gazed in her face this evening! She says, "Nellie, the pleasure which I take in seeing you relieved from the terrible anxiety and care which, as you say, you wilfully took upon yourself, cannot be expressed; Harry and I both are benefited by your presence."

"Yes," says Harry, "Willie is teaching me to philosophize and reason; the questions, which he propounds, would sometimes baffle the skill of a much more skilled person than myself, in the art of explaining cause and effect."

A tear glistened upon each cheek, a moment; a deeper color suffused her face; a convulsive effort to force back the fountain of feeling, and no word found utterance; words could not answer, neither express the emotions which filled her breast.

Changing the subject Harry says, "Mother have you any message to send to the Kent mansion? I think I shall go over after tea."

"Oh yes, my dear son, that reminds me you have not read Eva's letter. Your grandmother desires to have me come and visit her, as soon as I may make it convenient, and Eva requested me to bring Alice Kent, if she would like to go to the lonely old place. If I should not go until summer it would be a pleasant change for Alice, and I think probably the mountain air would cause a brighter color to tinge her cheeks. Dear child! she is so fragile."

How thoughtful of Eva to write to mother, too, he thought; now he could tell Alice she had written mother; he could not summon courage to tell her of his trouble now; he would wait until he had a more favorable opportunity, until the subject might be brought up. Alice could not aid him, and he must fight with the enemy himself; he felt sure he should never yield again.

"Very well mother," he says, "I shall tell her and give her a glowing description of the grand mountains, and the lovely vale where Eva lives. I called it fairy land, and told Eva she must be a fairy, but she said she was only a brownie."

"Ah!" says the mother, "quite true, but should I take Alice she will have a real fairy."

Mother has caught Eva's spirit, thought Harry, but did not say so, that throne was only shared by himself and Eva, as yet.

But knowing silence to be unpardonable, says, "Yes, dear mother, according to the description of fairies."

How beautiful is the idea of fairies; always pure, they are represented to be, and possessing all good qualities; the childish mind is elevated, for it is taught to admire the true and the beautiful, thereby. All works, placed before the young, should be those, which would call out the noblest qualities in the nature, instead of the lowest—the highest type of life, not sickly sentimentality and sensationalism, but the natural outflowing of true souls, of the aesthetic nature, of the pure springs of life. It is truly beautiful, to see this true friendship between Harry and Alice—the artless child-life carried on, not enveloped in sensuality, or filled with malice, and Eva in her beautiful, simple way understands the deep springs of thought; the true nature reigns within her, untainted by the world.

CORA CORAL.

Who never walks save where he sees men's tracks, makes no discoveries.—*J. G. Holland.*

That virtue which requires ever to be guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel.—*Goldsmith.*

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.
—*Franklin,*

"OUR HOMES ARE WHAT WE MAKE THEM."

BY MRS. H. B. MANFORD

Even so. But how often do we see this written, and hear it repeated in their long-drawn lectures concerning "woman's sphere," with as much earnestness and assurance as though they had no lot or part in the matter.

Harmony, of thought and action in all the members of a family, is what makes home pleasant and attractive, be the number two or twenty. An ounce weight will as soon balance a ten-pound one, as that one individual in the family without the co-operation of other members, can make peace and joy pervade all. The great common error in domestic relations and arrangements has always been this: The wife, the mother, must be the Alpha and Omega of all that insures comfort and pleasure in the household. In the delicate and complicated machinery that operates the affairs of domestic life, she is at once expected to be conductor, engineer, brakesman, fireman and switchtender! Or, in other words, she must have meals at the appointed hour, though a dozen obstacles arise, she must have everything in its proper place from garret to cellar, though husband and children misplace every article they touch; she must be tidy in person and keep all tidy about her; she must attend to the wants of the sick baby in the crib, grandmother's infirmities, or mayhap some helpless one in the third story of a very unhandy house. She must be ready for unexpected friends to dinner, join in conversation involving thought or close attention, and at the same time hold herself ready to answer questions and settle complaints whether they come from the nursery, the laundry, the sewing room, or the library. She must be eyes, ears, understanding and motive power to the new "Bridget" that every new moon sees installed in her kitchen under the misnomer of "help." And in addition to all this, and more that need not be named, she is expected to always wear a smile, always maintain equanimity of temper though all others are at fever heat in madness; always hopeful when others are despondent, always ready to lift the burden from others and sympathize with those in distress whether under her own roof or that of a stranger. All this the wife and mother is expected to do and yet retain through it all the fresh young look of the bridal days! Yes, she must not be quick and active as when her young feet twinkled in the merry dance; as when her bright eyes looked out upon this beautiful world and thought to find it in after years just what it seemed to her

then, all glowing with the purple light of love and peace. Can mortal woman do all this and not grow prematurely old? If every moment is given to keeping and caring for others good, where is the chance for her to preserve herself.

In this trying climate, in this hurrying and progressive age, woman must save herself, not so much from ravages of time, for God never intended she should fade and decay while she is in her prime years, but from the ravages of overtaking nerve and muscle, dissipation and a shameful squandering of vital forces upon worthless objects. Voice, teeth, hair, eyes and form, as well as manners, disposition and intellect, all need proper attention in order to preserve their power and enhance their beauty to middle life, when, in the order of God's providence, it is time for the sere and yellow leaf of blossoming humanity to indicate the great law of change and death.

Every woman loves to look well; call that desire vanity and weakness, we do not. It is a commendable ambition when directed by good taste and good sense. A beautiful woman is always attractive to our eyes, and through a law of nature is especially so to man, and when he understands himself, he knows that beauty is not given to pander to the lower senses of life. No, for a holier and higher purpose should woman strive to cultivate her charms and keep them too, "till death do us part." In nine cases out of ten it is the careless, indifferent and unladylike and ungentelemanly manners and habits that tend at last to make married people odious to each other. We are no apologist for infidelity in marital relations, indeed we feel that if we were judge and jury in many cases, our decision would not have that quality in it that so nearly allies us to angels, so intensely do we hate the sin of the period. But we cannot deny what is patent to any observing and intelligent mind, that contrasts are very trying and even dangerous both to men and woman. Therefore we counsel you, O husband and wife, to be equal in the burden you bear; equal in the pleasures you provide for your home; equal in sharing the responsibilities that rest upon it, and together strive, more than for riches, fame or notoriety, for the perpetuity of gentle and gracious manners to each other, to all, and thus continually bear about royal presence of the true lady and the true gentleman. A home thus dignified and blessed, will be indeed, a heaven upon earth.—*Manford's Magazine*.

Calumny would soon starve and die of itself, if nobody took it in and gave it lodging.—*Leighton*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Jesse H. Butler, Esq., writes us from Los Angeles, California: "I will give a few closing words from my finished lecture of to-day on 'What is Life?' which, if worthy of the art preservative, you may use....."

"In putting together a few thoughts for your sparkling little FOUNTAIN, I shall feel like trying to crowd a masculine foot in a lady's slipper; altho' persons give me credit for speaking many thoughts in few words."

Certainly, we think it worthy the art preservative, and find that we shall not have any trouble in regard to crowding. Great and noble thoughts are those we desire. If we may obtain one greater idea of the responsibilities of life, a diamond dust is placed in the mind's great store house, to which we may add another, and another, until, mayhap, when the great scroll of life is opened in the future world, we may have a perfect diamond. The following is the lecture:

LIFE.

Oh what is life? My listening ear
Bends to the earth almost with fear
Lest grains of sand and blades of grass
Shall whisper *wisdom while I pass.*

Each pebbly globe and crystal drop
Thrills in its humble living lot;
And in each blade of grass that grows
Life thro' its tender veinlets flows.

The clear sweet spring that bursts its bed
In laughter to the vale is led;
And when converging waters meet,
How calm they rest! how still they sleep.

And smiling flowers bedeck the stream
Whose clear reflecting waters dream
In tranquil slumbers down their way
'Neath starry night and sunny day.

The insect hums its life along
And birdlets trill their cheerful song;
While wandering flocks the valley graze
And bleat the all Creator's praise!

That varied life dear nature yields,
Down in her floods and in her fields,
Upon her mountains, in her air,
Life lives and sings beneath her care.

But in the life of man, we see
The throes of her Divinity!
Her youngest child, her darling he;
His dower forer is To Be!

To thee, O Fate! our hearts shall raise
Unfeigned, a song of joyous praise
That thou hast given us life to-day
Beneath heaven's full effulgent ray!

While science sings the pleasing strain
In birth and life and beauty's name;
Glad angel forms with words of love
Join the full chorus from above!

CONCLUSION.

"We have given material science its just meed of praise, in giving it credit for discovery, invention, amelioration, mental culture, and emulation; but Spiritualism—that of this age, has added to these, inspirations and reason, as no human science has done; and the theologies of the past, including Christianity, have repudiated reason, and substituted a blind faith. This modern spiritualism has also given to the world aspiration, anticipation, participation, preparation and the equality of all Souls, as sons and daughters of God; and to both a grand individuality that makes it to women a New Revelation.

To-day we need this Revelation, for in the personal and political vices of man, is created the necessity, that woman shall use the reason that has been denied her in the tyrannies and theologies of the past. So that as a forlorn hope, she may redeem this Nation and the world from its vices, and corruptions, and O! what a responsibility this, devolves on women—to do what man has failed to do, and in the name of her children and a struggling humanity she must do it! Awake thee, O woman! Shake off your old trivialities, as baubles of the past, embalm in the tomb of oblivion, the personalities and slanders of the past; and be more than men have ever been, in the correct education and shaping of the coming, glad and better generations. If you now, in this new light just opening upon you, *will*, you may be the new and better governors of the world; you need not ask this as a favor, for the true intelligent men of to-day know, that the best government by men is a failure and in their hearts are imploring you to put your shoulder to the wheel with them, so as to extricate the car of human progress from the corrupt quagmire in which it is imbedded, for is not justice sold the highest bidder, and wholesale theft treated as a matter of course? And are not the men and women of labor and of poverty ground down between the upper and nether millstones of wealth and the venality of the politicians? And where is our hope, while this is being done in the best form of government in the world? I answer—if it is to be redeemed at all—this sad, wide world, it must be by the performance of the mission of women in its fullness, under the New Revelation.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

"And the Lord appeared unto Abram and said: Unto thy children will I give this land, and there builded he an altar unto the Lord who appeared unto him."

The Lord appeared unto Abram! Christians to-day believe this; why should they not? The book called Bible is filled with such references; the Lord, or the angels of the Lord appeared unto notable persons. If they appeared unto men in those days, it was under some law, and, as we have no knowledge of laws ever being changed, have we any reason to doubt that the Lord, the angel of the Lord, or an angel appeared unto men?

Not only did the Lord appear but he made a promise—unto Abram's children would he give the land, and the sequel as we all know shows that, after trials, many generations had come and gone, again were brought back to the land of Canaan. If a literal historical truth there is the similitude to the natural life; the diamond is not lost; the grandly, beautiful representation. After being cast from the garden of Eden, the individual who is willing to become as a little child again—be led by, the highest, noblest and sublimest emotions, to listen to the still small voice saying, "I thy Savior ever leadeth thee;" I thy Lord am at thy right hand: "We, a heavenly host, numbering tens of thousands are compassing thee about"—is filled with joy ineffable; the fountain head is pure, and the life stream is brilliant, never exhausted, because the fountain head comes from depths which are exhaustless, and as the mighty ocean remains always, and ever will, so is this fountain of light, of Love, of purity; once dost thou seek this source and never can the life stream become stagnant or impure, for the pure waters flow steadily and surely.

People express surprise, many times, that one may say, "I have seen an angel;" yet, at the same time believe that in olden times angels did appear—the spirits of those who had lived upon this earth at some time previous. As Moses and Elias appeared unto Christ. In this era, a new light dawns upon humanity; angels have ever come, and now, in this transition, we hear the voices, we see their forms more visibly. Why? because humanity has been fed upon husks; *man* made theories, leaving the Father's house until, like the Prodigal son, they return, and

in returning which is, many times, with fear and trembling, they find the fatted calf is slaughtered and all make merry. Aye! the angels from the invisible world are seeking out the prodigals—they who have wasted their inheritance, and still remain with the swine, feeding upon husks of truth, when green fields of never-fading verdure are opened, if we would but cast off the scales of unbelief. The plaintive cries, ascend to the heavens, and tremble upon the portals of happiness, because of thy self-made religion, thy bigotry and duplicity. Thou wouldst have Jehovah to guide thee in a bright and flowery path, whilst thy brother hungers physically, allowing the spirit, also, to famish, because of the material suffering. Arouse, Oh ye generation! cleanse thy hands and thy hearts from the blood of the innocent, the unfortunate, the weak, the feeble, the maimed, and the blind! In thy very religion thou art persecuting and sacrificing lives in a more terrible sacrificial death, than the Jews of old cast upon Jesus.

Thou art robbing innocent children of happiness, by with-holding thy hand, by building a tower of religion to totter and fall. Oh! give to those suffering ones these labors, these hours of supplication—beseeching Jehovah to aid when the field is yours; the angel world holds for you an armor, a shield and buckler; loving hands would equip you for errands of Love and mercy. Oh, go forth to the battle. Do not stand, idly praying that the serpent may not force the deadly coils around thy brother, whilst thou hast in thy hand a weapon which with one stroke would vanquish. Ah! see him writhe in agony! You still praying, but with arms folded, and no exertions made. He pants; he dies; we see the last struggle; it is over, and we say: It is God's will; I asked Him to save my brother from this terrible power, and he would not hear my prayer. *No* he will *not* hear such prayers! *He cannot*; he gave thee the power to save thy brother, and thou wilt not be held guiltless; by the with-holding thou hast taken innocent blood. Give praise to God through humanity; glorify him through humanity.

Then would we build an altar unto the Lord, we must build it within heart—the temple of temples. We should keep ever the fire burning upon altar, the incense sweet, pure and fragrant ascending; it is by the simple token—kindness—that you may light the blaze upon the altar, and noble deeds, feed it. Loving offices, pure and holy thoughts constitute the incense, filled with the delicate fragrance, if true love to brother man incites thee, in all thy undertakings. Let us establish an altar unto the Lord in our hearts. Let us invite the angels to come and commune with

us, to bring us tidings of Love, peace and joy from the great white throne, which we take as a symbol of purity; let us invite them to walk up and down our streets, to aid us to chain the tyrant, evil, in his den, to sweep away vice and iniquity. Let us ask Jehovah, from on high, to draw near, not to simply give *us* a blessing—a sanctimonious pride that “we thank thee, Oh Lord, that we are not as other men are,” but, rather, that we may be so filled with the spirit of heaven that we may battle with difficulties; that we may stand undismayed at the sight of defeat, may plume our wings with heavenly zeal, and go forth to battle with greater courage, lifting up the fallen, comforting distress, aiding unfortunate ones. Oh! we *cannot* reform the world by prayers alone; we must relieve the distress that meets us, and await the result. Prayer—which is a real uplifting of the soul, a leaning upon a stronger Power, an earnest expression of the desires of the heart—will strengthen thee in thy duties, but will not take the *place* of thy duties. Thou canst not feed and clothe thy brother with prayers; thou canst not remove the chains, or the coils of the deadly serpent, if thou dost not stretch forth the hand. Work and pray, watch and pray, hope and pray, or wait and pray, whatever the duty, if it be but to await thy opportunity, with patience, it matters not, if the altar has been lighted. Jehovah is Omnipotent, needs not thy labors, needs not thy mighty temple of worship; thy gorgeous drapery and elegant surroundings. But suffering humanity needs thy care, thy labors of love, thy wealth, thy power. “Give as the Lord gives you,” and the altar, burns clear, bright and beautiful; disperse joy and gladness, and the incense ever ascends to Jehovah’s throne, which we find to be everywhere. We find the rays of the great Central Sun are radiating to all hearts, permeating the darkest cavern, if but the slightest crevice may be found. Oh! let us open the doors of the dark caverns, that the all cheering rays may shine in. And there is but one key—Love.

IDA M. MERRILL.

The happiest life on earth is in a pleasantly-situated, comfortable house, just large enough for a woman to manage easily, alone, or with the help of one good servant; in which house are pleasant, loving hearts, busy hands, and voices of prayer and song and laughter.

This week we send to many of our exchanges in Missouri a copy of the petition in this issue, which we kindly ask them to push forward.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

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WHAT MIGHT BE.

BY J. W. VAN NAMEE, M. D.

Oh, what a world of peace and light
This earth would be below,
If all would only follow paths
In which they ought to go;
If every one would with their might
Do what they felt to be the right.

If man would crush the evil in
His pulsing, beating heart,
And dare to be, and do the right,
And act a noble part;
And from all selfishness be free,
And not to pomp bend low the knee.

If man would act to fellow man
As if he was, in truth, a brother,
And base deception and his arts
From life and actions smother;
And as the years of life roll 'way,
With honor live each passing day.

If worth and merit were the rule
To judge men by in life,
And not by thousands that one made
Amid the busy strife;
If modesty and mind held power,
How many would be great this hour.

Alas! that love of gain has led
Men from the path of truth,
Has blighted promises so fair,
That budded in their youth;
Has led them far from paths of right,
To gain the sordid realms of night.

But! Oh, what will it all avail
When death has laid them low;
They cannot take their worldly goods
Where living waters ever flow,
Their cold forms then lie 'neath the sod,
Their souls return to mother God.

And in that land of light above,
Equals, standing side by side,
The beggar and the stately prince,
With nothing earthly to divide,
Save as the record there may be,
Of life below which God can see.

Diamond dust, we gather each day, or the glittering tinsel which we
deem pure.

DIAMOND DUST.

Life is sometimes as a smooth flowing river; again, as the raging ocean; sometimes we gently glide, others we battle with the fierce waves; but be it rough or smooth waters, we still move on.

Learn life's lessons well to-day; and, the morrow thou wilt have profited by the discipline and perseverance. Day by day we live.

Go forth to battle with life, as thou mayst find it. Put on the armor of love, and the breastplate, purity, with noblest deeds as shield and buckles.

We smile and sigh; we enjoy and we mourn; we hope and despond; we fear and are at rest; we love and we hate, and thus we call it life—a slight shade of the real—a step in the great eternity—a first proof of the great book, which requires many revisions to make it perfect.

Grandly, beautiful are the lives of many, whom we think have no depth of character or thought; but, when the hidden springs are touched, we find wells of purest water deep and unfailing. The noisy brook spends itself, many times, leaving the channel, a pebbly bottom; whilst the silent one, which we come upon unawares, not being guided by the rush, has the unfailing channel.

A tiny bird sang a sweet, gentle song; it fell upon the ear with harmonious cadence; it sunk into the heart's depths, and the soul unconsciously reached forth to the Great Maker—a note of harmony in the great, beautiful world; we thought of the many shut in dungeons, dark; out from the glad sunlight; out from the music of nature, and we thought, if they could but be brought into harmony with this beautiful world, here is the reform.

CORA CORAL.

HOME FOR LIBERALS.

It is with pleasure that we announce to the world that a Liberal town and colony have been organized and founded, at Liberal, Barten Co., Mo.

The town of Liberal is a thriving village, though but five months old. It is our desire to have a town where none of the christian vices are taught; a town without a preacher, church or saloon. Liberal is surrounded by good land and is in the midst of a good coal strata.

We publish an eight-page paper, full of liberal news every week, which gives full particulars of our town and colony. Subscription, one dollar a year, Address, G. W. Walser, Lamar, Mo., or Liberal, Barten, Co., Mo.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill

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NO. 22.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

All men live by breathing the atmosphere that surrounds them, and by the magnetic influence that inspires from God, or the spiritual world, which enables them to think, feel or move about; inspiration is drawn from spheres of intelligence, intellectually, morally and spiritually. When this idea is understood, it will bring about a great change in the moral aspect of the world. Inspire, we say, according to the development of an individual. When this great law of life is comprehended and put in practice, we shall behold the beauty, harmony and order of the universe; also, our position and relation to the invisible world, which is the real world—has no changes, always the same. This material result of the spiritual is continually changing, materializing and dematerializing; all things must be materialized before man can see it through his material eyes; nevertheless, it existed in an invisible form first. We mortals may observe the law operating daily. Place a vessel of water over a fire and it will expand into steam and soon disappear from view; where is it? When it meets with its positive pole it unites and materializes, and we see drops of water, or crystals of ice, or the beautiful frost pictures on the window pane.

Now all who think they stand, take heed lest, they fall, for the time is approaching swiftly when the vallies will be raised up and the mountains brought down; the wheat separated from the tares, and the tares burned, or destroyed from the face of the earth (not people) cast into outer darkness. There will be gnashing of teeth, it may be from those who have to yield up their pomp, selfishness, bigotry, ignorance, prejudice and superstition; all oppression and tyranny, all evils, a suffering people are compelled to bear must be cast out. The laws from the everlasting

cause of all things that exist must be fulfilled; not one jot or tittle can fail. The end of the Christian dispensation is at hand, as when Jesus predicted the downfall of the Jewish, or Moses dispensation." Now all those things happened unto them for examples, and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come (10th Chapter, 1st Corinthians.) There is to be a new Heaven and a new earth, meaning a new happiness and a new universal church; the new Jerusalem that is flowing down from the eternal source of all happiness, at the present time, like a gentle shower, watering the seeds of love, justice and mercy, that have been planted in thirty-three years past in the hearts of many people. Those seeds are sprouting, and thousands of laborers are working in the vineyard, clearing up the weeds and the rubbish, digging up those wild grapes that have grown so strong. The Lord laid out a vineyard, fenced it, gathered out the stones and planted it with the choicest vines, built a tower and wine press therein; and when he looked that it should bring forth grapes, it brought forth wild grapes and now he says, Oh, inhabitants of Jerusalem and men of Judah judge, I pray you betwixt me and my vineyard what could have been done, more than I have done in it, and it has brought forth wild grapes. I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard, I will take away the hedge, and it shall be eaten up, and, break down the wall and it shall be trodden down. I will lay it waste; it shall not be plowed or digged; but there shall come up briars and thorns. I will, also, command the clouds that they rain no more upon it. For the vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah his pleasant plant; and he looked for judgment, but behold oppression; for righteousness, but behold a cry: Woe unto them that join house to house that lay field to field till there is no place left, and they dwell alone in the land. Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity and sin, as it were with a cart rope; that say, let him make speed and hasten his work that we may see it; and let the counsel of the Holy One of Israel draw nigh and come that we may know it. The Prophet Isaiah was inspired by the Holy Ghost, and was a great medium or Prophet; his prophesyings were for all time; just as appropriate to-day, as when they were uttered, have the same significance; he was reproaching the people, he had chosen for their unfaithfulness and disregard of his commands; he gave them a vineyard and asked them to work, therein; they said yes, and labored for a time, but finding it unprofitable they began to look, outside the wall, to find other fields that would pay better, and the vineyard that was surrounded with a wall of

affectionate regard, and tenderness, hedged in securely with great power—that no wild beast—could enter; they allowed, through their neglect the sour, bitter fruit of oppression, injustice and intolerance to destroy the choice vines of love, mercy and justice towards the unfortunate.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

DIAMOND DUST.

Learn thy lessons of life as they come; some will be easily assimilated; some will be pleasant pastime; others will be difficult problems taxing our skill and our patience, yet we may conquer them by perseverance.

We may find easy methods of solving what appears difficult; and, after the first problem of a new rule in life's mathematics, we find the others yield readily to our labors. The propounder of the problem, mayhap, has no greater skill than have we, and we may strike the vein of thought.

Experience teaches us what, even observation and forewarning may not; that, which we have experienced, we know so well, that no one may dissuade us from our knowledge.

Take heed to the simple lessons; the simple words are, many times, of the greatest importance, as they designate the idea of the great ones; in like manner, the small acts of life designate the entire character of the individual.

Give us nobility of character, depth of purpose, true heroism and true philanthropy, and the world is a garden of Eden.

Live nobly and whatever betide thee, the life course is clear; Satan cannot dethrone thee; ever is he compelled to go hence.

Glean carefully the fields which are ripened to the harvest; the sickle of righteousness is ever bright. Golden sheaves smile upon the labors and thou art well repaid, if diligent.

One bright, beautiful morning a sweet, lovely flower attracted my attention; it was simple in its unobtrusive beauty; the delicate petals were kissed by the morning sun, and my soul went out in gratitude to the Great Giver who sends the rain and dew to revive the tiny plants, the sun to tint them, and furnishes the proper elements of soil to nourish the fibers and I said even so Lord dost thou care for thy weakest, thy humblest children—Grace and beauty in this thy lowest form of life, we find, and we are uplifted again unto the heights of Wisdom. In this we recognize a Power in the small things. The little flower taught me more than a volume, which leads me not higher than human achievements.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

Harry ran lightly up the stone steps of the elegant residence, and soon afterward, we see him in the library chatting with Mr. Kent and Alice. Mrs. Kent is in the conservatory with a lady who is visiting her. She desires to show her the beauty of the exotics under gaslight.

Mr. Kent took much interest in Harry's plans for the future, as he felt a great responsibility devolved upon himself. This evening in a fatherly way he gave Harry much advice in regard to college life, and the selecting of associates whilst there. He says:

"Show me the company a man keeps, and I will tell you what his character is. The associates you select in college will determine your standing, and have much to do with shaping your future life. You want to place your standard of life high. You never reach above your ideal. You form the life in your mind and work after the pattern."

Harry says, "yes, Aunt Fannie always talked to us like so; you remember, Alice"?

"Very much the same, only papa is so strong and positive, just like he had experienced it, whilst Aunt Fannie was so gentle, as though it was a sweet dream to her. No one ever took the interest in my fairy imaginings that she did; she always seemed to understand just how it was that I could seem to see tiny sprites, and said: I had the faculties for a writer could I but transfer my thoughts to paper. But, dear me! I attempted it once, and, when I had it upon the paper, the grandeur was all gone. It seemed so much brighter in the mind."

So it is with us all; we trace a brilliant constellation of thoughts, fairy-like waves inexpressible, beautiful coloring and minute blending, but attempt to express them through language, and our lovely constellation seems to us a miserable blur. This gives us an idea of a grander realm—a greater progression—an eternal home, where the lovely thoughts are more perfectly expressed.

Alice's reference to fairydom reminded Harry of Eva's request. He says:

"Alice, we received a letter from cousin Eva to-day, in which grandmother has requested mother to visit her at an early date, as she is very

feeble. Eva says, as she cannot leave to visit you, she would be pleased to see you there, if you could enjoy her lonely vale."

"Enjoy her lonely vale? What could be grander than majestic mountains towering above ones head, with delightful green banks and mountain streams, as you have told me comprises the scenery of Eva's home. Indeed! I should be delighted to go if papa would take me."

"You might go with mother, as she will certainly comply with the request."

"That will be most agreeable to me. I may go of course papa?"

"Certainly, my daughter, I am sure the trip would be of benefit to you."

"I must tell mama; she will not object as papa has not, and I shall have some plans to make and more fairy castles to build."

"You will find your fairy land there; I told Eva, it was just such a place as you had often pictured as fairydom—that she must be a fairy; she said: No! she was a brownie."

"Ah well! they are allied to the fairies; you know, And it really is so beautiful as that, is it?"

"Just what I have pictured? Then I should never get lonely there; you may tell Eva so. Does she delight in the beautiful in nature?"

"She is very much like yourself, says, she spends much of her time in fairydom weaving stories, too."

"I know I should enjoy it; but it must be summer, when I go, or beautiful spring-time, when the flowers are springing up—the delicate spring blossoms timidly peeping forth; the bluebell, the violet and the daisy, such as we receive as rare treasures here, brought miles and losing much of the delightful fragrance and dewy beauty, thereby."

"Mother will not be likely to go before early spring-time, and, then, she will stay several weeks so that you will have an opportunity to see the opening of spring, as they term it there. As it was last spring, when I was there, it seemed you could almost see the grass grow. The snow usually lies on the ground all winter and when it does leave, everything bursts into life instantaneously; the buds burst their bonds, and, before you are scarcely aware of the change, a delicate drapery of green enshrouds everything; the brooks make glad music and dance along the vale, as though rejoicing that they are again free, and the air rings with the notes of myriads of songsters."

"Oh! oh! that is it exactly—fairydom indeed! It will be utterly impossible for me not to go now, if your mother does; you may tell her so."

Mr. Kent was delighted to see his daughter so animated and says:

"Dear little girl, I am much pleased to find what will interest you, as I said, the day following New Year's day, we must do something to bring the roses into your cheeks; I know of nothing better than this."

"Cousin Eva is as rosy as a peach; she has always lived there, and thinks she would like to spend her days in the same place; but after grandma dies she expects to come to us."

"Oh! I shall be so pleased to have her; I do not wish your grandma to die, but, when she must, it will be delightful to have one here who has always lived in such a place; she would have so much to tell me."

"She agrees with you upon many things; grandmother talks much as Aunt Fannie did."

We shall not detail the whole evening's conversation. Mrs. Kent and her friend returns and the evening is pleasant throughout. Harry leaves with higher and nobler resolves, as he always does, after advice from his guardian. Mr. Kent was one of the few who retain the talisman—profound and deep love for the true and beautiful, through worldly prosperity. But his was one of the fortunes amassed without a widow's curse, or the wail of the orphan mingled with the shining coin; and where the poor man's cries of oppression rang not in the ear, filling the heart with remorse. No! William Ernest and Harry Kent began in life with the maxim: "Honesty is the best policy," and had persevered; for time had smiled upon them and, although benevolent and open-hearted, never closing their hearts to the cry of suffering humanity which greeted them, had amassed a comfortable fortune. Alice inherited the noble character of her father and the gentle nature of her mother, though without the selfishness and fear of the world's edict which were characteristic of her. The independence of Eva's spirit would carry her through the fashionable life, she must lead, untainted. It was not so much of tyranny, as it was of selfishness which caused Mrs. Kent to refuse the hard-earned money to Ellen Harman; a languid ease which she had assumed in her brighter fortune. * * * * *

It is a beautiful evening; again the Kent mansion is a scene of festivity. Mrs. Kent has given a reception, herself, in which Alice with a few of her friends is included to initiate her into fashionable receiving that she may act as hostess entire. A more brilliant scene than was it New Year's. For the whole mansion is ablaze with light; the brilliancy bringing out the beauty of art as found in the grand furnishing, the lovely pictures, and of nature as seen in the pots of choice plants, the

rare bouquets and lovely festoons. The conservatory thrown open, the delicate fragrance fills the air, reminding one of some southern clime. But to Eva the grandeur was only an inspiration which led her up and out—out into the great Universe—out in the free air of heaven, where she was not allied to cold conventionalities, and fashion's forms; she moved fairy-like through the company, *here* a moment, *there* the next, but as in a dream; her spirit was not in the polite speeches which custom required her to use; the silly flattery which she received fell upon her ear like pebbles upon a stone, rebounding again. Yes! Harry was here and only once during the evening did she speak with him, a few moments; she must act as hostess to all her friends, and admirer. In this brief time she said:

"I do not blame Eva that she desires to remain where she is forever. I am over in that vale this evening, so much that I fear, I have been almost rude, sometimes, in forgetting to answer questions, or use the proper interjection of surprise or pleasure at the right point in the conversation."

"I have myself found it difficult to use the customary flattery, or to find some subject of interest to those I have been called upon to entertain."

"It is not the old Seminary life is it? If mama would only consent, that I might be a teacher, I should leave it all. I cannot endure to be fashionable. Eva has the happiest life."

"Yes indeed! the birds of her mountain home are not more so."

Alice receives a nod from her mother; she is neglecting her duties as hostess, and again she returns to the actual. CORA CORAL.

THE GALLOWS.—We are sincere in our respect for all just laws, but are aroused to the heights of RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION at what we are obliged to recognize now as counted lawful, which is a FALSE and BLACK LIE in its own face, the government has the right to take the life of one of its subjects—and then read the ten commandments and swear thereby—we may appear rather bold and daring in thus presuming to handle the statutes of the nation, and in reply, we say, yes! we are a bold defender of the UNITED RIGHTS of a so-called free country, and if our voice is strong enough and our pen can write quick enough we will not stop until the mortal and the spirit immortal has its rights, we hope this thought will not die here, but that others will think, speak and act on this as well as on other advance work for HUMANITY.—*Watchman*.

IS SHE POPULAR?

"I am going to visit a sick lady this afternoon; she has a drunken husband, and several children, half starved and half clothed, would you like to go along?"

"Oh! I fear it will not do; there are Mrs. H and Mrs. B and the others in our class might think I was *associating* with such common people."

"If you were what difference? She is a perfect lady, a beautiful christian woman, and her children as intelligent as any, if they only had the care which, I am sure, they have been accustomed to receive, when their mother was in good health."

"That may be true but it is not popular to associate with those who are down in the social scale. I will give you some money to take her, but I couldnot be compelled to address her upon the street. * * *

The first speaker let us follow to the wretched home. Upon a miserable straw bed—we gaze upon one of the loveliest faces. A pure angelic expression, rendered more beautiful by patient submission to trials, suffering and woe. A heavenly radiance lights the pale countenance, as the Good Samaritan enters; she has been here before; the little children recognize her, and come forward smiling; she bathes the face and hands of each, smooths the tangled locks with the gentleness of a mother, for she *was* a mother, and the thought came—if I were placed in this situation?

The grateful smile, which she received, from the invalid, was a sunny little ray of the great Father's smile—out from His great life He too smiled in His perfect recognition of all lovely deeds. How grandly beautiful is his life-giving power, His beneficent gifts to humanity; the tiny spark—Love—is within every breast and but needs the touch of the fairy wand—kindness—to kindle into a living flame and the dark passion, malice smothers it, chokes it, yet cannot extinguish it. It ever remains—and is always touched by some hand. The loving Father is Father of all and not of the few. * * * * *

"My story is the counterpart of hundreds, you have heard," she says. "I was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant in New York."

I loved George, my husband, madly; perhaps *too* well for the welfare of myself and children; he had one fault, the love of the intoxicating cup; but generous and noble hearted, loving me devotedly I thought: I shall enable him to overcome this habit. My father was opposed to the marriage, told me he could not forgive me, and I took the choice which you see.

"If my father knew our condition I am sure he would forgive me, but we have been too proud to let him know where we are.

But I will say in defence of my husband it has not been always thus with us; he did for a time abstain from drink, and we were perfectly happy; we had a comfortable little home; he had a good position until after the birth of Lily our youngest who is now two years of age.

James and Fannie are twins, our eldest child we lost. As I said when Lily was a few weeks old there, came an old companion of his boyhood days, to visit us. They began by remaining of evenings rather late; but, as they always came home sober, I did not worry so much at first. But alas! one evening what I had so much feared became verified. George was brought home unconscions and then our sorrow began; try as he would [he could not abstain from drink; he lost his position, our home was the next to go, and now you see what the demon drink has done."

If my health had been better, I think I should have been more able to encourage him"

"My dear woman what is your father's address?"

"Chatham square, No. 800, New York."

* * * *

"My dear child!" and the fond father in this moment of recognition felt the old fountain of tenderness, of love for his child to open; the deep and holy joy of that moment was inexpressible. Long had he desired to receive his child to his lonely heart, but pride here held sway, crushing back the love.

Our Good Samaritan asked the question: What is your father's address? for a purpose, not as an idle query.

That night a letter was mailed to the address given, and the truth vividly portrayed to him.

Before the setting of the next day's sun, this wealthy merchant received, that which was more to him than the five-thousand bank check which he held in his hand at the same time; and a half hour afterwards he is hurrying away on the train which it seemed was providentially behind time five minutes; in the which he had time to reach it just as it was leaving the depot.

* * * *

"Are you going to attend the reception at Mrs. Appletons?" This is our second question—the one who feared to be termed an associate of the drunkards wife.

"Yes," says the Good Samaritan, "she is a dear friend of mine."

"Indeed! I hear she is very popular."

"When she became my friend she was not. Do you remember the drunkards wife I requested you to visit with me?"

"Oh yes, I remember. What ever became of them?"

"Mrs. Appleton is that wife; her father is a wealthy merchant of New York; her husband is reformed and now, as steady a man, and attends to his business as well, as any gentleman of the city. Those young ladies passing the street are the little children, and I find they *were* as intelligent as any; but *then*, they were not popular, because poverty was their master."

"Is it possible she is the lady? I am learning, that in this American country, popularity and prosperity are not stationary.

IDA M. MERRILL.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

[The poem published below, and pronounced by the London *Spectator* to be "the finest American poem ever written," and now going the rounds again, has been attributed to various authors, and among them Miss Dora Shaw. Miss Shaw is not the author. The following we believe to be a true history of the origin and publication of these marvelous lines.—Ed.]

In the early part of the war, one dark Saturday morning in the dead of winter, there died at the Commercial Hospital in Cincinnati, a young woman, over whose head only two and twenty summers had passed. She had once been possessed of an enviable share of beauty, had been, as she herself says, "flattered and sought for the charms of her face;" but alas! upon her fair brow had long been written that terrible word—prostitute! Once the pride of respectable parentage, her first wrong step was the small beginning of the "same old story over again," which has been the only life-history of thousands. Highly educated and accomplished in manners, she might have shone in the best of society. But the evil hour that proved her ruin was but the door from childhood, and having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken-hearted outcast.

Among her personal effects was found in manuscript the "Beautiful Snow," which was immediately carried to Enos B. Beed, a gentleman of culture and literary tastes, who was at that time editor of the *National Union*. In the columns of that paper, on the morning of the day following the girls death, the poem appeared in print for the first time. When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning, the body of the poor victim had not yet received burial. The attention of Thomas

Buchanan Reed, one of the first of our American poets, was soon directed to the newly published lines, who was so taken with their stirring pathos that he immediately proceeded to the hospital, from which he followed the corpse to its final resting place.

Such are the plain facts concerning her whose "Beautiful Snow" shall long be regarded as one of the brightest gems in American literature.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the house tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,

Dancing,

Flirting,

Skimming along;

Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lids in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the Heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes laugh and gather as they go,
Whirling about in their maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.

Chasing,

Laughing,

Hurrying by:

It lights on the face and sparkles the eye,
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the chrystals that eddy around—
The town is alive and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Right for a moment, then lost to the eye—

Ringling,

Swinging,

Dancing they go,

Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snow from heaven to hell;
Fell to be tramped as filth in the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;

Pleading,

Cursing,

Dreading to die,

Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
 With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
 Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!

Father,

Mother,

Sisters, all,

God, and myself, I've lost by my fall;
 The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
 Will make a wide swoop lest I wander too nigh;
 For all that is on or above me, I know,
 There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that the beautiful snow
 Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
 How strange it should be, when the night comes again.
 If the snow and the ice strikes my desperate brain.

Fainting,

Freezing,

Dying alone,

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,
 To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
 Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down;
 To be and to die in my terrible woe,
 With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow,

WHENCE THE CHANGE?

WRITTEN JAN. 20, 1879, ON A STORMY DAY.

The air is full of gladness,
 But earth is full of sadness,—
 This merry sleighing time,
 For, now, old Boreas rages,
 And comes in various stages
 To catch the hapless pilgrim
 Who may be now unsheltered.

A patient woman in silence sat, and mused upon her lot;
 Her scanty store was almost gone, and she was wrapt in thought,
 Now angel hope seemed taking flight; the future looked so dark.
 Is this the end of my bright hopes? Oh! where has launched my bark?

Upon a rock-bound cast, so bare, with sandy, desert shore,
 Where now are the peaceful waters shall I ne'er reach them more?
 And then, with a sadd'nd pleasure, she thinks of days gone by,
 When father, mother, home and friends gave brightness to her eye.

When, as Miss B, the heiress fair, she was the pet of all;
 But, not a friend to cheer her now; Oh! what has caused the fall?
 Had she—the noble, brave Miss B, committed sin so vile?
 That as she sat in poverty, she ne'er received a smile.

She who scattered gifts on all, with such a lavish hand,
 When peace and plenty filled her home, and wealth at her command.
 What had wrought this wondrous change, in friends of other times?
 No stain upon her character; but she had lost her dimes.

The greatest sin upon this earth, in whirling upper ten;
For, now, Dame Fashion leads the van, and fills the hearts of men,
Leaving there no room for thoughts of tender kind. Searing o'er
Its op'ning as by fire. For now she's cried from shore to shore.

Now fashion tells you when to eat—on what viands to dine,
And when you walk, it tells you how, and makes a careful line
To show you when and where to speak, to those in humble life
And whether they have reached the point, where the one feeling rife,

Would cause a storm in our circle; smiling beauties would pout,
Say: We'll lose cast, familiarly, speaking to one who's out,
Dear mama's with dignified nod say: Our duty's done;
We fill the treasury for the poor,—enough for each one.

Why must our notice be called to objects of charity,
Compelled to greet them on the streets with familiarity.
We're willing to take, from our purse, the 'lowance for the poor,
And, those who ask for bread, we turn not away from our door.

Madam! let me in kindness say: Not always bread they ask;
To these sorrowing ones of earth sympathy, like the flask
Of water, so refreshing in the desert, would often comfort give,
When earth is so dark, and the heart does cry, Why, O why! do I live?

A kindness as to brother man, a cordial heartfelt smile,
Might lift a burden, cast a light, and weary hours beguile;
This woman is she not the same, who shared your gaiety
In days of yore? When fortune smiled, you craved her society.

For what? A few jewels, trifling baubles of the passing hour?
Had she no merit save her wealth? Was this the only power?
Which brought fair suitors to her side, and ladies of *eclat*?
And then, so noble, brave and true; Oh! what has changed her now.

A change of caste, which fashion says, can never be forgiven
In our class. For lack of wealth, you see, she must be driven.
No softer term will this express, for *driven* is the word.
And has not fashion made the law? Would it not be absurd?

To dare rebel against her rule? Yes, her worth I admit
Says, bustling Mrs. A, but then, it would be so unfit
To stop my carriage at her door; my friends, who live up town,
Would at the next reception cut me and say: She's coming down.

I've thought of giving her employ, and been thinking, the while,
That she 'broiders and neatly sews, but then, she's not the style.
There's madam D with Paris fashion, and *our* class employ her;
And she always dresses stylishly; tho' if you annoy her,

She's very severe. But, you see, she's a fortune in bank,
And does this but to employ her mind; you see, I'm very frank;
It is not genteel to employ one in such poor station;
She should not presume, so must pursue another vocation.

As laundress, or a kitchen maiden, no familiarity
Would she expect. In fact, I think it would be charity.
To offer her such position in a genteel family—
She's down and must not patronage, expect from society,

passing breeze; they tremble and falter or swell with jubilation, as swayed by the breeze; yet, ever do the notes pour forth, be they low and plaintive, or grand and joyous. Ah, this harmonious harp is what humanity needs to raise it from the pit of destruction, the bondage of iniquity and vice. As Abram and Lot saw there was a place suited to the tastes of each, they could dwell upon the face of the earth without each contending for the same portion of it; so, to-day, we may find that there is a sphere wherein we may each labor, and should strive to harmonize our natures with the grand principle of life—purity; live out our own life; move in the sphere with which we harmonize. Here is the mistake of many, to-day; they are contending and striving with each other for the high places so often, when would they move in the sphere best calculated to develop the true characteristics of the nature, might find, they held a high position in the moral sphere.

The grand sublimity of life is simplicity, child-like confidence in the great controlling Power, in the talisman, and in the performance of duty comes sweet recompense; not relying upon the praise of a fickle world, but upon the sweet peace which springs from a clear conscience. We gaze upon this moving mass—humanity; we, for a moment, contemplate the awful, the solemn spectacle; if we may gaze upon the inner life, behold the throbbings of the deathless spirit, we faint almost, with horror, at the stories revealed; where we deemed it was all joy and sunshine, we behold the canker worm destroying the vitals; where we deemed, by outward surroundings, all was sad within, we behold blossoms of pure joy, which the destroying worm may not reach; where we thought a peaceful conscience, we behold one like the troubled ocean, on account of some hidden crime; and we find, that down in the hearts of humanity, midst the joy and happiness, there is the woe of earth, as well; if it be not sorrow pertaining to self, it is that of others, and the chain is unbroken—this is the earth chain. We take the key Love, open all the hidden chambers, penetrate the recesses, and we find the link in the chain which binds humanity into an eternity, which cannot be broken; it is the counter link upon the earth chain, strengthening it, perfecting it, and uniting humanity to the Parent of all. Here is the harmony which would make our sad, sorrowful earth a heaven, a place of peace and joy. \

No! it is impossible with our natural eyes to discern the hidden things; we judge from outward appearance; we draw our natures into the chambers of the heart; we understand not each other; we are as men blindfolded, and although we would walk aright do not, for we cannot see;

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

but remove the covering from our eyes, or use the spiritual vision, and we walk in a plain path; we perceive beauty and grandeur where, before, the world seemed nought but chaos. Has the world changed? Oh, no! we have but had its face revealed to us; we are gazing upon the grand scenery, drinking from the living waters, bathing in the pure streams, and diving, into the wells of wisdom, in search of the priceless pearl, which we find to be grandeur of life-purpose which swerves not at defeat.

IDA M. MERRILL.

The Journal, A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, dedicated to Light Seeker, published weekly by Mrs. Dr. Merrick, and edited by Miss Ida M. Merrill, at 3rd & Chestnut Sts., Quincy, Ill., at \$1.10 per annum, lies before us. It is a 16 page pamphlet designed, as we understand it, to reach those who are now in the churches and cause them to think and investigate for themselves. We wish it success.—*Brooklyn, N. Y., Watchman.*

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
 To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
 To hover round his evening walk unseen,
 And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
 To hail the spot where once their friendship grew,
 And heaven and nature opened to their view!
 Oft when he trims the cheerful hearth, and sees
 A smiling circle, emulous to please;
 There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
 And bless the scenes they loved on earth so well.

—[*"Pleasures of Memory."*—Rogers.

HOME FOR LIBERALS.

It is with pleasure that we announce to the world that a Liberal town and colony have been organized and founded, at Liberal, Barten Co., Mo.

The town of Liberal is a thriving village, though but five months old. It is our desire to have a town where none of the christian vices are taught; a town without a preacher, church or saloon. Liberal is surrounded by good land and is in the midst of a good coal strata.

We publish an eight-page paper, full of liberal news every week, which gives full particulars of our town and colony. Subscription, one dollar a year, Address, G. W. Walser, Lamar, Mo., or Liberal, Barten, Co., Mo.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 23.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

The gifts, Truth and Light, contained in the Bible are the same to-day and forever. All teach of a future state of existence, and of a Supreme Power, that is striving to manifest to mortals. Infants have no knowledge of their fathers for several months after birth; the father watches with tender care and fondles the little image of himself, and when the child is sufficiently developed it recognizes its father and holds out its hands to be caressed, and the father is delighted and tells his friends that they may rejoice with him. The spirit of the infant materializes its natural, material body, or grows to maturity according to the surroundings, influences and cultivation it receives.

If Adam and Eve were diligent and faithful to the trust reposed in them—kept weeds of error, and deceit plucked out, the tender vine pruned with love, truth and honesty, the fruit of that vine would not be wild grapes. Jesus said to his friend: Call no man father on earth, for one is your father, who is in heaven. Jesus was a mighty prophet, (medium) before God and all the people—a teacher, our elder brother; he taught the true principles of life—love of goodness or God and humanity.

Man may be compared with infancy in regard to his knowledge of the great Supreme Intelligence or God, the Father of all life. Not many can see or understand the great Spirit Father any more than the infant understands the natural father, when he speaks loving words and bestows his kind care upon his helpless child. The finite cannot comprehend the Infinite. But if humanity could be brought to the condition of children, and accept the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father, we should soon enter through the pearly gates, and walk in the green pastures, down by the still waters where peace and harmony prevail; there drink of the

ever-lasting fountain of youth and beauty, where the poor, unfortunate ones who have suffered so cruelly from oppression and tyranny, have been tenderly treated, never condemned, but taken to hospitals where angels of light and mercy lay their beautiful hands upon them and restore them to moral health and usefulness.

Crime stands forth like a monster Upas tree, spreading its poisonous branches over the whole earth, bearing its shocking fruits of murder the most cruel, suicides where the poor suffering mortals think they will find relief from their agony by ending their days on earth, but they only add sorrow and suffering to their already burdened souls, and must wait until the time for the bud to open that was plucked too soon,—their angel friends may not be able to relieve them of their suffering or untimely birth into that summer land.

When humanity learns that men and women cannot die or destroy themselves, or blot out the record of their deeds done on earth, they will be willing to drink of the cup, be it ever so bitter, and endure the trials that may be beneficial for themselves or others. To kill is wrong under any circumstances; murder is horrible considered in any light; the time is approaching when the law will be repealed that allows, in this nineteenth century of christianity, a man or woman to be hung by the neck until they are dead, contrary to the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth whom the christians say is God Almighty. If they believe he is one of the three persons in what they call the God-head, how dare they disobey his commands, and kill their brother or sister in a cruel, premeditated manner, then pray to him for blessings to rest upon themselves and all good christians, when one of their Gods said, "thou shalt not kill;" another said, "no longer an eye for an eye or tooth for a tooth, but ye shall not resist evil." Resistance has been tried for ages; we see the result; crime seems to increase instead of decrease, insanity and moral disease prevailing apparently all over the world at this time, and the Lord will shake terribly the earth (church.)

To resist evil with evil is in vain; no good will ever result from such a course; it is contrary to the law of progression. Good and evil are opposites; one is necessary to the other; the positive good, if brought to bear on the negative evil, will result in destroying or casting out what is called the devil or the evil passions of humanity. If the spirit that controlled Jesus is here, (Paul says there is but one spirit) and he must be here as he said, "where two or three are met together I will be there to bless them," also when he ascended, "I will come again," and the signs

that appear throughout the earth indicate the presence of great spiritual power, and now may be the time of his coming, and who will be ready to receive him?

MRS. M. MERRICK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., March 6, 1881.

SISTERS, MERRILL AND MERRICK:—I saw a notice in the *Banner of Light* of a weekly, called A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, dedicated to light seekers, and to all Truth seekers, or rather friends of truth. I love the truth. On reading the notice; an impression came over me that I wanted to see the paper. I am not a man of means, have got to struggle against adverse circumstances to keep along. But Spiritual and mental food is as necessary to my well being as material substance; and so I felt that I wanted the paper. I am now taking the *Banner of Light*, *Monthly Review*, *Commoner*, of Boston, Mass., edited by D. Hull, a Greenback paper, also our city daily, a Republican paper. But there is a nitch not yet filled. If truth, justice, and humanity are to supercede errors, creeds and intolerance, the press must be supported. It is time that every lover of truth, justice and humanity shall wake up to the needs of the time. There never was a time when there was a greater demand for determined, unflinching workers than now. I have always worked hard for a living, but never was so hard up, but thought I could find sometime to read and think of what I read while I work. To say that we have no time to read and think is simply *thin*. I am glad that two women have come out with such a ring in the notice of your paper. I have no objection to men editors, but we want more women in the front ranks.

Hoping that you may be prosperous in your undertaking, I wish you success.

W. G. GRAY.

A bill, making gambling punishable by imprisonment in either county jail, or penitentiary, passed the Missouri legislature March 1st by a unanimous vote. What will be done with the church fairs where a fifty cent cake is sold for fifty dollars, to buy that which is unnecessary? Is it religion or pride that calls this practice into requisition?

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

The merry laugh rang through the spacious mansions; the beautiful glitter and the gaiety was to Alice as a dream in which she participated, only as we do in that delightful country—dream-land. Delightful because, upon waking, if it has been a horrible one, we find that it is not real; has it been pleasant the bright influence remains. So with our day-dreams; when we awaken and find the pleasing phantasy, but a dream, actual life teaches us, it was better so. Our heavenly Father is ever shedding rays of light upon all His children. If we open the caverns of our heart and let the light shine in, beautiful are the fore-casts of a heavenly land.

Like Alice, we may rise above our surroundings—out into the glad, free sunlight—out into the grand majesty of the eternal world—out from bondage of wealth or poverty, into the *real* world. * * *

"How weary I am mama," says Alice. "Is this the life to which I must always be subjected? Oh, mama! if you knew how delightful it was at the old Seminary; when we had sociables, they were such pleasant ones, and not so formal—real *sociables*. Darling mother, please do not desire me to be a belle. I can never fill that position with ease. I should prefer to be a belle of the forest, like the sweet violet, live my simple life in the great natural world and sink away, to rest, as sweetly—unknown in the fashionable circle."

"My, dear daughter! I cannot understand your, strange idea. I fear papa erred in sending you to that plain boarding school. I should have much preferred Madam D's., where you would have *had*, a fashionable training."

"Dear mama, I shall ever be grateful that papa *did* take me there. If you knew Aunt Fannie, all of the teachers and the girls, as I do, you would not say so. I was so happy, mama; and one of my greatest pleasures now is dwelling upon those days."

"My, dear child, are you always to be so strange? Your father's circumstances require that you should be a leader in the circle of your own age; your beauty is equal to any, and far surpasses most of your own age."

"Dear mama, do not talk so. Aunt Fannie said, we should be proud of

a beautiful character, not beauty of form or feature. She says: God sees our inner self which is beautiful or homely, owing to our deeds. Mama, I should prefer to be a noble and good woman, rather than a belle of society."

She kissed her daughter, bidding her "good night" softly; there was a gentle mood came upon her, for she was not wholly heartless, and she perceived the bright gem, her daughter was wearing, far surpassed the brilliant pearls which adorned her person that evening.

Alice pondered and dreamed, as was usual before retiring; her comparisons were vividly pictured in the mind's gallery. They were true life versus fashion, or a made-life—one which is so, far from the natural, as is the sickly plant, deprived of sun, and dew, compared to the dewy, fragrant blossoms kissed by the sunlight and watered from a bountiful heaven. The true life was her school days. The pictures were bright, beautiful; hazy clouds, majestic mountains in the back ground, whilst in the foreground were placid streams, birds skimming the waters, dots of green islands, forests, smiling vallies and grand stretches of country. The one now was, the memory of that time—looking at the grandeur from beneath a cloud. * * * * *

It is as lovely a spring morning as may be seen in the earliest spring time; the air balmy, without the fragrance which comes later. A train is rushing at lightning speed around the base of a mountain; down in the deep ravine below may be seen a stream sluggishly rolling along. "A dark and dangerous place," says a passenger, and Alice arouses and says:

"Mrs. Ernest, do look! see the danger! Oh! if there should be an accident?"

"It really is a dangerous place; this is the only one of the kind, we must pass; we shall soon be out in the beautiful valley which leads to Eva's home."

The dangerous way is far in the distance, and our train leaves its precious freight at a small village, hurries on and we follow it not further; these are our threads of life, as connected with this sketch, and we gather together the fragments.

Here is our old friend Dan with "old Lin" and the carry-all. Grandma insisted that "Lizzie would be afraid of those skittish young things."

"Oh! Oh! is this not lovely?" ejaculated Alice. The grass has but begun to peer from the dark mould, the buds just ready to open out and clothe the world with vernal beauty; here and there one has forced its prison-bonds and seems rejoicing in the free sunlight; occasionally a

daisy, timidly lifts its head, prefacing the great floral display.

Yes! Alice has come to Floral vale as Eva's home is called, early enough to see the grass spring up hurriedly, the blossoms bearing it company, and to awaken in the morning and see fruit trees laden with wealths of pink drapery, where the night before was only buds—the delicate petals all enfolded in the sleep of winter, as yet; but as the rosy dawn presages morn, the pink or white peeps from beneath the calyx of the blossom.

"Here they come grandma. Shall I help you out to the gate to meet them?"

"No, ho! dear child, do not bother with me; you are all impatience to see them. Hurry them right in; I shall not go out."

Eva needs no second bidding, but is already at the gate.

Alice recognizes her immediately and says, "Mrs. Ernest I should have known her anywhere by her resemblance to Harry.

Eva thought instantly, "Fairy Queen, as I pictured her, exactly."

"Dear little Eva," says Mrs. Kent, "you are not the little girl I last saw are you? But grandmother's housekeeper I presume."

"Oh, yes! Aunt Lizzie, I am complete mistress of our rustic home, and hope I shall be enabled to make it pleasant for you and Alice—I say Alice, for I feel that I have known her always."

The old lady's joy was inexpressible; she loved Mrs. Ernest as an own daughter, and was so pleased to know that Eva was to have company of her own age. She looked in Alice's eyes and said:

"Dear child how frail and delicate you are, I think our mountain air will bring some color to your cheeks. Eva must show you all her favorite haunts. But, may be, you will not enjoy the wild life of Eva."

"Indeed I shall! Nothing could delight me better. I shall be impatient to commence to ramble the whole region. Never have I seen so beautiful a country. Those mountains are the grandest sight I have ever seen. Could I climb them?"

"Yes! later in the year when the ground becomes settled. Dan shall take you some day around to the first platform, as we call it—a great shelf where parties often go to have picnics.

"How delightful that will be!" says Alice. "To think of being away above the tops of houses, to look down upon people, as we see birds in the air. I have heard papa and mama describe it."

Eva had tea prepared already, and now had everything in readiness.

All are seated at the table; tea is poured and Eva's mind reverts to

another tea-time, when the snow lay upon the mountains and in the valleys. The letter, her answer, and here this evening the requests of herself and grandmother are gratified; when she sent the invitation to Alice, she had hardly hoped that it would be accepted; for she says, "What inducement could I offer her that would be interesting; there are no attractions for a city belle here in my lonely vale; although to me it is the dearest, sweetest place on earth." Yes! Eva was delighted to see that Alice was as enthusiastic, in regard to the beautiful in nature, as herself. Eva takes Alice to her simple room after tea contrasting it, in her mind with the adornments of Alice's. "But Alice heeds not the plain surroundings; she notices there are two windows in the room; one looks upon the orchard. The other has a view of the road winding through the vale, the mountains at the left, and looks out upon the yard filled with forest trees; a climbing rose beats against the panes of this one.

"How beautiful is the view which you have from your windows, especially when nature has clothed all in beauty. Your cousin Harry has told me your vale was such a country as I always have made my fairydom."

"Did he tell you of my idea in regard to yourself—that I have a natural throne and you are my Fairy Queen?"

"No. He did not mention this. Why I could not rule with wisdom in fairy-land. You know they never err whilst frail mortals do. Your cousin *did* tell me you were a brownie. You must be a fairy or brownie, as you term it, if you have always lived in this beautiful place."

"To-morrow I shall take you to your throne, but cannot crown you Queen until the lovely May blossoms come. How I do wish cousin Harry was here to assist me in the honor."

"Oh! never mind, I shall crown you Queen of brownies then, if I am Queen of fairies."

The Boston *Watchman* says, "We would discourage in the strongest manner the dabbling with Spiritualism on the part of most people. But we think the time has come when Christian men with the necessary training of mind should investigate it seriously, and reach some conclusion which will be accepted as the verdict rendered necessary by facts." The unfavored sons of toil must sit and eat the crumbs from the tables of the favored, cultured ones must they? No! if it is a fact necessary to be investigated by part of humanity, it is for *all*. All men are created equal, and remain so if they live a true life.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
GHOSTS OF ST. LOUIS.

A SPIRIT THAT HAUNTED A MAN FOR YEARS.

About ten years ago a gentleman frequently came into my store to buy small articles, I remarked to him that he must have very careless hands to use so many, he gave me an evasive answer of which I took no notice, as it really was no business of mine. I met him often at Sprague & Butler's restaurant, and he always aimed to sit at the same table and persisted in paying for my dinners. He seemed anxious to get acquainted more familiarly, ever broaching the subject of Spiritualism, as he had read several articles of mine in the dailies. I offered to take him at one time to a private seance. He remarked that he was timid, especially at night, by himself, at which I said that was the time I liked to commune with the spirits, when all was quiet, and that I was more afraid of mortals than spirits. He replied there was a difference in people and if I had his experience, perhaps, I would be the same. He ever seemed to have what I call the blues, and was downcast. Many times I would ask him if he was sick, he would say that he had a sleepless night. He came in to dinner one day and seemed very much cast down and hardly touched his food, he said that he would like to go out for a ride in the afternoon and would get a buggy if I would go with him. Being a beautiful day I consented to go.

We started about half-past two, one beautiful afternoon and went out on the London road. He told me that he had something that troubled his mind very much and almost made him crazy, he would very much like to tell me as he thought I could advise him what to do for the trouble.

After riding seven or eight miles, we came to a creek. He said let us give the horse a rest, and get out and have a smoke, I have some fine cigars. We both sat down under the shade of a large tree, when he commenced: My friend, I am in trouble and you are the only man that I know can help me, are you willing to help a suffering soul that has suffered a living hell for years? I remarked if I could, I would be most happy to do so, tell me plainly and truly what it is. Well, he said, will you swear to never divulge my secret. I swear it shall remain a secret with me. I felt intuitively what it was, his eyes looked very singular. Well, he said, I must trust you, as I can bear it no longer. I have killed a man and he haunted me night and day, he is ever with me, it wears my very

life out to look at him. If I could only find out what I could do to be relieved of his presence, I would give my very life. If you, who understand about spirits, would find out how I can be relieved of this phantom, you would help a miserable God-forsaken soul. There, there he stands and nods his head, as if you could, oh, for God's sake ask him what I shall do. There he kneels down and with both hands, as if asking you to do it. I said, "Spirit can I help your murderer and yourself?" There he nods again, said the man. If you will follow me, I suggested to the spirit, to a medium and fully control her this evening and let me know what you want, I will help you both if I can. He nods his head, said the murderer, and he is gone. I could not see the spirit, as I am not a clairvoyant.

* * * * *

To return, my friend seemed to be more cheerful after telling me all of his troubles. After returning to town, I promised to see him in the morning early, as I would go to a fine medium in the evening and see what the spirit wanted. I went to a noble lady of intelligence and means, who would give me a private seance at any time, because I had helped her from a two months sickness by the magnetic treatment, in a few days. After being invited in, she laughingly remarked: I knew you were coming as I have had a spirit around me for sometime, trying to control me and I have fought it off with all my power.

Yes, I said, I want you to be controlled. In a moment the lady fell on the floor as if dead. I set her in the chair and waited till the spirit could control her organs of speech. At last the spirit commenced, "Good evening, sir, I am here according to agreement and am ready to talk to you about the business you mentioned under the tree. The man with you murdered me going to California and got all I had, he did it in a fit of anger, we were disputing when he shot me and threw my body in the creek and told the camp that he had a sharp fight with Indians and we had better get away from there, as they had killed me and carried me off. He made money with the stock that belonged to both of us and I shall haunt him till he helps my family and gives them what rightfully belongs to them. If he does that, I will leave him and trouble him no more, if not, I will annoy him till he goes crazy from fear and remorse, let him do right and I will forgive him, and haunt him no longer. When he passes over on this side, the laws of restitution must be complied with. I have given him my terms, tell him this and nothing else will satisfy me. I thank you kindly for your services in this affair and may your guardian

angels ever be able to control you for good, farewell I shall meet you again if you give me a chance.

The medium came out of the trance and said the control had made her feel unpleasant for he was unhappy and had depressed her very much. I magnetized her and helped to throw off the influence, then bade her good night. In the morning I saw my friend and told him all, he was stunned at the particulars, and wept like a child, saying that it must be done. I will do it right away, I shall leave your city for good. I thank you a thousand times and shall not forget you.

I never saw him afterwards, but received a letter about six months from that time written thus:

"I have made it all right, I have not seen the spirit since. I am happy. Under the tree. God bless you."

No signature or address.

The unseen world is ever around us. It is a part and parcel of us, then let our object in life be to free every crushed soul. Pluck a thorn from a human pathway, plant a rose there; shed a kindling ray of light on the worn-out pilgrim's path. Brighten the brow of sorrow and suffering. Lift the fallen, who knows, it may be our turn to stumble. We can join hands with both worlds and know the kingdom of heaven is within us. As mind echoes to mind let us sing loves melody and twine garlands to deck the brows of sorrow. Tread life's pathway, ever waiting to lift each other up to a higher plane.

I shall know her there and her calm dark eyes
Will look on mine with glad surprise,
Though an angel's robe and a crown she wear
By the song she sings I shall know her there.

—C. Tuckett, in *Western Light*.

Rev. M. J. Sawyer, of Boston, says, "We stand as individuals before God." Yes! we are responsible beings, and make our own heaven or hell; it may be made for us, for a time, by individuals, but not by the divine law, which ultimately brings light from darkness.

John Wetherbee, in *Banner of Light*, says: "Modern Spiritualism comes to one more by experience than by argument." True, that which we experience which steals upon us insensibly is knowledge more convincing than that which is forced upon us with no desire of belief. The gentle shower sinks into the earth, and renews vegetation whilst the great torrent sweeps all before it.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

We cannot know the future life,
 The beautiful home of the soul.
 But we *know* there ceases all strife,
 Where the beautiful life does unroll.
 We *know* our souls can never die,
 We breathe it in the very air,
 We know there's peace in the "bye-and-bye,"
 When we bid farewell to earth's care.

The angels hold the curtain back,
 We see the land of light afar;
 Beauty and grandeur, it does not lack,
 It gleameth like the morning star;
 Revealing climes of love and light
 Revealing glories yet untold,
 We leave it with the powers of right,
 We're all part of the master's fold.

CORA CORAL.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

There are ninety and nine who live and die
 In want and hunger and cold,
 That one may revel in luxury
 And be lapped in its silken fold,
 The ninety and nine in hovels bare,
 The one in a mansion with riches rare.

They toil in the field, the ninety and nine,
 For the fruits of mother earth;
 They dig and delve in the dusky mine,
 And bring hidden treasures forth,
 But the wealth released by their sturdy blows
 Into the miser's coffer goes.

From the sweat of their brows the desert blooms
 And the forest before them falls;
 Their labor has builded humble homes
 And cities with lofty halls.
 But the one owns cities and homes and lands,
 And the ninety and nine have empty hands,

But the night so dark and dreary and long
 At last shall the morning bring,
 And over the land the victor's song
 Of the ninety and nine shall ring,
 And echo afar from zone to zone,
 Rejoice, for labor shall have its own!—*Banner of Light.*

Man, woman, be thyself, and thou shalt be as great as Jesus, or
 greater than he.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

In the eighteenth chapter of Genesis, it is said the Lord appeared unto Abram in the plains of Mamre; also, that as he sat in his tent door in the heat of the day three men appeared unto him, that they eat and drank with them and prophesied what should come to pass. Theologians generally render this: "The angel's of the Lord."

Let a man, to-day, say, he has seen an angel from the Lord, and the universal cry, amongst christian believers, is, "The works of the devil." Let one prophecy and the cry comes "*insane*."

Will my christian brethern (for are we not all children of one Father—all brothers) please give us conclusive argument proving that the laws regulating all natural phenomena have changed. The scientist will not tell you so; he will say to you when he is explaining a new scientific discovery: "The laws governing the case, etc." "But my dear friend," you say, "we are now living in an entirely new dispensation; those miracles which were performed in the olden times cannot be performed again; angels cannot converse with men now; the spirits of the departed are in heaven, or the opposite state, and *cannot* return to us." We do not deny your statement; but, before we acquiesce in your belief, we say, "How do you know? What is your reason for believing so?" If you take the inspired Word as your only proof then we say: In that very book you have the proof that not only did the angels return to earth, but the spirits of those who had lived upon earth whom we shall mention as we reach the characters in the narrative, or allegory as you may term it.

But is it not a history of life, of human achievements, human passions, human joys and human woes? It contains the inspiration of humanity; it contains the oil of wisdom, the song of gladness, the wail of agony, the scenes of iniquity, and the story of sweet purity—the sweetest song that was ever heard. "He bore our infirmities and shared our griefs." Here, dear christian brethren, dear infidel, atheist brethren, dear thoughtless brother and sister, is the grandest trophy which you may bear for your crown. Did you ever gaze upon misery or agony, relieve that distress, see joy instead, see the face beam with gratitude, and the smiles chase away the tears, even if it was childish griefs; then down in your heart

there fell a ray from the great source of all life, a glad stream bubbled up from the everlasting fountain. and rippled through the whole nature. A continuous lifting of the burden of others, of scattering joy and gladness, as we journey through life, keeps the stream ever flowing, babbling from mighty depths which are unfailing.

But again we say, Give us the law by which angels are now forbidden to return to earth. *Prove* to us your fixed heaven, and we shall prove to you *our* heaven—our angel realm. It is considered a place of happiness, of joy inexpressible. Ask of a mother, if it will be the greatest joy—the acme of happiness to be in a city with golden streets, gates of pearl, walls of jasper, etc., there to forever sit upon the right hand of God, sing songs of redeeming love, and her darling—her youngest son, or her eldest daughter, upon whom she had relied on earth, in a place of endless torment forever and *forever*. This is the acme of human happiness in the christian theology of to-day. This is the immortality of the soul—the finale. Do you think that infinity has an ending, a fixed destination? Prove it to me, by any scientific demonstration, that such is the case, and we *may* prove otherwise by the grandest science which has ever been evolved. Spirit is the motor—progression is the power. The materialist may talk to us, until he faints with exhaustion, attempting to prove to us that all things originate in matter, and we shall say: What is it that sways the trees, that uproots them, that echoes in mighty reverberations from cloud to cloud, that sweeps over the ocean, hurls the mighty ships, with the precious freight, into an eternity? And you will say, "The wind, or the air in a state of action." Ah! do you see this agent? "Oh, no! we see the effects of this power." Yes! but effect is never *cause*; we first have cause, then effect. The air is invisible—is the spirit power of the material world; it is the cause of all action upon the earth and seas, and in the heavens.

We see human beings controlled by another power which is beyond this agency, which has qualities of a refined or more ethereal atmosphere. These emotions of joy or sorrow; the will which moves the various organs of the body and a still higher attribute—*soul*, a majesty of life which is fed from some unfailing fountain.

As a plant withers and dies, shut away from the sunlight, and the material body cannot be sustained long without its proper amount of the oxygen of the air, so the spiritual nature becomes dwarfed, if shut out from the sweet purity, which is as the oxygen of the air to the material body. The pure qualities of the nature, or the angel traits are the

springs of immortality; the spirit feeds upon this food, and when it receives it not, there is a corresponding retrogression in the individual case.

But the trees of the forest are fixed in the great natural world, feed upon the life-giving power are replenished and progress in stature; so, in like manner, the everlasting realm—the angel realm.

You may wound yourself and after the removal of the cause, the wound heals; so, in the angel realm; after the material body is cast aside and the cause of sin is removed, then wherefore sin? It is to gratify the wants of this perishable body that man sins. But why should the sin occur? Could man but be convinced that he is scarring his spiritual tabernacle by so doing, what is the satisfying of the passions, the desires for wealth which is perishable, and may be yours but a day? Then you are called to go the way of all flesh—out into the angel realm, there as all may discern with spiritual eyes, “there is nothing hidden but shall be revealed.” You may say, “This is supposition.” But hundreds, who have passed the veil of flesh, return bearing us the same tidings all over our land? The cry comes, “You are deceived.” Yes! Columbus was deceived until his theory was proved by actual demonstration, and although millions, who dwelt upon the earth at that time, did not believe that this new land had been discovered, millions more had not heard of it, and laid down their lives, still thinking the earth was flat, resting on the back of a great turtle; and others that it was upheld at the four corners, by four great beasts, and each movement caused an action of the earth’s surface. Did this detract from the great truth that beyond the waters lay the wide, American country, unexplored?

IDA M. MERRILL.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

BY G. W. SEEVERS.

“Let there be Light.” Aye, let it be;
And keep it shining bright
Until its gleaming rays dispel
Dark Superstition’s night.

“Let there be Light,” till all the bats,
And hooting owls, and moles
Of Ignorance and Bigotry
Shall flee into their holes.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

267

"Let there be Light,"—spark after spark,
In form of glowing thought,
Till every heathen dogma dark
Shall dwindle into naught.

"Let there be Light," once more we cry;
Oh, yes! let there be Light,
And Love, and Liberty to do
Whate'er we think is right.

The Love, to brew, a will to do.
The Light, to show the good,
And Liberty, to make us free
To do the things we should.

O, LOVE! O, LIGHT! O LIBERTY!
Fair Trinity, all hail!
This world depraved can ne'er be saved
Till these on earth prevail.

Let there be Love! let there be Light!
Let there be Liberty!
That all may see and do what's right,
And all mankind be free.

Deep may the "Tree of Liberty,"
In every land take root,
And Light and Love from Heav'n above
Mature its golden fruit.

NOTE.

LADIES;—The verses herewith sent,
Are offered with a good intent,
As thought-forms of a rustic muse;
Do with them anything you choose.

We would say more if we had time
For writing prose, or spinning rhyme;
But having now no time to waste,
We here subscribe, yours in haste.

[Light and knowledge, or appreciation, or desire for the same, is always received as a good intent. Light, knowledge and love to humanity is the reform of the world.—ED.]

A REPRIEVE.

We are pleased to learn that the Supreme Court has granted a hearing to the Talbot boys that the time of execution is remanded from March 25, until May 11, and that they are to have a hearing April 20. We trust that the sentence will be withdrawn; we shall never have a prosperous nation, so long as murder is sanctioned by law. "Thou shalt not kill" is a law unto all mankind, if unto one. If all would awaken to this, and see that a dark stain is resting upon our nation in consequence of shed-

ding blood, Aye! innocent blood—a general outcry would resound through the land. Oh, think of it! picture the sad spectacle. A man in the presence of hundreds of witnesses fastens a rope around the neck of his brother, draws the block; a soul is launched into eternity, and you have done your duty. Arise and look at the subject in a proper light! This is murder, and premeditated, open and without compunction. There are the seeds of crime, being scattered by this very act in the soil of impressible youth. They are rooting, and will spring up with a deadly growth. Could you but realize that as heads of nations, the pure example is the one which will bring reform!

DIAMOND DUST.

We are all brothers and sisters, but we seldom realize this: all children of the Great Supreme Power.

We judge of a person's character by what we see as, "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Life and light, knowledge and progress, and we have a grand eternity—a step in the great whole is taken here, and it is a preparatory school for the real life.

Ask me of my hope in an immortality, and I answer: Ask me if you may destroy this grand, beautiful world at will? Then contemplate the powers of man, the deep moving of the quenchless spirit. Can you sweep away this which is more powerful than nature—the soul of man?

You may each day receive some ray of light, if the soul's windows are open; there is no sorrow so deep, but the Great Father's love may heal; no cloud so dark but the bright sun of prosperity and joy may vanquish. Life is all storm and sunshine; and, were it not for the storm, we could not appreciate the placid sky.

Courage and bravery constitute true heroism. Bravery in what we know to be right is essential to a perfect development of character.

There is a peace which passeth all joy. It is the peace which arises from a clear conscience. When we know that we have done what we were so sure was right at the time that naught could move us, we are at rest; the great waves may beat against our bark, but may not envelop it; it rises above them.

A true and pure character is more to be desired than wealth, gold and diamonds.

Plato was told that his friends circulated bad reports concerning him. He said, "I will live so that none shall believe them."

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 24.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

There is nothing new under the sun; all is that ever was, so who is an originator, of anything that exists, either visible or invisible? Men are not the origin of thoughts, or ideas; they have always existed the same as the atmosphere that surrounds this planet. What mortal can say how anything exists? They can only look with their natural eyes, hear with ears and touch with their hands; they know not how one thought or idea is produced, or one spear of grass grows, therefore the origin is invisible, Omnipotent force, and may be produced by the earth being one great magnet, drawing life or spirit from the fountain spirit world—God—the cause of all life.

Jesus of Nazareth was a man, a mighty prophet before the spiritual world and all the people; his brain was a medium that great spiritual power could manifest and show wonders in heaven and on the earth; he could call the spirit back to its mortal tenement or raise those who had fallen asleep or been entranced; he said, Lazarus was not dead but sleeping. Jesus taught the resurrection of the spirit from the natural body, and demonstrated the fact by showing himself to his friends that had followed him through his ministry and witnessed the operation of the great power; he manifested in showing the operation of the laws governing principles of the life of mankind. He proved the truth of his teaching by his life, death and resurrection; he was the one who appeared first on earth to his friends, and they knew it was him, from his words, more than from the appearance of his materialized body. He was the first one recorded who appeared that was known or had intimate acquaintance, like the apostles, who were continually with him, and although, he told them so often he should be killed or go away and in three

days should rise again; when he did appear they were as much surprised as the pretended followers of him are to-day.

Some men say Jesus taught or intimated that he was the originator of the truths he taught, but if those holding that opinion will search the record they will find he said, "all power is given to me of my Father;" he acknowledged at all times a superior force. If there is any record contrary to this law one might demur at its truth. The great truths that have been expressed through mediums, prophets and seers, since time was known culminated in Jesus of Nazareth. The seeds were in the earth whereby all things could be brought to light, developed into a higher state of perfection. This world being a magnet and mankind being little worlds in themselves, drew from the source of life their material clothing as the trees draw leaves in summer, to develop their flowers and fruits.

Ideas and thoughts must be produced in a similar manner; they are always in existence, ready to flow down like a stream of water from the mountain that waters the valley below. When the earthly body is brought from its wild uncultivated state and placed in a garden of Eden, where the sunshine from the spirit world can send its invigorating rays to influence the growth and beauty of the plant, the fruit will be sweet peace, love and harmony. "It is said by some one it is better to be well born than well bred." Children whose parents may be compared to the wild beasts Noah took into the ark, such as allow the animal passions to predominate, should be tenderly cared for morally, instead of cruel punishment; if they show love for anything that is not harmful, their desire should be encouraged, cultivated, as you would a choice plant; prune every branch with care and remove all shadows, that might retard its growth, or storms of fierce passions that might drive out every good tender feeling. Boys whose nature is rough or cruel, or may be of a nervous temperament, should never be whipped, beaten or his ears boxed and his head struck against the door frame; such treatment would make a horse vicious. Who would not pity a poor boy loaded with hereditary evils, and those laid on from his surroundings? He shows his heritage in infancy and as his strength increases, his propensities show evil, and he is treated with cruelty instead of love and mercy; he never does anything right, always in mischief and does not seem able to avoid the faults he commits; his father flogs him and his mother scolds, and no one seems to love him and with all his faults he has a heart that would respond to kindness and be willing to make a living sacrifice of

himself to one who would treat him affectionately, and in restraining him for his faults do it with loving kindness.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

DIAMOND DUST.

Love will control where force will only change the nature into rebellion. Your children will obey you through love under all circumstances, but through fear only when that agent is exercised, but love is always potent. We may gently lead the wayward.

Oh grandeur of soul which dares resist a frowning world in the cause of right. Brothers and sisters all, come join the grandest army which was ever lead to battle. The army which would sweep the tyrant evil from the face of the earth.

Lilies of the valley in sweet simplicity we fain would resemble. Pure and unpretentious, simple and modest; what better crown than purity; it comprehends all, lovely traits. We want our life-stream pure, then we may attempt reformation; we want to remove the beam from our own eye, and we may see the more clearly to remove the beam from our brother's eye.

Is it a joy to one to gain wealth, honor or position by unfair means To be surrounded by luxuries which are purchased at the expense of human lives or human hearts, to wear laurels which contain thorns? No! as long as humanity breathes there will come no real happiness which has not purity as the foundation.

Let every darling object of the heart be sacrificed, every idol broken, rather than succumb to the power of evil, rather than lose thine own respect. If thou canst not respect thyself, brother man may not.

CORA CORAL.

We ask our patrons to correspond with us, to send us expressions new, reformatory and in harmony with the right. This is the era of reform, of struggle between the mighty hosts of oppression and the feeble band of justice. Yes! feeble, but one shall put ten thousand to flight, we have been told. Then dear readers, brothers, sisters, all gird yourself with the "armor of righteousness" for the coming battle, and victory shall be ours. The angels from invisible realms draw nearer to our clime, and we hear the soft notes of music, the loving words of comfort. "Be faithful unto the end," and victory is thine.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

It is the first morning in the most beautiful month of the year. Yes! it is May-day. Alice has ere this been introduced to every familiar place in the vale by Eva. The beautiful knoll with its natural throne is a fairy clime this morning. The sun has arisen clear and shimmers through the trees, whose branches sway backward and forward, causing the shadows to dance over mossy beds and flowery glades. The birds are caroling their happiest notes, and the merry rivulet, which winds along one side of the knoll, seems singing the sweetest melody a brook ever sung. Here are several vehicles coming up the road, and the happy laugh rings out on the morning air.

Ah! Alice is to have a picnic given her. Eva has invited the young people of the neighborhood, and Alice is to be crowned Queen of May, or—"Fairy Queen in reality," says Eva, "I have only had you an imaginary one." Alice had been all impatience to ascend the mountain, but grandma said it was too early yet; they must wait until the first of June; then the ground would be firm and the air warm; they could not spend a day at such height as yet. The two girls had looked forward to this day with much anxiety fearing it should not be fair and pleasant, or that it might rain; but the dawning of the morn had banished all fears.

Alice and Eva have preceded their guests, and each new arrival finds Eva busy introducing them to Alice, and assisting in taking sundry baskets and parcels to the shelf rock, over a curve in the stream, which is always used as a table. Just below is the clearest, deepest water of the stream, as a spring bubbles from below the shelf.

Alice, is soon perfectly at home with the merry crowd, although she appears as a lily among the roses. A slight flush tinges her cheeks at this time. But a few months stay in the bracing mountain, air although adding much vitality to her frail organism, cannot give her the rosy health of those who have spent their whole life here.

We shall not introduce to our readers the young people of Floral Vale, as we shall not carry their lives into the sketch. The general description is all we need. Imagine fifteen country lads and lassies, brimming with life and spirit, who have never seen or cared for aught but the simple amusement which is common in such a region and you have the party.

Alice as a guest from the city, of course, received the honors of the day. She was crowned Queen by each one separately; each wove a crown to suit his or her own taste, placed it upon her fair brow passing on to give place to the next. Various were the designs and each one portrayed the individuality of the donor. Eva, through courtesy, gave her guests the precedence, and she was the last to place the flowery circlet upon the head of her friend. As she did so she whispered, "It is just the crown I told Harry I should weave for you. How I wish he was here to see it. And you will wear mine all day. I was selfish if I did wait until the last."

"Oh! oh," rang through the crowd, "Eva Ernest, yours is beautiful!" "Yours is the crown of crowns!" and sundry other exclamations, giving to Eva the honor she desired.

Yes it was the one she had last summer chosen in imagination; principally white flowers with enough green to relieve it, and here and there a pink bud; these she had taken from her monthly rose bush. Yes! Eva had exhibited her taste; there were many that were more elaborate, showy and had taken much time to wreath; but the simple beauty rested upon the fragile face like a lily cup and harmonized.

The simple words, "Fairly Queen, we crown you," were repeated by each, as the wreath was placed upon the brow, and now all in mock dignity stand waiting to obey the behests of the newly crowned Queen.

Alice arises and gracefully bowing to her waiting subjects says: "It is incumbent upon a newly crowned Queen to address her subjects; but, as the honor is so unexpected to me, please receive only my warmest thanks, my life-long friendship, and allow me to retain each crown as a sweet remembrance of this day. It shall rest as a bright picture in my future life. I shall live it over again, many times in my city home where such a profusion of wild flowers, as I hold to-day, would be my greatest luxury, because unattainable."

Alice *enjoyed* the day; in its every moment, she lived an hour, as she told her mother afterwards; she contrasted the sweet, free gaiety, the grand beauty and the bracing air with the reception where she became so weary.

"The birds do not enjoy this day as I do, because they are accustomed to it," she said to them all. "Nor do any of you receive such pleasure as you are giving me."

Never had Alice enjoyed a dinner so much. She had attended picnics at home, but always in a park arranged conveniently.

"Never before," she says, "have I been so near the native! Indians in

reality. I have often imagined how free they must have been, and how odd it would seem to be eating from a rock, or sitting on a log; they tell me, the forefathers of our country lived so for years."

"Why, yes!" said one of the group, "you should hear my grandfather tell of the old colony times, how he lived, and *then* the Indians lived amongst them, until it became more thickly settled and they were driven farther West."

"How I should like to hear about it. It is a shame that the original owners of the soil should be driven by the hand of civilization, and they were so happy and free, until our nation came and took their hunting grounds by force."

"But," answered the other, "they were very sly and cunning; you could not tell when they were going to turn traitor."

"I know," says Alice, "that is true, but then they were not well treated at first by the whites; you know they at first kidnapped them and attempted to take them across the water to have them for slaves, and also cheated them in nearly all trades with them."

"Yes!" said Eva, "grandma says, that is the trouble with the world, a great many are striving to obtain wealth and happiness, by robbing and cheating others; if such is the case, I do not wish to know more of the world than I do now. It is not so here. All our neighbors are comfortable and so are we; but grandma says, in large cities there are many who have not even enough bread."

"Why, Eva, I never thought of this. I do not think my papa ever cheated any one. I *know* he never did, and I did not know but every one had plenty to eat; there is a place for all poor children at home where they may go to be taken care of; they call it the 'Home for the Friendless,' and there are kind ladies who take care of them."

"But grandma says there are many, who live in allies and in the suburbs of large cities, that have parents who get drunk and sometimes, even when they do not, they are very poor and do not always have enough to eat."

"When I go home I shall get papa to take me to some of those places, if there are any in our city. I did not know of any such cases." *

* * * * *

The guests have all left the knoll and the two girls are sitting alone on Eva's throne.

"Dear Alice! I have often thought, I should ask you to give me a description of your New Year reception; Cousin Harry wrote me as much as concerned himself.

"Oh! have I never told you? As it was my first one of course I was all in a glee, and the anticipation I assure you was the most pleasant, but I closed the day with a feeling of sadness. I must tell you just how it was. As you have heard, I presume, in the cities it is customary to have wine upon the table with other confectionery. I have heard of coffee being used in some instances instead, and you remember your Cousin Harry does not drink wine. As we have always been playmates and friends, and this was his first introduction into fashionable calling, I thought in honor to him, I should prefer not to have wine. To be sure mama did not see it in this light and said, it would be best if Harry would conform to the customs of polite society.

"Harry was the first to call with his friend Mr. Obert, and shortly after other arrivals were announced, and as I thought it would seem strange if he did not participate insisted upon his drinking wine, too; he refused at first, but finally acquiesced, and I cannot describe to you the strange sickening emotion which came over me; from that very moment the joy had all fled. It was as though I had suddenly been brought into the presence of a corpse. It was a trial to carry forward the role which was a part of my *honors* (?) There were the same silly nothings to be repeated again and again."

"Well, Alice, perhaps I may give you a clue to your strange emotion of sadness. I have read in a book, 'Coming events cast a shadow before.' I know that it is best, for both cousin Harry and yourself, that I should tell you. He wrote to me of the termination of the day, and it has grieved me much; but, as you say, you placed the tempting cup to his lips, it is best that you should know the truth, and you may aid him in resisting the temptation in the future. He says, he was taken to his friend's room in a state of intoxication."

The pallor of Alice's face for a moment alarmed Eva, and she thought, "Have I done wrong?" and says, "Dear Alice please forgive me. I should not have told you."

But fragile as Alice appeared, there was a strength of character in her nature which would be brought forth by this very revelation.

She says: "Dear friend, Eva, forgive you? It is exactly what you should have done. I am to blame and must never cease my efforts to atone for this. Now, I see, so plainly, why I had the dream that same night. I dreamed that Harry was drunk. It was the truth. But I comforted myself with the thought that wine would not make drunkards."

"But Alice, I have been told if a person once contracts the habit of

using anything intoxicating they are treading upon dangerous ground. It will now be more difficult for Harry to resist the temptation. I know that you will never desire him to partake again in your house, and you may have much influence in aiding him."

"Why, may I, Eva? I shall certainly never think of offering it to him again."

"Why you may have an influence over him for good—may encourage him, is given in your own words. You induced him against his own will, to take the cup of poison to him, and this very power you may use for good."

"Yes, I see, Alice. If I had only known the danger! My greatest desire is to do right in every thing, and your cousin Harry is almost a brother to me; for, since the death of his father, I have shared mine with him."

"Look, look, Alice what a glowing sunset; let us lay all sad thoughts aside, treasuring up the lessons for future necessities, and enjoy this last scene of your new kingdom, that we may return. Grandma and Aunt Lizzie will think we have deserted them."

"Eva! These are sights and scenes which I am storing away, in my mind, to be unrolled like a panorama, after I return home. When I become weary of fashion, I shall seek the solitude of my own room, and there selfishly view the scenes again."

CORA CORAL.

CHARACTER NOT CHANGED BY DEATH.

BY CHAUNCEY GILES.

Everything we do, whether evil or good, reacts upon us. Good causes a greater good, and evil results in some form of punishment. Kindness towards others begets kindness in others towards us. A thoroughly honest and good man soon finds himself surrounded with friends. / The principle is seen in the great outward changes and facilities for business and pleasure that we possess at the present time. As soon as men began to turn their thoughts and affections to something useful—to mechanical inventions—what a change it soon wrought in all our relations to outward things? How soon they began to react upon us for our good in a thousand different ways!

In the same manner the evil passions and deeds of men have reacted

upon them in some form of punishment. The thief and robber build their own prison, and shut themselves up in it. The outrages of evil men upon others render their own confinement necessary to the general welfare, and thus the whole community stands arrayed against the evil. When a man of violent and vindictive passions gives vent to them in words and deeds of violence against other men, he soon calls down upon himself curses and blows, and even death. These are illustrations of the general principle, that the life of every one reacts upon him either as reward or punishment, according to his deeds, so that it is true that punishment flows from the evil, even when it seems to come from others.

But will it not be different when we come into the spiritual world? How can it be, if men are men, if their happiness flows from their activities, from the exercise of their affections? It is evident that it cannot for, so far as we know, there is but one way of being happy, and that is by the exercise of some affection. If a person has no good affections, how can he exercise them? He could as easily enjoy all the delights of seeing without eyes. If the indulgence of evil affections, must, in nature of things, cause pain, how can the evil escape suffering? Passing into the spiritual world does not change a man's nature; consequently the laws of life must be the same there that they are here. Man is a spirit now.

Suppose the Lord should say to every one when he comes into the spiritual world, "I withdraw all charges against you. I will not punish you for anything you have done. Enter heaven. Do as you please. Enjoy yourself as you can." Do you suppose that would make the evil man good? He is the embodiment of selfish and worldly loves. Do you suppose he would immediately reverse his whole nature and begin to love the Lord and his brother supremely? No—no more than thieves and murderers are changed to saints by receiving a free pardon for their crime; suppose the prison doors of all the penitentiaries in the land were opened to-morrow, and there was a general jail delivery throughout the Union, do you think the malefactors now confined in prison would feel grateful for the clemency of the governments and return to virtue? No; they would rush into worse crimes as the fear of punishment was removed.

We may safely conclude, therefore, that punishment is good for the wicked, and that it must inevitably flow from evil, and that the Lord's government is everywhere the same in principle. The origin of punishment, then, is in the evil. Nor does it come from any other source, however many channels it may pass through, and however various the

forms it may assume before it reaches the doer of the evil. Consequently, the doctrines of the New Church accord with universal laws, in teaching that the Lord punishes no one. He is love and mercy itself, and no evil or pain can come from Him. No one thinks of attributing his physical sufferings to the Lord. When we expose ourselves to a greater degree of heat or cold than the nature of our material bodies can sustain, we are punished for it, more or less severely, according to the degree of our exposure—sometimes with the entire loss of limbs or life. But no one would think of saying that the Lord sent that suffering and mutilation because we had violated His laws. Our punishment had its disobedience—in the violation of a good law. So it is with every pain human beings suffer. No suffering does, or can come from the Lord. He is not the author of evil or its punishment.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., March 20, 1881.

MISS IDA M. MERRILL:—Your excellent paper comes regularly and I am pleased with its articles; thanks for a good word to myself. As you have kindly invited me to contribute to the paper some pieces occasionally, I send you a logical article on rather an unique—but in its essence, not a new question. It is a condensation of a lecture that I delivered in connection with a debate on the immortality of the soul, in our Hall, three weeks since; it took the audience by surprise at first, but I saw before I got through that the majority were with me, and they evinced it by commendations and applause at its termination.

I think it will take well in your paper as somewhat original in its deductions, and be copied and criticised by your exchanges as somewhat out of the common way; and will provoke thought on the part of your readers. It is not heterodox, as its postulate is announced in Davis' *Divine Revelation*; and it is found in the teachings of Pythagoras; and approached in the modern doctrine of Reincarnation by Allen Kardee; and that doctrine is made very plausible in the French *Reveu Spirite* which I have the pleasure of reading.

I might have made the subject to some minds, more palpable, with a larger elaboration, but I had to bear in mind your limitation of space; and suppose you will not insert all in one number anyway. I have acquired the most of what I may possess in the way of logical, critical thought, and what oratorical fire I may at any time exhibit, to the de-

bating Lyceums and for that reason, and a sincere desire to obtain the truth, I ardently court criticism, for that alone advances the magnificent manhood of the human soul, and why should not you and I take the truth by the horns to-day, just as well as to wait for some adventurous Columbus or Gallileo a hundred years hence to pluck it from its jeweled cavern of silent repose?

I do what I can with the odd numbers sent, but cannot predict; will send my subscription price in a few weeks; am just now closing up the payment on some necessary additions to my city lot with the house on the hill that overlooks our Queen city of the South, where I expect to make a permanent home, if I should not be called to lecture in Europe, to further the cause of an English Colony to the shores of our Great Pacific, and to its citrons, evergreen groves, but we know so little of the present, that it seems presumption to ever hope for the future in the mutations of this short life.

We are just now having the last rain that we shall need to make this a good season for our grain crops; the fruit and other crops we can raise and multiply *Ad Libitum* by irrigation as we have no frost.

We expect a wonderful impulse to the growth of our city and country when the Southern California and A. & Topeka Roads connect, which they will do on the 15th inst. This line will always be free of frost and snow, and bring us 24 hours nearer to the Atlantic, which with one day to come from San Francisco make two days in our favor.

Please give to Mrs. M. Merrick my best wishes for her health and usefulness; and with my compliments, receive the same for yourself.

JESSE H. BUTLER.

[The article mentioned above is crowded out of this issue. It is one that will be read with interest by our readers we are sure. The subject, "What is man?" is well treated and leads us to the highest ideal of manhood.—ED.]

Will the *Watchman*, Brooklyn, N. Y., receive thanks for notice of our publication, and a warm desire from ourselves that success may also attend its efforts. It is edited by Mrs. Hattie Cate, and we congratulate her upon her efforts in the cause of humanity; we grasp you by the hand in the outcry against murder, and *that* sanctioned by law. Would there were a universal cry throughout the length and breadth of the land and that no more could be seen the hangman's ropes. Reform is not extermination, but rather a change of character, either in individuals or nations.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A HISTORY OF LIFE

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

TRUTH.

Yes! we've found the key to wisdom;
 We have found the path of peace.
 The key is stained with blood of martyrs,
 But ne'er shall our labors cease.

Mighty trophy! grandeur opens,
 As we use the key of power,
 Truth is mighty—ever onward,
 Buildeth not a Babel tower.

This the key to worlds of knowledge;
 This the key to human hearts;
 This the key to realms called heaven;
 This we use and sin departs.

A fairy form seems in the path,
 To scatter flowers of heaven's own hue,
 Filled with perfume, wondrous beauty,
 Still drinking in the even's dew.

Can we ever use another,
 When we see the beauty rare,
 Opened to our gaze of wonder?
 Truth! thou art of *all* most fair!

Thou hast shown us stores of wisdom,
 Revealed the mighty human woe,
 With the balm of sweet contrition,
 Changed it into wells of joy.

Truth will move the mighty tower
 Of superstition vile and dark,
 Causing the bigot to renounce
 Creeds that have no heavenly spark.

Mighty, ever! upward! onward!
 Is the watch-word to us given.
 Why should we sit down in sadness?
 Labor makes for us a heaven.

Labor in the cause of justice;
 Labor in the cause of right;
 Let us then be up and doing,
 Thus to banish error's night.

Let us strive to free our brother,
 From the coils around him thrown,
 Let us give to toil a welcome,
 Making other's cares our own.

We are all a band of brothers,
But we do not heed it now,
Yet the sweetest song of gladness,
Is giving joy instead of woe.

We may give a gentle message,
Or a harsh and bitter one,
But the gentle one is music,
The other is a discord tone.

Through our own lives then it echoes,
Stirring founts of sorrow, too;
It is better to have music,
To ourselves stand firm and true.

Why was truth e'er plunged in darkness?
Why? we cannot surely know,
But we know we can reclaim it,
If we to the fount will go.

Fount of wisdom! fount of knowledge!
Angels lead us in the path,
Give us words of cheer and comfort—
Love is mightier than wrath.

Love does make our world an Eden,
Love does gild, each darksome cloud;
Love does sing the sweetest anthems,
Through the air resounding loud.

Love does make us all as brothers,
Lifts the burdens of the weak;
Love does drive away earth's sadness;
The darkest caverns she does seek.

Yes! it is the key of knowledge,
Opens every heart and soul,
Tho' the lock be even rusty,
It will yield to this sweet control.

Truth and love must wield a sceptre,
Which is grander than all power;
Rank and wealth bow to these monarchs,
Fallen is the Babel tower.

Abram dwelt near the city of Sodom; it is mentioned as a city of great iniquity and the Lord determined to destroy it, but Abram desired to have it spared, and said unto the Lord: "Why shall the righteous be destroyed with the sinners?" He besought the Lord to spare it, if there were fifty righteous found within the city. This request granted Abram made the second request: If it should lack five may it then not be saved? And the third one, if but forty were found; the fourth, if but thirty; the fifth, if but twenty, and, lastly, if but ten were found, might the city be spared? The requests were each granted.

Here again we find Jehovah a material God—one who rules not by power and knowledge, placing himself under the law, and a mortal man

has more compassion upon his fellow-man than has the All-wise, All-powerful. Abram pities the erring city and, for the sake of the few righteous which may dwell within its walls, pleads that all may be saved. If it be a literal truth then we rob the Almighty of His most beautiful attributes—love, mercy and justice. We lessen our reverence for the Great Supreme Power which is the essence of intelligence, elevation, grandeur, high and majestic reasoning; we bring His standard to a lower level than our own. Our own standard is: Do what is right; yielding to the entreaties of none in an opposite direction, after we have clearly understood what is right. Jehovah is represented as knowing all things from the beginning, as being the cause the instigator of all action upon the earth; this we certainly affirm. But when we are called upon to immediately change our views, to look upon him as being swayed by human appeals when His edict had been pronounced, we say: Does frail, mortal man possess more pity than does the Father of all?

We here must pause and search for the diamond. Pity is one of the noblest emotions of the heart, and Abram seeing the iniquity of this city yearned for its purification. We carry the idea into the great life which constitutes this world—this pulsing, moving world, with its emotions of joy and sorrow, its purity and iniquity; here the vile and the angelic walk hand in hand, and we sometimes may not distinguish the one from the other.

Down in the heart's deep well there is a fountain of life, of light, if the childhood's pure channel has not been disturbed by the dark waters of iniquity. But, Oh! how many impure fountains are bubbling up with murky streams sapping the life, and discoloring the beautiful flowers of truth—the fragrant blossoms are buried in the noxious stagnant waters, and no sweet perfume ascends—no beauty, for every blossom is imbedded in this slime. Not always is the case so horrible; many times it is but a half concealment of the beauty, a clearing of the stream and stirring it again, forcing back the pure fountain, for a time, allowing your plants of beauty to wither and sometimes die.

Oh! let the fountain of light, of love to humanity bubble up clear and beautiful, grandly sweeping adown the life, reviving the verdure, buds and blossom, causing the garden of Eden to beautify, not only thine own life, but all who may mingle with thee, sending out beautiful tendrils and rootlets which, mayhap, may aid thy brother's garden.

Then, only, are we able to lift up our brother, when our hearts are so

filled with love, that it is impossible for us willingly to injure another, that we have no malice, neither envy, nor covetousness, nor hatred, but that we are submitted to the cause of right, laying aside selfishness, willing to suffer, if humanity may be benefitted morally, thereby.

But the diamond which we find herein is this: When one individual lays all upon the altar, and says, "I am willing to do or be anything that will promote the progress of truth and justice, to work in whatever sphere seems my own, to wait for the cry of the Great Master, bidding me 'march on,' " then we have a power which may save cities, kingdoms, if it is only held unswervingly. Let there be fifty and the power is fifty fold, hundred and the power is one hundred times as great. This firm adherence to right, then we find, is the root of all reform, progress and elevation. It must be accompanied by unflinching courage and untiring zeal, a steady pressing forward, as Abram is represented pleading with the Lord for the salvation of the city of Sodom. Aye! the righteous, or godly man bears with him an influence which is perceptible; it is not by his much speaking, or his loud prayers, that we discover it. It is by the genial, kindly expression of countenance, the sympathy with distress, the tone of sadness at sight of iniquity and the cordial interest which is manifested in humanity; who bows to no idol, either wealth, honor or position, save true merit—a recognition of this same principle—Right. We cannot be too valiant; we cannot be too earnest or zealous, when we consider the state of our nation, the sad scenes of vice and misery; when we see the innocent suffering with the guilty; when we see that truth is crushed and bruised by the iron wheel of oppression and bigotry; when we see this land which might be an Eden transformed into what we might term—a hell.

Oh, brothers and sisters in Christendom! Let us arise, and with one loud acclaim, say, "I am given to the cause of right. My all is laid upon the altar of the Lord." Let us go forth into the *world* to worship. For centuries have we builded tabernacles for Jehovah. We have entreated His presence; we have besought Him to purify and reform. But reformation comes only by martyrdom, sacrificing selfish motives. In the light of the present century, we expect no martyrs for the cause of truth, only in the spiritual sense.

That same spirit still exists; the same which burned at the stake, which tortured in every conceivable form the heroic soul who preferred death rather than yield the high and holy principle implanted within each human breast, and which remains, if untainted by the world.

No one would dare in this age to burn his brother at the stake, if he believed not with him; yet, there is a torture of soul which is a more horrible death—a slower one. "You are not a brother of mine, for you believe that angels may return to the earth; you also believe that you may communicate with them; I do not believe this, therefore you are not my brother." Nevertheless, we say, you believe that every word of the Bible is true, that the angels did in olden times return and communicate with men; and not only communicate with them, eat with them, as the three men, or angels ate with Abram and Sarah.

What reason have you to believe that the law is changed? Please prove it to me that such is the case. How can a reasonable, sensible person call it a sin, even if he thinks the law has changed, and that spirits of the departed are all resting upon flowery beds of ease in heaven, is it anymore a sin, to-day, than it was in olden times? It is held as one of the most beautiful assurances of the Lord's love to His children that angels visited them.

Aye! it is at the present time. When we feel that a host of angels stand at our right hand, even if the dear father or mother, sister or brother, husband, wife, child or friend, we have an assurance of the Great Father's love for us. We know that His tender hand is leading us in a plain path, e'en though stained by the blood of martyrs; the sweet flowers of hope and trust, which spring up to gladden our souls as we move on, are a compensation for it all. We see the angel forms scattering those flowers, and hear the sweet notes of harmony from the invisible world and we say: "Oh, blessed truth and holy love of angel ministry."

IDA M. MERRILL.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF A SERMON.

A union revival meeting is now being held at Cameron, Mo., in the largest hall in that city, and the meetings are crowded nightly. The services are conducted by Rev. Robert West, of St. Louis. During the delivery of a sermon by Mr. West, on Monday evening, December 29, the subject of which was "The eternal punishment of the wicked," he announced earnestly that "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." At this point in his discourse, says a reliable correspondent, a young man left his seat in the hall and passed out. He went at once to a saloon, and in less than an hour he shot himself in the head, and died at midnight. He had been drinking for several days.—*Western Light*.


A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 25.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

This world of people is being terribly shaken; it is the beginning of tribulation; the morning sky is red and lowering and bespeaks a stormy day. In the 24 chapter Matthew the disciples of Jesus asked him privately, "What shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world" or age? Jesus answered, take "heed that no man deceive you, for many shall come in my name saying, I am Christ, and shall deceive many, false prophets shall arise and deceive many, and because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold, and this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness to all nations, then shall the end come." "When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel, the prophet, stand in the holy place (whoso heareth let him understand." [Ezekiel 7th Chapter.] "Now this generation may not pass until all these things be fulfilled," as this is the end of the Christian dispensation; all creeds, errors, pride, pomp and idolatry shall disappear from the hearts of the people, and we shall make a new covenant with the God that is within us, in which we live, move and have a being. In the inner temple of the soul, the spirit loves to dwell where the kingdom of heaven or happiness is established. The New Jerusalem Church, that is flowing down from the higher spheres of intelligence to give us light and knowledge of ourselves, will be a universal beaming of heaven on earth. The dark cloud of superstition and ignorance, of spiritual things that is hanging over our beautiful country, is moving slowly away, and in time the light from the sun of the spiritual realm will burst out in a flame of love and mercy to humanity, and a shout of praise to our ever-loving Father resounds that will vibrate through eternity.

When the darkness has dispersed, and the inhabitants behold the beauty of life, we shall have a new order in everything, and in time when the people come into harmony, unite as drops of water that form a powerful stream, be in principle as one to bring about reform. The windows of heaven will be opened, and blessings poured out that earth cannot contain.

The very knowing ones say, what good is spiritualism? What good is there in anything? It depends entirely what use one makes of the communications they receive, or from what sphere of development they receive inspiration; one should be well acquainted with himself or herself before they present themselves for a communication, or knock at the door of the spirit realm—should purify themselves and take off their shoes, for it is holy ground. When the page (medium) opens the door, and you stand before a large company of strangers, although, you cannot see them with your eyes, still they are there and well acquainted with you, know all about you and your motive in coming to the meeting; when you stand before that bar of judgment there is no repeal, counterfeit will not pass, pure gold is the currency of that country. If you condemn yourself by your spurious actions in trying to show your superior knowledge, or coin, you may disturb the meeting, but no one is harmed but yourself. The meeting will progress just the same as if you had not been there and by your acts one may judge from what sphere you draw your inspiration. All those that thank the Lord *their* God, they are not like other men, not like the poor miserable murderer, drunkard, heathen, thieves, and all the weaker members of the great family of humanity, or like those poor deluded spiritualists who follow in the foot steps of the gentle Nazarene, and know that the same spirit, that manifested the truth of a future state of existence through him is showing the truth to-day in the same manner. Every one who think they stand on the rock of love and mercy to those members of the family should examine the foundation carefully; it may be sand, as the building seems rather shaky, although they commenced with stone, they prove to be sand-stone and are dissolving; and when the Great Supreme shakes terribly the church, it may fall and crush the idol that the chosen ones have made with their own hands, like unto themselves. The children of Isreal of to-day compare, favorably with those of ancient times. In first Corinthians, 10th Chapt. Paul says, "With many of them God was not well pleased; for they were overthrown in the wilderness," or darkness. "Now these things were our examples, to the intent we should not lust after evil

things, as they also lusted; neither be ye idolaters as were some of them: as it is written, the people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play. (Ezekiel 17th Chapter.) "Behold the day! behold it is come! the morning has gone forth; the rod has blossomed, pride hath budded, mischief shall come upon mischief, and rumor shall come upon rumor, then shall they seek a vision of the prophets; but the law shall perish from the priest."

MRS. M. MERRICK.

A WILD VIOLET.

ORIGINAL LINES WRITTEN BY JOEL HAYWOOD TATUM TO A WILD VIOLET
FOUND ON HAMSTEAD HEATH, LONDON, ENGLAND, IN 1863.

Sweet harbinger of Spring,
I love thee—pretty thing,
Thou sendest mem'ry back,
O'er life's now weary track,
To smiling childhood's morning joys again,
In Alabama's bright and sunny plain.

Of when a little child,
Have you my hours beguiled,
With tender purple bloom,
And grateful sweet perfume,
When the sun, the sleeping herbage started,
As the chill of winter's winds departed.

Near stumps in fallow fields,
You blossoms half concealed;
'Twas there I'll ne'er forget,
In pleasure first we met,
E're the flowering grass was springing,
Or yet the feathered songsters singing.

Dear friend I know thee well,
Tho' far from home you dwell,
Have you sweet flower like me,
Strayed across the great blue sea?
A little stranger here you seem to roam,
'Tis Alabama is your native home.

I cannot with thee part,
A thousand memories start,
Of home (at sight of thee,
Tho' tiny flower you be,
Sweet home, again and all its childish joy,
A mother's kissing of her darling boy.

Sweet flower I'll pluck thee dear,
And on my bosom wear
When faded is thy bloom,
I'll bear thee to our home,
Preserve and keep thee as memento sweet,
Of friend I chanced in foreign land to meet.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"Harry Ernest! where are you going at that pace? What is the message? Is some one sick?"

"Oh, Clint! is that you? Come go home with me, I have some letters from mother and Cousin Eva, I presume also."

"And the Fairy Queen, perhaps? Now Harry nothing will be more interesting and entertaining to me, than to receive news from that gem of a cottage which you have described to me. How grand it must seem to our friend Alice, as she delights so in the wildwood she has told me. There is not a young lady of our class who dislikes fashionable life as she does, and yet none who can grace a parlor with more ease. It has been your fortune to be the *adopted* sister of one who is a *real* being, who has a heart and soul which is not contracted by this bauble, fashionable life. How it did weary me New Years."

"Oh, Clint, that day hangs over me like a funeral pall. I am sure it shall be my last failure"

"Harry, I admired your courage to refuse at first, and if you had persisted, I think Alice would have felt happier than, as it was. I noticed a change in her countenance and a slight shudder, as you drank it."

"Do you really think so? I thought to please her, but that once; but you know too well the result."

"Well, let the past be buried, Harry. Here we are at your gate. I am impatient to see the contents of those letters."

A kind, motherly letter from Mrs. Ernest with much advice, and Eva's which ran as follows:

DEAR COUSIN HARRY:—I have a very interesting incident to relate to you. Alice has been crowned Fairy Queen, really and has sixteen beautiful crowns she has preserved, as mementoes of the day. Mine was just such a one as I told you I should make, and it was pronounced the one most suited to her pale face. There were others far more brilliant than mine, and which had taken much time to wreath. As the others were my guests, I gave them precedence, and by this stratagem—although unintentional on my part—she wore mine through the day. How much I did wish you were here, Alice was delighted with everything. She made a very pretty salutation to us, upon being crowned, and said

she should keep each crown; the name of the giver is on each one. She will show them to you when she returns, but the fresh beauty is gone, and you cannot have much idea of the real beauty. If you could have seen her with them all piled one above another, excepting mine, waiting until we were quiet. The happiness we gave her will be a bright picture in the memory of each. She said the birds did not enjoy it as she did. And, when we spread the table upon the shelf-rock, you should have seen her dance with glee. I cannot realize that she is a city belle. Since she has been with me, I can only see a real *true* girl who loves every nook of nature as much as I do, and who enjoys it this summer much more than I do, because she has never had such scope before. She does not require so much of the imaginative faculties, but revels in fairydom *really*. But Harry, I did one thing which perhaps I should not have on that day; otherwise it would rest in Alice's memory cloudless. After our guests had all departed, Alice and I sat alone upon her throne, and I asked her to tell me of her New Year reception. She readily complied telling me what I already knew, from yourself—that she induced you to drink wine; cousin Harry, she says, immediately her pleasure was gone, and I knew that was the best time to tell her of the result, to guard her in the future against the same, and it will. She was almost petrified for a moment and said, this was then the cause of her dream. She dreamed that you were drunk. Now Cousin Harry, you have a friend in Alice who will assist you in overcoming the temptation, if such it may prove to be, for rest assured she will never ask you again to partake; she now sees the danger. If you were only here this summer, as you were last, how much we should enjoy it.

YOUR LOVING COUSIN EVA.

Harry read it all to his friend. He had become acquainted with Eva's character—the real Eva—by reading her letters to Harry. Upon reading the one containing a description of himself, he said, Harry I wish my characteristics coincided with the description."

Harry had replied, "Well Clint, I will tell you what Aunt Fannie always said: 'You may form an ideal for yourself to live up to, and this is an impetus to lead you on if the ideal is a high one. Now Eva has seen with the inner vision your ideal self, which you may not always carry out, perhaps. She sees your star of destiny as the gypsies say—intuitively so; for my cousin Eva is *no* Gypsy. Clint Obert! I know you have a noble heart in your breast, and like myself you are impulsive; you cannot always carry out the highest ideals. I know something of

the mark you have set, and I know you have energy to attempt to reach it. Eva is right."

This is a part of the conversation between the two at the time of the reception of the letter mentioned. It is a link with the present one.

Thus it is after years of maturity are reached, every event of a life is linked by some likeness, some corresponding chord or some thread which is yet unbroken, to something which is a past and we think here a beautiful representation of the grand life. We have read every action of your life touches upon some chord which shall vibrate through eternity. It seems a true continuation of the grand life! In gazing backward upon the realities which have flown, we see our deeds and our motives mirrored, we hear the echoing of every chord and discord vibrating, and we say if man lives forever, thus will it be a continuous vibration of the harp of a thousand strings. The discordant notes may be placed under subjection to the others, if we follow the production of the great master, if we practice untiringly, the discords disappear and only the beautiful harmony floats out upon the air. And thus it must be that link by link a life is formed, and never is there a missing one, although it appears so.

We return to the two, as they are to-day; they are sitting in a rustic arbor in the side yard; the fruit trees have put on their floral display; the honey bee hums in the lilacs near by, and there is a peaceful air in the whole surrounding. Clint says:

"Harry how pleasant it is to have such a quiet place to come to, I sometimes think, as I go to my noisy hotel, of you in your quiet retreat here. Another letter is it? May I see its contents?"

"Not this one. I should break my word I promised Alice, I should be the only one to read her letters, and she the same. It is a fancy of hers; so many incidents of school life clusters around our conversations."

"Ah, Harry! Is it your lot to be the exclusive friend of Alice. This has been revealed to me; you and Alice Kent are as the soothsayers claim, 'congenial spirits,' and have you the understanding?"

"Do you really think so? I do not think Alice does, for she has repeatedly said, she never expected to marry. No such word has ever been uttered between us, nor thought of by her, I do not believe."

"No! nor do I. It has been simple and natural, the friendship between you from childhood. She extending to you a sister's love in sympathy for the loss of your father; her life has grown with yours, and she does not realize it. But after you go to college, after the busy whirl of fashion

envelops her, she will awaken to a consciousness of her own heart. I have had two sisters and loved them as devotedly as a brother may love sisters, and I know how it is, although they are both elder than myself."

"I could not speak to Alice upon this subject. I know my *own* heart, but she has seen little of society, has not been thrown into company with others, and I want her to know her own heart. From boyhood I have seen the bondage of unmated lives, husband and wife, only in the outward sense; no union of soul. It was not so with father and mother; they were one in spirit. Mother has often spoken of it."

"Yes, Harry, and I have noticed the same. I have seen one of the loveliest girls, that ever lived, place her hand within the hand of one whom she wedded for wealth and position—not with hope and trust; it was with a shudder. Yes! I knew her. I knew where her spirit was. I knew the man that held her heart. He was poor, but nevertheless he held every blossom of her life, and she of his. Her mother said, such should be the case. I saw her move in society a short time, the life, the gaiety, the freedom all gone; for the golden cord was severed. She was a wife to him, but she was not *one* with him. I could not meet her often, for it seemed I heard the agony of her soul cry out, "I have *sold* myself to misery!" Even the mother's heart rebuked her, when she saw the change, but it was too late; the sentence had been passed—irrevocable in the present life. In eighteen months, she was laid in the cold ground, her infant child soon followed her, and I said, a broken heart, a broken life, a dissevered link in the earth chain. How can justice and love reconcile it? That girl if left to her own free choice would have said, "honor and position will not bring happiness, if banished from that which comprehends my life."

CORA CORAL.

A Unitarian minister lately gave expression to the following: "The Lord commands us to love our enemies, but he roasts His according to the orthodoxy." Dear friends! is not this too near the truth? The very personification of Deity is Love. Can we expect mortal man to be more forgiving than He who is perfection, and who cannot be effected by any material blessing or otherwise. *We* must have a God who is beyond human achievements, or where is the acme of human progress? Man may love his brother, but he may not love him more than that Being whose essence is love. Love shall sweep away the evil, shall make your enemies your friends, for when you teach them their enmity towards you rebounds to themselves causing sorrow, the beautiful law of brotherhood will be established.

MAN.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

.... The sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair; and they took their wives of all which they chose.....and they bore childrem to them; the same became mighty men, which were of old men of renown.—*Genesis, 6th Chapter, parts of 2 and 4 verses.*

We will assume the foregoing to be true, and now, what does it rationally mean? To me it is quite plain that those sons of God, were physical men, for they otherwise could not have satisfactorilly taken to wife the daughters of men, and had children who became men of great renown, and as a matter of consequence, it means (if it means anything) that a superior class of manhood took to themselves the daughters of men who were less intellectual than themselves, because they were fair, or physically beautiful; and that the product of that union—that is to say—the love of intellectual men, for the physically beautiful women, and the love of beautiful women of inferior mental origin, for manly intellectual beauty, resulted in the production of "mighty men....men of renown.

Now as a corollary we will enquire,

WHAT IS MAN?

I might quote modern seers, and ancient maxims, *ad infinitum* to answer this question; but is it not better to pursue its study, in the light of our present knowledge? Let us assume that the labored conclusions of our most advanced philosophers are true, and we start with the affirmation that all vegetable life has come from its minutest germs and forms; and that all animal life is but a chain, composed of the links of an advancing progression, in its forms, and in its intelligences, down from the monads, and up to its highest forms of physical perfection, and intellectual superiority and power, which together we must call the highest form of beauty, and in this advanced, this unquenchable blaze of modern light—which may be assumed as infallible so far as it goes; what lesson have we learned on the status of human lives? I will not say of human life because we shall find so marked a division in their diversities, that the great question is forced upon us, as to whether all human lives have the same destiny in virtue of their present development.

The greatest of all our Naturalists, has through much labor and research, brought his classifications of animal life into a systematic unity, until arriving at the boundary between the inferior animals and man, where he seems to think has once existed a now *missing* link, that

should constitute the bridge between the human and the brute; and this missing link, should be a distinctive form, between man and the animal, that is to say a distinctive *physical* form; but what that form should be, to specifically fill this gap, he has not defined to us, and probably not to himself, and yet he insists that this must have existed—as being lower than man, prior to the evolution of man in his present physical form and mental condition.

Now this problem, or perhaps some would prefer to say theorem, is just as important to all persons of intellectual culture, to settle satisfactorily, as it is to the naturalist; and so far as its moral utility is concerned, this question of the missing link, is of immeasurably greater importance to the advancement of man, than all questions of mere physical formation; and why? Because in it, is contained a solution of continuity of being or existence, that may be attained or created, by united physical and mental processes;—for all evolution supposes and teaches advancement, through a continuation of accidental, or of systematized progression, which of course implies addition, accumulation, attainment, elaboration, acquisition, retention and a permanent superior condition.

Physically, why should we suppose there is any link missing in the chain of animal life?

Would the form superior to all forms except that of man, be likely to perish from the face of the earth? As man can exist in any climate by his ingenuity; and as the lower animals, with a few exceptions, have shown that even they can live and continue their kind, in all parts of the habitable globe; why should we suppose that a being superior to them all, and almost equal to man, should have entirely disappeared from its place, and that place, the most important round in the magnificent ladder of life, which ladder reaches from the darkest caverns of the earth, where it plants its feet; up to the luminous wall, that dissolves back to the earth, all spirit, that cannot pass through its refining fires, into eternal life? And again, if this link should disappear, what becomes of evolution—progression? Why, like the old Genesis which it has killed, itself would become the sport and scorn of every time surviving knave; die, and be buried in the birth place, but because it is true, it will not die, and because it is not fully understood, it must be examined and explained, and brought into its proper place, in the grand pantheon of human progress.

Since we have found that link in the chain of being is not dead; what and where is it? In the first place, what is not it? It is admitted that

the monkey order of life is not it; notwithstanding a part of this order has a thumb on its hand, and the ape has no caudal appendage; and why is not this the missing link? not because of its having body and face, for evidences of the lower forms of man have been found, of about the same physical aspect as they, but leaving evidences behind of human ingenuity and skill.

Now as this connecting link cannot be found at the head of the lower order of animals, where is it? Why we must look for it in the plane of *human* existence. "What!" says one, "is not man, man?" Yes, man is man; but what is Man? Why, you will answer, man differs from the brute, in that he has speech and thought and ingenuity and invention. You are right in so far as to say he has these greater only in degree, in extent and in extension than the animal; but I ask you, is this all that to you constitutes a Man? You answer no; he has ideality. You are right, and have just found a being superior to the brute; and what is this being that you have found? Well he has all the faculties of the lower animals, and added to them, he has Ideality, which gives him the power to create the figures of the imagination; he is capable of becoming a painter, a poet; of grasping all the attractive forms of nature into an aureole of beauty! But have you found here a being who possesses all the higher faculties of man? I answer emphatically, No! If this being that you dignify by calling man, has these faculties alone, he is simply a *link*, between the brute and man, as I will define to you, and your man, is to me, but the missing link, between the brute, and a true manhood, which makes with its added material, a Son of God! a being who shall not go back to the original elements, to continue in its mutations, up to a perfect manhood; but shall hold in its hand the sceptre of eternal life; and shall drink of the waters of immortality! and what is this added material? It is aspiration, inspiration, intuition; and these last named faculties *alone*, give the power of the inception of true wisdom; which asks, desires and demands a continued existence, and what analogy in nature will you present to me, that obtains more, and better than it desires or demands? You can give me nothing, then why demand for a being immortality, who does not desire it, who will not believe it, no matter how strong the evidence, simply because that being has form or exterior that we call man, and has one more faculty than the brute, and some faculties in common with the brute, in a greater degree? No! nothing has an inalienable right or any rational right, to what it does not desire, and what it is not willing to take, and what it

will not believe in or aspire to, and shall even the prerogative of a God, force the crown of a glorious immortality on the brow of a being who spurns it, as a fiction of a diseased imagination, and prefers the darkness of an eternal sleep? I think not.

And this truth, like all truths, contains a useful moral, indeed the highest and most useful of all moral incentives; it is this—it teaches (and those who become convinced of its truth, will learn and teach) that all should ask themselves this question—what is man?—and when they dig deep into their inner consciousness, and find one small, bright spark of aspiration there, they should fan it into a flame, of strong and pure desire, and seek the evidences that bloom all along their pathway; and water the flowers that God has given to their charge, and so let their light shine, that every neighbor, and even the passing traveler shall exclaim, “That is a true man; that is a Son of God, who shall live forever; because that grand life of his cannot be compensated by anything that can be given to him, in this life: and nature and intuition teach a just compensation,” and those who have not this desire, this augur of immortality, should search their hearts and find it out, and if it is not there,let them live out their true life, before all men, and be taken for what they are worth; they owe it to the world, and to themselves; and they should live up to the best of their nature, at least superior to the brute; instead of below it, as many do; and above all, they should not drag down from their gladness and their glory, those who already drink in, the breezes of heaven, and listen with joy that cannot be uttered to the voices that sing to their souls of an elyseum that is waiting and blooming for them; where their sorrows are all left in the valley of this lower life, and who knows, but this being that links the brute to man, may by the labor of themselves, and of others who love them, receive a spark of fire from heaven, that shall redeem them; and strengthen the doctrine of evolution and progression by advancing into the grand ranks of a true manhood; and make them become Sons and Daughters of God, enabling them to sing the glad Eureka! whose chorus alone is heard in the land of the Evermore!

The *Banner of Light* comes to us filled with light in the spiritual philosophy. The *Western Light* also with its rays of light, spreading the truth, and we take courage and say, Light! Oh, Light! from the everlasting Sun shine down into this darksome world, penetrate the caverns, discover for us the diamond, and when we have found it let it be preserved. Let us all clasp hands in the era of light.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

Ah yes! the dear angels from the beyond world bring sweet messages of love and hope; beautiful ideals of life which require an immortality to perfect. We are assured of their presence at our side by facts, convincing. It was not the work of one short moment which convinced us, thoroughly, they were near to strengthen with the old words of love and wisdom, to encourage by a grander revelation of future beauty. When we feel that this short life is but a step in the great eternity—one of the links in the unending chain, and are assured, by those who have passed beyond the veil, that the wondrous planets and worlds innumerable are each, as a grain of sand upon our ocean's beach, compared to the Mighty Universe, we are wrapt in wonder. These dear angels tell us, that our world, with its great solar rays warming and vivifying all life, is a miniature comparison to the great spiritual realm.

We must consider the inner man as the real human being; the spirit is the life, and as the lower order of life draws its sustenance from the earth, its progress, or growth, from the rays of light which are eliminated from the sun, so in like manner the spirit of man derives its sustenance from the body, which we will submit to the law of earth; this body drawing its earthly life, from the laws which govern matter. But this spirit, which is not a part of the body, any more than the seed cast into the fresh mould is a part of that soil, receives its progress also from a sun—not of the solar system, but of the spiritual system or kingdom. As the solar sun is the agency, direct, which causes the soil to send the proper nutrition to the seed germ; so the spiritual sun sends the proper food to the spirit, rather disperses the rays of light, which elevate the *moral* nature of man. Although the seed germ contains attraction and repulsion, taking the particles which will develop the peculiar species, this power is received from the great magnet—the sun. So in like manner the power of attraction and repulsion of the higher food of the nature, we receive from the great spiritual sun. As the seed germ is not a part of the soil with which it is intimately connected, so the spirit is not a part of the body. It receives its sustenance from this body, but its progress in the higher realm, from the central light. As the seed germ bursts its prison house, emerges from the darkened covering the sun's rays are more

forcibly felt, and the leaf and bud, blossom and fruit is brought forth in its proper season. So in like manner the sun of spirit develops leaf and bud, blossom and fruit—the same being our deeds. But in addition to our sun the direct agent—the power, which if lacking, all other powers or efforts are futile—we must first select soil which is best adapted to the nature of our specie, we must carefully cultivate it, until the bulb appears. We must then continue our labors in this direction; we must prune and graft, straighten where there is a tendency toward crooked growth, remove all vermin from our trees, and prop the branches, if the fruit becomes abundant. Thus we see, although the sun is the power direct, for it draws the moisture from seas and rivers into the heavens, causing clouds of rain to float about ready to be cast upon the soil, in addition to its life giving power; yet, if by the labor of your hand you do not aid the development of your tree, your fruit, your grain, or your garden products, as the case may be, you have not perfection.

Thus in like manner with the spirit. It draws its sustenance from the material body. If by abuse of the law, you yield this body, this temple of the never-dying soul to unholy, unlawful deeds, allowing the vile passions, the brutish ones to have sway, the murderous and the treacherous, then the spirit cannot bud and blossom beautifully, yielding perfect fruit. There the cultivation must correspond to that of your plants. A child which has been born with a healthy moral nature, which characteristic it receives from its parents, then if the cultivation is the very best it should produce a man or womanhood of nobility, of courage, of zeal, of heroic valor and above all of sweet purity; for this causes the lovely blossoms of the nature. Every impure action is a blighting of a beautiful blossom, and if thy life becomes sapped by the gaunt demon who stalks abroad seeking whom he may devour, if every blossom is blasted, where is the precious fruit?

Oh, let not one be blighted, rather prop the tree because so overladen, even though it break beneath the precious burden, rather let it be, than to have none, than it should be like the figtree, cursed by Jesus of Nazareth because it bore not fruit. Oh! it is this perfect manhood which the angels from yonder realms—and yet near ones—beseech us to develop; they bring us tidings of a beautiful and holy law—which is the ruling power of that clime, which constitutes this great spiritual sun—and that law is love, for “God is love.” They teach us that as the earth revolves around the solar system receiving its great magnetic force from this agency, so does the spiritual clime revolve around this central sun. As

the sun's rays have greater force when unobstructed, so does this same principle have greater force, when our spirit rises above earthly turmoil and with its purity, revels in the glad, free air of heaven. But so long as the spirit dwells within the human temple, until the "silver cord is broken," it is subject to the laws governing this temple. It may, by the law which governs the spiritual realm, go forth and view the great unfathomable, as we may gaze upon some beautiful representation of a country which we have not seen, or as we may look upon a portrait, and by imaginative faculties, see the real person, or as we may contemplate statuary, and, in that lifeless figure, we see the germ of the material form; we transfer it to flesh and blood; we breathe into it the breath of life, in imagination, and we form an idea of the personage; we have here the germ of the IDEA of the man; yet not the germ of the *man*, we see that ours was in fancy; we may by using the highest capacities of our nature in our MIND form this man, but we may never produce it. We say: "Back of all this I see there is a power of spirit, and this imaginary being is the likeness of one which was formed and fashioned by a wiser workman;" we find the cause is before the effect.

The materialist says "Now you have come to our standpoint; this image was the germ." Was it? Why was the image formed? To represent a living human being, and we have proved that our ideal man, we could not by any means produce; we might mould one similar to this. Then we find we are thrown back upon the first Cause. The great life-giving power, silent, invisible, has infused this quality into Matter.

In like manner let us take the landscape; you may in fancy walk up and down the streets of that city, which is almost obscured by the great forest, or you may walk in the shaded wood, still it is not a reality. There are conditions which you must submit to; you must literally walk up and down those streets before you may realize it as it is. Thus the idea of the spirit world; we may obtain glimpses, reflections and models of a limited portion of the grandeur. "But eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the glories to be revealed."

Can we doubt the loving Father's kindness? Can we doubt his wisdom, when we hear the sweet tones from the invisible clime saying, "No death, *no death*, never ending life, glad, free, joyous, and you may enjoy a part of its glory even now if you will, but yield your soul to the holy influences."

IDA M. MERRILL.

We send back numbers of this magazine to all who subscribe.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. M. MERRICK:—Your very interesting and instructive publication has been received since the beginning of its being published.

Every article that I have yet found in its pages are elevating in teaching and beautifully chaste in expression; your position in reference to the infliction of capital punishment is undoubtedly just and true.

It is not possible for any other murder to be more shocking than one committed by the makers and executors of law. Certainly nothing can be more revolting to the feelings of any human being, with a particle of goodness of heart or refined feeling, than the *Light or knowledge* of a poor culprit being taken out (often, perhaps, already having suffered torture of mind, probably for months and sometimes even years incarcerated in loathsome prison cells, frequently treated inhumanly by the brutal keepers of such blots upon the fair face of our country,) and murdered in cold blood by the sanction of law. Such deeds are crimes of the darkest dye. Murders of the coldest blood and most premeditated cast. But, unfortunately for the higher development of humanity, how few understand the vast amount of evil, resulting from the perpetration of this monstrous and heinous crime. I hope and pray that the Talbot boy's may not be executed. Shall do all I can by way of petitioning our Governor to commute their sentence to imprisonment. Surely if earnest prayers can save the poor unfortunates they will be spared so fearful a doom. Our unlucky town has been the sad scene of two public executions, casting an awful gloom over the country and felt by every sensitive nature keenly.

The victims were two young men in the vigor of youthfulness and health.

Oh when! oh when, will our law makers become wise enough to abolish the infliction of such terrible laws, which are nothing more nor less than relics of barbarism? When will they learn the grand importance of making our jails and penitentiaries places of reform instead of punishment alone. And most earnestly should we inquire when will our religious teachers teach the people that if they commit crimes that punishment is inevitable, that they themselves must atone by suffering for every misdeed, either small or great. Until such truths are taught and understood, crimes will be repeated on and on, through all time.

When people can be taught to understand that to cultivate the highest capacities of their nature, suppressing the lower, it will bring the great-

est degree of happiness, and to live up to the "Soldiers Rule." Then, and not until then, shall we find love, peace and harmony reigning among men, and crimes of every grade cease.

Wishing *A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT* may become as welcome a visitor to every family in the land as mine, I am most truly yours for light and knowledge,
 MINERVA ANN BEDFORD.

LOVE PRINCIPLE.

TRIPPVILLE, Wisconsin, March 12, 1881.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT:—Yes, dear sister, that is what we want, and what the world needs. How dark and blind we are. If you have found a ray of light that bespeaks a coming day, for the world's and heaven's sake do please send it broad-cast over the earth as fast as possible,

I am hoping when I see your specimen paper to find it strictly liberal in sentiment, Independent, Spiritual, or rather an Exponent of the Spiritual philosophy of the Nineteenth Century. All such print has heretofore been exceedingly high price and if you can publish a paper on the above topics at it, I shall do my best to disseminate it. And if you approve and advocate Socialism, and the love principle, all the better. I have been a spiritualist for thirty-three years, and expect to remain so for an eternity to come. I form my own conclusions of right and wrong, regardless of preconceived or orthodox notions.

Jesus Christ taught His disciples to love one another, and I believe it is a good doctrine and would be, even, if Jesus had never said anything about it, for we find it the law of God disseminated throughout nature.

A. WYMAN.

[The love principle which we advocate, is love to humanity—love which lifts up the fallen, strengthens the weak, scatters joy, and would banish evil by shedding the bright light, purity, shining down in the darkened caverns. Bidding the captive go free from chains of sin; which would ask all people to arise and with a universal cry say, Peace and good will to man.—Ed.]

[As Spring is approaching, we place the pome "Violet" in our pages. It was sent sometime ago, but it seems as the season of violets draw near more fitting to publish. Yes! the gentle violets in sweet simplicity remind us of childish innocence. What a lovely mission hath flowers! They gladden and beautify our earth, drawing our natures into sympathy with the loving Father. He forgets not the tiniest flower—all are perfect—Ed.]

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

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NO. 26.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

In the 11th Chapter of John, now a certain man was sick named Lazarus of Bethany—the town of Mary—and his sister Martha. It was that Mary who anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus, was sick, therefore his sisters sent to him saying, “our brother thou lovest is sick;” when Jesus heard that he said, “this sickness is not unto death, but to prove the spirit of man may leave the physical body for a time, and then return and occupy it again; also to show we are sons of God or eternal life; being a ray of light from the great central sun of the spiritual world or son of God. Lazarus was entranced, and Jesus being our elder brother, filled with a power (called the Holy Ghost,) drew from invisible agents to bring Lazarus back and animate his body (nothing comes by chance,) for the purpose of showing to those present the great power spirit has over matter, and also prove to this generation that the same power is manifested here in the United States.

I read recently of a girl in Pennsylvania being in a state neither alive nor dead, and a Priest came to pray over the girl, and her spirit returned to the body and she was restored by the same law that Lazarus was. The Priest's prayers being answered he came near fainting with fright, as this was the first time he had succeeded in doing the work of an apostle. He was a medium no doubt, and by his earnest supplication brought such a powerful influence from the bands of spirits that had assembled on the occasion, the spirit that lay dormant or was eliminated into the spirit realm, returned and the girl came to herself. If that Priest would come forth from his retirement and give his experience to the world and practice the gift he possesses of healing the sick, casting out devils, and

preaching the resurrection from death of the natural body, also peace and good will to mankind, it would be of more benefit to humanity than all the prayers he could ever utter.

In the first Chapter of Isaiah, (the same spirit inspired Isaiah that inspired Jesus) is recorded the upbraiding of prophets. He says, "hear the word of the Lord ye rulers of Sodom; give ear unto the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah (or church) to what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me saith the Lord; I am full of the burnt offerings rams and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks or of lambs or of he goats."

"When you come to appear before me who hath required this at your hands to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; your new moons and Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them, and when you spread forth your hands I will hide mine eyes; yea when ye make many prayers, I will not hear; your hands are full of blood."

"Wash ye, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless; plead for the widow."

MRS. M. MERRICK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY SISTERS MERRICK AND MERRILL:—The three numbers of your paper, forwarded to me, came in due time, and I have read them; carefully, and am well pleased with them. I am lending them to others to read, hoping that by so doing, it may be profitable to you and them. I can endorse your movement so far as I can see. I love the spirit of your paper.

There is a humanitarian spirit prevailing it that will leave its foot prints upon the minds of all that read it. As I read the paper, I am impressed with its mission as *teacher*, an *upbuilder*, and an *educator*. This is what we want. As the new era or dispensation dawns upon us, new fields of work will open before us.

The closing dispensation has largely been made up of strifes and contentions; tearing down everything that did not seem to fit our particular groove. In the new era this must give place to higher forms of religion.

We will learn to gather up the good of all of the old religious ideas of the past, and engraft them into the new, leaving the errors and irregularities of the old to perish of its own corruption. The time has come for us to let the dead bury the dead, and turn our attention to the living. Humanity is to be elevated by acts of love and kindness. No person is so low but that he can be in time reached by properly appealing to his better nature, but never by abusive treatment. Like will beget its like. We cannot teach that which is above us, but we can that which is below us.

I am glad that you have launched your little bark, it is needed and I am glad that women are at the head of it. I will do all that I can to help you along, by the way of trying to get people to subscribe for it. Gladly would I contribute thought for the readers, but I was not favored with an education sufficient to give my thoughts in an intelligent manner with the pen. I did not have the benefit of a common school education, So you will excuse me from that task, receiving the will for the work.

Enclosed you will find one dollar for which you will send the paper to my address until it is used up. I would like to send for more and send them broadcast on their good mission, but cannot now. I have had some trying ordeals to pass through that prevents me from doing what I would like to do. I received a few lines from Mrs. Merrick this afternoon. Her work of kindness was fully appreciated. I am in full sympathy with your movement and work; I hope to be found at my post at all times; I know of no better expression of our faith than in lifting up the fallen and erring ones. Hoping to be remembered as a worker with you in the elevation of the human race, I will close, Yours truly for humanity.

Battle Creek, Michigan.

WM. S. GRAY.

In receipt of a copy of the *Scientific Investigator* devoted to Science, Art, Spiritual Philosophy and radical Reform. The heading, "Truth wears no mask, bows to no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing," is in its essence, our idea. Let the light come in. Let us not stand upon a tottering foundation waiting for the wave of popularity to sway us, for it may move downward instead of upward. Let us all stand upon the rock of truth which is a firm foundation let our lights shine that others, beholding the beauty of life, may come and join the grand army of progression. This publication is issued monthly by the *Investigator* publishing company, Portland, Oregon. Price, one dollar per year; single copy ten cents.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"And did you really know this girl, Clint?"

"Know her? As well as I do you, and her lover also. Saw the agony which filled them both, as they met in the church aisle, the first Sabbath after her return from the bridal trip. Meet they must. Both had been members of the choir, and he must be present. She must certainly be with her husband."

"No, Harry, do not allow Alice to follow such a path, through your fear. I know that there are few who might take the place which you have won in her heart: pure and angelic as she is, and devoted as I might be, there is something which tells me, I could not. I must wait until the revolution of time's wheel reveals to me my position. I know that such should be the case. Marriage to be real should be a union which cannot be broken. How sad it is to cast the eyes over the list of divorce cases. This is one of the greatest evils of our nation. It is terrible when we contemplate it. Fathers, and mothers of children separated and the children with the curse upon them—the curse which must dwarf their free natures."

"Clint, it is true, too true, and you have really thought deeper than ever I have in regard to the subject."

"I have had so many cases to come directly under my observation, and have heard my mother and father talk of the same so much. I am sure *they* are one in spirit."

"Harry, why is it that people have lived through ages, and still there seems to be no real harmony in the world—only a higher cultivation of barbarism, in many cases? To me the cultivated man, who really lives no better than the savage, demands not so much respect as the cannibal. When one errs ignorantly there is not so much responsibility; but yielding to low and groveling deeds, cheating and villifying a brother man, with the light that we have in the present day, involves a responsibility which to me, requires a corresponding punishment. I have not quite gone over to the belief, that after death we are all going to sail upon angel's wings, and be perfectly happy, no matter how we have lived; although I am not in sympathy with the old Calvinistic hell."

"Well, *Clint*! you talk like a minister; only not exactly like any that

I ever have heard; but still, there is a loftiness in your conversation this morning which reminds me of that august personage—a divine. And really there is reason and logic in your argument. And it brings me back to my transgression. If hell is more torturing than some of my emotions have been since that time, I never wish to find it, nor have any human being to reach the same location."

"Harry! that very incident has enabled me to form a resolve to carry out the idea which *you* had intended—to forswear the use of intoxicating drinks. It has never been forcibly brought to mind before; there is a danger which I had not realized. It does not effect me so readily as yourself, but I see a downward grade in the continuance of the same."

"Well Clint, you cannot have the torture which I have experienced, as you have never been taught from earliest childhood that it was one of the greatest sins. My father had a brother who died with delirium-tremens, and it has been feared from infancy that I might follow in his footsteps."

"What's the matter? A runaway, Harry, as I live! Come, can't we catch the horses! How they plunge, like wild beasts!"

"Oh, Clint! that man! see him fall! We are too late to save him! He is surely, crushed!"

The infuriated beasts dash madly down the Avenue, before they can reach them, and the man lies insensible. They are both bending over him, in a moment's time, and find that life is not yet extinct. Harry says, "Clint, you prop his head a little that he may obtain some air, and I will go to the house for assistance."

He soon returns accompanied by Ellen Harman, little Willie and Ben, the faithful negro, who had always remained, and would not receive his freedom."

"The Lawd a massa! Mas'r Harry! it is that drunken John Lee. I alla's knowed he'd get killed! He's jest scaped the devil a dozen times or more."

"Why, Ben! how you *do* talk," says Mrs. Harman.

"Well, missus, beg pardun, but 'pears to me that's what that thar place the preachers talk about misruble sinnahs guine to, is made out of—jes' sich stuff, an' ef them ar demons of the lower pit, they're allus talking 'bout could act much meanah an' he does, when he's been to de Bowl'n Ally, can't see no parison, now. Law his chillun's as feard o' him den ef he's a circ's animal."

"Well, Ben," says Harry, "we must do something for old John, and not preach anymore sermons at present. I know it is dreadful."

"Oh! oo poor man," says Willie, "what is 'e matter? Tant oo dit up? Mama, 'id he fall down? 'Ets he'p im up."

Accordingly the little fellow took one of his hands and attempted to raise the insensible man.

Mrs. Harman, in the meantime, had applied spirits to his nostrils, bathing his face and head in camphor.

She says, "Yes, Ben, it is all wrong, but we must not allow him to suffer anyway."

"No'm, No'm! Ole Ben's ready to do his shah; bettah git him in some whah, Missus."

Clint Obert heaved a deep sigh as they raised the insensible form, for instantaneously the thought flashed into his mind:

"My noble friend Harry might become such if he should continue in this road. His excitable temperament would greatly aid his rapid downfall. God grant that my determination may be of benefit to him, also."

It takes not so long to think as it does to express our thoughts, and they had scarce lain the man upon the rude litter, as he soliloquized thus. They had carried the man to Ben's cabin, which was near by, placed him upon a couch, and now Ben is hurrying after a physician.

Little Willie gazes with wonder-wide eyes upon the man; he could not comprehend it.

"Mama," he says, "too dn't we hol' im up? Is 'e seep in se day time? Where's his home?"

The mother tried to explain that the man was hurt by falling, but the child says, "mama, w'en I huts me, I don' go seep; I s'd tink he'd c'y!"

"Well, my little fellow, here is another enigma to your childish mind," says Harry, "Let us go into the yard; you will understand, when you are older, all these things; you cannot now."

Motioning Clint to follow they passed into the garden, amusing the child and drawing his mind from the solemn scene, which he could not comprehend. The child had never witnessed death, and this was so near it, that there was the strange sensation which a child always experiences on being brought into the presence of the pale-faced messenger. The lifeless form, the closed eyes reveal, even to a small child, there has been a great change. A hush, an awe, as standing before some

mighty power, and is it not? Who may gainsay it? or may recall the spirit back to this temple of clay?

And not only did this scene impress the child with sober thoughts, for all who beheld, felt that the struggling spirit could not long remain.

"Clint," says Harry, "think of it! should I ever be reduced to such a position!"

"Was thinking something the same way, myself, Harry; but dear boy, you are not going to be; we shall not allow you."

"Clint! he was a graduate of Cambridge University, commenced life with brilliant prospects, his wife the belle of a retired provincial town, and this one curse has brought him to the most menial occupations; they now dwell in a hovel in the South Side; his children are being reared in ignorance, amid filth and squalor. His wife is a broken hearted woman; only a shadow of her former self."

"Oh, yes!" says Mrs. Harman, as she had joined them; "I have many a time divided my scanty store with his pitiful children, when I lived in that miserable place through choice, and perhaps it was for a wise purpose after all, I now think. It has brought me into a nearer sympathy with distress. You know the great Master, and wise teacher, Jesus of Nazareth, suffered every ill which flesh is heir to, and thereby a sympathetic cord is established between the highest realms of heaven, and the lowest of earth. Those who followed him were the most ignorant and unlearned of earth."

Ellen Harman had no false pride in regard to the position she had occupied; true man or womanhood bows not to position, but to the grandeur and sublimity of life—the great mystery, which is incomprehensible, which teaches us all, that we are creatures of circumstance as regards our actions many times; but, if we search deeper, we find we may sometimes bend circumstances to the ideal of perfection, which we have formed, and may scale the heights of truth leaving below the demoniac tempter, who would have us believe, man is not the author of his own destiny to a great extent. We may fill our character in the great drama of life perfectly, may act out our *true* character, and we find we are happier. It is not a mistaken sense of form, which constitutes the real man; but it is the high and noble resolves which do not vary with position, time or place.

CORA CORAL.

We send back numbers of this magazine to all who subscribe.

MAN.

BY H. R. YOUNG.

[The following article is a short exposition of the great subject of the race to-day. The writer did not consider it quite worthy publication, but hope no offense will be given. Every ray of light dispels ten of darkness. Yes! the light of life is beholding the perfect harmony which is required, that man may take his true position in this moving world, as king over the whole animal, vegetable and mineral kingdom.—ED.]

Man sprang into existence, not according to the Darwin theory, but he was created an independent and distinct species, and has followed a steady line of progression from the day on which he was ushered into existence up to the present time. Millions upon millions of years have elapsed since he first inhabited the earth, and one generation has followed another for countless ages, before he realized that he was superior to other animals in point of intelligence.

It is taught and believed by the inhabitants of earth that man is continually growing weaker physically as he gains intellectual strength, but it is a fact well known to the inhabitants of the spirit world that his physical development is in exact ratio with his intellectual progress.

All the human beings that have lived upon this earth and passed away, now have a home in the spirit world where they are progressing slowly, but surely in accordance with natural law.

The Poet hath truly said, that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," and no one can truly realize the fact till he passes into the spirit world and has studied man as he there finds him, and notwithstanding the fact that the study of man in all his varied existence, as well as all other departments of nature has astonished and bewildered the most profound thinkers of every age. All who are students in spirit life are able to see and comprehend that God has created everything in perfect harmony, and that everything in nature is governed by fixed and immutable law, and no intelligent Spirit has ever found any of God's handiwork that could be improved in the least, and if we find anything that appears inharmonious, we only have to arrive at a perfect understanding of the subject in all its bearings to learn that it is our lack of power to comprehend the will of the Almighty and each successful effort that is made to comprehend nature, swells our appreciation and adoration of God, the Father.

SOME EXPERIENCE.

I wish to say a word in self-defense of the course I am pursuing, in advancing the ideas contained in A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. It is about three years since I read a work on "Life, Its Nature, Varieties and Phenomena," by Leo H. Grindon. The ideas revealed through his organism, to my mind was light and beauty. My spirit cried, Eureka!—the fountain of youth is discovered at last, and I with the rest of humanity may bathe in its crystal waters. I learned that men and women were spirits walking about in a materialized body, and when the spirit left it, the body was dead, and the spirit rose into the spirit world (which is always near) there to receive reward according to deeds done while developing on earth.

When I heard there was a medium near my place, I called immediately and discovered by signs and messages, that Grindon had told the truth, and Jesus of Nazareth was not a myth, as some think, but the most perfect man of any age. It flashed upon my mind, like a gleam from the Eternal world. I was more than delighted to know those great facts were established and were stubborn, could not by any mortal on the highest pinnacle of fame be changed, and that they always existed and always will until time is no more. Shortly after I had walked out into the sunshine, my neighbors began to say, how foolish to have anything to do with spiritualism; they never knew any good brought to view from that source, and I was deranged—crazy; some prayed for me, and others blamed, but all to no purpose. I am as firm as ever—cannot divest my mind of a fact—impossible. The problem is solved as plainly to me as two and two make four.

About the time I investigated the subject, I read David Livingston's exploration in Africa. I traveled up and down the country with him, and sympathized in all his delays, fatigues, and disappointments—the few last days of his life he suffered exceedingly—was carried on the shoulders of his attendants, they wading through water waist deep. I thought he must be a very ambitious Englishman to suffer so much, to discover the source of a river. About one year after those thoughts passed through my mind, Miss Merrill was sitting by a table in the evening. I said, take a pencil, the spirit may write us a message; in a few moments she began and wrote several names, the last one David Livingston who said, "I will come again and tell you my object in traveling in that country." He came some weeks after a second time writing, "my

motives were not really selfish; I had the benefit of humanity in view. "This region should be peopled as it is rich. Man has not enough of his native soil." David Livingston has not lost his interest in humanity, or native soil, but will come and freely give his influence to those who are laboring for the advancement and elevation of humanity to-day. Is there a detective who can discover from whence this intelligence comes or who registered my thoughts. I gave the book away soon after I read it and had not thought of it again. Some time after this I had a circle in my room, three persons, and a trance medium. Her first control took down her hair and puffed it round her head in the style of a Bushman; it occurred to me it was one of Livingston's attendants; I asked if it was. No reply. I said rap. The answer came, yes! and she pointed in a direction outside of the circle to show that Mr. Livingston was present. This medium knew nothing of our test, never heard of David Livingston—a girl twelve years old, not acquainted with Miss Merrill.

Now I know that spirits of men and women are around me, know my thoughts, and I wish all those who read this pamphlet to understand that this work is written by inspiration, that I am impressed by a powerful influence from the sphere of my development. I am as much surprised as you may be at its contents, and sometimes feel somewhat shocked at the expression of condemnation toward the elect or chosen people, or those who claim to be of God. I enquire of the prophets as people did in olden times, after I have written, and an answer comes by signs or words approving or condemning (the latter very seldom) and I send it to the press; if there should be errors discovered, it will not be the fault of the influence that controls, but the imperfection of the medium through which the expression comes.

I love and trust the spirits that surround me, and am passive under their influence; perfectly willing to be directed by them as they sustain me in the trials I meet with daily. The cup I drink is not altogether sweet in publishing this magazine. I am not acquainted or don't feel competent to manage a printing establishment, and I look at my position sometimes with astonishment, never having written a line for publication or had any desire to, but I am told I have much to do before I leave this sphere of existence, and I am ready and willing. I feel at times perhaps, this is not the best way to use the money, but my spirit friends say, "Yes! this book is for all time," and when I look over its contents I perceive it is harmonious throughout; the instruments may not be perfect, but they are in tune, and the harmony that is played up-

on them is, love to humanity, and the key note will vibrate forever.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

HOPE.

What a great thing this hope is which mankind may cherish! For success in every vocation and profession it is indispensable. Wipe it from the heart, and mankind are no longer able to contend with evil and error, and snatch the arrows from their quivers. They are no longer able to combat penury and hardships; to drive them from the field of honest endeavor, and build thrones of kingly power. They have not the courage and firmness that are needed to contend with misfortune and disaster and rise above them in triumph. Without hope, they lose every noble quality; they drop every solid virtue; they abandon every generous pursuit; and they hasten into a period of mental decay. Hope is the stimulant and reviver of the soul; the voice that summons fortitude and endurance; the light which quickens and expands the vigorous intellect, and sweetens and opens the attractive flower of virtue. Hope is the lamp of the mines; the star of the navigator; the telescope of the astronomer; the white wing that bears the pure soul up to God.

In conclusion, we remark that we may be called upon to surrender what we greatly admire and deeply cherish. We may be stripped of honors and riches, and be under the necessity of contending against adversity and disappointment. We may be compelled to struggle against trouble and sorrow with the shadows of loneliness and despondency gathering on the wall and falling on the floor. But if we have the hope of the Psalmist and the hope of the apostle, we shall be comforted and sustained; and at last, with death smitten and conquered, we shall rise as Immortal Victors to be greeted and crowned in that kingdom that is to endure forever.—*J. H. Hartzell.*

Is it the duty of a poor man to do without bread, to deny himself necessities of life, to the intent that it is given to the Lord, in order that one man should live in luxury and ease as minister of the gospel, and also that there may be an elegant temple reared for Jehovah? Can the Lord be found only where art and statuary is found? Look, and see him everywhere! Hear His voice in every sighing of the breeze! May we not find His sanctuary in the humblest abode?

There is the dawning of a new period in the world's history. Let us stand firm for right and march to the front.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

“And there came two angels to Sodom at even; Lot seeing them rose up to meet them.”

Furthermore, it is said Lot entreated them to come into his house, and he made them a feast and they eat.

This has been considered by Bible students a truth. In the ancient ages, then we find angels visited the earth. Now if in that uncultivated age, when the laws governing the universe were vaguely understood, it was a possibility for the angels to make themselves known unto man, even to eat with him, why, we ask with sincerity, with a real desire for explanation, cannot the same law be fulfilled in this progressive age?

A law governing the universe, a grand law, such as controls the planets, is not to be thrown aside. It *cannot* be. It was just as natural a coincidence in biblical history, as it was that the sun shone, that the stars illuminated the earth at night shining like beacon lights from the firmament, and that the pale moon moved gracefully across the heavens, giving a mellow, subdued light, or that a meteor sometimes flashed athwart the heavens, with resplendent beauty; and this last is a nearer comparison to the return of angels from the beyond. They come, not by a fixed law at regular and appointed seasons but, many times, like the meteor—unexpectedly. Is there not a law governing meteors?—every extraordinary phenomena in nature? Can anything be accomplished with out some plan of procedure? Would not our occupations prove useless if we labored with no plan or method, no purpose in view?

And is the infinite and allwise, who hath fashoined all things so wonderfully less wise than ourselves? Do not all workings in nature reveal to us law? Take the passage as a literal historical fact, as theology does and you have proved, by your own words, that there is a law governing the heavens and earth, and by this law, angels communicate with mortals; and taking the standpoint that it is an allegory, still, it does not detract from the great truth in the least, for all allegories are founded on some natural phenomena. Had man never known of angels returning to earth, how could he have knowledge of such beings? The question might arise “But how can man have knowledge of a God, a Supreme being?” By the very existence of the natural world, from the grandest

phenomena in nature down to the breathing of the minutest plant, from the loud voice of thunder to the low murmuring of the tiny brook or the sighing of the breeze, all things, proclaim to us there is a superior wisdom to that of man, yet these do not prove the existence of man beyond the grave, satisfactorily. What can prove to our minds more forcibly the grand immortality of the soul, than this return of angels to earth, and even those who prove to us by some sign or token, that it is one who has walked the earth with us? Why should it be condemned by those who are endeavoring to teach that the soul or spirit lives forever? Rather should you grasp the fact, which will reveal the grand sublimity of life, never ending progression—that man possesses an ethereal nature which, being eliminated from matter, rises and floats about through space as readily as the down, from the thistle, floats away upon a gentle breeze. Oh why! oh why, will man remain in darkness, when a beautiful sun is flooding the world? Why will men still continue to wrap about them a cloak of self conceit, of slander, of villification darkening their own souls, whilst this glad, free light pours down warm streams of life—enough to gladden every heart, to wipe away the tears from all eyes, to give joy to every hungry soul, and, practically speaking, to administer to the physical wants of every human being, that there would be no more the cry of the hungry, or those who are unprotected from the fierce blasts of winter.

Yes! the angels ate with Lot. Should one to-day say an angel had eaten, the cry would again resound, “insanity, or the devil.” But the grand flooding of light from the spiritual realm, which is now dawning, when the loved ones throughout the length and breadth of our land shall return to us, from the everlasting summer land, come bearing beautiful flowers from paradise, come with heavenly music, with loving messages, a glorious halo of the heavenly light, come proving their identity, as did Jesus, by the nail prints in his hand, they will come and sit with us at a heavenly table, feed us with spiritual food, the bread of heaven which is the bread of life. It is not a simple flowery expression of language which constitutes the beautiful message from the other realms. It is the high and noble life purpose they teach us to carry out. It is the nobility which swerves not at what the earth might term defeat. When you conscientiously carry out convictions of right, you may never be defeated in the fulfillment of the grand law. Seemingly you may to those who are not spiritually discerned, but in the perfect chain of true life, your blossoms of self-sacrifice, of devotion to truth and purity, are spark-

ling with diamond-like drops of heavenly dew, in the sunlight of ever lasting love.

IDA M. MERRILL.

OUT IN THE COLD.

Out in the darkness they wander,
A part of our holy fold;
Why should we sit and ponder,
When our brothers are in the cold.

Why should we fear to reach them,
By loving words and gentle tone;
Why should we fear to teach them,
We live not to self alone.

Tho' ninety and nine, yet one more,
And our fold is incomplete!
Gather them on the shining shore,
Sure and safe is the retreat.

Oh, teach them the story once more,
That light is life and power,
Nature sings it o'er and o'er,
Its truth rests in each flower.

Oh, grandeur of light! Oh, glory!
Oh, beauty! in every form,
Has birth in thee. Ah! sweet story,
The sun dispels each dark storm.

We live, we breathe, we think, we love;
We hope, we trust, watch and wait
For the great light from climes above,
Which shall dispel all earth's hate.

Yes! ninety and nine, but one is gone,
Into the darkness and cold,
Oh, bring him back e'er day has flown,
Back to the loving, tender fold.

How many a mother chants this strain,
How many a wife in tears!
Echoes the saddest of earth's refrain,
My Hope cannot banish fears.

How many a father weeps o'er his child,
For out from the fold, he's gone
Out in the desert dark and wild,
One of my flock is alone.

Rejoice, rejoice! Oh, fainting one,
The Master is wise and good
He'll follow with His mighty sun,
Feed them with heavenly food.

Reclaim them ere the day has gone,
Giving brightness, Oh! so grand,
Love's circlet round them thrown,
Upon truth's rock to stand.

Oh, swell the song! a perfect fold,
The grandest eternity!
With not a child out in the cold,
But all striving to be free.

Free from sin, free from pain,
Tear the coils off thy brother,
Place him on his feet again,
For we all "Love one another."

CORA CORAL.

HOME.

[The following beautiful poem, we take from the collection of poems, entitled "Home" written by Jesse H. Butler, Esq., of Los Angeles, California, one of our contributors. This is only one of the many beautiful thoughts contained in same. It breaths in its spirit the dawn of the era of light.—Ed.]

There's a voice in the breeze where the storm has passed by,
And it speaks to the soul in a murmuring sigh!
'Tis mingled with notes of the orphan's sad moan,
And the widow's refrain hath a tear and a groan!

There's a centuried oak, which the firebolt hath torn,
And his glory hath fled on the wings of the storm;
And the green fruit lies low 'neath the hurricane's breath;
And beauty lies still in the stillness of death.

There's a story of old that the tyrant hath writ;
And the raven and owl o'er the past ages sit;
And woman's sad tear, and the patriot's blood,
Rise an incense, and call for the justice of God!

There's an inner light shines in the spirit so deep,
Like the star that burns on while the lower world sleeps!
It shall never grow dim till the morning appears,
And fair justice looms forth in the fullness of years!

And the time hastens on, when love's flowers shall bloom,
Like the spirit that smiles o'er the sepulchre's gloom;
And all hearts shall be glad when the sunlight falls through,
With its outspreading heaven opened full on the view!

Then the nations shall rise, like the birds in the spring,
And the wide world shall chorus the songs that they sing!
Then Passion shall sleep in the silence of death,
And virtue shall breathe in the rose's sweet breath!

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

Then Beauty shall sparkle in every glad eye,
 And each spirit shall feel that a brother is nigh;
 Then the life drops shall flow through each pulsating vein,
 Like the music of love in its merriest strain!

O! 'tis coming, 'tis coming! I hear the bells ring!
 It comes like swift love on the carrier dove's wing!
 The good time is coming, and soon we shall see
 Its waves rolling on, like an infinite sea!

 DIAMOND DUST.

"Live and learn," we have been told, but let us live *to* learn. If we only learn that which is forced upon us by circumstance, we do not progress. But if we take our watchword *learn*, we may find at the close of each day, we are wiser in some respect. If we have learned lessons of the world's crime and iniquity, mayhap, there has also come some lesson, or some plan by which we may cast our mite against the evils.

There is beauty in life; there is joy in life; there is glory in life; there is also sadness in life, sorrow in life, iniquity in life. We ask of the winds, why is such the case? We ask of the merry birds which greet us this Spring morn; we ask of the Father the same question, and we hear no reply. But when we gaze upon a darksome world at nightfall, and see not the beauty, we say, "morning will reveal again every familiar scene, and we conclude that by contrast the evil *may* have its mission; we cannot as finite beings comprehend the infinitesimal workings of the unseen agent.

Is there a happy human being in the whole earth, perfectly happy, one who has not a cloud upon his life's horizon? We visit first the high places, we sit down with emperors, kings and queens; we find it not here; we find that wealth and state are the most cruel bondage of earth; we find those in authority have not peace of mind scarce in sleep; we follow every grade of society down into the lowest, and perfect, unalloyed happiness we do not find. But we may find contentment. It is more generally found in middle classes, amongst those who have the wants of life supplied, who are not striving to amass a fortune, dwarfing their very souls in the attempt. The wealthiest and the poorest are the most unhappy.

"Dare and do," we have been told. Yes! when thou hast found the right, dare to do it in the face of a frowning world. Dare to do it against popular applause, and by your very daring, popular applause may turn in thy favor. It may be seen that thy opinions were worthy of respect.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

This is the dawning of a new era; some can discern the signs, while others declare there can be no change as humanity has been climbing the ladder towards happiness or heaven, and they do not want a change. Their minds are made up, and they do not wish to make any further inquiry; they believe in a future state of existence, in a heaven and a hell. The other party who can see better through the glass, declare that the ladders have been let down from the celestial spheres and the angels of love are descending, clothed in robes of justice and mercy to suffering humanity, to the poor unfortunate widows and orphans, murderers, thieves, and all those who transgress the law of their being—all who suffer from whatever cause will receive their gentle teachings and their soothing influence will banish all sorrow, show them a better and lovelier way, take them up the burnished rounds of the ladder of progression.

The man who murders his brother for whatever cause suffers a thousand pains more piercing than the ball that sent his brother across the radiant river of life. He can always hear that piercing scream from the widow and her orphan sons—such an awful calamity to befall them in a moment, but with all their bitter grief, it will not compare with the suffering of the one who did the dastardly deed. He may see his brother stand before him day and night, hear the scream from the wounded wife until the agony is past enduring, and he passes on by his own hand to meet him just the same—no death to blot out that awful picture—it may be in vain to call on the rocks or hills to fall upon him and hide him from the face of his brother. Should two more innocent ones be added to the group of victims to cluster around, would it not be hell the most awful.

Spirits of men do not leave this lower sphere or remain forever the same. Progression is life, all must move onward, although it may take ages to remove the moral stains from the darkest characters, who would be willing to hang that murderer after he had done himself such an injury, why not pity and not condemn the poor unfortunate mortal. When a man who appears to our natural eyes pleasant, very good husband and citizen, says "hang him, it would be better if more of the same kind were hung," you may judge from what sphere of development he draws his inspiration.

The time is drawing near when all deeds will be revealed—no darkness can hide them—this great power is flooding the world with light and knowledge that will destroy all cruelty and oppression, cast it into outer darkness, and the law of love will fill the world as the sun fills the solar system with its glowing light.

The harvest is ready for the cycle, where are the laborers? The Lord of the harvest is sending his servants to gather, the fruits from the fields of progression, but those who have had charge of the vineyard are casting them out, and are determined to hold the fort against all opposition, and when the son arises they may treat him as they did in former times, crucify him, and think by so doing they will secure the inheritance and cultivate the fruits of humanity for their own benefit.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

FILL LIVES WITH SWEETNESS.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness shut up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and their hearts be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you would send to their coffins, send them to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of perfume of sympathy and affection which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather that they would open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them when I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

MARY.

(Written for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.)

[These lines were written after a communication from the sister of the writer which ran, "Mary, your sister, Remember the old lane."—Ed.]

The sweetest of names inscribed I see,
From the faraway shore it comes to me:

With the words,
"I remember the old Lane."

Mary, my sister, I read thy name,
Written in thine own hand it came:

And you say,
"I remember the old Lane."

O! what joy, what rapture untold;
Again thy beloved voice to behold,

And you still,
"Remember the old Lane."

On one side of the Lane dwelt myself and mother;
And you dear sister, at the end of the other—

Sister, how well,
"I remember the old Lane."

Mary, sister, thou art gone; there is none
Left to me, I may call my own,

Can with me,
Remember the old Lane.

Unlooked for, unthought of, the message come,
Reminding me of firesides and Home,

When we dwelt
Beside the old Lane.

I traverse again as in days of yore,
The flower-bound walls from the homestead door;

And the path
We made in the old Lane.

To the hand that rules, I humbly bow,
But the space that divides us, my sister now,

Is far greater
Than the remembered old Lane.

—PEARLIAN LAPIER.

Love, it has been said, descends more abundantly than it ascends. The love of parents for children has always been far more powerful than that of children for their parents; and who among the sons of men ever loved God with a thousandth part of the love which God has manifested to us?—*Manford's Magazine.*

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

The physician gravely shakes his head. He has examined the pulse of the prostrate man, listened for the faint moving of the heart, and finds that life is almost extinct. The lamp flickers but feebly; it is going out—out into the unknown.

"Can anything be done doctor?" says Mrs. Harman.

"No, Madam, he will be gone before a half hour. His internal injuries are so great there is not the shadow of a hope. We had better send for his wife, immediately."

"Poor thing! she has lived in expectation of a similar fate, for years. Her condition cannot be worse with him gone, than it has been for the last three years. Such a pity! as good a soul as ever lived, was John Lee, and it seemed to be his only fault, when he commenced life."

Ben was summoned to go for his wife. The old man shuddered and said:

"Jawd, bress me Missus! Ise ruther ye'd tell me to do anything else. I jest thought de doctah could bring him to. Ise ruther go widout eatin a week dan kerry de noose to pooh *Miss* Lee."

Mrs. Harman saw the old man was trembling with emotion and fear.

"Harry," she calls, "will you not go for Mrs. Lee? You can break the news to her much easier than Ben, perhaps," and she motions to the frightened negro.

"Yes, I shall go immediately. I know the place well," and he was gone.

As he neared the miserable hovel where the once wealthy, beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Lee now lived, his heart sank within him. He was bearing news to a broken-hearted woman which could not be much worse than the living death she had witnessed for years in her husband. He stood with his hand upon the gate irresolute; how could he break it to her.

A little boy with pale face and sad, brown eyes came to the door, and ran back exclaiming, "Mama! a nice gemman is coming."

A careworn woman appears in the doorway with an astonished expression upon her countenance.

"Madam!" he says, "your husband is hurt."

A more deathly pallor, a gasping for breath, she staggers, and is only

able to support her trembling frame by clinging to the door panel. She has lived these years in expectation of receiving such news, yet it came like a shock, as does every sorrow, even if expected. She had suffered death thousands of times, but Oh! this was terrible. Hope had fled. She knew full well how much his words conveyed. When she could speak, she says: "He is dead?"

"Not quite, but almost. He is at our place. I have brought this light buggy for you, and you can be there in a few minutes; perhaps in time to see his last moments." * * * * *

They stand around the bed of the dying man, the wife in agony as deep, as though the noblest, truest husband was passing from her grasp, and perhaps it was deeper; for through it all she had loved him with wifely devotion, still hoping and praying that there would be a change for the better. Now she stood upon the brink of despair, every hope shattered, every blossom of her life blighted in this last, sad scene. The little children she did not bring. She thought best they should wait until he was robed for his last resting place. Oh, the torture, the agony which she endured; and hundreds have experienced the same, all through this demon drink. Our beautiful land is filled with the cries of drunkard's children, the agonizing prayer of his wife and the abject misery of the drunkard, himself. Could we but smite the demon and hurl him into outer darkness, that no more he might have power over weak humanity! There is a faint shudder, he opens his eyes and they rest upon the wife who has bent over him, anxiously looking for some sign of recognition before his departure; he presses her hand in the last struggle, gives her a look which seems to say, "my wife I know you," a long, earnest, sad look, and the eyes close never to open upon earth.

She had not shed a tear as yet, but now the pent up agony of her soul seems to have sway. For months she had seemed to be in an apathy, from which nothing could arouse her. She could not be comforted.

"Clint," says Harry, "is not this warning enough for us? Let us profit by the lesson. Oh! what a joy it would have been could there have been a power which could have taken John Lee home a reformed man, to encourage this broken-hearted woman, rather than to have been thus."

"Harry, my resolve is made; from henceforth never to touch the intoxicating beverage."

"We had better have Mrs. Lee's children brought here, Harry," says Mrs. Harman. "She is in no condition to attend to anything. I know it is just as your mother would do if she were here."

"Certainly it is. I shall order a coffin whilst Ben goes back for the children; he will not fear to go for them; I shall get the necessary things at my own expense, as I know mother would do the same; nevertheless I shall first go and see Mr. Kent."

"I shall assist you Harry," says Clint. "Allow me to go with you."

A twenty minutes walk brings them into the presence of Mr. Kent. He is somewhat startled at the pallor of each, and also at seeing Clint who was chief clerk in the large firm of Reed & Co. They soon explain to him the cause of their sadness, and Mr. Kent immediately begins to co-operate with them. They proceed to an undertaker, and thence to a clothier, and Mr. Kent says:

"Boys, I shall go back with you." When these matters were settled he says, "Mr. Obert, how is it that you happen to be with Harry to-day? Are you not still with Reed & Co.?"

"As I have been very closely confined to business lately, I took a holiday this afternoon, thinking a walk in the open air, spending the afternoon with my friend Harry, would be of benefit to me, but the scene has quite unnerved me, although I hope it may prove a lesson to me. I have not the brilliant prospects before me which they tell me that man had, and I might, by following such a course, end my days the same.";

"Yes, my boys—I call you boys, as with a fatherly interest—let me warn you against yielding to temptation, as you are starting upon life. Now, in all the strength and vigor of earliest manhood, just verging into that state when your physical and mental powers will be strongest, bend every energy of your natures in the right direction; you can in this way become noble specimens of humanity, may become eminent and great; not only in the world's greatness, but in the hearts of humanity. It would give me great grief to see Harry, who is like a son to me, start in such a road."

Their conversation is brought to a close as they have reached the gate, and are met by little Willie with the three Lee children. Maud, a lovely child of ten summers with eyes of heavenly hue, and golden hair where gleams of sunlight dance. Estelle her sister is as unlike her as though not a sister. Her eyes are black and mischievous, her jetty hair curls in close rings over her head, and lastly the little boy Freddie, with the sad brown eyes, whom Harry met.

"See! See!" says Willie, "I dot tomp'ny. Bin ditten fow's."

"Yes," said Maud with lady-like dignity, "I told him we mus'n't pull

the flowers, we should only look at them; mama always says we should not touch what belongs to some one else."

"I 'ants em so bad," says little Freddie, who is scarce the size of Willie.

"And you shall have them," says Harry. "Poor-child! for once in your life you shall be made happy. Come with me children," and with dancing eyes they follow him to the garden. What a treat this was to them all. A beautiful bouquet is gathered and placed in the hand of each child, and for once they are happy. They do not yet know that their father lies still in the embrace of death.

"How the eldest child does resemble Alice Kent," says Clint.

"Very much, indeed! I presume their mother will place them in good homes, if she can obtain them, and I have no doubt but Mr. Kent would take one."

"How well pleased mother would be to have one of them as company, but their mother would feel sad to part with them surely. If there could be some way that she could be aided, that she need not. She has kept them through difficulties, I presume sometime."

"I know mother would say it was a shame; she always desired so much to have Willie with us, as, you know, he is named for father, but she would not have asked his mother to give him to us without she could have been with him."

"Will you have a minister," says Mrs. Harman to Mrs. Lee the following morning, as her grief had somewhat subsided and they were making arrangements for the interment of the body. She looked up with a troubled expression, and says:

"Oh, no Ma'am! I could not. Just put him away quietly; I will try to remember the happiest days of my life when we were first married. As good a husband as ever lived only when he was intoxicated."

CORA CORAL.

Happiness is never entirely separated from unhappiness. We cannot conceive of a state of perfect, unalloyed bliss, where no shade of regret, sorrow or trouble comes. Evil is perverted good, and consequently the two can never be entirely divided one from the other. If we would enjoy eating we must feel hunger. If we would sleep well we must need the renovating influence of slumber. If we would appreciate happiness, we must know what it is to be unhappy; and so on through all the great round of our joys and blisses. Not one unmixed with its opposite.—*Mrs. E. D. Slenker.*

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MRS. TALBOTT.

ARKOE, Mo., April 1st, 1881.

MRS. M. MERRICK:—Yours of late date is before me, and I will answer most surely, as I am very much pleased to get one ray of comfort from any source on earth. I have read your welcome letter with great interest, and have faith in those things of which you speak. There is some mystery yet to come to light, and may God in his divine wisdom bring those to justice and save my dear boys, for they are innocent of the charge against them, and the All-Wise Ruler of us all knows they are blamed for what they have never done—all for money—nothing else.

Kind lady, can you sympathize with me in this terrible trial? Are you a mother; do you know the extent of a mother's *Lore* for her children? If so, you can pity me in this hour of sore affliction. I do beg you to pray for the rescue of my dear sons; write to the Governor in their behalf, and plead for their lives and they will be spared. I am glad to hear of some one feeling interested in them, for well do I know they are not guilty of the most horrible crime on record—for I was an eye witness to the scene, and was shot myself while lying on the bed at the time my husband was shot, the ball passing through his body and cutting a flesh wound on the left side of my right leg between the knee and ankle, the scar of which I will carry to my grave. Do you think that any man's sons would shoot him and their mother lying on the bed, right back of their father, and shoot her also? The absurdity of that will show that it was not the boys who did the crime. If the world only could see the real cause, my dear children would be free. But a few enemies of the family are working and the detectives are trying to get the reward, and they are willing to wear the lives of these boys away for a few dollars, and if there is anything on this earth that will do them any good, I wish for it from a pure heart, for I am suffering all the sorrow that any poor mother can suffer in this life.

Ladies, I may never meet you in this life, but bear in mind, I shall remember you very kindly for the interest you have shown in my sorrow. You shall have my prayers and well wishes through life. You say, the real murderers will be discovered in time to save the boys. Pray for it. You say it would give you much pleasure to receive an answer from me. Well this is from me—this from the hand of the mother of the boys, and

I am in harmony with you and yours. May God in his divine wisdom, work through you some means of saving those dear boys, for this life of mine is dreary and it will be more so if they are taken away from me. There is no more for me to live for in this life, if they are gone. Oh, kind friends, I could enfold you in my arms and tell you *all*, if I only could, with a broken heart and sorrow that no tongue can express!

I close, hoping to hear from you again, I am respectfully yours.

MRS. BELLE TALBOTT.

[The letter above is from the mother of the unfortunate boys in whose behalf we appealed to the Governor of Missouri.

Can any humane heart turn a deaf ear to the appeal of that stricken and heart-broken mother? Oh, friends everywhere! let your hearts go out in sympathy to that mother! let every noble quality of your natures come forth to the cause of right and justice! We find that as we were impressed at first, there is a hope of their innocence being proved. The angels tell us they are, and is it a strange thing that God should allow a power which will prove the innocence of many who are martyred for the guilty? Is it astonishing that if we shall join together throughout the world in a harmonious band for right and justice, that we shall see the evil swept away and that *justice* shall prevail? Oh, good people and Governor! listen to the appeal of this stricken mother. The angels say they are innocent; we feel sure it is true. Oh, consider, if they should be executed, and then you should find they were not guilty. We say to every mother in the land let your sympathies go out for that broken-hearted one; consider: Were I in her place? Your very sympathy may strike a chord which may vibrate on the wings of thought; until it touches the hearts of those who are in authority. Every father, consider: Were I hurled into the unknown, and this, my widow and sons. This is the chord which we desire to touch and we have an Eden world.—ED.]

The American *Sentry* is before us. It is an eight-page weekly, devoted to "Industrial interests, the diffusion of Truth, the establishment of justice, and the preservation of a people's government;" is printed on good paper, clear type, and is filled with general news and miscellany; articles upon various subjects. We want papers that will work in the interest of the people and not in the behalf of a few who may monopolize the advantages of our glorious, free country. Published by D. A. Hopkins. New York. One dollar per year.

GREETING.

This now opens our semi-year. We hope to improve with the times; we hope our readers will overlook all imperfections, and take the spirit of the work into their hearts. We want reform; we want to have the people of the world in harmony; we want your co-operation; we want your aid in every way; the magazine cannot be sent out gratuitously entirely, for the waters must be kept moving; there must be a circulation of the finances also, to keep our bark from striking a sand bar. It will wave its banner one year and by the aid of you dear patrons, as long as we may find a field. Send us ideas of reform, expressions of thought which may aid some darkened soul, and if you find a ray of light in these pages, give the benefit of it to your brother, also. Send us news and notes of any good move which may be in progress in your vicinity. All efforts of reform give encouragement to those who have launched upon the sea of reform. We want to see the beautiful truth, of angel communication with men established, before the world, because it is a fact and because there is a wise, a beneficent, a holy and powerful purpose that it is true. We see so grand an unfoldment of the wisdom of the over-ruling Power as we begin to comprehend some of his laws. That the dear sister or brother, relative or friend has gone out into space you all know somewhere; you see the life has gone, and why is it not possible that it is at your side? You only want to know the law of the Lord and you see the beauty. Spirit is not matter—is invisible, subtle and ethereal; yet it is substance; it is tangible, as powerful as matter, and tenfold more so, as the air you breathe is more powerful than any planet. It is the moving power—likewise spirit.

Now, if persons who are unbelievers in the spiritual philosophy would only take this thought and ponder it well, they would be ready to know the beauty and glory of Jehovah. Under the guidance of dear angels we work. The name, A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT was given us by the spirit realm as a name, and once we were requested to drop the "A," but the answer from the spirit land was: No! one of the fountains only from the great Fountain of all light—a tiny stream—there may and should be thousands all over our land. It may be imperfect, but we are striving to aid the angels that the light we may receive may not be obstructed by many clouds. Please take this little organ as yours to benefit humanity. It is open to you that you may express your ideas and may give to the world the benefit of any ray of light you have received.

Dear readers accept our desires for your mutual improvement. The world is starving for spiritual food, and the dear angels are holding the food, but are rebuffed and thrust back by opposition, until they cannot reach the hungry souls! Oh! let us all join in a harmonious band in the cause of justice and right! Let us beseech those in power to cleanse and purify the nation, and the special case, under consideration by a band from the spirit realm—the Talbott boys. Dear friends, one and all, send out your mite of silent influence, if you can do naught else. Oh! for those two boys to be hung—and this mother pleading with us to aid her! It is too terrible. Mercy, Love and Justice say, No! Never! Dare to stand for the right, and use your voice against an evil which is blighting our lovely land.

In love to all who may read our pages,

YOUR EDITRESS.

P. S.—Our Publisher will send you greeting in next issue.

THE NEW ERA OF WOMEN.

About a quarter of the Vermont Towns have elected women as superintendent of schools. The Texas Legislature has decided that women can hold any place under the government that they are capable of filling. Keep right on gentlemen saying though, that they must not be allowed the ballot, but before you awaken to the fact that the destiny of the race is equality, women will be in quiet possession, of the controlling power of the country, and you will wonder how it was accomplished. They will write and tell you all about it after the earthquakes all subside, that are on the programme for 1881—1882.—*Western Light*.

We take the following from the Brockfield Recorder, Ontario:

“Conscience makes cowards of us all.” The following letter received by Mr. Overell, enclosing \$1 25, exemplifies the truth of the foregoing quotation:—The letter says, “If a soul sin and commit a trespass against the Lord, and against his neighbor, he shall restore that which he has taken, and shall add a fifth part thereto.” There was no signature to the note, consequently Mr. Overell is ignorant of the person whose conscience has been relieved.

[This is repentance; that which causes a man to make recompense for evil committed.—Ed.]

We send back numbers of this magazine to all who subscribe.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

It is also said, that as the angels abode with Lot, during the night there came men, and compassed the house, desiring they should be brought out to them. The angels smote them with blindness, The following morning they told Lot to take his family out of the city, as it was to be destroyed.

Would not such an occurrence to-day thrill the world with consternation, if it was believed, as readily as it is that this occurred many ages ago?

As the angels abode with Lot, they were disquieted. Is not such the case in the present age? The angels pure and holy, who come to earth with a heavenly halo, with banners unfurled, whereon are inscribed "Love, good will and peace"—are they not spitefully treated? The flowers, which blossom in paradise, are showered upon us, in our pathway, are wreathed in garlands for our adornment by loving hands. Great and beautiful is the science of life which they would teach us. Is it not for a wise and holy purpose, that they are permitted to come? If there be a wise and Supreme Power, and He is the Mighty Ruler, these angels are permitted to return by Him, else never could they come.

Again, the diamond we perceive: These angels were so disquieted, they caused blindness to come upon the people.

Does not the very thought, of angels returning in this period, cause persons who believe, too, that they have returned at some period of the world's history—to darken their spiritual vision, that the sunlight of heavenly love, may not come in, That the grand beauty of the fadeless clime may not be revealed to them; that the loving, tender message cannot be read; that the beauty of an immortality rests only as a myth or legend, descending back to the dark ages for its foundation. As your earthly bodies near the spiritual clime, they decay and, a spiritual land is desired by every sensible person. There is not one who would have this life shut out entirely. Closing the eyes, we feel a drowsy sensation steal over us; we feel a relaxing of the muscles; we feel a giving way of the vital force, which accompanies our waking thoughts; we do not dread this hush—this quiet, for we know there is a possibility of our awakening on the morrow. But let us consider: as this hush of

our spirit is experienced, if there should be no arousing? Oh! we cannot desire this! We want to feel the warm blood pulsating through our veins again; we want to rejoice, and even mourn, rather than this terrible stillness, forever. It is not a happy state, for we cannot enjoy *anything* in an unconscious state. It is not the sleep of our natural body, which gives us pleasure, but it is the refreshing, invigorating power, which arises from this rest of the body—the rest of the muscles and of the brain. Oh, it is sweet to believe, and to *know* that we shall arise in a new morning, a glad and joyous morning, and find that our life here is as a night of dreams, in comparison to the grand, the free, the glorious one, and as dreams reveal us something of our waking hours, the glimpses before are but as dreams. If our life-work has been noble and elevating, we arise on this glad, resurrection morn, which is only another state, refreshed, full of life and activity, in the great field which opens to our view. Just as we arise here from a peaceful slumber, where sweet dreams have accompanied our weary brain in its state of repose.

If our life has been low and groveling, searching after the treasure which must perish with material things, then we awaken, in this resurrection morn of life, depressed, heavy hearted, and are not ready to “plume our souls and soar away on the wings of the morning.”

Ah! the beauty we find herein if we have taken the loving angels into our arms—when they come through the difficulties attending the law—harmonize our souls, so that we fright them not away, and protect them even though a fierce multitude would banish them, what a glorious effulgence, from the grand central sun, floods our souls! What a beautiful message we receive from the fadeless fields! What pearly drops of heavenly dew glisten in the perfect light! and, to practically speak, how we are strengthened and encouraged to battle with the world and its turmoils, its strifes and factions, its misery and woe. We cannot have too much of the heavenly love.

Oh! if there were legions of these holy ones by our side, we would only say: Praises to the most High! praise to the highest archangels! praise to the love which knows no abating! praise to Thee oh Mighty Ruler. Welcome! welcome! harbinger of light! Welcome! every gleam which may gladden the hearts of humanity, which may speak sweet tones, and drive away the discords, the jangling of the harp which may respond in perfect harmony.

Oh! can you not see the light which the dear ones of the other clime are holding—unveiling to you the land of Mecca. IDA M. MERRILL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A AND B.

BY MRS. J. V. A. KOONS.

A and B were handsome men
 As you will find two out of ten;
 They started up the hill of life
 (Each had, of course, the prettiest wife)
 With strong resolves to dare and do,
 And still the heavenward path pursue.
 And they were tender friends the while;
 They met and parted with a smile;
 Their little homes—a happy sight—
 Were filled with gladness, love, and light.
 But he and every one could see
 That A began to gain on B
 In worldly goods. He wore the air
 Of one who'd reached the topmost stair.
 A gilded coach and milk-white four
 A prouder couple never bore
 Than he and happy Mrs. A.
 Both worshiped wealth and loved display,
 But both forgot their books and songs,
 And neither cared for others' wrongs
 When they had rights. All they could see
 Was gold—life's crowning victory.
 Their children stood as dummies stand—
 Nonentities upon the land.
 Their palace, with its marble front,
 Looked uninviting, cold, and blunt.
 A distance that could never "lend
 Enchantment" to his old-time friend
 Now separated A and B—
 The one a slave, the other free.
 The one, with all his hands could hold,
 Still wanted more. The tale is told.
 Forever hungry, pinched and cold
 Is he whose only store is gold.
 The other sat beneath the skies
 That overshadowed paradise.
 With happy heart and willing hands,
 All happiness and health demands,
 Had B acquired without the loss
 Of life's pure gold; the outward dross
 Had in the battle been consumed;
 Where thorns had been the roses bloomed.
 His cot was filled with love and light,
 His sun by day, his star by night.
 He wore upon his Kingly looks
 The happy influence of his books.
 Companion, teacher, father, friend,
 His children found in him. To end
 The story, 'ere it grows too long,
 His daily life was full of song.
 Inheritors of grace and worth
 And born to win and rule the earth,
 His children all their places took.

Their names were in the angel's book
Among the saviors of mankind.
'Tis doubly true that "love is blind,
But once 'tis born it needs no eye"—
Its instinct leads it to the sky.
When parents mold in heart and act
The offspring of love's sweet compact,
Then shall we know, and not till then,
Of "peace on earth, good will to men."

A TRUE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

"BY THEIR FRUIT WE SHALL KNOW THEM."

Without prejudice, with a mind free from religious creeds, with a heart filled with love for humanity, with a giving hand to the poor and distressed, she works unceasingly, untiringly, and to the best of her ability for the advancement of humanity and the upbuilding of Right against wrong, which has ruled the land for countless ages, until crime stalks abroad at noonday, cruel murder shocks humanity, and oppression holds the people in slavery.

Not understood by her enemies, misrepresented by the clergy, persecuted by people claiming to be followers of Jesus of Nazareth, still she never wavers in her endeavors to do right—never falls in with the enemy—but stands forth to the world a Reformer and a friend of Truth, which alone can elevate the people into an atmosphere of intelligence where they can govern themselves, cultivate good principles, sow seeds of kindness, love, mercy, generosity, and happiness, until mankind is lifted from a strata of ignorance and crime into the marvelous LIGHT of God which flows forever from a FOUNTAIN of Love.

Kind and encouraging to all whom she meets, she has made a lasting impression on the minds of hundreds of people who will remember, honor, and glorify her name, long after her enemies have faded away into oblivion and dishonor—for, the good she has and is doing, will live forever—and be the means of scattering throughout the land ideas that will form one mighty ocean of thought, which will sweep away the evils and false doctrines of humanity, and establish in their place the true principles of life, growth, and perfection.

With such a grand mission in view, with such a noble work to perform, with such a great reform to accomplish, she needs the encouragement and aid of all humanitarians,—in the mighty work of establishing on earth the Kingdom of Right—when wrong, with all its baneful teachings, will cease to exist, and true happiness and peace dwell throughout the world! More anon.

QUINCY, ILL., April 10, 1881.

W. A. POST.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

DIAMOND DUST.

A gentle ray of light is more beneficial, sometimes than the sun's glare, so a gentle tone may wield a power which a torrent of argument may not.

We are all Pilgrims in this lower clime; if we looked not for the better how inconsistent would seem many of God's plans.

Glad and joyous notes of harmony, we hear throughout nature; and there might be a corresponding harmony in the hearts of humanity, if the key note was struck by master hands.

Like a glad stream of life from the everlasting fountain, is a happy band of humanity. There might be much more of joy and less of sorrow, if all knew that the secret of happiness is making others so.

Light and trifling words, thoughtlessly spoken, sometimes pierce another's heart, and we know it not. How curious is this sensitive spirit within our physical frame! we cannot perfectly understand its laws. The more we learn of its movings, the greater field opens to our view, and greater mysteries are evolved.

We cannot be too noble; we cannot be too true to holy callings; we cannot be too desirous of attaining perfection, but we can never reach it; when we reach the point that we may say, we have gained the pinnacle of perfection, and feel content, that moment, we lose the grandest emotion of the soul, energy, aspiration and progression. It is this battling with the trials of life which develops, leads us on and up into heights of knowledge, revealing stores of wisdom. CORAC ORAL.

This now closes our half year of the publication and we say to our readers as early as possible in this last half of the year we expect to have a cover and advertising sheet, which may be removed if one wishes to bind the numbers at close of year. We solicit adv's.

We do not wish Gen. Grant any harm, but the idea comes to us again and again, why should he receive a pension when there are orphans and widows all throughout the land, who have not even necessaries of life? We do not require a monarchy, or a nobility in a representative government. We do not need a few lords, and all the rest serfs. Presidents who serve the people faithfully discharge their duty, and bear a great responsibility, and so does any honest man who serves his brother in anyway.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrill.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

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NO. 28.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

Search along the plane of time in the wide fields of progression, and see who are the honest, faithful laborers. The first one who was asked to work, said he would not, but after considering the matter over in his mind, what a beautiful vineyard was prepared for him to labor in: all planted with choice vines securely fenced and a wine press built therein; he said, "yes I will attend to that field, pluck out the weeds of discontent, the briars of cruelty, and thorns of injustice, bind up the broken hearted, pour in oil and wine of love and sympathy, influence the young tender plants of goodness and mercy to blossom and bear their luxurious fruits, that baskets filled with the same may be sent to Father. When the harvest is ripe he will make a feast for the laborers, is now sending out invitations to the east, west, north, and south, from the four corners of the earth saying: Everything is ready; come to the marriage; four hundred thousand at least are preparing wedding garments of purity, of righteousness, justice, love and mercy. The invitation is to all the sons and daughters of earth, pressing them to come to the great feast of the pass-over when the angel of darkness will pass over the world and take all dark clouds of evil, roll them back, like a scroll from this beautiful world of souls, and let the light from the celestial spheres beam down upon all humanity—all those who were not willing to labor in the vineyard or sought other fields, and hired the laborers while they spent their time in idleness, will not respond to the invitation.

Seeing that both high and low are invited, and the high Priests will gather their fruits and have a feast with their *Father* by themselves

Work is divine, when properly understood, and instead of a curse it is

one of the great blessings of life; without work there would be no life, (Jesus said, my Father works and I work,) and there is no heaven without work. The industrious poor cry for work, more work, and when that blessing is allowed, the kingdom of heaven has come near unto them—a happiness that idlers can never enjoy. Useful employment brings sweet contentment to those who understand the true principles of development, in this sphere of existence. One who labors diligently at whatever occupation he likes best, or if he understands himself, and is willing to fulfill his destiny to the best of his ability, may be considered a benefactor. Making needles, for instance, all one's life—those beautifully polished articles—toiling and studying how to improve them unto perfection—of how much more importance to the world of humanity is that patient, industrious man than the Emperor who declares wars and tyrannizes over his brother man, orders him on to the battle field where his body may be torn to fragments, his wife left to moan her sad fate, all for what? A tyrant's selfishness.

Peter saw a vision—a great sheet, as it were—knit at the four corners, and let down from heaven, wherein were all manner of wild beasts, which proved to him there was no distinction between Jew or Gentile, King or beggar. The poor rag picker might draw his inspiration from a high sphere of love to family and friends, be kind and sympathetic, pity and forgive those who illtreated him, and when he passes over the river of life, and meets with his kindred and friends, receives the crown of good deeds of love to his neighbors and kindness to his enemies, he will be ready to join the grand army of progression. The great Emperor passes over the same river and in the same boat, but the lower lights were not burning, and he lands on the unknown shore in darkness, is feeble, sick, and sore from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, is one putrefying sore, he is lost in darkness that may take ages to bring the rays from the spiritual sun to show him the way to the celestial spheres, but the angels will come to him and heal his wounded soul; his mother or some loving friend will help him up, guide his feeble steps, and with tenderness wash away the dark stains.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

We send back numbers of this magazine to all who subscribe.

THE WORK TO BE DONE.

The work of reform that is now ready for the cycle in fields of the world, waiting for laborers and the Lord of the harvest is sending in every direction his agents to call up the men and women who have slumbered so late that the night will come when no man can work, and the opportunity will be lost to them. The sun is high in the heavens, and the husbandmen is calling in a voice of thunder tones for the laborers to commence clearing the fields of good grain, and preparing to burn the rubbish that will enrich the soil, and plough and plant new seed in the regenerated fields of progression.

There is one grain of sand on the shore of time, rising upward by the washing of the waves from the great sea of love to humanity, that is being trodden down by those who are strolling along the beach, regardless of the pebble that is worn so bright and smooth by the washing of the chrystal waters. They are so engaged with their mighty scheme of progress in wealth, in pride and pomp, they do not see the little agate that is struggling to keep up in the sunshine. One who can discern the signs of the times, can see in this darkened, this Gem City, that is beclouded with prejudice, the great need of love to one's neighbor, expressed in acts of justice and mercy to one who has possibly fallen among thieves. When Jesus illustrated that principle of love to one's neighbor, he did not mention the man's character that fell—only the good samaritan; if there are any such brothers and sisters in this region, will they join hands with the Publicans or good Samaritans, come to Merrick Hall and help to regenerate those who may assemble at that place. 'Tis the sick that need a physician, and those who have the gift of healing will, we trust, come as soon as sent for, as Peter did when Cornelius sent for him, and remember the great sheet that was let down. We invite every one who may wish to express their opinions on subjects of reform in its various movements or religion—any expression that will tend to elevate humanity. We shall establish meetings, similar to Quaker meetings, and all can speak as the spirit moves them on all subjects pertaining to moral and christian culture.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

Japan is rapidly advancing in educational facilities. Hitherto prejudice forbade women to engage in any but household labor, but now poor but respectable classes are entering manufactories. School facilities for them are increasing, and western habits of mind and body are gradually usurping the woeful limitations of the Mikado's Empire.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"Dear woman," says Mrs. Harman, "I hope that the brightness of those hours may come to you as gleams of light which may dispel much of the later misery."

"Oh, madam! this is my greatest anxiety. Where is his poor soul? Must he suffer never-ending punishment for that which, it seemed impossible for him to overcome. Oh, madam, it was not his own fault that he was a drunkard. He acquired a taste for strong drink at his father's table. The sideboard always contained the choicest liquors, and from childhood he was taught to participate. He was one of those peculiar temperaments, that he could not resist the temptation after the habit became fixed. How many times has he besought my forgiveness, and promised never to make a beast of himself again! How many times have I hoped that it would prove to be a real reformation, but, alas! I learned to not even hope. I will not say this either, for, even when it seemed impossible that he would ever be to me the husband of my early wedded life, there was yet that spark of hope which we always retain for those we love. Oh! is his soul lost *forever*?"

"Dear woman! Let us leave it with a merciful Ruler; we are told He doeth all things well. I feel this way about those things; that sin is a transgression of the law, and the penalty must be paid, but must it be forever? Not necessarily so. Your husband is in the care of the angels of Paradise, and the Loving Father must certainly have as much love as you may hold for your husband."

"Poor fellow! much as I suffered through his error, it was slight in comparison to his own." * * * * *

The funeral procession moves slowly through the cemetery, now has reached a remote corner. Under a large oak tree the grave is dug. The attendants are few. The solemn stillness is only broken by the wail of the mother, and the faint cry of the children at intervals until a robin in the tree near by, strikes a few notes as a prelude, and then warbles as merry a spring song as though death were not near, and all were merry and joyous as he. The children immediately glance in the direction from whence come the joyous notes. Even the mother listens; the song

seems to fall upon her ear with a ring of hope, and the harmony sinks into her heart with healing balm. She thought, "Is it premonitory of my husband's release, perhaps the angels *may* aid him higher, far better than I."

How much we wonder, in regard to the great unfathomable future! We have, for ages, taken the speculations of our forefathers, which have through antiquity come to be law, to our minds, if we do not reason. But, Oh! we *know* very little of the great laws of life, of separation of the spirit and body, as yet. This great law however is becoming the theme of scientists and will be placed, in its proper place in the evolution of nature.

The sweet song is closed; the bird sweeps over their heads, flutters and descends near to the open grave, rises and soars aloft. She says, "Sweet bird, a ray of hope, you have brought me, I shall humbly pass under the rod, leaving all with the loving, tender Father."

The solemn words, "earth to earth, dust to dust," are spoken, the clods fall upon the coffin with a heavy thud, which sinks into the heart with the ray of hope.

'Tis ever thus—hope and despair walk side by side, a ray of light and a darksome cloud, shifting and moving, and life it is called. Oh, no! a simple preparation for a grand life. * * * * *

"Alice, if it is fair, we shall go up the mountain next week."

"Oh, that will be delightful! and Mrs. Ernest is going with us."

"Yes, we shall have a quiet day of it, as you say you prefer it."

"Yes, I want to see everything that is to be seen this time. Your young friends press so much kind attention upon me that it would be impossible for me to do anything, but receive it, and thank them. And as it is my first treat of the kind, I prefer to be all alone, just with you and Mrs. Ernest, so that I may see what is to be seen. Harry has described it to me, but this is not like standing *really* upon the side of a mountain, high above treetops, and gazing down upon them. I am all impatience."

"We will arise early and be there shortly after the sun arises. It is perfectly grand to see the sun apparently coming up; and we shall spend the whole day. There are flowers as beautiful as those of our fairy land, and there is a lovely stream near the platform, that is the merriest, brightest one you ever saw; it fairly sings; and here we may get some of those beautiful brakes and ferns, such as I have pressed, which you admire so much."

"Eva Ernest! I do not wonder that you are so happy as well as rosy. You have more to enjoy here than you can possibly find in the city, although some of the young ladies, who visit me, would take no pleasure in it."

"I have often thought so myself, Alice. I am peculiarly blessed, although mama and papa are gone; I often feel that they cannot be far; that they are my guardian angels, and are accompanying me sometimes, when alone in some favorite haunt. I do not miss them, as I know that I shall grandmother. Then my quiet will be broken, and it seems to me that mother and father will not be so near to me, when I must leave these familiar places where they spent their lives. I once read 'Gates Ajar,' and—

"Have you read 'Gates Ajar' Eva? I have too, and it seemed to me that dream of the writers might be true. How delightful and grand to think that the friends, who have gone before, might sweep down and fan us with a breath from heaven, and bring us the perfume of heavenly flowers."

"Yes, dear Alice, this has caused me to hope that dear papa and mama are here. But our minister, old Father Ralston, told grandma she ought not to allow me to read it, and fill my head with such nonsense."

"What did your grandmother say?"

"She told him, if we believed our Bibles, we must believe that angels did return to earth, and also that persons may have visions, as St. John on the Isle of Patmos."

"He said: 'But that was given as a guide to live by, and we did not need any more visions; that we must study the Holy word and live by faith.'"

"Grandma says: But, Bro. Ralston; Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' If we obtain evidence, it strengthens. You may take as an example: Here is Mr. Simmons, just moved onto the Barker place; now he is a stranger to us all. Of course, we shall all treat him well, in a neighborly, sort of a way, but we will be watching to find out something about his character, before we have the confidence in him we have in the old neighbors. We must *know* something about him before we can have faith in him."

"But, Sister Ernest, you do not want to take God's word that way. It is the law and gospel, and you must have implicit faith in it. Every word that is revealed there, is true, and is enough without any dreams

about heaven. It is my opinion the devil has a great deal to do with some of these dreams. He is always trying to bring us into his kingdom."

"But Bro. when those dreams or visions are so pure and elevating, and coincide with those we read in the Bible, what right have we to believe they are of the devil. Whatever is good, we must think, comes from a pure source as we may judge the tree by its fruit. If one may have received a vision years ago, I can't for the life of me, Bro., see why we cannot now."

"Did he seem to think it would injure you to read the work?"

"Oh, yes! he said it unfitted me for real life to be reaching out after the other world, that I must trust that all to the Lord. But, Alice, as I told him: It is so grand whilst at my daily cares though light to be reaching out to another world, thinking that there is a purpose for which we live—not to simply sustain this body, to administer to its wants, and lie down, when death comes with no more knowledge or hope than the brute."

"Just exactly as Aunt Fannie always talked, Eva. She said in every trivial matter of life, we might see some grandeur, if we only read aright. She would say girls, it is this very power which gives you growth; this looking in, seeing the spirit which controls; I can tell just the amount of spirit you have put into your lessons by the manner in which you recite. But Eva, here I am talking of Aunt Fannie, as usual. What conclusion did your minister make in regard to 'Gates Ajar?'"

"Oh, he found grandma did not object, and it was useless for him to say more."

"Harry and I took more pleasure in talking of his father coming near to us, than in any other way, whilst at school. Whilst the others were amusing themselves, we would often be in some quiet place talking of those things, and often it seemed to me I could feel a gentle sweep, as though it might be an angel's wing. How can any one think it is nonsense or wicked either? It seems to me perfectly beautiful that our friends may see us and guard us."

CORA CORAL.

At the last meeting of the Woman's Club of Orange, the topic for discussion was George Eliot. Among the speakers were Mary F. Davis, Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, and Jennie June Croly. Clubs similar to these are being established in many towns and villages, which are educational, social and reformatory or philanthropic.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
MUSIC IN A CHILD UNDER SIX.

THE POWER TO READ NOTES WHICH LITTLE WHITMARK POSSESSES.

A rather remarkable phenomenon in the way of youthful precocity is developed in the person of Frank Morris Whitmark, the little son of Marcus Whitmark, of No. 402 West Fortieth street. Frank is a bright little fellow with large twinkling eyes, a rather dark complexion, and black hair. He will be six years of age July next. He is fond of asking questions, and seems possessed of a wonderful power of comprehension and a most remarkable memory. He has been to school only three days in his life, and has not even mastered the alphabet. He comes of a musical family, but no attempt has ever been made to teach him a note of music. Notwithstanding this fact, the little fellow will give the names of upward of 300 pieces of music, after once having seen them, upon being shown a page of the notes. He stands by the side of his 11 year old brother as the brother plays the piano, and turns the music for him when the bottom of the page is reached, as correctly as a Professor of music. The *Times* reporter visited the residence of Mr. Whitmark last evening and witnessed the child's performances. Taking a piece of music from the middle of a large pile on the piano, the reporter opened it in the center, turning the pages back so that the child could not possibly see the illuminated cover, and thus gain a clue to the title by this means. A page of music was then shown Frank, who after simply glancing at the notes piped out in his boyish voice, "Bocaccio March." His answer was correct, and he was equally correct in telling the names of about 50 other pieces which were presented to him in the same manner. They included all kinds of music, from operatic selections to sentimental ballads and comic songs. The rapidity in which he made his answers was astonishing. "Now turn some of the music up side down," said the father, "you will find that he will recognize it as quickly as he has these." Selecting the "Blue Danube Waltz," the reporter presented a page of the notes in an inverted position to the boy, and his eye scarcely rested upon them before he told the title of the piece. The experiment was repeated with about 20 selections, and in every case the answer was rapid and correct. It is very doubtful if many professors of music could recognize a selection without running over a few bars of music, but this 5 year old boy, who knows nothing of

the art, and cannot tell one note from another, recognizes the notes belonging to any piece he has once seen or heard played' instantaneously. Although many persons have visited him since his power became known nobody has as yet attempted satisfactorily to explain the intuitive knowledge which he seems to possess.—*New York Times*.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

The great *Banner of Light* that is waving over the world, floating in distant lands, filled with goodness and glad tidings to humanity, bearing messages of loving kindness to friends, both far and near saying, "It is I, your darling child, or friend who desires to communicate with you, through this center of spiritual power." This door being generously opened for all, both high and low, saint or sinner, may come to the feast; there is bread and wine for all. The *Banner* has its standard raised upon a solid foundation, and will stand the attacks of the enemy from whatever quarter without a tremor; it waved its inscriptions in the spirit realm before it floated on the breeze of earth, and the Light it spreads over the darkness of men's minds, will float on forever. When this bark of progress moves from its moorings and shapes its course for its destinations, a wave of influence sweeps it onward in its heavenly mission of peace and love to the twenty thousand men and women, who are in unity with its divine influence; when they perceive the great head light, they know their friends have arrived from the meeting and brought intelligence from the center of Light as the rays disperse the darkness in all directions.

Now who are all these twenty thousand people in the United States, who are reading the *Banner of Light*, some of them since the first issue? Certainly they are not deranged or even one of them, nor are they bad people so far as our knowledge extends; they appear to stand on a level with humanity in general, if not a trifle elevated. Why do Theologians, scientists and philosophers look with derision at the great revelations of law and order, that is bringing Light out of darkness to the human mind? Why not investigate this great subject; they may flatter themselves that they have learned all there is to know, but there are millions of laws to be revealed to humanity yet; there is no end to law, and there may be but one God, and one law; it would be of great importance to the development of science in all its various branches, if those who have la-

bored so perceveringly to discover matter in all its forms, and the laws governing it, would turn their attention to the real cause of matter, and the operation of spirit that controlls the same. Highly cultivated brains may not be as impressive to the influx of thoughts or ideas as one that is soft and tender or not worn; a man who has been in college seven years, his brain becomes seared or like a macadamised road, with deep ruts, and spiritual influences cannot inspire such a brain with the same ease as one that has been less used.

The Indians Great Spirit sends angels down among the willows where the wild flowers grow, and select one of nature's aristocracy, and from the fountain of love and mercy flows the pure stream.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

TO THE GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI.

MOST HONORABLE SIR:—Again we petition to you for the release of the Talbott boys. Their mother is pleading with us. Oh, spare their lives we beseech of you, for when they are gone it is irrevocable. If they may be found innocent, then it is too late for justice to be meted out to them. Will you not do all that is in your power to release them. Even if they are guilty, spare their lives; for you will be guilty of wilful murder, if you sanction the death of these two boys. Oh, think of it! The command is, "Thou shalt not kill," and it means, "*thou shalt not kill.*" Give them their life, at the very least, if not their freedom. There is a cry all over our lovely land—the blood of the innocent who are slain for the guilty—sent out into eternity, many times, with the life mission incomplete—is crying out to us for vengeance.

There is an appointed time for men to live, and by the transgression of the law, he does not fulfill the earth mission, and if we wilfully transgress the law of our being hurl another into eternity, we have the responsibility to bear.

If christians who to-day say, the murderer will go to the lowest regions of darkness, there to remain forever, if he dies in his sins, would consider: how can they knowingly put them there—transgress God's law and say we have done our duty. If you could but look at this subject in the true light, Governor and people you would see there is a better way. Reform the murderer as much as is possible.

But we shall not wander from the immediate subject—these two boys.

Oh! for the sake of that poor heart-broken mother, whose letter we published in our last issue, and who pleads with us so piteously to save her sons, will you not release them? Oh, can *she* not be judge? This is the law of God—forgiveness, lifting up, not casting down. Oh! ponder well this and see if it is not a better way, to spare to that widowed mother her children, for her life too is ruined, and blighted, by this double loss. Justice and mercy will say yes! We feel, as we write, a faint hope. Yes! a ray of hope, which we think will become a star, that shall rise for the redemption of those sons to the mother. There is a power which inspires us to plead for these strangers which *we know* comes from above, and is guided by innocence pleading for a requital and for freedom. Could it be possible, (and if it were possible) that they committed the murder? Oh, do not commit another one—a wilful one. A voice of hope seems to say, *you will not*. IDA M. MERRILL.

P. S.—We give a few names of those who petition; our space will not permit a full list:—Mr. and Mrs. Maertz, Dr. and Mrs. Durant, Miss Emma Thompson, Mrs. Evans J. Markle, Mrs. M. Merrick, Mrs. Eliga Kerr, Miss Lou Maertz, Mrs. Merrill, Prof. A. W. Moreland, James Post, W. E. Grantham, S. W. Rolle, W. A. Post, Editor *Post*.

CELESTIAL FLOWERS.

BY H. R. YOUNG.

My soul is thrilled with blissful rapture,
Gazing from the celestial shore,
Watching flowers sweetly blooming
Ever more.

Now, the veil is rent assunder,
And long since have ceased to wonder,
That the plants are weak and tender,
On the mundane shore.

Child of earth, be up and doing!
Life's too short, to waste in brooding;
Don't you see the tendrils drooping,
From your chamber doors.

Vile weeds like serpents—slowly creeping,
And their influence cold and blighting,
Hurl them from our precious treasures;
Ever more.

Then our garden will be blushing fair,
Nurtured with angelic care,
Teeming with truth and love and reason,
Ever more.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT:***A HISTORY OF LIFE.**

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

It is so beautiful a proof of the Great Father's love for us, to know that the dear ones may come and sympathize with us in sorrow as of old; rejoice with us in joy, as in the days that are gone, when they stood by our side in the vigor and beauty of manhood or womanhood, or rested upon stronger frames in old age, looked up to us from baby eyes, prattled to us in childish words, or gazed upon us with the fond eyes of youthful hope and trust.

We find that, in the present, we have a comparison to the same spirit. When one would entertain these angels of the Lord; they are often disquieted, by the inharmony, the iniquity and infamy of earth; the inharmonizer—the opposers of God's law—are darkened by spiritual blindness. As in the history their eyes were darkened by the angels, we may find a correspondence here: When the angel comes with a loving message, and you throw your nature into a state of opposition—will not see the beautiful truth, their effort instead of benefiting you, only enshrouds you more in darkness; for you have obstinately taken your nature into a dark cavern of prejudice, and indirectly the angels have caused the spiritual blindness. Oh! let us take us light, and we shall not injure our brother; we shall strive to benefit each other. As the reaction always sends back the bread which has been cast upon the waters, we find that we are benefited ourselves; this is what these dear angels teach us: that when we let our own souls go out for humanity, they are enriched; it is the sweet old story: "More blessed to give than to receive;" for when we give there is a stirring of the depths of the heart's fountain, which causes a moving channel. It is only by this moving that we have spiritual growth.

As in nature where the waters do not move, stagnation is the result. If the tree does not move—progress—there is no stature.

How beautiful it all is, that from the least phenomena of nature on to the highest order of humanity—spirit existence—this law is the one which controls all progression. The rich soils nurtures the roots of vegetation, and sends forth the proper nourishment for each specie of vegetation, the clouds give rain and dew, the streams retain it, and the

sun's powerful rays draw it back to the clouds, thus moving, changing, and nothing is lost. The more abundantly does each give, the greater the blessing.

Thus we learn a wise, a beautiful lesson. We give a loving word to some weary heart, and immediately we feel a glad, little stream rise up towards the great sun. We give an encouraging smile to some burdened one, and a flower springs up in our own pathway. We breathe its fragrance, as we see the grateful expression upon the countenance of the burdened one. We withhold the words of encouragement which tremble upon our lips, and like a sullen weight they fall back into our own hearts, as we see the sorrow of brother man which we might have lightened.

The perfect development of the angel principle, relies upon the harmony of humanity. When the loving ones come from celestial spheres, tremble upon the portals of earth with the grand message of life, with the glorious light of immortality, ablaze lighted from the altar of heavenly love; come unselfishly, and self-denyingly, because the glorious truth which they may now fully comprehend, cannot be to them perfect, whilst the loved ones left below pine in darkened caverns; they are thrust back by cruel and oppressive opposition, superstition, selfishness—the heavenly manna is not received. Oh! how beautiful! how grand the revelation. "It is not so much that we may come back to you, that this is the fact"—they say to us—"but, that we may incite you to high and noble achievements, grander developments, truer lives, loftier aspirations, that we may teach you that man may rise into a state of angelic love, may make his fellowman to rejoice, in a new light, revel in a heaven below, live a life of majesty which scorns to do an ignoble deed, to trample the weak and oppressed to crush down his brother thinking thereby to rise." No! when you thrust down your brother in an earthly sense, he ascends in a spiritual; and *vice versa*, you descend.

This the law of spirit-equalization. All things must retain an equilibrium and you making yourself positive in regard to an evil deed towards your brother, and he negatively receiving the blow, his spirit rebounds—rises into a higher state, yours sinks by the force of the blow—establishing the equilibrium.

How wise are all thy plans, oh, Mighty King! How grand is thy beautiful world, thy tiny streams of earth, and tiny streams of heaven; thy rays of solar light, thy rays of celestial light, thy beauty is revealed to us

in all things; there is light in darkness. There are ten legions of angels at our side, although we stand alone upon the mountain top, or descend unto the valley.

IDA M. MERRILL.

SPIRITUAL OUTLOOK.

In the *R. P. Journal*, of Chicago, the Anniversary address of Spiritualism, delivered by A. B. French, at Milan, Ohio, we have read with much interest, and take some of the leading ideas, proving to us the grand beauty of this most wonderful science, and that is the science of life. It is a part of life—this return of spirits to our earth-land, and it is impossible for us to gainsay it, when we have discovered that it is one of the greatest of the world.

In speaking of its birth he says, "It was born in the blazing noontide of the nineteenth century. Over its cradle, star-eyed science kept her first vigils." Is it not true, that it came into existence in this age of light where facts alone will satisfy the starving multitude, where truth is the sword which shall cut right and left striking down the wall of superstition and prejudice? Again, "candid men and women cannot fail to see, that it has already started on the shoreless sea of history a reactionary wave in the world's skeptical thought, while its bitterest opponents must confess it has taken many a starving prodigal who was perishing on the rotten husks of materialism, and led him with an angel's hand, back to the rich banquet of spiritual realities." He compares a new religion to a child—likewise Spiritualism; and as the child becomes matured his opinions are accepted, so with Spiritualism. It will force its way and prove that which is good. Also this is the first cycle in modern Spiritualism. The history of this cycle will be more interesting in the future, than it has been in the enactment. The phenomena is only in its infancy. As do we all who stand in this dawn of a new era, look out into the dim future, with fear and trembling, wondering if we shall have strength to reap the mighty harvest which has been sown in tears, through opposition and prejudice which has taken the courage of a Napoleon to encounter, he says "we see the mellow fruit and grain smiling in the kisses of the autumn sun, but do not know who shall reap; others may reap the precious fruit from the seed which we have sown through the stormy spring weather." But let it be. Aye! let it be; this

is our mission; we shall reap on the evergreen shores of time, a more abundant harvest. It was not with hopes of a reward that many of us came out into this knowledge; but it was because a great and mighty power swayed us and we scarce hoped to see so great a harvest in our day. In speaking of the church he says, "she has exposed her deformity." Ah! there is something wrong, we all see it; there must be a more harmonious flow in religion. If all are striving to gain the same place, why not come as brothers, clasp hands and say: What light have you found which will help me on the road? And all place their tribute of light upon the altar, thus making a grand flame. He speaks of the persecutions against reformers, by the Jesuits, and then of the beauty of the nuns upon the battle field, wiping the tears from the eyes of the wounded, and binding up the wounds, and of Protestantism, her charities and her colleges have more than balanced her deformities, her intolerance.

In speaking of Spiritualism says, "it must not only tear down their creeds of intolerance, but must be able to build." Can we not build upon a firm foundation—that of truth? He asks the question, "where are the builders?" Shall we find them among that large class of Spiritualists, who, having gratified a selfish curiosity in these facts, now sit down in glorious ease? Shall we find them among another large class who only delight in beating their neighbor's dead dog on an intolerant church and priesthood? Can we hope to obtain them among a third class who only desire phenomenalism? This class of men and women enjoy eating a fallen apple, but have no interest in the law by which it falls, or in the generous nature that has produced it." It is true we must reason and take the truth home to our hearts that this science is to us only an *aïd* to religion—an aid, whereby the mighty truth may roll from shore to shore of our beautiful country. We ask the question, why do they come? To form a mighty ocean of thought which shall elevate mankind into a higher state. Again he says: "This will be a Universal and Spiritual religion." With him we join hands in heartfelt sympathy. Yes! the heralds, from the heavenly shores have time and again brought us the glad news that "Peace and good will to men" shall be the theme; that the pure religion and undefiled shall come out from the darkened caverns, and like a pure white dove, spread his wings and flee from land to land, with the joyous tidings—a new era of light, an era of purity, an era of reform, of progress, of Love. Which shall sweep away the evil by kindness; and the great truth returning good for evil will be found the only law.—Ed.]

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

MEMORIAL.

IN MEMORY OF MISS MELISSA HAYWORTH, WHO DIED, FEB. 7, 1881, AT
LONGTON, KANSAS.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF A FRIEND, A. W. MORELAND.

Gone to the summer land in her youth,
Gone from the friends who loved her well,
But, Oh! she has found the glorious truth,
More wonderful than tongue can tell.

Her life now is grander, brighter, there
Than all the beauties of our land.
In grand array, so wondrous fair,
Her friends and kindred 'round her stand.

She scarce can behold the mighty light;
The glory does, most overpower
This wondrous day without a night;
What beauty in each perfect flower.

No death! no death! hear the angels sing!
No death, but happy, joyous life.
Now with them too, her glad voice does ring;
She soars above earth's care and strife.

But the friends of earth, she's left below,
Think you that she may them forget?
Ah, no! her joy she would have to flow,
O'er each life, sweeping away regret.

She would send them a message of love,
From the evergreen, sunny clime;
She would hold the cord linking them above,
Telling them of a reunion time.

She's *waiting* on that bright, peaceful shore;
Her barque is anchored near to earth.
The waves of heaven reach us evermore,
'Tis thus the greatest truth has birth.

Out from the shell the butterfly comes,
Free to rise or descend on the air,
So the spirit, in heavenly domes,
But rises and returns. Oh, beauty rare!

We cannot die. We always live;
We rise and leave the wornout shell.
Thus *she's* gone, but a message does give;
The Father doeth all things well.

IDA M. MERRILL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 29

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

When this world of souls is renewed and invigorated with love, and the kingdom of happiness has flowed over all the lands of earth, when the desert blooms with roses, when the high places are brought low, and the vallies are raised up, oppression and crime will cease. The resistance, of evil with evil, increases crime, and now is the time for humanity to stand up firm for right and justice, before each other.

"Infant Indictment—Mahias, Maine, Jan. 8th.—The Grand Jury to-day brought in an indictment against Warren Longmore, of Penbrooke, for the murder of Freeman Wright; Longmore nine years old; Wright but eight." A Grand Jury indicting infants before a court for the crime of murder. If women composed that Jury, is it possible they would take the same course to bring about reform? Does any sane person think trying infants, or hanging them will prevent other infants from committing the same crime? Build asylums instead of court houses, and try the criminals in them with tenderness, and pity as an invalid. Send for an apostle that is filled with the Holy Ghost, to come and lay his hands upon them, and cast out the devil or heal them. Form harmonious circles around them, and by your sympathy, an influence will be drawn, from the celestial spheres that will raise the fallen brother, restore him to his friends, and by such loving treatment he will become a useful member of the great family. All those who give a cup of water to an afflicted one raises him or herself on another burnished round of the ladder. When a shocking crime is committed, men allow themselves to become excited, and instead of looking calmly on, the awful calamity that has befallen their brother, they take upon themselves the same in-

fluence that caused the crime, and proceed to commit another, even worse than the first. They intend to have revenge, so they take their brother to the forest, put a rope around his neck, and hang him until he is dead, then return to their homes, and go to rest from their labors, but, to their astonishment, there is no rest. Can they feel happy after they have sent their brother to the unknown shore, to read the panorama of his misdeeds o'er and o'er again, and look upon his victim, face to face? No the masked men, who took their unfortunate brother's life, can still see his pallid face and trembling limbs, as they adjusted the rope to launch him into eternity, and they not sure that he was accountable for the deed he did. Mothers think of the poor Talbott boys lying in that lonesome jail for months, and who knows, but the angels, whether they are guilty or not? They say, "not guilty."

MRS. M. MERRICK.

INHARMONY.

It is not right; we see the wrong, but we do not know how to right it! How often is this the case in this life? There is inharmony amongst friends, who are near and dear to each other, who would not injure each other but, who would rather benefit each other. But there is a ripple of life's stream; a current which sweeps the helpless barques of our existence, surging and struggling out upon the ocean. We cannot divine the law which governs it, where it originated but we see the effect. How much of the tumultuous war of life's storm is brought about in this manner?

There is a gentle breeze wafted from the mighty universe, and the harmonious waters now flow smoothly; the current brings together the severed barques, and we wonder what ill-wind did the mischief. The various barques tossed hither and thither upon the mighty deep, by union, might have much more readily withstood the storms.

Thus in the beautiful hope of reformation, of purification, of reviving the Christ principle; our barques of progress should be united, our banners of mercy and love, each bearing its peculiar inscription, should be unfurled for the encouragement of each other.

We, who may, in this era of light, embark upon a troublous ocean should join in songs of harmony, should do all that is in our power to stem the storm of opposition, which would sweep our frail barques into the unknown deep.

But thanks be to the Most High! the angels have established a grand and mighty current which is pure, and he, who once launches in this current, sails upon a sea which, tho' it may have storms and tumults, flows onto the great gateway of a glad, new life over the shining, instead of darksome river. The misunderstandings are revealed in the clear light which shines from the spiritual sun, and we find that the mighty life-work, which we are to accomplish, is the grandest and most glorious. It is to reach out after the storm-beaten mariner, the helpless and the sinking one. The chain of heavenly love is sure and secure; the breezes of celestial atmosphere will bear us up; the songs of triumph, from the angel world, will buoy our fainting spirits, and harmony—sweet and glorious harmony—reigns; a perfect fleet of ships, laden with the precious cargo of humanity, saved from the beating storms of persecution, oppression and tyranny.

We are reaching this era in the world's history; that the light from the Spiritual Sun will dispel the clouds, and each shall understand his brother's motives.

IDA M. MERRILL.

The time has gone by, says the *London Court Journal*, for actors, to be sneered at as "rogues and vagabonds." Quite a number of young gentlemen of good family, many of them members of the two universities, now make the stage their profession. Their talents probably are not of the very highest order, but they are, as a rule, of very good appearance, deport themselves as gentlemen, dress well, and utter their lines without showing "stage fright;" and very little more is required nowadays of the youthful heroes of modern comedy.

The spiritual heaven is not a localized city, with orders of divinity as gate keepers, but all persons carry around with them the heaven they make. And Spiritualists must bear in mind that they are not a specially favored class. We do not believe in the doctrine of election, but we do believe in the principle of working out your own salvation—creating your own heaven. If there is any advantage to be derived from knowledge, then they who know the way and do not follow, will find the pathways to higher realms in spirit life strewn with thorns instead of flowers.

—T. Starr King, in *Olive Branch*.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"Girls, come immediately, will you?" calls Mrs. Ernest.

"Oh!" cries Eva, "grandma is sick. I know by Auntie's voice."

In a moment's time Eva had bounded to her Aunt's side. The grandmother, who was troubled with asthma, was gasping for breath. Eva had taken care of her through similar spells, and shortly had her breathing more freely.

"Alice, I now fear we shall not have our pleasure trip next week. I am becoming so childish over grandma, I can scarce think of leaving her. I wonder how you could go alone with Auntie."

"Never mind, dear Eva, we will not talk of it now. I can wait."

These words were spoken in a low tone, in the adjoining room, and Mrs. Ernest coming in says:

"Eva, it would not surprise me, at any time, to have grandmother bid us farewell, you must be prepared for it."

Much as it had been talked of, still the deathly pallor overspread Eva's face, at the thought, and as the bright tears glistened in her eyes she could only say:

"Yes, dear Aunt, it is too true." * * * * *

It is the lovely month of June. The air filled with fragrance, warm and revivifying, for in this sequestered vale, June weather was exhilarating, at the very time that in the heart of the distant cities, the sun had begun to beam down, between brick walls, with a warning glare, reminding one, that soon the time, would be, when fierce heat was the all—the expectation. And at such times a refreshing breeze is hailed with joy.

The roses blushed from every nook of the great yard; wherever one might be placed, to overhang a stump of some forest tree, which had been removed, or to clamber over some lifeless ones. All over the piazza too they waved gracefully in the warm sun; pure white ones also were interspersed and in the sideyard a few yellow ones. Says Eva:

"I do not like them, so well; they seem to spoil my collection. I admire the white and the red ones, with the green foliage surrounding them, and the delicate green grass below."

"Thanks to the Dispenser of all blessings, dear Eva! that I am here this loveliest morning, I have ever beheld. Oh! if I could only retain this lovely picture, in my mind forever. Our conservatory seems commonplace, to me, in comparison to this. See that cluster upon the right side of the piazza, was anything more perfect?"

"Oh, Eva! you ought to be a poetess to have always lived in such a place; you are fairly living poetry, breathing it, and drinking it from the pure air; the notes of the merry songsters, and the music of the brooks, the hum of insects, and the lowing of the cattle."

"Oh, Alice! I could, never be dignified with the title; but I have sometimes scribbled a few lines. I have written an acrostic upon your name since you came, but do not know as you may like it."

"Like it? Why, dear Eva! as though I do not like everything that you do. Have I ever, as yet, found fault with you, in any particular?"

"Why, no! *you* find fault. I do not think you ever found fault with any one. But I was timid in showing you my simple language."

"Oh, I should be pleased with it! Of course, we could not expect a Longfellow, or a Tennyson of a simple country lass, as you call yourself. Come, let me see the poem, for it will soon be time to start up the mountain. Why, dear Eva, to think of me being up before the sun, and I never see it rise at home."

"This accounts for the rosy health, that is tinging your cheeks now. Oh, I cannot think of your leaving us; I have learned to love your company so much. I never have known what it was to have a companion before."

"Now, Eva, like a dear, good girl, get me the poem. I am anxious to see it."

After a few moments she has returned from her room, and says:

"Here it is Alice. It is only a simple tribute of affection."

A VIOLET—SIMPLICITY.

A modest flower—a violet,
Let me name you my dear friend.
In sweet simplicity—you reign
Crowned queen until life does end.
Even then may thy kingdom extend.
Keep the simple trophy I bring,
Ever in your pure, true heart,
New beauty with each coming spring,
This sweet token of thyself a part.

"Dear Eva, that is beautiful—the idea. It is precisely what I desire to be, simple and modest, as you know. Oh, how I dread next winter with

its fashionable role, which I am expected to carry out. How beautiful these pressed violets! how perfectly they retain their shape I never saw any done so well. Ah! I see how it is, there is my name. Taking the first letter of each line it spells Alice Kent. Now if I might only compose one on your name—and you have a poetic name have you not? I never noticed it before—Eva Ernest.”

“You write prose, Alice, with ease; you may, perhaps, form a blank verse.”

“I write prose. How do you know, Eva? I did not.”

“I judge by the beautiful letters, you wrote to cousin Harry and myself; if you remember I was included in many of those epistles, and I never read more beautiful sentiment.”

“Well, dear girl, if you like my simple sentiment, I shall make a great effort to form something that will indicate my good *intentions* at least.”

“Here is Dan with the express, and, let me see if he has the lunch basket, and the blankets for we must spread them, as grandma has cautioned me, now about the hundredth time about talking cold.

CORA CORAL.

As fine a test to prove an intelligence beyond, of familiar characteristics of friends, was given through the mediumship of Mrs. Williams last Sunday evening. Her husband entranced her, and she laid down quietly on the bed. He buried about a year ago a very dear brother, both being Healers and Clairvoyants, probably brought them in closer relationship. The Dr. has had communications with his wife from the Spirit, but none so convincing he says as at this entrancement. He requested aloud that his brother would give some very positive test of his presence, to identify himself. The medium said, he still carries his cane and you must look out, he is going to strike the table, at that instant a loud knock was heard on the table as heavy and loud as if by mortal hands. The wonderful proof was, that the table was a number of feet away from either, and no visible hand near to make the sound. Dr. Williams said that this one manifestation was enough to convince him of a truth in Spiritualism, because his brother always carried the cane and the knock on the table away from any one, at the instant of the Clairvoyant saying that it would be produced, fulfilled the utterance.—*Western Light*.

We send back numbers of this magazine to all who subscribe.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 20th, 1881.

EDITRESS A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT:—"First know you are right, then go ahead," has been my motto through all my life—though it has many times caused me much trouble and losses. In order to know how to do right, I had to investigate—"try all things and hold fast to that which is good." I also find that each day of my life brings with it a new experience, and know that not any thing comes by chance, but that everything is designed—as there can be no effect without a cause, and cause must have an origin, be it good or evil.

I find that I am a child of destiny, though compelled to work out my own salvation (it may be,) with "fear and trembling."

Many times have I tried to fight against fate, and to hold up my ancestral pride, but I am to-day simply what I am—an instrument in the hands of unseen forces, by whom I have been guarded, protected, and lead from my cradle to present old age, and I believe "it is God Almighty who worketh in me, to will and to do of his, (her or its,) own good pleasure." I have been over a vast portion of this world, which I now see was a for wise purpose. I have just returned from the borders of Mexico, Texas, etc., and where my life was once placed in jeodardy. I was in hopes that now I could continue to remain at home in the bosom of my quiet family, but I find this cannot be. I must take my staff and travel in the field of reform, Lecture, "preach the gospel, heal the sick, cast out devils, and do many other mighty works," within my given circle. I am therefore compelled to say that Dr. R. D. Goodwin, the sympathetic, cleansing and impressional physician will be ready from date to receive calls from within a radius of 300 miles, to lecture on any or all progressive subjects, to heal the sick by his well-known magnetic powers—electricity or medical skill, will hold circles, form societies, and solemnize marriages according to law—where so requested. I am determined to do all the good I can during the balance of my days, regardless of consequences. All letters addressed to R. D. Goodwin, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., will be promptly answered. All progressive papers, please copy.

The women of Minnesota, in their endeavor to secure the right to vote on the temperance question, are backed by Bishop Foster of the Methodist and Bishop Wipple of the Episcopal Church. The world moves.

EASTER

The cathedrals are decorated with choice flowers, the mind is carried back to that time eighteen hundred years ago, when they found the sepulchre open, and the angels at the door telling them they would find Jesus in Galilee.

Yes, let us have beautiful Easter flowers, the lillies of the valley. These beautiful emblems lift the soul higher; they are types of all the beautiful traits of character. They teach us to have the angelic qualities of Jesus of Nazareth—the flowers of truth, love and mercy—is better than to have royal robes, purple and linen.

Yes! the news heralded on that Easter morn "The Lord is risen, has been heralded for ages since. Not that it was he alone might triumph over the grave, but that *all* might do so for many of the saints also arose. They made themselves visible. Jesus came in a materialized body, not in the old flesh, for he passed into the room where doors and windows were closed, proving that it was spirit. As the mind cannot conceive of the heights and depths of the Almighty, we can scarce comprehend this wonderful truth.

But is it only this fact which will prove to us the immortality of the soul? No the news comes from the four corners of the earth. "The Lord has risen," my friends have come to me from across the glistening river of death, come in the halo of light of an early Easter morn; the stars of night have scarce gone out, but here and there one twinkles; come with a silent sweep, sometimes, swept onward by the current; and again we hear the click of the oar as others have rowed against the current of opposition, to bear us the news—the blessed news—"an immortal life awaits thee." We hear them whisper the sweet tones of love on this Easter day, we breathe the perfume of the heavenly flowers with which they come laden, and we hear the words, a glad, continuous Easter is dawning.

IDA M. MERRILL.

Rev. Edward Judson, son of the self-sacrificing missionary to Burmah, has shown much of his father's spirit. He has resigned a comfortable parsonage to work among the neglected people of New York. (This is a call to the ministry, when a man accepts a position, where he may do the most good in preference to the largest salary we have some faith in the call. True the laborer is worthy of this hire, but it is not necessary that he should live in ease as a worker in the vineyard(?) whilst the

vineyard is really overgrown with weeds and rank growth. The world is the field, and reform is the pruning hook; evil, the weeds and ignorance the rank growth. Place your hand to the plow of progression, take the pruning hook of reform, and the cords of love to bind up the wayward branches, and you have received a call from heaven which is answered as a spiritual Father, an angel world desires. You see the desert waste to blossom: you see the pale emaciated countenance of distress transformed to a joyous one; you see the beastly countenance radiant with a new light—the light of the knowledge, of truth.—ED.]

ORGANIZED FOR A STRIKE.

CHICAGO, April 20.—One of the biggest strikes that has ever occurred in the country will only be prevented by the timely action of the managers of the railroads centering here. The freight house hands of all the roads in the city have been quietly organizing for a week or so, and have prepared a petition asking for a general advance of 20 per cent in their wages and giving the companies until next Thursday at noon to make up their minds. Over 1,000 names are signed to the petition, and every one of them are pledged to quit work at once if the demand is not complied with. The impression prevails that the companies will accede rather than have their business delayed, as this is the busiest time of the year, and the slightest stoppage would cause a blockade on the lines and greatly interfere with the business of the city. The wages of these men were reduced three or four times during the dull times, and they have never gone back to the old rates.

[This is but a sample of the cries that we hear from the utmost bounds of our beautiful country. A nation was established where tyranny should not reign, but now in the very precincts of liberty(?) the cruel oppression and bondage of the laboring classes sends up a wail, which mingles not with the incense of christianity—prayers—in harmony. How singular that those in the power seldom say to those who are laboring under them: My income is increasing, and I must advance to you a tithe but as in the case under consideration, reduction in dull times usually remains so, unless some such measure are taken by the oppressed.

When man becomes convinced of the true idea of life, he will see that his spiritual nature requires a stimulus, as well as the physical, and will

find it is only received by bestowing human kindness, by doing as he would be done by.—ED.]

He attended a meeting where an attempt was being made to lift the debt of the church. After a great deal of earnest exhortation to give, he began to get mildly excited over the matter, and when the minister declared that every one who gave would find that the Lord would pay him back a hundred fold he concluded to close with the bargain, and at once subscribed a handsome sum. "And," said he, some weeks afterward, "the scripture promise is financially a good one, for since I gave that money to the church a man came into my office and paid up a large debt which I had long since given up as lost. Yes, the promise is a good one, but"—and here he hesitated for a few moments—"but I tell you what it is, I don't think I dare trust it a second time."

[He walked down an unfrequented street—unfrequented by the fashionable class; a wretched abode was his destination; a suffering family looked up to him with hungry eyes: he carried with him the word of God—heavenly inspiration. He shed a tear of sympathy, but that, alone, would not relieve the want; he spoke words of encouragement, of cheer; this alone was not the healing balm. He practically relieved the want; he spread a table for that famishing family; he says to the haggard man who had searched for employment in vain: Come I will give you employment, your family shall not suffer in the meantime.

Some weeks after he visited the same family; happy, rosy children met him with shouts of joy; the pale mother, with less of care, lifted her thankful face to his with a smile; the words of gratitude rose to her lips, but the full heart could not express it. A flood of grateful tears relieved the heart, and the words found utterance: "Oh sir, inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these." And we are surely least.

He says, yes! the scripture promise is *spiritually* a good one, and I am neither in want, yet there is a sweet peace within my heart, as I contemplate the fruit of my small investment. That which was to me a trifle, has made the life of a whole family happy; there is a free, joyous atmosphere surrounds me, which an increase of finances could not supplant. The scripture promise is sure, and I will dare to trust it. I have found a temple grander than any cathedral, and it is within human hearts."—ED.]

RICHARD RELF.

This poem was written by Richard Relf the night previous to his committing suicide in San Francisco. A genius with no power to stem the tide of misfortune.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum." When
 For me the end has come and I am dead,
 And little voluble chattering daws of men
 Peck at me curiously, let it then be said,
 By some one brave enough to tell the truth,
 Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong,
 Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth,
 To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song.
 And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
 He wrought for liberty; till his own wound,
 (He had been stabbed), concealed with painful art.
 Through wasting years, mastered him and he swooned,
 And sank there where you see him lying now,
 With that word "Failure" written on his brow.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed,
 World's honors and world's plaudits and the wage,
 Of the world's deft lacqueys, still his lips were kissed
 Daily by those high angels who assuage
 The thirstings of the poets—for he was,
 Born unto singing—and a burden lay,
 Mightily on him, and he mourned because
 He could not rightly utter to this day,
 What God taught in the night. Sometimes, nathless,
 Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame,
 And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;
 And benedictions from black pits of shame;
 And little children's love, and old men's prayers;
 And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred,
 With thick films—silence! he is in his grave,
 Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred.
 Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
 Nor did he wait till Freedom had become,
 The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips;
 But smote for her when God himself seemed dumb,
 And all His arching skies were in eclipse.
 He was a weary; but he fought his fight,
 And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
 To see the august broadening of the light,
 And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
 He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—
 Plant daisies at his head and his feet.— *Western Light.*

Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. Windom were school teachers, and so were their husbands.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

THE DOOMED CITY.

Lot with his family are safe.
 The city is doomed to destruction.
 The mighty scene so terrible, dark,
 Too dreadful for description.

In fearful flames and sulphur smoke,
 As though 'twere some region infernal,
 The piteous wails of dying men,
 Pierce not the heart of the Eternal.

Sinful man again must pay,
 The penalty of rebellious life;
 The flames leap high, reaching unto heaven;
 But Jehovah glories(?) in this strife.

Oh Mighty Power! - Father of love!
 Is it thus thy children look on Thee?
 As one who delights in torments dire;
 Rather than light, love and liberty.

The law of nature brings the storms,
 The Father delights not in woe:
 His realm is clear, is filled with light;
 What matters the journey below.

But sin is vile and brings its own.
 The wound upon the spirit is;
 Oh! see you not the likeness here?
 It robs man of all joy or bliss.

As the doomed city was all for sin,
 A penalty attends each transgression;
 It is the *law*, and not the wrath;
 Sin retards a high progression.

As we read we find Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed, by fire and brimstone, after Lot and his family were safe outside the walls. May we not here find a law—a diamond.

Every transgression against our physical nature is attended by suffering. Every pain or ache is the attendant evil of some violation of nature's perfect law; not always with the individual direct, but after some hereditary malformation, and likewise in spiritual.

Here we may find a foundation for the superstitious belief of Adamic sin. It really has a foundation. It is the wise intention to have man a

perfect being. The prototype or the model, in the spiritual world is perfect. But man in his aggressions, has fallen below the ideal; he does not in any instance resemble the perfect pattern. If we had no other proof than this: We shall take for instance, an honest seeker after truth, an earnest thinker, an aspirant to something higher and nobler than he has ever yet realized, and you will find, he has formed, for himself, an ideal of a perfect manhood, which he has never, as yet, been able to reach. The model is perfect, but the work imperfect; there is a continual polishing, a removing of flaws, and still it does not reach the high, aesthetic beauty of this prototype. Another, and another one may be bewn in the marble of life, polished and perfected, still our ideal is scarce attained. But in all this time, this laboring, and this anxiously looking for flaws, patiently polishing, have we lost? No! each time, we see an improvement, although not satisfied entirely with the result. Were we so to be, there would come a languor, retrogression, for we find, that the knowledge and the skill which we gained yesterday, aid us to-day.

Thus with all things: The woman, who carefully attends to her family to-day, carries forward the simple duties of life, moulding the character of her little ones by love, must follow the same routine to-morrow; polishing and removing the flaws, still the work is imperfect. She has formed in her mind the ideal into which she would mould the character of this little one entrusted to her care; yet the close of each day finds her not quite satisfied with the result. Should she at the close of a day say: No more will I train the feet in the right path it seems that I have labored enough; my instructions have been sufficient—like a garden left to grow rank with weeds become those childish minds. The past labors are unavailing, and retrogression is the result. A fall if not a rise.

But let us take the theorem; the mother at the close of some weary day sits down, with hands folded, uses not the active brain in directing the various paths of her household; the children receive not the accustomed care; there is no order, but all is chaos; what is the result? There is a falling away from the regular habits, the lessons thrown aside; through idleness much is forgotten. We will suppose that after some time—probably a year—this mother should suddenly realize the state of affairs, and immediately institute a reform. Can she, in one day's time, remedy the evil which has been accruing in the year past? Every sensible person says: No, certainly not. Force of habit cannot be broken instantaneously. The polishing, the removing flaws will now be attend-

ed with greater difficulty, than at first; the penalty must be paid for this retrogression. It cannot be done in a moment. As, were an engineer to throw on all the force of his engine, he would soon send the occupants of the car into an eternity; a reeking wreck would be the result.

Now the evil which has accrued to that family by this torpor can be overcome, only by patience, by forbearance, by earnest endeavor and the most strenuous efforts. Thus we shall find the Adamic sin. Can man suppose that it was the work of a moment, the simple eating of an apple. Yet we may here see the similitude. It is upon the first transgression that the repitition depends. The children of this family we shall look in upon, the morning after the mother's decision. They stare at each other in blank amazement. They attempt to perform their accustomed duties, but the guiding star is gone, the motor is not there. The father attempts to direct, but duties call him elsewhere; the little ones are left to roam at will. The next morning they arise with not so much wonderment and when it becomes established, that they are, hereafter free to roam at will, then the habits of idleness and ignorance become fixed, and they cease to observe the mother's delinquency.

Thus with one who may form a pernicious habit. There is the sting of conscience at the first committal; at the second it is not so great, and after a continuous habit, perhaps, the still, small voice does not whisper. "Do not commit it." Yes, it whispers but the voice does not come for the aura which surrounds the nature is too dense, from the exhalations of iniquity and vice. This continued through generations constitutes the fall of man, as there can be but one, or the other in all things. Progression or retrogression, good or evil, light or darkness. There may be the shadings, but these form retrogression. The obscuring of the sun, although not accompanied by total darkness, causes its glory to be diminished.

Now we establish a truth. The fall of man can only be overcome by progression, and we may call this a change of life, rather than a change of heart. The heart may will to do the right, but the brain or moving faculties—the opposite may not carry into practice the intentions. This has much to do with so-called conversion; we do not doubt its sincerity as regards the "change of heart," or rather desires, at the moment; but there must be a deeper change; the forces of the nature must be gathered together; the great current of life, if it has been sweeping broadcast, unrestrained, must be brought into a channel—a channel of usefulness,

and then the progression is established. If wrong has been indulged in, even a deviation from the Right, then we have the shading.

IDA M. MERRILL.

LIFE AMONG THE ROSES.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

[Written for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.]

A pretty maiden in her pride
Dwelt 'mong the blooming roses,
While love and beauty by her side
Scattered the fragrant posies.

No murmuring sounds of sorrow came
Within her native bower;
Each evening zephyr breathed her name
To every opening flower.

The little birdlets seemed to sing
The thoughts that danced within her;
And every morning seemed to bring
Hyperion for her limner.

But while the bees their honey sipt,
And sung their glad thanksgiving,
And tearful dew from blossoms dript
From grateful joy of living—

A wandering worth wind passed along
So rough and sharp and chilly,
Howling a discord to her song,
And nipped the gentle lilly.

No sin was hers; no inward hell
Had scorched the loving spirit;
Its beauty only flowers could tell,
And only birdlets sing it.

No change e'er came within her soul,
For like a bubbling fountain,
Sweet sunlight saw its waters roll
From life's unfathomed mountain.

And ere it reached the depths below
Where sin and sorrow gather,
It ceased its onward laughing flow,
And knew no wintry weather.

Say wise men of the cleric schools,
Where dwells our gentle maiden?
'Mid crowds of moaning knaves and fools,
Or in life's love-lit aiden?

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

Are ye not oracles of God?

Have ye not learned his story?

Do ye not teach—his frown and rod

Are attributes of glory?

Say heralds of the mighty word,

Shall all unchanged souls perish

Whom pardoned sin hath never stirred

Nor pardoning blood doth cherish?

Is it a sin to have no sin?

A crime to need no pardom?

Is heaven a place where are fenced in

And nourished as a garden—

Those flowers alone that blood could feed;

And cleanse from lust and passion?

While banished, all who did not need

Nourishment in such fashion?

Hail Reason, hail! bid manhood leap

Out from its centuried blindness;

With gladness grasp and ever keep

Judgment and sense and kindness.

And then the law of love shall come

Some day in all its beauty;

And take earth's sorrowing children home

In the sweet paths of duty.

And flowers shall blossom in the soul

From childhood's smiling bowers,

Down through life's duties; and control

Its fleeting, blessed hours—

Till gentle voices whisper low,

"Great joy to us is given"

"Your duty being done below,

"To sing you home to heaven!"

Edith O. Gorman, the well-known lecturer, has visited our city, lecturing in the Opera House to a good audience, and on Sabbath evening at the Vermont St. Baptist church. Many left, as they could not conveniently obtain standing room. Her subject, "Convent Life." The thrilling story of her death to the world, leaving all who were near and dear to her, and her final escape, touched the heart of all who heard. She spoke not malignantly of the Catholic church, but simply told the truth. Showing the mistake in burying one's self from the world, stifling all the aspirations of the nature. When Catholics, as others, see their mistakes, we think they will institute a religion in harmony with the law of God. Letting every heaven-born desire bud in beauty in the reformation of the world rather than a simple burial from temptation, meet, combat and triumph over Satan.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 30.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

WORSHIP.

Worship is not in temples of art;
'Tis not in gorgeous array,
But is enthroned in the human heart,
And must be practiced every day.

'Tis in smallest acts of life,
That it is most truly portrayed,
And through scenes of earth's sad strife,
The path of worship is made.—*Ida M. Merrill.*

To worship is to act—do something—and there is just two acts to perform, one good the other bad, and we all have the power to choose the cause we prefer. All human beings are temples for the living God or good to manifest thoughts and ideas to each other, in order to make us understand there is a life of love and beauty beyond our comprehension at present. A life being expressed or good manifest in the flesh—a voice saying through all the various scenes of nature and humanity: Behold I am the Lord and there is none like me; I create good and evil you may choose which you love best. The passions of mankind correspond with wild beasts and domestic animals, such as Noah took into the ark, he had built to save himself from the flood. It is recorded he took two of every kind, male and female, in order to replenish the earth when the waters should subside.

There are Noahs to-day, and they have taken the same load of beasts and creeping things, that when the waters of oppression shall subside they may be useful. The wild beasts represent the evil and the domestic, ones gentle living principles; they are both necessary to the strength and progress of humanity. We should build a wall around the temple of

good deeds, of loving kindness toward our neighbor, and gather all our good qualities into the inclosure, and be vigilant, and not let any beast enter to disturb the peace and harmony of that quiet field. Creeping things sometimes gnaw and fret until they make a breach and allow the tiger to enter and the result is shocking. All those good natured animals hide and shrink away from the horrid scene; the beast shakes the temple to its foundation, and enters the holy of holies and desecrates it, mounts the altar and roars for vengeance and is determined to devour something. When men and women learn to govern themselves we shall not need a president or congress, we shall be a free people and worship in spirit and truth by treating our brothers and sisters in a kind affectionate manner, even those in whom the wild beasts have entered.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PIERCE CITY, April 17th, 1881.

A religion to be of permanent benefit to the race must be based on facts positive in order to guard against misconstruction and misunderstanding. This is the duty of spirits, but has never as yet been accomplished for the reason that the higher intelligences have been held back by the lower stratas of spirit life, and the mind of man has also been warped and deluded from the same cause, so that he was not in condition to meet the requirements which are necessary in order to receive the higher truths. And, man has been left in a bewildered condition, fearing to reject that which he has received, and at the same time his soul revolts at the inconsistencies which present themselves in all that he has received, purporting to be divine inspiration. He very naturally weighs the matter in his own mind and is led to the conclusion that Divine inspiration should be beyond human criticism. And he is not to blame because seeing such glowing discrepancies he rejects all. He sees plainly that all are lacking in the essential properties which are coherence and consistency. But through all past ages, when he receives what he believes is a ray of truth, he has immediately gone to work and erected a superstructure which he believes will stand the test of time. But ere long a new ray comes streaming in which for a time dazzles and bewilders him, but when he has had time to calmly survey the surroundings he immediately goes to work and tears down the old, or such parts

as do not comport with his reason and that which he has received later and has continued in this course through countless ages. We have been grieved to see him groping his way in the dark. Striving to live up to his highest conceptions of truth, and always on the alert, never missing an opportunity, but equally grasping everything which comes within his reach, with the vain hope that he may find a permanent resting place. We will not attempt to follow him through his chequered career, for it is a subject with which you are familiar. * * * * *

And it is only necessary to say that through the dark and dreary past we have struggled to prepare him for a higher, purer system. And now we feel assured that his mind is sufficiently expanded, and he has acquired sufficient knowledge of the laws of nature, to enable us by his assistance and co-operation, to solve these abstruse metaphysical problems, and strip them of all delusions and mystery, making them so plain that "he who runs may read" and understand. Then you will in future be able to properly classify all phenomena which may be presented.

R. H. YOUNG.

The lecture of Mrs. Henry, of Chicago, upon the subject, "What are our boys and girls worth," given at the First Baptist church of this city is one which portrays the deep sincerity and piety of the lady and contains the most elevating advice to the young, showing, by illustration that the standard of character cannot be placed too high; that purity is the foundation of a noble life. We could not attempt to give a synopsis of the lecture for her greatest power is in her sweet, persuasive voice showing the deep pure spirit which gives the beautiful advice.

The following we take from a letter of Jesse H. Butler, of Los Angeles, California:

"Go on with your enterprise; I hope it may soon do so well that you may enlarge; its words are pregnant with a chaste thought, and a kindness of tone that will do good, and only depend on falling on good soil, to make them spring up into an advancing life of practical goodness, fit to be transplanted a full blown flower into the dear eternity, "where the heart sings forever, the song it learned in this valley of tears." As I read your thoughtful letter I thought—this is indeed a strange life, and all we can do is to fill the full measure of duty, till the smiling death angel comes with our lost ones to take us to the changeless home."

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

Mrs. Ernest appeared in the doorway with sundry parcels, and Alice says:

"Mrs. Earnest, how grateful I feel to you for bringing me to this beautiful rural district. This is a perfect garden of Eden. Oh if I might live here forever. How may any one dislike the country—the grand old woods which were God's first temples, the lovely flowers, which breathe to me of heaven, the dancing streams which sing the gladdest music, and those birds which now seem to be rivaling each other in merry songs. I almost envy Eva."

"Yes, dear child, you are right, man can never equal his Creator in grandeur and beauty of workmanship. You have learned lessons, in this sequestered vale, which are useful to you as any you have ever learned. And your health has improved until your parents will scarce know you. It will be food for thought in the years to come. A deep study of nature, is as elevating and inspiring, many times, as the grandest exposition of any subject, if you may only study deep enough; and I think you have been able to find some of the depths of wisdom contained in this quiet nook."

Grandmother Ernest had recovered her usual health, and remarkable good spirits. One of the neighbors had come to spend the day with her. A good-natured, old-fashioned creature was Betsy Herr, as the neighbors all familiarly called her; she was a maiden lady, and the streaks of white beamed through her jet black hair.

"No, indeed!" she says to Eva, "you needn't be feared to trust grandmother with me; you know she's as safe as if she's with Queen Elizabeth. We'll have a powerful good time. I enjoy myself with gran'ma Ernest better'n with Betsy Herr, and I think she's mighty good company." Strange, oddity was Betsy Herr—blunt in expression, but there was never a night too cold or dark for her to respond to the call of some sick neighbor; never a day too warm for her to stand at the bedside of one in distress, and bathe the fevered brow, or fan the weary sufferer. She had long ago, when the roses blossomed in her cheek, when her eye was bright, her laugh merry and joyous, her step as light and free as the fawns, had her bit of romance—her hope-life.

A young farmer lad who dwelt near by happened to have many errands at old Judge Herr's. He often spent the summer twilight with the family and Betsy, and they sometimes wandered down the great grassy lawn or "pasture," as they called it in those good, old colonial times. And somehow, it happened one beautiful starry evening, when the gentle zephyrs stirred the leaves, just enough to remind one there was still life, for all else was silent, and almost solemn in the great stillness, he told her what she already felt by that peculiar divination with which nature has endowed the pure soul. It was no polished and dramatic story, but a simple country lad's confession, coming from the sincerity of his heart. And hers was no silly, trivial affectation, but the true self within her responded. The stars seemed, that night to Betsy, to twinkle with her gladness, and the cool breath of evening fanned her fevered cheeks with a kindly sympathy, as she sat and dreamed upon the piazza, long after Carl Kriner had taken his departure. Although she desired her parents to know her story, she felt she could not yet tell them. She must keep her secret awhile, in her own heart. But the time came when she must tell them. She knew full well they would approve and feared not to tell them for this reason, but it was more pleasant to selfishly enjoy her hopes for a time. Her father, good, old Judge Herr, who was as old fashioned in his language, as was Betsy now said:

"Well, child, you've yer fathers blessin on't. It's not a bit more'n I expected. I haint forgotten the days, thank God, when to me the hull future was a path of roses, and when I allus happened 'roun' to Square Neal's in my extra time. Carl's a boy, what's got the old Kriner spunk in him, and he'll never stan 'roun' an let the grass grow under his feet."

And the dear old mother says: "Why, yes, honey, we'll jest finish the blue an' you'll have six as good as in the country, fill the best bed, when I pick the geese, an' what with grandma's chiny set, and your nag—the finest in the country—and old Spot there's not a gal in the country 'll have a better settin' out."

This was in the days, when this was the custom of the age; when it was considered a girl's duty to begin patchwork as soon as she could use a needle, and first assist for the family and afterwards for the future of herself.

The days rolled by and Carl made preparations for building a house on the strip of land adjoining his father's; the foundation had been laid; Betsy had gone with him, and selected this spot on a gentle knoll

where the forest trees were not so numerous, and where a pretty stream, cool from the mountain, flowed on one side; she says:

"We can use the water from this; it is pure and better than a well," for in those days cisterns were rare.

One pleasant autumn morning Carl passed Judge Herr's on his way to the village. His young horses fairly danced over the road.

Betsy is in the yard, at the time, feeding the chickens. He waves his hat to her, as he passes; she quickly draws her handkerchief from her pocket, and waves it as long as he is in sight. Strange premonition, but Betsy feels a cold shudder creeps over her, a stupor, and a deathly feeling at heart, for which she could not account. Her merry song is ceased, and she can scarce summon energy to perform her accustomed duties. Even her mother notices the change and questions her, as to the cause; but she cannot explain it.

Carl has started from the village with his lumber. He is coming down the steep hill just before you reach the Ernest place, and in this day, grandfather Ernest was living, was in middle life, and Eva's father about the age of Carl; they were out mending fence, when they heard a rush and a clattering of horses hoofs—a crash and the work was done. In coming around the curve which lead down the second depression, the report of a shotgun in the neighboring woods startled the horses; they making a lunge, and starting to run, instantaneously Carl was thrown off his guard, and lost his firm grasp of the reins. As they reached the valley, where the rocky stream flowed, the heavy wagon overturned, the lumber completely covering Carl. Eva's father, George Ernest almost flew to his assistance, but alas! the fatal work was accomplished. A bruised and mangled mass greeted him. The horses were caught by the old gentleman, but "Oh! not in time," he says.

The news was gently broken to the parents and to Betsy, but alas! the shock was like some fearful blast of lightning which strikes some object with deadly aim. She swooned and fell. For long weeks she lay upon the brink of eternity, with brain fever, but she arose to be the minister of mercy to many weary pilgrims in life's pathway; never did a call fall on her ear unheeded. Patiently and *grandly*, she had fulfilled her life-mission, and, to-day, we find her cheerily conversing with grandmother Ernest, taking as much pleasure, in the thought that she was giving Eva a holiday, as though it were herself. These missions, of love and mercy, were the medicine of her soul—her very food, and, the sweet

loving spirit, expanding from within, shone out through her eyes and lighted her plain face with a heavenly radiance. * * * *

They sit upon the great platform now, and eat their lunch; Alice has exhausted her vocabulary of exclamations. She has gathered ferns and bright pebbles, mosses and lichens, also flowers.

"To think," she exclaims, "that we are hundreds of feet above your home. How grand it does seem! But I really thought we should never get here in all the windings of the road. Eva, here is where you found your poetry. I almost feel as though I might poetize."

"Yes," says Mrs. Ernest, "the great natural world is a grand poem, and each beautiful scene, in nature, is a part. There are the elevated and the lofty imageries, as upon this mountain top—all the grand and eloquent thoughts of the nature are called forth. Then there are the shadows, caused by the clouds; the cool, breezy shades of the forest are the quiet, soothing ones; the gentle murmur of the brook are the requiems; the rural districts, the pastorals, and so on throughout, the grand beautiful world, we may read the poetry of life."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Ernest that is just it. Eva has dwelt here and breathed this very air always, until she has but to transfer it to paper; and she only has that which is a part of her. It is as Aunt Fannie always explained to us, those things which we desire and love, become a part of us, and if our desires are only pure, we become great. I could always understand her, but some of the girls could not."

"Yes, Alice, this very spot to me, holds all that there is in life. I do not desire to know more of the world, if it is as I have been told by our new neighbors in many of the cities, murders and robberies almost every night. We have never had a murder in this neighborhood during my life-time.

"Eva, my dear" says Mrs. Ernest. "It is sometimes better, that we should know of the sin of the world; for all may have a mission, in elevating some who are below them. It will probably be your lot to live in a city, after awhile as grandma has already left you in my charge."

"Yes, dear Auntie, where else would I go? and whom could I love more, next to grandma."

They enjoyed the grand beauty until the sun was sinking behind the mountain, casting, dancing shadows by the reflections of various trees and shrubs.

CORA CORAL.

[Written for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.]

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

Philosophy—the knowledge of phenomena, as explained by, and resolved into causes and reasons, powers and laws.—*Webster.*

Spirit Philosophy, as defined by Allen Kardec.....“Every effect has ‘a cause; every effect intelligent, has a cause’ intelligent, the power of ‘the cause intelligent, is in proportion (Raison) to the grandeur of the effect.’”

It is exceedingly gratifying to note the similarity between the definitions of philosophy by Webster, and of spirit philosophy by Kardec, the great Frenchman, who by his association with the Savants, made spiritism so aggressive in the ranks of educated Frenchmen; and I think all American spiritualists substantially endorse and adopt both Webster and Kardec, thus leaving them and the rest of the world only under the question of *fools* in spirit phenomena, and how strong we are fortified in the *facts*, may be inferred by referring to our grandest enemies—the Adventists or Soul sleepers; who energetically and loudly proclaim in their tents, and in their proclamation Brochures that we have the facts of spirit intercourse beyond a doubt, which makes the heresy the more dangerous, and their only line of defence is that it is all of the Devil, and his purpose through the ten millions of spiritualists of the United States, is to destroy christianity; and secondly, if they can show it is all of the Devil, they destroy the continuous immortality of the soul; and gain a *prima facie* in favor of all souls sleeping until the Resurrection, when the chosen are to rise, be reanimated, and reign with Christ forever on the earth; while the wicked are to be resurrected, so as to be condemned and burned up—annihilated forever.

Our philosophy embraces then physical and mental Law.

First physical law—the law of visible and tangible substances; this law is evident and unchangeable; the vegetable may be injured; if it is at the root below the germ it is vital, because the law of growth is irreparably destroyed, but if it is above the germ, the wound may be healed and the law of growth may go on to perfection, so with man or the animal; if the vital part is not paralyzed or destroyed the physician may assist nature so that the law of conservation or growth, shall go on, and the person or thing lives on, its allotted term or time; thus our philoso-

phy denies all miracle, or effect without cause. Does not natural philosophy sustain us? And now for Mental law.....

"Be ye not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man sow, that shall he reap."—*Jesus*.

Here is the reassertion and vindication of both physical and mental law, but how about the blood atonement, on which his self-styled disciples clamor and whine so much.

Let men overeat, overdrink, overwork, or become idlers; and who does not know that they start a law in its progression, that shall destroy all physical happiness, and bring them to premature graves? And then let them become vulgar or envious or mean; and who has not seen every day of his life, sad victims of these mental disease in their terrible progress, until pale-faced envy "seems to dry up the very source of physical life, as it leaps and sings and blushes, in the ruby veinlets of the images of God?"

Every effect has its cause; what is the cause that an unseen power picks up rocks and hurls them through windows; knocks on tables or tips them, raises them up in the air sometimes with persons on them, without visible touch or machinery? What is the cause that places before the mental vision of some medium a stranger to me, the likeness of a friend of mine or yours, whose love was strynger than a brother's and who years since left me or you, to go to the great unseen, in the terrible agony of broken affections? Mind you, *all* philosophy declares there is a cause for this; now be honest, and tell me what it is; and if you do not know say so, and when I tell you I have found out the cause, just try an experiment and see if I am right; and if I am wrong show it to me and to the world; not in bitter negations, but let us know what is the cause of all this effect. It is your duty to do this; it is our right to demand it. Spiritualists are the most critical people in the world; receiving nothing even from a supposed God, without evidence; but when real evidence does come, they are willing to be led by a little child, and fulfill the painted arcadia of the western poets, or the glad millennium of the Jewish prophet.

Professor Jacobs, the greatest Prestidigitator of the world, says he can "imitate some things that are done by mediums but there are spirit phenomena that cannot be imitated; and spiritism is true, for it is based on science and on reason." And again he says, "for this reason its triumph is certain in the future; it is to be the philosophy and Religion of the future."

And now spiritualists let us be content, with ten million spiritualists in the United States in 33 years: all the literature of our land, and of all christian, aggressive, civilized European pregated to its very heart with our doctrines, our gods; the princes of the philosophers with us, and the main body wondering what to do with our facts; all the Editors of this country willing to give our phenomena as fast as the people will receive it, and hundreds of them avowedly believing in our doctrines, is not the future indeed ours?

Hold the wheel steady, O Spiritualist pilots! Study the charts of our —of all philosophy, so that you may know where are the sunken rocks; we should, like a good lawyer, have a knowledge of all the sciences, so that we may plead our cause intelligently, and make our souls as firm and grand as old Gibraltar, that ancient pillar of Hercules, that has raised his defiant forehead against the terrible lightnings and storms that rush so madly down through the western gate of the Mediterranean, in the successive cycles, and this philosophy is taught by spirits; this cause and effect; this eternal compensation; this negation of any sort of atonement; is it not in consonance with all truth, with all true philosophy? Is it just, or in accordance with the teachings of Nature, that Dives in his purple and fine linen, shall grind into the dust, the faces and the souls of his fellowmen for a long lifetime; and then for one prayer, one repentance or one penance, for one act of faith in a deified man and his sacrificial blood, become washed from all sin, saved and become a ransomed, happy saint of God in heaven forever; while the souls that he has so terribly degraded in their ignorance and poverty—his vile donation to them, shall be confined in an indescribable hell of torment, because this Dives wrung from them their intellectuality, their individuality, their manhood, in great drops of sweat and blood, to enrich himself, and pander to his vile lusts and excesses?

Come let us reason together; are these doctrines the doctrines of the Devil; or the words of truth and soberness? Let us have these dogs that are chained by their creeds to bark in all the fury of their anathemas, and crawl into their kennels—the coward pulpits to growl *ad libitum*; while we, the people, the men and women, the sons and daughters of God, if we will to be such, shall do our own thinking; for is it not to our own degradation present and in the long future; or to our elevation and eternal advancement and spiritual glory, that we do our own thinking; make our own intelligent conclusions, and act like men, like mag-

nificent, full-formed human souls? I think it is; for on our own thoughts, our actions hang the fate of our own individuality to-day and forever.

This is a short synopsis of a part of our philosophy; is it true? Will it bear the attacks of the glittering two-edged sword of a full-polished mental criticism as used by a mind that dares to look on truth wherever found, no matter how bright its golden blaze may burn and wither the sickling spirits who can live only in the dense fogs of hoary superstitions? We do not appeal to gilt-edged prejudices or the overfed, overpaid apostles of senseless theologies, they must both die together, and go like Judas to their own places, and to these and the dupes of both we can only say with Tommy Moore—the poet prophet of lotus scented Araby—"There ye wise, saints, behold your light, your star; ye would-be dupes and victims—and ye are!"

A LEGEND.

The following we clip from the *Cambridge Chronicle*:

"It seems the Badtist society suffers periodically by the loss of their buildings by fire, and some think it can be traced directly to the faulty construction; however, many think otherwise. The writer, in conversation with a prominent citizen of Cambridge a few days since, in regard to their recent misfortune, said: There is an old legend that runs thus: Many years ago, when the Indians inhabited this section, the Chief of the tribe occupied a wigwam on or near the site on which this church stood. The story runs that this Chief was cruelly and maliciously put to death by a gang of whites living near what is now called Sangus.... The tribe after losing their leader, became sad and despondent, and wandered off to some Western settlement, but not without leaving a curse upon the old camping-grounds, for one of them was heard to say, 'The pale-face will suffer, for poor Wamuska [the Chief] will be avenged!' And now comes the most curious part of the story. At the burning of the church in 1866, one of the oldest citizens, now deceased, has been heard to relate many times his strange experience at that fire. While the fire was raging fiercely, and the sheets of flame shooting up around the roof, he stated that he could plainly hear unearthly yells, not loud, but exactly resembling the Indian war-whoop, with which he had become familiar, he having been considerably with the savages."

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.**A HISTORY OF LIFE.**

 AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

 (CONTINUED.)

Thus we cannot place our ideal of life too high, neither can we labor too perseveringly to attain it. Water never rises above its level, we are told, and we may never rise above our ideal, and often do not reach it.

If a man determines he will rise to a state of usefulness in the world in spite of all opposition, and also determines that, in his onward march, he will crush down no one else, but take every aspirant by the hand, aiding if possible, he will find each effort in this direction has buoyed him upward, has been a stepping stone to higher and nobler things, has elevated him in the moral scale; the equilibrium is not disturbed. As a gentle drawing of a cord with some object attached, which through various and intricate unwindings has been lost, you may, at length, by patiently winding the ball in your hand, and moving with the path of the cord come to the object of your search; so, by patiently winding the tangled threads of your life, moving on towards your ideal you may obtain it, but if impatient, feeling that the march is wearisome, and you recklessly draw the cord with a rough hand, move not in the path, a snarl is the result and if you have too persistently and ruthlessly drawn the cord, moving not forward, you cannot untangle the great mass, but waste your time in searching for the proper direction in this intricate winding. Your brother whom you may aid extends to you a helping hand, because of the sweet gratitude which fills his heart, he may perhaps see the object of your search and bid you not despair, for your efforts are not unavailing.

If we but search into the small things, the common things of life even, we see a grand type of the great life. It is so beautiful that we may see wisdom and similitude. We see a child upon a rocking horse, and as has been said by a wise man: "There is motion, but no progress." Thus we see there may be this state of affairs in the case of man. We must have the object ever before us, and then, with the tread of a conqueror, march on in pursuit of this object, or ideal.

We have then started in the path of life, and, as before said, if the ideal be placed high, we rise into a lofty state. It is the intention, of the wise

Power, to have a perfect manhood; and, as each transgression of the law is attended by a break in the harmonious flow, be it physically or spiritually, there must be a corresponding penalty, you injure your physical body by some violation of nature's law, and suffering is the consequence. A continuous breaking of nature's law, extends this suffering throughout the existence here, and not only this, but extends countless suffering upon your descendants.

The spiritual nature becoming corrupted by a continuous violation of the perfect law—the pure law—the holy law—suffers the penalty of this outbreak; you are receding in the grand problem of life, you are moving down the path which lies before you, with all its heavenly beauty, its radiance in the distance, its beautiful pure blossoms fresh with the dew of morn, but which must be plucked as you move on, or the tread of your feet have trampled them; and, as you move backward, you find the delicate beauty crushed and withering, and naught to gladden your eyes. It is a fall in every sense of the word—a going down—a barren desert waste.

Here is what is called the Adamic sin. This corruption of the nature, as the physical transgression, is entailed upon your children. If you have followed a licentious life, have given up your nature to the vile monsters who go about as roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour, have let the noble qualities of your nature become ignoble, have pandered your *high* name, for a glittering bauble which is called wealth, have oppressed the weak, and extended not sympathy to the erring one—the penalty must be paid.

Your very nature is like some charnel house. The fumes of iniquity and vice have pregnated your spirit, and consequently, and *necessarily*, your children come into the world weak in spirit; are unable to resist temptation; are really in this sphere of beastly gratification, and must be raised by some sweet angel of mercy, gently and tenderly healed, as much as is possible, by the medicine of the soul—love, and be brought into a pure atmosphere, that their spirits may not become vitiated by vice. Yet may we, from this diseased moral condition, expect to rear a perfect manhood.

We would ask which has the greater advantage physically, the strong and healthy child who may run about at ease, or a cripple or invalid? Although each may have the same pure air to breathe, the same healthy food, and even the invalid may receive much the greatest care, we readi

ly perceive which has the advantage? Likewise the child who comes into the world in a healthy moral state has preeminence. As a plant propagated in a darksome morass which is filled with miasm, where rank vegetation and unhealthy growth abounds, has not the delicate beauty and fragrance of the one reared in the pure sunlight and fresh garden mould, we find it the case with humanity, you may transplant the tiny flower of beauty, which sometimes appears as an enigma in such a sphere, yet the care must be great, if you would have it sustained in this new soil. As you have planted your gardens now, we will suppose this early spring-time, your fields and vineyards, in a pure soil, the sun's rays may have a direct influence upon them, are unobstructed and, ere long you may see the blade and leaf, the stem and branch. Must you cease your labor? No; the farmer finds no time during the busy season to sit down and fold his hands; there must be continuous cultivation, removing weeds and rank growth, until the harvest appears, and even then the labor ceaseth not.

So in this great spiritual soil. The tender buds of humanity must receive cultivation; weeds which are ever ready to spring up in the richest soil, must be rooted out; unnatural growth must be restrained; the soil must not be so rich as to cause the harvest before its season; cultivation must be continued. The loving ones who have experienced some of life's storms, must shield the tender plants from the rude blasts of the world, and the storms, until they may obtain strength to combat with life. As the delicate plant must be shaded sometimes from the fierce sun's rays until it receives vitality.

In these retrogressions, this neglect of the gardens of the soul, we find the foundation of the Adamic sin. Not that a man—the father of all the race—ages and ages ago, eat an apple, and since that time all were lost, doomed to a material hell. But we see the diamond, the spiritual truth, veiled by a material covering; we see that upon the first transgression depends the others; it is the downward grade, and, as Adam by eating the apple, lost his Eden—that sweet angelic state is lost, when man first panders to the low or vile; when he corrupts his nature; when he does that which he knows is wrong, or, we may use another term, when he does that which depresses his spirits, and causes him to dread to meet his fellow man and gaze into his eyes with a clear and true soul beaming forth. To say that man is the arbiter of his own destiny, would be extravagant; but to say that man is not the arbiter of every power

which is given him, every capacity with which he is endowed, is simply preposterous.

IDA M. MERRILL.

[Written for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.]

A SHOWER OF LIGHT.

BY WARREN BOYNTON.

We soon shall have a greater shower
From the sphere above the stars,
For the people of the angel world
Are taking down the bars;
The gates of pearl are opening wide
There beams from out the spheres;
A glow upon the darksome tide
Of past beclouded years.

The landscape warm with angel light,
Immortal plants will spring,
The bowers with songs of angels bright
Will make the welkin ring.
This world shall all redeemed be
With grand poetic vision
We're gazing now on lands and seas
Of fairer scenes elysian.

My soul is growing stronger now
At the prophetic sight,
I see the day is ushering in
Chasing the gloom of night.
I see the distant horizon
Now flames with morning sun,
I know it's a precursor given
Of work yet to be done.

Ride on, O glorious charioteer
Nor check the steeds their pace,
Encircle earth their flaming light
Bless all the human race,
With flash and glow, and brightest flame
Light up our earthly sphere,
Then bursting forth, let music ring
Dispelling every fear.

In receipt of a pamphlet, Summary of Substantialism, by Jean Story.
Shall notice when we read it.

We send back numbers of this magazine to all who subscribe.

'WISDOM ORIETH ON THE CORNER OF THE STREETS.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

There's a wonderful story that sings in the air,
 'Tis found in a horn, and a noisy prayer;
 It has pitched its tent in the open street,
 Where the four-footed painted animals meet.

This story so wise, has often been told,
 For its substance, is more than a thousand years old;
 And truth, when it's old, the older the better;
 But when it's not true, it becomes a dead letter.

Its mouth pieces tell us that Jesus will come,
 This same generation, to take them safe home
 To glory and honor and all that is nice,
 Because he has bought their dear souls with a price.

This Jesus once said there should not pass away,
 That same generation that lives in his day,
 Before he should come in his beautiful love
 To take his disciples to mansions above.

But we never could learn that he came in the flesh
 So this adventist story is fishy and fresh;
 And a thousand years after he left for the skies,
 The adventist promises, proved to be lies.

And how do you think that the pious good preachers,
 These latter day saints, these wise, holy teachers,
 Prove Jesus is coming to reign in his glory,
 And redeem his dear saints, who say holy, O holy!

And to cast in the fire all the souls he don't like,
 With astonishment all his dear people to strike,
 And sweet admiration transcending all others,
 To feel he has burnt up in hell their dear brothers.

Yes, how do you think they prove this little story,
 This Jonah fish yarn, so ancient, so hoary;
 Not by truth, grand, masonic, square and on level,
 But by swearing our fathers belong to the devil.

Parties are taking collections for the benefit of John Brown's wife, several hundred dollars have been raised, it coming mostly from the working class. Many of whom could give but 50cts, but the humane object was better than sending a missionary to a foreign land, for the light must be kept ablaze within our own borders.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

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NO. 81.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

What good will result from the revision of the ancient book called the Bible? Do the knowing ones imagine they can improve the spiritual truth it contains in these latter days? Do men of this time think they can introduce one idea, or correct the simplicity of the language, or express in any other words that would be as powerful to illustrate a truth. All books are written by inspiration. God manifest in man, and the manifestations are always in accordance with the development of the individual. Now old things must pass away, and new bibles are being written by the same spirit that inspired mediums, prophets, seers and sages in ancient times.

It is in vain trying to fill those old vessels with the wine that is flowing from the vintage of progression. We must have a new record kept of the mighty signs, that are appearing in the world to show in future cycles of time the great phenomena of this nineteenth century. The new testament was written to record the life of Jesus of Nazareth, and his wonderful works that he performed on earth, also teach the true principles of life or love—how the sons of God should live toward each other, and that this was only the beginning of life, or the individualizing of humanity, that the rays from the spiritual sun had shone down upon matter, and the seed being in the earth, it drew from the source of all life a material form and became an individual, and would remain the same forever. He demonstrated by his life, death and resurrection that the individual spirit could not dispose, or annihilate itself, but must live on through eternity. The Bible is a history of human action and experience of the interior principle or spirit of man, illustrated by natural ob-

jects pictured in the most forcible style by a master hand, and needs no retouching; all the details of the picture is for a purpose to bring out the lights and shadows to display the mountains and rallies of good and evil and convey to mortals that grand idea of truth the ten commandments. It would be well if the inhabitants of earth would learn to practice some of the laws contained in the book they love and idolize, as they cannot by revision, or retouching improve them. The word corresponds with a lamp, well filled with oil; its exterior is without a blemish, and those who carry it in their hands, to light them in the crooked paths of life have not touched the wick with a match from the altar of truth, love and justice, therefore they walk in the darkness of prejudice, oppression, tyranny and injustice, and think by polishing and ornamenting the exterior, it will raise them and their lamps on the ladder of progression, without the match to light the lamp of love to one's neighbor and justice and mercy to the unfortunate murderers, thieves and creeping things—those weaker members of the great family of humanity.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WINFIELD, Iowa, April 27, 1881.

MRS. M. MERRICK:—Blessed be you; blessed be your Samaritan work; blessed be your holy mission; blessed be the angel spirit there co-operating with you as, on a telephone by which they speak to humanity which grope in darkness for the truth, light and way. Go on sister; your reformation work is constructed on the Rock of Ages; no flood can sweep it away; no fire can consume it. It will stand when Empires and Royalties tremble on their foundations, and are shaken of the Omnipotent's mysterious power; there rule the universe by irresistible law and force which no human authority can obstruct, oppose or hinder. Go on; draw living water from the everlasting fountain of life, and give to the many thirsty souls their longing and thirst for the truth in their hot combat between Michael and the Dragon, between light and darkness, between Christ and Belial, between heaven and hell. We have a hot crisis to battle with in these critical times, which is the step from the old dark barbarous superstition, bigotry, ritualism, and intolerance era, into the new dispensation which gives us privilege to investigate and set us at spiritual liberty from priestcraft, dogma and evil. Your mission is an honor

and glory to our new era which has dawned over our eclipsed world, the doctrine you preach, is the doctrine of Christ, and the religion of Christ is love to each other, and charity to all, and that is the religion we need and we want in this cold world of selfish egotism and covetous mammonism.

The old musty, human fabrication has outlived its time; it is wasted and wornout with old ages. The old world has come to an end, like Belshazzar's kingdom, on the wall of theological institutions, have an unseen hand written "mene, mene, tekel upharsen," God has numbered their days and their works are finished; they are weighed in the balance of justice and found wanting; their talent is taken from them because they use it for their own selfishness; their power and craft is gone, and ended with the year 1880; it is very few that now; will give them homage and worship them. With the year 1881 we have stepped in to a new epoch, and with the new dispensation everything is new. Heaven looks more bright and glorious than ever; hope beyond the grave is joy and happiness; death, which the orthodox has pictured as the "king of terror," is now the sweetest angel, and most lovely, welcome messenger the human mind can imagine; hell and brimstone, which the priesthood has used as a scare crow, is a plain manifest proof, to make poor ignorant people to be their subjects, and make of them an illegal usurpation.

It was said in the olden time when man dies, he will never return, but that time has gone and past; now everything is becoming new; angels and spirits of our departed friends and relatives are not dead; they live forever; our spirit is of God-like element—cannot die—our spirit friends descend and ascend; come and go with us; they greet us with peace, joy and happiness, if we would only listen to them; some say they are your next-door neighbor; others say we only live in the upper story above you; they call us neighbors, brothers and sisters.

Oh, blessed, glorious era in which we live, and have been favored to see, the long, long silence between heaven and earth is broken; everything is becoming new, a new heaven and a new earth, according to the promise of God. Oh, glorious, golden morning! I rejoice in ecstasy, and adore you; I congratulate you; I salute you with a hearty welcome.

PETER DAHLBERG.

We send back numbers of this magazine to all who subscribe,

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"There is Dan coming for us. I told him we wanted to leave when the sun dropped below the mountain, as the neighbors all say. Our poetry must now become practical," and hurriedly she gathers together the various articles they have brought.

Mrs. Ernest says; "Yes, the scene reminds me of a similar one. It was when on my wedding tour, and the scene was upon one of the Alleghanies. A short poem, I composed at the time I still retain in my mind."

"Oh, what was it?" exclaimed both the girls.]

"It was a simple eulogy to departing day."

Shadows dance on the mountain side,
Like phantoms of departing day,
'Tween each rift in the sun's great tide,
There comes a cheery, gladsome ray.

The close of day is drawing near,
And a gentle breeze stirs the air,
Here is a type of life so dear,
That shadows come when life is fair.

The shadows must dance adown our lives,
With the sun's bright rays between;
But the Father ne'er all joy deprives,
Through each cloud His face is seen.

As evening comes the morrow will dawn,
The sun again its duty perform,
Through ages till eternity's morn,
Life must have its sun and storm.

The night of death will have a morn,
Or the law has ceased its power;
We read it in each day, new born;
We see it in each sweet flower.

Thus shades and light make up a life,
Joy and sorrow go hand in hand.
There's peace so fair, there's deadly strife,
There's beauty in death's shining strand.

It had been called forth by the shadows, and also in recollection of a poor drunkard's wife whom I had that day met, and sympathized with in her trouble consoling her with the words, that in the future it would be better when she said:

"Oh, ma'am! I used to think so, but now I only look for it there," and she mutely pointed her finger to the skies.

"How did it end? Did he reform?" says Alice.

"I never heard of her more, my dear child," and the inquiry often came into my mind, too. Dan is waiting and we must go."

The delightful ride home was the crown of Alice's enjoyment that day.

Her very soul was expanding in this free country, and with the improvement of physical health, was gaining a strength of character through the God inspired nature, that would aid her in the future. She was drinking from the fountain of life, which flows down so freely in the sublime presence of woods and mountains, dashing streams and in the sweet serenity of flowery vales, bright waving fields of grain.

Betsy Herr meets them in the doorway with a welcome smile, and listens to their glowing descriptions of the day with interest which kindles into real joy, as she sees how happy she has made them by the simple accommodation, and another little sunbeam sinks into her soul to lighten the great sorrow.

Thus we may make our own lives happy; by scattering seeds of kindness, blossoms of love and encouragement to all. By lifting the burden from our brother's shoulders, we find there is a buoyancy which attends the effort that casts out our burden off.

With pleasure we walk through the beautiful golden gate. We give of our life a tithe, whether it may be of joy which lies within us, and lo! the meal and the oil are replenished. The fountain of all happiness is "give." "Give as the Lord gives you," as the children sing. If it is a smile, or a cheering word, a simple act of self-denial, or a courageous effort in behalf of humanity, give as you have received, is the one sweet solace of life.

If we give bitterness it returns on the current of time. If we give sweetness, it returns to us laden with the gathered sweetness of gratitude and reciprocity.

Affectionately clasping her arms about Betsy's neck, and shaking her vehemently, Eva says:

"You dear good soul How many happy days do I owe to you? I always know that Miss Betsy will not fail. If she tells me she will stay with gran'ma, I may depend on her. I know there is a special heaven waiting for you, where all of the people in this neighborhood—who have

ever been sick, ever needed a helping hand, ever needed *any* assistance—will give you grateful homage.”

“Law, honey, jest hush talkin’ in that rattling way about heaven, and Betsey Herr. Jest as ef it didn’t give me a power o’ pleasure to help anybody what’s in trouble, an’ I can see them made happy don’t that show me I’ve got some thin’ to do here that lets me know I was wrong to pray for death. It convinces me that the power of God rests on us, if we are willen’ to serve him. I’ve been perfectly happy with gran’ma an every once in a while I’d say to myself—like; I know Eva is enjoyin this fer she knows she can trust Betsey.”

“Bless you dear soul! Don’t I know it,” she says giving emphasis by demonstrative taps upon her shoulder, and arms, for, childlike, Eva must show her gratitude. There was a deep sympathy existed between Betsy Herr and Eva. Often had grandmother Ernest told the sad story to Eva by her own request, and each recital brought the tears of sympathy to her eyes. She would sometimes say:

“I wonder if he knows mama and papa in that beautiful country. Grandma, I think perhaps he does, and it may please him that I love Miss Betsy, Grandma, I love her every time I see her sweet face, just like she might be a foster mother to me; not as I do. You, my dear gran’ma, to be sure, for I feel the tie of kindred blood too strongly.”

Eva never mentioned the sad story to Betsy, nor questioned her, but there was a mute understanding—electric current—which sent the silent though powerful balm of sympathy to the troubled heart of Betsy when she saw her in some of her sad and dejected moods, for there were times when Betsy Herr cried out in the agony of her soul.

“Oh, God! why hast thou smitten me? Have I been rebellious and merited this punishment?” For as she once said to grandmother Ernest, “were we not wedded *soul* to *soul*, when we plighted our vows alone in the solemn stillness, with none present but God and the angels?”

There were times when some unseen power seemed to sway Betsy Herr and she spoke with eloquence and a feeling which seemed so unlike our plain practical Betsy.

Thus the deepest souls may be found amongst the most unpretentious.

It is the sweet surprise of a deep and brilliant thought flashing upon us—like a meteor—like our coming suddenly into a bright clearing after

we have been traveling in dense woods—that give us pleasure more than pompous manner and the heralding of the thought.

CORA CORAL.

PEARLS OF WISDOM.

It is more wretched to be subservient to passions than to tyrants themselves.

Be vigilant in regard to your intellectual part; for sleep about this has an affinity with real death.

Esteem those to be most eminently your friends who assist your soul rather than your body.

By using reason as your guide everywhere; you will avoid the commission of crime.

The unjust man suffers greater evil while his soul is tormented with a consciousness of guilt than when his body is scourged with whips.

Make trial of a man from his deeds rather than his discourses; for many live badly and speak well.

Do that which you consider to be worthy and honest, though you should acquire no glory from the performance; for the multitude is a bad judge of worthy actions.

He is a wise man, and beloved by Divinity, who studies how to labor for the good of his soul as much as others labor for the welfare of the body.

The strength of the soul is temperance; for this is the light of a soul destitute of passions; but it is much better to die than to darken the soul through the intemperance of the body.

It is impossible that the same person can be a lover of pleasure, a lover of body, a lover of riches, and a lover of Divinity; but a lover of body is entirely a lover of riches; a lover of riches is necessarily unjust; and the unjust is necessarily profane toward Divinity, and lawless with respect to men. Hence, though he should sacrifice hecatombs, he is only by this means the more impious, unholy, atheistical, and sacrilegious with respect to his intention; and on this account it is necessary to avoid every lover of pleasure as an atheist and polluted person.—*Plato*.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A STRANGE BURIAL.

The distinguished author and spiritualist, Mr. S. Hall, writes as follows to the *Medium and Daybreak* (London) upon the passing on of his wife, of the obsequies over her earthly remains, and of his thoughts and feelings respecting the change of his earthly associations:

I am sadly prostrated, although I know that my beloved is in heaven; I know also that she is by my side. I have already had clear corroborative and have emphatic evidence that it is so, but I know also, and with reverence I say it, that heaven could not be a heaven to her—a state of bliss—if retaining consciousness and memory—she knew that God would not permit her to comfort me when I most needed guidance. That is not the way in which God rewards his “good and faithful servants.”

In a word, I know that those who are called dead do not die; that they are merely removed from the earth sphere into some other sphere—the first, but not the only removal, and that under certain conditions which at present we cannot comprehend, much less control, the soul that has left earth can and does communicate with the soul that for a while longer remains on earth.

I lack energy and strength but I do not want faith, to go at further length in this deeply interesting and exciting subject, and wish to add these lines from a poem—“Hereafter,” which I recently printed for private circulation:

“Change there will be: as flowers from the branches burst;
And I shall see thee—as I see thee now
But more resembling what thou wert, when first
I kissed thy smooth cheek and unwrinkled brow.

As in the glory of thine early prime:
Through all thy earth-life: bright at every stage:
The soul is never old: and knows not time;
Goodness is beautiful at any age.

Together still; if one have earlier birth
In Paradise: divided: and yet near:
Though one in heaven may wait for one on earth:
A guiding, guarding spirit—there as here!”

How any thinking and rational person believes in God and the immortality of the soul can for a moment doubt this, I have difficulty in imagining; yet surely I may not forget that I myself had such doubt before the beneficent Master, knowing that scripture light was not sufficient for my guidance, sent to me in his mercy an additional light—that of Spiritualism—which did suffice.

I feel now more intensely than I ever did the blessing of Spiritualism; but it is Christian Spiritualism, the light which enables me to read rightly Divine revelation, and to see how best and safest to walk in the footsteps of the Lord and Master, Christ.

It is the teaching by which she was taught—and which she taught—during the whole of her long and useful life. It was “peace and good will” based on his precepts and example. But on this head I will not trespass on you with details. We were, we are, both faithful Spiritualists: that is enough.

I had made this home beautiful; full of such things as would delight the eye and mind, and give the enjoyment it is fitting and right we should have, while it is our earth dwelling. But a million times more beautiful is the house that is now her home. She now not only worships in spirit and in truth, but sees the Master she loved and served: and sings what the seraphim, among a cloud of witnesses, the merciful and loving grace of the Redeemer.

I may take some other opportunity of striving to impress on the minds of those who are yet but on the threshold of immeasurable blessing of belief in that which is conveyed by the word Spiritualism—depriving death of its sting, and giving not hope but certainty that the instantaneous removal may be to a scene infinitely more beautiful than the earth dweller can conceive.

The “natural body” was laid in the churchyard at Addlestone on February 5th. It is a village in Surrey, where we spent the happiest years of our life. The coffin was of oak, grown in her native Bannow—the scene of her early Irish “sketches;” it was an old chest, brought by her family to England in 1815. She had often expressed a wish to be buried in it—and was.

At the grave side a group of little children sang a hymn; they came from the school close by, which she, in 1855, built. It is an infant school.

The church is clothed with ivy almost to the summit, which we planted with our own hands, bringing it (in 1856) for the purpose, from all-beautiful Killarney.

Among the few friends present was Sir Theodore Martin who brought me a gracious message of condolence from the Queen.

In the grave are the remains of her mother—one of the best women that ever lived. She was of our “household” more than thirty years, and I never saw evidence of a wrong thought in her.

There is room for one more in that grave; it will soon be occupied.

But I wish to lay some stress on this:

There were no hired "mourners" at the funeral, no black banners or feathers, no black hat bands or black gloves.

I followed the coffin in a plain carriage, not in one painted black with prancing black horses. Neither have I written a letter since upon black bordered paper, or thought it would reserve a holy memory to send for tailors and dressmakers to take fittings for new black clothes.

There was an abundance of flowers and wreaths sent by loving friends but I did not suffer them to be crushed to premature death by heaping clay upon them in a grave that was not theirs. Before the coffin was lowered they were removed, and conveyed to the children's school room, to give a little more healthful joy before their natural death.

The thought to do this was given to me by our long-esteemed and valued friend Mrs. Newton Crossland, in a very beautiful and touching poem written by her, entitled "The Plea of the Flowers," where the "relics of our loved are laid;" it is the plea of all Nature as well as the flowers:

"Send us to homes where poverty has sway,
Send us to school-rooms, and to places where
The sick and suffering bear their load of care,
Send us where eyes can see, and hearts can pray."

It was in the house of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Newton Crossland, some twenty-five years ago, the light of Spiritualism was first lit for our guidance. We did not then see it in its full light; as we did some months later, at the house of our valued friends William and Mary Howitt. But it did not become perfectly clear to us until we became acquainted with our dear friend D. D. Home—whom I have loved and respected from that time to this; never changing thought of his truth and honor for a moment—my regard for him constantly increasing.

I wish others would follow the humble example of one of whose love for the "removed" none will doubt; as little will be questioned the devoted homage to her happy memory of one to whom she was companion, friend, counselor, and wife, during fifty-six years of wedded life.

Yes; if another good woman is gone from earth there is another saint added to the hierarchy of heaven. Yours very truly. S. C. HALL.

In accordance with Mr. Hall's suggestion we add the following, which he says he wrote sometime ago, and adds—"When I little thought I should draw comfort and consolation from my own lines:"

BELIEVE AND TRUST.

A childless widow, seemingly forsaken,
 Gave words to wrath—rebellious, fierce and wild;
 Wrath that the gift The Giver gave was taken,
 And would not pardon God, who took her child.

She had a waking-vision; saw a band
 Of happy children, there she knew her boy;
 Each held a lighted lamp in his young hand,
 And, as they passed, each sang a hymn of joy.

All but one mournful child; his solemn tread,
 And face, were gloom; his lamp—it had no light;
 When, sobbing through her tears, the mother said,
 “How comes it, dear, your lamp is dark as night!”

“Mother!” he said, “you, mother, make me sad,
 Your tears put out my lamp, and stay my voice;
 I must be mournful when I would be glad,
 And silent where, in soul, I should rejoice.”

Up rose the mother from her knees and smiled,
 Her sobs were stilled, of tears remained none,
 As, bending low her head toward her child,
 She clasped her hands and said, “**HIS WILL BE DONE.**”

Out burst the lamp, with a wide-spreading light!
 Out burst, from all that group, a joyful hymn!
 ‘Twas as a change to perfect day from night,
 When heard and echoed by the seraphim.

S. C. HALL.

The sentence of the Talbott boys, of Maryville, Mo., is commuted until the 24th of June, and if we cannot reach the heart of the Governor, and there is no evidence found in their favor, they must then be hung. It is too terrible to contemplate. Murder of the innocent perhaps; let us people all, send out prayers for deliverance on the mighty ocean of thought.

Mrs. S. Sells, of Newark, N. J., of the Spiritual home, writes:

“Your weekly is truly a fountain of light to those who like the dying Goethe, crying out, light, more light—not the soul alone—thus yearns and dies, but every atom becomes vocal with the great yearnings of the earth, flashes of thought and lightnings of spiritual truth—hopes that uplift the world and relieve it from darkness, for the prophesy has been spoken and the seed has been sown that shall liberate those imprisoned thoughts within, still the call for tirde working women must lead.”

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

The great current of life sweeps on; you equip *yourself* for the sail with the material which comes to you. If you use *not* the best material which is afforded you, which lies at your very feet, but select the decayed timber, the worthless, and launch upon the tide, doing this with a perfect knowledge of the current—of the difficulties—and the result, who is the arbiter?

You may be influenced by those who have launched in imperfect barques, or who are preparing so to do, *yet*, are they greater judges in the moral scale than yourself?

It is this independence of character, this self reliance, which should be taught children. We almost say it ought to be the law of a nation, that children should be taught, at an early age, to decide upon momentous questions—should be left free and unrestrained with the great lesson of life before them, and the result would be a reform.

The moral nature in the present age is entirely supplanted by the intellectual in training schools for children; especially in those public beneficiaries—free schools. When children are taught to govern themselves, that it is not through a selfish desire that their elders would restrain them, but, that they may rise up, as sons and daughters of God, in the glory and beauty of a perfect manhood, there will come this self-reliance, this utilizing the forces, which will sweep away evil.

We want to lay the foundation of any grand structure upon firm and solid ground, and we must, above all things, have the foundation compact and solid.

As we have often heard the story of the honest workman who, seeing he had an imperfect piece, removed it, causing himself some trouble; he says to a fellow laborer who had said, "Oh friend, that will never be noticed." But he says, "I shall know it and my work will not stand." So the foundation must have no flaws. The work must also coincide with the care taken with the foundation. Carefully and patiently each detail must be carried out, and you have a perfect structure.

In like manner the great, the beautiful structure—humanity. It must

begin with the earliest infancy. Aye! not only this. The perfect temple of God, the one in which the holy spirit, the pure, the angel qualities may reign receives its impress upon the spiritual aura, by the thoughts, the actions, and the desires of those who become—that which should be the *holiest, noblest*, and most divine—fathers and mothers.

It is no trifling subject, this life this origination of the spirit which is to dwell through age upon age. To know that by your very actions, your thoughts and motives, you are perhaps moulding the destiny of nations; that you are wielding a thought that is impressing a spirit, which shall start an army of progress, of truth, of justice, of love, mercy, and benevolence, or of one which shall pass adown the lower grade—the path of licentiousness, of vice, of iniquity, of evil deeds, loathsome and vile.

Oh, which will you choose? Man and woman! *Men* and women! If you could but see, with the clear eye, this beautiful path of life, with all its grandeur; if all but followed the heavenly instincts, what an Eden world might we have! We would then begin to lay a foundation, firm and substantial; we would see the structure of humanity, reared in a grand and glorious reform. Which would you choose, the beauty, the glory, the sweet fragrance—the purity—or the slime and soil, where the reptiles creep—the path of licentiousness?

And as the spirit is impressed in the spirit world, in the great, boundless ocean of space, the tiny plant appears, frail and helpless, needs the kind and tender nourishment of strong hands; the spirit which now dwells in a temple needs the care, needs the law which controls spirit—love.

The loving mother soothes with the gentle lullaby the infant upon her breast; she ministers to the material wants; she ministers also to the spirit, for the temple must be sustained that the spirit may dwell within. She sees the little plant grow in beauty by her side; she sees the bud expand, and as childhood lasts each care is soothed by the gentle tone, and each sorrow quieted upon the dear breast. Each day the care must be the same, as we have before said; the highest characteristics must be encouraged; the lower ones stifled; the beautiful in life be taught, by example as well as precept, the self-reliance, referred to, must also be brought into requisition. The child must be taught that it is part of this great ocean; that by its actions it is building a temple to be inhabited by the Holiest, or the vilest; that the Great Jehovah must reign in their hearts supreme, if they would ascend into the glory and beauty of true greatness.

Oh, how grand it is! to feel that we may look our fellow man in the eye, with a steadfast gaze; that we may feel that our very thoughts we fear not to have read, if they may but be read aright; for if they were our brother would see how we yearn for the salvation of the world; would see that our desires toward him, are that he may shake off every coil, and walk free and unfettered, king or Queen, Prince or Princess of Light.

Yes! this is what should be taught the children, that evil thoughts and desires are the foundation of evil deeds; teach them to have their thoughts so pure that they fear not to have them read by the most critical.

And, here is the difficulty; we cannot transfer our thoughts, pure and unselfish into deeds, which always seem so; we must receive the condemnation of the world, because we cannot reveal the soul which beats within— the sensitive soul which shrinks from the criticisms of those who have not the comprehension of this great desire for the universal salvation of the race.

Yet, these children must be taught that, even then, there is no faltering, for he who would win the race. The race is to the fleet-footed it is said. Ah, the race is to the fleet-hearted, he who, with lightning rapidity, may scan the enemies quarters, may see his guards, see his traps, see his serpent-like coils, beneath a bed of roses sometimes, see the whole army of Satan arrayed in a glittering array, in shining apparel, but see deeper, see that, hidden beneath those garments, are the deadly arrows which would pierce thy very soul if thou dost succumb. See that the mighty path of virtue and beauty may appear thorny and stone marked. Yet, as thou dost press on, thou dost find the sweet blossoms springing up. Aye! even covering the stones with the lovely evergreen moss. The sweet fragrance steals on the soul, and the heavenly aroma of duty ascends to the everlasting portals; the loving angels come with arms outstretched, bear thee up when thou wouldst faint, sing songs of cheer to inspire on the way.

Oh! see you not the destruction of the Adamic sin rests with us—men and women! It is not by one act, but a continuous flow. It is the same patient work to be done, again and again; the same Christ-spirit carried out throughout all our actions; the same impress of pure thoughts in the invisible realm, daily; and the same training of the weak and tender plants.

IDA M. MERRILL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

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[Written for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.]

THE VOICE IN THE AIR.

AS HEARD BY DR. H. R. YOUNG.

"The mills of the Gods grind slow,
But exceeding fine."
They do not chafe and fret nor brood,
But bide their time.
'Tis enough that mortals restless grow
O'er trivial things,
But does it stay the sparrow's flight
Or rest his wings.
We've waited patiently and long
Your hearts to cheer,
Till reason could her throne assert
With naught to fear.
The ages past with little scientific lore
Were obliged to wait,
And gather crumbs that chanced to fall
From the outer gate.
It wore your patience greivous long
With tears and sighs,
But men are little more than children
Merged in disguise.
We know that which is best for him
And what he needs;
And now we'll give an antidote
For all his creeds.
Creeds never dried a single tear
From first to last,
Nor staid the flow of human gore
In ages past;
But from these crumbs which chanced to fall
About his feet.
A superstructure he would build
His needs to meet,
Till thought like time with steady march
His mind prepare,
That grander, nobler truths from heaven,
His soul could share.
The fell destroyer with poisonous breath
Comes stealing in,
And shapes your thoughts, cold desolate
With clouds and sin;
But angelic troupes from heaven
Real friends of man,
Have never faltered in their course
With trembling hand,
They knew that time would save the race
From poisonous taint,
And labored through all ages passed,
Nor did they faint.
But quelled the monster at your feet,
And stayed his grasp,

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

Till now you'r tided o'er the shoals
 And truly blessed.
 We'll build a structure for mankind
 'Twill make him blush,
 And put to shame his narrow creeds
 And dogmas crush.
 God, our maker, his claims assert,
 We but obey.
 The means are His, to glorious ends
 Mankind to save.

THE HARVEST READY.

BY H. R. YOUNG.

The harvest is ready, the reapers few,
 And the wheat is drooping fast,
 Like leaves in autumn, with golden hue,
 That are scattered thick in the blast.

The day is dark and dreary to you,
 And the rain is falling fast,
 Be cheerful, hopeful, brave and true,
 And your reap-hook firmly grasp.

Some wheat is blighted, some is fair,
 And must be gathered with care,
 But none must be lost or cast away,
 The worst will mature a brighter day.

The clouds are fast breaking in yonder sky,
 And the sun is shining more clear,
 We'll have fresh reapers in the field ere long,
 To hasten the work and your spirit to cheer.

The individual who always fearlessly obeys the mandates of Divinity, which are ever revealed to the sincere truth-seeker, will have terrestrial contentment and celestial happiness. For, as the man who is beloved by the divinities will all be the best possible, unless he has some necessary ill from former mishap. Hence, if the just man happens to be in poverty or disease, or in any other of those seeming evils, these things issue to him in something good, either while alive or dead. For never at any time is he neglected by the divinities who incline earnestly to endeavor to become just, and practices virtue as far as it is possible for man to resemble God.

The above we take from the *Platonist*, published at St. Louis, by Thos. M. Johnson, at \$2 a year.

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NO. 32.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

The *Western Light*, published in St. Louis, by Mrs. Annie T. Anderson, is filled with the light from the spiritual sun that is illuminating the world at this time. Its rays are penetrating, showing the dark spots in the human characters, and by the warm invigorating rays shining into the minds of mortals, teaching and showing them a better way—one that leads to peace and happiness.

Mr. C. Tuckett's experience is valuable as a test of spirit power, operating with mortals for the good and just principles upon which men should live towards each other. The Invisible Ghost, another contribution of Mr. Tuckett's, relating in an interesting style the appearance of the spirit of a soldier—that was buried in a trench—appearing to the General in command and influencing him to follow the phantom to the trench, and take the living body from under three companions of the strife, and in three days was walking about restored to health. "Man," he says, "can never isolate himself from the other world; they will come and like angel visits, keep our memories green. They come in every age, clime, nation, kindred, tongue and people."

Man would grow cold indeed, if the spiritual visitors did not come once in a while, and whisper to his soul, "There is a sweet by-and-by," an evergreen shore, a happy hunting ground.

Laborers, those who are in the fields of progression, working for the elevation of mankind should be generously remunerated. The world needs to be educated in this new era; we have but lately entered, and there are neither schools nor presses supported by government, that can teach mankind to govern themselves or a country judiciously—therefore

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

all who love their neighbor and their country, as themselves should cast in their mite to sustain the laborers and teachers, and all work in their proper spheres to bring about reform. The world is a unit, we all live from a center, an interior, from spirit or God, which continually flows outward, like a stream from a fountain, and we need centers of knowledge established and supported from which the light of truth, may freely flow like waters from the fountain of life, and the world will be renewed (the people) and invigorated and the waste places of injustice, cruelty and oppression will bring forth fruits of loving kindness, and peace and harmony will prevail. The tares will be eradicated and good seed planted with care and attention—no tares, no more murders planted to produce the very same fruit every year.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

AURORAL FOREGLEAMS.

BY PLAIN TALKER.

We hear much said about the terrible depth to which the criminal and the vicious man or woman has fallen. From where? Then we hear another spoken of having attained the pinnacle of eminence risen to ideal heights. Risen from where? There is undoubtedly much difference between the vile and the virtuous, and a great difference between the vilest and purest man, measured on the moral scale of humanity. The ordinary man can look down the sinful abyss, and shadowed in the dimming depths, see the outline of terrible suggested evils, and he can strain his eyes to look upon the unrealized glory of the higher virtues. And yet, compared with infinity, how near together the best and the worst man.

Suppose a line drawn from Boston to San Francisco; and let this line represent the distance between the absolute incarnation of all evil—the devil, as our Orthodox friends would call that being, at one end, and at the other absolute holiness, God—towards whom the race is tending. How much space on this line would lie between the criminal outcast and the purest man. Of course I cannot say precisely—but I would guess about a quarter of an inch. All men are so near together, morally and mentally, that the uppermost have to stoop only a very little to bear the burdens of the lowermost individual.

The world must be redeemed by the good purifying the bad, the wise instructing the ignorant, the strong sustaining the weak. This can only be done by good and bad, wise and ignorant, strong and weak, associating together.

Ye have heard it said by them of old, "Ye cannot touch pitch without being defiled," but I say unto you that if you will become less defiled, you must achieve that state by association and labor among those who are more defiled than yourself. In assisting a weaker brother we strengthen our own muscles. In teaching an ignorant companion we clear our own intellect. In pointing out, and by example illustrating, to our sinful associate the beauty of holiness, we purify our own heart.

Verily I say unto you, there is no other way under heaven, and among men by which to have sinners accept the way of Jesus, which is for the better man to associate with, help, teach and purify the worse man.—*Western Light.*

AS WE ARE.

The age in its excess seems to be half physical and half moral. It enjoys the pleasure of being moved rather than put forth the force to reflect. It wishes to put itself in the way to enjoy everything without even dreaming of making a manly effort of contributing anything to balance amid the surrounding efforts, or even to give to others under the just law of compensation. It seeks to intoxicate with enjoyment. It would swing backward and forward without advancing. It satisfies itself to revel in delight with a kind of dreamy insinuating style, touching softly without pressing close to realities. It is listening to such ways, seeking only amusement in everything, dreaming only of sweet delights, that we can be made to endure despotism while the dream of time, listlessly thinking how some energetic minds are in the harness of thought and purpose, changing and bettering the world. The age with its soft indolent and insolent pride thus narrows its understanding of the grand and complex beauties in the world that surrounds it. To make the world better we would exclude such things from the education of youth.—*Liberal.*

In every age and clime the acquisition of material wealth absorbs the attention and energies of the multitude.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

The hot July sun beams down pitilessly upon the brick pavements, gathering greater force by the high walls of the business house of S. Not a breeze seems to fan the weary inmates of those business houses. Clint Obert wipes the perspiration from his brow, and, for a moment, allows his pen to lie in its case. He is pondering. Perhaps we may gain a glimpse of the thought picture; we know it is pleasant by the smile, or rather peace which seems to take the place of the weary, look a moment since. Ah, yes, we have caught a revelation. On last Sabbath he had spent the day with his friend Harry, and had read a description of the mountain trip with Eva's simple acrostic enclosed. Harry had for once allowed him to enter into his temple of honor and read Alice's letter, as he had given her permission to share *her's* with Eva. There was a postscript from Eva also, and by some curious freak in natural consequences, this warm afternoon, his spirit was soaring away to a distant mountain. He was picturing a fairy, and brownie, who were now enjoying some breezy place, and he said, "Little, brownie maiden you are wise, when you say give me my mountain home in preference to the untried gaiety of a city you have already fathomed the truth that the glitter of life is only a tinsel, the real work-a-day life of the city *is not* grandeur. The plow boy in your mountain home is happier—more contented and more comfortable in the pelting sun, than is the wealthiest banker of New York City.

At about the same hour—it is Saturday afternoon, and Dan has brought the mail—we see Alice and Eva, in the Kingdom, reading the letter which had been written whilst Clint was with Harry. And thinking of that faraway city, Alice had said; "Poor papa, how I wish he was out here to-day. I know how much he would enjoy a respite from those troublesome books."

"Yes," says Eva, "Mr. Obert says here in the letter:

"Tell the rustic ladies to cast a thought for the book-keeper, who must be enclosed within four walls these melting days, when we scarce know whether we are ever to emerge into breezy autumn again."

"What a pity," she continues, "that they can't have cities on a larger

tract of ground, and not have the houses so crowded together, that people cannot get a breath of fresh air."

"I believe if I made a city I would have a large yard, to each store, with shade trees and flowers, to look out on, and I would have dooryards to all the houses with something green and bright."

"Why Eva, who would think of it? But your city would cover a great area of land."

"Very well then; persons could ride and that would be pleasant."

"But, dear Eva, many are so poor they could not afford these luxuries."

"But I should not have any one so very poor. I should have employment for all, pay them liberally, and have them to take days for recreation, and I think they would work better. Now you may think this rather preposterous for a country girl who has never lived in a city, but I do not give myself credit for the origin of it all. Grandmother has so often talked with me and it seemed to me, just a beautiful idea to have a happy world for every one. But all this talk will not relieve the poor book-keeper in your far-away city; we may remember him as he has requested, but still it will not send him one of our mountain breezes or a single flower fresh with the dew."

"But, as we say, an electric message of sympathy seemed to have been wafted through the air hundreds of miles, until it touched Clint Obert's brain causing him to lay down his pen, and to allow a sweet, peaceful expression to rest upon his countenance. And, in this pleasant mood, Harry finds him. Coming in with a buoyant manner, he says:

"Clint, I have thought of a plan by which I may make you much more comfortable during the hot summer months, and also derive much benefit myself. Here is my pony and phaeton only waiting to be used, and me, with time hanging heavy the idea suggested itself: What is the reason Clint cannot spend a couple of months with me whilst mother is gone? I can go for him each evening, taking him back in the morning. It would give me the greatest pleasure to have your company and I know would be more pleasant for you."

"Well, my boy, do you know what a task you are imposing upon yourself? It will be very pleasant for a time, but when it becomes a duty it will be irksome."

"There, it is settled; you prepare to return with me this evening, and you shall not breathe the city air, until Monday morning. I have just solved a selfish way of aiding myself, and may also aid you. Mother

will remain until September, and I feel already loneliness creeping over me that even little Willie cannot dispel. I always confided in mother, and talked with her of future plans so much that now I am at a loss to know how to improve my time. You and I may form our plans for the future, as we have begun, and may make our arrangements somewhat for next winter's college life."

"Well, Harry, it seems it will be a release to once more settle down to study for a time, and throw aside the care of business. My employer is quite anxious to have me remain this year, as he has learned to place confidence in me and relies upon me."

"That is a good recommendation to take with you, but I hope that you will not be persuaded to remain. I believe I should be tempted to wait myself, if you should—that is with the acquiescence of Ma Kent and mother."

"In the future we may decide upon this, but my intention is to go, if possible, this year. Like yourself, I have a desire that we should graduate together."

Harry and Clint are now speeding over the smooth road, that leads from the busy city. Yes, road we say, for the beautiful trees on either side—the stretches of green, grassy lawns, in front of retired dwellings, gave us an idea of the country and the Maple road was the name which had been given it. Clint laughs gaily as the pretty black creature, yet rushes forward with impatience, and says:

"You have now, indeed, a heavy duty; you will begin to sympathize with me in my arduous task?"

"Exactly, I only wish that I might have taken some such duty for the summer, but mother and Mr. Kent thought best that I should not as the time was so short."

"You will have the advantage of me, in beginning our studies, but as you are so kind in relieving me of my burdens, perhaps you will also assist me in my studies, that I may mount the ladder with you."

"Certainly, if there was any need, but I think you will find the discipline of your business will be of more benefit to you, than my idleness has been to me, and probably the scales will be turned and I shall need your assistance."

"Which will be readily given."

CORA CORAL.

THE NEW LIFE.

COLUMBUS, O., April 22, 1881.

IDA M. MERRILL, EDITRESS A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT:—Being an invalid, perhaps for life, and, consequently having a good deal of leisure, or idle time, and not liking to waste it in idleness, although an illiterate and uneducated man, according to the general application of the term, I sometime take pleasure in attempting versification; and having read your advertisement in the *Banner of Light*, and wishing you God-speed in your praiseworthy enterprise, I send the following lines:

The spring is here again, reminding us once more,
Of other springs we knew in happy days of yore!
The snow has disappeared, ere long sweet flowers will,
Adorn each vale and plain, and bloom on every hill.

Refreshed by showers of spring, warmed by the genial sun;
Earth will her charms revive, her beauteous garments done;
But spring with us, alas! returneth never more,
Till we from earth shall pass to life's immortal shore.

Our winter hath been long; but, Oh! thank God, our sun;
It hasteth to be gone, 'twill soon for aye be done;
And spring, eternal spring—will burst upon our sight,
And we shall bid adieu to earth and winter's night.

To realms celestial fair, we shall with joy ascend,
And with our loved ones there, in sweet communion blend;
Oh! hasten to us spring, we for thy coming wait;
Thy holy pleasures here, we fain anticipate.

We scent afar the air all laden with perfume—
Of flowers sweet and fair; that there in beauty bloom;
The songs the angels sing of Love, redeeming Love—
With which forever ring, the heavenly bands above.

Through all the discord that environ us doth break,
And in our inner being, sweet harmonies awake.
Oh, beauteous Angel Death! Oh! messenger divine!
Come kiss away our breath in God's appointed time.

We shall not fear to go, o'er Jordan's stream with thee,
For God is Love, we know, from hate and anger free;
And God doth all embrace, his Love extends to all,
For one of all our race can ever hopeless fall,

Death, harbinger of spring, bid all our suffering cease,
We fain; thou wouldst our being, from earth's bonds release.
Up to our home above, we fain at once would soar,
Where Love responds to love, and joy is evermore.

—WM. P. MOONE.

We shall soon have A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT covered in book form.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
SQUALID POVERTY AT HOME.

"The Greeks are at our doors." "Charity begins at home." There is no need of our sending aid to the heathen, who can live, half clad, on dates, bananas, yams, and rice food, while we have so many cases of actual and aggravated suffering right under our eyes. Here, in rich luxurious Boston, which is so ambitious of shedding its intellectual light over the rest of the country and dispensing its charities on a munificent scale to distant sufferer—right here in our midst are to be found cases of destitution and suffering, and among worthy and sensitive people, too, which are enough to make one's heart bleed to listen to the recital of. The sharp contrasts in a large city between wealth and want are calculated to move the hardest nature profoundly.

Want is bad enough when it is the penalty paid for self-inflicted wrongs, such as result inevitably from evil courses and a low grade of morals and intelligence; but when it comes to individuals who have always fought the battle of life, over whelming them with the new and strange conditions into which it forces them, and revealing to them possibilities which are so shocking as to utterly discourage and dishearten them, it becomes the painfulest object of contemplation to a being of even ordinary sensibilities.

We made the remark in a recent issue of the *Banner of Light* that squalid poverty is on the increase in this great, rich city of Boston at the present time; and that scarcely a day passes on which we are not called to render assistance to destitute ones. And we alluded to a single case of lamentable destitution, one out of many, to which we promised to refer at another time. The case referred to is the following, which made instantaneous relief imperative if it would be of any effect:

It is that of a family of three persons—husband and wife, Americans, in the prime of life, and their three-year-old boy. The industrious husband had previously maintained his family in circumstances of comfort by working at his trade. The hard times of two years ago threw him out of the employment, and before he could obtain work again had exhausted all his small savings. A year ago he obtained work again, but not long afterwards he received a bodily injury of a very severe nature, which for a long time so disabled him as to make manual labor a practical impossibility. In consequence of this second misfortune, the little family was compelled to remove from where it was to a diminutive at-

tic; and in order to procure the common necessities of life they parted with every article of furniture and clothing which they could possibly do without. At length they were obliged to leave their small quarters for others at a lower rent.

We found them, while engaged in investigating the case, in a close and contracted room, ten feet by twelve, in a basement or cellar. The room was cold and damp. There was a stove, but no fire burned in it. The room contained no furniture that really deserved the name. In short, we met a scene of downright, unmitigated poverty, such as few of the well-to-do classes would be willing to believe exists in this city of ours. There could be no need of going abroad to find objects on which to lavish our charity, when we find cases like this under our very eyes at home.

The little boy of this family is already a sufferer from the effects of living in so damp a place. The wife and mother is thin and somewhat emaciated, but continues to be hopeful of better days again, when her husband's restored health will allow him to go back to his trade. She was at work making overalls at *five cents a pair*!

In another part of this damp and unhealthy basement is a room of still smaller dimensions, in which we found a widow lady and her son—a lad of six or seven years—both fit subjects for the hospital in consequence of their debilitated condition. The widowed mother is struggling with her needle trying to earn enough to keep her boy and herself from starvation.

We saw that these really deserving people needed to be provided with the means to secure, in the first place, a tenement fit to live in, and next to procure food enough to sustain life until the husband referred to, is restored to health and able to provide for them, and we rendered them the temporary assistance. We are all aware that there is machinery in existence for publicly disbursing charity to people thus situated, but it never can do what personal interposition does, and it is never so welcome. We wrong ourselves in putting off upon committees those direct and simple duties, which by performing, secures the secret and permanent blessing to ourselves.—*Banner of Light*.

True—we want missionary work in our own land. The missionary work of caring for suffering humanity.

We send back numbers of this magazine to all who subscribe,

THE GRAND LIGHT.

There is a light from celestial regions that dawns with unerring and unfading brilliance. It is the light of the nineteenth century; it is an era in the world's history which has been notable, and will be more so. Humanity has attempted for ages, to reform the world by compulsion, by martyrdom, by persecution and oppression, but we see the result. Standing upon the verge of this new era, retrospecting the past, we find much of the fruits of intolerance and oppression; we find that it is not sweet and palatable, but that it is bitter and unwholesome. We find that compulsory efforts arouse an antagonistic nature within man; we find it hardens and sears the heart; it fills the soul with revenge malice and hatred. But use the talisman which might be called wonderful—love and you will see the darkened caverns to rejoice in a glad, new light; you will see the stubborn rebellious nature made tractable, and ready to be moulded by the gentle, tender hand. You will find a contrite and humble spirit, to take the place of the proud and arrogant one. You will find a sweet harmonious flow upon the earth; you will find that the evil may be hurled back to its native element; that man may be enabled to triumph over Satan, if you extend to him loving sympathy rather than upbraid for the weakness.

Oh, we cannot be too highly impressed with our duty to our brother man; he may, by our withholding the encouragement which is already upon the lips, be caused to sink in the despondency of despair. This love to humanity is the grand light, which in this era is dawning upon the world, flooding it with an auroral gleam of victory—*victory* over the power of Satan—evil.

We would look to the fountain of all light and love, and remove all obstructions in our pathway. "We would lay aside every weight, and run with patience the race which is before us. "Yes! the race of life. The majestic aspiration, the rising up into a perfect manhood to the station, "a little lower than the angels," throwing off evil thoughts and deeds.

Learn the lesson of life in all its beauty and grandeur, and you cannot injure another, wilfully; you see naught in your brother to hate, but the evil which surrounds him. You pity rather than despise, he who is entangled in coils. You hate with a deadly hatred the sin which surrounds him, and would hurl it, if possible, into the regions of outer darkness, al-

lowing your brother to come out into the sunlight of love and beauty rejoice in the grand garden of heavenly growth, inhale the pure, the heavenly fragrance of those celestial flowers which are unfading.

This grand light would have no other law than love; for this is all-powerful. We take, as an example, the parent's love for a child. Let it err and go far astray, yet there is no sacrifice which is too great for the parent to make for the child, and, many times, through this love, he is won back to the path of virtue and rectitude, where as a spirit of tyranny will drive him farther into the downward road. How many a wife has won back her husband from the verge of a drunkard's grave, by the power—kindness, whilst harsh and bitter words would have sent the weak frame to seek consolation, for a time at least, in the exhilarating effect of the poisoned cup.

There is, in the nature of every human being, a chord which must respond to the gentle tone, and to real sympathy, and there is a desire, for something better and higher, called forth; whereas the bitter, vindictive words arouse the same spirit, as like begets like. The message sent must rest as a gentle dove in the heart of another, or rankle as the poisoned dart sending the life blood coursing through the veins with deadly stupor.

Thus we see the grand light which Jehovah would have his children to carry, and that is "Love to humanity, and you have fulfilled the whole law. For we remember that He has said that which was done for the least, was done for Him. The angel realm bears us the same message. They sweep down on their errands of mercy that we may light our lamps from a heavenly flame, and breathe the perfume of another clime, and still be actively at work in the busy tumult of the world. We may find a new light to dawn upon us, each and every hour; a revelation of some divine plan in our lives. Why must man lay aside all cares to worship God? Rather worship with the whole heart and soul, in every duty of life, in every effort by this rising up into a state of perfection.

Thus we see the beauty of all things under the clear light which would reveal the grandeur of life were it unobstructed.

IDA M. MEHRILL.

The disease of the soul is folly, of which there are two kind—ignorance and madness.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.***A HISTORY OF LIFE.**

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

And Abram called the name of his son. . . . Isaac.

He was a child of promise; a child of prophecy; the angels had foretold this consummation of a divine plan, had filled the hearts of Sarah and Abram with thanksgiving unto the most High, in a double sense. A child was born unto them which perpetuated the nationality, which should be a blessing to them in old age, a comfort to their declining years, and not only this, the sweet promise was fulfilled. The Lord is Lord over all. He is mighty and Omniscient. The great truth was proved satisfactorily that there is an unseen Power, which operates with unerring Wisdom when the children of men bring themselves into a state of harmony, of childlike obedience, of willingness to be guided by the Over-ruling power.

They sang songs of joy in their inmost souls, which ascended unto the throne of Jehovah, so to speak. But is it not a figurative expression? Is it a literal throne? Or is it not a similation of the real? It is said the heavens are his throne, and the earth his footstool. Ay! that is it! He is manifest in all things. We gaze upon the starry firmament, trace the brilliant constellations, move along the path of the milky way, and we read of his majesty. We look upon the pale moon with her soft, lucid light, and we read of His wisdom; we gaze at the resplendent sun as he rides across the mighty heavens and see, when it has reached the meridian, that there is a grandeur which we cannot imitate.

We may take every glorious landscape, every sublime manifestation of nature, and our hands fall powerless, our lips are struck dumb in attempting to portray it, in language or upon canvass. There is intelligence and majesty, beyond man's power.

In all that is revealed to us through nature, we read it—there is a First Cause for all life—an intelligence—a soul of the great universe, and each soul, life or spirit is a part of the Great Soul, a spark from the great Central Sun. One ray of light each soul should be, if not darkened by iniquity, or weighed down by ignorance.

Thus the prophecy of the angels to Abram and Sarah, proved to them

there was an invisible intelligence, operating through these angels, with which they were not gifted, that they had received a light which was as yet unknown to them; but they had come with their lamps lighted at the altar of Love, and wisdom given them a spark that they might touch theirs and the light burned in their altar, as from the heavenly. The fulfilling of that prophecy, gave them evidence beyond a doubt that this invisible intelligence moved by a plan; that in the interior, or spirit realm is first perfected the picture, the thought or the spirit. It gave them a God of Omnipotence.

Thus in our age we have prophecies given us and fulfilled—the law once and forever, the gates ajar, and the angels glide through with the loving messages prove to us yet, the immortality of the soul, and not only the fact but the grand secret of life. We find in our own experience that in the mind we first form a plan in regard to any momentous action; we reason, we ponder, we study, we fill hours with anxiety, even by maturing plans, which may be of benefit to the world, which may aid us in the great walk of life. We rear beautiful, fairy, air castles—ideals which cannot be perfected in this world of opposition and inharmony.

Also, we see that any great movement, in nations, in governmental affairs, in cities, or in individual families, requires this forethought the plan is perfected in the mind, yet never as perfect in reality as in the ideal.

Thus we see the great world, of beautiful design, shows the designer has planned. We might see here too, as with our ideals. The natural world exhibits not so much imperfection, as does humanity. There is not so much of the mind—the responsible mind. This manhood sees, perhaps by a contending against this great power, he may for a time become a God, as it were; he may receive homage, and worship, and self-adulation, and lo! he works against the law. The beautiful ideal, which is perfected in the other world, is marred; grime and dust destroy the beauty of the picture; the rough usage and reckless care disfigures, until the beautiful picture is scarce recognizable. But let man take the beautiful angels by the hand, light his lamp from the eternal fire of love, mercy and justice, and how beautiful the picture glows, beneath the brilliancy; every perfection is portrayed, and every imperfection receives a touch from the master artist. Glorious prophecies these angels bring in our time; for are not the gates "*forever ajar*;" they tell us of glad, new songs for all the weary children of earth. They say to the

faithful one be of good cheer. Thy picture is being persecuted in the angel realm, and although rough hands may attempt to obstruct the light, it shall dawn with unerring and unfading brilliance. Thy labors of love are aided by the angels, thy light is yet brilliant clear and beautiful, and the sunlight of everlasting love shall fill thy soul with joy ineffable, "Well done, good and faithful servant," shall be echoed in thy ears to cheer thee to higher and nobler attainments. Oh, the angels are, to-day, as near and nearer than in those ages gone.

IDA M. MERRILL.

On the eve of his departure from New York for his home, recently, Bjornstjern Bjornson, the Norwegian poet, novelist and orator, delivered a farewell address to his countrymen in the Teutonia Assembly Rooms on Third avenue. He was heartily received by a large audience of Scandinavians. His lecture dealt with the principles upon which religious instructions in our age should rest. The canker in the system, he said, was the wornout, untrue dogmas imposed upon a people, fettered in superstition instilled in childhood, and carefully nursed in the man. For this he held responsible a priestcraft that has forever stood, said the poet, in the war of human progress and liberty, and stands to-day arrayed against science, art, the emancipation of woman, and every effort for truth made by nations in the struggle of a slow but sure awakening. The speaker himself had been in these fetters, and remembered now with shame the cowardice that prevented him from shaking them off. Now that he was free and could see the way clear ahead to the attainment of real divine truth, he shouted to those behind him to do as he had done—throw over the old fallacies, think for themselves, and be free. With the nations themselves lies the choice of freedom or bondage. A brighter day was coming, when these things would be seen more clearly.—*Banner of Light*.

The value of a man's opinion depends exclusively on his knowledge. The expression of an opinion concerning any subject by one who has no knowledge of it, indicates either a brutal ignorance of what is right and proper, or an unparalleled amount of effrontery. For instance, it is alike shameful and ludicrous to hear a moral bankrupt give his opinion on any question of morality.

"A PASSING INCIDENT."

Under the above heading the *Boston Investigator* of a late date pays a merited tribute to a lady well known among the Spiritualists of Massachusetts. By so doing Bro. Seaver shows his goodness of heart, and we especially thank him, as it shows that Infidels are often more liberal than professed Christians in regard to Spiritualists and Spiritualism.

"In a great city there are many good deeds performed—little way-side charities, as it were, of humble life—which are never told in the papers, but which are as meritorious as if they were publicly proclaimed, and which show quite as fruitfully the goodness of human nature. The following is one of these pleasing and praiseworthy incidents of which we happened to hear recently, though the kind performer of it will wonder to see her name in print, but she will please excuse the liberty we take, and remember that editors are privileged characters, and say pretty much what they like! One cold day last winter, in the midst of a driving snow-storm, an aged lady sought out, after much trouble, a poor and destitute family in the south part of this city, supplied their wants, and also raised a contribution for them from among the neighbors. She did not come from any church, for she is a believer in Humanity and not in a sectarian creed, nor was she acquainted with the poor family that she relieved, but hearing they were in distress, she went of her own accord, like a genuine 'Sister of Mercy,' to their assistance and proved her faith by her works. This kind-hearted, benevolent woman, is Mrs. Mary Stearns, probably of three score and ten, a most devoted Spiritualist, and a prominent member of the Ladies' Aid Society, whose object is, like good Samaritans, to help the suffering poor regardless of their religion, color, sex or nationality. The theory of Spiritualism we have no faith in and cannot accept, but its practice as related in this incident is worthy of all praise."

Plants, like animals, differ much in their habit, and the different sorts of food on which they subsist. The broad leaved clovers, turnips and mangles abstract from the air a large portion of their growth, while the narrow-leaved grains and grasses partake more largely of mineral food, which they draw from the soil. This fact will explain the great advantage of rotation of crops.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

Embalm our friends in life-time,
 Wait not until they're gone;
 The endearing words strengthen,
 Wait not till life has flown.

The word of praise and comfort,
 Will raise earth's drooping flowers,
 'Tis better than a coffin
 To fill with joy the hours.

In our busy world of turmoil,
 We crush back the gentle tone;
 Oh! let the loving ones be spoken,
 Precious seeds of love be sown.

The grief we bear for dear ones,
 Will not the dead recall;
 Spend labor for the living,
 Give them our love, our all.

The flowers which on my breast may lie,
 When I have passed from here,
 Will sweeter be in life to hold,
 Shed not then, for me a tear,

But love and light is all of life,
 Why do we have sadness here?
 Why are we filled with doubts and fears?
 Why does come the bitter tear?

Oh, scatter the flowers for the living!
 Oh, garner the endearing word!
 In a heart of flesh which droops for it.
 Let ever the sweet notes be heard.

Let us strive to be patient and kind;
 Let us gently lead the erring one;
 Let us live with the living to-day,
 For to-morrow they *too* may be gone.

When stillness is o'er them,
 The flowers will not recall;
 The bitter words which pierced the heart,
 Ere the angel came with soft foot-fall.

Lily-white blossoms the angels bring,
 And scatter them in our way,
 They tell us they need not our all;
 They joy in our joy to-day.

CORA CORAL.

Our readers will confer a great favor by sending us the names of parties who are interested in reform.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

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NO. 33.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

Look up from the footstool towards the great supreme spirit, and behold the Heavens, as the throne from whence all life flows the mighty, limitless expanse of space, filled with spheres of worlds upon worlds, spirit-life—no place where life is not present. Wherefrom the everlasting fountain of light, liberty, justice and mercy flows the stream forever the immense reservoir always full of wisdom, knowledge and understanding ready to fill the souls of mankind with thoughts and ideas of truth, righteousness, peace and good will. The everlasting law of love, that creates and upholds all things, will never change, but will be full-filled when the world has become enlightened sufficiently to understand the happiness and beauty of loving one's neighbor as themselves.

The real neighbors are all who suffer from whatever cause. If they are victims of their own follies, or have yielded to those wild beasts, they have taken into their ark and allowed them to govern, pity, and not condemn, as the same sun shines upon all, and let the sun of your interior self shine on your brother or sister, and raise them up on the elevation where you stand reach down and take them by the hand and support them with kindness, with gentle, loving words; do not mention their faults or crimes, but treat them as we would like to be treated under the same circumstances. By taking this course you will draw an influence from the highest sphere of intelligence, love and mercy or forgiveness; it will be acting the will of our Father who is in heaven on earth, as we act from the God principle within us.

Build places of refuge or asylums for those morally insane, diseased, human beings; make it both pleasant, secure, and give them employ-

ment, not as punishment, but as a means of support, and enjoyment, so as not to be burdensome to the people. When a thief steals an article worth ninety cents, he is taken to jail and punished by keeping him confined fourteen months, and tax payers, widows, orphans and laborers foot the bill at eleven dollars per month, would it not be better to build a workhouse than a jail, and use every inducement to reform the criminal?

Every mortal has a spark of fire from the Father of all life, that by judicious fanning may be blown into a flame. It would be more sensible to use the money that is waisted in building an elegant church called the house of God in building a place to teach criminals how to govern themselves, as God says, "Where can you build me a house, or where is my place of rest?" This man with an humble and contrite spirit is my temple to dwell in; a humble, true man is one who does not despise his neighbor, but takes him up every time, never goes by on the other side, his religion is to do good in the little acts of every day life, no stated times to do good deeds. Jesus, went about on the Sabbath, or day of rest, doing good deeds of loving kindness healing the sick, casting out evil spirits and preaching the gospel, teaching the people that the kingdom of happiness is always at hand, the door open for mortals to enter into the sunshine of peace and love.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

TO SPIRITUALISTS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I am impressed from the great high Priest to speak to you this day concerning two boys who are to be executed on the 11th of June, being sentenced for the murder of their father, to be hung by their necks until they are dead. Dr. Talbott was shot while in bed last September. I knew nothing of the circumstances connected with the murder, never heard of them until I read the cruel sentence that was pronounced. But the spirit of the father came with the sentence to me to find sympathy, and when he succeeded in making himself known; said his sons were not guilty, and all the judges and juries on earth could not make me believe they are. And suppose they were, who shall say, contrary to the law of the great supreme ruler of the universe, "kill them?" The fable of Cain and his brother is sufficient to show that a murderer should never be hung or killed. Cain had a

mark put upon him; lest some one should take his life before he had suffered the penalty of his misdeeds on earth.

The christian people have revised the bible, and now it would be well for them to revise themselves, and see if their hands are not full of blood and murder; if they had spent the time fulfilling the laws of God, instead of trying to improve the word, that some call God, crime would cease, and peace and harmony prevail.

All who have received the light are responsible for the cruel suffering and misery, if they place their light under a bushel. Come out and work in the vineyard; cast out the noxious weeds and poisonous plants of murder and selfishness; punishment and revenge. It is contrary to the great teacher; he said, "Forgive them, they know not what they do." Build asylums and workshops, and by kind and gentle treatment, restore them to moral health and usefulness.

I ask the co-operation of my spiritual friends (James Tatum, Alabama; Jesse H. Butler, Los Angeles, Cal.; Warren Boyington, Rockford, Ill.; Minerva A. Bedford, Mo.; Mrs. T. Anderson, *Western Light*, St. Louis, Mo.; Hattie A. Cate, *Watchman*, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Peter Dahlberg, Winfield, Iowa; *Scientific Investigator*, Portland, Oregon; Nathaniel Rاندalls, Woodstock, Vermont; W. G. Gray, Mich.) in this great work of reform; send out forked lightning from your centers of harmony, and break the circles of murderers. All ideas and thoughts move in circles, and the positive will unite with the negative, the angels of mercy aiding, and if we are willing and faithful we shall win the battle.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

The following we take from a letter of Dr. Woodworth, of Forest Home, Miss.: "Let me congratulate you on the noble work in which you are engaged, and in the praiseworthy object. Would that we had many, MANY more such unselfish souls working in our ranks of progress and reform. You have struck the right string for us all to play upon. Yes, we do need reform, and yours is the right plan of teaching it—thousands upon thousands may be taught to see aright if taught correctly—my past 20 years experience as a healing medium has taught me many salutary lessons of instruction, having gone through the roll of persecution. I desire to see a copy, and will do all in my power to increase its circulation."

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"How grand this is Harry!" exclaimed Clint as they reached the beautiful home of Harry. How much shall I be indebted to you?"

"Not in the least. It will be rather the contrary. It is a selfish idea perhaps as I enjoy the pleasant shades these hot, fierce days, I have thought of my old and true friend Clint, his prison house for the time, and desiring your company to relieve the monotony of this summer's life, therefore act accordingly."

"Very well, Harry, take it as you have said, and I see a beautiful truth; we cannot aid another in any way, but we find we are benefited ourselves. As the great ocean feeds the fleecy clouds which scud hither and thither athwart the heavens, and these same clouds burst upon the earth in showers of refreshing rain, return again to the ocean with a mission performed, *again* to mount to the clouds, so do these deeds of loving kindness, to each other; they return to the point of evolution, freighted with the increase of a mission performed. Your generous thought has sent my spirit soaring into the clouds, leaving the dusty, busy city in the distance. It will refresh my soul like the gentle rain does the parched earth, and my joy return to you as a recompense—back to the ocean from whence it started."

"There Clint, you are again talking just like a minister. I declare I would rather hear *you* preach a sermon in that style than any minister I have ever heard. You show to me a wonderful power in a simple act. But as Mr. Kent said a few days since; it is the small actions which will make you the man, and the great ones will come, but occasionally. Perhaps once or twice in a lifetime may a man do any great, courageous act, yet never was one performed by the man who did not pay heed to the trifling matters."

"It is exactly so. This very discipline of the day, combating with, and overcoming difficulties; gives us strength for any great action which we may be called upon to perform instantaneously."

It is evening; we shall look in upon the inmates of the Kent mansion. Mrs. Kent in *neglige* costume suitable to the season reclines upon a di-

van in the library. Mr. Kent seated in his easy chair reading the news of the day.

A beautiful woman is Mrs. Kent and with the stern expression of countenance there is a sweetness which might at times envelop the woman and allow a lovely character to blossom. Some sweep of the master hand might bring forth qualities which had slumbered. Some warm ray of light from the interior life might warm the congealed waters of her soul and a pure stream of loving kindness might make her beauty perfect by transforming it into life. Ah that was the secret. The warm loving nature had in some manner been stifled. She loved her husband and child, but in that cold, passionless manner which is allied to conventionality. The love of the world and its follies, had enveloped the bud in a covering which would not allow it to expand. For there had years ago been planted by a loving hand seeds of everlasting life. Mrs. Kent reared by wealthy parents, with every wish gratified, petted and flattered had crushed back the loving heart, but as we have said there had been seed planted by a loving hand. The dear grandmother who had dwelt with her parents had given words of advice, loving words of the higher ideal of life, and ever and anon they had swept over her icy nature, reviving for a time the warm stream of childhood. Also the words of wisdom which fell from the lips of her husband, had their influence.

In her hand she held an open letter; it was from Alice, and we may look over her shoulder and read:

MY DEAREST MAMA:—I cannot describe to you this beautiful place; this delightful Eden; this heaven upon earth. I am growing to be a perfect country lassie, and I fear, mama, you will never be enabled to polish me sufficiently to carry out the role of belle in our circle; but *really* mama, I do think you will excuse me, when I tell you how much I enjoy being a belle of the forest, as is Eya. I have roamed the woods with the freedom of a wild deer, have listened to the grandest music, the sweetest and most perfect, which I have ever heard—that is the music of nature, the songs of the birds, the sweet, gentle lullaby of the brooks, and the dashing, roaring, grand voluntary of the mighty cataract. I have climbed the mountain and gazed upon the broad expanse of nature, stretching away like some grand and beautiful picture, such as I have never seen in an art gallery. I have from the valley below gazed upon those mountains, towering in grand sublimity toward the sky, and have

said: no mighty cathedral have I ever seen so grand. I have enjoyed the free hospitality of the simple country folks, and felt, in their free, unrestrained kindness, a sympathy and a true spirit which I cannot find in fashionable society. I have enjoyed with Eva a congeniality which I have never found in S. Dear papa, I must also add a few words to you. How may I ever thank you enough for this delightful visit, which you have granted me! How I have wished that you and mama might be here with me. I am learning *deeper* lessons of life each day. Am reaching up to the Good Father in gratitude, as I behold the beauty and grandeur of this world, and all for the children of men. I send my heart's best love to my parents, and still remain your plover, affectionate daughter.

ALICE.

The letter had been read the day previous, but there was a peculiar interest in it to Mrs. Kent. She could not help being pleased in the joy of her child; yet she feared she would become so filled with this air, that she would have no desire for fashionable life, and would not carry out the ideal which she had reared in her mind for Alice. She had, in fancy seen her arrayed in rich robes, playing the part of hostess, or as guest with queenly dignity, and giving vent to her thoughts she says in her accustomed way of addressing Mr. Kent, when not in society.

"Dear papa, what am I to do with Alice? I fear she will come back to me as uncouth as some untutored country girl, her complexion ruined and her manners rude. She must reign as belle this season, I have set my heart on this object from the time I saw her beauty expand into womanhood."

"My dear wife," says Mr. Kent in that peculiarly earnest way which he always used when he felt a little vexed with Mrs. Kent's ideas; for without her heartlessness he knew the heart which beat within contained the true germ, and had hopes that perhaps through Alice it might yet bud and blossom:

"My dear wife," repeating with emphasis, "if I might but impress you with an idea of the true life of the great principles of true enjoyment, you would rejoice in Alice's freedom. Do you not see there is something which fills the soul of our little daughter that we do not find in these fancies of fashion? It is this soul that makes her personal beauty more attractive, and which can light the plainest face. Her soul is now feeding upon its own peculiar food, and she is drinking from the wells of

life, waters which shall cause her character to become green and beautiful as a well cultivated and watered field. We might take greater pleasure with her in a private circle of cultivated acquaintances, than in the great sea of fashion."

"But, my dear husband," she says, "you know I have always been accustomed to this life. I should be miserable without the stimulus which fashionable life gives me, and Eva would never make a brilliant match in this way."

CORA CORAL.

THE SOUL.

We take the following from the *Church Advocate* of Nov. 1879, proving the separation of spirit and body scientifically:

"It has long been an axiom of a certain class of visionary enthusiasts that that which we call soul is nothing more than a high, subtle development of life. The mystical and proofless character of this proposition, or its opposite, has so far eluded the demonstration of keenest analysis. With the aid of revelation, attended by the most patient scientific investigation, candid men of all classes have voluntarily admitted the difficulties and mysteries which shroud the origin, character, and destiny of the spirit. A late scientific experiment in the city of New York will go far toward settling this controversy by the literal demonstration of facts. A man had been caught by a circular saw in a planing mill, and one of the large arteries of his arm was severed, and from this wound he bled to death. This body was taken by Prof. Doremus, Drs. White and Chambers, and in the presence of a number of students from Bellevue and Roosevelt hospitals actually restored to life. Blood was taken from two living sheep, incisions were made near the heart, and tubes inserted through which vital fluid passed, galvanic batteries were attached to nerves, a small pair of bellows was inserted in the mouth, and at a given signal each operator began to act the part assigned him. Slowly the chest began to rise and fall, respiration began, the pulse beat faintly, the corpse was alive! The pulse gradually grew stronger, the man opened his eyes, and in a few days was able to go about the room, on the testimony of Dr. Bigelow, who witnessed the experiment. But the strangest part is yet to be told. When pressed to tell all, Dr. Bigelow said: "Well, the man eats and drinks; seems to be afraid of other people, or more curious than afraid, and is strangely af-

fected by the heat or cold. But he can neither read or write, does not know the use of books, plates, knives or forks. He is not able to talk but cries out loudly or jabbars in an inarticulate manner. Once in a while a word can be distinguished, but the man does not appear to perceive any difference between it and his jargon. *The animal life has been restored but not the spiritual.* The mind with all its component parts has gone, I fear never to be restored. This wonderful achievement of science is vouched for by names which carry irresistible evidence of correctness and truthfulness. ~~Of~~ fuller investigation shall but corroborate the certainty of this experiment, it will prove that these physicians builded wiser than they knew. Intent simply on animal resuscitation, they have added unwittingly to their medical discovery the highest trophy of mental science. They have shown conclusively that spiritual life is no part of physical life, and that one may exist without and independently of the other. This will clearly emphasize the general scope of revelation and becomes an unanswerable argument to those who teach that spiritual life cannot survive the death of the body. It ought to do much also toward arresting the suicidal mania, based largely on the unwarranted assumption that death is the extinction of being. It is certainly true that this dark and gloomy outlook for the future taught by rationalists and semi-skeptics, fills the heated and murky brains of many dissipated or over-worked fanatics, until they dream of death as an endless sleep to be sought by the weary and oppressed. It is well if they can be startled from this terrible dream. If the trumpet is set to the lips of a man alive from the dead perhaps this nightmare of the soul can be shaken off. Science always shakes hands with God. Sometimes misunderstood or misinterpreted, she has seemed to combat the truths of revelation. Fuller investigation has brought her to the front blazoned with the light of triumph, with truth for her inspiring genius, morality for her handmaid and the Bible for her ally! Nature and redemption must strike the same chord, and when there is no harmony it is because we have struck the wrong key. A mere novice may curse the musical instrument that gives forth nothing but discordant sounds; but a skillful performer will take the same instrument, and it becomes a model of harmony. The rocks beneath, the stars above, the howling storm, the grottoes of the deep are but the footprints of Deity. If our hearts are jarred by ceaseless discord, it is because we are constantly striking the wrong key.

WOMAN'S SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

 LETTER FROM JEAN STORY, AUTHOR OF SUBSTANTIALISM.

DEAR MRS. MERRICK:—We are delighted with your “confession of faith,” hence must dissent from your opinion that we are not on the same plane of thought. You say that “thoughts and ideas are always in existence ready to flow through the brain of an individual as the atmosphere flows through the lungs to support the physical body.” Why this is just what we have been striving to prove for years. It is one of the leading doctrines of Substantialism. You say you are not “educated.” To this I also dissent. You may not term them metaphysics and physics, yet did you not understand the co-operation of the principles involved in the gestation and growth of the brain and body, you could not theorize thus understandingly.

We, on the contrary, confess that we have been “liberally educated” in all the man-made theories—theologic, philosophic, and scientific, that are now being so liberally brought to the rising generation. But to convince you that we have not been seriously injured by the knowledge imparted, we assure you they were all tabled years ago as are questionable bills in congress. We often give them another reading; and will now, for your especial benefit, take them up and re-examine their respective merits.

As it is the center and circumference of all others, we will begin with theology, which as a theory is what man has idealized from his self-determined standpoint. That is, perceiving himself to belong to the highest and most complex species; and finding his sex to be larger and stronger in brain and body than the female of his species, he regards himself *in a sexual sense*, as the foremost or head of the animal world; thence idealizes his theory of creation from this circumferential range—inductively. There he begins his conceptive creations by first creating a universal creator in his own image and of his own superior sex, who, seeing what his human creator sees—nothing more, or less, or otherwise, in any sense, creates women far beneath his position in every respect. She is not only creator-cursed as the matter of sin and death, and doomed to be the servant of man in every way which his stronger brain and body may determine, but she is required to love and to honor him, under penalty, as the earthly representative of his self-created super-mundane

creator. Although he concedes that "man is born of woman," yet owing to his sexual superiority—not the logic, he claims man was first created—then woman. We are humbly thankful that we have sufficient knowledge of comparative physiology and anatomy to be able to prove positively the utter falsity of the priority of male organism; and to prove the falsity of the idea that the human species was prior to the lower species, as is recorded in man's theologic theories. The animal series, in the order of their inrearing complexity, reveal successive stages of our world's growth as their common mother. The animal forms of the least complexity, which are termed uni-sexuals or bi-sexuals, are all females. Male organisms begin as supercentral cells or organs within and as constituents of these simple female forms, these male organs appear as more and more external appendages; thence as more and more complex parasites—utterly incapable of self-promission. In still more complex species, these male organs become individuated and outborn as distinct organism, but are more or less inferior in size and strength compared with those of the females. It is only in the still higher and in the most complex species that the males equal and exceed the females in size and strength. The real principles of nature can never be understood until these mythic theories are annihilated by the combined light of intuition and reason through these logic of facts. The logic of facts begins at the standpoint of germination, at the beginning of the female stage of development, the pre-natal stage. Reasoning from cause to effect is seen to be curative to a more complex effect. That is, beginning with the essence or spirit of things with its eternal tendency towards a center of gravity, the first effect is its aggregation as a nucleus, the simplest form possible. The essence or spirits of this form in combination with later descending essence, aggregates in a more complex form, whose modes of moving include those of its every predecessor; thus on and on *ad infinitum*.

This is the true and the only truthful theory of evolution. Evolution is purely the converse or expression of the complications of mechanical powers involved in the ascending series of animal forms. These increasing complications are conceivable from woman's standpoint, because the deductive process of reasoning includes the inductive process; whereas they are utterly inconceivable by man, the inductive reasoner, who sees only a series of effects—forms of matter, whose functions—not the logic, are controlled by something—nature's laws, God, spirit, fate, or chance,

in accordance with his peculiar belief, that is essentially immaterial. It is the function of manhood to discover and to classify facts, the effects of nature's mechanical powers manifest through the functions of its organic forms or form. But man can no more conceive the essence of being and the progress of life through form, unaided by the intuition of woman, than he can reproduce his specific offspring without the functions of womanhood.

As the stronger sex of the highest species, man's cruelty to woman has never equalled the cruelties; the females of the lowest species inflict upon their weaker males, upon which they prey, thereby prevent an excess of the male element, which excess is prevented in higher species by the males destroying each other.

Not only has the mutual destruction of males in the human species continuously resulted in the "survival of the fittest," but the cruelties inflicted by man upon woman have compelled the greater development of her powers of moral suasion, powers whose incoming reign will be as much superior to the reign of physical force, as regards human happiness, as the genial fertility of summer is superior to the frigid dearth of winter. These are some of the ideas not yet recognized as orthodox, that flow through our brain with the impression that they pertain to a plane of thought attained by our pre-historic successors, far above the myths and mists of pagan and christian idolatry; a plane where the sexual functions of substance, both as essence or spirit and as form, are more clearly understood than is possible to humans on the earth plane in the present; a plane where woman is seen, not as a helpmeet or an appendage of man, but as a reservoir of intuitive knowledge,—knowledge that can never be gestated by or outborn from the brain of man. To impart this knowledge, woman must convince the reason through the logic of facts. It can never be convinced by rhapsodies or by ridicule that simply stir the emotions. The public mind is blinded by the egotism of man's mind, blinded by his self-imaged gods, in worshipping which, he worships himself. It cannot appreciate the inductive reason of woman, because, while thus blinded, it cannot perceive that the faculties of the two sexes in the aggregate, are necessarily equal, but opposite and mutually supplemental.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Mass.

JEAN STORY.

We shall soon have *A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT* covered in book form.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.***A HISTORY OF LIFE.**

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

IDEAL OF MANHOOD.

It is not so much in form or face,
 But in the hearts sweet truth and grace.
 It is not in adornment but in soul
 It is a heart, pure, true and whole,
 It is loving, generous, noble deeds.
 On which the spirit nature feeds.
 It is the great and mighty power,
 Which sees God in the gentle flower,
 Which sees him in the rocks and rills
 And in the green and verdant hills;
 Which sees a fitness in His law
 Perfected—not a single flaw
 If man may find the hidden key,
 Step into light, from darkness free,
 May be controlled by the higher power,
 Yet control himself each day and hour,
 Control each passion dark and fierce,
 Use not poisoned arrows which pierce
 The pure heart's flow of joy and love,
 Which originates in the clime above.
 The noble deeds, the simple one,
 The whole performed, the race is run.
 But grander, newer, gladder life,
 Opens beyond this sea of strife.
 We've found his law, and that is love,
 We are e'en now in that clime above.
 No ill would we send to our brother,
 But teach him to love one another.
 The wrong he's done us, we'd forgive,
 Teach him a better way to live;
 Teach him the wrong has evolved a flower.
 Which gladdens our lives each day, each hour;
 Teach him the dart which pierces his heart,
 Has returned to the point from whence it did start,
 Teach him we would not have it so,
 We would give him joy instead of woe;
 But we must submit unto the law,
 Which is perfected, without a flaw,
 We have found the key and it is true,
 The golden city lies always in view,
 If we but yield to the holy power,
 We walk through its streets each day, each hour.
 Then ideal manhood is strong and brave,
 With a noble soul, ~~the~~ weak to save.
 With a willing heart, and a ready hand

To benefit all throughout the land.
 Who would not have *one* brother lost,
 Would save the mariner tempest tossed,
 Anchor him in a peaceful haven
 Where the pure and heavenly waters laven,
 May calm the fierce, discordant storm
 May bring the gentle, healing balm.
 The loving Father's law of love,
 Has revealed to Him there is light above.

After Isaac had grown to be quite a lad; it is recorded that Abraham was commanded to offer him as a burnt offering unto the Lord.

Would a christian man or woman think that the God of love would, to satisfy a selfish desire for power, ask a man to *murder* his innocent child. But with all due reverence to the dear Father of mankind, we shall attempt to elucidate some truth which may be a crumb from the Great Master's table. We perceive again, a diamond: Ideal manhood stoops not to paltry objects; would sacrifice the nearest and dearest objects for the sake of the great truth— the universal Jehovah, Right and justice.

We see herein the comparison. The child is, to the parent, the nearest and dearest object of humanity, and Abraham is represented as sacrificing him upon an altar, as he would a beast of the field.

When man lays aside all selfish motives, places his all upon the altar of love to mankind, which is love and adoration to God in a tangible manner, he receives the blessing. We take this as an interior or spiritual truth; not as the literal child to be sacrificed but as the most earnest desires of our soul, we are willing to sacrifice if we must clasp hands with evil, must step down one step, down one round in the ladder—right to gain the coveted treasure. The dearest child of our desires, as we may term it. As the love of the parent for the child may simulate the strongest love passion of the nature.

When we become willing to sacrifice every selfish desire, like Abraham we hear the voice of the angels as they said: "Lay not thine hand upon the lad. I see now, that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.

They say to us the dearest objects of thy lives when pure, are blessed by sweet fruition; the blossoms, of hope and love which thou scattered contained in each calyx, the precious seeds of immortality, and suddenly shall your eyes behold an elysian field, blossoming, all from the fruits of thy labor, thy self-sacrifice, thy yearning desire for the freedom of darkened souls, from the bondage of superstition and ignorance, thy unself-

fish efforts in the cause of the oppressed, every upward desire and tear over failures which *seemed* to be failure only—is a crystal drop in that fadeless crown. The faltering tongue which still clung to the truth, at the mouth of the canon of tyranny and oppression, will be changed to the sweet notes of victory.

God requires not of his children a mind changed into a hell, wherein the demons of darkness may come and rankle, for their own amusement. No! thou shalt not be required to sacrifice thy dearest desires which are pure, and as holy as the love of that father for his son. These are the words of encouragement and cheer, which the angels bring to him who would mount the ladder of ideal manhood become an honor to himself and the world.

As we have traced the responsibility of parents, we have come now to the similitude of the important epoch in a man's life. When he must *choose*—will he serve God or the Devil. There is no half way service; there is no dividing point but the edict, God or the devil, Mammon or righteousness, Right or Wrong.

Fame, wealth, and lusts of the flesh, must be made subservient to this God, or you are upon this downward grade, and how swiftly any object will move down a hill! how difficult it is to move it back again!

You are ascending an elevation; perhaps with difficulty. You may see some glittering perhaps worthless, object in the back ground, but the tinsel pleases the eye; you move backward, adown the grade, in search of your worthless treasure; the impetus may carry you still farther, for you may not hold your footing in descent as in ascent. The bright tinsel does not aid you upward, but rather holds you down. The beautiful blossoms which lay in the path before you, and which you thought to immediately pluck, as you retraced your steps are plucked by a more faithful persevering one, and you find yourself, at the close of day, weary and worn, and much lower in the ladder of true fame, than at the morn, when you started in all the vigor of refreshment, whilst the dew yet lay upon the grass, and gently kissed the flowers—no fruition, no recompense.

But let the goal of fame and *true* honor be kept in view, you ascend the hill of progression, sometimes with difficulty, but ever and anon you hear the sweet notes of victory sounding from the temple of honor—the holy of holies—and the fragrant blossoms gladden your sight daily, the suffering, the crushed world of burdened humanity echoe and re-

echoe in shouts of gratitude and love, to inspire you on, to nobler efforts in greater daring, and to nerve you to more courageous undertakings. Yes! ideal manhood—swerves not at defeat, for it perceives every failure and opposing power, but proves to you your cause is upward, is the right, is heaven born, as ascent is more difficult than descent, but, nevertheless, there are moments when you may seem to have gained some platform of rest, where you may peacefully view the surrounding scenery, look down upon the path which your feet have worn, upon blood-marks of sorrow and distress, and see in them the omens of victory.

Great victory over the tempter. It is not a path of ease, neither is the downward one, for at the termination you find yourself in the slough of despond, and do never find respite, even when you may gaze upon the result of your efforts, for *there were none*, and in this state of darkened ease, may you find leisure to plan how you may retrace the weary path again.

IDA M. MERRILL.

THE GRAND LIGHT.

VALMONT, Boulder County, Col.

MRS. M. MERRICK:—Your very kind and pleasant letter of the 23d inst. is in hand, and in response would say that I belong to the grand army of progress and believing that the "Bark which you have launched" is intended to join with the great ship's squadron of Reform, and sail with the illustrious, progressive fleet. I accept your kind invitation and "step on board," and will set to work with a will and aid as best I can to spread the canvass of the "Bark" that a prosperous breeze may fill the sail and give buoyancy and keep the bark afloat that the benevolent purpose for which it was launched may be fulfilled. Back numbers would be of help to me in what I hope to accomplish for the FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT—the obtaining of subscribers; the reading of the paper would speak for it more effectually than anything that I could say for it. I have great hope of success with my liberal lady acquaintances of whom I have many, and am not without hope with liberal-minded men. It will be my first attempt to canvass for a paper and be assured that pecuniary consideration could not induce me to an unpleasant one, but for the sake of the progressive movement, and the lady of my own age who has had the courage to engage in it, and the benevolence to invest her money in it, and to devote the energies of her wo-

manhood to it, I will use my best efforts for the FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, and will try to make it a pleasant duty. If you choose to intrust to my care the "advertising sheet or book," referred to in your postscript, will try to make good use of it for your benefit. In a qualified sense I am a spiritualist. I believe that man is endowed with endless life; that with those separated from the mortal body; there is a realization of life, love, and happiness; that they do return, giving palpable manifestation of their presence, holding sweet communion with friends and loved ones. That I have had messages from loved, departed ones, and felt their gentle, soothing love-touches admits of no doubt, and that I have had previous revelations from these, is not to be mistaken, and which gives assurance of a final blest estate that all will reach at last,—no absent loved ones and no wanderer lost."

With a sincere desire for success in the benevolent purposes of your arduous undertakings, that you may fully realize all that you hope for, and that you may be truly blessed in your unselfish efforts for the good of others, I subscribe myself, truly your brother, J. J. CRANMER.

SPIRITUALISM.

Spiritualism, the blest child!
She doth now begin to smile;
Wisdom sparkles in her eye,
For she knows she can never die.

Spiritualism, the blest babe,
She doth cause a heavenly raid,
Mortals over land and sea,
Now they come, their child to see.

And when they look within her face,
There they see a heavenly grace,
But when they look still deeper in,
There they see a God within.

When she speaks her voice is heard,
For she speaks God's living word,
The words she speaks, are words of love,
Because she speaks from heaven above.

Adopt this child, Oh, friends of earth!
For she is of an heavenly birth,
Be kind to her and take her in,
For she's an immortal mind within.

This mind of her's will still unfold,
And give us glories yet untold,
For progress is her glorious scheme,
And progress is her glorious theme.

This mind of her's will still expands,
Until she blends our God with man,
Heaven on earth will then begin,
And man be saved from death and sin.

NEWYARK, N. J.

JOHN M. MILLER.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 34

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

Justice and mercy are the inscriptions on the banner that is floating from the mast of the bark called A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. Yes, justice and mercy to the unfortunate mortals who commit crimes of the darkest dye; their enemies have conquered them, and their cry goes out for mercy and justice; we have not done unto our neighbors, as we would wish them to do unto us, but give us time to suffer the penalty of our misdeeds before we pass on to the next sphere of life; help us brothers; you are stranger; you can bring a flood of love and pity, that will give us liberty from this cruel bondage, from the enemies that have taken us captive; bring us light that we may find the way to peace and happiness. All mankind throughout the earth are one family. Jesus said, "call no man father; you have one father, the great spirit, that fills immensity of space, the originator of all things, visible and invisible. This originator is represented as a being of man, and the human family as members of that body, and all—every one is necessary to form a perfect body, therefore the lower members are just as important as the highest. We cannot walk without feet, or hear without ears. When one of the organs becomes diseased, the whole body suffers; one brother cannot be morally diseased without affecting the whole body of humanity. We live in spheres of thought, and draw life from what we love; if we love revenge and cruelty, we live in that sphere, and we plant seed to produce fruit we love best. The fruit of oppression of murder and cruelty that has been planted in the fields of earth, by those chosen laborers who promised to cultivate the choice vines of love, peace and good will to man; have dug out the good choice vines and planted wild grapes—self-

ishness, idolatry, and superstition; have cultivated murder the most shocking, burnt poor, innocent women, tortured them in many cruel ways to gratify their revengeful idol, they had made with their own hands, like unto themselves. Now the servants of the most High one sent out to engage other laborers, that will clear the fields of ignorance, prejudice and bigotry, and plant mercy and justice in place of murder and punishment. In this noonday of the world, punishment should be cast out into outer darkness, and never brought to light again; neither law nor punishment will ever produce reform. Instead of building splendid state houses for men to pass laws in, build asylums for the morally diseased people, heal them and teach them how to govern themselves, restrain them that they may not injure their neighbor, build a work house near every city, and make it secure that those insane morally, wild, uncultivated mortals may be safe from the enemies of their own household. Do not make them or command them to change by using harsh words or vicious looks, for it is original to the enemy, and when they are once aroused they must be met according to the law of positive and negative; if the one in authority joins his forces with the enemies, takes his brother, hangs him by his thumbs until he faints, or gives him shower baths the most cruel, what is the result? The man is physically subdued, but nothing more. When the criminal shows a positive state, treat him with a negative, and they will unite and form a new state of feeling. Come into harmony and by this harmonious union the result will be reformation.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

[Written for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.]

FREE.

I'm free as the air in its viewless round!
 I'm chained, like the sea in its corded bound!
 I'm free as the bird on its fluttering wing!
 I'm bound like the lake, ere the breath of spring.

I'm free as the earth in its speedy flight!
 Round the day god—its source of life and light!
 I'm drawn in its course round the luminous flood!
 Like the stream to the sea, or the soul to its God.

I'm free in my love as the ocean wave,
Which dashes and foams to its rock-bound cave,
And I cease (like the wave) to fret and foam,
When I enter the round of the happy home.

I'm free as the horse in his native wild!
But led on my way like a fostered child.
I'm free as the soul when it flies away
From the valley of earth to the realm of day.

—For the concave heights have their limits above,
And the spirit is bound in its circle of love.
I'm free as the sound of the lover's lute,
Which floats on the air till its echoes are mute.

I'm free as the thought of the absent friend,
Which dreams and sings of the journey's end.
I'm free as the flower to the zephyr's kiss,
Which falls to the earth in its perfect bliss!

I'm free in my speech when I whisper sweet
To the loving heart, till its pulse shall beat,
In a rhythmic swell to my cheerful voice,
And echoes my song till we both rejoice!

I'm free in my love, when my love drinks deep
From the heart of the world in its generous beat!
When self is lost in the boundless sea
Of kindred life's eternity!

I'm free on the mount where all great souls have stood,
I'm free for the universal good!
I'm free as a God, when the god-like powers,
Drown time in the grand immortal hours!

I'm free when racked with sorrow and pain,
For the body's loss is the spirit's gain;
When earth returns to the earth, I shall be,
Still bound in my love, but eternally free!

I'm free in my life when my life is pure,
And my broad domain is the earth's wide floor;
I'm free as the spring when its waters flow
Through their flowery banks to the vale below.

I'm free to drink of the fountain of life,
Mid the toils of earth in the battle's strife!
I'm free to pluck the bright flowers of faith,
And sing the conquerors song in death!

'Tis a blessed life—is the life of man!
Not a star since creation's clime began
Has been free as the soul in its onward way
To the central Orb of eternal Day!

Then sing, O man! wher'er thou shalt be,
The song of the pure, of the good and free!
Thou art free in the bonds of sweet nature's love,
In the sorrows of earth, in the home above!

—J. H. BUTLER.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

It is the latter part of August, and we have not followed the two boys in their summer holiday, neither have we Eva and Alice, but left them with the link of electrical sympathy, uniting them in their dissevered paths, by a current in the stream of thought.

The day had been the hottest of the season, and the night had scarcely received its refreshing breezes, as do all evenings, with a rare exception at intervals, in this vale. Alice had arisen from her couch at the first twitter of the earliest bird, ere the day had broken, and had watched the shadows dance upon the mountain. She had sat here in reverie, almost breathless, and why, she knew not. The sun was just peeping, or foreshadowing its appearance by the lurid rays which are unmistakable, and cast such a glorious beauty over the dewy grass, the opening flowers—had dispelled the last remains of the shades of night.

Eva aroused suddenly, and springing to the floor with a bound, says:

"Why, dear Alice, is it sunrise, and you have preceded me in arising."

"Oh yes, Eva, I have been enjoying the beautiful awakening world, for an hour or more. And why, I cannot tell, but I have felt a sadness, or solemn stillness, as it were, to steal on my senses, which is unaccountable."

"Alice, it is only, perhaps, that you may be a little homesick, and arising at this time of morning when the very hush of nature seems deathly brings a plaintive symphony of music to sweep over your soul. I have so often thought what varied and expressive music we find in nature; sometimes so glad and jubilant, and again dying down to the saddest wail or tremulous echo."

"Yes, Eva, there is the grandeur in acquired music—is simulating the natural. Aunt Fannie told us this although she never played; but she seemed to comprehend it so."

Eva says: "I must see if grandma rested well, and how she feels this morning. I fear this hot weather will be very severe for her."

She ran lightly down the steps into her grandmother's room, calling softly "grandma!" No answer came. Again she hurriedly spoke the name louder, yet no reply; gently touching her she drew back in horror

and dismay. The icy coldness of that face and the light which now fell upon it; as Eva gazed, revealed to her the terrible truth—the spirit had fled. No more would she gladden her heart with stories of her own childhood, of Eva's parents, or in the many endearing ways which the old lady manifested to this child of her heart, and comfort of her declining years. The terrible flood of feeling rushed over her senses for a moment holding her spellbound, before this great reality, where she must bow to the power of the destroying angel, which only seems to be in our first bitter pang of grief over the departed; until we may calmly contemplate the grand and awful mystery, and sing the song of faith and hope.

“Not lost but gone before,
Waiting on the other shore.”

Staggering to a seat, the waves of anguish break away, and the flood gates of sorrow are open sweeping, away with a merciful hand the bitter pain which comes with the first shock, and which would strike us down were it not for nature's angel of relief—tears. One wall of anguish broke the solemn stillness.

“Oh, grandma! I cannot—*cannot* give you up. Oh! come back and stay a little longer.”

Mrs. Ernest and Alice hasten to her side, and see at a glance the cause of her grief which had already flashed upon both at the first wail. With loving sympathy and without one word, Alice enfolds her in her arms; words she knew were useless. The piteous moans gradually subside and die into the sobbing as of a child, and then Alice finds opportunity for words. Mrs. Ernest weeps softly, but allows Alice to comfort Eva knowing she could best do so.

Alice thinks of another scene when she was comforter and said:

“Harry, you shall share my papa,” and she says, “Dear Eva, you will after your first torrent of grief see that there was a wise and loving hand—will be submitted to the trial.” It is thus in every trial, we see there is an overruling Power that was gently leading the soul nearer the great Light linking, by some sorrow, our lives to heaven, to evolve a new joy, a beautiful flower, which must grow from the decay of some idol, as the flowers spring from the graves of our buried dead. Eva will arise from her sorrow, and bless the merciful hand which took her grandmother into the beautiful summer land, so peacefully, so gently, ere her life had become too great a burden to herself, and others. She will go forth into the world and gain an experience, and at the close of evening, there will seem to be a new, unseen presence at her side,

strengthening and softly whispering, "Not gone, but nearer in that close bond of communion—spiritual."

The neighbors with ready hands, tearful eyes and subdued voices stand round the bed of "Gran'ma Ernest." And leading the band of willing ones, was Betsy Herr, for she always superintended the preparation for burial of all who passed to the land beyond in the neighborhood; from the infant, with its tiny blossoms of white, to the aged and weary traveler who had been longidg for the close of the journey. She says: "Its jest's I 'xpected, that some morning they'd find gran'ma dead in her bed, an' its jest what she wanted. That day the girls went upon the platform; she told me, she wanted to lie down some night and waken in heaven, all on a suddent, an' hear the angels singin' 'welcome.' And bless God! she had her wish, Pears as ef there want a struggle."

"Yes," says old mother Goodner who would soon follow, as her hair was white as the driven snow. "But poor little Eva, how I do wish she could have had as much as a good-bye; her heart is almost broken, and it 'pears like she'd been more reconciled like."

"Gran'ma had all preparations made, and has warned Eva of her leaving. She's told her that she must look for her to go at any time."

To be sure the shock is terrible, but Eva will see when the first burst of grief is over, that it was right she should go—so peaceful like, without any pain; for her bad spells were worse all the time, and she would have been a misery to herself."

The still form is arrayed for its long, last resting place. Flowers and wreaths are there too, for Eva says, "she always loved them so; let her have all you can; perhaps she may, from that world, see our tribute of love to her. I now feel that she is at rest, for it seems a peaceful presence has come near to me, and I can shed no more tears. It seems that soft touches of an invisible hand smoothed my forehead last evening, and a gentle breath as the zephyr said: "Weep no more." I *cannot* weep today. I shall see her lain away without a tear, for feet, that move with ease, seem to follow me, and I feel surely the spirit is at rest, and this tired and aged body but left me, as a mementoe of the presence from within, which has gone."

"Dear Eva," says Alice, "I knew that you would receive comfort from the higher source. I knew that my feeble words would be powerless on that occasion."

CORA CORAL.

USES OF DOUBT.

Doubt is the pathway that leads into the gates of faith. Doubt ought not to be made a weapon to batter down that beautiful gate. Because a bug cannot comprehend a man's thoughts and ways, shall, therefore, that bug deny the existence of that juicy fact that has afforded him so many a savory meal?

Is there a cure for doubt? For solvable doubts the cure is discussion, observation, reason, just as the cure for democracy is more democracy. Doubt is Nature's antidote for credulity, and as an antidote it is invaluable. But an antidote is a poor diet. Men can no more live upon antidotes than upon negations. As to our unsolvable doubts the cure is duty, patience and trust.

If thou could'st trust, poor soul,
In him who rules the whole,
Thou would'st have rest.
Wisdom and truth are well,
But trust is best.

Doubt, then, is both legitimate and useful. Blessed be the man who is never without a doubt on his soul! It is a painful process, this doubting. It is God's plowshare driving through the worthless roots and weeds to the end that a crop of grain may be made to grow in the neglected field. The first recorded scene that is given us in our savior's life after his babyhood is that of an eager boy of twelve in the temple among the doctors, "both hearing and answering questions." The last scene that St. Matthew gives us is in these inexpressible beautiful words:

"Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

"And when they saw him they worshiped him, but some doubted.

"And Jesus came and spoke unto them, saying, All power is given to me both in heaven and in earth.

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

"Teaching thus to observe all things I have commanded you, and lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Thus we have Christ beginning as an inquirer and ending with blessing inquiry.—*H. P. Baldwin.*

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
DEATH OF PAUL CASTER.

The deceased we have met and saw in him a true lover of the cause and a friend to humanity and reform. He gave the glory of his healing qualities to a higher power.

A few days ago, the renowned healer, Paul Caster, passed to spirit-life from his residence at Ottumwa, Iowa. It appears from the *Ottumwa Register*, that Mr. Caster was born in Henry County, Indiana, April 30th 1827, where he was married at about the age of twenty-one, to Miss Nancy Hatfield, by whom he had five children, all of whom are yet living. From his native place in Indiana he removed to Franklin Decatur county, Iowa, where his wife died in November of 1863. On September 13, 1864, he was united in marriage to Mrs. Sarah Farrell, who, together with three of their four children survive to mourn his loss.

He assumed the title of doctor and commenced his system of healing in October, 1867, and from the very start achieved success. After traveling about the country some time as an itinerant doctor, he located in Ottumwa, permanently in July, 1868, since which time his history has been one as familiar to our people as that of any other man in the country. His fame brought invalids from every corner of the earth almost, and frequently you would find on the register in his hotel, people from every state and territory in the United States. The old faith doctor was a curiosity, but his success in some instances seemed almost marvelous. In one of his rooms to-day you will find a wagon load of crutches, canes and other kindred devices, left as mute witnesses of his success in an explicable practice. He was always recognized as an honest man, and had he been blessed with an education, there is no telling what height his eminence might have reached. He was public spirited, and all his earnings after supporting his family, was put into improvements. He was well respected by everybody with whom he was acquainted, and if he has left an enemy we do not know it.

He was in the full possession of all his faculties up to the very last moment. His sufferings he bore with the greatest composure. His last conversation was with D. W. Emery, to whom he spoke a very few moments before he died.

His language was:

"Mr. Emery, don't you see the angels standing here all around my bed?"

"No, Doctor, I do not, but I presume you do."

"Yes, I do indeed. They have come to take me, and I am going with them."

He then turned on his side, and, after a few gasps, was dead.

Thus died one of the most noted men that ever lived in Ottumwa, if not in the state.

He was a member of the Hotel-keepers' Association, the V. A. S. Society, and also of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows by whom he was buried, as by his request.

LOVE AND WISDOM.

We take the following from Jean Story's Summary of Substantialism, which will give only a slight idea of its value—being but one thought:

"The cultivation of love and and wisdom, angelic traits, is *per se* the building up of the "kingdom of heaven" within the realm of man's own consciousness. He needs no other preparation for happiness here, or in an after-death life. Man's own intuitive perceptions that such a destiny awaits him as his natural desires predict, is the highest evidence of a continued conscious existence after somatic death ever revealed to man, except that given through humans who have actually reported therefrom. Their communications have not only revealed the existence of an after-death life, but have verified the hope that it is as natural as our present life, save that the conscious soul is re-embodied by more motile and inter-penetrating grades of substance on a more interior and more embracing plane of sentience. It is their unanimous testimony that the highest enjoyment in this life is found in intercourse with kindred and friends, and in promoting the happiness of humanity generally, which calls into activity the angelic traits. They are also unanimous in their testimony that there are no such beings known to them as a personal creator or personal saviour, but that each and all must create their own heaven, and work out their own salvation by personal, not by "imputed righteousness," and that each must needs reap what is self sown, be it tares or good seed. Idolatry, on the contrary, teaches the very antipodes of this; teaches that fathers, mothers, wives, and children, must be forsaken—yea, even hated—for the sake of the ideal creators and saviours

it has from time to time set up, and whose acceptance as such has been forced upon those who questioned their existence or authority by every species of torture its demonized human agents were capable of inventing. And how does idolatry receive this positive proof of the higher life to which it professes to hold the keys?

Does it rejoice that its gates are at last "ajar?" By no means! But; with all its immense power of wealth, of position, of precedence in authority, having dominated the consciences of men from pre-historic ages, it is striving to crush every medium, and close every avenue, through which our departed friends return to tell us of the utter groundlessness and absurdity of its authority and its "plans of salvation," to tell us that somatic death is only the soul's out-birth from its embodiment on our plane of sentience and its re-embodiment on a more mature plane to tell us that heaven and hell are but degrees of fitness or unfitness to enjoy the richer blessings of this higher step in its unending progress."

THE MIGHT OF RIGHT.

We may find that Right does not always seem to be Might,

The power of evil, we see to triumph, as it were, for a time..

The vile and the base to dwell in luxurious ease, whilst the sons of honor struggle for a mere existence even. Why is it so? For the very reason that ascent is more difficult than descent, and he who would mount high in the scale of human right and justice, presses up the hill of difficulty, pausing ever and anon to wipe the perspiration from his brow, but every step in the higher scale reveals to him a beauty and a grandeur undiscovered before. What though the weary limbs seem almost prostrate, and the feet are bleeding from the effect of the difficult progress! The road is not always rough either; there comes a bright green path unexpectedly sometimes, and the fairy of success shows us a more beautiful path—one which is less laborious—where flowers blossom all the way, and shady branches stretch their arms of shelter across the path; birds twitter amongst those branches, and the dense foliage, but allows the light of the sun to peep through to brighten all, without the intense heat of his dazzling brilliance, which would strike us to the earth. This fairy says to us, "you have faithfully moved upward, surmounting all difficulties, no obstacle in the way appalled thee, or cast thee down one step; you was buoyed on by the grandeur of surrounding

scenery, and your spirit arose as your physical nature trembled beneath the burden, and almost sunk powerless, yet fell not. See this path which winds around the mount of progression rendering ascent more easy, is beautiful in its extent; it is still upward, but with more of ease; here is a band of fairies from the wood which will lead thee on, their names are truth, mercy, justice, purity, chastity, brotherly kindness, benevolent, generosity and morality. That fair and beaming countenance which leads the band is Hope. See her with eager impatience press on; she is the inspiration and the leader of all. We say: "O, fairy! what is *thy* name; thou hast revealed to us this peaceful path, wherein we may still press on, but with ease; to thee are we indebted, and must know thy name. Thou hast been the key to our success, the gateway and the Redeemer from the perilous road.

"To me is given," she said in a voice which trembled as the cadence of some gentle harmony which steals on the soul for a moment, and is hushed, but leaves the glad picture—streams through our lives with a gentle ripple "to me is given the name—love. I search the weary pilgrims; I remove from them the burdens; I show them this beautiful path, and although my mission is attended with much of joy—for every weary one which I place in the beautiful way leaves with me a stream of gratitude which wells up and fills my soul, giving me a buoyant step to again resume my search, but, ever and anon, I reach some exhausted one, some fainting one who requires not only myself to resuscitate, but my whole band of fairies, and alas! I find some *too late*—the struggle is over; they have faithfully sunk without taking the backward step, and I say: would that there were others who might assist me that I might reveal this path to every weary one that ALL the faithful might reach the path, where the ascent is so gradual and so inspiring by the surrounding scenery, that the difficulties are all removed."

As she spoke her voice fell like the sad wail of some receding funeral dirge, and I shed a tear in my very gladness because of gratitude and for the weary ones who fell by the way.

IDA M. MERRILL.

God never gives faith, but he brings his child into a situation where it will be tried.

We shall soon have A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT covered in book form.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

"Now therefore swear unto me here by God, that thou wilt not deal falsely with me, nor with my son, nor with my son's son; but according to the kindness I have done unto the thou shalt do unto me, and to the land wherein thou hast sojourned."

Abraham is represented as making a covenant with Abimelech, entreating him not to prove false to him.

As manhood is reached, and man plunges into the great vortex—the whirling, seething current of life, how often the covenant of Abraham is brought to mind. In the inmost soul, man says, Swear that thou wilt not prove false to me. Why is this covenant, or this request made? Man in his selfish moments, when he allows himself to forget the great and noble things, the high and the exalted ones, which sometimes appear as humble duties, and not worthy his consideration, forgets the interests of his brother, forgets the law—the great law of life—and becomes false—false to his brother and worse than this—false to *himself*, forgets the true and noble way, the only way in which happiness may be found. We may think of the murderer who in a fit of passion slays his brother; a half hour before, the thought to him would have been terrible, but in a state of frenzy he commits the deed; there is an excuse for this—the excitement. But the man who deliberately deceives his brother, who ponders how he may work injury or ruin, proving false to himself, or the great law of Right, commits a more terrible deed than the one who in a moment of frenzy sends a soul out into the unknown, for he works a ruin, which is a living death to himself and the victim.

As man moves out from the paternal roof, again and again, will he find the words of this covenant to come laden with anxiety and unrest; he will in the hearts temple rear a court, and with right and justice on one side, and blindness upon the other, attempt to pass sentence upon those with whom he comes in contact; the edict of the world has been, "false ones are many faithful are few." He will question his own heart and place the deeds of others before the tribunal, and yet the evidence is not always clear. As in the earthly tribunal, the sentence may be pass-

ed upon the innocent, and the guilty go free; circumstantial evidence may murder the dearest friends, the truest ones, and cause us to take to our hearts the viper. Yet ever the heart cries out teach us the false, show us the true that we may not condemn the innocent and honor the base. Show us the true and living vine of life, whereon are the pure grapes whose fruits are refreshing to the invalid soul. Teach us to discern with the inner sense, what is the right, where are the true, and to distinguish our captain's voice and our brother soldier's from the enemies that we may not be cast in with the enemy of the great law of life. The evil power may sometimes have its ambassadors arrayed in garments of light, and from their lips flow the sweet, oily words of deceit, containing the barbed arrows which would ruin the soul.

Yet if we would become-enlightened, there is a judge who may be infallible; it is reason; with a jury whose motive is "Prove all things by the sure test—Right. Give not calumny a hearing in thy court. Give not circumstantial evidence a welcome; but let the evidence be clear as the noonday sun, before the sentence is passed. But there comes a time when we feel the effect of the enemies darts; we scarce know from what quarter, and a hasty edict is more apt to condemn the innocent than the guilty, because the guilty is more wary, is upon his guard, has planned the movement, and perhaps placed the snare to entrap the innocent victim.

Abraham says, "But according to the kindness that I have done unto thee, etc." Yet you may render a kindness unto brother man, and still there is this doubt this trepidation in regard to the result. The falseness of one causes us to doubt the whole human family, and when different members of the same family prove false, we cry out, where may the true gold be found? Still the refiner may distinguish pure from the dross, and we may by observation by experience and by intuition, after a time, become judges, perhaps. There are minute points which many times reveal to us the true, and a simple expression, or a view of the inner soul may reveal the beautiful life, although surrounded by the deceit of the world.

The grandeur of life is found in the thought: Oh, most, holy power! teach us the true way! give us strength and encouragement, that we may walk therein! Teach us to be true to ourselves, which is to holy instincts and we shall then be true to others! Teach us to appreciate this wonderful spirit which beats and throbs within! Teach us to adorn it

by every grace and beauty, to plant seeds of loving kindness, and we *will* see them blossom for the benefit of our neighbors. Teach us to find a sweet peace in the consciousness of a true intent prompting us in all our motives, and we may then rise above the bitter pangs of falsity in a world, and still allow the fragrance from our inner garden to steal on their senses, reminding them of a better way, and perhaps enable them to throw aside the dark mask which enveloped them, and to come out into the sunlight of love—of sweet love to humanity—which will not allow us to knowingly and wilfully injure our brother, thereby proving *false*, FALSE to an immortal spirit.

IDA M. MERRILL.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

A florist will tell you that if you paint the flower pot that contains a favorite, beautiful, fragrant flower, the plant will wither and die. You shut out the air and moisture from passing through the earth to the roots, and your paint is poisonous. Just so mere external accomplishments, are a too exclusive anxiety and regard for that, infuses the soul. The vase may be ever so beautifully ornamented, but if you deny the water of life to the flower it must die. And there are kinds of ornamental accomplishments, the very process of which is as deleterious to the soul as paint upon the flower pot is pernicious to the plant, whose delicate leaves not only inhale a poisonous atmosphere, during your very process of rendering the exterior more tasteful, but the whole earth is dried and devoid of nourishment. Nature never paints, but all her forms of loveliness are a growth, a native character, possession and development from the beginning. If the sun can never be called a painter it is only because the plants absorb his rays and receive them into the very texture and life of their vegetation. So, whatever is real knowledge, wisdom, principle, character and life in education; is a process of the absorbing and development of truth, and is not mere painting.—*Rev. Dr. Cheever.*

We thoughtlessly accept the ministrations, the sacrifices, the nameless cares of those nearest to us, and until they are gone from our sight, forget the self-denial which we strain to its utmost. We accept as a matter of course that which has cost the putting by of their plan, a life work it may be. Oh the lives that have been wasted to gratify others that are

not worth the sacrifice of justice. Life too, is short at the longest, too short for coldness and inattention to loved ones. In a little while there will remain only memory of wasted opportunities and bitter regret. Worse still, there may be remembrance of biting words, that sting and fester and eat into the core of some gentle heart. As we have a sense of the delicacy of human relationship, and the sacred rights of each person let us keep back the sarcastic word, the cruel sneer, the hateful sidelong glance for only in ruling ourselves are we worthy of a permanent place in the heart of another.

METUCHEN, N. J.

HESTER M. POOLE.

LOST COLORS.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

A story for the children who at twilight,
Tired of play and toy,
Will sit before the fire and look for pictures,
Waiting for girl and boy.

Something is there not one of you would dream of,
Something lost long ago,
But found again, unspoiled by any hiding
In caverns deep and low.

Ages ago, so long you cannot count them,
A forest still and green,
Rose tall and stately, bearing waving branches
With sunshine in between.

And underneath there grew such lovely flowers,
As never since have grown,
With colors like the clouds beyond the sunset,
And odors all their own.

No mortal eye had ever seen their beauty,
They lighted all the wood;
And everywhere, by rock or mound or hillock,
Or running brook they stood.

Oh! sweetest flowers! Oh, dark green wood that never
May any eyes delight,
But long ago, in fire and shock of earthquake,
Were lost to human sight.

And there deep hidden from the golden sunshine,
Each tall trunk black and charred,
Day, slowly turning to a form more precious
Than all the beauty marred.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

Another forest rose and flowers within it,
 And when long years had grown,
 The cruel fire sprung from its home below them;
 Again devoured its own.

And so the story went, and so for ages,
 The hidden treasure lay
 Waiting for man, the king, to come and claim it,
 And bring it to the day.

And here to-night you see it all, my darlings,
 For branch and stately trunk
 Have come to light again, tho' who would dream it,
 And into coal have shrunk.

"The flowers?" you ask. Oh, yes! They, too, are living,
 But not in bud or spray;
 And yet the soul of every vanished color,
 Is ours once more to-day.

A wise man found them, rising to the sunshine
 From tar and oil and smoke,
 Slow oozing from the furnaces wherever,
 The black coal turns to coke.

"New colors!" cried the painters full of wonder,
 "New colors from the skies!"
 "New" ended with creation, smiled the wise man,
 "And nothing ever dies."

"Flowers of a world, ages ago forgotten,
 Gave up their life and soul,
 To the fierce fire that took perfume and color,
 And hid them in the coal.

"Patient and still they waited for the dawning,
 And sure light had not fled,
 They knew, as we, once more a resurrection
 Must come to all the dead."

You little ones, you know no deeper meaning,
 And yet to every one,
 Some day when light is gone and in the darkness
 You sit and wait alone;

A memory of the story I have told you,
 May come to tired brain,
 And faith more willing, wait the resurrection
 That gives our own again.

Harriet M. Clark, Lane, Kansas, writes: "I like your platform—"Love, to Humanity." Your address to "All Friends of Truth" is good and certainly comprehensive. I saw it in the *Western Light*, published in St. Louis, Mo. Your noble effort in the cause of Humanity, Progress, and disinterestedness in parting with a portion of your superabundant means for that end is commendable, and is worthy of imitation by thousands in like situation, who could do good if they would. I wish you success in your laudable undertaking."

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

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NO. 35

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

E. A. Carpenter, Kansas:

DEAR FRIEND AND CO-WORKER:—Your card is in hand requesting me to send one hundred numbers of A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT—terms one dollar per hundred.

I am not working to make or accumulate money. I do not want anything for myself; I have had plenty for seventy years and I expect to make what I have last me until I step into another sphere. I give all my time and energies, all the money I can possibly spare to forward the grand movement of reform, and those who are able should cast in their mite to help me keep the money circulating to furnish employment for orphans, widows, and those who need work. I would be glad to give the papers away, but in that case I should be obliged to close the office.

I am sure the people of Kansas, will make the small sacrifice of one dollar to assist me in rolling this log, as I have several others who need moving. Please subscribe and kill two birds with one stone, give employment to the industrious poor. I am alone in this effort; no ring or society, no officers to pay or interfere with my plans. I can manage to govern myself, most of the time, and I can assure you it brings one very near to the kingdom of happiness. When men and women learn to govern themselves, we shall not need a President or Congress. Let us all stop short trying to govern each other, and be very particular in arranging our words, and actions to make them correspond with the great model who said, "no longer an eye for an eye or a tooth for a tooth, but you shall overcome evil with goodness, and forgive your brother seventy times seven every day."

*and spread a
digital that will
overcome evil*

We live in spheres or circles, by inspiration and we inspire ideas and thoughts, through the brain to support the spirit as we breathe the atmosphere to support the physical body, and draw our inspiration from the sphere of development of our organism. There are circles of murder, circles of ambition, circles of selfishness, and we all live in the sphere of our love if we are revengeful, and exacting, desiring a murder for a murder, then you live in the sphere of murderers. This is according to the law of life, and cannot be changed, but will be fulfilled. Selfishness is a twin brother to murder; one who is affected with that disease when he hears of a horrible crime of murder he fears for his own safety and consents to having a man executed, signs the murderer's death warrant, and becomes a legalized murderer, in order to teach his sons and daughters not to kill.

Friends of justice and right and liberty, Infidels, Free-thinkers, Liberals, and those who have no title to their names, whose religion is to do good—all whose souls are filled with love and pity for suffering humanity, join in one grand circle and cast out the evil that causes so much suffering in this beautiful land. Form circles of love to our neighbors and forgiveness to our enemies, we shall break into the dark circles of murderers, selfishness, cruelty and injustice and the light from the spirit world will enter, but we must first open the door or break the circles.

WHAT IS A MEDIUM?

What do those learned people think that speak so flippantly and sneer with so much contempt when they behold one of these followers of the gentle Nazarene, rise up and stand before a multitude and say, "Give me a subject for a lecture and poem." Jesus Christ was a medium, for what is called the Holy Ghost or holy spirit to control, or God manifest in the physical body. This is inspiration: God is the spiritual world, and fills all worlds with thought and ideas which is life flowing through individual organisms, and expressing either good or evil. Who are those high toned people that have so much assurance, when they come into the presence of these little ones that Jesus says: "It would be better to have a mill stone hung around our neck and be thrown into the sea than injure, or insult one of them." Mediums are stars—magnets—all nerves (who knows what nerves are) drawing inspiration from the circle of

their development, and when the star is present and we form a constellation around the center the telephone is complete, and we can hold converse with higher sphere of thought than mortals can comprehend.

When a skeptic enters a circle room he has no idea that the room is full of the most intelligent gentlemen and ladies, all well acquainted with the skeptic, and that he is brought there for a purpose—no mistake (nothing comes by chance) and they use him regardless of his feelings, if they wish to convince him of their presence, and if the wall of ignorance is not too thick around him, he will see the light, and after he has taken a fair view of his deformity will hasten to bathe in the pool of Siloam and be healed. Spirits that fill the interior realm say, Plans for the progress of humanity are laid ages before being accomplished. Mediums are born of families, that have been led often through great affliction also through peace and love, and when the child is born, he or she has the organism they can use, and from childhood on to old age one cherished and fed with bread from the spirit realm. All mankind are mediums and not two alike, they belong to families similar plants, every plant has its peculiar roots and branches, flowers and fruits; mortals have the same. The same law governs all things. St. Paul says, "Only one spirit and one law," and being born subject to this law, all should learn to live accordingly and not transgress, for their law is sure to be fulfilled.

As we measure to others, it will be measured to us again. When men and women come into harmony, each one takes his place in the ranks of the grand army of progress, and is willing to fulfill his destiny, peace and happiness will prevail on earth. Mediums should be treated with respect by every one, especially by young ladies as they suffer much with fear and trembling, and an impudent fellow shoots one of his skeptical darts, unless the medium is fully developed the spirit controlling has to bring great power to hold the medium, and the struggle is injurious. These unpopular people that over being so unjustly treated are the salt of the earth, and the world of souls will be saved through them from their errors, and fully convinced of the circle they draw their inspiration from.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"Dear Eva," says Alice, "I knew that you would receive comfort from the higher source. I knew that my feeble words would be powerless."

It is still and silent twilight. They have returned from the burial ground, where Eva had kissed the dead face of her grandmother, almost with a smile, as she thought of the happy release to her, and says:

"I see my first burst of grief was a selfish one."

It was not so much mourning for grandma, as myself. When I begin to realize that my great loss was her gain, I feel that I may kiss the chastening hand and humbly pass under the sod."

"Yes, it is still and solemn this twilight, and softly, with subdued voices, they talk of Eva's plans for the future; and although submissive, she cannot keep back the rush of strong feeling, which sweeps athwart her nature. She must now bid adieu not only to her grandmother, but, to every loved and familiar scene. Every thing which she had learned to love, excepting Carlo, the faithful watch dog, which she would take along. Her parent's graves, and the new-made one by their side; the flowery kingdom, the mountains, the vale. All the neighbors and companions, and most of all Betsy Herr. She must form new friends and acquaintances, learn new experiences, new ideas, new thoughts—the whole current of her life changed suddenly and forcibly. And with an electric sympathy, Alice and Mrs. Ernest strive to show the brightest side, and to lead her into the path into which the unseen hand guides. Eva arises on this morning, at the earliest dawn, the day of parting with all that she now holds dear, as links to that inner life, as food upon which her soul and free spirit has fed. There is not so much of sadness now. She is reconciled. She realizes that she is to learn new lessons of life, and expects to learn them well. The encouragement she has received from her grandmother's advice, the inspiration she has breathed from nature has filled her soul with a strong impetus which cannot despair at the inevitable. But with her strong nature all alive, the floods of feeling rush over her soul, as the waters of the mountain streams come sweeping over some depression, causing a cataract. She

feels much of joy also in contemplating the idea that she will dwell with her dear Aunt Lizzie who has now become doubly dear to her. She thinks of the orphan children who were left in the neighborhood fatherless and motherless in one short week, the family separated, and each to be separated, and each to seek a separate home all to go amongst strangers. She says aloud, as she sits alone by the same window that Alice did that memorable morning.

"How light is my affliction in comparison to those children. I have but to move from one home of loving friends to another."

Alice arises and says:

"Dear Eva what an eventful season this has been to me. So much of pleasure—real pleasure I have never enjoyed in my my life, but there is a sad scene at the close; yet I do not feel that it is sad either. It is only a change for gran'ma to a better clime, and she is now perhaps watching you with a fond and tender watchcare. I have thought so many times, that it was all just right that we should be here with you to sympathize with and assist you in this hour of trial."

"Yes, dear friend Alice, it has been a stay to my troubled soul, for although it may be and is a blessing to gran'ma, and I feel that I cannot be too grateful to the Heavenly Eather that he tempered the winds to the shorn lamb."

They pass down into the yard, Alice with a loving embrace drawing Eva to her as though she might protect her—frail child that she was—but there was a strong loving spirit which made her protecor to the drooping one of Eva's which would sink with the thought even against her will. They visited the loved scenery; they sat once more upon the throne and Alice strives to draw her mind away from the trouble. She says:

"My, dear Eva, do you not remember our crowning day; when you all gave me so much joy, and at the close my spirits were depressed by what you told me concerning my friend and brother Harry?"

"But that very depression gave me a greater force to cast into the mis-sives which I have sent to him, that perhaps by my strength of purpose, I may send the power back of which I robbed him, by causing him to move from his determination. That day shall rest in my life as an oasis might in the desert. It is filled with so much—and these are all the words I can find to express my thought."

"And again, dear Eva, I think you may find a mission also in your de-

pression at the close of a day as we might say in your life—an era. You may be the greatest support to Harry. You have his confidence. He has told you all, and you may encourage him and strengthen him by your sympathy in the future. You will also be a real comfort to me. There are none amongst my associates who can understand my ideas, thoughts and feelings as do you.

“No, dear Alice, nor amongst my companions here, simple hearted, true and noble as they are in their unrestrained generosity, they cannot comprehend these inner thoughts, and I cannot explain them.”

They return to the house. Mrs. Ernest has prepared their simple breakfast. She has taken charge of everything since the death of the old lady.

All was in readiness to leave the night before. A family was to move into the house to-day, as it was only rented for the present. The homestead was Eva's, and she would retain it, perhaps to some day return.

Dan, the faithful servant who is also to remain on the farm, to see that “old sin” is well taken care of, says Eva, parts with Eva with feelings of sorrow. He has seen her grow up to womanhood, and assisted her in the care of the old lady, and he too feels that there is a change which is filled with sadness.

They are now speeding rapidly across the country each wrapt in thought, and we shall leave them and hurry thither to the city of S—that we may meet them at the station with Harry and Clint.

* * * * *

“Mother's coming Clint, Alice, Eva—all on the five o'clock train this evening, and we must take the carriage. I cannot trust Ben with such an important mission as this. I must have your assistance also. Mr. Kent will meet Alice and there will be a real reunion. Poor, little Eva, it is a trial to her. She never wanted to leave home; but I trust to you to help me to initiate her into our city life, that she may not be so much disappointed as she anticipates, that she may find true and loving friends who will assist her in bearing the loss of gran'ma.”

“I certainly do all shall in my power Harry, and I think from what acquaintance I have with her through you, that she is a brave, sensible girl and will not waste much time in pining over the fiat of fate, knowing that we cannot revoke the past only gain experience, unless that past be something under our immediate control. But the inevitable, the unchangeable must be submitted to.

CORA CORAL.

LABOR FOR RIGHT AND JUSTICE.

How grand to rise above the world,
To place beneath our feet
The petty jars the discords dark
To revel in pure life so sweet.

To feel our work in the world of sin,
Admits of no denial;
We must rise and labor,
Although it may be of our faith a trial.

We must grasp the the sickle, hold it firm,
March on with the reapers,
The world must be subdued by living men
Earth hath no room for sleepers.

We must stand in the battle's fire,
In the foremost of the ranks;
Inspire those following with our zeal;
Do it not for praise or thanks.

Do it for the mighty right,
Do it for the love of man.
Do it to redeem the world,
From satans mighty van.

Do it whether praise or blame,
Shall fall upon our ears,
Do it though the look of scorn,
May greet us than a thousand cheers.

Do it with our hearts all warm,
With love to the oppressed one,
And angels say with sweetest cheer,
Faithfully, brave, well done.

A constant move, a steady hand,
And victory ~~MUST~~ be ours
The frown of scorn be changed to tears,
The thistle may evolve sweet flowers.

The ignorant one may see our light,
May rise and light one, too;
May see beneath each onward move,
There lies a heart that's true.

True to self, to fellow man,
True to instincts, noble, grand,
True to life in its grandest term,
True to the welfare of our land.

—CORA CORAL.

We shall soon have *A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT* covered in book form;
price one dollar.

WORK.

BY JESSIE H. BUTLER.

The most interesting of all contemplative is this subject of Work; and yet what do we see around us in all lands—in this land of boasted intelligence, and of unequalled opportunities for the labors of the intellect and the hand of every man, of every woman, and of every child that can walk and use a few words of this growing, elastic language of ours.

And here rushes to my mind a remark of Gen. McConnell, and at the same meeting of Frank Glanel—two local celebrities, one now sleeping—why said they “men don’t like work, I don’t like work, and will not work, if I can avoid it.” Shame on the orators, the false lights of the people! to counteract such stuff as this, I have declared before the listening crowds of our city, that all are bound to work, especially those having the means to use the Hands of others, as well as to work with their own hands and practical, intellects; such should be the world’s giant workers, or live and die cursed of God and of the people! and if shall I be proud of anything, when I near the narrow resting place of the tired body, it will be this just expression:

“O well, (answers some dainty soul) I work, but it is with my intellect.” Ah, yes! here’s the rub; you keep working with that intellect alone, and one day very soon we shall have an intellectual dyspeptic dictionary, running over with physical idleness, and mental imbecility, and here let us enquire what is mental labor? Is it the accumulation and compilation alone of the bookworm—the memorizer, who grinds in his mental mill the dried brains of his mummied ancestors, so as to galvanize their mental skeletons, and make them dance to the admiring eyes of their fossilized successors, who live, alone in the past, and ignore the living thundering and startling life issues of to-day? No, no! this is *not* mental labor. Mental labor is that fact and that factor which come from the man who tills the soil, and finds out what are its component parts and what proportions of these parts will produce, and what physical labor should be applied to them, and how and when it should be applied, to produce the desired results—this is mental labor, and so with mechanics as in and with its mathematics and its demonstrated results.

Who stands out to-day the great—shall I say the only great ruler of Russia? It is Peter the Great, and why his greatness? It is or was be-

cause he became a little child and learned of the common artizan; he became a carpenter, a blacksmith, a shipbuilder, so that he might learn how to make and rule an Empire!

What business have these pseudo-philosophers, these physical idlers, to presume to instruct the men who labor with their hands and hearts to sustain themselves and those they love; and to adorn the world with its splendid edifices, and its paradisaical meadows and gardens and bridges, and its artificial star rimmed lakes, and its threads of iron, its bands of steel that are making—not only of one blood, but of one mind, one spirit, one purpose, the people of this wide, wide world? Believe me, these men may originate dogmas that shall set brother against brother, and nation against nation—as such men have done in the sad, bloody past—but he who elevates the masses, must be one of them; he who ameliorates the condition of the overworked sons of toil, must have performed some of their hard work to know how to sympathize with them in their hopes, their sorrows, their disappointments, and too often the aches and pains of their over-worked bodies, and their discouraged spirits.

What made our present Beecher? It was the example of a Father who labored with his own hands, sawing wood for his family to use, while giving to his flock the bread of life; and had he of the present done likewise, instead of bowing to wealth, physical idleness and consequent temptation in luxury, he would have possessed work of the mental ability (tho' now large) and a hundred fold larger influence for good; and carried into his grave the seeds that spring up into the flowers of virtue, that shall bloom so sweetly and so beautiful, in the two worlds that belong to the heirs of God!

What or who gave to Scotland her charter of rights and religious toleration in a measure greater than she asked for? it was William of Holland, that scion of the old Dutch House of Orange, which gave all its heirs for generations, a thorough knowledge of some branch of physical labor: in this school he was the warrior—who coped successfully with a Lucembourg and kept back from his country the legion of warlike France—learned to fight only when necessary, and to sympathize with and in the rights of all men, politically and as to their rights of conscience in religion.

And now in sorrow, I ask what is giving our nation to-day, a set of politicians, of lawyers, of judges, and of office seekers, who sell their

country (for which their fathers worked, bled and died) for gold: for the false honor of place, office, and undeserved flatter, bought applause? it is the simple, senseless idea, that all we need is education, and that physical labor is dishonorable to the persons of education and intellect; and that such alone have the right to be side-booted and spurred on the backs of the laboring masses, to be fatted on their toil, and to rob them of their rights.

Look around you and see who these men are; the monopolists, the supporters of monopolists, who practice by the hour on the force of law(?) to sustain every oppression, and get gold for their prating; they who make the word of promise to the ear, * * * * * and break it to our hope. Who flatter in secret conclave the wealthy oppressors, and laugh at the sorrows of the poor; and tell me—tell yourselves and your children, if these are not the persons who despise physical labor?

Look at the pampered sons and daughters of fashion—those senseless gilded butterflies, and are they not idlers? and does physical idleness bring health, happiness, contentment, hope, love, usefulness, gratitude (that rich golden price of usefulness) sympathy, largeness of soul, and a larger life? No! it has invented faith as a substitute for usefulness—for good works; and painted a hell of vengeance for the worlds noblest saints, and workers, who are a thousand times better than their canonized scoundrels of blood washed crimes and soul degrading oppressions; on the shallow pretext that they think different from themselves in religion, and that “thus saith the Lord! !”

And what is the fruit of all this? It is the extreme poverty of the poor; the curse and bane of the rich, down and down thro’ their successive generations of excess and crimes: it is the painful overwork of the men and women of labor, and the under pay that makes them criminals and paupers; it is the ever present skeleton, that torments the rich and the paupered, the overfed, the underworked idlers, it makes one class of humanity tyrants, oppressors; and of the other slaves; thus unfitting both, to welcome the dawning equality and happiness of all who bear the impress of man.

And now what do spirits and all who are inspired by them, say on this subject? To the honor of both, they say—not only with St. Paul “as a man thinketh so is he,” but above all, they say—as a man doeth, so si he, so shall he be. They constantly say to us of the earthly—Work!

for this alone shall make your future in its debasement, or in its elevation; as the germ of the fungus only reproduces the kind; and the acorn gives to the earth the grand spreading Oak; so as the tree falleth it lieth till the ministering angels shall in the coming durations gradually, sometimes slowly, cultivate (as has been done in the earth cycles) the seeds of the weedy grasses, up into the golden grains of a grand spiritual humanity, as heirs of the dear glorious mansion homes of the—to us—unimagined supernal heavens!

Shall I who write, and I who read this, be a physical idler—a non-producing fungus, which cannot sympathize with the laboring masses; or a living, working, growing germ of sympathetic activities, fitting itself to become a glad, a welcomed citizen, into the gorgeous flowerclad plains of the higher circles of the New World?

Many thanks to Mrs. Julia Smith, Electric Physician, of Boston, Mass., for the pleasant surprise in the form of a neatly bound book called "The Reason Why." It is so sweet and so pure in its diction, portraying by an experience through which one must pass would he scale the heights of life and leave below the dross and imperfections, that one who would be led of the spirit must sometimes pass through lion's den, or the fiery furnace, but ever to find that the jaws of the lions were closed, and around us was an impenetrable barrier through which the fiery flames could not pierce. Many, yes *many* thanks for this little book which not read as carefully as it will be, carried a light to help us rise and say, The experience of others teaches, that behind a frowning providence, He rides a smiling face. Through the clouds and the adversities, the trials of our faith in the leading power, we gain strength spiritually, although physically depressed; we rise up to meet the heavenly hosts, and hold blessed communion with holiness, forgetting for a time the iniquity and the sin, but to gain strength, that we may again descend to lift another soul, by our strength, into the grandeur and beauty of life, into the glory and the joy of being willing to suffer, if the evil power may thereby be hurled back one step in its mighty inroads upon the souls of precious humanity. There is a sweet and heavenly influence in this work which may touch the hearts of its readers,

IDA M. MERRILL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

“And Abraham spake unto the sons of Heth saying:

I am a stranger and a sojourner with you: give me a possession of a burying place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight.”

When the form lies cold and motionless and no more does the smile joy light the face, or the tear of sorrow roll down the cheek; no more does the light of love, or the flash of scorn gleam from the eyes; no more do the loving words or the bitter ones fall on our ear. When we see that the spirit has fled, and naught left but the perishable temple of clay, we fain would hide the dear ones from our sight. We cannot gaze upon this motionless, lifeless figure with feelings of joy. We know that the loved one is not there; the spirit has fled, which comprehended *all*.

So we bury our dead. We place the still form in the earth out of our sight, to its native element, we, perhaps, shed tears over the grave, until a new revelation comes to us—they are not there—our beautiful dead in a new form, a more glorified appearance, they await us on the other shore. We sit down at eve, by our fireside perhaps, and hold sweet communion and blessed converse with the free spirit. We hear always the blessed words of encouragement, of cheer, for with the frail temple of clay the bitter ones are gone. Or, perhaps, on a calm summer eve, we sit in the twilight, amongst sweet flowers and we hear the low murmur of the heavenly music, wafted to us by their loving ministry.

We have only buried the cast away garment, the old dwelling house has been changed for a new one, a more commodious one, more elevated and lofty one, and a grand and mighty truth we evolve. There are no dead. We but bury the receptacle of life.

Thus it is with *all* dead—dead hopes and ideals, broken idols of clay chosen vessels of glory. We rear grand and lofty ideals, we clothe them with our sweetest thoughts; we place the purest flowers of affection upon them, and allow the fragrance of our lives to ascend to these idols or ideals; we arise: we see them lay at our feet prostrate, lifeless; the beautiful flowers they see not; the fragrance does not fill them with a grateful sense of loving kindness, for lo! the spirit has fled; the light

from the eye, the smile of joy or the tear; they are broken idols. Are they dead! *There are no dead.* No! the spirit returns to us again, in the quiet even. It is the spirit of pure ideality and thought, and in our souls the sweet fragrance from our proffered flowers steals, filling the sensitive throbbings with a peaceful reverie. The channel has cast back that which was sent in all its beauty, and its unfailing gladness where e'er it reached not the dead idol. So we bury our dead; the spirit returns to us in a new form, with added beauty with greater freedom, a new and more commodious dwelling. We rise upon the graves of the dead past, and shed no more tears on the graves of that which is perishable, for we have had a new revelation: It is the spirit which gladdened our hearts and when we see all motionless our idols, we fain would bury them from our sight, and would shed no tears over the graves, as soon as we realize where the spirit is, that we may at our own heartstone commune with it.

No! every good and beautiful thought lives forever; every noble effort which is put forth in the cause of right lives—*lives* in all its glory. If the idol lies still motionless, we know that the spirit returns to us with a new beauty. The seeds which we have planted in these gardens of the soul are springing; we see the leaves and the blossoms of some, are just peering, and we find the decayed idol but fills our flowers with life and beauty.

We contemplate this grand mystery, and we say: There is no death—a continuous changing of form, a decaying physical sending forth to another realm nourishment, whilst the new life is grander than the old, our buried hopes give us greater peace, give us the loving messages of cheer and encouragement and cheer from the invisible. We rise up and see the flowers still blossom on these graves, and we say: From every grave there comes the renewal of life. We fain would bury the semblance of what was life, for the beauty is all gone.

IDA M. MERRILL.

Publisher and Editress of A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT started for St. Louis on the new "Gem City," on their way to Jefferson City to petition the Governor in behalf of the Talbott boys; send out your heart's desires that our efforts may be successful.

FOR THE LIFE OF THE TALBOTT BOYS.

To-day we send out again a message to our people, our brothers and our sisters—every one, whose eye may fall upon these words, is a brother or a sister to us, if not a faithful one, a co-worker in the cause, even yet a prodigal and feeding upon the husks of unbelief we say, come to the feast and send us a powerful influence, a mighty ocean of prayers—*real prayers* in the behalf of the Talbott boys that their sentence may be commuted to imprisonment for life.

We do not wish to weary you by our many requests, dear readers, but we cannot refrain when we consider the great, the awful, the terrible subject even though guilty, shall the government of our lovely, our glorious, majestic and free(?) country be guilty of bloodshedding, of scattering seeds of murder through every act of the same and no dissenting voice arise to beseech them to look upon their work, to assist them to unmove the scales from their eyes and see the better way—the way of reform—is to lift up into a true state of living, to cultivate the vicious character. Oh, friends! everywhere, you, who in your inmost souls loathe the manner of punishment, a relic of barbarity, lift up your voices to stay the mighty evil. We feel assured, could those in authority but see the truth as it is, there would be a change.

We start for Jefferson City—two women with fear and trembling at the daring attempt of interceding in the behalf of those boys with the Governor, shall stop at St. Louis where we expect to gain the co-operation of Mrs. Annie F. Anderson, Ed. *Western Light*, and friends, as she is in sympathy with the movement. We fear not the frowns of any, if we may but be the means of gaining a reprieve or a complete change of sentence to imprisonment for life. But feel that we need the influence of *all* our brothers and sisters, *all* co-workers, that by a union of forces we may establish a love to humanity, upon which we may lift up the criminals and the innocent, who may be cast into the net and redeem the world by harmony—by harmonizing the great powers and letting the love principle flow out which would warm the congealed and hardened souls causing them to walk in a newness of life, to gladden the world by by singing new songs, and join labor with praise. Teach the criminal that his murderous plan but brings, him sorrow—if to obtain wealth there comes no joy with it; if because of hatred to his brother, it does not bring him love instead, only remorse.

But we shall only ask you now to send forth your prayers, and literal petitions also, that this sentence may be changed, as there is a power which urges us on to use every available means to obtain their release.

We feel that we *must* move with this power, or faint with the oppression not that we have any personal interest, for we have never heard of them before. But they *must* be saved seems to haunt us day and night.

Guilty or not guilty, oh why must we have legalized murder? (for we can call it by no other name.) Perhaps law makers have not looked at it in this light, but oh, we would that we might beseech of them to calmly contemplate and reason upon this terrible subject. Take it home to your hearts. Place the subject in this light, were it my son or my brother, would I desire to have them hung? Let us hear the voice of the people—of men and women—also. Yes, we say, when human life is at stake may not woman also raise her voice—and plead not for rights to herself, but for a universal justice, a broader and a deeper platform that men may reform their laws, not by compulsion, or yielding any rights of lordship, but because they see a nobler way, and that is elevation ever; reforming the visions, and lifting up the weak. We know that the strong and brave men have hearts of flesh also; have the *power* to make our land one where there are no more Rachels weeping for their slaughtered children.

IDA M. MERRILL.

Quarrells would be short-lived if the wrong were only on one side.

It is more shameful to distrust one's friends than to be deceived by them.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the smoother of disquietude.

The universal heart of a man blesses flowers. He has wreathed them around the cradle, the marriage altar and the tomb.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

LE ORIFLAMME DE DIEN!

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

Through the ages down 'mid all mutations;
 In the earthquake's shock, amid clashing nations;
 In every thought, under every name,
 Burns the Oriflame!

The desert ships die, and the elephants sleep;
 And the sea monster ceases his plunge and his leap;
 They live thro' long years, and they die without fame,
 Or the Oriflame.

The oak laughs at man with his short brief span
 And his brittle life thread, since time began;
 Live on, O! oak, in the storm and the rain,
 Where's thy Oriflame?

Volcanoes may burn thro' the ages down;
 The oceans shall ships and navies drown;
 But what have we lost, and what do they gain?
 Asks the Oriflame.

Do the mountains rejoice with their heads on high,
 That their crests brave the storm while whole nations die?
 Unmoved they stand there, forever the same,
 But no Oriflame.

Twinkle on, O! stars in the heavens above;
 In the measureless time, O lamp of love!
 From the hidden womb of creation ye came,
 And the Oriflame.

Man blooms like the flower, and dies the same;
 Is crushed in his weakness, in sorrow and pain;
 O Father! O God! does he suffer in vain?
 Dies the Oriflame?

O mystery! where do thy secrets be hid?
 What from their chambers of darkness shall bid
 Thy treasures to leap, and forever remain?
 Why the Oriflame?

O life of God! O thou golden flame!
 Forever and ever, and ever the same!
 O spirit of man, thy birthright claim—
 'Tis the Oriflame!

By this we conquer; this banner of ours
 Is the life of life—the power of all powers;
 'Tis this that struggles thro' labor and pain—
 This Oriflame!

By this we conquer, because we die;
 We conquer, by this that can never die;
 The heart may be crushed, but the soul shall remain—
 'Tis the Oriflame!

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

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VOL. 1.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1881.

NO. 86

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

Friends and Fellow Citizens of Missouri: Hear the voice from the invisible world saying, this is the time, this is the grand opportunity for Missouri's people to lay a foundation of reformation in the west, to plant a standard and wave a banner with the inscription, Love, Mercy and Justice to the unfortunate criminals. Let us take the first step in this new era. We have the grand opportunity presented in the condemnation or sentence pronounced against the sons of one of your citizens. Take the first step up into this new plane above the plane of murders, and we shall be able to reach down, and by kindness draw them up into the same sphere with ourselves.

There is a great gulf between good and evil; two extremes; not a material gulf, but a spiritual one, and the influences meet as it were in deadly conflict. The grand army of progress are marshaling their forces, and preparing for the combat, and now is the time when all those who feel an interest in the development of humanity into a higher sphere, should enlist and give their influence, their co-operation, to gain the greatest victory, the most important achievement, that has ever taken place on this earth. It must be accomplished. All those who stand on the platform of right and justice towards mankind, those who can see the light of love, beaming down from the celestial spheres, must come to the front, and point out the way, to those who are down in the region of murder, as they know not what they do when they give their consent to have their brother killed. They do not think themselves in that deranged state of mind called murder, but if men and women will give the subject due consideration, they will perceive they stand on the

same plane with murderers, and when they say, "kill them: you could make no better use of a rope than to hang a man or woman, an influence is produced that causes more murders, as the malaria rising from the marshes and cess-pools causes malignant fevers. Do not condemn, but pity the poor mortals that are so deep in the mire they cannot extricate themselves without assistance; lend them a helping hand, and raise them from their fallen condition; prepare an asylum instead of a jail or penitentiary; make it secure and give them employment according to their capacity, and treat them kindly; do not disgrace or confine them as punishment, but heal them, pour oil and wine of loving kindness into their wounded hearts; they may not be entirely responsible for the deeds they do. It is more in accordance with the divine law that the innocent should suffer death than the guilty as death is not punishment, but a blessing to them. They being born into a higher sphere of existence in the summer land, in the Eden of love, youth and beauty; but the guilty that are swung into Eternity may have a different reception, a dark, lonesome wilderness where the light of love will never dawn to warm their desolate hearts until some pitying angel, can break through that cruel circle of murderers, and guide them through the darkness of crime, and all evil deeds into the light of peace and love.

MORE ABOUT THE TALBOTT BOYS.

As we said to our readers in last week's issue, we left Quincy for Jefferson City via St. Louis. Upon our arrival in St. Louis, we ascertained the Governor was to be in the city, and awaited him there. We were discouraged by some who said they feared we would not be heard by the Governor; but Dr. R. D. Goodwin, of that city, said he could introduce us to some gentlemen who were intimately acquainted with the Governor. The first—Major Reinwater, upon being told we had come to see him upon a case of life and death, made the practical remark: "If it is a case of life, I am there; if death, I want nothing to do with it." This is the true spirit—life. We should not dare take that which we cannot restore. The Major assured us the Governor would hear all that we might have to say. Another gentleman, Mr. Couples, Police Comm. gave us the same encouragement, and with more hope we awaited the arrival of the Governor. On Wednesday about noon, we found ourselves with Dr. Goodwin at the Southern Hotel, sending up cards;

great was our disappointment to find he had gone and would not return until evening, as we wished to take the boat for Quincy at four, P. M. The Dr. going immediately to the office found he had just a moment before passed into the street, and hurrying forward overtook him in time to have a few words with him, he saying he would give us an interview whilst in the city or at his official rooms at Jefferson would be preferable; also that anything we might bring forward would receive due consideration. This is all that we desired, and with somewhat lightened hearts we made preparation to return. Now, dear friends, all who are sending in petitions, act quickly for the time is short, and we must make every effort to at least gain a reprieve.

EDITRESS.

FOOTPRINTS.

BY MRS. A. G. COMSTOCK.

There are many footprints leading from our cottage door,
And I see, thro' blinding tear-drops, that they backward turn no more;
I can trace them, sadly trace them, out to where the shadows lie,
Of the pure, white marble's gleaming underneath the wintry sky.

There's the little, tiny impress of glad childhood's dancing feet—
Oh! but when they outward tended, how we missed their music sweet!
Of manhood's lofty bearing, and of woman's gentle tread,
But they all alike are pointing to the garden of the dead.

And there I've wept and waited, through many a dreary day,—
And lo! some white-robed angel-guide has rolled the stone away;
And from the gloomy portal that the angel opened wide,
I now can see the footprints leading up "the other side."

Now I know the dear departed have passed o'er the shining track,
And I know with all my weeping, that I would not call them back;
They have crossed the tideless river, they have reached the other shore,
And I know they are waiting to conduct my footsteps o'er.

Oft when the evening shadows gather round my cottage door,
Out in the cold gray twilight still I count those footprints o'er;
I seem again to hear sweet voices on the whispering wind,
Breathing words of cheer and comfort to those who are left behind.

We look in each other's faces and the silent teardrop falls,
As we count the vacant seats within those dear old cottage walls;
But we dread not to follow upward through the silvery sheen—
There our footprints all may mingle and no graves will be between.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"It was a joyous party which met at the depot. Eva had cast aside her sadness, and was almost happy. The pleasant change of scenery had been more beneficial than otherwise. It was far better than had she remained with the old scenes, to brood over her grief, where each object would bring her loss forcibly to mind.

Mr. and Mrs. Kent were there to meet Alice, and the father was delighted with the rosy complexion of his daughter, whereas the mother says:

"My dear Alice, what do you mean? You are as brown as a gypsy."

"Oh, mama," she says, "it is just as I thought you would say, but mama, I have been a gypsy almost. I am sure there never was one freer or happier than I have been."

These words had been said in an undertone, whilst the others were making exclamations of delight, surprise, etc.

Alice bids Eva good bye reluctantly, and says:

"Dear Eva, it shall not be many days until I shall have you at my house."

Mrs. Kent coming forward kissing her cheek with sympathy, for as we have said, there was a tender chord in her nature which vibrated when touched, says:

"Yes, I shall expect the intimacy between you and my daughter to continue."

The hurried good-byes spoken, and soon the two carriages are bearing their burdens to their separate destinations.

Ellen Harman with little Willie stands at the gate to meet them.

"Oh you dear, little fellow!" exclaims Eva as Willie clammers into the carriage. "Oh I shall have company in you that will cause me to forget the pets I have left at home. I have no doubt your mother will yield you to me a part of the time."

"Yes," says Mrs. Ernest, "Willie will not give you much time to be lonely, if you only listen to his various questions."

"If you answer them all satisfactorily, Cousin Eva," says Harry, "you

are a better philosopher than I am. He baffles me many times, and I retire with the answer: Wait until you are older, Willie?"

"Oh, I shall answer all the questions answerable, and tell him that there are some things no one can understand in this world."

Upon alighting Willie, by some indefinable childish sympathy takes Eva by the hand, and says: "Tome ets do an' see se f'owers ey'll make oo g'ad."

"Why, my little fellow, do you think I am not glad now?"

"Tause mama said oo had to tome an' leave our danma in se cold ground, and se's jest like our mama an' I tol' mama I'se make oo g'ad."

"Bless your little heart! you are a philosopher these pretty flowers and borders will make me glad when nothing else will, for she loved them so."

How soon a child partakes of the spirit of those who are with it; we have seen the infant in its mother's arms laugh with those who laughed, and have seen the tears come to the eyes when the words were serious, and upon the faces of none, it could see a smile. So easy are the impressions made upon a human being.

Little Willie, although he could not comprehend Eva's loss, could by a pure childish sympathy, electrically receive the impression that it was not joy. We find great lessons, if we note these movings of nature. Mrs. Ernest says to Harry as they passed into the house:

"Leave Eva alone with Willie for a time." And although he was impatient to see Eva he knew his mother was right. Shortly the tea bell rung and Willie says:

"Tome now mama's bin making evry sing nice for oo, but she didn't know wat oo liked e most. I said mebbe custard and take tause I likes it."

"That will do very well my little man, and then we'll both be pleased. You have taken so much interest to make me "g'ad" I shall want to see you happy."

[The story we are obliged to shorten this week on account of absence. It will be usual length next week.—ED.]

We had a pleasant interview with Mrs. Annie T. Anderson, Ed., of the *Western Light*, whilst in St. Louis, and received her earnest sympathy in the object we had in view, in regard to the Talbott boys. She is doing a good work in the reformatory cause, and we wish her a brilliant success in her field of labor.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

ANOTHER PETITION.

TO THE GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI.

LOS ANGELES, California, June 5, 1881.

We the undersigned, most respectfully petition you, the Governor of Missouri, to in some way mitigate the sentence of the Talbott boys of your state, now under sentence of death, and to be hanged the 24th day of June, 1881, in consequence of their youth, and the uncertainty that always attends the circumstantial evidence by which they were convicted; as also from the fact that their mother believes them innocent; and this execution would deprive her of her two only children, after the loss of her husband by the murder or suicide or whatever it might have been:

Miss Eva N. Holt,
J. F. Ninkson,
F. Lindquist,
George Giegerich,
Peter Baty,
A. H. Weir,
Birdie Wier,
Frances Baty,

J. H. Butler, ex-councilman,
John Hayes,
J. F. Walkan,
Arthur French,
B. F. French,
Mrs. Nettie C. Weir,
Mrs. Anna Burdick,
D. A. Stern.

One of our correspondents—Jesse H. Butler, of Los Angeles, California—sending us his petition says, popular opinion there is not in favor of hanging, and also says at a meeting in talking of same, one gentleman remarked that the petition was practical Christianity, and hoped to see the day when we shall need no petitions for such executions. We sincerely acquiesce with him, and hope to see the day when the light and knowledge which comes from heaven, shall elevate the criminal to a higher standard, and teach him by example that murder is alike despicable in the sight of God and man; not that it is allowable by a body, and is considered just, where as perpetrated by an individual is, a heinous crime, but a crime once a crime in all cases.

Will our readers please pardon errors of last week, as we did not reach home in time to read revise.

VICTORY OF RIGHT.

Did you hear the story,
Of the grand and mighty throng?
Did you see the glory?
'Tis an army of Right 'gainst Wrong.

Did you see the victors,
With the banners all unfurled?
Did you hear the singing:
Arise and we'll redeem the world!

We're battling 'gainst Satan,
We know the victory is ours,
For we've seen him recoil,
Before our just and mighty powers.

The power of truth eternal;
The power of Mercy, Peace and Love;
The power from climes supernal,
We know, in our souls, comes from climes above.

We've followed our leader,
Through dangerous road and weary path,
And we've found the conflict,
Was gained by love instead of wrath.

We've pitied every brother
Who is caught in Satan's coils;
We have torn them from him,
And left Satan all the spoils.

We've added to our army.
Many from the enemy's rank;
Shall each day add another,
And give to heaven above the thanks.

The angels of the highest
Have led us through the thorny road,
Have led us to redemption,
To the glorious heaven-like abode.

They still are giving comfort,
Giving messages of hope and cheer,
Say the battle is over,
Thou hast conquered and without fear.

—CORAL CORAL.

Paschal Haney, of Morehead, Ky., formerly a magistrate who struck and killed a man on election day, has simply been found guilty of assault and battery, and fined \$2.00. Must the Talbott boys on circumstantial evidence alone be hung? Oh, it is too terrible!

REFORM.

Reform is the leading object of all lovers of humanity. How to right wrong; how to remove the evils that rob mankind of true happiness; how to soothe sorrow, heal the wounded, overthrow unjust monopolies that oppress the people for the benefit of a few men who live in idleness, and perpetuate liberty of thought that men may be free from the infamous doctrines and teachings of self-conceited, narrow-minded, beetle-headed people who never breathe above the fog of ignorance, nor receive an influence above their own visionary ideas,—have in all ages and will ever be the untiring objects of reformers who love their country, who admire humanity, and who despise wrong, no matter where it may be found.

In all countries, in every nation, from the creation of men through the progress and development of nature up to the present time, there have been true, unselfish reformers, noble-minded men, who gave their lives in battling against the merciless waves of wrong that sweep over humanity, leaving ignorance, want and crime to oppress the unfortunate people in their efforts to reach the realm of happiness. To those brave men, to those advanced thinkers, we owe our thanks and admiration for the liberty we enjoy to-day—the Independence of the American Republic—the progress of science—the advancement of knowledge—the institutions of learning—the asylums for the unfortunate—and the freedom of the press. Though many died in defense of these blessings,—these desires of the human mind—yet, they shall never be forgotten, but live forever in the hearts and memories of the people who have a sense of justice, respect or a desire to grow out of the thorns of ignorance and oppression into the flowers that perfume the garden of progress, growth and development, where human suffering is unknown, where pain is removed by the hand of science, where the erring are reformed by kindness, and hate banished into the clouds of darkness, never to again fire the intellect of men and women with its brutal influence and unnatural desires.

In every movement of reform, there are persons who are a detriment to the cause they espouse, being covered with the garb of their own conceit, unwilling to listen to the views of others, governed wholly by their own selfish ideas, without reason, or a sense of progressive reform, which can only be carried on successfully by shrewd management and

reasonable argument. Such persons, it is safe to say, are greater enemies of reform than those who advocate wrong and pernicious principles, for the supposed reformers make themselves ridiculous by their false and unreasonable suggestions, which are used by their enemies as a weapon to retard the cause of justice.

Every progressive advocate of human rights, must in order to be successful, be governed wholly by reason—the only safe guide in traversing the many obstacles that loom up before the individual who advocates a principle of reform—and be ready, at all times and under all circumstances, to listen to, and consider the argument of his opponent. In this way truth may be found, error denounced, reform accomplished, wrong overcome by right, and liberty, the idol of mankind, the boon of creation, given to every living being throughout the universe, for them to enjoy and develop until “to do right” is the established religion of the world.

Oh, Reform! remain not forever under the dark clouds of superstition! Come, with thy angel Reason and make thy habitation among men! Roll back the turbulent waves of oppression and cruelty that are drowning the hopes and desires of humanity—smite wrong with the hand of Reason and drive it from the land that the people may be free—wipe out forever the cruel monopolies that now oppress the people and hold them in slavery and ignorance—establish Right, Mercy and Justice within the minds of men that they may go on and on, climbing the ladder of progress and development, until the objects of Reformers are accomplished for the benefit of humanity.

EDITOR *Post*, Quincy, Ill.

W. A. Post.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 3, 1881.

MRS. DR. MERRICK AND MISS IDA MERRIL, Publisher and Editress of *A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT*:—Dear sisters and co-workers in the great field of human progress, and co-workers for universal mental liberty.

As it were, by mere accident, I last evening for the first time, was informed of the existence of your unique little weekly.

In calling on J. A. Higgins, of this city, he mentioned your paper to me and presented me with a couple of copies, Nos. 18 and 19, and I

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

certainly admire the style in which it is gotten up—so handy for binding into a book—a work so much needed in the State of Ill. I have been lamenting the want of a liberal paper in this state, as I do not affiliate with the R. P. Not but what it has had some able contributors, but I do not like the course of its editor and I have so wished some good philanthropist would take hold and give us a good paper; and that too, at a price at which all might become its patrons. I think *A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT* just fills the bill.

Did I say the discovery of its existence came to me by accident?

Is there any accident in things that occur to us who are being led by the unseen forces of the spirit world?

I think not and I fully believe that I am led on, day by day, in the course I am pursuing and the work I am doing for the cause of free thought, and, although I am a poor man and all I have in this world—of worldly goods—is my horse and buggy, and a few dollars worth of liberal and spiritualist books. Yet I have been kept going forward for nearly ten months in working this trip over the state in the interest of our glorious cause.

At times I seem to come almost to a dead stop, for want of means. Such has been my case here. I have had to expend a good deal to advertise the state league convention, and it seems that I was going to run short of the where with to pay my bills here. I have to stop at hotels and boarding houses most of the time, and many times the way seems “hedged in” before me; but just when the clouds appear the darkest, there is a way opened before me and I trust it will be here.

I should be pleased to meet one or both of you at the Farmer City convention; but if you cannot come, then please send me your names as members to the state league, and a small package of *A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT*, for distribution. I expect to leave here this P. M., and work my way to Farmer City in time for the convention.

Address me at, Farmer City, DeWitt County, Illinois.

F. F. FOLLET.

TO THE LIBERALS AND FREE THINKERS OF ILLINOIS:

A convention to organize the State Liberal League of Illinois, (the charter for which has been issued by the National Liberal League) Will be held in Bean's Opera Hall, Farmer City, DeWitt County, Ill., on June 11[and 12, 1881.

Good speakers will be there to address the meeting, and all friends of the cause are invited to attend.

F. F. FOLLET,

Chairman of the Ex. Sub. Com., N. L. L. of Ill.

PLYMOTH, Mass., May 24th, 1881.

Please find enclosed one dollar for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT; you may send back numbers from the first of April if you please; I have been in the front of the enemy of Spiritualism, doing battle for the cause, (in my own way.) I hope from your paper, seeing it is edited and managed by ladies, to cull from it some of the flowers and consolations of the true spirit of humanity; as this is unfolded, it becomes the Christ within and with us. I believe in the universal overshadowing and eternal spirit; the effect of which shines out in the unfolded Spirits of humanity. Therefore, all Church dogmas, personal God, personal Christ, or Devil and church theology is false from beginning to ending.

Yours Truly,

NATHAN CHURCHILL.

THE WHITE-ROBED ANGEL.

BY T. K. PECK.

The white-robed angel is no foe,
As we were taught so long ago;
She gives us back the friends we knew,
Our old companions, kind and true.

She gives us strength for weariness;
She gives us bliss for keen distress;
She gives us joy for dark dismay,
Immortal youth for old decay.

She gives us summer's fairest bloom
For the sere garlands of the tomb,
And purest rainbow-tinted skies
For sombre clouds that here arise.

She strikes the shackles from the soul,
And fairer visions o'er us roll;
She opens for us the pearly door,
We walk upon a brighter shore.

We need not fear this white-robed friend,
Who doth in love our steps attend;
She takes us from our trials here
When ripe for the immortal sphere.

She touches us with loving hand;
Our inner faculties expand;
The newness of a quickened life
Awakes us to a nobler strife.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

"And the Lord had blessed Abram in all things."

He was now ready to pass across the river into the vast fields of eternity, feeling that the Lord had blessed him in all things. It is not probable that Abram's life had been one of perfect ease, that no clouds had arisen in his pathway, that his earthly hopes had been gratified momentarily, and his sky had been always serene with no blasts of adversity, no hills of difficulty to climb, no burden to bear, no enemies to vanquish, no victories to achieve, through persistent and patient perseverance.

But we see, as in the case of the offering of his own son as a burnt offering, he was willing to sacrifice the dearest object on earth unto the Lord. The simile is here complete. He was willing to sacrifice *all* for the great, the glorious power—Right, that truth and justice might be reconciled; he was not called upon to sacrifice—the dearest idol of his heart, but with the willingness, the submissiveness unto the Lord, the spirit of selfishness was subdued, and in its stead came self consecration, self abnegation and trust—trust and childlike confidence in the Father that "He doeth all things well," and there came the voice of the loving angel bidding him spare his child, and a suitable sacrifice was prepared.

And Abraham was blessed. It was not a flowery path through which the blessing came; no joyous notes of encouragement fell upon his ear; no words of praise or assurance that in the attempt he would receive a reward; but to the contrary the path was dark and the road was rough; the skies were clouded and storms threatened, yet through all he saw, with the eye of faith, a gleaming star and with this *alone* to guide him pressed on, through the darkness and gloom, with a heavy heart, burdened soul and weary feet.

The sacrifice was laid upon the altar in the gloom—the last act. The soul was sick with the terrible pang, and almost exhausted, he prepares to place the knife to the throat of his dearest idol, his child of promise and prophecy, the staff and the comfort of his declining years, the solace of the mother who had nurtured and reared him when stricken in years.

Do we wonder that he now almost faints with the act?

Lo! there is a glorious and dazzling light bursts upon him through the gloom, a loving and tender, angelic voice says, "Spare thy son." The flowers spring up now; the words of encouragement, the sweet notes of victory, and the jubilant ones of triumph float on the air, and roll through the mighty chorister of heaven. The blessing has come, and thus we find how it is that when Abram came to cross the river he found he had been blessed in all things.

Here we find the beautiful similitude in life. If we yield to the Higher Powers, if we yield to the holy power Right, and allow naught to deter us from what we have clearly defined as right, if we are willing to sacrifice the dearest idols of our heart for right, that evil may be swept down, and that Love, Mercy and Justice may reign triumphant, and that the beauty of life may gain ascendancy, we are blessed.

The road may be like Abram's dark and drear; we may, instead of words of encouragement, hear the words of contempt; instead of smiles of approval the frown of scorn, but this should not deter us.

We see in the distance the star; and as the star of Bethlehem led the wise men to the spot where the child Jesus lay, we know it leads to the glorious fields of never fading beauty. We place our sacrifice upon the altar and the light from the heavenly spheres bursts upon us in resplendent beauty. We hear the angel voices whispering words of encouragement and cheer; we hear the notes of victory—hear the jubilant swell of triumphal marches to inspire us on our way, and we find in the great trial which has seemed almost a destroyer of our physical frame and we have *almost* fainted by the way—a blessing—a strengthener of our spirit; our souls have grown strong and purer yet; our hearts are now filled with loving kindness and sympathy to the weary and distressed ones, and we are now ready to pour the balm of Gilead upon the wounds of those who have been pierced by the enemies darts, and we have a greater strength to lift up the weak ones, a greater patience with the erring, and a strong and brave courage to combat with the enemies of the eternal soul of man.

Thus we may be blessed in all things—that sweet, that inner blessing, which cannot be recognized by our brother, until he has gained this grand and glorious height, this majestic soul life which sacrifices the material to the spiritual, where the high and holy impulses are food for an eternal life; the noble efforts are the wings to bear us o'er the sloughs of

despond, and buoy us up the hill of difficulty. And we may find when a life work is accomplished, that like Abram, we have been blessed in *all* things.

IDA M. MERRILL.

THE GEM CITY.

THE NEW BOAT OF 1881 WHICH PLOWS THE MISSISSIPPI.

As we glide down this grand, this beautiful Father of Waters smooth and placid, this evening, save where ruffled by the elegant new boat—Gem City—named in honor of our “Gem City”—Quincy, the thought arises what is life, is it not progress? See this fair thing of life almost, as she glides so easily and gracefully upon the waters. We contemplate the sensation she would have caused a hundred years ago, and we look forward to another centennial, wondering what shall the enterprise of the next generation evolve; for we are convinced by experience and practical demonstration, that life is progress. We have enjoyed the scenery; we have felt the refreshing breezes from the river this extremely warm day, the 6th of June; we have also enjoyed the various conveniences of this floating palace—this beautiful and convenient dwelling upon the waters. We have found the comfortable parlor equal to any home parlor; the state rooms neat, tasty and convenient. We have examined the elegant bibles, one presented by the ladies of our Gem City, the other by those of St. Louis, and find that this may also be a Christian home.

We have partaken of our tea, found that the grandeur and elegance had not taken from us our appetite, but did justice or injustice(?) to broiled steak, fresh spring chicken, buns, etc., with a sigh over various dishes we must leave untouched, ham and eggs, fresh fish, oysters, sardines, potatoes, *etcetera*. Our dessert of peaches and cream, ice cream and cake would compare favorably with the same found in any refreshment *salon* in our Gem City.

The tables glitter in their new dress of silver, polished glass and daintily neat table linen. Appearance of table and fare compare favorably with the best hotels. The waiters polite, attentive, good natured and ever on the alert to see that every wish is gratified.

The Gem City was launched the 1st day of June, 1881, and made its

first trip from St. Louis to Keokuk and return, in about thirty six hours. A grand reception was tendered it by the citizens of Quincy, and many also took passage; about six hundred in number were borne in its sheltering arms to Keokuk and back to Quincy.

The boat was built by Commodore Davidson, an enterprising gentleman of that city, and well known to those who traverse this section of the Mississippi.

The cost was about \$85,000. The patronage of the public should be given to this easy and comfortable mode of traveling during the warm season, for when the cold blasts blow, and we see gradually, but surely that an impenetrable bridge is sealing our channel, then we look upon this luxury of the past, and may wish we had taken advantage of the boating season.

It is rumored that she will make several trips to St. Paul this season to show the people of the Northern Mississippi the spirit of enterprise of Commodore Davidson who is president and chief owner. It is the finest, most elegantly furnished, and the speediest boat on the Mississippi running between St. Louis and Keokuk.

Formed the acquaintance of Mr. N. B. Hatcher, chief clerk, and find him an agreeable and intelligent gentleman—one calculated to fill his position with credit and make it pleasant for those who may for a time come into this floating home.

Mr. E. H. Buckley also—the steward, we find gentlemanly, polite, making it pleasant for all, and on our return to Quincy, he led the merry dance which was participated in with much pleasure, by most of the passengers, either as dancers or lookers on. These two the only acquaintances we have formed amongst the officers, we find are carrying forward the spirit of the enterprising Commodore whose idea of character we may gain through his works, although we have had but a short interview with him, upon taking the boat; the words of a moment showed us, he was a perfect gentleman, as well as an enterprising character in the progressive world.

Names of the other officers, we learn are Wm. Thompson, Commander, Ed. Young, Ass't, J. N. Montgomery, Clede Baird, Pilots, Richard Henderson, chief engineer.

The length of boat is 300 feet, 36 feet beam, 6 feet hold. The cabin, sittingroom and saloon is lighted by six chandeliers, each containing six

elegant lamps. Eight dining tables. The wood work, of pure white with the exception of doors which are darkly grained.

Over the elegant mirror, which is set in the pure white frame with a design of grapes and leaves in gilt as a border, is the name Gem City. Lighted on the forecastle by Kelly's electric light, from Rochester, N. Y. Cost of lamp about one thousand dollars. The light is a pale white, and gives the appearance of day light to all objects upon which it is cast, but is so brilliant that our eyes are not developed into that state of progression that we may read by it. But portrays the spirit of our age.

Perhaps our physical eyes in the future may become educated to this light. It at least portrays the grandeur of our inventive age.

To our readers in the east, we say, Come out and take a pleasure trip on the central Mississippi; come and see if we are far behind your progressive efforts.

To our friends in the West, we say, Come back and see if you have advanced much faster in your rapid strides to the "Westward Ho!"

To our Southern friends, we say, Come up and try our beautiful climate for a season, and see that we too are keeping pace with the warm blooded, active Southerner, and to our Northern friends, we say: Come and see if we cannot be toned to your cool and deliberate actions, and strike the happy medium—the central focus of the United States which lies between the two cities, Quincy and St. Louis. Here you may all meet in a grand celebration of good will and good cheer to the land of the free.

IDA M. MERRILL.

We have learned from a reliable party, of Clark county, Mo., that the detective who has worked up the evidences against the Talbott boys is supposed to be the same who cleared Young, convicted for murdering the Spencer family, and was afterward arrested for heading the gang which lynched him. The gentleman tells us he could identify him, as he stopped at a hotel opposite his home. This detective at that time had various aliases, two of which were, Frank Lane and Slater. His photograph was identified by a warden at Joliet penitentiary, as a convict who had served a time there for forgery.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

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NO. 37

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

My dear friends, not so much mine as friends of human right, friends to all that is true, useful and glorious, how much I thank you for your harmonious action in regard to the governor for the respite of the Talbott boys. This little spot, no larger than a man's hand, that is rising just above the horizon in the western sky, will sweep over the world in a storm, a furious hurricane that will purify the atmosphere, cleanse the minds of men and women, wash the stains of crime and insanity from their darkened souls, and the light from the celestial spheres will burst in radiant splendor over this beautiful land, over the whole earth. Few realize the immense result that will be produced from this small act of charity of right and justice toward the unfortunate criminals. The Christian world—those who pretend to follow in the footsteps of the gentle, loving Nazarine who said, "Neither do I condemn thee," and when his enemies nailed his bleeding limbs to the cross he said: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do," can these christians drink of the same cup that he drank from? Do they express the same principle when they say (when the question is asked, so you approve of murder for murder) yes you cannot make better use of rope than to hang a man or woman if they have killed their brother or sister. Jesus was a man, and Christ was a principle; he taught the true law of life, and when he was preaching the truth to the insane, the diseased criminals, the morally sick instead of punishment and condemnation, he healed them by his loving words and actions.

Now as we are stepping into a new era, up into a higher plain of intelligence, let us remember the true teachings of the past. The angel Je-

sus fulfilled the laws of Moses; he believed and lived in accordance with the ten commandments, and now when humanity will behold the light of this beginning of a new age—practice and fulfill the laws that Jesus taught in the thirty three years he lived on this earth. There is no other way of progression towards happiness; we are all born under the law, and the laws are inevitable as firmly established, as the stars in the firmament, and when men and women transgress the laws, they must suffer the consequences. If one thrusts his hand into the fire there is no power or law that will make another to suffer the pain; therefore when mortals transgress the moral laws, the same result follows; no one can suffer for another's crime or remove the pain of remorse from another's conscience. The time is near when all deeds of evil will be revealed, brought to light by the law of progression, and inspiration; the flowing in of intelligence from the spirit world; the origin of all thoughts ideas and knowledge.

The brain of man, like the bed of a stream when there are no obstructions, its waters flow in a smooth and placid stream, but when rocks and debris is thrown into the current, it divides and scatters its power in various directions. When men unite in harmony, and allow their influence to flow in the same manner, they draw from the source of all life a power that has no limit, but break the current divide the influence and the power is gone.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

During our trip up the river we formed the acquaintance of a blind boy by name, Robert Shepherd, who is a student of Jacksonville blind asylum, but resides at Port Byron to which place he was then going in company with his mother. During our conversation with him, we asked the question, "Do you often lament the loss of sight?" When he answered so bravely: "Oh, no! I always reason it out. I know it cannot be otherwise, and I think it is best not to think anything about it." The thought arose, if we all would reason with ourselves, when we repine over that which is uncontrollable, how different it would be! This boy with his loss of sight seemed as delighted with the new boat as though he could see, and as he was taking much interest in the electric light. I said: You can almost see it can you not? His answer was, "I can feel it. I know it is there, and others can see it, and it is just as much satisfaction. Again I thought: The true philosophy.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

Heaven is sweet peace.
Hell is hate.
Heaven is sweet release,
When the storms abate.

Heaven is found here,
Not above.
Heaven may be brought near,
'Tis a clime of love.

The inmates are pure
And holy.
They trials endure
And dwell 'midst the lowly.

Heaven may descend,
Or may rise;
May with earth blend,
Or reach to the skies.

Heaven's in the soul—
Mirrored there.
It does sin control,
Making all very fair.

We may take heaven,
Or take hell.
There's the sweet power given,
Oh, may we choose well!

Heaven's thought to be
Far away,
But may rest with thee,
In thine heart each day.

If open to the dove,
Of sweet peace,
We find 'tis holy love,
From strife does release.

Love will lift our brother
Into heaven.
Teach us to aid each other,
By power to each given.

Then heaven we would choose
With its joy,
Al' though we may thus lose,
Glittering earth's alloy.

—CORA CORAL.

We shall soon have *A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT* covered in book form

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

Tea is over, and Harry now hurries Eva to various places of interest about the grounds, and with Clint also as chaperon, she finds herself for a time forgetting every vestige of Floral Vale, and all the associations which cling to it. Harry strives to show her every point of interest and to keep her mind constantly busy in the new scenes and says:

"Clint we have enjoyed these grounds this summer have we not?"

"Indeed, Miss Ernest, I must tell you of the kindness of your cousin. One warm July afternoon, as I sat at my desk feeling that the heat was almost unendurable, your cousin came rushing in with the news that he had come to take me home with him, to remain with him until his mother should return, kindly offering to bring me to the city each morning and return for me in the evening. He has faithfully done so, and I assure you I have never spent a more pleasant season in my life. It has been a perfect release to me, to leave the city walls, and find myself enjoying country breezes, the beautiful grounds here, the flowers as well as little Willie. They speak to me almost in an audible voice, of a Great Power, a wonderful designer, a law which is manifest in the simplest one; as manifest as it is in that great sycamore there by the gate. There is a sweet simplicity in these, which touches some tender chord in the nature, whereas the *grand* and *mighty* objects of nature arouse us only when our thoughts are majestic. But these whisper words of consolation to us when our minds require a quietus."

"Very true, Mr. O bert. It is the reason we place them upon the breast of our dead friends that the last scene may be bright and beautiful, for I believe they go to a land of ever blooming flowers."

"This has been a question in my mind: Where do our departed friends go? Do they sleep, or are they annihilated?"

"My dear grandmother taught me to hope that they were guardian angels, and as I lost my parents when young; it has been a sweet solace to me to feel that they were near guarding and guiding, and now that she too has gone, I still delight to think that as I sit in the twilight alone he may draw near, and whisper to me that she is in a brighter clime.

and bid me not weep for her, as she waits for me on that shore."

"Yes," says Harry, "I call Clint a preacher but he cannot comprehend, as we do that the friends gone before may be as actively alive as we are only that they have passed into a spiritual realm."

"No," he continues, "I cannot comprehend this; but it seems the grandest idea of dissolution. I have often thought perhaps people's *desires* to have this so may have originated this belief."

"But," says Eva, "why should that be the origin? There is no object accomplished in the short span here. If we return to the earth—are annihilated, as it were the design or law of the great law-maker is broken, and all is chaos. In all forms of nature we see a design that all things administer to man's wants, and if man, at the close of the longest life even, ceases to exist for what purpose was he formed? To me it is the only reasonable idea that he must exist forever, else there is a break in the perfect law.

"The design may be to only perpetuate a realm of the higher order of the animal kingdom called man, and some august judge called the Ruler of the universe may delight in showing his power, creating and annihilating."

"Oh, no! it cannot be! There is beauty and design in every thing. There is beauty in all the works of God, and even in death. We see the cold clay contains not our loved one, and reason tells us it *must* be somewhere. We are assured that all matter may change form, but cannot be annihilated, and not only all matter but the thoughts and ideas forming mind may vary in expression, but a fact once demonstrated cannot be lost or annihilated."

"Pardon me, Miss Ernest, for any seeming careless thought in regard to this subject, but really, I know that what you say is correct, although I passed through the varied doubts expressed in my last remark, before I could arrive at any settled conclusion. The doubts of looking blindly into the future still arise, but I am convinced that this spirit—which moves within, which thinks, which reasons, which wills to act or not act, which loves or hates those things which are food or poison to its development—I know it is immortal. I know that these, the characteristics of the individual cannot be lost. I know it by the natural law of which you speak, if there were no interior or invisible assurance that such is the case."

"Clint is sermonizing to you already is he Eva? He has given me several discourses during his sojourn with me which I have stenographed upon my mind, as assistants in the up-hill of life; they are practical, and sometimes poetical, as well."

"No Harry, do not call my sudden flights of fancy, or inward reasoning sermons. But I find I have obtained something of a sermon from your cousin Eva."

"Please do not call a ny thought of mine a sermon. I am almost afraid to express what to me seems so beautiful. I can see a beauty in the works of our Great Father, which I cannot explain, but it is not sermons. It is only ideas that are so disconnected, I could not possibly get them into a long sermon with its firstly and secondly down to ninthly or lastly; they are only snatches of thought or gleams of light, which fill my own soul, but I have not power to reveal them to others as they come to me."

"Exactly, Miss Ernest," continued Clint, "But we may read a sermon in a flower, in a glance of the eye, in a smile or a frown, in a pale and careworn face or a laughing, joyous one where the smiles ripple over it like the gentle brook when no storms are upon its shores."

In a recent issue of the *New York Star* a writer signing himself "A Christian" expresses the following: "The man who would take Col. Robert Ingersoll's life would be regarded as a benefactor to his race and would be justified by God and man, for God has so revealed in his holy word; and God, in his good time, will most certainly select his agent on earth to do his holy work."

When Christians say murder is God's holy work they have then thrown aside the Bible, and must argue from some other point of reasoning, and some other source of information in regard to the law of God. For one of the Ten Commandments—the embodiment of the law of the Bible—is "thou shalt not kill." The natural law will not verify this statement either—that the individual committing this murder has done God's service, for in nature we see that crime and iniquity sits in the high seats whilst the pure, the good and the beautiful in life are many times crushed. We see not punishment in the benefactor of mankind made manifest, but mercy, love and goodness in the manifold blessings which are freely dispensed upon the earth, as seen in the great field of nature.

DIAMOND DUST.

The fairest and sweetest flowers oft hide their beauties until a gentle breeze sweeps away the rubbish and the warm sun beams down upon the petals which are filled with dew and they sparkle in the light and shed their fragrance upon the air when the early ones are all withered and parched.

We know the joy of a determination to lighten the burdens of humanity where'er it is possible; the sweet peace which arises therefrom is inexpressible.

There is a grandeur in soul-purpose which cannot be expressed; it is far deeper than that which is termed life-purpose.

Oh! the strong and earnest desires for the peace of heaven to rest upon our sinful earth; the desires that we may be more patient and true, more unselfish and mild, more gentle and kind, more forgiving and forgetting, more hopeful and prayerful; are they lost in the great cycles of thought?

We learn lessons by experience; they may be bitter but when we have mastered them we would not have it otherwise; we rise up with new vigor for life's duties.

There is a sweet peace arises from the consciousness, we have faithfully performed our duty. If misunderstood by the world we know that the record in the book of life is clear, we know that the true and earnest desires for eternal right and justice, not only to ourselves but to humanity, is sketched by the master artist—a picture of unfading beauty.

Oh! the short span life, and how much is comprehended in that space, the woes, the heartaches, the strifes, the discords, the tears and burdens and the joys as well, the sweet and unpretentious sympathy of true ones ever and anon—a revelation of noble qualities which bid us God-speed. There are other souls which are struggling, and in the press of the battles we see them stand the enemies fire. Lovely characters portray their beauties and the bright side of life we find by searching; the beautiful character reveals not all its glory at a glance.

CORA CORAL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MARYVILLE, Mo., June 19, 1881.

DEAR LADIES:—Yours of the 8th at hand, and will say in reply that I am truly glad to learn that there is still some one that can feel some pity for me and my poor dear children. Oh! pray for their lives. Oh! may the great ruler of the universe guide us through this trying ordeal which I have to pass,

Ladies, I may never have the pleasure of writing you on this earth, but my prayers are with you, and I do hope the day may come that I can repay you ten fold for your kindness toward me and my poor unfortunate boys. We are doing all that can be done here in behalf of the boys.

There have been a number of letters written by the most prominent men of our county to the governor asking for a commutation of the sentence, and everything looks favorable here. The ladies here are working for the same.

I am going in person myself to the governor, and I wish I could have the pleasure of meeting you, ladies, there. I will start on the morning of the 18th of this month to see the governor and beg on my knees for him to spare the lives of my dear boys, and will you plead with him also for their lives? Oh! what a happy day it will be for me if their lives are spared!

With these few hurried lines I close this hoping to hear from you soon. Yours for the right. This from the hand of

MRS. BELLE TALBOTT.

FROM UNDER THE CLOUD.

For reasons well known to honest truth-seekers the Spiritualists of St. Louis have been under a cloud for many years, and many worthy mediums have been compelled to shun our city.

A meeting was called for last Sunday, and many progressive minds were present to decide upon the best plan for permanent organization. A society was formed with the determination to stand by and defend all true mediums and lecturers who may come here. Under the auspices of the society, circles will be held in various parts of the city, and lecturers will be engaged to give light and knowledge to the people. A

charter will be applied for, a suitable building or church or meeting-house obtained and a paper established as soon as possible. Quakers, Methodists, Universalists, etc., have each suffered persecution in their day—as have the Spiritualists at the hands of orthodox bigots and so-called christian denominations. But thanks to the God given truths of Spiritualism it has spread faster than all other religions united, and opposition can have no effect.

Lecturers and mediums proposing to visit St. Louis are invited to address Dr. R. D. Goodwin, 623 Locust st.

[Progressive papers please copy.]

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 9th, 1881.

STILL ANOTHER PETITION.

GOV. CRITTENDEN, OF MISSOURI:—May we beseech you again to listen to the entreaties of hundreds throughout your state, and in other states to spare the lives of the Talbott boys.

We fain would weary you that by our much speaking you will be constrained to pause and consider. We know that men in authority have hearts of flesh, and would appeal to your sympathetic nature in asking you to listen to these requests and to the heart-rending entreaties of the mother. Oh! think if they are not guilty you cannot restore them to the weeping, heart-broken mother, to the arms which bore them in infancy to the maternal breast which says, Come to my heart, my sorrowing sons, and let me soothe your griefs, but is stayed by the bars of justice? Is it justice that this mother who has so greatly suffered, who has been so cruelly wronged, should be robbed of the children whom she *knows* are innocent of that terrible crime—patricide.

Oh, people of Missouri, arise! and let your sympathies go forth and sustain your governor in this noble, this generous act, this right and just fulfillment of the law. With you—governor, lies the power to give the life; with you—people, the power to sustain the governor in a praiseworthy act. We ask and beseech for another respite, for we feel that we may obtain evidence in their favor. They are strangers to us; but we have by some human sympathy for that mother in distress who has written us a letter declaring her boys innocent, and besought us to aid her, been impelled to put forth energy. I speak of Mrs. Merrick of A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, with myself. She has at her own expense gone to

St. Louis with writer purposely to meet Gov. Crittenden and seeing him by proxy, he promised to give all that might be brought forward due consideration. Trusting that he will, *knowing* we say, that he will appeal to his heart and grant the respite. We again present our petition. Oh! may the Great "I Am" rule with might and justice is our sincere desire in this step.

IDA M. MERRILL.

HOW I WOULD LIVE.

Would I take the free choice of my nature—take the ideality of happiness to individual self—would choose some sequestered glen, where the quiet and repose would soothe the turbulent waves, where the din of the battles strife could not be borne, where crime, iniquity and bloodshed wafted not a voice to disturb the repose; not even the grandeur of earth's surroundings, save the grand sublimity of nature with books and music, with the notes, of the wild birds, unfettered, to ring out on the air, and the babble of the brook, and roll of the cataract with a few friends "tried and true," and no discordant rage of earthly struggles for power, fame or glory, for position or notoriety, for laurels of victory save the pure fresh laurels from God's own hand; these—would I seek but mine own happiness—are sufficient—fill all the desires of my nature.

But I seem to hear a voice borne to me on the wings of the wind:

"Livest thou a selfish life. Buriest thou thine talent in a napkin, when the Lord of the harvest hast said:

"I will come again. Thy talents are given thee to gain other talents."

Then I arise and look with a sickening soul upon the crime, the iniquity, the misery, the woe, the sorrow, and I gird myself, and crush back the selfish thoughts of peace, quiet and repose, of ease and happiness, and I say: Lord thou hast called for laborers in the vineyard. Here am I—ready to suffer that thy kingdom may be established, that these weary, unfortunate ones, these iniquitous and rebellious ones, these darkened and benighted ones also, may be brought into heavenly peace. Not for the world's fame and glory would I do it, not for honor and position, but for the sweet assurance that we have bestowed our gifts; we have mitigated suffering, relieved woe and aided in staying the monster crime.

Is the object one which would call forth the idea of gaining laurels—*gaining laurels* over lives? Is there anything which will compensate the soul's desires for the salvation of mankind, excepting that salvation? Is there anything which will bring the sweet peace within, except the solace: We have not swerved. No! selfish and mercenary motives, ne'er brought peace.

Yes! I arise and contemplate this terrible struggle for freedom for the many benighted ones, and say farewell to what I *would* do, if I sought but mine own pleasure and ease. An eternal habitation awaiteth me, where I may by using my talent see hundreds elevated to the same state of eternal happiness.

IDA M. MERRILL.

Mr. Post, of the Greenback paper, Quincy, Ill., Mrs. Merrick and Miss Merrill, publisher and editress of A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, gave us a very agreeable call on Monday last. The ladies are going to Jefferson City by the instruction of their spirit guides, to see the Governor relative to commuting the sentence of the Talbott boys, to be hung in June for the murder of their father. The spirit father says, murders (though legalized) would be committed upon his orphan boys, were the sentence to be executed. The spirit world is trying to throw light enough into the darkened minds of law makers that will show the guilt of a state, equal to an individual act that sends a soul prematurely out of this world. It is another relic of barbaric periods, and needs the reformers wand to open the door to more enlightened ideas of life and its purpose, and that an eye for an eye is not justice, but revenge that is ever retaliating.—*Western Light*.

We understand that sister Smith, who is a methodist preacher, could not get a house to say hersay in at Liberal, when here, but had to preach in the street. Never mind, sister Smith, our Free-thought Hall will soon be up and finished, and then you or any one else can go there and preach as much as you please, and we will all give you a respectful hearing. We will do the same thing with all the religious denominations. And in your sermons you are particularly invited to criticise our lecturers and doctrines to your hearts content, and if we are wrong we wish to be set right. We will do the same thing with you.—*Liberal*

This is in the right spirit. Give all a chance to be heard.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

We have now arrived at the period in the patriarch Abram's life when he feels that he must leave the earth, and desires to obtain a wife for his son—the comfort and stay of his declining years. Speaks to his eldest servant as follows:

"I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of heaven and the God of earth that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites among whom I dwell, but thou shalt go unto my country and to my kindred and take a wife unto my son, Isaac."

The servant said unto him: "Peradventure the woman will not be willing to follow me unto this land."

"Abraham said unto him.....The Lord God of heaven which took me from my father's house and from the land of my kindred and which spake unto me, and which swear unto me saying: Unto thy seed will I give this land. He shall send His angel before thee, and thou shalt take a wife unto my son from thence. And if the woman be not willing to follow then thou shalt be clear from this mine oath."

This was an important step in Isaac's life, but the father had assumed the responsibility, as the Lord had led him in a plain path; he now relied upon the Great Power in this transaction upon which the future welfare of his son Isaac depended, and not only the welfare of his son, but the generations which the Lord had promised should inhabit this land. Therefore with a perfect trust in the Power which had led through darksome paths, many times, always to emerge into the bright sunlight of God's love; he gave his commands unto his servants not being harassed by the doubts which filled the heart of the servant who felt he was walking blind-folded, not having had the sweet communion with the most High that had brought Abraham into this state of perfect trust and confidence. And the question or doubt is brought forward:

"Peradventure the woman is not willing."

The answer comes: The Lord God of heaven which took me from my father's house.....shall send his angel before thee.

Have we any reason to doubt this beautiful truth, that the dear

Father will send his angels before, will send them with messages, will send them with warnings, will send them with heavenly love.

Abraham could not doubt the Power which had sustained him, which had made prophecy reality. The angels who had eaten with him, had prophesied of the birth of a child; the prophecy had been fulfilled. The Lord had promised, he should dwell upon the earth to a good old age. The child of promise and prophecy had been lain upon the altar, ready to be sacrificed; the angels had come with the loving message: Spare thy son. Another sacrifice prepared instead, and now as the good old age was reached his perfect faith was unshaken. The sky was cloudless and not a doubt, not a blot appeared to harass him in his undertaking, for he was well assured that it was the great "I am"—the high and holy power which led, or now pointed to the last act of love for his child. Throwing the responsibility upon the perfect power, ready to yield to the holy law which alone would perpetuate the design of heaven; he was willing to be guided, preferred to be, for with finite intelligence felt not capable of judging.

Here is a diamond: When parents desire to see their children wedded, how often they form their conclusions, and act also from a material standpoint! If they would consider the great responsibility which is involved in uniting two lives, throwing the forces of two natures into one channel; if they could realize the full and the deep meaning, they would many times pause, awe struck and confounded. Would they consider it is the union of spirit upon which the future welfare of these two lives depend, that the material and earthly surroundings are but the dross from which the pure gold must arise; when the fire of affliction may strike at the foundation of the temple—there would be a more perfect harmony in the families of our nation.

When they realize the terrible evil which arises from uniting two lives whose different life-channels by such diversities of opinions, dissimilarity of tastes and unlike characteristics cannot unite, but where there is a continual warfare between the two who must endeavor to blend their lives into one perfect channel, they would revolt at the work of their own hands.

Could humanity like Abraham yield to a high and spiritual power in all things, laying aside selfish motives, the true and hidden spring of happiness would be found. This laying self upon the altar, the dearest idol, but brings one out into the clear sunlight of redeeming love. At

the very moment self is forgotten the loving angel of justice sweeps down with an immortal flower, places it in the crown of hope, and it is unfading because immortal; the bright dew of purity sparkles, radiant and glorious in the petals, and a new song is echoed by the angels of mercy, a new message is whispered by the angel of love, and the path of the Lord, or the one in which we are led by the highest power of holiness is one found to be of peace and harmony.

IDA M. MERRILL.

DESTINY.

Is there an unseen destiny,
 That shapes the way of life,
 And when we would be strong and true,
 We find discord and strife?
 And will there ever be a time,
 We shall know the when and why,—
 And will the veil be lifted,
 If we only work and try?

If so I would learn patience,
 And certain self control;
 For I would ever wish to do,
 What was best for my own soul.
 For I know there is a darkness,
 That is darker than the night;
 It's when the young and innocent,
 Have felt the world's sad blight.

It's when we have lost faith in friends,
 And feel that hope's all gone,
 And know of human weaknesses,
 And feel earth's temptations strong;
 And know that all past life has been,
 By circumstances ruled;
 Yet, it has been to you and me,
 The hardest of life's school.

And is there still a recompense,
 For those who suffer, and are strong?
 Or, must we go to spirit life,
 A blight from other's wrongs;
 I cannot feel that God, so good,
 Ordained the ways of man,
 Would make a law that's so unjust,
 That we cannot understand.

Oh, no! I would rather walk by faith,
 If in blindness it need be,
 Than to believe in such injustice,
 Or doubt God's immensity;

And so I live, in hope and trust,
Though slow progression be,
Knowing that God, as with his own,
That we must reap as we have sown.

So I will trust him to the end,
And blow hope into life;
And will not doubt God's goodness,
Though I see discord and strife,
Though storms may beat about me,
And life's ship sway to and fro,
I will anchor my hopes in heaven,
Where ever I wish to go.

And I will trust in God that ruleth,
The universe far and wide;
I'll cast all doubt out of my mind,
God shall be my strength and guide;
For as I look back in the past,
When my young feet would have strayed,
I have heard the loving voices,
My child, be not afraid.

The cross it may be heavy,
But bear it without a frown;
Although you may get weary,
Its recompense a crown.
Oh! how I love the silence,
When the still, small voices, seem
To me like light in darkness,
From which my spirit gleams
It's strength and consolation,
When my body weary be,
And I am tired of earthly turmoils,
And their sad miseries.

But out of all this darkness,
Comes a light that's bright and true;
And I hear the loving voices again,
Dear mother, we come to you.
And then there comes a holy calm,
O'er my spirit it is thrown;
And I hear the loving voices, again,
You will reap as you have sown.

Oh! my sisters, is life's reaping
Is the very seeds we've sown,
If we all must reap in spirit,
Nothing only what's our own;
Let us struggle in life's battle,
If a victory we may gain,
And renew ourselves in spirit,
Then our bounty we can claim.

And, brothers, you have all
This world upon your side;
See you deal with us so justly,
We can look to you with pride.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

For you know a traitor's banner,
Can be thrown out to the breeze,
May delight you for a moment,
But can never bring you ease.

There are scenes which make us shudder,
And with horror we despise;
If you wish to claim our homage,
From its darkness you must rise,
You are called our earth's protectors,—
So I bid you thus beware;
There will be a time when justice
Will recompense, you for your care.

There is a law, called retribution,
And it's mighty and it's just,
And you'll find God's laws are truthful,
Obey them all we must.
There is whispering in the breezes,
That are floating o'er our plain,
See that justice is no longer
Crushed, and nothing but a name.

—*The Reason Why.*

The following important advice from the Spirit world is given in the *Banner of Light*: "Never speak an unkind word, nor think an unkind thought of those who have passed to spirit-life. It injures them, and does you no good. Do not tell what will injure anybody's reputation, thinking they will never know of it, for they do know, and it makes them hate you, and they will work to injure you as much as they can. I have known, since I have been here, a case where an unmarried woman came to spirit life, who had little children; and some one ventilated the fact after her death, and she saw her children turn from her in consequence. This engendered hate in the spirit, who swore vengeance upon that person. I know that she can work evil for her; I know that she has already done so. Just think how you would feel to hear all the bad you ever did told of as soon as you had become a spirit! and have all those with whom you would wish to dwell together in unity hear it! Would you not be avenged? You would have to be a better Christian than you can ever become on earth not to feel a desire to punish that person. Just bear this in mind, friends of earth, and you will never speak ill, under any circumstances, of a person who has passed to spirit-life. "Let the dead past bury its dead," and remember that it is a solemn truth to be inculcated in the minds of mortals: "Do as you would be done by."

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

Friends of justice and mercy of Nodaway county—hear the cheers resounding throughout the land that right and justice has prevailed in the state of Missouri, and the sons of one of the citizens in that state—a prominent one—he being chosen by the people of Nodaway county to represent them in their legislature—have received a respite granting them time to prove their innocence of the murder of their father.

This is one step upon the ladder of progression, and all those citizens of this glorious country should feel happy over the result of their efforts. They have done a greater work than they dreamed of in the beginning; they have raised a star in the west and its rays will touch every state in the union, and illuminate the minds of those who have lived in the dark circle of murder, (not knowing themselves that they were under a cloud) and show them the light of love and mercy to their fallen brother. All mankind, according to divine law, must suffer the consequences of their deeds or actions towards each other, and all those who desire the death of one of the human family, and give their influence to have their prayers fulfilled, stand on the same plane with one who cut his brothers throat, even worse, as he has not the same object in view.

A man may murder for a selfish interest—wish to blot out his opponent that he may the better hold his position (like the Talbott murder) but christians sign the death warrant for revenge, as the criminal has done him no personal harm, and the laws that Moses was inspired to write on the tablets of stone: "Thou shalt not kill," is an expression from the Great supreme law—giver an expression of love manifested through the organism of Moses, and whosoever transgresses this law

must suffer the penalty: That is, as you measure to others it will be measured to you again.

Our thoughts and deeds are reflected every day in the spiritual world. We paint the panorama of our lives and the picture will never be erased; we shall read it again and again, and suffer remorse for the cruelties we have practiced toward our neighbor, who has fallen by the wayside. Murder is not the most cruel crime committed. There are little children that suffer many deaths in one day, and women whose agonizing, cruel suffering death has no resemblance; it is like a pleasant sleep, and on awakening we are surprised, and pleased to find we are ourselves, not knowing what has happened. The spirit of man never grows old, only the body. Those we have befriended in this first sphere will come to meet us and take us by the hand and show us the light of love, they feel for us, and it adds strength and happiness to our new-born spirit. As this new era opens, the world will behold in its light, the errors and misdeeds of humanity and correct them.

Crimes will be brought to light. No darkness can hide them. When men and women understand they are in the midst of a crowd, will be careful how they conduct themselves. All cheating, lying and stealing will pass out of men's minds; the dark cloud of evil will break away—is breaking now—and happiness reign.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

THROWING A GLEAM OF LIGHT INTO THE CELL OF THE TALBOTT BOYS
JUST BEFORE EXECUTION.

How dense the crowd! What a solemn sight!
O'er the city a pall as gloom of night,
For the alleged crime—patricide.
These two boys by the law abide.

The law which deems it is so just,
Says, "Hang those two boys must.
The last few days has come a change,
Which seemed not so very strange.

The witnesses have changed their words,
And now another tale is heard.
The hope arises at this late hour,
Innocence may prove to be their dower.

The Governor's promise dispatch to send;
Known by some who 'he family befriend.
The rabble dark—fierce and mad for blood,
Roll on. *Twenty* thousand; what a flood!

The innocent boys baptized this day,
Still slightly hope justice yet may sway
The power which rules and that the word:
"A respite granted," may at this hour be heard.

In awful suspense, in agony deep,
We await the news to rejoice or weep.
Many silent prayers to heaven ascend.
Oh, God! may an angel of mercy descend,

And justice to the oppressed one,
Be meted ere the life has gone.
Father of love! Father of light!
Thy power may scatter this dark night.
Thy strong arm may snatch from the grave,
These innocent ones thou wilt save.

Thy promise to us we know was true;
Thou yet will Satan's power undo;
Thou yet will triumph by thy power,
Save them at the latest hour.

The thirsty crowd who blood do seek,
Are awaiting the appearance of the meek,
Pale, resigned lads who firmly still
Cling to the truth: My Father I did not kill.

But patient and mild, ready to die,
They await the hour which is drawing nigh.
Oh joy, the change! Thanks be to heaven!
One month's respite has been given!

With joy the friends receive the news.
Oh what may a month to come disclose!
Father we thank thee; the angel came,
Saved the boys from a death of shame.
Spared their lives to prove a power,
Saved them at the latest hour.

It is even' and we bid them farewell!
Dear innocent ones! no guilty stain
Rests on thy countenance. Ah well!
We whisper a hope—free again.

God, in a mysterious way, does move,
To perform His mighty deeds.
He is able His power to prove,
If faithful ones follow as he leads.

Faithful ones *will* follow, prove the truth,
That false and base is the charge.
This stain shall not rest on thy youth;
Faithful ones will a duty discharge.

IDA M. MERRILL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT

OUR VISIT TO MARYVILLE.

THE SPOT SELECTED FOR THE EXECUTION OF THE TALBOTT BOYS.

On the morning of June 21st, in a driving rain, we took our departure from this city with the intention of going to Maryville, Mo., to visit the heart-stricken mother, to see the boys, and hoping—aye! *expecting* that, at the last moment, there would be a change in favor of the boys. On Wednesday evening, the 22nd of June, we took the train at St. Joe. for Maryville, and very soon thereafter found that Mrs. Talbott, her attorney—Col. Life Dawson, and Hon. E. P. Morehouse,—were on the same train returning from Jefferson City, where they interviewed the Governor. Mrs. Talbott had quietly listened to the others speak, and the Governor had not granted the respite, but told them to endeavor to obtain a confession from the boys. Mrs. Talbott was calm and composed, considering the terrible agony and suspense she was enduring, until on leaving she spoke in a low tone to the Governor the words, "Governor, for God's sake have some mercy on my poor boys," when she almost broke down.

During the conversation with Mrs. Talbott, I gained the following account of the murder of Dr. Talbott, which I have never before heard exactly as related, although principally so. The exact date of murder did not obtain, but was sometime in September of 1880. Mrs. Talbott says: We had all been to the fair that day, and on returning home in the evening, the doctor was called to see a sick child of a neighbor. She had lain down upon the bed in the sitting room without removing her clothes, as she felt quite fatigued. When the Dr. came in he removed his coat and hat, sat down on the edge of the bed upon which she lay, but before doing so handed to Albert, their eldest son, who was present a copyright for a book which he had just received. There was a crashing of glass, and Mrs. Talbott did not realize what had happened until the Dr. exclaimed: "My God! Belle, I am shot! Some cursed assassin has been sent here to do it."

The ball passed entirely through the body of the Dr., striking her, inflicting a flesh wound upon her ankle, and passed into the wall. (It was removed therefrom afterward by the Sheriff, and found to be a slug; the Sheriff said, "That means death!")

Albert taking a shot gun, which was in the room, ran to the door, and

saw a man of medium size, dressed in dark clothes, running through the orchard after whom he fired twice, then returned to assist his mother, and see the extent of injury to the father. His next move was to arouse the nearest neighbors. Charles E., the boy who is convicted of the murder, a lad of sixteen years, was in bed with his brother, next in age, and was asleep.

This is the story given us by Mrs. Talbott with out any hesitation, looking us clearly in the eye, and talking with all the feeling of a loving mother, devoted wife, a true and noble woman. During the conversation with her I said, one of the stories afloat is they did it for their fathers money, also said I supposed probably they had all the money they desired. She says: "Yes they did, and besides they did not wish to be rid of their father; they were proud of him."

Col. Lafe Dawson said during the trip that the Governor had promised should anything be brought up in favor of the boys, he would dispatch on the morrow, and with this slight hope we awaited the future, which we felt sure would develop something in favor of the boys. For it did not require even the evidence which we recieved afterward to convince us that the boys were innocent. An angel voice has whispered it to us from the first, and also that the respite would come in time to stay the execution.

It is a cool pleasant morning this, our first in Maryville, and we gaze upon the beautiful village with its houses dotted here and there midst green hills and gaze upon the stretches of country with that refreshed feeling which is always experienced in the country, after leaving the dusty city, but there is a sad and solemn thought comes in, disturbs the repose. Can it be that this peaceful village is to be the scene of so terrible a tragedy? Cannot this angel whisper be verified, and may they not yet be saved? To-morrow is the day of execution. But who can tell what a day may bring forth?

We proceed immediately after breakfast to see Mrs. Talbott, and she goes with us to the small coop-like jail, where the two boys are confined. We have heard various reports concerning the boys, as being hard characters, etc., and although we did not believe them, we were even astonished to see the bright, handsome faces which greet us with a smile, shake hands with us conversing as easily as though we had met them in a parlor. Their clear, honest blue eyes meet yours with a steadfast gaze and there are no traces of guilt.

They both speak of the subject freely, say all they desire is a fair trial. We mentioned the fact that we believed the murderer to be a political enemy when Albert says: "Yes, that is what father said before he died," as he lived until two o'clock next day. He says also: "I have predicted that, if we were only allowed to live, it would be proven before a year that we are innocent. Mrs. Merrick said, "If you were guilty we do not believe in hanging," when the younger one says "Yes, I think we ought to be hung if we did it, but we did not do it."

To our readers, who yet do not understand why they were sentenced, we will briefly state a few facts. After the burial of the Dr., the mother and son gave in their testimony, which was at first satisfactory, but after a time the mother, two elder boys and a hired man named Wiatt were arrested on suspicion. But the mother was held in bond of \$1,000 and the others held under arrest, and by some plan it seems Wiatt turned states evidence, pretending the boys had murdered their father, and told him about it. A detective was brought forward some time afterward, and an uncle of the boys—by marriage; these all testified that the boys had confessed the same to them. The boys were upon this miserable, paltry sworn evidence, condemned to be hung. We must here pause and consider. What is the state of our nation, when a man may be condemned to be hung with no other evidence than that sworn by persons whose characters are very questionable?

Our readers now have a very slight idea of the case as it stands, and we shall proceed with the description of the scene. People already stood in knots here and there, conversing in a low tone; every thing was quiet and orderly, when we spoke to the sheriff in regard to the act he was about to perform, tears almost came into his eyes, although he said he could do the deed, and if he did not some one else would. We soon met Col. Lafe Dawson with a dispatch stating that the hired man Wiatt who is subject to fits and had one in the courtroom at the time of trial, had changed base, and said he did not now believe the boys guilty, and gave as the reason for so swearing that his mind was so beclouded from the influence of the fit, that he did not know what he was doing. As the detective who was also a principal witness against them is now in jail for robbing the mail, it was thought very probable the Governor would grant a respite. The man Mitchell, uncle of the boys, as the time wore on, seemed restless and, in conversation with the writer, said he would not like to see them hung, and would do any thing for them except perjure himself.

Evening came, and yet the Governor had not decided, although he promised a decision by ten o'clock on Friday. The scaffold was in process of erection, and the distress of the family present—consisting of Mrs. Talbott, four daughters, three boys, younger than the two sentenced, the affianced bride of the eldest boy, and other relatives—was very deep. All hope seemed gone. The little star, which seemed to have gleamed through the inky darkness of the dense cloud which overshadowed them, seemed receding and fading, and the gaunt despair almost enveloped them; yet the boys—especially Albert—were hopeful. As we tried to comfort their grief it seemed almost madness to bid them have hope which would only be the more terrible, were they crushed. Still a voice as of thought seemed to whisper to our inner souls: "It will come and the boys will be saved," and we felt strength enough to say: "As long as there is life there is hope."

At break of day most of the inhabitants of Maryville were astir, and the scene which greeted the earliest riser was one which he had never before witnessed in their quiet village. Teams were crowded over the adjoining hills; dense crowds of people had already assembled; the hotels were filled to overflowing from distant cities, and the morning trains brought hundreds more. Come to see a murder! Women were there with infants in their arms, small children following them. The thought arose: Once there was such a large assemblage of people gathering together 18 centuries ago, and the purest character that ever lived was lifted to gratify a rabble crowd. Will the Governor like Pilate say to the bloodthirsty crowd, "Do with them as you will." Every effort had been made the night previous to extort from them a confession. They were placed in separate cells, and each told that the other had confessed to this terrible accusation, but all of no avail; they could not wring from the boys a falsehood. Two priests of the Catholic church conversed with them, and baptized them. Other ministers also offered words of consolation, but they preferred the Catholic. They are now resigned, and almost without hope await the time of execution.

Oh, how terrible is this awful suspense! As the friends anxiously await the decision of one moment which shall spare their lives or send them out into the unknown regions without a hope of recall, if their innocence was instantaneously proved. The crowd rolls in like the sweep of some great wave, moiving, restless, lashing the shores of life; and the beach, or rather, we say, the beacon light to which they steer their bark is the execution of two boys, one as yet a child; too young says one to place in penitentiary; therefore they must die. Will they? Ah there is hope. We await anxiously to hear the doom or the respite. The mother has wept until tears almost fail to come; we are with her; we are told by one, who has conversed with the Governor a few days previous, that he had said he could not interfere. Still, we say: He will. We still feel that he will realize that there is great doubt in regard to the evidence given, and we know that he is a man of sound

judgment, and will be guided by it. As we speak the joyful news comes. A respite for thirty days. We feel all the gratitude in our nature to arise, as we hear the news. Hurrying to the side of the mother, we find that she takes it with a thankful heart, only weeping a little more forcibly with joy, and then arises ready for action. May God give her strength and power to prove the innocence of her boys is our desire.

We have no personal interest in the parties, as they are entire strangers to us, and ever would have been had it not been through this sad fatality. But we are friends and lovers of justice, and ever shall be found on the side of justice, or what we deem such. And we believe there is an inward talisman which may guide in every particular.

Albert's affianced and two sisters were in the cell with the boys when the news came, and about twenty minutes previous Albert says to the former, "The good news is coming; I feel it!"

We talked to many of the citizens and the general expression was that the Governor had done a noble deed, and even those who believed they were guilty favored a commutation of the sentence to imprisonment for life, and many, who had thought them guilty, had changed their opinion on this last day. *How terrible!* it would have been had they this day been murdered and afterward proved innocent!

At nine o'clock Sheriff Toel received the following telegram:

JEFFERSON CITY, June 24, 1881:—The execution of Albert and Charles E. Talbott is hereby postponed until Friday, July 22. I will send written instructions at once. Answer immediately. THOS. T. CRITTENDEN.

As the Sheriff and prosecuting attorney rode through the streets proclaiming the news; there was no audible murmur of discontent or cheer of applause. The crowd seemed stupefied; the blow came with such a force—so suddenly to the expectant crowd; they were stunned.

But every justice loving individual, and there were many there who hailed the news with silent joy which could not be expressed and the bloodthirsty villains who had collected to gratify an insatiate animal desire could not collect their forces readily. They were completely unnerved by this surprise. The jail was completely guarded by one hundred armed men, and other friends of the family, who were pledged to stand by them until death, moved hither and thither quietly, but with determination through the rabble crowd, hearing the low muttering as the gnashing of wild beasts who had been suddenly robbed of their prey. And these friends were also ready for action. Not a word escaped their lips but they were prepared had the riotous crowd rushed to the onset.

Slowly the crowd disperses, but many loiter, curiosity and restless hope not yet satisfied.

This motley crew which would have torn the boys from the arms of justice had not so much prejudice against the unfortunate victims, as it was this beastly desire to see an inhuman sight. It was composed of the men that constitute border ruffians; such men as were termed bush-whackers, in the time of the war of the great rebellion; who fought on

neither side, because they believed it right, but concealed themselves in wood and glen for the purpose of plunder and murder. Who carried out their murderous designs upon innocent women and children. Such a spirit has been known always in the annals of history. It is the piratical spirit of ancient times, and now in this great and final effort for justice in the United States—this justice which must be obtained at this time, from brothers and kindred rather than from the oppressors of foreign shares—we see this plunderous spirit rise rampant and until the mighty power of our free country cripples such barbaric power, the lives of our people will be in danger. Men will be shot down in the midst of a quiet hearthstone by a black-hearted, vile assassin; innocent ones will be condemned, and the same vile hand will rise again to plunge them into the seething abyss. But blessed be the power which raised a leader in the form of Washington, to lead the oppressed people to a seat of victory, to a state of comparative peace, for a time—it will be done again.

IDA M. MERRILL.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY OF SPIRITISM.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

Webster defines Religion "the recognition of God as an object of worship, love and obedience."

Theology—moral Theology teaches the divine laws as they relate to moral character and conduct; natural Theology, the knowledge of God from His works by the light of Nature and Reason."

Spiritism teaches a reciprocal or compound Religion, and Theology, not the foundationless thing taught by the schools of past sects and systems, or the doubtful negation of material philosophy; but in its certainty of phenomena, it enlarges our conception of God—unseen, and yet more clearly seen in his works as we advance in knowledge; while time, age, or exchange of works seen or to be seen can add nothing to our Religion or Theology, or our conception and consequent worship of God, only as we examine the laws of nature, visible or invisible; in proportion as we do this, we become more truly and more profound worshippers of God; and better understanding our own relative nature and position, we realize more fully our responsibility to God and to our fellow beings.

Material science claims only spontaneous production, and ignores or at least evades the intelligent, great first cause, because it, the finite, cannot discover and demonstrate the Infinite; like the owl that should de-

ny and hoot at the sunlight, because its eyes can only see in and into the glimmering lights of evening or the shades of midnight; thus antagonizing all Religion, and giving no substitute for its consolatory Faith.

On the other hand, what religion is there in creeds and forms? If there is any, it is only a blind acceptance, that gives no reason for its faith or its worship, and imperatively—tyrannically demands assent, and a blind zeal, unworthy of the education of this age, and from its unadaptedness, now being cast into the dusty museum of the past ages.

What are the uses of the present theological organizations? It will, and may be truthfully said, that they are the fostering mothers of the Race, as Jesus would liken himself to the hen, that should gather the chickens under her wings; but for what purpose are they gathered together? Verily it is, and has been in the long terrible past, to anathematise all other hens and their chickens, altho' of the same blood, and create and feed the fires, that have continued discords and wars, and family and maternal hatred, all down the dark centuries of the past; and to-day making impossible the universal Republic, and the universal language, that only can truly civilize humanity, and make man an indivisible, sympathetic Fraternity!

If you are intelligent, be honest, and answer to yourself, if this is true or the forced figure of a proposition.

And now to what use should the Religion and Theology of Modern Spiritism be applied, outside of its phenomenal assurance?

I assume in the light of the past and present, in view of the failure of all other systems, that if humanity is to be refined in its physical, and elevated in its spiritual condition, the one and the other can only be done—and it can and must be done by spiritism.

Is not this a bold proposition? say you. I answer no; and my reasons are these—history has proven that the past systems are not adequate to the present demands; is this an assumption? No! the modern propagators of them all, acknowledge constantly and bewail the fact; from the superstitious zealot up or down to the most fastidious philosopher; and their jails, and navies, and standing armies, and insane asylums and the universal injustice between man and his brother, confirm their admissions, and the fact of my assumption.

And the sequence? Why it is my proposition; if man is not forsaken of God, he must progress; and if the best of the race have that desire, what is there in the analogy of nature to render the aspiration an abor-

tion? Negation and animal life ask for water; is it not given? The heart asks its sympathies; are they not somewhere to be found? The mighty intellect of man asks for its peer; does it not spring as from the head of Jove, and echo its reverberant thunders from the high olympus, till the storms descend and the flowers of the valley answer in loving smiles?

Up then, O Spiritualists! Your duty and your destiny are more than "seeking a sign," the eternal demand of demonstrative phenomena; it is the elevation, the civilization, the fraternization, the equalization, and the grand co-operation of the universal brotherhood! Are you prepared for this? Or do you wish a little longer to give the time and space of your journals to the discussion of whether every medium is genuine or false; or whether the holy books jumped on the table of the Nicine council or not, or whether Blackstone or Tuttle or Davis or the inspired Richmond are not mistaken?

Is there not an abominable heredity in the world, whose mothers, whose fathers and whose children are its sad, woeful victims of physical suffering and disease; and of mental depression, imbecility and irresponsibility; a multitude untold of patients who can never be cured—to whom contagion is an irresistible lodestone, and the flowery paths of health, are imagined to be the byways of sorrow? Are there not grand mountains of truth and logic, that kiss heaven, and lead men up to their God? And are not these hereditary victims too feeble, too bleareyed to scale the heights and receive the tables of the law from the hands of God? And woe is man! if this new Religion has no physician to cure, and no philosopher to convince and to save the victims!

Is there no adaptive sociology, in spiritism, that shall take this arab world of ours (where every man's hand is against his fellow) and place the lambs of innocence and purity and love, into the green pastures of spiritual food and gladness?

Are there no men of wealth among us who have hearts big enough to build a school for the prophets, and make them strong in the service of God and the people, instead of letting our mediums remain as was a Jesus—without where to lay their heads?

Have we not strong men who can place their hands on the heart of a Czar, make its blood flow warmly, gently and nobly, till he shall take the people by the hand, and lift them to seats beside his throne, and make Nihilism as its name implies—nothing and an impossibility?

Give us these workers, endow us with these virtues, and we will show the world and give to the world ourselves and it, a profound veneration to the all powerful, the all good, the all soul, to God; that shall make us and the world the glad subjects of a noble humility and a warm veneration, such as the past has never even imagined, and make us and it, the advance warriors of joyfulness and peace on earth; and make the latter days more glad, more perfect, more bright and golden, than all the dreams of all the prophets.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

In our last, Abram had bid his servant to go to the land of his own kindred, and select a wife for his son. The faithful servant, also, felt the great responsibility which rested upon him, and accordingly with ideas similar to Abram's, yet unaccompanied by the complete faith, he proceeds on his journey. Arriving at the city which was his destination, at the time of even, when the women came to draw water, he causes his camels to kneel down ready for drink, and made the following sign:

"And let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say: 'Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink, and she shall say: Drink and I will give thy camels drink also—Let the same be she that Thou hast appointed for thy servant, Isaac.'"

Whilst he was speaking a beautiful maiden, by the name of Rebekah, came to the well to draw water. When he asked her for a drink she said: Drink my lord. And when he had finished drinking she said: I will draw water for the camels also.

As she hastened to do so, he wondered whether the Lord had prospered his journey. But as he had requested the Lord to make this sign, he presented the maiden with a golden earring, and two gold bracelets, asking her if in her fathers house he might obtain lodging.

She answered: We have both straw and provender enough and room to lodge in. And the man worshiped the Lord. She ran before, and told the family of the visitor, and Rebekah's brother, named Laban, ran out to meet him.

Upon entering the house, the servant told them of his mission to their country, of the sign he had made unto himself, and now requested them to answer whether they were in unison with the request, or should he go further?

"Laban answered: The thing proceedeth from the Lord; we cannot speak bad or good. Behold! Rebekah is before thee. Take her and go, and let her be thy master's son's wife, as the Lord has spoken.....

And they called Rebekah, and said unto her: Wilt thou go with this man? She answered, I will go."

Here we have the true, the real idea, the spiritual truth represented by an occurrence; actual or supposed as the case may be, the hidden or spiritual meaning is beautiful. There is a high and holy power which should guide and direct, which should and would lead in the proper direction in this most important epoch, of the life of two individuals who are to be cast into the same channel of life's stream, who are to live for and labor with each other, who are to glide smoothly into one harmonious stream, or to be cast farther and farther apart by the inharmony of the two who are to become a perfect being—one in the angelic qualities or two dissevered fragments, vainly trying to bring together the tangled chords of their existence, but may not for the keys of each are the part in some other melody, and naught arises but discord—the more the keys are struck the more forcibly is revealed the fact that they are parts of unfinished melodies, but broken forever by one mistake. Ah! then perceive the pure diamond. There is an overruling Power, a high and *holy* power which would have all laws perfect, and this upon which depends our race, our nation, our morals, and our intellect, should be regarded with the most sacred veneration. The act of a moment is to unite into a harmonious beauty, which shall lead out into a path where the pure blossoms of love, hope and trust shall constantly spring; where the glad streams of heaven shall bubble: clear and limpid, sparkling and brilliant; where love shall strengthen into a perfect bond of union, and time only unite the harmonious chords to sweeter, grander, more inspiring symphonies, into brilliant triumphal marches, grand and jubilant swells, with ever and anon the gentle sonata of rest, and perhaps the mournful dirge of a day may sweep over the instrument, but the harmonious sadness, only unites the more firmly, for it is not discordant. Or, on the other hand, it is to be a constant warfare; the two may perhaps, with superhuman efforts, attempt to attune the keys of each sepa-

rate existence, and may to some extent stifle the outer discord. But back in the past—years ago—when a little infant lay upon its mother's breast, we looked into that soul, and we saw the characteristics of that individual which was to be; and the germinal principal, of the man or woman, we saw there; and only to these capacities, contained in the germ, could the individual be cultivated. And we looked upon another who likewise was fondled by a loving mother, the idol of a doting father, and the characteristics of that individual were alike within the tiny bud yet unfolded. These two, widely separated were united by a parent, or kindred union of the same sphere in spiritual unfoldment, and as the characteristics are developed, if the parents, like Abram, are willing to be led by a higher power, in selecting life companions for their children, it does lead. Material things are moved by the spiritual. The spirit controls the body; the Great Spirit of the universe moves the ponderous weight life, and as the movements of others or developing circumstances may to a certain extent control or cripple the power of our spirits, or *will* as it is termed by so many, so by our opposition to the great power which moves the universe, we may retard the beautiful perfect law—which were all men brought into that harmonious, childlike state, willing to be led, knowing that it would always be a path of beauty—all would be submitted to right, and we should have a smiling, blooming Eden, a joyous, loving band of humanity.

No discordant melodies, no broken fragments, no dissevered links, no dastardly crimes, no pits of destruction, no groans of agony, no sighs of despair, no Rachel weeping for her children, no children crying for a loving parents care, who has by some demoniac passion deserted them. All would see the perfect road, and walk therein with joy and gladness, and the joyful cadences, which would swell on the evening air, would make the mighty corridors of heaven ring with the most joyous music ever heard by mortal, angel, seraphim, arch angel, and God, himself, can only see a fitness, a perfection of his labors when such is the case, when He has triumphed over the power of Satan, and brought all out into the sunlight of *perfect Love*.

IDA M. MERRILL.

We shall soon have A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT covered in book form

WORDS OF CHEER.

What a cold, cheerless world this would be, as we pass along the journey of life attempting to lift the ponderous weight, did no encouraging, hopeful words fall like gentle dewdrops into the heart. "You will receive a reward;" we hear from stranger lips, when we have done what we know to be a true act. It is a flower of cheer; it blossoms; and the speaker has perhaps forgotten the expression, little dreaming the power accomplished. The fainting sinking heart again pulsates more freely, and again the burden is lifted.

Again the words "God bless you," sink into the same recess. He does, and the blessing came with the words. A simple smile and nod of approval, and another ray of light glitters into the garden of the soul. "I wish you success," and our souls arise with hope. Success! Ah we may obtain success, and the world recks not. What matters? Down in the depths of the soul, there arises a fountain: It bubbles. It flows from the pure channel, and we say: the cheering words, of those whom we know not by name, whom we may perhaps never meet, for whom we have never done aught, have kept it flowing. We have zealously cast our bread upon the waters at one point, and it returns to us in a distant clime when we are well nigh famishing. We are strengthened by the wholesome food. We derive profit and hope, as well as zeal from the sympathy and appreciation of those who read deeper than the surface, who understand the power which sustains the spirit. The simple smile, the pitying glance of an ignorant one is balm to the soul of hurried ones who fain would bear others burdens, e'en though they almost exhaust the bearer.

Let us take the sweet path of beauty, and scatter words of cheer, smiles of approval where ever we may pass in the toilsome journey. We know not the mission of encouragement, and we realize not the deadly bane of discouraging words. How often it is that those in whom we have most relied, for whom we could have done most, cast the barbed arrows of depression into our hearts, whilst unexpectedly a stranger tone gives the word of cheer, the hope of success, and scatters the blossoms which we have recklessly placed upon idols of stone, and we say: The encouraging words come when we need them much; and we gaze into the depths of the great mirror of life, and see the reflection of the long, past cheer which we lavishly bestowed, and see that nothing is lost; it returns to us as sent—sweet, beautiful, fragrant blossoms of loving kindness, and wholesome bread when we are famishing. IDALIN E.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"Oh, yes! I see how it is perfectly now; you may catch a gleam also; you may see the thought which I see, and cannot express; you may gather the sermon from the same source that I do—if sermon you term it."

"Yes, I feel that there is a grandeur in life which cannot be expressed in words, a deep and hidden beauty which is revealed to the inner sense through the objects in nature or flights of lofty aspirations, indefinable."

"Eva, you will find that Clint agrees with you upon many subjects, and you will perhaps gain many ideas from him, as I have, and he from you; for the thoughts I received last summer at Floral vale, have come to me many times since and have led my mind out into new fields of thought."

"That is the idea," says Clint, "it is waking up the mind which benefits us—not following in the beaten track of another, but receiving proper direction and making new paths."

Each for a moment seemed busy with inward thoughts, and no reply was made to the last remark as it seemed no more could be said that would add to this statement. But each was reaching out into some new channel of thought, perhaps. But presently Harry says:

"Eva, you remember of whom I wrote to you?"

"Oh yes! and he died here did he not?"

Yes, here in Ben's cottage; come over and I shall show you the room."

Aunt Lucy, Ben's wife, we have entirely overlooked in our sketch, but shall now introduce her to our readers. She is a real African of the old fashioned type, and as she appears in the doorway we shall describe her Head thrown back with the usual characteristic of her type, her face fairly glossy in its jetty blackness, teeth white as pearl, and plainly visible, as there was a real grin upon her countenance at sight of Eva.

"Aunt Lucy, it is not necessary to tell you this is Eva."

"Law bless you honey! I'd known ye enny whar. Yis, jest the picture of your mothah. Lah honey! ise so glad to see ye. Come right in to my room; your mothah's done it hundred times; no pride like

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 39.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

The truth and importance of spirit communication is beyond doubt with millions of people to-day; and spirits of men and women come to me for sympathy, and to gain an influence over evil, by the door being opened between the visible and invisible worlds through the harmony of a medium and myself. We two have consecrated ourselves, and are willing to make any sacrifices required of us for the development of truth and the light of love in this lower sphere of existence. We are not deranged, or filled with ideas of fame, or the accumulation of money—not looking for favors of any kind, but feel the strength of a Samson to stand before the face of all opposition, knowing the Supreme power, that moves the universe, can move mountains of difficulties from before us, and the spirits of mortals that we commune with have not deceived us, and never will. They come for good, not evil. They have tried us, and found us not wanting in courage or perseverance. We have launched our bark on the sea of reform, and it floats through the breakers gallantly; the obstacles thrown into the current have no power to obstruct our course. When one says, “you will not succeed in obtaining a pass on railroads or boats,” we feel a slight shock, as it was a trial to think of asking a favor before we were prepared to give an equivalent, but we put down the helm and steered for the port, and received the pass, and sailed out with a fair wind from Hannibal to St. Joe. on a splendid palace car, furnished with every convenience for the comfort of travelers; officers polite and attentive. The spirit manifested in giving the pass (an editor) was generous, and produced an influence that we took with us to Maryville, which is of more value to the

cause we advocate than many times the price of the pass. The company threw into the treasury of progression, twenty-six dollars, planted a seed of love to one's neighbor that will grow and bring forth fruit of seed according to that planted. Atoms form the globe, and atoms of goodness form globes or spheres of love, and all those, who plant the little seeds, record the same in the spirit world every day, and many will be surprised at their reception in that summer land, and exclaim, "When did we visit you in prison, or clothe you when naked, or feed you when hungry?" Not knowing when they did the little acts of kindness that it would produce such a happy result.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

SPIRITUALISM AT LAW—INFORMATION NEEDED.

Light, the new journal in London, speaking of the Fletcher trial reports that Judge Hawkins said, setting aside testimony, which was waiting, from eminent men as to their knowledge of Spiritualism, that the case would have to be judged by the jury in the light of "ordinary experience."

We gave extracts from this same journal, wherein the position was editorially taken—in substance—that as matters now stand in the United Kingdom it was impossible—unless the laws governing the giving of evidence, and the rulings relative to what evidence consisted of, were radically changed—for Spiritualism and its public instruments to secure a fair trial or an adequate hearing in a British court of justice (?).

One of the most significant results of Davies-Fletcher case so recently closed—and in regard to which the language of *Light* was used—has been that it has awakened the attention of the believers in the New Dispensation in Great Britain in a greater degree than ever before as to the harness of statutory and prohibitory enactments with which they are really and hopelessly girt round about. In regard to this condition of affairs, *Light* admits virtually—and probably voices the opinion of the greater number of English Spiritualists, that it sees but little hope for the amelioration of existing conditions save the popular information concerning Spiritualism—its phenomena and teachings.

While invoking the aid of the courts for the settlement of mooted questions it is self-evident that the parties so invoking must not look to these tribunals for right reason, but for law; still it is also patent that

law, as a system, can be kept right with reason, only by the enlightenment of the public mind—which enlightenment tends to practical results at last upon the statute books, through the recurrence of test-cases and the self-sacrificing efforts of the few who in every country and community seek for honest legislation as the “pearl of great price.”

By a curious coincidence (and as an echo, as it were of the editorial declarations of *Light*) in the same number of that paper to which we have referred, appears a letter signed by the author “Friends in Council;” and headed “A Plea for Investigation.” It begins thus:

“I wish I could persuade men of science and men who have peculiar gifts of Investigation and examination, that it would be most desirable for them and a worthy employment of their gifts, to examine what, for want of a better term, we may call spiritual phenomena.”

The name of that author is Arthur Helps. For many years—and he may be so still, for aught that we know to the contrary—Sir Arthur was private secretary to Queen Victoria.

WE return thanks to Commodore Davidson, and Jas. A. Lyon, general passenger agent of St. Louis & St. Paul Packet Company, for the passes received, and the kind, benevolent spirit which desires that we use them frequently. We must say, as we were so pleasantly entertained, so well pleased with our trip both to and from St. Louis, in that elegant abode, the Gem City, we shall when we have the time improve the opportunity. Time is so precious to us that we cannot enjoy the favor as we would, but our thanks are as hearty as though it were many trips we would take. But our influence we shall use to induce others to recuperate their health by taking a trip upon the river. The rates are very low, and next week we shall publish them in full, that our readers may find it will be advantageous, and yet not cost a fortune to take a trip upon the Mississippi, gaining health and spirits, and having something new to talk of for some time.

Dear Readers, place your hand to the plow and practically labor in your own field, send us description of your work, your views in regard to reform. Capital punishment, new methods of procuring a better state of order, peace and harmony throughout the world.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"Law bless you honey! I'd known ye enny whar. Ye's jest the pictur of your mothah. Lah honey! Ise so glad to see ye. Come right in to my room; your mothah's done it a hundred times; no pride like that in her. But jest as proud as a peacock about good mannahs. That's what I tells Ben about poor John Lee's chillun. They'll come out of the kenks, cause theyse got the right sort o' blood in em, if their poor fathah did die a drunkard."

"Yes! Aunt Lucy, I *shall* come. How delighted I am to know that you knew mama. What pleasure it will be to me to come and hear you talk of her."

"Harry how sad it was about that drunken man. John Lee of whom you wrote me, whatever became of the wife and children?"

"Some benevolent ladies established them in a pleasant cottage with a grass plat for the children, furnished her a cow and a few necessary articles of comfort for the cottage; the children placed in school with comfortable clothes, and as soon as she had regained her health and strength, she was furnished with fine washing and ironing from the 'Girl's Boarding School,' and now makes a comfortable living, and her children are healthy, happy children as you will find, and are amongst the brightest in school, outstripping many of their companions who have been in school regularly."

"That was splendid in those ladies," exclaimed Eva; "I want to get acquainted with them. That is just as I have always thought I should do if I were wealthy and lived in a city where gran'ma has told me there is so much suffering. How noble it was for them to place her in a condition that she might independently support herself and family."

"Yes," says Clint, "at the time of the accident, it occurred to me that, would some good samaritan, only lend a helping hand, the mother might be spared this double affliction of being deprived of her children. She now is able to shield them with a mothers love, and to support them independently. I am proud that our city contains several organizations of such ladies—also assisted by some of our leading men. They make

it their work to ascertain the real state of the poor, and to ameliorate their condition. They have been recently formed, and a great amount of home mission work has been accomplished in a short time. A far more worthy object it seems to me than sending missionaries to the heathen. As I have sat in the church of God, when the missionary box was passed, and heard the eloquent appeals for the poor heathen, the thought always comes, 'we have heathen nearer home.' "

"Yes," says Harry, "if we cannot care for suffering humanity near us it seems to me that the spirit which prompts foreign missionary work is not exactly the true spirit."

Says Eva, "If our sympathies are not aroused by what we see, they cannot be by that which we do not see."

Their conversation was interrupted by Willie bounding into their midst saying auntie desired them all to come in that she might converse with the boys, and learn what had transpired during her absence. Here we shall leave them and visit the Kent mansion.

As they sit in the library after tea, the father listens with interest to the glowing descriptions of the summer scenes, of the beautiful vale, the mountain trip and pleasant cottage, and even Mrs. Ernest listens with an unusual degree of animation. Then she tells of the last sad scene and says:

"How delighted I would be to have Eva here with me as she is. It would be without a ripple my joy would, only Eva is so sad over losing her grandmother."

"My, dear daughter," says Mrs. Ernest. "It will be a part of your work to make up to her the loss, and to draw her mind away from the affliction. Her grandmother was aged, and could not have remained here long. Therefore it will not be so difficult for her to be reconciled."

"Oh no! I think after the first outbreak of grief, and she had reasoned calmly and quietly she became resigned."

"Yes," says Mrs. Ernest, "your winter must be spent in society, and you may introduce Eva, and soon her mind will be occupied. I have made preparations to give you a reception shortly."

"Oh, mama, let us wait a little while until just as Harry leaves for college at least, for Eva could not be induced to attend immediately."

"I think Alice is right, dear," says Mr. Ernest, "and in the meantime the girls may visit various places of interest in the city, the art gallery,

parks and gardens. Here her mind will be quieted, and the sorrow will gradually recede, and she will become accustomed to her new life."

* * * * *

We pass over the incidents which immediately followed. Alice had faithfully carried out a programme which she thought would interest Eva, had been assisted by Harry, and often when leisure could be obtained Clint Obert had accompanied them, and now the time draws near when Harry and Clint are to go to Vassar and the night previous the day appointed for their departure Alice's reception was to be given.

Again the Kent mansion was a scene of brilliant illumination without, and within a scene of festive gaiety. Every nook and cranny is festooned with evergreens and flowers, lovely arches and miniature summer houses in various parts of the room. Expense nor pains had been spared by Mrs. Ernest to make this, what she termed perfection.

Alice, the center of attraction, was arrayed in a pearl colored satin, but, in spite of her mother's entreaties to the contrary, she wore no ornaments save a bunch of natural flowers at her throat, and others in her hair. Eva, in her sable robes presented quite a contrast to our Fairy Queen as she stood by the side of Alice to be introduced to the scores of friends assembled this evening. All were enjoying the pleasant chit-chat; various groups were collected conversing upon subjects interesting to all; others were having quiet *tete-a-tetes* in the miniature summer houses, beneath the arches or in the conservatory whose beautiful grandeur was only rendered more perfect under the brilliant gas light. Eva and our friend—whom we shall dignify by the title of Mr. Obert in the future, as Harry says: "He is to go to college, and perhaps leave as professor, and he must gradually leave the boy titles in the distance"—had strolled into the conservatory, and now in a remote corner had taken seats where they might converse upon the subject which had become so interesting to both. Eva had found that her description or faint outline of her cousin's friend, was correct and his thoughtful ideas had been sometimes a little in advance of her own, whilst he claimed he never conversed with the "woodland brownie," as Harry had christened her upon her arrival at S—, without gaining some deeper insight into the great problem—life, although expressed with the simple, artlessness of a child, it came bubbling from her soul as the mountain stream does from its source, he says to Harry.

The quiet hours, which she had spent in the vales, when she had let

her mind go out, searching after the whys and wherefores, she had drank in the inspirations of nature, drank waters from the living fountain, and there had arisen within her soul a well-spring of life which could not be quenched.

We shall not listen to the conversation of the two, but shall leave them here; they have examined the many species of plants which have been collected from various points of the earth, and now will follow the strain which the circumstances develop.

There is an elevation of spirit, in contemplating thoughtfully the great field of nature, which is not found elsewhere. The mind in a deep survey of His works reverts to the Great Author.

We now must look upon Alice; she is the centre of a merry group, and has visited each one separately, until this is the last, feeling then that her duty as hostess would be discharged, and that she might have the desired *tele a tete* with Harry, as she had promised, for to-morrow she must bid him good-bye - her foster-brother and companion, and the thought brings with it something of sadness; it is as the breaking of some link of their school days; they had studied together so long, but now their paths must seemingly diverge; he to still continue mounting the ladder of learning, whereas she must, against her own will, carry out a fashionable farce, must take a part in the drama whilst her soul is famishing for food. Oh, loving and idolizing mother! could you but look into your child's soul, see there the pure mirror where is reflected her desires, see the beauty of the life she *would* live, you would shudder to see what fearful mutilation is the work of your hand.

As Alice emerges, from this group with a smile and a sigh of relief, the mother meets her accompanied by a gentleman, a stranger in their midst saying, "my daughter, you have met Mr. Sinclair this evening, and as he is a stranger with us, it devolves upon you to render it agreeable for him."

Her heart sinks within her but, without a tremor, she answers pleasantly:

"Yes, mama, certainly," and with a heavy heart she again takes her part in the play, and listens to the silly flattery of the stranger. Fully a half hour has passed, and still there is no hope for Alice, but to finish the remnant of the evening in the irksome company, as no one comes to her relief. She has passed through the conservatory with him, but there was not the depth of feeling called forth which had been by the others

whom we left here. The senseless expressions, of the gentleman, filled Alice with so much disgust and pity, that she had not opportunity for any deeper thoughts. Just as they emerged from the conservatory they met a party who were discussing an interesting topic, and called upon her for an expression; adroitly turning the question to Mr. Sinclair she managed to arouse his interest somewhat, and soon after excused herself saying, she feared she was neglecting some of her many visitors. She found Harry impatient, and almost angry at the seeming neglect, but her first remark was satisfactory.

"It seems the fates are against me. I have been obliged to listen to that senseless flattery, and sycophantic voice the last half hour, and am fairly fatigued."

"Yes, and I have been almost calling down eternal vengeance upon him, but as he can scarcely be dignified with the title man, I shall let my vengeance become pity, and pass him by with silent contempt.

CORA CORAL.

WHAT IS A TRUE SENSE OF JUSTICE.

TO MY FRIEND MRS. ELOSIA EVANS.

Our friends in distress,
 We claim in success;
 Our friends through sorrow—
 The friends for to-morrow;
 Our friends in the cloud,
 When fierce thunder loud
 Resound through the air,
 When no path seems fair;
 When afflictions deep,
 Our frail barque would sweep
 Into the chaos—despair,
 When groans rend the air,
 These friends strong and brave,
 Who our frail barques save,
 Who with gentle hand,
 And nobility grand,
 Stand firm at the helm, then,
 These are they who, when,

Our gallant barque's launched
 Safe on a peaceful shore,
 We grasp by the hand,
 Say: Our friends evermore,

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

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But the friend of to-day,
And to-morrow a rift—
The turbulent waves sway
Has cast false ones a drift.

Let them float with the wave,
We must cling to the friend
Who our frail barque did save—
E'en until life does end.
A heartfelt gratitude
Fills our mouth with praise,
To one who from sorrow,
Our dear spirits raise.

The friend, who snatches us
With firm hand from the grave,
Who lifts us so gently,
The flickering life does save,
We ne'er forget tho' sometime,
In the battle's fierce rage,
When sorrow, crime and sin
Our thoughts so much engage,

We seem not to remember
The works of love and kindness,
But ne'er, in the heart's deep well,
Does come the cloak of blindness.
We always hold the memory
Of true, faithful, noble aid,
And tho' we may not prove it so,
The friend in need is ne'er repaid.

Save by lasting, friendship true,
Alike administering the balm
To every suffering son of earth,
To change the storm into a calm,
To cheer another fainting soul,
To prove the innocent are so,
To prove the power of justice grand
Is greater than a nation's woe.

To prove the power of mighty right,
Shall grandly triumph at the last;
And great will be the light of love,
Which shall bind humanity fast;
Love and kindness ne'er did murder;
Love and kindness lifts a brother;
Pities, forgives the weak, frail one,
Ne'er taught man to kill another.

Then friends, so true,
We would say to you:
If adverse be thy fate,
Till the storm shall abate,
We stand by thy barque,
Will scatter clouds dark,
And guide, with our love,
Which came from above.

'A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

The fierce wave athwart,
 For within the heart
 Does a link unite
 Each soul in the Right,
 And to a false friend,
 Who with us may blend,
 The same law of light
 We would use for right;
 We would lead above
 To a clime of love,
 But our spirits grand
 Can never descend
 To the clime, so dark,
 Where no bright spark
 Lights the weary soul.
 We would sin control,
 And lift our brother,
 Teach the law: Love one another.
 No murderous crime of darksome hue
 Upon a nation or a man;
 No legal crime for the rabble dark,
 E'en though led by the nation's van.
 No murder, else the law is void;
 A right to one free citizen.
 A right to all free born men,
 Thus says our noble constitution.
 A *rr*ight to kill—to take the life,
 Which man can never, *never* give,
 And though as innocent as babes;
 No more the power to bid them live?
 Can this be right? Can wrong be right?
 If once a wrong—always a wrong,
 Thus says the immutable law.
 Then swell the chorus, loud and long.
 When right we've found, we'll grasp it firm,
 And wrong we'll hurl with power below,
 For no two wrongs e'er made right;
 No man conquers who yields to his foe.
 No law e'er said that black was white;
 No law e'er made God a devil;
 No law e'er said that day was night,
 Then what's hanging if not evil?

IDA M. MERRILL.

The false reports which are being circulated in regard to the Talbott boys confessing to the crime of murder of their father, will only move in their favor, and prove that a fearful effort has been in progress to crush down the power of right which was inspired through the great orator, Dr. Talbott, and which descends to his sons with renewed energy. But Right shall conquer.

"IN THE SWEET BYE AND BYE."

The heart that poured forth this sweet yet melancholly strain and the heart that gave it birth knew the deepest depths of sorrow, else it never would have touched so keenly every soul. We never shall forget this beautiful song, nor the one particular time above all others we heard it—way out west, on the top of one of Colorado's highest peaks, and tears fill our eyes to-night as we sit alone and write of it while all of Quincy sleeps. We think with a tenderness which is born of serious thought, and wish so much that we could for a moment, speak to the author of the "Sweet Bye and Bye." We could look down into his heart and there, in the remotest corner, we should see a mournful pity—the swelling of an overflowing heart, sprinkled like dew drops so very gently over the hearts of men, in the words of this tender, gentle, but saddened: "Sweet Bye and Bye."

Go where you may, you can hear this pathetic melody, filling the well-springs of nature, as it always does, with softening, mellowing influences; with love, forgiveness and pity for the many in this beautiful world who know not what it is, this "Sweet Bye and Bye." Was there ever so much music in four simple words? There is hope wrapped up in them—an articulate beating of the human heart.

We have listened to this music many long years, and yet we never tire of it. As we have made long and perilous journeys from chair to table and from table back to chair again, we have heard this beautiful music—"Sweet Bye and Bye."

We have heard it many times. Once when all that was mortal of a son and brother was laid at rest among the drooping, sighing willows of Woodland. Again we heard it when two hearts that had lived and loved were separated. We heard it once again when every nerve was strung, and each last human power was given a mighty strength to believe that, perhaps, after all, there might be some truth for hope to cling to in the "Sweet Bye and Bye." But, alas, how unsatisfactory, how empty as we know, how absolutely ridiculous, how vague is that blind-faith which seems to enable women and children to deceive themselves into a belief that there is hope, re-union, salvation, rest, in the "Sweet Bye and Bye."

Every boy sings it—sometimes when he thinks of changing the little stubbed boots for those of the man. The man murmurs it—when he

thinks of putting off the mortal for the immortal—to-day for to-morrow. The weary watch for the morning and while away the dark hours with “bye and bye.”

Sometimes it sounds like a song, sometimes like a sob or a sigh. What would the world give to find it in almanacs—set down somewhere, no matter if in the dead of December—to know that it would surely come? But, fairy-like as it is—flitting like a star beam over the dewey shadows of years—no body can spare it and look upon the many times these words have beguiled us, the memory of the silver “Sweet Bye and Bye,” as the sunrise of the Ossian, pleasant, but mournful to the soul.—*Review.*

Hope and reason say there is no perfection in the universe, were it not that the “bye and bye” ushers us into a spiritual realm, where the “ills of the flesh” are left below and the glad beauty of soul-life tints every object, breathes into every heavenly flower a delightful fragrance where the loved ones gone before meet with loving words of yore, with smiles of joy welcome us to another clime, where the food of the spirit is unfailing, and all things speak of the goodness of a wise Creator, which could not be proven save by this perfection of plans which seem to have been undeveloped in the earth life. We gaze upon the starry firmament, the worlds innumerable, the grand concourse of humanity is of more importance than these and can it be annihilated—this soul which moves the material? No! oh no! it is not vague the hope of the sweet “bye and bye” we hear it echoed by each songster which greets us every new-born spring, and in the ripple of the streams as they sing with joy that they have emerged from the ice-bound spell of winter, and see it in every bud which bursts its prison bonds, emerging from the sleep of winter. No death! life cannot be destroyed, and the sleep of the grave will reveal the bye and bye.

Friends of justice and reform move with the mighty effort of the unseen power which is throwing aside the dark curtain of evil and is allowing the warm rays of light from the spirit world to flow in showing the origin of the evil and scattering the seeds of iniquity to the four winds, whilst the pure seeds of love, mercy and justice will take their place, spring up with a harvest of golden grain, precious and abundant fruitage.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

"And Rebekah arose, and her damsels and they rode upon camels and followed the man; and the servant took Rebekah and went his way."

It must have required faith on the part of Rebekah also, to leave home and kindred to go into a strange land to be united in that greatest tie to a stranger. But we here perceive again the truth contained in the illustration. In the design, we think the real idea is to impress mankind with the fact that there is an overruling power which will guide in all things—a power which is moving the material universe, and we have but to acknowledge that power—discover the law governing every incident of life, and we may live lives of harmony, of beauty, and be led by a Wiser hand, may see grandeur and glory revealed to us each day, may see the grand secret of life is not locked eternally by an awful, a terrible being called God, but may find the key which readily opens the gates into the city, and may walk therein with the celestial ones, may learn grand and beautiful lessons daily, and find that we learn them by becoming as little children, subjecting ourselves unto the powers that be, placing our hand, as it were, in the hand of the Great father of all, with the sweet trust, and loving confidence of the child who placing its hand within its fathers rests with confidence upon this stronger power, and follows where he leads.

It is this faith which cannot be shaken, which aids the trusting one who knows that "All things work together for good to those who love the Lord. Loving the Lord is not a simple worshiping of some idol, a God whom we have not seen, but is being submitted to the High and Holy power—right giving to every child of the dear Father's, sympathy, encouragement, strength and cheer as they may need, and despising naught but the evil which is cursing, is enchaining so many of our helpless brothers.

Thus Rebekah with faith followed where the Great Power led.

"And the servant told Isaac all things that he had done. And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent and she became his wife; and he loved her."

And he loved her! The only foundation to a true and happy marriage, and this lacking, it may be attended with all the pomp and pageantry of earth. It may be monarch to monarch, king to queen. Czar to Czarina, Emperor to Empress, and yet the foundation is upon sand, and the grand structure may rise up in the sunlight, gems and rubies glitter from the towering spires, yet, alas! it will totter and tremble, at the slightest breeze, and the first fierce blast which the north wind sends, your beautiful palace lies at your feet a hopeless ruin.

Isaac did not say: She has gold and lands; she will bring to me a rich dower of material wealth, did not consider it in that matter-of-fact, business point of view, that cool and calculating spirit, which weighs the opinion of the world, which reasons and wonders whether it will be material aid, an elevating self in the eyes of the world, whether a greater fame may be obtained, whether he might say to his brethren: See what great things I have done, but with simple, heart-free pure and holy thoughts, "he loved her, and was comforted after his mother's death." It is this love which is planted within the breast of mankind which subdues the fierce passions, which changes the desert places into blossoming, budding life, which elevates and ennobles, which rises above the turbulent and seething waters, and revels in a glad and beautiful heaven; and no tie was ever perfected where it was lacking. Think of the terrible consequence of uniting two lives into the one stream, as we have mentioned heretofore, and no congeniality, no similarity of tastes, no hopes in unison, and no love—this upon which rests all. This is the only power which will unite the separate lives into one beautiful channel, which shall widen and deepen, strengthen and purify, which shall bind the bonds only the more strongly, if misfortune's blast strikes or if trouble and distress, sickness and sorrow comes. Imagine two who have no regard for each other, only through some selfish motives have allowed themselves to be united into what should be the most sacred object in life; when a rude blast blows how can they withstand it, for the foundation is sandy, and the structure must fall.

Isaac loved her! This is the only reason we have given for the union, that indefinable, indescribable emotion which cannot be explained. Finite power cannot always describe why it is so, but the infinite power leads, and there is a deeper current than that which appears at the surface, which is only understood by the two; it is this link which draws the two by some secret attraction, and fulfills the perfect law. There-

fore it is dangerous and deadly for one to attempt either to make or to break these links. They are made by a holier power, and what "God hath joined together let no man put asunder." No man can govern these things, and in attempting to do so only works against the perfect law, and inharmony and chaos is the result. That which is desired is proven to be a failure, a terrible and uncontrollable evil, if not in accordance with the perfect law. It is too sacred, this upon which depends our future nation, our future intellect and progress, our future elevation or depression in the race of the free, to be lightly trifled with. There is but one law which governs, which purifies, elevates, ennobles, which makes marriage a perfect and unsullied stream, which scatters bright and beautiful blossoms all along the path, even though a dark cloud may hover for a time, which clears away many clouds, which removes the obstructions, and renders the difficult path the more easy of access, which gives joy even in distress, which cements the ties the more firmly as time advances; and that law is love.

IDA M. MERRILL.

GOD AND MAN.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

Down the profound eternal space,
Where fiery comets fly apace;
And distant suns their planets lead
And their grand fires forever feed.—

Deep in the insects' tiniest haunt,
Where human vision press in vain,
And viewless beings ever chant
Their ceaseless worship's pleasant strain.

In the vast ocean's coral deeps
Where monsters sport in playful glee,
And the chaste maid ever weeps
Its absent love again to see.

Up, on the mountain's lifted head
Where silence listens to each star,
And fairy forms their carpets spread
Where they may chain the aerial car.

In the sweet vallies where the flowers
Ope' wide their smiling dewey eyes,
And dream thro' all the evening hours
Of kindred blossoms in the skies.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

In the deep, longing human soul
 Where space and time like music dwell—
 A still unfolding rhythmic scroll,
 Where the sweet poems ever swell.

In the dear heavens that ope' so wide
 Their yielding arms for you and I,
 Where friend and lover side by side
 Live gladly, and shall never die.

In all, thro' all, with all is he,
 Measureless circle, center unseen,
 Present and past, always to be,
 God over all, is now, has been.

And we his sons, tho' feeble now
 With faltering steps and fainting heart,
 Bear the grand impress on each brow
 Of the great soul, a deathless part.

And we, will worship at the shrine
 Of love's inheritance so dear,
 And claim the parentage divine,
 So full of love, so grand, so clear!

And as the growing light expands
 In higher forms of beauty given,
 We'll raise our reaching open hands
 Nearer to Thee, O God in heaven!

THE Advance and Review, "devoted to the interests of modern spiritualism—mediumship the corner stone," is published quarterly at 25cts per year, single copies 8cts. The first number lays upon our table. It is edited by Jas. R. Bliss, husband of Mrs. Bliss, the well-known materializing medium who is demonstrating the truth that man lives forever by the life-like forms of departed spirits returning with messages from the other shore. We hope to have her visit our beclouded city in regard to this truth. No. 1 contains a full account of her materializing seances in Kansas City where great satisfaction was given. An account is given by the *Evening Star* of that city as two of its staff witnessed spirits materialize and dematerialize, although not pretending to account for what it saw, nor desiring its readers to believe it supports Spiritualism, but the evidence was supported by ten other responsible persons and they could not deny it. These are aids in the light.

We shall soon have **A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT** covered in book form.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 40.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

Friends of Justice and mercy, all those who can feel sympathy or drop one pitying tear for the widows and orphans who have no visible protector; but are tortured from day to day with fearful suffering; now is the time to lend a helping hand and we would ask your co-operation with the High Priest, the ~~supreme~~ power that moves the universe, to cast out the legions of devils that infest the minds of people, and lead them into darkness and moral death. Cast into Hades, the villianous crew with all their relations, and not reserve any of their spoils, destroy them root and branch. Freedom of the press, liberty to express opinions, beliefs either false or true may be a blessing or a curse. How does it appear to-day in this nineteenth century, 1881, in this free and should-be happy land? Does good or evil predominate? as we cannot peer into the interior realm of the nation, and discover its hidden secrets of darkness, we must judge from outward appearances, and they indicate great confusion, morally and spiritually, hate, envy, revenge and cruelty seems to prevail, may be caused in a measure by the great freedom of the press, in keeping before the people evil thoughts, deeds and falsehoods, instead of truth and goodness. Spiritually, the people have lived on this kind of bread until they have become diseased, a hardening of the brain, that love and pity to ones neighbor cannot penetrate, and the disease is contagious, spreading its baneful influence, producing murders, thieving, cheating, all the morally degrading deeds done on earth. The disease in some localities is raging, almost everybody is preparing to kill, carrying pistols and knives in their pockets, and murder

in their hearts. The influence arising from this state of feeling, may be compared to the effluence of a dead carcass.

We all live in circles of intelligence, inspiring or drawing as the magnet draws the bar, thoughts and ideas that correspond with our development, according to divine law, and the law is fulfilled every day; the same as the act of breathing the atmosphere to support our physical lives.

The sphere of murder and its accompanying crimes is expressed by those who say: Kill, punish, not knowing they have embarked on the same boat with the murderer, and instead of ridding the world of crime they only increase it. To-day, in every part of the globe, revelations of dark deeds are being brought to light, and in the near future, crime will be prevented, or the intention discovered before the deed is committed. When these facts are understood, we shall live in greater security and more in harmony with the laws of the universe, and mankind will see the beauty and glory in governing themselves.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

THE RICH AND POOR.

All have a heritage. Not gold and silver, sparkling diamonds, costly mansions, vast tracts of land, or ships at sea freighted with merchandise, but a home, eternal in the heavens. It is our right and dower, bequeathed us by the good will of the Creator of the universe, and no one can contest it.

The rich in this world's goods may grasp their treasures and turn a deaf ear to the appeals of suffering humanity, yet all their possessions will not purchase for them a brighter crown in the golden eternity than will be worn by those whose earth life is blighted by the cold finger of poverty.

Worldly deeds, not goods, are the passports to true happiness. Let the sunbeams shine out through the windows of the soul by acts of unselfishness and charity. We have no lease of life in this wilderness. It is only a question of time how long ere the messenger called "death," will stalk remorselessly among us. Then all must pass through the same shadowy valley.

The high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, all that remains of mortality, will be consigned to dust, while the Divine spark, that was

the living, thinking you and I, will soar to realms of light and love.

We all step on the stage of life,
One helpless as the other,
Why should a little paltry gold
Raise man above his brother?
They both must breathe the same free air
By the creator given;
Both sit beneath the same blue sky—
View the same stars at even.

Wealth can no private sunset buy,
Or add one diamond bright
Unto the glittering host above,
That luminates the night.
Beauty, genius or love,
Never can be bought or sold;
And to be a sage or poet,
Man would vainly offer gold.

Each possesses thoughts and senses,
Soul and body are his store;
All of value comes for nothing—
Gold is dross and nothing more.
Love and happiness flee from us,
By the filthy lucre driven.
Gold clears not a guilty conscience,
Or makes for souls a heaven.

Alike all leave the stage of life,
No earthly riches carry;
And when the silent message comes,
No longer can we tarry.
The rich may bury finer shrouds
Beneath old mother earth,
But rich and poor together dwell
In realms of spirit birth!

—Mrs. C. M. H. in *Olive Branch*.

We take the following from the *Banner of Light* which proves that light is shining into the world and that the great centre of fashion, ushers in a new, an elevating, ennobling and purifying one:

Editor of the *Revue Spirite*—and one who has in days gone by been called upon in his own person, and because of his official position, to hear the persecution of legally-entrenched bigotry—writes us from Paris, France, under a recent date, as follows: "Please announce in the *Banner of Light* that American mediums for materialization, and for direct writing also, will be well received in Paris, because we are a Republic, because our society will project them, and shield them completely in affirming their worth as mediums."

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"It is strange that we never or seldom can do as we would in this life especially if we are pretending to play the part of a fashionable martyr. I must be subjected to the senseless, idle talk of that gentleman for the last half hour, for conventionalities sake, when my duty seemed to be to give the time to you, and my desires were also with the duty, making it a pleasure as well as a duty, as they always say in the prayer meeting when they talk."

"Well, it is now through with, and I shall claim your attention the remainder of the evening. I have been thinking this evening of the old school days, as I am about to enter the precincts of a school home again, but it is not the same, cannot be the same, never *will* be as those happy, blissful days which are past when we joined recreation with study."

No, not the same, yet better, I hope. Deeper and grander lessons of life, you will learn, and deeper you will dive into the well of knowledge, and, although I may not keep pace with you, I hope to learn many lessons of life which shall be as useful to me in the quiet life I desire to lead. But you will of course have to attend to business in the world as papa does. We are obliged to outgrow our childhood, although to me at times it is a source of regret that I cannot be as the happy, free child I was whilst at H—, and mama will not consent to my being a teacher or it would almost be like the old days."

"Not quite, would it Alice? Would you not miss your brother Harry."

To be sure I should. Am I not going to miss you now? There are so many things which I would think of during the summer, and the thought would come as in the school days: I will ask Harry about it. Then I would talk with Eva, but still it was not brother Harry, as I must ever call you."

"Will you always?"

"Always."

The earnest echoe of her last words sank into Harry's heart with a quiet, restful feeling. Alice gave him the first place in her heart, where

as the gentle, sisterly ways had won their way into his heart, and as he had confessed to his friend Clint, there was a deeper and stronger affection than that of sister. This separation was like the sudden turning of a channel in an opposite direction from the one which the stream had been quietly pursuing. Was not this entire yielding of the best and holiest affections of the nature reciprocated by Alice? Unconsciously they had yielded to the law of their being, and from childhood up, their lives had blended into a beautiful stream, smooth and placid, and the bright blossoms of love and hope sprung up on the evergreen banks. They had enjoyed the beauty, the peace and the quiet, and knew not to where the stream was flowing, realized not the perfect grandeur of the law which linked their lives.

Harry had been aroused by Clint telling him what he felt, but had hardly clothed in thought. Yes Alice was his truest friend, and she gave him that near title of brother, yet was this sufficient? No! Harry was to leave; Alice was to be a belle of society; he realized that suitors would press to her side, and that also her mother would favor a brilliant match for Alice, which would be a living death to the free nature of his foster sister. And again the question came:

"Have I the first place in your heart next to your father and mother, as you know that you have in mine?"

"Why, Harry, to be sure. I thought you knew this. Even Eva cannot be quite to me what you have been, as my brother through all the happy days of childhood."

May I hope to always occupy the same position?"

"Forever."

Alice did not realize the full import of her words at that time but to Harry they were prophetic of hope and trust. He would rest with this assurance, for the present, and spend the remaining moments in pleasant converse. We shall not give in detail the conversation, but the closing remarks, the farewell, was spoken in that subdued, and solemn manner which betrayed deep emotion upon both sides, and the promises were made to write often. Alice plead a sudden headache, to her mother and was excused from the tedious role of dismissing her guests. Mrs. Kent made all necessary apologies, speaking of Alice's frail constitution, and her nervous excitable temperament, and she did not herself realize the true cause of Alice's indisposition. Alice upon retiring to her room removed the evening toilette, donning a light wrap-

per, threw herself upon her couch, and gave vent to a torrent of tears. Why there was such a burst of grief she did not herself understand, but it relieved her. The pent up emotions found egress, and in a half hour's time she was quiet and composed, letting her mind go out into the new life in which Harry was to partícipate, and weaving her habitual fairy pictures.

To-morrow morning, at six, they were to leave, and "the boys" now seems not quite dignified enough title for them. They go forward now with the responsibility of manhood, and there were few who entered the freshman class this fall who realized the true object for which they were assembled, as did our two heroes. Harry felt the responsibility which devolved upon him in sustaining his mother's declining years, and with hope he began to look forward to the time when the fairy Alice might reign queen, supreme in some quiet spot, where she should not be compelled to be a votary of fashion, and it seemed the boyhood had merged suddenly into the vigor and glory of manhood. There was a star in the future which lighted the way, and inspired him onward.

Alice's expression, "FOREVER," sank down into his heart like a gentle sunbeam, and nestled amongst the blossoms of love, hope and trust tinting them with a new and more perfect beauty.

Clint who was two years Harry's senior, had already felt the responsibility of life to rest upon him in his occupation as clerk, and there had arisen in his soul, with the appearance of our "Woodland brownie," a stream of gladness, a bright cloud rested upon him, and scattered the dark and gloomy ones of business, and without the assurance which Harry had, there had come a gleam, a tinting of some beautiful picture, some flowers of faith, which are as lovely as thought of trust, and a tremulous joy swept over his nature, which was as inspiring as that of Harry's, which was complete confidence. Yes, he too would watch the mail from S—, for the missives would inspire them to redoubled exertions in their new field, for "somebody's sake," that *some one* might be proud of the manly efforts, might whisper the words of encouragement and praise, send them by the carrier dove with loving kindness.

What was there in all this but the outflowing of the God-given nature—that which renders man more manly, and woman more womanly. It is too sacred, and too holy to be lightly trifled with, and by our friends, it was the free spontaneous outburst of true and loving hearts.

We leave them safe at their journey's end with the expectancy of hopeful work, with the strange faces, and strange names which would

soon be as familiar to them as the common every day expressions, and where they will soon be at home.

CORA CORAL.

The following beautiful incident we take from E. O. Wilson's work on "Truths of Spiritualism:"

Just before our dear old mother passed away, last January, she called her daughter to her and said, "Mary, I want you to remain near my body until you are satisfied that I am free from it. Will you do so?"

"Yes, dear mother; anything you wish me to do, I will do."

Well, after mother had ceased breathing for hours, Mary remained in the room near her until late at night. Mary says: "I felt that my mother was near me, and then I heard her step, felt her breath on my cheek, and then I heard her say in a whisper, close to my ear, 'Mary, open the door and let me out,' and I arose, went to the door, opened it wide; I felt her pass me, heard the whispered good-bye, and I knew then that mother had left the form, and was with father, once his bride, pure and unsullied; and I knew they were happy in their home in the Summer Land, and then I closed the door, locked it; and retired to rest. I had let dear mother go, after eighty-three years sojourn here, and now I know that she is happy, and with my father, her lover and husband. God is good.

Thus spoke the wife and daughter to us on our return from our winter tour.

Mother is not dead, but an angel in Heaven, and the place where we laid the casket away we are ornamenting, and intend to make of the ground a beautiful flower garden, with a monument of roses, beneath which, by and by, we will lay away our forms, and our immortal part join those that have preceded us.

Remember us, dear ones, in your own beautiful homes.

The *Advance and Review* which we mentioned last week is to be published quarterly at No. 713 Sansom St., Philadelphia, by James A. Bliss at 25cts per year. It is pure in its tone, liberal and progressive, and like ourselves, is opposed to searching for frauds, but rather selects the pure gold, holding it up for observation, discarding the dross, allowing it to sink into the pit of oblivion.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

OPEN LETTER.

ST. LOUIS, June 23, 1881.

MRS. EDITRESS:—Your paper being one of the "Western Light" exchanges, it gives me the unpleasant duty to inform you of its suspension for a brief season, owing to my exhausted mental and physical condition by too much care. I am obliged to rest from all labor and recuperate through the summer months. I hope to renew acquaintance in the fall with those whom I have received aid, for the "Light" was becoming influential through its able contributors. I am glad that so many progressive papers are enabled to keep their devoted heads above water. The "Western Light" belonging exclusively to myself, by virtue of its copyright, will wait for its Proprietor to set it again on a hill, to "shine for all." Now it is hid under a bushel, but as the "revised" did not exclude the text of admonition, it accepts the passage of scripture and may appear again with greater brilliancy should the fates otherwise decree, St. Louis may not be found wanting in her quota of Spiritual, Liberal Volunteers, both from the male and female ranks, that will do credit to the new dispensation. Publicly thanking friends, I remain still their champion in all progressive works.

ANNIE T. ANDERSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, July 4, 1881.

DEAR FRIEND:—The enclosed advertisement of A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT meets my approval and I appreciate your efforts to furnish "light," and I know of no more patriotic duty I could perform this "Fourth" than address you. There are many ladies in this city who should imitate your example—and there are many kind and generous women doing all in their power to elevate mankind, and they meet much help, for it really seems that men cannot govern themselves without the aid of women, and like you the women must sustain the men or they will perish, as seen in Washington City, to-day! Keep the "light" shining and the "fountain" ever flowing, and great will be your reward.

H. STRONG.

We shall go to Maryville and Jefferson City, Mo., next week.

BURDENS.

We often feel the weight and the burden of our lives to heavily rest upon us, until we have for the time forgotten there are other burdened ones, and that they too may be ready to sink with discouragement, and selfishly fret over the difficulties, but when our attention is called to some brother in distress and their peril seems so great that we fain would fly to them to alleviate their misery we forget the burden which we bear, and lo! it is gone for the time; as we rise with souls filled with sympathy the burden sinks and we move with alacrity to lift the struggling one from the slough of despond. As we give our bread and wine of sympathy, and pour the oil of gladness upon the wounded souls, we find our store is replenished, and we have at the same time received the balm to our weary souls and we are alike made glad.

Oh could we but stand upon some eminence where we might not be cast into the slough of despond, or where the angel of doubt could not reach us, that the angel of patience and forbearance might be ever at our side, that we may more effectually labor in the vineyard, how great would be the blessing!

Oh patience! with thy gentle countenance come and teach us deeper lessons that we may not send barbed arrow to rest in another's heart. Oh, love! teach us to be gentle, teach us to weigh well the words we send upon the ocean of thought, teach us to have a clearer insight into the hidden recesses, teach us not to judge, for how wrongfully may we judge those who would sacrifice their lives for our eternal welfare; teach us to study deeply the great book of wisdom, to search after the hidden truths which are not found at the surface. Beneath the placid stream lies force which aroused to action causes vessels to be wrecked and human lives to sink. Beneath the smooth waters undisturbed lies the force which will turn the mighty mill furnishing food to the thousands, and blessing the land and upon the surface a barque may gently glide without the aid of even an oar.

Let us keep the stream smooth and placid when we may control bearing one another's burdens, the barque gliding with the current. The great force turning the mill furnishing bread to the thousands.

IDA M. MERRILL.

Get your friends to subscribe for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT
ST. LOUIS AND ST. PAUL

PACKET COMPANY.

The St. Paul Steamers leave St. Louis at 4 P. M. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday of each week. Excursion Tickets \$28., meals and stateroom included. Good to October 15th, 1881.

To St. Paul River and return by rail through Iowa, the round trip is 26.59; and return via Madison, Milwaukee and Chicago, rate \$33.15.

Steamer War Eagle, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 4 P. M. for Hannibal, Quincy and Keokuk; on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 4 P. M. the St. Paul Packets take the Keokuk and intermediate Passengers. Through Tickets to all interior points, via River and Rail at low Rates. To secure good staterooms you had better write for them several days in advance of starting.

Excursion or one way tickets and rates to any point desired can be had by addressing this office. Your baggage can be checked direct from train to wharf boat, avoiding two transfers. Children over 12 years full fare, under 5 free; 150 pounds of baggage to each full ticket free.

If you want to go through to St. Paul on quick time, our new Sidewheel Steamer Gem City, just completed leaves St. Louis every Tuesday at noon, arriving at St. Paul in 68 hours. The other Steamers of this line are first class and tow no barges.

Another nice trip with plenty of water travel is this: St. Louis to St. Paul River, St. Paul to Duluth Rail, Duluth to Chicago Lake, Chicago to St. Louis Rail, meals and stateroom including on River and Lake, for only \$46 for the entire trip. Or, to Duluth via St. Paul, Duluth to Buffalo through Lake Superior, Huron and Ontario and return to Chicago Lake or Rail, or to St. Louis, Rail direct, at the same rate.

The Route to Ft. Benton and Helena via St. Paul, Bismark and Missouri River is the most direct, cheapest and most pleasant.

A trip on the steamers of this Line, out of the warm, sultry climate of this latitude, into the cool, bracing, health-giving atmosphere of Minnesota, and the Northern Lakes is one of the pleasures and luxuries of life that many avail themselves of year after year. Each season adds to the attractions of that Northern land. The hotels and cottages multiply, the yachts and Steamers on the Lakes increase and improve, and

as the knowledge of the comfort, new life and health derived from a few weeks or months sojourn in the "Land of the Decotas," becomes more widely disseminated, the summer visitors increase in numbers.

Reader, we suggest that the Lakes, Trout Streams, Waterfalls, Cascades and Picturesque Scenery of this "Tourist's Paradise" hold out many flattering inducements to the seekers after Rest, Health, Hunting, Fishing, Sailing or Bathing to come and enjoy all that nature's hand has provided in such profusion.

"The River Route" supplements nature's call to enjoy its grandeur, solitude and beauty with a cordial invitation to go North on a Packet Steamer.

Music, Moonlight Promenades, Dancing, Scenery equal to the Nile, table fare without an equal, quiet night's rest—all may be enjoyed on a trip between St. Louis and St. Paul. Meals and staterooms included in our excursion rates.

JAS. A. LYON.

General Passenger Agent.

The following letter was written to the Governor of Missouri by Dr. R. D. Goodwin, of St. Louis, previous to the day appointed for the execution of the Talbott boys:

"The 24th of this month is the day set to take the life of the two Talbott brothers for the alleged murder of their own father. You have all the testimony before you and as given by two men of very questionable reputation, one being an ex-convict and at present in jail charged with robbing the U. S. mail. I, with most people, believe that the reward of \$1,000 is what has brought about the conviction of these two innocent sons of their murdered father. Governor, I believe in my heart, you will not take their lives upon such circumstantial and doubtful evidence, but will at least extend the time of their execution long enough for us to find out facts which we are on track of, and which will fully prove to you their innocence. Governor, let us not shed innocent blood! For God's sake stay the execution! With profound respect,

R. D. GOODWIN, M. D."

Theodore Parker never uttered a greater truth than the following:

"The truth is not silenced with Aristotle, not exiled with Anaxagoras, nor slain with Socrates. It enters the soul of its veriest foes, and their children build up the monuments of the murdered sect."

[Written for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.]

RECORDING ANGEL.

How few comprehend this important truth! When clearly understood deception, cheating and dishonesty in every form, will be shunned.

"Know you not that ye are the temple of God, and the spirit of God dwelleth in you."

Now compare this divinity in each person to water or air, one and the same in every person. Conscience a part of the divine, "breathed into him the breath of life, and he became a living soul." This divine angel makes the daily record, we shall never dispute, and when we learn this divine angel is in every human being, can see and read this record, as well as ourselves for the God in every person is wisdom—truth, and no outside amanuensis to do the recording. But God, the soul that never, *never* sleeps or gets weary, the immortal that every human being possesses, and hence can read the whole life of every person. This is the power which clairvoyants possess in reading the past history and events of all persons they examine.

Oh could this fact be rightly understood, and fully believed, how changed would be the life and daily acts of the masses! Nineteen twentieths of the inhabitants of the civilized world, show by their daily lives that they have no faith in God or future life, and nothing but a demonstration through spiritualism, will lift them into a higher life.

WOODSTOCK, Vermont.

NATHANIEL RANDALL, M. D.

The caricatures which are going the rounds of the press pretending to be portraits of the Talbott boys resemble them about as much as the heathen's idol represents the Deity. They in both cases are purely imaginary representations. We saw the boys, and Charles E., who is represented a man at least twenty years of age, is only a boy—his face almost girlish in its appearance—only seventeen years of age, and apparently not over fifteen. The reports are all false that he appears three years older than he really is, or our eye sight deceives us very much, and it never has heretofore.

The boys will undoubtedly triumph over all their enemies who are working for their execution.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

There was born unto Isaac and Rebekah two children—twins, and were named Jacob and Esau. Esau became a hunter and Jacob dwelt in tents. Esau, the elder, was the favorite of the father, and Jacob of the mother. Esau came in from the field one day, hungry and faint, and Jacob had made pottage. Esau said to Jacob, "Feed me, I pray thee, for I am faint."

And Jacob said: "Sell me this day thy birthright."

And Esau said: "Behold I am at the point to die, and what profit shall this birthright do to me. And he sold his birthright to Jacob. Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage, and he did eat and drink and roso up and went his way. Thus Esau despised his birthright."

Esau, through physical suffering, to give what was considered in those days the greatest honor of the family, the birthright, the father's blessing, and yielded it all for the satisfying of the appetite, one time. He despised his birthright. For a half hours pleasure he gave that which was worth to him more than houses and lands, his father's blessing. As the eldest of the family, the dignity and honor rested upon him, but it was bartered for a trifle.

We may find a truth, a great and beautiful truth here revealed. We may in the world's battle become physically weakened, our souls may be famishing, our frame may bend beneath the burden; and the tempter may whisper in the ears I will give you rest and feed you, if you will yield to me your birthright, and you may say: What shall it profit me if I keep this birthright when I am at the point of death? Ah but the momentary gratification will not give enduring pleasure. There is no sweet flower of hope for Esau; he has yielded that which was his natural, inherent right, and in the moment of reaction, when thought comes, in the cool moment of reason, he calmly contemplates the position, and realizes what he has lost. By enduring the physical suffering a short time longer, he may have prepared for himself a meal to satisfy his appetite, and still have retained his birthright.

Thus it is with many. In the great struggle with the world, right seems to be the weaker power; the wrong doer often seems to receive a reward which is not meted to the one who faithfully pursues the right, and the weary one may sometimes be tempted to barter the glorious birthright which is given to every individual upon the earth, and that is to do right.

He may think he cannot endure the opposition which is always found when one would surmount every difficulty, overcome every obstacle, and press on to the mighty seat of victory, where he may sing, with loud hal-lujahs, the glád chorus: Victory forever. But as in Esau's case it may require a little longer endurance of physical suffering, a little more patience, a little more labor, and the desired sustenance, pleasure or gift may be obtained, without yielding the birthright—the high and holy birthright which renders man, the son of God, and gives to him that heavenly father's blessing—the blessing of sweet peace, a quiet conscience, flowers of beauty, blossoms of hope and trust, evergreen verdure and glad streams of praise flowing out into the mighty ocean of existence, awakening in their onward course, other streams until the mighty globe echoes and re-echoes the glorious victory, rejoices in the pure birthright of the faithful ones, and others take courage, resist the tempter who may be whispering of feasts and temporal pleasures—sail out into this great ocean with faith, their vessels equipped for the voyage, and their hearts filled with love and courage and bravery, that they may dare starvation and distress, rather than sell the glorious birthright of being true to the holy, God-given nature; of being brave, heroic soldiers in the mighty cause of right, of living up to the highest ideal, accepting the birth right, and the fathers blessing; sustaining the lofty dignity of the human family, by developing into a perfect, a true, a pure and noble manhood or womanhood, yielding not an inherent right unto the great destroyer of mankind, and anon we hear the angels shout: *victory!* VICTORY! The sons of men are nearing our clime, by their high and noble living, by their acquiescence to the holy laws which govern.

IDA M. MERRILL.

We shall soon have A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT covered in book form, price one dollar.

WHAT IS PUNISHMENT?

Oh, loving hand which tempers sorrow!
Oh' gracious Father with a smile!
Thou dost speak of a bright morrow,
When the joys will the hours beguile.

We all have pain; we all have joy;
We all have some of sweetest life.
We find a peace in God's employ,
Which bears us o'er a sea of strife.

Yes, God's employ, if we aid but one,
Of the weary ones on this earth,
For thus it is God's will is done,
And thus may worship have its birth.

We worship with the heart and soul,
The power of mercy, truth and love,
When we another's grief console,
And link our lives with climes above.

God needeth not our works of love;
He needs not mighty temples grand,
Through humanity we the power prove,
And scatter blessings o'er our land.

Lift the fallen, cheer the faint,
Hold the weak one by the hand,
Listen to the sorrowing plaint*
Of burdened ones all o'er the land.

We, none are perfect, *all* may err;
We cannot understand each other;
We cannot see the path all clear;
A misty cloud surrounds each brother.

We may misjudge the word or deed;
We may do wrong by doing so;
Oh, let us then with mercy plead,
And judge not one though our deadly foe.

We know not the net which entangled him;
We know not the cause of the seeming sin;
But wisdom and truth may clear the film,
And the sunlight of love then shine in.

We would rather see each chained one,
Redeemed and saved, elevated too;
See the serpent's coils all broken—gone,
And every brother, noble, firm and true.

We desire no hell for the human soul;
We would have them pure, break not the law,
That the mighty power of Right should control,
And the perfect way without a flaw.*

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

But nature says a broken arm
Must be followed with much pain;
The broken spirit hath no charm,
Must in like manner heal again.

But as we bind the fleshy wounds,
And pour the healing ointment on,
So when the heart with love abounds.
Would alleviate the spirit's pain.

With gentle hand, would bind the wound,
Pour balm upon the wounded soul,
That tho' there's pain, a respite found,
And the loving power will make it whole.

CORA CORAL.

 SPIRITS SINGING.

[Another sister in the west who, although a stranger to us in the outward, saw a vision of beauty around us, and heard spirits singing the following song:]

"We come, we come with our wealth of love,
With flowers fresh fallen from the gardens above.
From the open portals thy brow is fanned
With the balmy breezes from the summer land,
Oh! beautiful, far beyond compare
Is the home which awaits our brother there.

But a work is first for thee to do,
Given but to the faithful, loyal and true,
The mission that unto thee is given
Is to guide earth's wanderers home to heaven,
A holy trust, dear brother, is this,
Which shall crown thy life with enduring bliss.

We know that thy spirit sighs for rest
And longingly turns toward 'the isle of the blest,'
But 'the sweet by-and by' of promise shall come
To waft thee away to the longed-for home;
With the hand-clasp of angels, earth's trials all o'er—
Thou shalt meet thy beloved 'on that beautiful shore.' "

—Mrs. S. L. Woodarth.

We acknowledge the receipt of an elegant and useful work by the late E. V. Wilson, entitled "Truths of Spiritualism." The work was sent by his wife accompanied by a life-like portrait of Mr. Wilson, and a kind and encouraging letter from the lady. The work contains many convincing proofs of spirits return, and is one of the most useful and interesting amongst modern works upon Spiritualism.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

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VOL. 1.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1881.

NO. 41.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

The time is drawing near when another struggle will take place between light and darkness, between spirits in the invisible realm and spirits here in their earthly bodies. When one stands up firm, filled with love and mercy for the unfortunate criminals, they can produce an influence that will quell a mob of murderers, spread a gentle soothing power over them like the falling of the dew. This is the labor required of leaders in reform; they must be filled with the great spirit love, that would not be willing to give one pang more of pain to one who had fallen among thieves, although the thieves were of that ones own household, that had brought him or her so low, or into outer darkness. The harvest is ready for the sickle, but where are the laborers? The sun has arisen; the clouds are passing away, and reapers will soon be in the field to gather up the tares, pluck out those briars and thistles that through idleness of the husbandmen have been allowed to grow in that beautiful vineyard—the earth—that was planted with the choice vines of peace and good will to mankind.

Now the trumpet is sounding. Don't you hear the echo from the other shore pealing its cheerful, loving notes of harmony throughout the earth? One resonance of touching sweetness comes from St. Joe. All the ministers but one, and twelve hundred ladies gave their harmonious influence with their names to prevent the killing of two innocent boys. The key note of that anthem will echo in the spirit world forever. Another from Los Angeles played in the same key; another from Brooklyn sung in the *Watchman*—all in harmony and unity; as the

echo flows around in circles gathering strength the power will touch the hearts of the people and shake those temples that are built on sandy foundations, and the great flood of light, of love and mercy that will be brought to bear on the temples where cruelty and oppression dwell, will be purified, raised on a new foundation—the rock of truth, right and love to one's neighbor.

The time is approaching swiftly when men and women will know themselves, will perceive by their deeds and words what manner of persons they are, and try to govern themselves instead of looking at their neighbors faults, and forgetting their own. The supreme ruler of the universe, Moses said, wrote with his finger on the tablets of stone: "Thou shalt not kill." The lesson, taught in the fable of Cain and his brother, should be taught in its true sense, that if one man kills another the murderer should not be killed, but live in this sphere of existence, and suffer the penalty of the crime, before he passes into another sphere where it may take ages to develop or progress out of darkness into the light, as every mortal must suffer or enjoy, according to the law of life, according to the deeds committed, the thoughts inspired, and the opportunities for doing good or wrong fulfilled.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

THE KEY OF LIFE.

There's a magical key which opens the soul;
 There's a charm which has no equal;
 There's but one power that may control;
 That power is seen in the sequel.

Two mother's bade a child to mind;
 The first with harsh and bitter tone;
 The other, in a voice so kind,
 As though some white winged bird had flown

From her nest with a twitter of joy,
 As she spies some food for her young.
 What a power we have in our employ!
 What a wonderful member—the tongue!

Down into the heart of the former child,
 There falls a sullen heavy weight,—
 A murky stream, a desert bleak and wild—
 A dark, rebellious hate.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

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But into the other's a stream so bright,
As though it had birth in climes above,
A buoyancy carries the footsteps light,
To obey the bidding of love.

And from the messages arose a power—
The mother controls by her tone
She gladdens or chills her delicate flower;
She creates the cold or sunny zone.

And in after years this stream so grand;
This brilliant one shall roll,
Shall send pure waters throughout the land,
Which shall a mighty power control.

The other one with waters dark,
Athwart the land must go
And those who on its wave embark,
Are purities fearful foe.

There is a seed which bears pure fruit,
And elevates the human race,
Which lifts the man above the brute,
Which removes all sin, leaves no trace.

There is an antagonistic power;
That power is fearful, deadly hate.
This bears a thistle, not a flower,
And increases crime at a fearful rate.

No other key upon this earth,
Which unlocks the great unhidden store
Of true and only real worth.
The value of which is evermore.

No key to golden treasures or fame,
But to the pure diamond heaven
And this a talisman of loveliest name.
Ere to the sons of earth yet given.

And when we cast this key aside,
Attempt some other power to use
To force away o'er the shining tide
The gate keeper does refuse.

One way of life—the narrow way,
But oh! so true, so pure, so bright
Flowers spring up each new born day,
And e'er ahead there gleams a light.

No beasts nor serpents here may come,
No cowering crimes, no deadly hate.
This is the desired angelic home,
Where the tortures of hell abate.

CORA CORAL.

Have we ever yet seen a finished man? We think not, not even in
Jesus or Socrates. The divine ideal involves eternal betterment.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT
A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

On the banks of a beautiful stream just below where the water came rushing, dashing over a precipice, leaping, singing along at their feet, with a merry, cheerful ripple, here we find Alice and Eva, each quietly dreaming. The zephyrs float on the breeze, and sing an angelic lullaby soothing and in keeping with the pure and heavenly thoughts which fill the breast of each. The calm and beauty of the surrounding scene, with the two girls in the foreground, form a beautiful picture and which causes one to look deeper than the surface, and to feel the grandeur of a perfect world. We catch the electric thrill which is wafted on the air from the glance of their eye, and we see a beautiful interior picture one which is mirrored on pure souls. There is naught in either picture but that which is inspiring to the pure springs of the nature. Upon the lap of each lies a letter the same mail brought them both from eassar, and although not exactly similar in sentiment the effect was the same and as we gaze into the depths of the eyes of the two see the pure joy of their souls shine through we again say: pure and holy inspiration we will not break the spell we would not dare with unholy hands to desecrate these altars: we would take off the shoes of our feet for we are treading on holy ground.

Oh, Mrs. Kent, come and look into the face of your daughter, see the beaming radiance which transfigures it into almost angelic loveliness see her now with lip apart all tremulous with joy and emotion, but herself scarce realizing the depth of the fountain from which flows her joy;

Man does not comprehend the great and wonderful laws of his being, or he would not trespass upon these holy, these sacred altars which arise within the human heart.

There was naught in this which should provoke a careless word or an idle jest, for the smooth ripple of the stream would thereby be rendered murky, stormy and disturbed instead of that placid brilliancy where the genial sun's warm rays play so gladly and dance in merry shadows which are swayed by the gentle breeze which was floating with soft

zephyrs through the trees and alike fanning the temples of the two girls.

Dream on dear girls with your pure souls filled with heavenly joy and may never a storm disturb this beautiful and placid stream. May they each flow out into the great stream of heavenly love which unites all souls in a pure and heavenly embrace and one grand and mighty current sweeps athwart the great, the luminous heavens with a power which is all conquering, all powerful, all cleansing and all purifying renewing the foundations of evil until every son and daughter of God shall sing glory in the highest glory! Peace on earth and good will to man.

"Eva how beautifully everything has moved as I desired before I ever saw you that you might come and live here and be my companion for I knew you through Harry. To be sure you was obliged to lay your grandmother's body in the ground, although you have not lost her and there is some sadness with the pleasure, yet it is far better than I had hoped."

"Yes, Alice, it appears to me that grandma must be delighted if she sees me as I am situated in my new home so happy only desiring sometimes that she were really here, that she might see my joy with her natural eyes. But grandma always told me there never would be perfect joy upon this earth, for we may be completely happy ourselves, and yet others have some trouble which draws us into near sympathy with them and saddens our joy."

"Yes," says Alice, "but my school-life was almost unalloyed joy. To be sure a shadow would flit here and there but the bright sun of love which reigned supreme in that school-home soon dispelled the clouds and again all was beaming gladness."

"So with me at Floral Vale with the exception of Betsey Herrs' trouble and the desire which I often felt of seeing my father and mother, but otherwise up to gran'mas death my sky was cloudless."

"Eva," abruptly says Alice, "what do you think Harry has written me in this first letter from Vassar?"

"I cannot imagine; anything special Alice? Mr. Obert has given me a graphic description of his initiation into college life."

CORA CORAL.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.***SPIRITUAL INCIDENT.**

Willam P. Parker, of Yates City, Knox county, Illinois, says:

"About twelve years ago, my wife, Julia, was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism of a malignant type, and for twelve weeks was entirely helpless, being under the care of Dr. John Gregory, of Farmington, Illinois; he had given her up, and publicly stated that she could not get well. On a certain day, the Rev. Mr. McGee, a Methodist, then carrying on a revival meeting in Livola Center, Illinois, called at my house, saw my wife, examined her (he having studied medicine), and said: "She will not live beyond three o'clock this afternoon, for mortification has already taken place, and she is now dying," and in public made a statement to that effect. This examination, by the Rev. Mr. McGee, was made on Monday morning, at ten o'clock.

My wife said: "If spirits could come back and assist those who suffer I would be much pleased if they could, or would, come and help me."

At this time her limbs were very much swollen, and, of herself, she could not move them, and, when moved by others, suffered terribly. She had but finished the words, when she was seized by some invisible power, and, without the help of others—no one being within five feet of her—was lifted off of the bed some four feet, and then let down, turned over and back, exercised in every possible way and manner, for the space of thirty minutes, when, to our great surprise, the swollen condition disappeared, her limbs became natural and limber, and all pain was gone. Soon after this phenomena, Dr. Gregory called. We told him what had taken place. He was very much surprised—examined his patient very carefully, asked us many questions, but left no medicine, simply saying, when he left: "You will request the phenomena to take place again tomorrow, at the same time it did to-day."

On the next day, a little before the time for the phenomena to repeat itself, Dr. G. came, and the same thing occurred again, in his presence. The Doctor was not fully satisfied of the cause, but very much surprised at the results, as well as the phenomena; it came again, and we saw it for the third time. My wife was cured, and that, too, without any medicine being given.

Dr. Gregory wrote out an account of the whole transaction, making a clear statement of the case, and sent it to the medical faculty, at Chicago, with whom it remained for some time, and then was returned to

him with this reply: "It is beyond our knowledge, and we have no precedent to which we can refer you."

NOTE:—How strange it is that so wonderful a phenomena should take place, and known to the medical faculty, and not have publicity. Are not the blind leading the blind? And yet the case of Mrs. Wm. Parker is as well established as the fact that U. S. Grant is President of the United States, and, no doubt, by and by, when another such case occurs, and it is placed in the hands of the medical faculty, they will shake their heads very wisely, and return it to the writer with, "We have no precedent, hence it is not worthy of our notice." But how different it would have been had this occurred to the wife of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, or Solomon. We are, as Christians, willing to believe the story of Samson and his foxes; of Elisha and his ax-pole; of Jonah and his great fish; but doubt this phenomena at our door, and with any number of witnesses living who saw it and are willing to testify thereto.—*Wilson*.

DIAMOND DUST.

Let justice, mercy and love live in the hearts of the redeemed, in the hearts of the pure, that they may stoop and lift up the weak and the erring ones.

Live as near to your highest ideal as possible, and forget the bitter cups which have been drank in attaining to it. There is bitter with sweet; there is pain with pleasure; there is sadness with joy, and this life is incomplete.

We are none perfect; we cannot be whilst veiled in the flesh; the spirit world will reveal the perfection of God's plans, will give the pure soul its native soil, and the dews of heaven, the everlasting fountains and the rains of Paradise will cause it to spring into an everlasting growth of verdure and beauty.

Do not be afraid of what men may say of you, neither be afraid of what they may say of your religion. All you have to fear is the remnant of dishonesty which still lingers in you, that has not been outgrown.

Men are unwilling to accept a proposition in spiritual science because they cannot handle it about with screw and lever.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
WOMAN AND THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

We make this life a mournful empty dream,
 And stones for bread we give,
 And know not that the soul's realities,
 In its ideals live.
 These are the lights that shine upon its path,
 The angel ones it sees,
 And evermore unconsciously, it learns
 Its possible from these.
 There are no limits to the real
 Save those which bound the pure ideal.

Thoughts of beauty drawing other souls
 Are glorious Heaven-gleams,
 And God's eternal truth lies folded deep
 In all man's lofty dreams.
 'Twas first in thought's clear world that Kepler saw
 What ties the planets bound,
 Then through long years he sought the spheres, and there
 The answering law he found
 Men said he sought a wild ideal,
 The stars made answer, "It is real!"

Thine early dreams that come in shapes of light,
 Come but in prophecy,
 And Nature's tongues; from heaven to quivering stars,
 Teach loving faith to thee.
 Fear not to build thine eyrie on the heights
 Where golden splendors lay;
 And trust thyself to thine inmost soul
 In simple faith alway,
 And God will make divinely real
 The highest forms of thine ideal.

—Anon.

American women are taking leading places in the art world, and every year adds new names to their list. Some of the best, like Jessie Curtis and Mary Hallock Foote, were students at Cooper institute. They are to-day among the most skillful draughtsmen of Illustrated literature. During the last few years, the number of woman exhibitors at the Academy of Design and other galleries, have increased at a rapid ratio. Women are laborious students of wood engraving, and in fact, all branches of art. Kate Greenaway's quaint and graceful children are a new revelation of Baby land, and Rosina Emmett's picturesque young women have made her universally known. She has taken several prizes in competitive exhibitions, to which eminent foreign artists have contributed, and Mrs. Loop's portraits of children have won for her deserved popularity. In fact it is impossible to enumerate the efforts

which prove that the feminine is essentially the artistic temperament.

A few years ago, and tuition in art was very superficial. Very few went to nature, the great teacher, for instruction. A sampler was considered a work of high art; a laborious pencil or crayon copy of an engraving or lithograph was the most successful attempt which the girl graduate could show. Now, every school has an artist who leads her students into the woods and beside fern-bordered streams, to take lessons from nature, the first great teacher. Flower painting in oil and water colors has become a general accomplishment, and lovely groupings have taken the place of the crude chromo. These latter, however, have done their work; they have opened their way for higher forms of beauty. Now the inmates of a poor hamlet often possess a purer taste in art, than even the traveled few could show, a generation since.

All this is telling upon woman's life and occupation, as well as casting a charm over home. Art decoration has become a rage; it is applied or misapplied, to pottery, plaques, jars, screens, portiers, lambrequins and mantels. It invades the chamber and there are eruptions of color on shoebag and brush holder. However crude it may be, the love of beauty is at the bottom of it, and the meretricious will die out as the general taste heightens. This love of beauty is the unfolding of a principle innate in mankind; in its external blossoming it throws a halo of grace and witchery over the habitation, it delights the eye with form and color, and feasts the voluptuary with the sensuous and evanescent. But its root is in the spirit and spiritual natures will seek a corresponding unfoldment. It then becomes a longing to express this ideal in real forms; to attain the highest excellence. Man yearns to become a creator. Art work of every kind, gratifies the principle of use, in giving occupation to a countless number of women workers. Any thing by which homes are rendered attractive is a boon to the family, and a help to all children. Decoration is an education, refining the artist as well as those who enjoy the result. True art produces balanced delightful and lovely effects; it aims at symmetry, proportion, harmony.

The Great Divine Artist took the heavens for his palette and mixed his matchless colors of the sky itself, made every beam of light his pencil. As we are portions of his spirit, why should we not all also try to express in tones of color as well as melody, thoughts, sentiments and aspirations?

The Great Artist works with multitudinous methods through vast

periods of time. On each living canvas the tone of the picture is the temperament, the colors are the desires or aspirations, and the perfected beauty shall be in the final ultimate blending of all elements in one individualized and harmonious whole.

PRINCIPLES.

Amid the mutations of these fragments—*morceaux* of Eternity called time, lie the basic foundations of all entities called principles, not subject to the fragments of time, but co-existent with the continuous, undivided circle of Eternity; to discover the alpha and omega of this circle, would be to find out God; to gaze on its unending immensity, with the highest human intelligence of intuitive curiosity and grand humility, is the foundation and corner stone of a real philosophy.

In this circle, we place our axiom; who dares deny or dispute it?

In view of this axiom, what becomes of all systems of theologies or religions, with their Deific descriptions and their prescribed and limited locations or habitations? Are they anything more than the mists of morning, or the mirages of the desert? Will men and women answer these questions, or will they still play with mythological shadows, and bind the earth—their earth, forever in the swaddling clothes of an inert childhood, till her internal fires shall have thrown up a new world?

And now comes a devotee with its cherished bauble, and coldly enquires—and what of all this? I will answer—a part of all this is individualism—a perfect personality, a rounded up Ego that stands out like a star, in its brilliant orbit! This star, this Ego reflects primarily, not the light of the myriads of outlying sister stars that swell the anthem in infinite vortex—altho' it helps fill the grand empyrean, but it draws its light from the great center sun and yet unseen; known and yet unknown forever, to shed its own portion of light gladly and sweetly, in the great galaxy of the luminous family of the heavens! And what would it be without this light of the great center? Ask your astronomers with their fifty feet telescopes, and when you come back to answer my questions. You will tell me they have failed to find it, and it is this with the human soul; it gazes continuously into the source of its own being, or it is yet in the embryotic vapor of its undeveloped darkness, seeking the borrowed lights that lie all around it, and giving no warmth

no growth, no light and no identity—no sensible evidence of its self-hood, its active usefulness, until it reflects its parentage, its God!

And now you ask—how shall I become a real planet in the all Soul? I answer be simply, sweetly and purely yourself in a beautiful, intellectual childhood that looks up fixedly into the face of God, your Father, who has given you the heart of nature, your mother to lie on, and from their hand you shall draw the milk of all knowledge which overflows its chalice with love and beauty!

And what say you is this in this every day practical life? It is the motion of the vast ocean that would stink without it inspite of its treasures of salt that impregnates waters; it is the air in motion without which the whole world, animated nature would die; it is the sap without which the centuried oak would drop back into its original elements, and be but dust and vapor; it is the star, articulating itself into flood and field, that its millions may live and move and have their being; instead of being a world without its children or a wandering heartless comet in the infinite space—an aimless, missing link in the family of worlds.

It is to be a man, a woman in the family of a full grown humanity, that shall by its acts and its teachings beget to itself sons and daughters of intellect, of usefulness, of improvement, of a sweet goodness that shall transform this world into a garden of cultivated flowers, that shall be fragrant with love and good will in whose pure atmosphere the serpents of hatred and envy and selfishness and murder cannot live, and where the children of men shall all some day become cultivated into the children of an intellectual and a moral perfection.

But says one—cannot these myths of error just as well remain to amuse the masses, and still allow them to gradually aspire and attain to the mental and moral improvement surrounding them and leading them into the better way? No! a thousand times no! the serpent and the dove cannot live together in harmony; lust and ignorance cannot dwell in the same house together with love and intelligence; idiocy and reason cannot be set together in the golden crown of men, for the vile drivel of the one would soil and conceal the sparkling brightness of the other, until it should be cast into the pool of contempt. No! let in the clear waters; they will wash out the poisonous weeds of superstition that lie in their way, and enlarge their own channel, and beautify their own verdant banks with the starry flowers; and the songsters shall sing

adown the peaceful valley until it leaps into the sea of its sublime origin!

Let the toys remain with those who love childish things; and let us of the nineteenth century like a St. Paul (only in a higher degree than he could know) aspire to the things that pertain to a true manhood befitting our own age, and even leading beyond that, in search for principles that lie deep in the soul of things; this is the grave of superstition, but the fountain of truth.

We present no theorem; but put in your hand, your own telescope, so that you may survey the heavens (to which we all are so rapidly journeying) and discover the islands that wait for your habitation, so soon as you are prepared to dwell on their enchanting fields, and wander adown their rippling rivulets of liquid silver.

Be yourself; no other eye can see for you, the pearls that lie at your feet; no other mind can reason out for you the great first cause; no other soul can drink the inspiration that belongs to you, nor thrill with your own glad Eureka! and all the priests and prophets can never do the work that belongs to your own right hand and without this self action, you shall soon enter into the interminable space a nameless dwarf with it, you shall enter the garden of God, a glad student of the unlimited possibilities that belong to a perfected manhood.

JESSE H. BUTLER.

WOUNDS.

[Edgar Fawcett in the *Atlantic* contributes the following touching poem concerning the strife, bloodless, but far more bitter than war, which not only some women, but men also, are forced to wage or to endure while yet in the vale of mortal experience:]

He tells of hurts that will not heal;
Of aches that nerve and sinew fret,
Where sting of shot and bite of steel
Have left their dull mementoes yet.

And touched by pathos, filled with praise,
His gathered hearers closer press,
To pay alike in glance or phrase
Response of pitying tenderness.

But I, who note their kindly will,
Look onward, past the box-edged walk,
Where stands a woman, grave and still,
Oblivious of their fleeting talk.

Her listless arms droop either side;
In pensive grace her brow is bent;

Her slender form leaves half descried
A sweet fatigued abandonment.

And while she lures my musing eye,
The mournful reverie of her air
Speak to my thought, I know not why,
In the stern dialect of despair.

Lone wistful moods it seems to show
Of anguish borne through laggard years,
With outward calm, with secret flow
Of unalleviating tears.

It breathes of duty's daily strife,
When jaded effort loathes to strive;
Of patience lingering firm, when life
Is tired of being yet alive.

Enthralled by this fair, piteous face,
While heaven is purple overhead,
No more I heed the old soldier trace
How sword has cut, or bullet sped.

I dream of sorrow's noiseless fight,
Where no blades ring, no cannon roll,
And where the shadowy blows that smite
Give bloodless wounds that scar the soul!

Of fate unmoved by desperate prayers
From those its plunderous wrath lays low;
Of bivouacs where the spirit stares
At smouldering passion's faded glow.

And last of that sad armistice made
On the dark field whence hope has fled,
Ere yet, like some poor ghost unlaid,
Pale Memory glides to count her dead.

We clip the following rich incident from an old California paper. It is worth reading:

The male and female media, who make a business or pleasure of holding consultation with disembodied spirits, for those who are not similarly gifted, but whose curiosity leads them to seek a glimpse "beyond the veil," have some curious experiences occasionally, and meet now and then very eccentric clients. There is a medium of the gentle sex, who does business, we believe, on Howard street; to her there came, inspired by the universal curiosity, a reverend divine, of this city, skilled in theology, and at home in the Asiatic languages. It was his firm determination to expose this humbug, and destroy, as Paul did of old, at Ephesus, the priests and emoluments of all who minister to "strange gods." The simple preparations were made; the little plain, lacquered table was placed in position, and the customary scraps of paper laid before the visitor, on which to write his questions. The medium did not seem much discomposed by the sanctified appearance of the gentleman,

nor did her nerves tremble when she became aware that he was testing her "familiar" in what was to her an unknown language. She had confidence in her "spirits." The questions were put in Hindostanee, Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, and all sorts of strange languages. The reverend scholiast was airing his learning admirably, and, as he thought, to the complete discomfiture of the poor little medium. But he was mistaken; for back from the spirit world, or somewhere else, came, in the same languages in which the questions were put, full and most satisfactory answers.

The questioner stared. He was sorely puzzled, while the medium sat calm and unmoved, with a stray sunbeam, from the partially-curtained window, glistening in the rich blonde tresses.

The divine tried her powers again and again, until his mind was in a state of bewilderment; and he was fain to acknowledge, to himself, that he had signally failed in his attempted exposure. He arose to leave, but could not retreat without a parting word.

"Madam," said he, turning to the medium, who had risen with him, and was standing demurely by his side, "your art is from the Devil; abandon it, for the sake of humanity and your own peace of mind."

Then there came a new light into the eyes of the hitherto quiet medium—the light that shines when the temper is aroused.

"Doctor," said she, in calm, but decided, tones, "you, I presume, are a minister of some church in this city, and you make a living by the practice of your profession. I simply do the same thing by the exercise of my peculiar gift. It may be right, or it may be wrong; I do not presume to argue that point. Let it rest. But I may say this: If, as you assert, the gift is from the Father of Evil, does it not follow, from the promptness and correctness with which your answers came, that your friends must have a very near relation to that much-abused individual?"

This was too much for the doctor. He was beaten at all points. With muttered "Good day," he passed out into the street, and the medium saw him no more.

Are we wrong in supposing that the little golden-haired lady had a quiet laugh to herself after the remarkable interview was over?"

If Spiritualism be low, crude, fitful, and not overwhelmingly certain, it is because of the bad condition supplied.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

IN A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, of May 25th, we are called upon to lend a voice toward the suppression of Capital Punishment or of direct murder by hanging, directly concerning two boys who are sentenced to be hanged on June 11, 1881, for the alleged murder of their father.

We are not personally familiar with the facts of the case, but the fact that the government is about to launch into eternity two souls, upon their (the government's) own responsibility is enough to call forth our highest sense of righteous indignation against such atrocious barbarism and injustice by the government toward the individual in this enlightened age of the world's history; it is, indeed, a relic of the Dark Ages, and of Religious Bigotry and Priestal power; our sense of justice and equal rights of one individual toward another, and of protection by the government, is wrought to its highest, when we think of such barbarism.

What right have a body of people, to so enact laws as to take that which does not belong to them? The life of one man does not belong to another. Thus, if in the one case, one so far transgresses the laws of life as to extinguish the life of one, (be called a murderer) is it not equally as murderous an act, for a body of men to hound and in turn demand, as a ransom, the life of the unfortunate victim of unbalanced mental physical forces?

We claim that the individual is not benefited neither is the community, only in a passing sense. We do know and can affirm that the execution of the physical does not reform the motive of the act—See the *Watchman*, for Feb. 1.

What would we have done?

First—Let the government so remodel its institutions, that reformative schools may be carried on with a view to reform the physical as well as the mental. As to the prison system, it is, in most cases, the very system to create excitability of the mental forces: for example, you place two lower animals within hearing distance, confine them to vicious element and they, in turn, will become even more vicious than formerly, this is the law of effect—just so with the lower growth of humanity, if you place within breathing and hearing distance two or more that are inclined to degradation, the contagion is sure to amalgamate. In most, if not all cases, men are even worse after being held in the present style of

imprisonment. The legality may then ask us if we do not approve of imprisonment—we say—most assuredly we do, but we would have such spiritual surroundings as to act directly upon the spiritual surroundings as to act directly upon the spirituality of the one confined, not by forcing upon them the contents of any one literary work as authority, but by object teaching, such as the all-convincing proof of immortality as given through truthful mediums, this will show to the individual direct that he or she is strictly responsible for what they do, which is to the contrary of what is now taught them.

Second—Supply them (the prisoners) with all Liberal, Spiritual, and Reformatory, as well as religious literature—see *Light for All*, for May 15—instead of depriving them of reading matter, for the want of healthy mental exercise, has a tendency to retrograde—consequently tends towards mental degradation.

Third—Seek to expand and enlighten their souls; seek in every possible way to draw out their better natures by deeds of kindness and love; let them feel that you have an interest in their welfare other than selfish aggrandisement.

Fourth—Have only such persons for keepers and instructors as have a truly philanthropic and humanitarian nature, and are in their element when they can be doing something to elevate their brother man and sister woman—in other words Natural Teachers.

By so doing, the prisons and penitentiaries will, indeed, be houses of reformation. It can then be truly said, that the reform prison-house has saved more souls than the church.

We are aware that our appeal is as a whisper on a roaring sea, but our voice added to, and mingling with the voices of hundreds of others, will soon drown the heavy roar, and will be heard by the thinking human class that are yet in power, and also by those that will yet hold such positions in the near future.

We hope to hear from our brothers and sisters on this same subject. We will say no more at present, but we by no means drop the subject here, to the contrary, our life is devoted to all such work.

“Light in the darkness, day is at hand.”—*Watchman*.

That which gives most happiness to a man is doing right, and right doing gives pleasure, and pleasure is a factor of health.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

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THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

OUR SECOND VISIT TO MARYVILLE.

We left Quincy, Sunday morning, the 17th of July, and arrived in St. Joe the same evening. On Monday we went out in search of the ministers who had so kindly given their influence to induce the governor to give the Talbott boys a respite. Before we started we inquired how many ministers there were in St. Joe, but could not ascertain the number. As we mused in walking along the street, an idea entered our mind, there might be twelve apostles, and one of them that would betray his friend and brother, or that passed by on the other side of the helpless criminal.

The first one we met was a genial, pleasant enough looking gentleman and we expressed ourselves in harmony with those who showed pity for the unfortunate ones who had fallen by the wayside, and said when we heard all the ministers in St. Joe, but one, done this little act of kindness, we felt strengthened and happy to think the work of reform was progressing, but soon our little barque received a shock by his (the ministers) throwing a rock into the current of the stream, but our barque passed over without a tremor, when the splashing of the waters covered the debris. The gentleman said we had made a mistake in supposing he was not in favor of capital punishment, as he most certainly was, he would have the laws executed to the letter in regard to capital punishment, regardless of other laws as his God said blood for blood, but we endeavored to show him the great supreme love taught

us not to kill, or treat our neighbor as we would not like to be treated, and that we were commanded to love our enemies, and treat them kindly and by doing so would heap coals of fire upon their heads—the fire of remorse and regret. After we understood each other, we bid him good morning and called upon another one in the vicinity, found him in his office; he met us in a friendly manner, took us cordially by the hand, called us sisters. When he understood the object of our visit, instead of throwing rocks or stumbling blocks in our way, he came on board and we enjoyed a harmonious ride which will not be forgotten as our pleasant conversation is written on the eternal world, and will never be effaced.

There is not an idea or principle that has heaven or joy in it that can ever die or be unfruitful. Tuesday we made another visit and found a fine, benevolent looking person, with great firmness of expression. He proved to be on the same plane of thought, as the first one on punishment. He listened attentively to what we had to say, and thanked us for the visit, gave us a pamphlet of his wife's production, and we felt doubly paid for the effort made to meet the gentleman.

Women and men may judge in what circle they move by the expression of their thoughts; if full of loving kindness it cannot be from a sphere of evil, or from the lower regions, called by some hell, but if your thoughts are dark and malignant, filled with murder and cruelty towards the poor, unfortunate mortals that suffer their enemies to overcome them, then they may judge what circle they dwell in.

It will be the same when they pass into another sphere, and it may take ages to break the circle of murder and cruelty they dwelt in while on earth.

Miss Merrell and myself appeared before Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, on the 21st of July to intercede with him for the lives of the Talbott boys. He gave us a polite and friendly reception of an hour which we appreciated, feeling that our presence was the cause of him doing himself so much honor. We did not call to see the Governor, but a man and we saw him as such, and we expressed ourselves without reserve. We saw at once he had resolved to have the boys killed; he said he should abide by the decision of the jury and let the law take its course; he would not interfere.

When Pilate was seated on the judgment seat, his wife sent to him saying, have thou nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered

many things this day in a dream because of him. When Pilate saw that he could not prevail with those men who were filled with murder and revenge without creating a tumult, he took water and washed his hands, before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: See to it. Then answered all the people, and said, his blood be on us, and on our children. In the great crime committed on the 22nd of July in Maryville the multitude at least two thirds were not willing to have the blood of those innocent boys upon their hands and all who sent in their protest against that capital crime have washed their hands and have taken one step upon the ladder of progression, and the remainder will soon stand on the same plane. The Talbott boys and their father have been offered a sacrifice on the altar of their country to destroy the prevailing evil of murder and punishment on this continent. In a speech delivered in the Exposition Building, Chicago, before the Union Greenback-Labor convention, June 9, 1880, by Hon. Perry H. Talbott, he uttered this prayer to his creator:

"Save me in the spirit land to guide in safety, in the future, the Greenback hosts, whose ever sounding war-cry will be the equal rights of man. Permit me to go unseen in the advance guard, where I can feel the jar of the tread of the countless millions who with better success, will sing psalms of praise for the sacrifice we have made."

MRS. M. MERRICK.

THE LAST SCENE IN THE TERRIBLE DRAMA.

THE TALBOTT BOYS.

Thanking the friendly reporter of the *Post-Dispatch*, St. Louis, for the publicity which he has given our feeble efforts in regard to the Talbott boys, will beg leave to exonerate ourselves so far as we have power. We certainly were in earnest, when we know the evidence given by the witnesses who appeared against the Talbott boys, whereby they were condemned to be hung, and were hung, was worthless; that each witness, excepting the uncle of the boys and one Leighton, had afterwards retracted, saying they had perjured themselves; that the detective Brighton, who worked up the case, was an escaped convict having served out four years in penitentiary and is now under arrest for robbing the mail. There were tangible reasons, as well as the reasons

which have been given by the spirit father. Men of sense, of judgment, such as Honorable A. P. Morehouse, of Missouri, were co-operating with us. Ministers of the gospel, hundreds, yea thousands of ladies sent in their voice of pleading to stop the murder of the innocent. Ex-Senator Conkling advised with Hon. A. P. Morehouse, a special friend of the family, and gave his legal advice to grant the commutation of the sentence, and the almost universal voice of the people assembled to witness the most terrible tragedy which was ever publicly committed, was one of pity, and a solemn weight rolled through that assembly which will never be forgotten. We beg leave to say it was not epilepsy which inspired us to labor with untiring zeal, but a high and holy power which bade us lend our influence in the cause of justice and mercy. There is blood—innocent blood—crying from the everlasting habitation of heaven for revenge upon Governor Crittenden. God pity him as he would not pity that anguish-stricken mother—that forsaken widow—who cried herself for mercy, who sent the messengers in her stead to again plead, in the person of Mrs. Merrick and writer. He would not listen to reason, would not give us one point in the evidence against them upon which to base his reasons only said he would not interfere with the decision of jury, but Gov. Crittenden *did* interfere so far as to grant a respite, investigated the subject, found that the witness Wyatt and Brighton retracted, and that Mitchell contradicted himself in his statement, and did not make a point otherwise, said nothing, save which any man might manufacture. Not saying he did manufacture it even, yet we said to the Governor, Do you not give the criminal the benefit of the doubt? The answer came, "We gave them the benefit of the doubt." Hanging then is the benefit of the doubt? our answer came. The terrible, the fearful words came in answer to each plea: "I will not interfere with the court. Ladies, the boys will hang to-morrow." Upon whom but Gov. Crittenden does the responsibility rest? The appeal was taken to him—the highest tribunal in the state of Missouri, and he set the seal which doomed the young, the innocent boys, as he thought but which sent their pure spirits out into the unknown to be reunited with their father, and to sing the song of triumph, "Oh death! where is thy sting? Oh grave! where is thy victory?," and doomed himself to harrassing misery, to sleepless nights, and anxious solicitude. Gov. Crittenden has shown himself unworthy a position of trust, where he may deal out justice tempered with mercy to the suffering children of

earth, and he will in the proper time take his true position, and a man of nobility, courage and bravery will come forth and with the gentle wand of peace subdue this strife which is raging in some parts of their beautiful state.

Even the prosecuting attorney Ramsey allowed it publicly announced a few days before the execution in the *St. Joe. Gazette* that he recommended commutation of the sentence.

This was a time when earnestness and zeal were required, but our efforts were a little over estimated by the reporter as all we did was within the bounds of reason and propriety. Our scene with the boys was truly pitiable and one which was calculated to cause the senses almost to forsake a humane and justice-loving individual. To see those two boys, one of them with the stamp of childhood yet upon his brow, the other just entering manhood with eager expectant faces, knowing we had come from the Governor and to feel that we could give them no hope, no wonder that every human energy arose within us, when we said, boys there is no hope; the Governor says you must die, are you still innocent, and we see them look us steadfastly in the eye and say: "I am innocent." We looked into the depths of their souls with an earnestness that would not be deceived and saw that their words were true: The dear mother broke down, but with noble bravery each threw an arm around her sustaining her. The scene was enough to wring a harder heart than our own. The words arose to our lips: Thank God that you are innocent; it is better to die innocent than guilty. "Yes," says Albert, the elder, "we know it, but it is hard; but our innocence will be proved before a year." God grant that it may for the sake of that bereaved family, that heart-broken mother. We turned to the priests, and said, they are innocent? Each bowed his head in assent with a holy solemnity and they were as sure of their innocence as were we. The dispatch which we sent the Governor was in desperation almost; we would have at that moment dared anything which was in accordance with right, that the right and just power might have prevailed, and Gov. Crittenden might have been deterred from legalized murder, but he chose, and we wash our hands from the blood-curdling deed saying again, "God pity more than he did; not according to the Lord's prayer but deeper. But the eternal laws of the universe are yea and nay Right or wrong here or there, up or down ascent or descent and God himself moves in accordance with these laws. The sorrow-stricken mother said

to us in parting "write something nice about my poor boys. I hope they are satisfied that they have killed them. And as we looked upon those inanimate forms, beautiful in the last embrace of death, we said: There let us lie rather than occupy a Governor's seat with the stain of blood upon our soul.

Gov. Crittenden held for a time within his hand a sparkling gem of priceless worth, but hurled into outer darkness. It was caught by a loving, tender angel of mercy and retained in its pristine purity, for a noble and true son of God, to sparkle and radiate from the thrown of power, until it sends bright rays of purity into the darkened caverns of their state.

Aye, let us be the man who is shot at his own fireside, and the boys who died upon the scaffold, rather than the man of high position who dared do such a deed because of political difference. For we are sure with the boys last words: "I am innocent," and expressed upon the scaffold, yet ringing in our ears, that Dr. Talbott's dying words: "It is a political enemy," were true.

Let us lay ourselves down to rest, with loving hearts and pure consciences in obscurity, rather than be kings, queens or princes of power with the sad wail of the orphan, the cry of the widow ringing in our ear, or the blood of the innocent crying out for revenge. Let us give the noble intents way that we may not crave honor save the true, not that which is dishonor under a cloak.

IDA M. MERRILL.

THE MISSION.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

Blest be the souls whose gentle power
Soothes sweetly in the trying hour;
And plant some happy loving thought
Where sorrow's frenzied sting hath wrought.

Blest patience with her mild sweet eye
That lights the mourners where they lie
And gives the fragrant soothing balm
That bathes poor souls in heavenly calm.

Blest are the meek whose spirits sing
In every season notes of spring
That charm the weary in their way
From sorrow's vales to realms of day.

Blest are the hearts that bloom as true
As nature's flowers, whose cups with dew
Sparkle each morn and smile all day
In the dear sun's enlivening ray.

Blest are the winds by reason taught
What wonders human love hath wrought
In the sad, devious ways below
Where mourners in their sackcloth go.

Blest are the men who do and dare
When senseless clamor in the air
Intimidates the weak hearts round
That in earth's common dust are bound.

Blest are the instruments of love
Whose notes attuned to themes above
Drown in their strains all discords here
And fling afar their songs of cheer!

And blest! O yes! how blest to be
In that dear strain, that symphony
One cheerful note that rolls along
Unbroken in the world's glad song!

Wouldst be a King with regal, train?
A warrior with a hero's fame?
A poet with the laurel crown?
A statesman with a just renown?

Be all—if thou but can and wilt;
But I my humbler wish have built
Upon the earth's green carpet spread
With blooming flowers and mossy bed.

Where fragrant hearts give sympathy,
And springing hopes with joy I see,
Aid where the ground was parched before
A sweet dyanthus spreading o'er.

Where some poor soul in sad despair
Bent to the earth in weary care,
Listens one moment in his way
To whisperings of the coming day.

And then like mercy—thrice I'm blest
In the calm song he sings of rest;
In the warm glow my spirit feels;
And in the world's wide ringing peals!

Spirit communion will become valuable according as it applies to the needs of the soul, and the inner solicitations of your being. If merely employed as a detective power to inquire after lost money, lost friends lost power, or the clearest road to wealth, to ease, to enjoyment, then you must lay yourself open to deception, to contradiction, and often to destruction.

CRIME.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

It has been said—and very truthfully so, that Inconoclasts make very indifferent builders; but it is just as true that the old house must be first pulled down before the new one can be built in its place; and it is also a fact that good builders often find it absolutely necessary to raze the old building to its very foundation to make it possible to elevate a more useful and beautiful structure, especially is this the case in the more important parable of the theology, religion and morality of humanity.

Whoever heard of but one God, until the idol destroyers had excited the nations against their images of wood and stone, by showing their impotence? Who ever heard of a Jesus, until a John the Baptist and the essenses as a result of their quiet contemplation declared the blood of bulls and of goats of no avail in the sight of a just God, and that bringing forth works, meet for repentance, was the only sacrifice acceptable to a just and loving Father? And whatever nation ever placed its people on the throne and made its manager only its servant, until some Brutus, Voltaire, Junius Franklin, Jefferson or Paine laughed to scorn the divine right of kings? And who shall ever live to see the universal republic, until some grand intellectual hero shall stand up in his manly indignation, and demand the abolition of this countless label of languages and religions, so that one language and one natural and philosophical adoration shall at length be demanded by an united world, to demolish national hatred; and in its place erect one banner on which shall be inscribed and emblazoned, one golden circle, one universal Father, one indivisible humanity and one excelsior of eternal progression, on the silver background of love and music!?

It is true, the opposers of punishment have been active for a few years past in exciting sympathy in the hearts of the people for the condemned victim of the law; but the remedy or substitute for punishment has been almost forgotten except by a Davis; and the solution or question of "what is crime?" has been almost, if not entirely ignored or overlooked, either from the fear of a local or fashionable standard, or from an inability to logically examine and grasp the root of the matter.

And now I boldly ask what is crime? In Asia minor it is a virtue

for a man to have a plurality of wives; and a young English officer was rejected by a noble lady who loved him because he had no other wife that she could chat with, and divide and enjoy the honors and pleasures of matrimony with her. In Europe (except in Turkey) or in America the damsel would have been shocked had she found out that her proposed husband had a rival to her in sacred precincts of home, and a marriage by deception would subject the offender to swift punishment; and this is not the only crime that depends on its local habitation, duelling is still tolerated and applauded in a large portion of the world—even in the world called civilized (?) but fortunately punishable by law, and condemned by the majority of sensible and educated persons. I might continue to cite similarities with their paradoxical differences, but think enough have been given, to establish the differential facts, and show either conclusion to be a problem.

What then is crime? In answer I fearlessly assume the principle of common law so often quoted in the books and at the bar, but almost always cast into contempt by judges and by juries, and never for a moment looked into by the masses—crime is the act of a sane mind; nothing else CAN commit a crime; this is law and reason; and thank God it is the highest spiritual intuition! and what is its negative? On this hangs the justice or injustice of punishment—and in my answer I throw down the gage in mortal combat, toward the hide-bound legal pensioners, the boasting drivellers of the nineteenth century—the answer to its negative is this—no sane or perfect mind ever committed a crime; no insane, imperfect or unconscious mind CAN commit a crime. Now how! O legal bloodhounds! can a brute commit a crime? You say no; and why not? Can your quibbles extricate you? No! and what shall you do? Why draw in a fresh inspiration of whiskey and tobacco and appeal to the cerberian public monster of vulgar prejudice, and popular ignorance that priest and lawyer have been feeding with the husks that the swine do eat, ever since the world began—that a few may lord it over God's heritage; appeal to these, cry blood and revenge! and the monster shall give you a million echoes!! It has already lapped up the blood of saints, heretics and martyrs; and why not slake its modern thirst, by giving it the blood of the poor half-witted victims of the ignorance and hot passion that you and your predecessors have infused into the souls and bodies of your victims?!

"Ah well"—says some good simple soul—"but here we are, and here

are the criminals, and we must protect our lives." But how do we protect ourselves? Do we get up pleasant homes at the public expense till they will pay for themselves; homes that give labor and health and instructions and love, to many around that we all know to be insane, and to others who are idle dissipators—explosive mines of dynamite that are only waiting for the slightest touch of the infernal match of discord to pierce the heart of a brother or sister, for whom they would have shed their own blood in their cooler moments, in their right mind? No; we lock no stable doors till the horse is stolen; and then where is your horse? We restrain no theft or murderer until the gold is gone, or the victims of this insanity and of our own improvident imbecility lie bleeding, dying at our feet! "Well," say you, "who is to blame?" God give us charity! the priest and Levite have passed by on the other side of the road, when they saw and knew that a brother was wounded; are the priest and Levite insane or have they forgotten the oracles of God?

Let the dead bury their dead; and the dead sea apples turn into dust in the darkness of the past; but let us who are (if we are) the children of light—of a new, a higher and truer intuition, a warmer inspiration, lit at the fire of fraternal love, leap up in our might, and demand justice that is born in the cradle of human mercy, justice that cannot live on blood, justice that shall lead its imbeciles, its infants, its half made-up Richard, the Third; and place them in the schools, and on the farms, of labor, mental and physical, and a constant gentle instruction of peace and good will; and demand that every man shall be his brother's keeper; so that the first evidence or outburst of insanity in all or any of its forms of drivel or of passion, shall be immediately conveyed into the asylums that await them, in the provisions of an enlightened community; take the parent drunkard and put him where he can give to the state no more children, thirsty for firewater and for blood; take the idle rough and set him to work for himself and the state; it will do them both good; take the lawyer or priest or doctor who indulges in bad habits of drink or of lust, and put them in the same place to labor both with body and mind; in this sober and sane moments they will all thank you; and it will be cheaper for the state to keep their families with their compulsory physical labor, than to bury them in a drunkard's grave, and have to support their impoverished and degraded families in body and soul afterward.

Place your present condemned criminals where they can do no harm,

and where they can be redeemed, and fully vindicated as publicly as they have been condemned unjustly if proved innocent after a time; but shed no blood; capital punishment is a failure; it has gone crying and cursing out of the world since the race begun, and has only engendered a continuity of accursed abortions in public and private, like unto itself; it is a perfect paradox, for it is public murder that pretends to prevent private murder, not unfrequently resulting in other murders near the scaffold, and has never restrained other murderers in the hour or moment of temptation and passion.

"Peace to good willing men;" is not the figment of a weak imagination; but the true translation of the song of the angels, and must and can be engrafted in the constitutions of every State and in the hearts of the people that have any claim to be led by a calm reason and a true civilization.

OVER THE COUNTRY.

ONE THOUSAND MILES TRAVEL IN MISSOURI.

A Visit to St. Joseph, Kansas City, Jefferson City, Maryville, and Other cities.

INTERVIEW WITH THE TALBOTT BOYS—THEIR EXECUTION, ETC.

[From The Quincy Post.]

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., July 18.

Sunday was a beautiful day. Clouds crowded back the warm rays of the sun, which, with now and then a shower of rain, made it very pleasant for one who wishes to recuperate from the excitement of business and its responsibilities by rambling about over the country in search of information that may be of use to the people, who, as a rule, in their incessant toil have no money or time to spend going over the country to gain an idea of the development of nature through the intelligent brain of man, backed by energy and a desire to rise above the fog of poverty and ignorance, into a condition of growth, prosperity and independence which makes man the most enjoyable and contented being in the world, as well as the most humane and liberty-loving in perpetuating the gifts

of our forefathers, who struggled for years that this country might be the asylum of the world's oppressed and unfortunate people.

The H. & St. Joe road, controlled by gentlemen who are polite and liberal in thought, and who desire to increase the growth of the country, furnishes a means of transportation and travel that can hardly be surpassed by any road in the west. Leaving Quincy on this road going west, the pleasure-seeker or business man finds much to attract his attention. A rich growing country, decked with harvested wheat; with fields of corn waving their blades like swords to protect them from outward enemies; with meadows clothed in a verdure of green, over which cattle and horses feed in the highest luxury of their natures; with streams of water murmuring in their courses, cut out by the rough hand of nature, wind through the country, furnishing water to thousands, as well as amusement to those who have a desire to listen to the rippling water as it goes playing over stones, tickling them in their quietude; with cottages of beauty, surrounded by the wildness of nature, are but few of the many attractions. Towns and villages, with churches and school houses every few miles, mark the enterprise of the Missouri people, and give a market to the produce of farmers on whose skill and labor depend the happiness and prosperity of all the people, for, from their labor must come the life-sustaining qualities of nature. Yea! they are the kings of the universe. Let them cease their labor and the world, the rich and the poor, the learned and ignorant, would exist but a short season. Notwithstanding the power they wield, to-day they are the most oppressed, robbed and cheated class of people on the face of the earth. Year after year, in the burning heat of summer and the cold blasts of winter they stand at their posts, and with scarcely a sigh of complaint submit quietly and peacefully to the robbers who feed off their labor by unjust laws, which were passed for the purpose of enslaving the people to an unmerciful bondholding aristocracy which has created huge monopolies to absorb the wealth of the country, and which to-day are the great enemies of liberty and freedom in this country, as they are well organized and are determined to go ahead with their work of ruin by keeping the people in ignorance as to their aims and purposes.

A PHILOSOPHER.

Riding along slowly, noticing everything that comes in view, gaining a thought from every new scenery, our eyes rest on a philosopher. We

shall not name the town in which he lives, but shall give a description of it: Imagine a dozen houses, surrounded by as beautiful and as rich country as the sun ever shone upon, through which a railroad passes, and you have an idea of the village in which lives the philosopher we are about to mention. He appeared to be a boy of about twelve summers; with hair as white as snow: his eyes the color of the sky; with a complexion that much resembled the Mongolian race. He, the philosopher, with deep meaning look, sat in the window of his father's house while the train passed by. Between his legs he held a pig that looked almost as large as himself, which he was learning locomotive power, or the philosophy of steam. The pig squealed and he tightened his grip with a grin of pain upon his face, when, all at once, the philosopher fell and on him the pig. Then there followed an irrepressible conflict. The boy, the philosopher, we call him, though he had recieved a fall, did not give up his hold, and when last we saw him, he had his pig-student in his arms trying to learn it some sense or manners when strangers are near. No doubt he has more grit than ever did U. S. Grant, who is reported in history, as having held to a cows tail while she ran a half mile through mud and water, keeping him constantly flying in the air. This boy reminds us of his grit, and if given a chance, he will no doubt become president of the United States, and when he does, he will hold on to the reins of government as firm as he ever held on to a pig in his youth—no matter what may be the opposition or who may ridicule him, or how many may be against him in his effort to carry out what he believes to be a benefit to his race.

From the home of the philosopher we pass on to St. Joseph, where we arrived about half after eight o'clock in the evening. A few minutes ride from the depot brought us to the Pacific House, the largest and best hotel in the city, as well as one of the best in the west. From our room, thirty one, we have a beautiful view of the city. For miles we can see the surrounding country, through which the Missouri river lazily winds its way to the Father of Waters. Looking out over the city of St. Joseph from our stand-point it presents a striking appearance, though not so beautiful as Quincy, yet business seems to be more lively, and improvement far ahead of the latter city. Situated as it is, with the advantages of the growing west, it has great promises for the future and will doubtless soon become one of the leading cities of this country.

Its population is claimed to be 30,000; is well represented by able

newspapers of all political parties, good schools, charitable institutions, etc. Its wholesale houses and manufacturing establishments are all doing a fine business, which invite rival firms. Indeed, no city in the west has greater advantages than St. Joe. Blessed with transportation of all kinds, surrounded by a rich country, inhabited by men of enterprise, its future appears great, and nothing, save a great national calamity can stay its growth for even a season.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

ISAAC'S LAST BLESSING.

Mother of love! Mother of light!
 Teach thy child no lesson of deceit;
 Keep pure honesty ever in sight;
 Teach him to ascend with ready feet.

A blessing, which is not freely given,
 May change into a fearful curse.
 Let it be sweet and pure from heaven,
 Or unto thy child the result is worse.

Deceive not that father with eyes so dim,
 But rather let Jacob the next best take,
 His father may have a special one for him,
 Do not deceive for righteousness sake.

Rebekah was weak; her favored child,
 She fain would have supplant his brother,
 And planned at once the scheme so wild,
 Oh, Rebekah, thou weak frail mother!

Esau had gone at the bidding of his father,
 To search for venison in the wood,
 But Rebekah says: Jacob I would rather
 Prepare from the flocks the savory food.

Go bring two kids, and dress them well,
 And *you* his last blessing may receive,
 But Jacob says Esau from Jacob he may tell;
 Esau is hairy, and he will not believe.

But the skin of goats upon his hands,
 In Esau's raiment he was dressed,
 Before his father now he stands,
 And that he was Esau now confessed.

Oh mother of love! Oh mother of light!
 Thy child a greater blessing might have,
 And been obtained by the power of right,
 Rather than by the power of a knave.

To steal his brother's blessing!
 How many a son of God to-day,
 Is upon this same law of right aggressing,
 Allowing selfish motives to sway.

But mothers, let your children all meet,
 The blessing of holiest love;
 The sweet pure souls teach not deceit;
 Link them by goodness to realms above.

When Isaac was very old and his eyes dim, he thought that the day of his death was near, and accordingly called Esau, his son, and bade him go and hunt and bring him venison, that he might give him his blessing. Rebekah, his wife, hearing him speak to Esau, called Jacob, her favorite, and bade him go to the flock and bring two kids, saying: I will make savory meat, such as thy father loves, and thou shalt take it to thy father that he may eat and give thee the blessing. But Jacob objected saying: Esau is a hairy man, and I am a smooth man, and my father will recognize me, and will curse me as a deceiver instead of blessing me. Aye! there is a truth—a diamond in thy words Jacob. A deceiver! What a terrible thing it is to be a deceiver, to falsify, to obtain anything by a wrong action. Stand firm upon the mountain of right. Yes, sons of God, stand up with the firm faith of a freeman; stand up with the sceptre of honor, taking nothing only that which is yielded you by the open sesame to true honors, and that is Right.

It is so beautiful to see one in whom we can place confidence, whom we *know* that the wealth of the world would not tempt to falsify, or to use the poisoned arrows of deceit to obtain any coveted treasure. It turns to ashes in the hand in this case. But if thou dost steadfastly pursue the true and beautiful path of duty, coveting not thy brother's blessing, thou wilt find thine own is far more beautiful to thee, far more consoling than his would have been, because more appropriate, more fitting.

Each human being has a peculiar sphere or position or blessing, and in that position only does he move with ease and fulfill his life mission. Another's talent or life-work may appear so brilliant, and thine own so dull, yet if thine own is carried out faithfully, thy life picture written upon the eternal world is beautiful and radiant as the morning star, and

as worthy the great Master's bidding; "Well done good and faithful servant," as though thou hast ten talents to improve.

And again thou mayst have ten talents and may look upon the formidable work of improving them, and may faint at the thought and fain deceive thyself into taping a position of more ease, yet thou art cheating or deceiving the eternal Father and holy angels of the just returns—the interest for the blessing given, and throwing the responsibility of their own great power upon weaker frames, thereby rendering the law of equality void.

Rise up ye mothers, and mothers' sons and deceive not the Eternal Father of the Universe hoping to gain the blessing of another, for the deception will be known and the blessing will eventuate in a curse. Gird on your armors of love and faith, and fight the battle valiantly and bravely that thy blessing may be sweet and pure from the angel's hands. That the Father's blessing may be one of love unmixed with pity over failures or chastenings for sad mistakes.

IDA M. MERRILL.

DIAMOND DUST.

Nature requires temperance.

To do Right, is the foundation of Spiritualism.

Hanging does not reform men as is generally supposed; but make them more powerful to accomplish evil in murderous circles.

The Church is in a desperate struggle with the original plan of creation.

You cannot conceive, nor can one explain, all the conditions of spirit-life.

All wise spirits know that it is not good for you to obtain everything without effort.

What is more noble in human nature than the justice of men toward each other.

Just now it is the fashion for men like Joseph Cook to conjoin radicalism with moral laxity.

Organize, and work together for everything that calls for reform.

Every great discovery and invention has been made at the instigation of the devil—say the churches.

There is punishment in the spirit life, the same as in this life, and every man must suffer for his own acts.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrick.

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NO. 43.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

To the subscribers of A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT I send greeting, asking protection and support in the work I am inspired to do. There is no other way to do anything on earth that is done but by inspiration, and you may judge from what sphere I draw by the deeds I do, and principles I advocate, and all I desire is freedom to act according to the knowledge I possess; and as others who have made a covenant or agreement with a firm or person to do a work or co-operate harmoniously on a plan of business.

Now, this I did three years since—went into business with my husband—I was to use what means I could spare, and he with others was to direct and sustain me—hold me up against all opposition. I wish to make every person that I form a line of attraction with to understand I am not deranged, hallucinated or epileptic. My physical health is as near perfection as possible; seventy years old; sleep sound and don't miss a meal; eat all the food I like best, and never feel a pain. You can judge of my moral health by what I say and do. Our deeds are the mirror in which our spirit first sees its natural lineaments, and I am watching and comparing mine with the model, Jesus of Nazareth, and working diligently to bring about the same result that he did, or that he worked for, and I meet the same opposition. The saints say I get my inspiration from the devil. Well, I find a widow and two daughters; good, industrious, honest, benevolent people, Baptist if that is any credit, and they so oppressed with poverty; no husband or son to help them; there was scarcely a ray of hope, for two long years; I saw them moving from one house to another—sometimes almost helpless by sickness

—and I felt as tired as they did, and determined to buy a house for them to live in; so I bought a piece of property, worth what I paid, and allow them to occupy it without paying rent until they are able, and doing some other little favors. Now who is at the bottom of this act? Is it the devil or is it love to one's neighbor? Am I deranged or have I made proper use of my means?

Please remember this and protect me in the right to use my money as I please. Miss Merrill is one of the daughters spoken of; she is a medium without a blemish on her character, and writes from the sphere of her development, and you may judge from what region it comes; she was raised in the Baptist church and was a member of the same in Quincy, and when the family had moved into a house, and Miss Merrill receiving remuneration for her writing, the Church notified her to come before the council, as they did Peter and John eighteen hundred years ago, and they treated her in a similar manner; would not allow any of her friends to be present, and when they had sneeringly questioned her, they offered to take her into the arms of the church, or what they call Christ's kingdom on earth, if she would denounce all spirit communication, and spiritualists, never speak or preach the gospel of Jesus of Nazareth, (spiritualism) they would receive her. Her answer came: "Never; I would die at the stake first." Can any one see a devil, on either side? I can see a bad, dark influence, and Isaiah, the prophet says to the chosen ones: "Your hands are full of blood, and when I meet one who says blood for blood, I feel their hearts may be full of murder, ready to kill. I am learning the alphabet of the science of life, and the laws by which we live, move and have a being. Now, I perceive one law with no limits of variation, and hope in time to find the missing link that binds the spiritual with the natural.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

THE SAD EXECUTION

OF THE INNOCENT CHARLES E. AND ALBERT P. TALBOTT.

With a sob, a sigh and sorrowful wail,
 Oh, how can we tell the pitiful tale!
 How sad the city! what a solemn pall!
 Has fallen with darkened cloud.
 They have sent them out beyond recall,
 And a groan re-echoes through the crowd;

Their entrance to the spirit world,
The angels greet with peace.
The glorious banners are unfurled,
For them there is no release.

Sad it seems unto us below,
But the realm to them so pure, so bright,
Will scatter now their fearful woe;
They shall rise to realms so light.

The pitiful cries of the mother of love,
Were rejected by the man of power,
And down from the great white throne above,
They shall come at an unexpected hour.

Shall prove the truth: we did not kill,
Our home now is one of pure bright love,
And our message to you is in the hours so still,
We are anchored in the clime above.

Innocent they were thrust from the land,
Thrust out, without a hope of life;
But they're are anchored on the shining strand
In gladder, newer grander life.

Innocent, thank God! 'tis better so,
Than if bloodstains their brow did mark,
Sorrow so great to those who are left below,
With the black stains of guilt so dark.

Resting on the brow of innocent youth,
But life is short, eternity grand;
Shall reveal the truth, the grand mighty truth,
Innocent they were thrust from the land.

But they're not dead, only gone before,
On a calm and a quiet eve,
Will visit the loved ones on this shore
Who sadly for them now do grieve.

How pitiful, how sad to take a life,
Take that which men can never give.
Oh, haste the day! when endeth strife,
When the law will bid e'en criminals live.

When no more murders through the land,
Shall flow with baneful power;
Oh, haste the day, with triumph grand!
Oh, haste that grand, that joyful hour!

But these dear boys, why must it be?
They must suffer for a guilty race;
Perhaps 'twill set many innocent free,
Perhaps 'twill legal murder efface.

God, grant them power to come to earth!
To appear as angels from a cloud,
To come and prove the true Right's worth,
To come and appal the murderous crowd.

IDA M. LERRILL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"Harry has told me that I was dearer to him than his very life, Eva; that he loved me better than a sister would you believe it?"

"Why yes, Alice, I am not astonished. I could have told you the same before I ever saw you. I know that he expects to marry you or no other, only he has feared that you would never consent to marry any one as you always said so and desired to be a teacher for life."

"Well, Alice, I never thought of it in this light before. I have always looked upon Harry, as my dear brother and never thought of the event of his marrying, and then, of course, there would be some one else he must listen to and he would have no time or inclination perhaps to listen to my fairy stories. I have always been content to have him near me as my dear brother, and adviser never thinking of the future, but his letter has awakened a new train of thoughts in my mind. Shall I read you the letter just as it is. It will express my revelation better than my words?"

"Certainly, Alice, if you wish it. I should be greatly pleased to hear it. I understand his heart and yours too, perhaps better than you do yourself. Your sisterly affection for my cousin Harry is deeper than my cousinly one; for mine is the tie of blood, whilst yours is the tie of kindred souls. I presume I never should have realized this chord, had it not have been that I became so familiar with Betsey Herr and her story. But let me hear the letter."

With a slight blush tinging her pale face which had deepened as she advanced, she read as follows:

MY DEAR SISTER FOREVER:—Your answer, FOREVER! which came in reply to my inquiry, or rather request, that you would be my sister forever has buoyed up my spirits; has given me a new inspiration, and a new impetus. Dear little sister, did you realize how much that request of mine contained, and what a ray of hope the answer was to your brother. Not you did not realize the depth of meaning which my words contained; you simply answered the surface words, but with a pathos

which gave me an insight into your inner soul which responded unconsciously. Yea, Alice, I want you to be my sister forever—my more than sister. There is a nearer and dearer tie yet, Alice. Will you change the expression, and be my little wife? Some day in the future, when I have finished school, come home to attend to business like your papa, as you say! I should, then will you be my own true wife forever? I have no flowery expressions of sentimentality, no glowing descriptions of a bright future, no offers to make but my simple, honest and candid assertion that, I love you. You are dearer to me than my very life, were your existence blotted, or me too look upon you as another. Our lives have grown together, our very natures have intertwined, like the beautiful ivy which clings to the stone church, branch twined within branch, new tendrils coming forth and locking their tiny arms of nature's beauty within each other, each new thought that springs from the breast of either, is answered by a correspondence, until our souls are linked together, and with me would be as the tearing asunder of my whole life, and with you also, Alice, if you will but enter your hearts chamber and consider our whole lives and look upon the picture, that we must be severed from the tie of sister and brotherhood, in the event that either of us should marry another. I know that it has been your desire Alice, to remain single as Aunt Fannie and teach, but your mother will not consent, and I claim the right to show you a better path of life, perhaps. Will you accept? Consider it well, and give your heart an opportunity to respond. You may allow Eva to read this, as she understands me, and says she does you also. Give my best cousin-love to Eva, and retain the unreserved homage of my heart for yourself.

Your own affectionate brother,

HARRY ERNEST.

P. S.—I shall in my next give you some idea of how we are progressing here, but in this could only express the upper most desires of my heart. Clint has given Eva a description of our trip and our arrival at Vassar. We are looked upon by the senior class as quite green, nevertheless we must stand our initiation.

HARRY.

She read the letter in a tremulous voice, almost subsiding into a whisper. This earnest declaration of Harry's sunk into her soul, awakening a responsive chord; it vibrated through her nature arousing the symphonies which had been attuned, but need only magician's wand to send the

fairies of music tripping over the keys, sending echoe after echoe rippling through her nature. You are dearer to me than my very life. The words echoed and re-echoed with a force which she could not conquer if she would, and it seemed she had no such desire. There was so much of faith and trust, confidence, and greater than all magic, I love you. It was all-powerful. There were no other words which could arouse a pure, truthful, affectionate, devoted nature as Alice's was, like these. Had he brought the wealth of the Indies, the fame of an Alexander, the beauty of an Apollo, or the might of a monarch and lain at her feet craving her homage, he would not have gained so much as by the simple words, "I love you."

To be sure he had always loved her, and she him, but in that natural, brotherly, sisterly way which had been unexpressed, but now called for something deeper, higher, holier, grander; her womanly nature momentarily expanded, as the flower opens in the morn as the sun's warm rays pour upon it when it has been refreshed by the dews of even. Again we say, Mrs. Kent do not ruthlessly attempt to tear this beautiful blossom from the stem, but let it bloom and shed its fragrance upon the air and gladden our hearts by its beauty.

For a few moments, neither spoke. Eva had caught Alice's spell and silently the influence swept athwart the harps of their separate lives, with the same melodious ripple which seemed rendered as a duett by the same fairies of music which had held possession of Alice.

Alice was the first to break the silence:

"Eva, it is just Harry isn't it? honest, loving, affectionate, cousin Harry. As he says, he could not offer any sentimentality, it is so foreign to his nature. It is all expressed, and you Alice have the power to make him a noble man, or send him reeling to a drunkards grave."

"Do you really think so, Eva. It seems to me that I am of so little importance in the world, that I could not assist any one. I feel so dependent."

"Yes, dear Alice, but it is your gentle, clinging nature which has wound around him a silken cord that binds you to him in a tender and loving sympathy. It strengthens him more than strong and forcible advice from a self-important person. He is won by the gentleness which is a sister blossom to the words he said: 'I love you.'"

"What shall I say, and what shall I do Alice? I love Harry as my dear brother, but this has never occurred to me. Oh I could not think

of it, even being otherwise; but that I should have him as my adviser, when he is near me or even when absent to a great extent. But Eva I have never thought of marrying Harry really."

"But Alice, you never could marry any one else feeling as you do, certainly."

"No indeed, I could not, but have never thought of marrying any one, have absolutely protested against it."

"Alice, when your papa and mama die you will be entirely alone in such a case, and Harry could not be the same brother to you were he married. Grandma says, people make too light of such matters; she always told me she wanted me to marry for love, and to be sure that the one who sought me for his wife loved me in preference to every other woman in the world", then only she would say, "Eva, can you expect to live in unison through adverse fortune, through sickness and sorrow as well as through the bright days of prosperity." She says she has seen so many people who had no love for each other, and they either lived unhappily or parted in many cases. With you and Harry, nothing could separate you in your sympathies. As he says, your nature's have intertwined as the ivy upon the church. How lovely a comparison Harry has made. I have watched the ivy which so beautifully drapes that stone church since I have been here and there was always something in it that reminded me of protection, of shelter, but I never thought of Harry's idea. Eva, may I advise you. I feel that I must. Perhaps your mama will desire to have you make a brilliant match, but she will surely allow you to consult your own heart."

"Yes mama desires me to reign a belle for some time, she says, and then to marry brilliantly as you say, but I have told her always it was my desire not to marry at all. Papa says: Let her do as she pleases, mama. And I could not force myself into anything even to please mama which was so opposed to my sense of right."

"Well, Alice, write to cousin Harry and tell him of the state of mind and it will be satisfactory to him,"

CORA CORAL.

If earth was the only habitation of men, and death an idle dream the career of men would be the most imperfect of all the countless inhabitants of the animal kingdom.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

WE ARE VERY SAD TO-NIGHT.

22ND OF JULY.

We started with some hope to see the Governor to intercede for the Talbott boys, and he readily granted an interview. But, alas! for any bright hopes, he firmly says: "I will not interfere with the law."

God grant that the day may soon be ushered in when the law will not require any interference in regard to capital punishment. We plead with him to commute the sentence, as it was the wish of hundreds throughout Missouri and other states. But each time the answer came: "The boys must hang." Although we had been treated politely by the Governor, we left discouraged and hopeless. We hastened to the scene of the tragedy; was admitted to the jail by Sheriff Toel, found two priests in attendance, the boys bathed in tears and the mother prostrated with grief. Albert says: "We are innocent;" Ed repeated the same and I know they were in my inmost soul. We did not remain long, but still hoped something would come from the Governor. What joy would have filled that mother's soul to-night, were such the case—the sentence commuted and still the law not violated. But as it is, her soul is filled with woe unutterable. As we gazed upon the lifeless clay, beautiful in the last embrace of death, we say: How beautiful they look—no resemblance to the miserable portraits pretending to represent them. Alas! we say, has right yielded her everlasting power, and in this moment of trial deserted her children, left them starving upon the husks of the world's cold charity. But we throw aside the curtain, we see spread a feast of unfailing sustenance. We see the crimson, wine of love poured by a dear savior, and we see the fruition of hope; we see that the two innocent boys executed this 22nd of July are saviors for the age; we see the corner stone of reform is laid; but, oh! at what a cruel sacrifice! Oh! angel of mercy! Come! and temper the rude blast to that sorrowing mother bereft of both husband and elder sons by the cruel hand of injustice. Oh could not the world be redeemed, reformed, saved without such a terrible sacrifice of human life. But thanks be to the Omnipotent and holy power, a long life is only a step in the great eternity of joy, where the cup will be filled to the brim, and the sweet chalice of truth and purity shall flow for the weary souls, where the bright flowers of hope and trust shall forever blossom, and the loved ones sing to-

gether the songs of redeeming love, and we unite the dissevered fragments of our lives, where the baneful evil cannot thrust between the poisoned darts of malice and envy.

The hour arrives when they must be ruthlessly cast into eternity. Oh, the excruciable agony of those moments. Oh fiendish and hellish relics of barbarism! God haste the day when shall be only as such, and when our country shall be beautiful and pure—no bloodstains upon her lovely banner of peace. Rise up, Oh, ye sleeping ones, and shake off the shackles which enslave our people. Let your voices ring with the chorus, Salvation to the people!

IDA M. MERRILL.

SINCERITY.

In my joy I said, the world is fair,
It was so sweet, so pure, so heavenly,
To wipe away the tears of care
To find the balm I'd sought so patiently.

A heart which could appreciate,
My inner soul, my heaven-born ideal,
But now there sinks the sullen weight,
My imaginations were they real?

A cloud of sombre nightly hue,
Rests now upon that glittering path,
Those congenial thoughts I thought so true,
Are changed into the worthless chaff.

Like a glimpse of the soul, it came to me,
That intelligent thought we understand,
Which says my soul surely understands thee,
How sweet to grasp such one by the hand.

But alas are we mistaken in our view,
Did we read aright at that day.
Has an evil one taken that soul so true,
And spirited it far away?

Has another power come rushing in?
Or have we ourselves taken a veil?
Is it the power of the viper sin?
Or simply his last sad, dying wail?

We would have light, be not deceived?
We would not use the cursed bane,
Had we not the insight received,
We had not known the sad refrain.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT

'Tis a cheering thought to find a soul
 Who realizes the depths of purity,
 Who yields the all to heaven's control,
 And is filled with truest sincerity.

—CORA CORAL.

OVER THE COUNTRY.

ONE THOUSAND MILES TRAVEL IN MISSOURI

A Visit to St. Joseph, Kansas City, Jefferson City, Maryville, and Other cities.

INTERVIEW WITH THE TALBOTT BOYS—THEIR EXECUTION, ETC.

[From The Quincy Post.]

In our rambling over the city our attention was called to the Talbott boys, whom we found securely placed in jail waiting the day of execution, which is to take place Friday, and of which mention will be made further on. They appeared to be of good cheer, and when asked if they thought they would be hung, replied in a laughing manner that they thought they would be saved; that the governor would commute their sentence to penitentiary; that their lawyer was working hard to influence the governor to do so, and they believed he would succeed. When asked if they had confessed to the murder of their father, they said they had, but did so under the promise of their attorney that their lives would be spared. This shows their weakness in not adhering strictly to the truth at all times and under every emergency. Young as they are—mere boys, so to speak—it cannot be expected that they would stand as firm as men of experience, yet there seems to have been no necessity for them to assert, which they claimed to be a falsehood, with the expectation of mercy. If their story was true, they should stand by it, and not acknowledge that they killed their father because their attorney advised them to do so. However, taking everything into consideration, it seems at this writing Tuesday evening, that their sentence will be commuted to penitentiary for life, as nine-tenths of the people seem to be in favor of such, rather than have them executed, owing to their youth and the character of

the witnesses who testified against them and on whose evidence they are to die Friday.

Before leaving St. Joe Tuesday, we visited

W. C. COUP'S GREAT SHOW

in the afternoon, which was the principal attraction of the day. Through the kindness of Mr. Coup and his press agent, who are very pleasant and obliging gentlemen we were given a reserved seat to witness the startling acts of this wonderful show. Fully 10,000 people witnessed the afternoon performances, filling every seat, and almost the entire Hippodrome ring. In fact, it was a great success to the manager, who deserves praise for his untiring efforts to furnish the people amusement worthy of their liberal support, and we are glad to see him prosper with his wonderful enterprise.

We leave St. Joe in the evening for Cameron, Mo., thirty-one miles south-east, and ten miles from where the great train robbery occurred recently. The town, numbering 3,000 inhabitants, is yet in great excitement over the bold robbery, and every effort is being made to capture the parties, but so far nothing has been heard from them. It is generally believed that two of the number are the James boys and that they are secreted somewhere along the Missouri river, waiting another opportunity to further their hellish design. At all events we trust that they will be captured ere they have another privilege and placed where they can never more do any injury to society. From Cameron we pass along to

KANSAS CITY,

fifty miles west, where we arrived at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, which seems to be the most prosperous and growing city in Missouri so far as our knowledge goes. An idea of this city may be had when we mention the fact that it has 65,000 inhabitants, 15 railroads, 5 express companies, 4 street railways, 5 telephone companies, 7 banks, 35 churches, 12 public schools, 14 colleges and academies, 2 libraries, 18 newspapers, 2 opera houses, 3 cemeteries, 3 hospitals, 27 incorporated companies for manufacturing, etc. Situated on the Missouri River, surrounded by a rapidly developing country, with the great advantages of the west, and its increasing wealth, no city in the United States has a brighter future than it has. Space forbids us giving a further notice at this time, and we leave here to-night for Maryville, Mo., to await the execution of the Talbott boys, which the Governor declares shall take place Friday.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
FREEDOM TO EVERYBODY.

WHARFAGE OR RIGHT.

There seems to be a great contest between our city council and K. & N. Packet line in regard to a disputed right but which the aldermen cannot agree upon. The question with a part of the council, "Is it right to tax the owners of boats so exorbitantly when the railroads a great many of them are exempt from taxes, and those which are taxed only a small amount in proportion to that which has been imposed upon—the K. & N. line packet company. We take the platform right upon general principles—right, justice and equality in all things although other cities on the rivers realizing the benefit which accrues to a city in the event of boats landing at the wharf, not taking an inch of their land excepting that which is occupied by the wharfboat and freight depot—they cry out with energy the rights of the citizens must be protected. We wonder if the Mississippi river has ever been purchased by any city from the government of the United States? Does not the freight depot pay for the use of its ground? What would the citizens of Quincy do without a freight depot, and wharfboat when they wish to send freight by the way of the river, because it is the cheapest method of transportation also when they desire to travel in the most pleasant and healthful manner during the summer.

It is urged by one of alderman that the city needs the money more than the company, but is this a general principle of right? If you enforce a law in one instance, let it be general, do not attempt because you have power to extort from one to supply the loss in another quarter. If the city needs money to furnish extra adornments or entertainments, such as was furnished on the Fourth of July, then because it is a city, she has a right to do that which would be considered an extortion by an individual. If the question is satisfactorily settled, that all the benefits are to the boats and none to the city then you must consider the question all the benefits are to the railroads, and none to the city yet wise gentlemen of the council when you are prepared to take a ride to visit some friend, or upon some errand of business, what benefit is it to take the steamer lying at your wharf, or the car at the depot and you go speeding upon your journey, on the wings of progress?

Perhaps you may answer: we traveled without these aids fifty years

ago. Very well, as the steamer or the railway is of no benefit to you, and you perhaps desire to take a long journey, hitch your team of oxen and set out upon your journey, or if you prefer a river trip take your canoe, fill the box with provisions, sail away; you are in both cases independent of both steamers and railway, you had started with the expectation of taking a position in a neighboring city but to your dismay find you are "just a week late sir." A gentleman who came in on the next train, in answer to a dispatch secured the vacancy, and in your pleasure trip upon the river you find that you are cramped for room, must labor incessantly to propel your boat, and the waves have swept over your provisions, until it is not suitable food for swine, and the beautiful steamer goes scudding past; its guests waving their handkerchiefs to you as they pass as signals to cheer you on, in your independent mode of progression.

Right is right, by whomsoever perpetrated. If it is right for a city to organize a monopoly of the banks of the Mississippi then it was right for England to attempt to monopolize the high seas to the detriment of the colonists who were our forefathers, and they should not have rebelled. Individuals or nations are governed by the same laws, and we cannot see where the authority has its derivation save in that of power, which is vested in a corporation which would be considered heinous crime in individuals. When men learn that cities, nations and even churches are responsible for any infringement upon rights or wholesale cheating, perhaps they will strike at the root of true reformation and true duty as regards obtaining money for public benefit. If it is right for the city to tax all these modes of transportation they should look to the benefit which the city also receives, for without these modes of transportation we certainly should be obliged to resort to the fifty-years-ago mode of progress and travel.

IDA M. MERRILL.

A few days before the death of Mr. Rutherford, of St. Louis, he went with Mr Tuckett to a seance. The medium told him to go home, set his house in order and arrange all his business, as he had but a few days to live. His death occurred a few days after. Still the world says it's all a humbug.

Subscribe for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

 AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

 (CONTINUED.)

Isaac blessed Jacob, thinking he was Esau, making him Lord over his brethren and desiring for him the fatness of the earth, and he had but left when Esau returned with the venison which he had been sent to prepare, his joyous expectation was turned into bitter lamentations, and he earnestly desired a blessing also. Isaac gave him a blessing, in which he was to serve his brother for a time, and then the yoke was to be broken from his neck.

And great and bitter hatred filled Esau because Jacob had so wronged him. Yes, when those who should not have power, those who should be subject unto the stronger powers, by unfair means, obtain a blessing, in a material sense, the one who should receive the blessing, to whom the power of leadership is a right, a natural and inherent principle instilled by God himself and imprinted upon the tabernacle of the soul in the characters of love, mercy and justice, will be able in time to break this yoke if he valiantly battles for the right; not forgetting that his right is inherient, is honorable, is heaven-born, God-given and freely bestowed, he will succeed beyond his greatest expectations in honoring that father who bestowed the blessing and will become a great and luminous star in the nethermost heavens, will rise up from the yoke of bondage, strengthened by the short stay in the mighty work by the wrong perpetrated upon him by a brother who fain would take by stealth that which does not belong to him—that which is an undisputed right of another.

It was a greater theft, obtaining this blessing 'by stealth' than it would be to rob one of material wealth, and so to-day one may rob another in a spiritual sense, and commit a greater crime than if he robbed him of material wealth.

The wrong upon the spirit is the deepest. The harsh and bitter words which rob him of hours of rest, of peace of mind and strength of soul—the slanderous words, which rob him of character, which cast a biting, stinging influence as of the adder upon a pure nature, the cold and uncharitable words for those who are in distress, robbing man of happi-

ness and joy—which constitute heaven—there are greater thefts than material ones. Then ye bigot, who sit upon the throne of justice and condemn the weak, frail man, pinched by poverty and suffering, goaded to madness by seeing his family in a suffering condition and the money-gods who have extorted it from the widow and the orphan, resting in luxury and ease, see him pale and exhausted commit the theft which wrings his very soul, but which he feels is his last effort to save his tortured family. And the man, who remorselessly robbed the widow and orphan of their just dues, sits upon the throne of judgment against this man and looks upon him as vilest of the vile. Then the energy of his soul bursts forth, and he hates the man who has so cruelly wronged him, insomuch that he felt forced to break a command and steal, perhaps for those who are dearer to him than his heart's blood, and like Esau there arises a passion which he had never known, had it not been he had been so cruelly wronged, a desire—a momentary desire for murder. The whole nature, the intent sense of right rebels against this horrible evil which would crush and bind the toiling millions under the heel of oppression, robbing brother man of the father's blessing, but the yoke of bondage and iniquity shall be broken. Oh, ring the grand and mighty chorus, ye angels from the shining shore! Come forth with your wands of peace, your harps of love, your errands of mercy, that we may see the shackles removed from our brothers by gentle means, that we may see the icy hearts melt under the warm and effectual rays of the spiritual sun, and may see the oppressor walk upon the footing of a restored manhood, with the oppressed leading, as he should, onto the great fields of Paradise, the yoke broken and the murderous thoughts crushed out by the true blessing being given to the one for whom intended, and the blessing which is for all mankind being one which is suited to the capacities and capabilities of the individual. Oh, loving angels may we have the blessing of the Great Father's love, the ministry of the highest and holiest angels and arch-angels, and be guided aright in this darksome world, patiently fulfill the mission assigned us, be directed by the great high priest, and never an intention, design, act or thought!

IDA M. MERRILL.

When life is fully understood, the fear of death will disappear from the earth.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

TRUE TO LIFE.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

The following beautiful symphony we take from the Author's volume of poems entitled "Home." It is an interlude in the beautiful, descriptive poem "Femme Heroic," which is the most touching and grandly beautiful poem we have ever read. We see in it the real pathos of one who has fathomed the mysteries of godliness through the school of affliction, hence we term the symphony true to life.

The roses are sweet, but the roses must fade;
And the violets bloom where the loved ones are laid;
And fresh is the morning that breaks on our sight,
But the morning soon fades into evening and night;
The lily blooms sweet by the rivulet's side,
But the petals soon fall on the down-flowing tide;
And the leaflet bursts forth in the Spring's wooing breath:
But it fades, and it falls, in the winter of death,
O! 'tis rapture to love, when the young heart beats high!
But the flowers of our love all blossom to die!
And the Summer's warm breath, and perfume so sweet,
Are but heralds that sigh of the Winter storm's beat.
There is rapture in birth, when the young life is born!
But death only waits for the beautiful form;
And the life that sings in in its usefulness here,
Hath a sorrowful strain, with a lingering tear!
There's a beauty in life when we labor and wait
For the fulness of time, and the fiat of fate;
When the hour hath its work, and the day hath its round,
And each word that we breathe hath a silvery sound!
But the harsh notes of woe howl a wintery blast,
And the smile hath a sorrowful tear at the last.
O, the world needs her heroes, her children of light!
But they fall from her side, like the meteor's flight;
In their glory and might, in their beautiful noon,
They fade in the silence of death and the tomb!
O, the flower that is fair, the flower that is sweet,
Hath a life that is tender, and fragile, and fleet!
But the poison oak grows where the fragrant flower sighs;
In the sun's burning rays, till it fades and it dies!

The innocence of the Talbott boys will be proven before another year expires.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

People who have brains, if not larger than a mock orange should try to investigate spiritualism, endeavor to discover the missing link that binds the spiritual with the natural, the grand sublime idea of the communion of saints, or of loved ones that have crossed the radiant river of life those friends born into a sphere of development where our ideals may be realized. The great truths, the science that teaches the law of love with its countless variations must be taught, must be demonstrated through the brains of individuals for the benefit and elevation of mankind.

Now is the time to use the talents intrusted to us for gaining other talents, and all understanding this law, and not fulfilling the same, when weighed will be found wanting, a coin of little value, a counterfeit that will not pass at the bar of justice, love and mercy to our neighbor. Love is the fulfilling of the law of life in all its variations, hate, revenge and cruelty are the reverse, the transgression of that law, and all who transgress a law must suffer the penalty.

There is a dark cloud of ignorance, fear and superstition hanging over the minds of men and women, which has been gathering its blackness for ages, and all the wonderful signs from the celestial spheres of light and progress cannot penetrate that darkness. Evil influences hold them down spirits of men in the flesh and in the eternal realm are laboring and suffering to remove the cloud, and let a ray from the great central sun illuminate their souls. Being in darkness they are afraid of the devil, believing in a personal one, that has a form not understand-

ing that both God and the devil are always with us, in us, good and evil, and we have the power to choose which we will serve.

We don't need a judge or jury to decide what manner of person we are; we can both measure and weigh ourselves according to the standard, the life of Jesus; he is the most perfect model for humanity to work after; place yourself on a pedestal by the side of the model and look in the mirror of your deeds, and behold what a deformity; you are full of unkind words and thoughts; great lumps of selfishness, envy, hatred and cruelty to unfortunate people, sometimes to friends and poor little children who are made to suffer for misdeeds of parents. If you are, not pleased with the statue of your character take the chisel of love and the mallet of goodwill to man, and like Michael Angelo drive into the hilt every time until those blemishes disappear, rise early and work late, keep the model in full view, and soon you will behold a figure of beauty and strength, a head and shoulders above your surrounding friends, like Sauls. By being diligent, using your talent judiciously, doing honestly over a small matter, you may be made ruler over great things. Your beautiful statue will be visible, admired and loved in the spirit realm, and when you with friends meet no more to sever—meet beyond the river where the surges cease to roll, happiness, peace and a crown of Jems, of good deeds will be your reward.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Much has been said and written in the last decade concerning "Woman's Sphere," and of all that has been presented to the public there, so far, has been a wide difference of opinions expressed—some giving her greater rights than man—and others limiting her privileges within the home circle. But, upon a close examination of "Woman's Sphere," it seems proper and right to give her the same liberty that man enjoys without any limitation any more than man, in carrying on the duties of life—not only in the circle of home, but in business and in all intellectual improvements in which she is interested, and upon which depends the happiness of future generations. Therefore, "Woman's Sphere" is the world, free as the dew from heaven, with liberty to do what she thinks best to reform society, and better the condition of mankind in general; for certainly more depends upon her efforts than those of man

to clear away the evils that now threaten the overthrow of all moral and reformatory institutions.

Then why should she not be set at liberty—given the right that every human being has been given by nature—the right to “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,” promised by the glorious constitution of our country through the instrumentality of patriots who fought and died that liberty may be perpetuated forever in America.

It is unjust, as every one must admit, to punish an individual with a law that he was debarred from help making; it is not only slavery, but a crime outright. All who submit and are punished by the law should have a voice in making said law. Hence, it follows, that as a woman is subject to the law the same as man, she should have the same power as he has in choosing law-makers.

The argument that “Woman’s Sphere” is within the boundaries of home, taking care of the kitchen and making her abode attractive for the comfort of her husband without any other privileges, is weak and utterly void of weight. Of course nature has not fitted woman for manual labor, but there is no reason whatever that she should be the slave of home without authority of casting a ballot to remove the influences that too often completely and with a cruel hand destroy forever the harmony of home. No lady of intelligence and womanly nature would ask for a position she could not properly fill or one that was only adapted to man.

Properly speaking, “Woman’s Sphere” is where she can do the most good for herself and humanity.

Don’t be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, son. Men seldom work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes; but it is because they quit work at six P. M., and don’t get home until two A. M. It’s the intervals that kill my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumber; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son, young men who make a living by sucking the end of a cane, and who can tie a necktie in eleven different knots, and never lay a wrinkle in it; who can spend more money in a day than you can earn in a month, son; and who will go to a sheriff’s to buy a postal card, and apply at the office of the Street Commissioners for a marriage license.—*Hawkeye.*

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

 WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

"That will not be an easy matter, Eva, I can scarcely express my state of mind."

"Take time Alice, and give your heart opportunity to answer. Do not be influenced by any one. Upon your decision depends your eternal welfare almost, and also that of Harry's. Not even your mother should influence you in such a case beyond reason; where your heart dictates the head will be governed thereby; gran'ma always said so."

"Papa would be delighted; I know it. Dear, dear papa, he loves his little girl, and does not desire to restrain me in any way either, or to have me a fashionable belle."

"Alice, I have thought, since I have been here, how much happier people are at Floral Vale than they are here in society, each striving to surpass the other."

"If I could only persuade mama to go some place like Floral Vale, and see what real life is, I am sure she would change her views and be really happy. She is never happy like we were last summer. She does not delight in nature as I do. I do wish I knew how to show her the beauties, I see in everything—but society."

"Dear Alice, let us hope and pray that your mama may see the beauty and grandeur of life as we see it. I nightly pray that she may see it as auntie does, and that she may become as happy as Gran'ma was, and think of the beautiful heaven over there. That she may find what a beautiful world this is."

"Yes, if mama could be induced to come out from society, visit some of the poor we have found lately and see their suffering, I think she would see the contrast and feel a deep sense of gratitude for the beautiful home luxuries which papa is enabled to provide for us. Since I have visited some of the suffering poor and have seen how they live; it troubles me to see the glorious splendor of our entertainments. I am continually calculating how much good could be done with this expense. But mama would be entirely out of the world, as she terms it, without

these elegant entertainments. Papa would be happier in a quiet way."

"Shall I read you Mr. Obert's letter?" suddenly, says Eva, after a short pause.

"To be sure, Eva, I have read you Harry's; certainly you will return the compliment."

MISS ERNEST,

Esteemed Friend :—According to promise, I shall give you an account of our initiation into college. I shall attempt to enter into the details of our journey, but must say it was one of the most enjoyable trips I have taken during my life. The kindness manifested to us through your devoted friend, Alice, gave us a bright picture to gaze upon as I receded in the distance. This picture upon the mind, you may be sure, did not recede as rapidly, as the city which has been a scene of much busy labor to me, as well as much pleasure which I shall ever retain as some of the gentle slopes where we may quietly rest as we ascend the rugged hill of life, which come upon us unexpectedly, when we are almost faint and exhausted with the journey. Such a resting place is one which I found that warm July day when Harry came rushing into my *workshop*, as I was near exhausted with the heat, bidding me prepare to accompany him home.

But here I am rambling from my subject, and that is my initiation with Harry to Vassar College. A crowd of the younger students had assembled at the gate and contrary to our expectations, gave us a hearty welcome and three cheers for the greenies, was all the expression of discredit which was given. We are all in the same situation, says one of them walking up and familiarly addressing me. We are all greenies, the seniors will condescend to give us a polite boy. And such was the case with the seniors until we were ushered into the senior class by the president who had given us a thorough examination, finding that there would be no difficulty in our taking the position which we have prepared to take. It was quite amusing to see the change of expression upon the countenances of some who had been so condescending before. And without any undue praise to ourselves I find that Harry and I shall be enabled to progress as rapidly as though we had been in the Freshman class last year, and I hope by energy we may both leave with honors. Miss Eva, I have no really interesting incident as yet to relate, but hoping you will take my feeble effort at the epistolary with the good inten-

tion and the friendliness of spirit which prompts it, omitting mistakes and lack of interest in the composition. May I hear from you soon? It will be a gala day with Harry and myself when the mail from S— brings us a white dove of rest. This will be the tie which unites us to the past.

Your Humble and True Friend,

CLINTON OBERT,

"It is a very interesting letter, Eva, but it is not like Harry's. I seem to have suddenly risen to a mountain where I can see a vast and beautiful country spread before me. I never have thought of this in connection with Harry, and the revelation comes instantaneously, I never could marry any one but my dear brother Harry."

"There, Alice, it is just as I told you. I am pleased that the revelation has come so quickly. I knew your heart before I ever saw you as I have said before and knew Harry's from his own lips. I said to Harry that I felt as you did in regard to this subject, felt as though I should always be happy to remain just as I was at Floral Vale, but that gran'ma told me that we would do pretty much as other people have done before us. We cannot remain stationary, we must progress—we cannot always be children."

"Eva, there is one thing troubles me in regard to Harry's letter—I think mama would not be quite pleased with what Harry has said. I think I shall read it to papa and ask his opinion in regard to replying and also revealing to mama. I do not like to see her annoyed about any thing."

"Yes, Alice, I think this would be quite right, and not practicing deception toward any one. Your papa is wiser than us and than your mama perhaps, but whatever you do, let Harry know the real state of your own heart as it has been revealed to your heart so recently. It is only justice to him, and will be the means of strengthening him in his labors. Dear cousin Harry, his warm heart requires the affection of such a loving nature as yours, and you are strengthened by his impulsive, strong, passionate nature. Alice, I seem to have come out into a beautiful region of thought since gran'ma has passed over, and all these subjects of which she has talked to me by the hour come to me vividly, and now I realize the meaning as I did not when she was here."

"Well, Eva, let us return and this evening I shall consult papa in regard to the matter.

DIAMOND DUST.

What need any one care how he spend his time, if there is no great future?

The church has declared that outside of her own pale all spiritual manifestations are diabolical.

We don't know where the theory of an angry God originated; we do know that such a theory exists.

The doctrine of Spiritualism must be very sound, because it forms the basis upon which all religions rest.

There is not an inspiration breathed into the soul of man, but what bears testimony of the power of spirit.

Paul had his ideas of what was sound doctrine to teach, and hence he advised the seeking of spiritual gifts.

Does not geological research incontrovertibly prove that the world is constantly becoming more and more beautiful.

Historic evidence is as strong in favor of the positive character of spiritual manifestations as it is in proof of the existence of any great man.

We can't understand how Infinite intelligence could be improved by throwing off the Infinite and assuming finite powers.

Were it not for the story so often told of the resurrection from the dead, the name of Jesus would not now be so common.

The doctrine of Spiritualism becomes a sound doctrine because Jesus lived it, his disciples advocated it, and Paul taught and wrote it.

We know that it has been said that he who doubt is damned already, but we do not believe it; to doubt is to lay the foundation for a future acquisition of knowledge.

Who purely invokes the truth, he has the essence of the supreme soul. Who honors truth in word and deed, he best serves and worships Deity.

Annihilation and destruction are meaningless words; change, transition, disintegration, we can comprehend, but it is inconceivable that anything can ever cease to be.

It is not to be wondered at, if men grow skeptical in reference to religious dogmas, when every faculty they possess protests against the acceptance of those dogmas in lieu of reason,

DIAMOND DUST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT:—On last Friday, July 22, at Maryville, Mo., occurred one of the most outrageous, and disgraceful event that the people of this vast world ever allowed to be perpetrated the hanging of the yet youthful Talbott brothers, charged with the crime of murdering their father, Dr. Talbott. I have watched the proceedings of this case with unusual interest, because the law terms this "lawful hanging." These boys may be guilty of the high crime, for which they paid the death penalty, but we ask how can a man be accused, tried and hung for a crime which no human eye ever witnessed, but the one who perpetrated the crime. Not one witness swore on the witness stand that they seen the boys do the deed, not one, but they claim that circumstances pointed to their guilt, merely circumstances. Then again, Dr. Talbott lived some time after he was shot, conversed freely with his most intimate friends, also on his death bed called around him the dear ones of his heart, the very ones that were charged with his murder, and not a word of censure did he utter against his two sons, but died at peace with all his family, and died firmly believing that he had been assassinated by a political opponent for speaking words of opposition. Now, I ask all fair minded people if this is not a circumstance pointing to their innocence, but, Oh, alas these circumstances were on the frail and weak side, and not on the side of the law. Now, I do not by any means believe in capital punishment, but if I did I would look upon this case the same as I do now, as one of injustice and an error in the courts of the fate of Missouri.

Too much could never be said of the untiring efforts made by Miss Ida M. Merrill and Mrs. Merrick in behalf of the doomed young men, but to no avail, but rest assured that there are many that are silent now that will be with you in the great future, and I hope that the time will come when you both will be repaid for the many kind deeds that you have done.

Respectfully,

FRED P. TAYLOR.

Subscribe for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

MONEY FROM MUSIC.

The demand for fresh songs is as great as for new suits of clothes. "Grandfather's Clock" made Mr. Work rich—so many were sold. Harry Kennedy has published two: "Cradle's Empty—Baby's Gone," and "A Flower from Mother's Grave," which have been extensively sold. What is curious is, that the author never had a music lesson in his life. He says he was thinking of his mother, whom he left in Europe, and he feared she might be dead; he thought of her grave in the church-yard; somehow words and a melody sprang up in his mind as he walked along. In half an hour a sketch of both was made. When in Boston he offered it to a publisher for \$100—he was offered \$50. He published it himself and sold enough to make \$100 per week and built a house from what he had saved.

The song "Cradle's Empty" was suggested by a picture, which he saw only once, of a mother standing by an empty cradle. The incident started verses and a melody in his head; he hummed it over, but could only get one verse. Over a month later the remainder of the verses were composed. It was sung by the minstrels, night after night in England and America, and that brought it before the public. The profits amount to \$300 a week on that song. This would give Mr. Kennedy \$20,000 per year, which is very remunerative, considering the amount of labor expended.

IN MEMORY OF G. O. MERRILL.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

My dear brother! your spirit is at rest,
The lifeless remains placed in the tomb,
Thine abode we know is amongst the blest
In the garden of Edenic perfume.

Thy noble soul, thy spirit so beautiful,
Could not be extinguished in a day;
Ah no! thy life so true, so dutiful,
Is revived again in realms of day.

Scatter blossoms of love, hope and truth,
For the living who are left below,
Angels bear his spirit to another youth.
Far away from life's care and woe.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT

Eternity, so grand, thou wilt traverse,
 Lead by the angels of heavenly light,
 With loved ones gone before hold sweet converse,
 And scatter the flowers of heaven so bright.

Scatter them in the path of those
 Left upon the sorrowing earth,
 Will some of thy glory to us disclose,
 Teach us the life of real worth.

An angel now thou'lt gently lead us
 Up to brighter, higher joy;
 Teach us that bread of heaven will feed us
 When we are in the Father's employ.

Dearest brother, we would not shed a tear,
 When we know our loss is thy gain,
 We would not recall thee, have thee stay here,
 But rest thou serenely away from all pain.

Rest upon thy mother's breast
 Who taught thine infant lips to speak,
 Joined with her now in that land of rest,
 And the father who sustained thee when weak.

Gently, gently would we sing thy welcome,
 Angels with soft toned harps of love,
 Say peace on earth, in heaven thrice welcome.
 Welcome, welcome to the land above.

HIS SISTER IDA.

A CURIOUS CASE.

**A BLIND GIRL PROPHESED THAT THE VIRGIN MARY WOULD APPEAR
 ON A CERTAIN NIGHT.**

For about five weeks past Mary Dunn, the eighteen-year-old daughter of A. J. Dunn, of 4,058 Market street, Philadelphia, has been confined to her bed with a wasting disease. Mr. Dunn stated that his daughter has been blind for more than twelve years, her blindness has been caused by scarlet fever when she was four or five years old. Since that time until four weeks ago she has to all appearances been in perfect health, although she herself says that she has not been. When taken sick she informed her parents that she was going to die, and that earthly medicine would do her no good. What seems one of the strangest phases of this wonderful case was that she was siezed with nervous spasms. In order to quiet her the doctor administered both ether and chloroform, but neither had the least effect on her whatever, and it was only when her father recited some pious prayers that she was quieted. Shortly after being taken sick she told her parents that she was going to sleep a

few days and would not wake up, and sure enough she slept for a whole week, only waking up once to ask for a drink of water, and apparently falling asleep again, immediately. She has eaten no food whatever of a substantial kind since she has been sick except a little ice cream once or twice in a day, or milk and ice water. "The Blessed Mother," as she calls the Virgin, has all her life been one of her special objects of adoration. About five weeks ago she surprised her parents by telling them she had a vision of the Virgin, and pointed out upon the wall where it had appeared to her. She said the apparition was surrounded by light. The parents endeavored to convince their child that she was only dreaming, and that it was impossible she could perceive or know anything of the kind. She persisted, however, in asserting the reality of what she had seen, and added: "Something tells me that it will come again." She then mentioned the night it would appear and the hour. She also requested that an altar be erected against the wall and provided with blessed candles. This, more to humor her than faith in her words, was done by the parents. In the meantime, the story had gone forth, and on the night appointed many of the neighbors who, while doubtful of the result, yet felt nothing was impossible with God, were present in the bedroom. Mary requested as the hour approached that all kneel and recite the "Litany of the Blessed Virgin." Towards the end she asked that the candles be lit on the altar, the rest of the chamber being in complete darkness. Precisely at midnight, and as the last "pray for us" died away a faint hale shone on the walls. In a moment it took shape, and before the eyes of the men, women and children present came the form of a woman clad in white and holding her hands together after the manner of pictures seen in Catholic prayer books. The effect was such as may be imagined. While the others on their knees, with bent heads and palpitating hearts, hardly dared raise their eyes, the girl with joy breathed a fervent prayer, and opening her eyes wide she pointed to the spot on the wall where the apparition appeared. This happened some time ago, as above stated, and numbers of intelligent Catholics in West Philadelphia are reported to have seen the strange sight. It has occurred twice since, Miss Dunn always mentioning beforehand the night on which it would appear. Mrs. Jane McLaughlin, of No. 3,154 Street, and son, both saw the figure, and minutely described it. The room was filled, and all saw it except one lady, who was followed by the devil in the form of a black cat. Mr. McClosky, next door to the Dunns, and Mrs. Buckley, of Fortieth street and Powelton Avenue, also saw it.—*Banner of Light*.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.**A HISTORY OF LIFE.*

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

We repeat it, may we never injure another, and if another attempts to injure us may the Great Power shield us from the poisonous darts, and cast them into the pit of oblivion, to burn with the chaff of everlasting damnation, which the angels of darkness are ever burning, and may the smoke of this pit ascend unto heaven, as incense, with all the evil, which earth contains, seething in its mighty caldron, and not a single individual in God's universe be scorched by the flames, but may they all arise redeemed, saved, purified, as time progresses, and they have all suffered the penalty of deeds committed upon the spirit—that reflected surface where they are as forcibly stamped as is the natural world upon our eyesight.

Sing on, oh, mighty hosts, the everlasting songs of victory which are echoed throughout the eternal universe, the nethermost heavens, and may the sweet notes of triumph ripple athwart our earth-world with encouraging and everlasting inspiration, strengthening the weak ones until they may rise above deceit or falsifying, and receive the blessing freely given.

We see in the case of Esau, he hated his brother so much that he would have taken his life. There was a cause for the hatred. Let us investigate: let us search farther. Esau's inherent sense of right arose; his better nature revolted at the cruel injustice which had been perpetrated upon him, whilst he was performing with dutiful love the request of the aged father. And for a time this sense of wrong, of cruel and bitter deceit which had deprived him of his lawful rights, so controlled him that he fain would hurl from his sight the object which had brought him the terrible sorrow.

This is but a representation of the real cause of murder. There was first a cause. Had Jacob not wronged Esau he would have had no cause for hatred save it had been one of evil malice, but it was real; it was no imaginary wrong. In this period of the world's history, we see envy, malice and selfishness will attempt to supplant real worth; will cause individuals to obtain the blessing of another, by unfair means—like Ja-

cob's it will prove a curse if Esau will cling to the right not allowing revengeful feelings to sway, although in the moment of consciousness they may arise, he will undoubtedly break the yoke and revel in a glad, free blessing—the blessing which the Great Father in his goodness designed for him.

Murder, with its baneful influence, may be traced to its real foundation; injustice of those in power reacts upon the oppressed ones, and although the designs may not be carried out in that generation, it is impressed upon the spirits of unborn generation, and through successive generations, with the cause still not removed, eventuates in the murderer—the thief. Why, oh why, will man continue to rob his brother of his rights, unjustly crush him underfoot, spit upon him in his distress, and then expect a beautiful, grand and glorious manhood? Rise up! we would sing to you of the grandest, most glorious reformation the world has ever known; reforming the weak by strength of the strong, not by the power, the will power or brute force, but by strengthening the feeble handed, by removing the shackles which are cutting cruel blood marks upon the toiling millions, the crushed millions, the weak race who scarce know what life is here, or have a moments time to contemplate what it will be hereafter. Look to it that the fathers of our race are strong and brave, that the mothers are womanly and tender, that by the union of the two you may find a real union, that the blending of the spirits shall be real, no jars or discords; remove the miserable cess pool of poverty where the children are reared in squalor and ignorance, with the cruel injustice of the great, stamped upon the baby countenances, and the mournful words, the first which baby lips are taught to utter.

Oh, ye angelic heralds! if you have news of a better way, teach it us as our parents first taught our childish lips to utter the words of love, and as the first words taught were those of love to the dear ones around, those taught by you are: Love to humanity. Not to a favored few who have found a monopoly in heaven, corresponding to the fiendish monopolies of earth, but to all mankind and especially the weak, frail ones, the erring ones, the unhappy ones who as yet have not even received a foretaste of heaven.

IDA M. MERRILL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

CURIOUS INCIDENT.

Rev. D. P. Lindsley, of New York, writes to a friend in this city the following curious incident which occurred in his house a few weeks since:

"Mrs. Lindsley, who died on the 12 inst., had a singular premonition of the attempted assassination of the President. I was watching by the bedside about three days before this sad occurrence, when she suddenly awakened from an apparent sleep and exclaimed excitedly; 'President Garfield is shot!' 'No,' I replied, 'I guess you were thinking of President Lincoln.' When her sister took my place at the bedside, she repeated the matter to her with additional circumstances. She said she was with the President when he was shot, and said to the ladies who were there, 'He will die, will he not?' They replied, 'O, no, he will get well.'"

When the report of the attempted assassination arrived and was told in the sick room, she replied, "I knew it three days ago," and repeated her previous statement.

This circumstance can be relied upon as strictly true, and it gave me considerable hope from the first that our beloved President would survive the shock, and be completely restored to health and soundness.

As to the philosophy of the matter, I have nothing to say. I do not see how an occurrence can be seen before it happens; but there is abundant evidence that such is sometimes the case, and to deny it is to deny the fundamental principle and ground of all prophesy."—*St. Joe Gazette.*

Mr. A. W. Moreland, Albert Coigne and George Bostic have taken their departure from the Gem City College recently. Mr. Moreland who resides at Shelbina, Mo., is one of the finest penmen who have left the institution. Mr. Coigne and Mr. Bostic have just received a diploma in the complete business course, which ranks high in scholarship. May success attend their future is the wish of their many friends, Mr. Coigne expects to visit Europe next year, and we have secured the promise of a correspondence which we are sure will be quite interesting. Mr. Bostic returns in the fall to take a penmanship scholarship. Mr. Moreland expects to teach.

We shall soon have A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT bound in book form for the accommodation of the public.

THE GLITTER AND THE REAL.

There is the glitter of life,
And again there is the real;
There is turmoil, care and strife,
And there is the ideal.

There is beauty, there is glory,
There are noble deeds of great worth;
There is the saddened story
Which bows the honest sons of earth.

There is a man of power and might,
Who patiently has toiled away,
Never swerving from the right,
Through the heat and care of the day.

His right hand strong grasps the pen,
His soul is filled with wondrous love;
His mission is to scatter ken
Of darkest hue and true life prove.

Would wealth—glitter of earth,
Give him a strong and noble soul?
If the inward self of real worth
Were submitted to this control?

Yes, strong souls are needed here,
As in the fields of waving grain,
In the fields of knowledge without fear,
We need the good right hand again.

We need the tongue of wisdom deep;
We need the grandeur of life;
We need to arouse souls from sleep;
We need to dispel earth's sad strife.

The fields of nature may be tilled
By hands as strong and true,
But thy mission can be fulfilled
By taking the talent given to you.

Thy fields are tilled the same to-day;
Thy work is a grander field,
And true love of man does repay
By a goodly, glorious yield.

Thy wealth might glitter, thy life of ease,
Would starve thy hungry, healthy soul;
Thy desires to labor, borne on the breeze,
Bring angelic hosts thy life to console.

A tender lay do they sing to-night,
A gladsome, joyous, welcome song—
Thou hast not lost in the cause of right;
Thou hast grown in spirit, brave and strong.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

Earth must be redeemed by men of power,
 By men of wondrous truth and might,
 Earth needs her heroes at this very hour
 To battle in the cause of right.

The real life, the life of love,
 Love so strong, so broad and so deep,
 That love which comes from climes above
 To remove iniquity's mighty sweep.

The love which says to every soul:
 We fain would lead thee on;
 Love to humanity does control,
 Bids selfishness to begone.

The wealth of the world is not the real;
 'Tis the glittering tinsel of show,
 Joining the labor and ideal,
 Is the way to scatter earth's sad woe.

Love to God is aiding our brother;
 The real and only way to pray
 Is by kindest acts unto each other
 Doing our duty every day.

CORA CORAL.

Oh broken-hearted mortal, 'tis death that is dead, not those you love.
 Not far away heaven separates you. You ure within hailing distance
 of each other. There is only a beautiful curtain between us. Spiritu-
 alism says, draw it aside and take a peep on the other side. The gates
 are ajar. Listen! Our loved ones are whispering, are watching, are
 waiting for us. They send soft sweet murmurings to our souls, which
 say we love. There is no death. Life is ever alive. We are in a beau-
 tiful, true and natural world. Open your hearts; come in rapport with
 us, and we will make your life a joy forever.

Every now and then, the lamentation goes out before all mankind
 that we Americans have no longer any such great men as we used to
 have. They say we have no such men in the public as we used to have,
 and no such men at the bar, and no such lawyers or statesmen. All
 this is very sad, if it is true. But is it true? We do not believe that
 there is a word of truth in it. There is no profession among us which
 ever had so much ability, scholarship, and good sense as is embraced
 in the professions of to-day. There never were so many faithful, strong
 and eloquent preachers of the gospel as there are to-day. Unfortunately
 we have a class of people, pretty far advanced in life, who live in the
 past.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

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VOL. 1.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1881.

NO. 45.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

In traveling around the circle of justice and mercy to meet the Talbott family and governor Crittenden we met with evil influences, or the devil, in many places and discovered his cruel torturing works, that seems a delight to those who move in the same circle. They love to torture the weak ones, build a prison and then a cell to make their erring brothers suffer, guilty or not. We visited the prison in St. Joe, and found the Talbott boys confined in the center of a room, a cell built of stone without a window, only a small opening to pass in and out; they were allowed to come out to speak with us, out of that dark hole, where light and air was excluded; they looked pale and feeble, but cheerful. I said:

"Have you made a confession?"

Charles looked at me for a moment and answered, "Yes." I said it was false; if they did make a confession. Albert said, "Don't you see the drift;" that their lawyer had advised them to sign a paper to that effect; they could make no confession; they had nothing to confess, and they entertained the idea to the last that they would not be hung, and it is a mystery to good people what Albert was hung for. According to report, Dr. Talbott was a tyrant at home, a violent, passionate man, one that abused his children, and his sons were a chip of the same block and if children inherit moral diseases from parents unto the third and fourth generation, are they entirely responsible for the deeds they do? If Dr. Talbott was morally insane can sane people perceive either justice or mercy measured to those unfortunate boys.

This is a materialized planet, and God is the spiritual world—the real

world. Man is a spirit and walks about in a materialized body, and at the proper time it dematerializes and the spirit is born unto another sphere of existence, or circle and moves in the same, until they desire to break it and be free from the errors of one and enter another. The future life is progression; we being a spark from the center of all life; the sun of the spiritual world which fills all spheres of existence with rays of life, intelligence, thoughts and ideas by which man inspires his life. Although born under a cloud and cannot see from whence they came, and where they are going or understand those inevitable laws by which all things are governed, if he is willing to receive, they may be revealed to him. The great problem of life: If a man die shall he live again, has not been proved satisfactorily to mankind in general, but millions to-day know the fact. It has been demonstrated to their natural senses, and they know where they are going and feel perfectly satisfied that a man cannot die; he is a spirit himself, and by destroying the physical body, does not annihilate the spirit.

When the judge pronounces the sentence of death on a criminal, to be hung by the neck until dead, he and the jury suppose, by executing that infamous law, they shall kill a man or rid the world of his good or bad influences; this hanging will soon be proved a crime of the darkest dye. Dr. Talbott and son's are not dead, but actively and vigorously alive. They were innocent of transgressing the law of their country or doing aught to injure their friends or enemies. Those implicated in the destruction of the family have written a record of the proceedings in the eternal world.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Words of encouragement! Words of comfort, of cheer, of appreciation, of praise—worthy efforts. Smiles! How they sink into the weary heart, like the gentle dew upon the parched grass and withering flowers, reviving and refreshing, strengthening the soul for greater and nobler undertakings. How oft we repress the loving word which springs to the lips! How oft we hurl back the fount of feelings which, if allowed to burst forth would revive the parched souls, as the rain cloud does the withering earth, when dust and smoke almost choke the weary travelers. We hide ourselves behind a curtain, and do not allow the

real beauty and grandeur of our lives to shine, because of our fear of the world's judgment, and perhaps we may be misunderstood.

Then let us scatter smiles of approval and words of encouragement regardless of the opinions of any, if we revive one drooping plant, we have achieved a great victory; if we comfort many of the distressed ones on earth we have received a crown of grandeur and beauty.

CORA CORAL.

INDIVIDUALITY.

Positive individuality is the principle which is the source and cause of our vast vitality, the directing and animating soul of our system of self-government. But few of Americans understand the whole force of this magic word. It is this that has scared kingcraft, priestcraft, and for a long while aristocraft—that alliance tripartite, on which all alliances for the stifling of free thought and repression of the people, have been based these ten centuries. It is often in our mouths, but few men who talk of it, consider and thoroughly understand it.

It was the individuality of a Washington, Jefferson and Paine that created the thirteen independence sovereignties. It was the individuality of a Luther that gave us Protestantism, and of Wesley that gave us Methodism. It was the individuality of a Lincoln that gave liberty to millions of slaves, and it is the individuality of Ingersoll that gives us free thought to-day.

But what does individuality mean? What is it? It is neither more nor less than the let-alone principle. It means that every man has a right to everything he pleases, so long as he does not interfere with the exercise of the same right in any other man. Our entire system of government is based upon this principle. Our Constitution is founded upon the principle of individuality. Freedom of thought, speech and press, are guaranteed us.

From the third century down to the ninth, the same principle—the assertion of the right of private judgment in religious affairs, was the fundamental principle of the Separatists. It is this individuality which permits us to bear with patience and fortitude the misfortune which has overtaken us. Knowing that by and through our individuality we are able, no matter what comes, to bring light out of darkness, order out of chaos.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT
A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

It is evening, and Alice, by the side of her father with the letter in her lap, is awaiting his reply. He has read it and now says;

"Dear daughter, I have felt that you were my little girl yet, and this is somewhat a surprise to me although it is not an event which I had not anticipated. It has been my desire that such should be the case, but I confess I looked upon you both as children almost. We forget our young days sometimes, as we grow old. Yes, my darling child, do as Eva—dear little child of nature—advised you. It is the advice of your father, I could not say otherwise. I have studied the past years upon this subject and see how much of real sin is committed by parents not studying the law of nature."

"What is that law papa?"

"That is the law of life. We shall take the case of Harry and yourself. Should your mama and myself refuse to give our consent to this marriage or union, Harry would be completely broken for life, and your days would be shortened. You have grown into each other heart, as Harry truly says your natures have intertwined like the ivy on the church and it would be cruel for us to attempt to sever those ties. It is our duty to allow the beautiful, natural growth to continue to adorn a living temple. Yes, my daughter, may the blessing of God be upon you both. I shall write to Harry and you may also. It is only a natural consequence to which I had looked forward at some period in your life."

"Papa, I see now it is another fairy story. It is just like other people isn't it? I see how it is now; I could not always remain as I was at the Sem. I am getting to be a woman like mama and Harry a man as you are, and we shall have a house as you do, then, shall we not? Only it will seem lonely without you."

"Your new cares will cause you to relinquish the old ties; it is far better that you should both take upon you the responsibilities of life. It renders the man more manly to become the head of a family and the

woman more womanly; brings forth all the highest and holiest motives of the nature if the union is a perfect one, and I am sure it will be in your case. You are indeed both my children and ever will retain the same place in my affections. Bring me the letter again and I shall write Harry.

Let us glance over the fresh sheet, as it lays upon the writing desk complete.

MY DEAR SON:—Alice has just read to me your letter, and I most heartily acquiesce with you. I give you my full and free consent, and express to you that it has always been my desire to have you my children to form this union. I must give you credit Harry, for a greater insight into nature than I had supposed you possessed; it is truly a beautiful correspondence to your lives this intertwining of the ivy. I am now becoming aged myself, and will need your young blood and steady hand. Be sure my boy to keep it steady. Consider the engagement as settled, for I could not allow her to marry another against her own heart, even though her mother should desire that she should do so. I know that with this object in view you will have an impetus to inspire you on; therefore, I give you my blessing.

Remember that you are now laying the foundation for the future; every day, you place a stone in the foundation of your life, and select with care that it may be firm and abiding. Write me occasionally of your progress and talk to me freely of your hopes for the future.

Affectionately Your Father,

H. KENT.

This letter he deliberately folded and sealed, placed Alice in the chair he had occupied, the pen in her hand and left the room.

What a flood of feeling swept over her soul; she knew her father's desire, and she now fully realized the state of her own heart. It had come upon her—this revelation—like the burst of the sun from the clouds, after a shower of rain, when the pearly drops yet glitter and sparkle upon tiny blades of grass, dark green verdure and nestle in the hearts of the withering flowers. It had been so natural—the intimacy between them—she had taken no thought in regard to the future. Delicate waves of thought swept across her senses, like the light touch of the artist as he places the finishing touches upon some beautiful picture.

"Yes," she says aloud, "I must answer it. Harry I cannot give you

up. It has never occurred to me before, as it is I must take you forever as my brother, and more than brother, or relinquish you to another."

Let us glance over the epistle as it lays before her. We would not dare to do it really. But Alice looks with pride upon that epistle as the turning point in her whole life, and has kindly allowed us to read it. We seem carried by the inspiration back to that day which was years ago, as the streaks of silver are upon the brow of the man who received it and some few traces of care upon the face of the noble woman.

MY OWN DEAR BROTHER:—Yes, *forever*. The answer I gave you just as the question was propounded me, and as such received not the thought which has been called forth by your letter. But Harry, I will candidly say, that after an earnest questioning of mine own heart, I could no more separate my life from yours and be myself, than one tendril of the ivy can separate itself from the others, and grow strong or beautify the church or temple. And it is the temple of our lives which these tendrils of thought are developing—the inner temple, the grand temple of beauty which Aunt Fannie talked so much of. She said all material things must be subservient to the spiritual.

It is an action which involves our future destiny—either by linking the fragments of our lives continually, or tearing asunder this beautiful flowery wreath of our past, and I seem to have suddenly realized my responsibility—that not as the childish, ease-loving, selfish nature dictates; but as the true woman, that we are responsible not only for ourselves, but others. I am accountable to you for breaking that which God and nature has joined together by the beautiful link of love, companionship sympathy and congenial natures. With the freedom which is my natural boon with papa's consent and by the advice of Eva also, I say yes Harry, FOREVER.

YOUR SISTER ALICE.

Into the mailbag with the messages of woe, the letter of mourning and distress, the business and friendly letter this goes and the hurrying mail agent sees no difference.

Thus we go through life, the heaven and hell, the good and the evil, the joy and the sorrow, the hope and despair, moving in one mighty sweep upon the same train rushing on to eternity, and who may separate the one from the other. He for whom the missive is destined understands the import of the message of love, of hatred or of business; he who receives it alone knows.

Thus with our friend Harry. The postman who rung the bell that morning could he have seen the joy which he gave to one inmate of Vassar would have sung a merrier tune than he was whistling and perhaps he had caught the inspiration as he was in such a merry mood. And it was astonishing withal to see the energy which Harry manifested in his daily pursuits. He seemed to have arisen into a new world, everything had a new and brighter hue and Clint rejoiced with him for the hopes of his future seemed almost as bright.

There were many and varied thoughts which filled the breast of Harry, but the sweet thought which trilled like gentle music through his nature was: Alice loves me in return. She is mine. There was a feeling of eloquence aroused within his breast, as he pondered it. How beautiful it is—this soul union where the electric currents of love ripple from soul to soul, like the gentle tinkle of the brook, and as pure as the pearly drops which compose that brook.

CORA CORAL.

GEM CITY.

BY REQUEST OF A BOY.

Our beautiful city is the gem of the West,
Upon the grand Father of Waters it lies;
From its elegant abodes to its city of rest,
It is the gem of all beneath the skies.

When upon the peaceful waters you glide,
And gaze up at the sloping hills,
There is beauty of nature and of art beside,
There is the hum of machinery, factories and mills.

It is now the seat of commerce and wealth.
Inhabited by thirty thousand or more,
A city of beauty, of business and health,
As any you find on Mississippi's shore.

Here one of the Governors of the Prairie State,
Gov. Wood as known full well,
Settled one day with future hopes to try his fate
At the foot of a hill in a shady dell.

The city began with a cabin there,
He knew not how well he had built that day,
And here we have now a city most fair,
One in a growing and prosperous way.

[Continued next week.]

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

THE WHARFAGE QUESTION.

A LETTER FROM THE MAYOR.

MISS IDA M. MERRILL:—After reading in *A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT* of August 30th, your article "Wharfage or Right," I asked myself, does Miss M. understand the wharfage question?

Before we had railroads, the river steamboats were a vast monopoly paying their owners tremendous dividends. Not a single steamboat pays even five cents in the way of taxation into the city treasury, nor has spent one dollar for improvement in the city excepting the two warehouses built on city land. The levee built by the city for their use has cost over one hundred thousand dollars. At the city's rate of wharfage not one thousand dollars would come into the city treasury annually. Our railroads broke up the steamboat monopoly, have paid out immense sums of money here, pay thousands of taxes into our treasury annually, and give employment to a large number of persons whose homes are in the city, and whose interests are here. That the city subscribed large sums of money for stock in railroads has nothing to do with the question of wharfage or taxation. A comparison of steamboats with railroads, is a comparison of "pigmies" with "giants." The fact is that for selfish pecuniary motives "Davidson" set out to "bulldoze" the city.

Respectfully,

J. K. WEBSTER, Mayor.

The above letter received this morning, August 13, 1881, to which we reply: We do not understand the wharfage question thoroughly in its details, but as we say, taking the general principle, right and equity, still affirm what we said in article, "wharfage or right."

"Before we had railroads the river steamboats were a vast monopoly, paying their owners tremendous dividends."

If such is the case, we ask the question: Of what benefit was it to the city to have a mode of transportation which was as much an improvement upon the oxtteam railway, as the electric light is an improvement upon the tallow candle of colonial times. Can you obtain an electric light for the old time tallow candle price? Can you expect the owner of a steamboat, which has also cost thousands of dollars to furnish transportation at the rates of oxtteam progression, or could you in the times when the steamboat was first launched upon the grand Fath-

er of Waters? And, if there seemed to be monopolists in this direction, we must consider that the highest rates ever charged by steamboats was at the same time less expense to the individual traveling or transporting his merchandise than did he take his ox-team spoken of.

"The levee, built by the city, has cost the city, over one hundred thousand dollars, and not one thousand dollars would come into the city annually."

Does the steamboat receive all the benefits from this levee, or does the city? To be sure the steamboats would make nothing, were they not patronized, but what is the real object of the steamboat, laying aside ownership by individuals, and the money expected to be made by them. We affirm it is for the benefit of mankind. Very well. Should you employ a laborer to serve you in any way, say a servant—and the steamboats and railways are servants to the people—would you charge your servant after paying him a nominal sum house rent, until you had received an equivalent for what you have paid him for his labor.

"Our railroads broke up the steamboat monopoly."

Ah, they did, and the city, who has reaped the benefits of the steamboat travel in days gone by before the railway came with greater power, will keep them broken up, will give the descending man another thrust; not speaking of individuals however; in this instance we speak of the steamers as an individual—a corporation representing one individual.

"Railroads have paid out immense sums of money."

And in return we say have received immense amounts, keeping the law of equity uppermost. "Pay thousands of taxes into our treasury annually," and receive annually a like equivalent or correspondence "and furnish employment to a large number of persons." Well and good, the city is benefited on a larger scale, and the railroads, who must have employees, are likewise benefited by being enabled to obtain the laborers to propel the railway that the man of business or ease, the pleasure seeker or the invalid may be transported safely and easily. We do not look at city interest alone; it is the interest of the whole mass of humanity who are each dependent on the other, insomuch that one cannot defraud another without breaking the law of equity, and receiving a corresponding shock by the law of reaction. And the interests of the steamboats are to be considered in the same scale as the interest of the city. "That the city subscribed large sums of money for stock in

railroads has nothing to do with the wharfage or taxation." It is immaterial whether the stock is in railroads or levees, the city should not expect usury, either from railroad bonds, or from levees. Is it in accordance with the law of right and equity?

Now the question arises: Should exorbitant taxes be extorted from the railroads, boats, or anything taxable? From whom comes the tax? Who pays the bill? Not our bankers, our stock owners and our millionaires, but our starving, half-fed, half-clothed, oppressed poor—the laboring man who toils early and late, with his tin pail of cold dinner set before him at noon, whilst our would-be regulators of prices and of taxes, luxuriously dine upon the viands of the day; the woman who toils with the needle until the brain grows giddy, and she faints and staggers under the oppressive burdens. They are your tax-payers. When the owner of a steamboat has a greater expense than can keep her afloat the hard-working Pat or negro, who carries the heavy burden must be cut down twenty-five cents per day. This twenty-five cents, which would be a mite in the bankers daily expenditures, robs his children of almost necessary food and clothing, causes the weary mother to shed tears as she gazes upon her infants—helpless slaves, doomed and sealed. There is no redress; we have as complete a serfdom to-day as has England.

The last clause in regard to wharfage: "A comparison of steamboats with railroads is a comparison of 'pigmies' with 'giants' " We only say: The giant on account of stature requires a little more space upon the earth, a little more food perhaps, but does the pigmy because he is not a giant have any right to live at all? We would say that this is a comparison—as good as could be found of our country. We have become a race of pigmies and giants, and the giants require so much space, if it were not for the indolent, ease-loving nature of the giants, the pigmies would be swept from the face of the land.

The last clause in regard to Comodore Davidson, a personal allusion to a gentleman with whom we have no personal acquaintance, we do not attempt to reply to, only upon the general principle, that a man's character has nothing to do with your dealings toward him. We are, as individuals responsible for our own actions, and not for another's, only so far as we have influenced them either for right or wrong. We do not know his motives, but say with the same enthusiasm: Let us

have the law of just taxation established for the sake of those who suffer the penalty—the laborers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BLOOMFIELD, Mo., Aug. 15, 1881.

Mrs. M. MERRICK:—The brave and noble position you have taken in condemnation of the infliction of capital punishment has been well calculated to arouse much reflection upon that dreadful subject.

It is really a matter of astonishment that people of good common sense and intelligence should continue to think that this awful relic of the barbaric age should still be perpetuated.

Such blood curdling scenes as that of the accusation of those unfortunate Talbott boys will bring a heart-rending shudder to the feelings of all sensitive natures whenever thought of in all times to come.

A gloom was cast over the feelings of many sympathetic people in this locality on the day of their doom and we wailed with baited breath after earnestly hoping that our Executive head would certainly side with humanity and give the unfortunates the advantage of the doubts in their case.

Had the earnest prayerful appeals been made by men who had votes to cast instead of women who are denied their natural rights in that direction, the result might have been different. Hence the right, necessarily demanding that every intelligent women in the land should put her shoulder to the wheel using every effort in her power to roll out of existence that prejudice and ignorance which dares to limit women's right.

Women are as much amenable to the criminal laws of the states as men; any offense committed by them as breach of allegiance to the state of which they are citizens, subject them to the same measure of punishment as inflicted upon men.

Their property liable to the same rate of taxation, and may be taken for public use.

For injuries done they are bound to make the same reparation, yet they have no voice in making or creating the laws which they in every way assist in sustaining.

MRS. M. A. BEDFORD.

"Woman's Rights" in last week's issue was written by W. A. Post.

DIAMOND DUST.

There is a mighty power which controls all matter. It is the Power. Call it God, call it angels, spirits, odic force or electricity, magnetism or what you may, still it does not change the great all-controlling power.

Life is labor, labor is worship, worship is religion, and religion is elevation; elevation is progress, progress is growth, and growth is life, therefore the span of man is here in portrayed, from birth unto death, being the birth into a new life.

Rise up ye mighty sons of labor, and solve the mysteries of life; let us find the hidden secret; the fountain of life. The mystery of life can be revealed to him who would search deep into the well of knowledge, of purity and of real godliness which is living according to, and in harmony with the laws which govern our beings.

Give thy time and energies to the greatest objects which thou canst attain; thou canst never become too great, if that greatness consists in nobility of soul, the grand achievement of wonderful victories over selfish motives, over the siren tempter which comes with honeyed words, but retains the poisoned cup for the last. Select the beautiful and only true diadem, purity and all attendant graces, and thou shalt be greater than a king.

By each individual fulfilling his proper mission only can man labor in accordance with the law of right, justice, of mercy and of love to humanity, and it is the ultimate design of the angel world to move in accordance with the irrevocable, unchangeable laws of the universe, which cannot be broken in the least particular, without a break in the link of the great chain which binds humanity into a brotherhood, and especially in the literature, the oratory, the instructions of our young, which is the very food and progress of our nation.

LIVE! and what is it to live? Not to exist, but to labor, to achieve, to conquer, to ascend, to progress, to grow strong in the strength of soul.

Lightly, gently, softly, sweetly comes the melodious tones of the angels when we have struggled, when we have labored, when we have served, when we have fought, when we have prayed without ceasing, and have not fallen into any of the enemies snares, "Well and faithfully done," and the heavenly music ripples tenderly into our souls, speaking of the great and beautiful land of light and love from whence cometh our aid.

CORA CORAL.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

And Esau hated Jacob because of the blessing wherewith his father blessed him and Esau said in his heart: The days of mourning for my father is at hand then will I slay my brother Jacob.

And these words of Esau, her elder son, were told to Rebekah, and she sent and called Jacob her younger son and said unto him: Behold thy brother Esau as touching thee, doth comfort himself purposing to kill thee.

Therefore she bade him arise and go to her brother Labans, and remain until his anger was abated. Isaac called Jacob and blessed him, gave him the blessing which really belonged to him. So God, in all his dealings with his children, gives them the blessing which really belongs to them when they are willing to accept it, when they realize what they need, and that they have mistaken the proper mode to receive the true blessing. With humbleness and penitence he now comes to his father, perceiving the wrong he has done unto his brother which causes this bitter hatred toward him. Had he never robbed Esau, Esau would never have felt this bitter revenge. But now, with tearful heart, methinks, Jacob approaches his father, craving his last blessing—and receives it.

The loving, heavenly father, with tender mercy from yonder realm, looks on all the erring children of earth with a pitying eye, reaches out His hand, sends the divine angels with the merciful, pleading messages, beseeching them to see the beautiful life, to see the true and proper way to receive every blessing upon earth is not by falsification or deceit, but by humbly submitting unto the Higher Power, taking the outstretched hand of the dear Father's, and walking with confidence and faith, up the rugged hill of life, trusting to the strength of that hand, trusting to the wisdom of that Father, trusting to the Love. And would we deceive that Holy Father? Can we deceive that Heavenly Father, who with all-seeing eyes gazes upon us—all our actions with love and tenderness, and if there be errors with pity, yet as the chastening rod is not withheld by the wise parent who loves his children,

so with the dear Heavenly Father, every mistake, error or act of wilful disobedience is followed by a penalty. As every wound upon your physical system must be healed so every wound upon the spirit must be healed. The loving angels of mercy pour on the balm of Gilead and the sisters of charity bind up the broken spirit, but if the broken spirited mortal resists the kind and tender offices of the angels of love, and casts aside the balm of Gilead, and rudely thrusts aside the sisters of charity, he will not receive the proffered assistance; but there comes a time when, through exhaustion, the broken spirit lies faint and weak, still the angels of love and pity come forward not baffled by the repulses which were given in strength.

With tears of sympathy, they now bear the weak spirit to a brighter abode; pour on balm of Gilead, administer wine of love to strengthen the soul; the sisters of charity bind the wounds; restore the soul to health and strength.

Had Jacob not wronged Esau, as was said before, no revenge would have been felt. There is no effect without a cause. Thus here is the cause of murder through the injustice of the strong over the weak. It is the battling of the true spirit, against injustice. He—the individual who provokes another to this anger and revenge, through wrong of any kind is the real cause of the terrible, the deadly effect, and here we may say there are murders rampant in our land, which are considered virtues; where the soul is tortured, harassed and angered daily, by petty sneers, unjust treatment, and by uncharitable, careless words. Rise up! sons of men, and see that by every unjust word, every word of depression and deceit, every word which causes the sigh of sorrow to well within the human breast, you are committing murder—heinous and vile, every slanderous stream which pours from thy mouth villify-ing innocent youth every prevarication and false impression is a murderous stream of the deepest dye.

Oh may we have the heart's temples purified, cleansed and renovated by the sweet love from heaven which passeth all understanding. Let us be brave and strong to battle with life's difficulties, and let us receive the blessing which the dear Father has in store for us, not attempting to usurp our brother, obtain his blessing which will only prove a curse.

IDA M. MERRILL.

MICHAEL'S MALLET.

Long ago in the olden day,
On a slope of the Turan hills there lay
A village with quarries all around,
And blocks of marble that piled the ground;
And scattered among them everywhere,
With wedge and hammer, rule and square,
With the dust of the marble powdered white,
Sat masons who chiseled from morn to night.

The earliest sound that the baby heard
Was neither the whistle nor song of bird,
Nor bleating of lambs, nor rush of breeze
Through the tops of the tall old chestnut trees,
Nor the laughing of girls, nor the whoop and shout
Of the school at the convent just let out,
Nor the tinkle of water splashing sweet
From the dolphin's mouth in the village street.

But foremost and first, that sharp and clear
Arrested the little Michael's ear
When he waked from sleep, was the mallets knock
On the chisel that chipped the rough-hewn block?
From the dawn of the day till the twilight came,
The click of the tools was still the same;
And constant as fell the fountain's drip,
Was the tap-tap-tap! and the chip-chip-chip!

And when he could crawl beyond the door
Of the cottage, in search of a plaything more,
Or farther could venture, a prying lad,
What toys do you think were the first he hae?
—Why, splinters of marble white and pure,
And a mallet to break them with, to be sure;
And a chisel to shape them should he choose,
Just such as he saw the masons use.

So, Michael, the baby, had his way,
And hammered and chipped and would not play
With, the simple and senseless sort of toys
That pleased the rest of the village boys,
They laughed at the little churches he
Would daily build at his nurse's knee;
They scouted the pictures that he drew
On the smooth, white slabs with a coal or two.

They taunted and teased him when he tried
To mold from the rubbish cast aside,
Rude figures, and screamed "Sculptor!" when,
His bits of marble he shaped like men.

But who of them dreamed his mallet's sound
Would ever be heard the earth around?
Or his mimic churches in time become
The mightiest temple of Christendom?

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

Or the pictures he painted fill the dome
 Of the Sistine—grandest of sights in Rome?
 Or the village baby that chiseled so
 Be the marvelous Michael Angelo!

—*Wide Awake.*

GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
 Which follows me ever and near,
 With smiling eyes and amber hair,
 With voiceless lips, yet with a breath of prayer
 That I feel, but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand and ringlet of gold
 Lie low in the marble sleep;
 I stretch my arms for the clasp of old,
 But the empty air is strangely cold,
 And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with radiant crown
 And a cross laid down in the dust;
 There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
 And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
 So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! the summer is coming again,
 Singing her same old song;
 But oh! it sounds like a sob of pain,
 As it floats in the sunshine and the rain,
 O'er hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
 And I long to reach it's shore.
 For I know I shall find my treasure there,
 The laughing eyes and amber hair,
 Of the loved one gone before.

• —*Prohibitionist.*

It is not work that hurts men. It is the corrosion of uncertainty; it is the acrimony of fear; it is the anticipation of trouble; it is living in a state of painful apprehension. Therefore we should endeavor to rise out of the atmosphere of gloomy forebodings. The man who is lifted above fear and its whole brood of mischief can go through twice as much trouble as a man who is subject to its influence.

We shall soon have **A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT** bound in book form for the accommodation of the public.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 46.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Mary Magdalene, on the first day of the week, when it was yet dark, came to the sepulchre and saw that the stone was taken away, and she ran to Simon Peter, and told him they had taken away the body of Jesus, and she knew not where they had lain him. Peter and another disciple ran together, and found the sepulchre open, and they looked in, saw the linen clothes lying, and the napkin in an other place by itself. They saw the body was gone, but as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise from the dead. The disciples then went to their homes, but Mary stood without weeping; she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre and saw two angels, sitting one at the head, the other at the feet where the body of Jesus had lain; they said to her, why weepest thou? She answered: Because they have taken away my lord, and I know not where they have laid him. She turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, but knew not that it was him. Jesus said unto her: "Mary," she turned herself and called him "Master;" Jesus said: Touch me not, I am not yet ascended to my father; but go to my brethren and tell them, I ascend unto my father, and your father and to my God, and your God.

People of this nineteenth century say that Jesus was the Great Supreme God—the originator of all worlds and systems of worlds, (they are those who believe in creeds and dogmas,) but can any one perceive a sign that he made at that time after his resurrection, that would indicate he thought so of himself? He said: My father and your father, my brethren—all brothers, and all sons of the great spirit world. At that time because he said he was the son of God, the people who claimed to be the chosen ones crucified him. To unprejudiced minds what is

termed God is the parent of humanity, and the teachings of Jesus plainly proves he knew the fact as he said: I ascend to where I was before. I was evolved into this sphere of existence. Now the whole earth is an evolution from the spirit called God, the Great I Am, and we the human family, all sons and daughters, wonderful beings, cannot be annihilated, must live on forever.

This is the lowest sphere of existence; we can choose what circle we desire to move in here, and when we pass beyond the river, we will find ourselves in the same circle, and possibly disappointed that the sacrifice was not as important as we anticipated—that we offered to the idol of our affection, a golden calf or a pompous style of luxury, sending large sums of money to foreign lands to teach creeds and dogmas instead of believing and being baptized with the Holy Ghost, as Jesus taught when he sent out seventy others, two by two, before his face to heal the sick and cast out evil spirits. They were true mediums, and the power of operating through the two cured the afflicted physically and morally. When they returned with joy saying: Even the devils are subject unto us through thy name, or the spiritual power that we received from you enabled us to perform the work they said he beheld Satan as lightning, (evil) fall from heaven. Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the powers of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you. Rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you, but because your names are written in heaven. Jesus rejoiced that those things were concealed from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes; as it was a fulfillment of the law, a fact demonstrated, that the kingdom of God so often mentioned is the great spiritual power operating by the co-operation with mortals for the elevation and development of humanity. The wise and prudent of to-day speak and act the same as they did two thousand years ago, when Jesus was trying to demonstrate to mankind the great power they possess through harmonious action, to destroy evil (kill the devil) and bring peace and happiness on earth; they called him the prince of devils, Beelzebub, and can neither hear or understand his loving words, keep his commandment, or believe in the truth he is manifesting to-day.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

THE MOTHER.

(Extract from an address upon the "Coming church," by Capt. H. H. Brown, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y.)

But among this glorious company of saints, saviors and martyrs, let us not forget women. Many women have been great, and by glorious action for humanity are prominent in our history and in our love. But in view of her great suffering and her great gifts we class the mother among the saints. To give us a citizen she has gone down into the valley "of the shadow of death," and with the illumination of the near shore she almost reached, and the halo of spirit upon her brow, she has come out glorified with a future citizen in her arms. Think of her great benefaction as she brought to us in her travail a Shakespeare. Who shall measure her agony or our gain as she gave us a Newton, a Franklin, a Washington, a Lincoln or a Garrison. Only her purity, her fidelity, her love and her unselfishness were these possible. Honoring these as the consequences we will pass beyond and deck her brow with brighter laurels as the cause. Only of great and good mothers can great and good men come.

Motherhood, Ah! in this coming church of humanity, its holiest shrine is thine; its sincerest worship that of maternity.

The Madonna mother! The pure immaculate mother, shall claim our highest homage. Among all the many gifts the Catholic church has brought to this country, its greatest, noblest, rarest, is its Madonna worship, its mariolity. The Protestant church in ignoring the Mary mother, has lost what might have been its greatest incentive to purity. Kneeling before her image and the divine child man must have from that hour higher conceptions of his own mother, and as an expectant father make his child also more divine. Looking to her as their ideal, the ignorant, the vile, are ennobled to come closer to the good and true, to bring more of sweetness and light into their lives. In our coming church we ennoble, elevate and enshrine again the Madonna idea.

Miss M. M. Gillett, of Wisconsin, but a resident of Washington, and a law student, is the lady who was appointed by President Garfield, notary public for the District of Columbia—the first instance where a woman has received such an appointment from a president.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT**A NEW YEAR'S STORY.*

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

We must pass over a period in the history of the boys, up to the time when Harry made his second mistake, and this time a Fairy Queen was not the tempter. Harry by his genial disposition and general good humor withal, considerable sparkle and wit had won his way into the hearts of all, even the reckless ones; and here was a dangerous breaker for him. Whilst on the other hand, Clint being cool and determined, a little haughty, won not so many friends yet those were staunch and true and he was not a mark for the enemy, so much as our warm-hearted, passionate, quick tempered, hasty dispositioned Harry.

The evening to which we refer was a beautiful moonlight eve in February. Snow sparkled from the branches of trees, and shrubs were weighted to the ground beneath the lovely burden, sleighs sped merrily here and there, and the tinkle of the bells, with ever and anon the songs of the merry sleighers made glad music which rippled on the air until it reached the ears of many impatient inmates of Vassar. Among the number was our friend Harry Ernest. With his active, fun-loving disposition this was a real prison. Whilst Clint was carefully preparing his lessons for to-morrow's recitation, he was pacing his chamber like a caged tiger, and could not compose himself to undertake any of his duties.

"Harry," says Clint, "What has upset you. One would think you had lately made an investment and lost all you are worth."

"There Clint, just hear that," he exclaimed, apparently not heeding the question, as merry shouts rang clear and loud on the air, and a sleighing party in front of the gate began a spirited sleighing melody. They had evidently shouted to attract the attention of the pupils.

"If I was only amongst them," he ejaculated as they finished one song and began another. At that moment a low, shrill whistle, which Harry immediately recognized, was wafted into the room. Rushing out, Harry was caught in the arms of one of the most reckless characters registered at Vassar.

"Halloa, old boy!" he exclaimed and then in a low tone says "Harry, a half dozen of us, lacking one, have made plans to have some fun in spite of Spectacles," as he roughly called the President.

"How is that John? You know it is study hours."

"What's the odds?" he says. "We have arranged it if you keep still I will settle it with Parson Obert."

Accordingly he looks into the room, and says:

"Clint! Harry and I are going to the schoolroom to study together," and there upon grasps Harry by the arm and hurries him through the hall.

As soon as he had taken him to his own room, pushed him inside before Harry could realize what had taken place. Here the others had assembled, and John says:

"Harry we have made arrangements with a man from the Union livery to meet us on the corner of Maple and 20th streets at eight o'clock, with the jolliest pair of horses out of the stable." Harry with all his love of fun was conscientious and said:

"Boys, what will the professor say?"

"Oh, never mind spectacles," exclaimed several voices at once. "We are only to take a holiday which we consider is necessary to our happiness," said Ralph Stuart, who was a foppish looking youth with more airs than brains, who was always in third grade and attempted to make up his deficiencies by various "aws"—sundry yawns and languid manners.

"We shall only be better prepared to study," says John seeing that Harry demurred. "It is really no harm to take a little innocent recreation, and each one offered a word of persuasion and scarce comprehending what he was doing, Harry was led on by the boys older in years and experience with the world than was he. At the appointed place, the man was waiting, and soon they were speeding over the glassy surface of snow, where many a merry party had preceded them.

Immediately, Harry's mind reverted to another sleighing time, when the day began in high spirits and ended with such disgrace. Why did his mind seem fixed upon that day, and yet it did not have the desired effect? They were now in the outskirts of the city—the fashionable suburbs, where elegant mansions were ablaze, and the brightness glittered out upon the beautiful drapery of white reflecting diamond like crystals, a little more brilliant than those made by the pale moon.

Harry in his keen enjoyment, now forgets the other time, and gives himself up to the sublimity of the scene. Had he but have allowed his soul to become so filled with it that he could not have been tempted, but alas for frail human nature. Oh, angels of mercy and strength draw near and uphold thy frail children, thy warm and loving ones who are more easily entrapped into the snare of the enemy—that the angel of pity sheds not so many tears.

They are now nearing the city. At a turn of the corner, a brilliantly lighted saloon sends out its beautiful rays of light dancing upon the path with as brilliant phantoms, as those sent forth from the most lovely, elegant home. Ah, here is the demon, here is the temptation; so inviting and entertaining; the abodes of vice [are made, that the weary pilgrim in search of rest is sometimes entrapped unawares.

John says: "There boys, see that elegant restaurant. Let us go in and take something to revive us."

Instantly the five were upon the street, but Harry remained in his seat.

"What's the mattah?" says Ralph, our would be gentleman. "We aw going to take something warm, aw!"

"I do not care for anything," says Harry with some dignity. I do not visit saloons."

"Oh, this is only an eating house," says John. "Come in and have a cup of coffee."

"I thank you, I do not desire anything," he interposed.

"But," says John, "I feel responsible for your health and say that it is necessary you should at least take a cup of coffee, and then in a sycophantic coaxing tone says:

"Come, come, do not be foolish; come in with the rest of us."

Gently drawing him as he spoke, Harry was again subject to the influence of this stronger nature.

They were soon seated at a table, lunch set before them, and the glasses were produced after they had partaken of their repast, and as they were filled to the brim Harry attempted to arise but was detained by John.

"Take a drop, just to warm you," he says.

Harry sat and looked at the beverage and shook his head.

"Oh see the babah," says our flippan Ralph, and "Oh what a goose!" with other exclamations, were spoken.

Placing the glass to his lips, John says: Boy just take enough to warm your blood.

Thus prevailed upon he again yields to the tempter. The first glass taken his brain soon became giddy, and as the other glasses were filled his was also, and this time it did not require so much solicitation.

GOOD ADVICE.

The following eloquent appeal was made by Gen. A. M. West, in closing a recent speech in Mississippi:

"To succeed we must be firm, bold and aggressive. Cowards never accomplish results fraught with enduring good to mankind. The principles of this new 'National Party' are so well adapted to the necessities of the times as to be in harmony with the interests of the people in every state and territory in the Union, eliminate from public questions the prejudice and the passions growing out of the late hostile relations, and establishing in sentiment and practice a true sisterhood of states, brothers in citizenship, at home in every section and on any soil of our country's domain—all forming a united family, one in heart and purpose, with a common hope and a common sympathy. It is true, we are now imperfectly organized, weak in numbers, poor in purse, and are without state or national patronage to allure to our ranks office-seekers and lovers of the display of power and authority. But we have that which is better and more attractive to men of moral and political virtue, principle.

On a memorable occasion, our revolutionary sires pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor in support of principle. There was a virtue in these pledges full of irresistible power which has given to history some of the grandest achievements of human effort. May the memory of this historical example, so sublime in its teachings, so lofty of purpose, so beneficent in results, unite the virtue and patriotism of the people north and south in an effort to reform and restore to its pristine purity the government they bequeathed to us as a priceless legacy."

This advice is good as a reformatory principle. We must be firm and bold in the cause of right, and parties or creeds are secondary. The principle of purification, liberty and peace, is the only true principle.

TIME.

(Written for Spanish paper, *Revista Estudios Phycologicos*; of May, 1881. Translated for French paper, *Revue Spirite*; and from the French into the English for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, by Jesse H. Butler.)

Time is the ONLY treasure possessed by man; the honor, the riches disappear in a few seconds: our health is also frail. If we love we are not paid the most often, but by indifference or ingratitude. If our knowledges scientific make us proud or elated, we are obliged to bow down very soon, before those of superior intelligence; we are liable to lose all in this life; the riches, the renown, the liberty, the virtue, our miserable bodies, all; then time only to us remains, left always and all around, marks indelible. This is our shadow; where we go it follows,—it is our light, our progress; it is all our felicity—what would be man without the time unlimited? Time is the symbol of God. It reveals all mysteries. It dissipates all the fears. It makes to disappear the doubt. It gives to each according to his works. It is the silence of the ages, in which the eloquence is superior to that of all the orators of the world.

It alone possesses the knowledge of the truth. It is the pacificator of the people. It cicitrizes the deep wounds of the heart of man.

O Time! time! if the ungrateful humanities; thee have represented under the figure of Saturn devouring his children, they have illy understood thee. Thou annihilated neither the beings, nor the causes; to the contrary, thou art the eternal redeemer. Thou despoilest man of his old envelope, to give him a new one. Thou inverted the centuried trees, when their roots shoot forth again. Thou fadest the flowers, to offer to us the delicious fruits. Thou dissipated our young illusions, to give us in exchange the profound reflections of mature age. Thou art the sculptor of God. Thy models, the grand figures that illustrate the ages. Thou art the life, because thou art the light!

O Time! we render thee homage, we adore thee in thy work immense: If we were able to express all the inspiration that thou givest us the entire humanity would chant our hymns. Thou art doubtless the breath of God, which gives the force, thou being the motive power to the worlds and to the humanities that inhabit them. Thou makest to forget the insults, thou extinguishes the hatred. Thou createst the new

affections. Thou art the eternal mathematician who traces the figures geometric and findest their proportions exact. Thou makest to disappear the shadows projected by the false lights of sophism. Thou art the truth that manifests in all places. The greater part of time, we do not recognize its useful teachings, but thou emanating from God, as God art patient, because like him, thou art eternal, thou smilest in beholding our miseries; and thou sayest, "They will come to me, the prodigal children, all will return to the house of the Father universal, all will take part in the banquet of the ages, all will progress, because it is their destiny. So useful as is especially indispensable for the schools of physiology in which the development is never rapid: they oppose the most, that which is the most real, and this is not astonishing, since obstacles without number, oppose this development—one invents a thousand novelties, one forges a great number of absurd errors, and it makes the shadow, but it dissipates with the course of the years and if the years suffice not, then come the centuries.

The rational spiritist school owes much to time which has demonstrated the distinct manifestations at the different epochs, that the dead live, that the souls communicate to us their sorrows, and the spirits recount their joys, and each demonstration has produced divers effects: the terror and the incredulity have buried the truth, superstition and fanaticism have helped on the revelations from beyond the tomb, to create the mysterious, and by the aid of these elements one frightens the people ignorant until now thanks to time, the doors of the sanctuary are open, and the sacred books are multiplied, and men have known the value of the legends religions, fables mystic, traditions, based on the shadows.

Nothing comes of nothing. This discovery has given new flight to schools scientific, philosophic, and aurora of a splendid future rises on the horizon! Time! Time! Redeemer of the worlds. Prophet infallible, how much owe thee the humanities. We adore thee, we behold in thee the progress. Thou art the heritage of God. Thou art strong, because thou realizeest the grand effects. Thou art the sage of sages, because thou inspirest by thy experience. Thou art the judge supreme. Thy sentences are admirable, because they are always just. Thou art the avenger of the martyrs. Thou art the life, because thou art the eternity. God, Nature and Time form the august trinity of the mystery of Creation.

JESSE H. BUTLER.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT
A PSYCOLOGICAL WONDER.

The Virginia City *Enterprise* says: "There is in this city a young lady whose case is not only the most distressing imaginable, but which is also the most curious and a puzzle for physicians and all who are acquainted with her condition and the peculiar circumstances attendant and connected therewith. The young lady is a Miss Mary Kenney, aged about 18 years, who resides on the Divide. Previous to her illness she was a pupil in Prof. Flint's school, where she was distinguished for her close application to her studies and her quiet and lady-like deportment. She was ambitious to become a teacher, and studied very hard in order to be able to pass an examination. Some six weeks ago Miss Kenney told her mother and others that a great calamity was soon to befall her; that she would be stricken blind, deaf and dumb. In making this announcement she was much distressed and wept bitterly. It was in vain that her friends tried to comfort her; she said it was a thing that must come. A few days later while on her way home from school, when she was suddenly struck blind, and was led by the hand the remainder of the way home. Four physicians, including Dr. Weber, county physician, have been attending the young lady since her illness, and have been unable to determine the cause of the malady which so suddenly seized her. After losing her sight she soon lost her hearing, and then her vocal organs became paralyzed. For several days past she has been unable either to hear, see or speak.

Her disease appears to be of the nature of paralysis, and this had yesterday extended to her legs and the lower part of her body. For some days she has had but little use of her hands, and then only under certain conditions. The most curious feature of her case, however, is that all this time she has been able to communicate with all about her though bereft of all her senses. This she has done in writing. In asking her a question it was necessary to do so in writing her hand being laid on that of the questioner to place his hand on hers or to lightly hold the top of the pencil with which she was writing. All this time her eyes were closed and her head resting on a pillow in such a position that she could not have seen what she was doing had her eyes been open and she not blind.

It appears that the young lady's is a peculiar organism—that she has long been a sort of psychological puzzle. Many instances might be given of this peculiarity, but they nearly all concern persons well known here and who do not wish to have their names mentioned. As regards the character of these things, we may say that she in several instances felt impelled to go to persons who were entire strangers to her and tell them things that were for their good, and which almost made their hair stand on end for the reason that her revelations showed that she knew almost every action of their lives. In speaking of some persons she said she knew almost every action of their lives from childhood. Another curious thing remains to be told.

In Gold Hill, fully half a mile away from the residence of the girl, are two persons who appear to be effected through her. One of them is a boy about six years of age, and the other a man of mature age. Since she has been stricken down these persons have felt every change that has taken place in the young lady's condition; have felt it instantly. She has had frequent convulsions, and whenever one of these fits has siezed her, the man and the boy at Gold Hill have in some way been made aware of the fact. Also when she was siezed with a spell of vomiting (which were quite frequent) the fact was instantly known to the two persons at Gold Hill. In order to prove this, persons interested in this curious business have made many quick trips from Gold Hill to the Divide, carefully noticing the time, and always found that the man and boy had exactly described the young lady's condition.

Old age has its beauty as well as youth. See that lovely old lady, silver-haired, with some of the fire of youth still shining in her dark eyes, and harmonizing rather than contrasting with the dignity of age. She leans on the arm of a manly young fellow, tall, sunburnt, with a frank, kindly face, and together they form a striking picture. It is only middle age that is hopelessly unpicturesque. Middle-aged men as a rule (there are some pleasant exceptions), have an aspect that repels romance. They look of the earth, earthly. They appear to have lost the faculty of enjoyment. Youth is behind them, and the calm and leisure of age unreachd. It is a sad and pitiful sight to see a woman clinging to her lost youth by such sorry devices as false "fronts," and youthful gowns, and kittenish ways. How useless it is! How much better to realize honestly and frankly that youth has disappeared.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

JACOB'S LADDER.

How beautiful! Oh, how wondrous grand!
 A ladder which reaches from earth to heaven,
 Encompassing all on the earthly land,
 Is this beautiful type to us given.

There is a ladder which is built to the skies,
 And we mount it round by round,
 Oh, how beautiful is this glorious prize!
 The sweet progression here is found.

Yes, round by round, we mount life's hill,
 We rise with every upward thought,
 And find each time one more round still,
 Oh, let each day with good be fraught.

For this alone is elevation,
 This will lift us as we press,
 Onward to our true destination,
 Filled with hope and joyfulness.

Angels ascend when we mount a round,
 And descend if we fall below,
 Ascend to aid us in our onward bound,
 Descend to lift us when we're in woe.

Thus the ladder of life is of burnished gold,
 The angels are willing to aid.
 Oh what a story in this is told,
 Every labor of love is doubly repaid.

It is repaid in the inner temple the soul,
 Although the world may scoff and scorn,
 There comes a message which does console,
 Another gem does thy crown adorn.

As Jacob was journeying to his uncle Laban's, he stopped to stay over night and built a pillar of stones. During the night he dreamed he saw a ladder let down from heaven, and angels ascending and descending upon it. At the top of the ladder he saw God in His glory.

Here is a beautiful representation: Life is a ladder, and angels of love and mercy are ever ascending and descending. When we mount the ladder, although the brain may grow giddy, the strong angels of love bear us up, if we but grasp the proffered hand, and e'en when we

do not, they support us, if we but make the effort to rise. When through exhaustion or failure we step below, they descend to still aid us, to again attempt the hazardous work of rising to the skies, where we see God in all His majesty and glory. The heights of heaven, the spiritual aura which is discernible to him who will remove the scales from his eyes, and view the greatness and glory of life. Oh, lovely and profitable ladder of life! It is in view of every true child of the kingdom, every loving soul, every submissive one, who is willing to lay all at the feet of the dear master, which is right and God—the all controlling Power. This picture, which is so visible when we have gazed out from the inner sense, above and over, the material is one which can never be effaced from the eye-sight of the beholder. It rests in the heart, in all its perfection. The angels ever whisper loving words of encouragement, and we find that oftentimes they are the loved ones gone before, who through the grand and mighty law which unites humanity into a brotherhood by links—each life being a link—they are drawn by the power of attraction, sympathy and unison to the earth sphere to guard and guide with the same love, only spiritualized—made more perfect, more wise and stronger; as the material is discarded and the spirit moves with greater velocity, appreciates through the rarified spirit essence the grandeur of life, sees with the clearer vision the finale, sees that the state of preparation is necessary for the eventual purification of a world, rendering the spiritual realm, the New Jerusalem a clime, or nation, we may say of experience and of keen, rare enjoyment which may be best appreciated by contrast; and they who have not this experience upon earth are the most active angels of mercy, for it is through this sympathy with distress, where they are attracted by the irrevocable law, that they gain the earthly experience, fitting them for the final enjoyment of blessings untold, of a redeemed and perfect world where the spirit essence—God, projector and the animus of all life sends forth the streams of love, or rays of light until every individual is permeated with the glory of life. There is but one law, and the ladder of Jacob is a perfect representation. It is either ascent or descent, and no man can ascend or descend alone. As he ascends he moves the chain of which he is one of the links upward, and when he descends he moves it downward, and each life linked in this chain in its nearness is moved accordingly; the angels of love and mercy also, attempting to keep the quillibrium, move up or down with their strong arms ever ready to as-

sist. All the pure and holy attributes we place at the top of the ladder, and all the vile and ignoble at the base; therefore we arise with the lofty and when we descend, even in doubt we are nearing the imperfect.

IDA M. MERRILL.

GEM CITY.

BY REQUEST OF A BOY.

This day that governor laid a foundation,
 Upon a firm and solid base twas placed;
 Beginning here in humble station,
 But arose, and the highest seat he graced.

The Woodland home where many orphan's find
 A happy home and tender loving care,
 He gave with generosity so kind
 That the wandering waif might enter there.

Our beautiful cemetery with forest trees
 In all their beauty and with branches outspread,
 Sway backward and forward rocked by the breeze,
 Seem lovingly guarding our beautiful dead.

With gentle slopes so fresh and green,
 With here and there a tinkling rill.
 A minature valley lies between
 Each grandly beauteous, grassy hill.

This too was bequeathed by the same man,
 With a loving tribute to those who have gone
 Out into eternity's mighty span,
 With life work finished or just begun,

The college which now should bear his name,
 Occupying one block in our city's space;
 Was built by him with care and pains,
 A beauteous and attractive place.

He passed away, but his works cannot—
 The city and the good will of its people
 Look down upon this Edenic spot—
 Governor Wood was its foundation, tower and steeple.

Whatever she becomes she owes it to the man
 Who entered the secluded shady dell.
 Says, "here I will do what best I can."
 And has he not surely builded well?

This monument is builded in yonder skies,
 Is written in the hearts of honest men;
 Those hours when he did steadily rise!
 He was building his monument of glory then.

A temple fair it grew each day,
Invisible hands placed in each stone;
It grew in the country over the way,
The road which each pilgrim travels alone.

And to-day our city needs such men—
Such men of noble generous hearts;
With deeds of kindness to scatter strife's ken,
To have justice and liberty in one of our marts.

We want it pure, we want it strong,
We want an equal distribution
Of God's free gifts and thus prolong
Each elevating institution.

Our business college ranks first in the land,
Our free reading room furnishes food for the mind,
Our court house is a building grand
Our missionary ladies are true and kind.

Our men of business are honest all,
Our lawyers and doctors, ministers too
We hope are all following a true call—
Are doing what good their hand finds to do.

Our wealthy citizens aid the poor,
Our poor might be somewhat better;
If a few more strong from door to door
Would carry out charity to the letter.

If some good soul might form a plan
To furnish employ when none else was found,
Then your charity might have a span,
And your labors of love might find a bound.

Work is what the poor must have,
If he would earn his daily bread;
And when 'tis furnished strong and brave,
If they labor not, should not be fed.

IDA M. MERRILL.

The genius of our civilization in its physiological aspect is to make spendthrifts of us all, of our vital riches. It includes no such aim as race improvement. True, some youthful culture of the head and heart is supposed to reach after that object. But it does not. It looks only to immediate success in social distinctions, or to winning incompetitive struggles, not to the more remote objects of our improvement as a race. Indeed, the instances in which physical degeneration, by the prevailing injudicious and highly prized head-culture, is not thereby begun, are altogether exceptional. Compare the highly educated son with his father, and a perceptible diminution in the grade of constitutional stamina is nearly always manifest.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN.

A question which now is before the world,
 The rights of women to-day?
 The question, arising in answer is,
 What can she best do in a womanly way?

The rights of woman she should not claim,
 The weaker battling with the strong,
 But receive true homage without battle,
 Should join in a redeemer's song.

Redeem the world by sweet labors of love,
 Redeem it in the true mode,
 Reforming her race and glorious virtue prove,
 The greatest right in this abode.

Woman has rights and they are the best,
 Demanded in a quiet, womanly way,
 For by the law of gentleness and peace
 The strongest, deepest passions are caused to sway

She may rule the nation within her realm,
 She truly may become a queen of queens,
 And never assert her might and her power,
 If within her soul, true worth reigns.

It may be right to arise and fight,
 Battling against our stronger brother,
 But the great master taught the right,
 Said: "Little children love one another.

When woman receives greater rights,
 They must be bestowed with a willing hand;
 Or we have abounding the same strife,
 The same injustice throughout the land.

By co-operation alone will be
 A better nation, better laws;
 Woman cannot redeem it alone,
 Woman cannot see all the flaws.

Therefore, dear sisters, who see mistakes
 In the laws of our nation to day,
 Do not expect to usurp our lords,
 Only portray them in a womanly way.

—IDA. M. MERRILL.

We shall soon have *A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT* bound in book form for
 the accommodation of the public.

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THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Good and evil influences. We with our limited experience will endeavor to show what we know concerning its operation on mortals and how we are clothed upon by one or the other and how mediums suffer when coming in contact with evil influences.

Jesus knew who were good and who were evil disposed persons, and when he met them, he addressed the principle they lived in; he said woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, Hypocrites, he could plainly see their hypocrisy, and when he met Nathaniel he said, behold j an Isrealite in whom there is no guile. The mediums of to-day know when they meet people, whether they are good or bad, true or false, and feel keenly the inharmony of the evil; it sometimes shakes every nerve apparently, and they wring their hands, and cry out with pain as pierced with a dagger, and people should be careful how they treat those connecting links, and not do as they did in ages past, kill the prophets.

There should be schools established, where mediums could be treated with loving kindness and respect as they are divines chosen, watched over and brought through many severe trials, educated by the spirits of mortals to do work on earth, to elevate and refine mankind by proving to them the resurrection of the spiritual body from the material without a change in character, and showing them the necessity of doing right, that through them will come the reformation of the world; they are a link that joins the spiritual and physical worlds, and those who ridicule and scoff at them will, as we move up the mountain, look back with pain and remorse at the treatment they bestowed on those chosen ones. They are made to suffer for the elevation of those cruel bigots who seem to have been born blind and deaf. How they can

read the lessons contained in the book they love so well, and not understand or see the light is a mystery to those who can see.

Paul was a medium and brought up strictly a Pharisee; that was his religion; it was exactly the opposite of going about doing good; he went about while the evil influence of his false, tyrannical education prevailed, seeking for the harmless Nazarenes to destroy or punish them with great cruelty.

When he saw the light and heard the voice saying why persecute me, he left that circle of murderers and went about doing good. Now the cry goes out, the Lord or good spirits would not appear or manifest themselves to the saints or sinners, through such wicked frauds as Paul was, but they will and do. The same Pharisaical spirit of persecution is rampant to-day saying, Beelzebub, the prince of devils, is casting out the same by his power, healing the people of both physical and moral diseases, and relieving them of their sufferings. How long, O how long, will it be before bigotry, prejudice and ignorance with their baneful influence will be cast out of men's minds so that they can listen to reason and when they perceive a fact demonstrated they shall try to utilize it to remove pain mentally, physically and morally.

The telegrams from Washington have been most painful to those people of sensitive natures who feel deeply, the suffering of others. Knowing at the same time that the situation of a leaden ball could be determined without an instrument or painful operation by a Clairvoyant, (one prepared by development in the science of life, one devoted to the sacred duties that devolve upon him or her who have the gift or sight to peer into the interior realm. This is a fact and can be proved) and with a corps of magnetic healers could sooth a sufferer without opiates and possibly prevent inflammation. Paul had aprons, and belts, sent to him, and those who sent them were healed. It is necessary to fulfill a law to produce a desired result, the patient sending an article to a medium, forms a line of communication and the control of that medium goes with lightning speed, examines the patient and returns, impresses the medium with the symptoms and directs how to proceed to relieve the sufferer.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

ON MISSISSIPPI TIDE.

We are gliding, gently gliding,
Moving now adown the stream,
Thus we thought our life is tiding,
And we live as in a dream.

Grand and beautiful is the picture,
Which we pass along the bank,
Thus our lives are filled with glimpses
Where heavenly foliage is so rank.

A bar of sand we sometimes pass,
We round it or we do not move,
Another thought comes to us now,
This does a wondrous truth now prove.

The obstacles which in life we meet,
We must round them to progress,
Oh beautiful nature, oh sweet retreat,
Thou dost every truth, there is possess.

We glide adown life's mighty stream,
Many obstacles in the path we find,
And yet life is not all a dream,
We are not always deaf or blind.

We see the beauties, see the flaws,
See the dangerous, sandy bars,
We see a fitness in his laws,
From the tiniest flower to twinkling stars.

Oh mighty life! thou art so grand,
We see the obstacles round them well
Guided by a pilot's firm hand,
Then stand up firm and thou'lt excel.

CORA CORAL.

TRUE MISSION OF NEWSPAPERS.

The true mission of a newspaper is to furnish to the public news which is reliable and interesting. To furnish literature which is pure, elevating and of a moral nature. It is not to simply be a reservoir where all the refuse from the scholars basket may be thrown, anything which may be gathered here and there to fill space without any care or selection. The newspaper man may show his principles in every line he writes, in every selection he makes, and in every item of news. We want a newspaper at once filled with news which is as reliable, as the rising of the sun, literature as pure as the morning dew which glitters from the tiny blades of grass, as the sun arises athwart the heavens like diamonds of real value.

We want the principles of right to flow through each column, as though a mighty wave were sweeping on from an unfailing fountain. We want to have the food of the moral nature for our young people, wholesome and healthful.

No where can principle be shown more clearly than by that which flows from the pen. We cannot judge by language as readily, the real principles of a man, although we may to a certain extent of character. For a man may in haste or heat of passion, or provoked by surrounding circumstances, express that which in his cool moments, with deliberation, in the quiet of his studio scorn to do, then in these moments of communing with self, a man may express the real principles which move his inner nature, and if these principles in coolness, and deliberation placed upon the untarnished sheet are impure, what is the character of the man when out in the world with its excitement, its temptation, and its iniquity? Therefore let us deliberate and cull the brightest gems of thought, to place before our young; let us have the truth in all things. News to be news must be true or we have only a sheet of slander and deceit, thus we say truth is our banner.

IDA M. MERRILL.

DEATH BED SCENE AND RETURN AFTER DEATH.

The following is a death-bed scene of a young lady who was not a believer in Spiritualism: This young lady was about 20 years of age, an interesting girl, and was a member of one of the orthodox churches, Cora Miller, daughter of John M. Miller; her health giving way, she soon went into a decline, and finally she was confined to her bed; her mother watching closely with her had lain down on the back part of the bed, and fell asleep; her father then was watching; she requested the light to be turned down. The father thinking the gas light too bright for her eyes. In a few moments, she said, "The room is full of angels; father can you see that?" "No," he replied. "I can't see them, can you see their countenances?" "Yes, and their eyes sparkle with wisdom—have roses in their hands, and they said to me: "Dear sister, bid thy earthly friends adieu, for now we have come to conduct you up through." About three months after her release she returned and gave the following:

The time has now come, when the gulf can be crossed,
 Tho' waves roll high and my spirit be tossed,
 But love like a lodestone whose attraction is true,
 Brings your dear daughter back closer to you.

The thoroughfare of heaven is now open wide,
 And the current of deep thought flowing down like the tide,
 On its bosom are borne the angels of light,
 Now they come to earth to disclose what is right.

I am with you dear mother, when you walk by the way;
 I am so near you dear mother that I hear what you say;
 I see the anguish of your soul's deep distress,
 But mother, dear mother, my death it was best.

I am with you dear mother by night and by day,
 So I am with you dear mother, when you kneel down to pray,
 My thoughts blend with yours when they ascend upon high,
 And they return saying: No more can I die.

I see you regret when you think on the past,
 You felt that you might have done more for me at the last,
 But mother, dear mother, my time had come,
 For my days then were numbered and no longer could run.

One night, my dear ma, when you was fast asleep,
 When pa was my watcher, with vigilance did keep,
 I asked my dear pa to turn the light down,
 For I saw the bright angels, they stood all around.

Around my bed-side the bright angels did stand,
 Their eyes sparkling with wisdom, and roses in their hand,
 And they said to me, "Dear sister, bid thy earthly friends adieu,
 For now we have come to conduct you up through.

The voice of the angel sank deep in my soul,
 And then my whole being they seemed to control,
 Altho' I was passing the deep throes of death;
 But in that dark valley my spirit was not left.

My dear earthly friends then seemed to disappear,
 But soon, oh how soon, new voices did I hear,
 Some called me dear sister, and grand-daughter dear,
 But with one condensed effort they all tried to cheer.

As these dear angels wafted me along,
 They sang unto me a delightful new song,
 The song which they sang, I never heard before,
 But it seemed to vibrate from the celestial shore.

So now my dear ma, weep no more for me,
 For I will be with thee wherever you be;
 At the dawn of the day, or the still midnight hour,
 For now I can come from heaven's shady bower.

As on the wings of the wind we bright angels can come,
 We have only to will and our journey is done;
 Our conveyance in the heavens is God's electric fire,
 We can come and go, wherever we desire.

With their fiery chariots now at our command
 We can go far over sea and far over land;
 With the force of our will we can rise far above,
 Or come down to earth with those that we love.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letter should have been published last week as explanatory of the article translated from the Spanish by Jesse H. Butler.

"EDITRESS:—I send a translation from Lenora Solen; I have read others of her pieces in the Spanish. They all have a profound philosophy, as well as a feminine sweetness running through them, and are much admired by learned Frenchmen, as well as the educated among the Spanish. I think you have readers who will appreciate it, and you know that honey distilled by the Hybla bee tastes sweeter than that made near our own Moradas (Homes.)

Well, I suppose Missouri has sent a sweet smelling incense of blood up to the nostrils of their God. Poor boys! They are over with the agony and are still in their father's house, only in a higher room where the atmosphere is purer on the hills of God. Poor doubly widowed mother, her's is the martyrdom's, but it will soon be exchanged for the martyrs crown, the sweetest, purest pearl-bestued diadem in the father's kingdom. Never mind the failure! The dew drop kisses the withered flowers, until the rain comes, that restores to life and beauty, and the reformers must be like God and time, strong and patient.

I was reflecting as I left my hill-top house this morning. Suppose I should leave this life all alone there, would it not be lonely? And the answer came to my soul quickly: No; we of the inner sanctuary know better, for as the spirit recedes from the material, it is enabled to come closer to the higher life, and see and feel the loved ones gone before, and then I thought of the executed boys, and felt that a father met them and welcomed them to a land of rest, from the clamoring crowd who feed on imagined revenge and blood.

Well, thank God! the cycles are but a day to Him, and his dear time moves on to-day, with the step of the infant, and sweet whispers to a few of His beloved, but to-morrow it shall step firmly, and grandly to the music of an emancipated humanity.

Work on then ladies of A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. The fountains of

love and peace flow gently adown the river of life, and they are waiting for the heroes who have fought well the battles of life in the valley of sorrow, to sing to them the silver tone of rest, as sweet as the kiss of God; as peaceful as the sleep of the angels.

JESSE H. BUTLER.

"God give us men! A time like this demands,
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands,
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking—
 Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty and in private thinking;
 For while they rabble with the thumb-worn creeds,
 Their large professions, and their little deeds,
 Mingle in selfish strifes, lo! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps."

Next week we shall have six pages of the story by Cora Coral.

Spiritualism has not only come to stay, but it has come to overshadow the earth, and blessed will be they who water with their tears the roots of this only true vine of life, whose fruitage will nourish them forever.

Rise up from the graves of disappointments with new strength; we sometimes find that the beautiful apples which we have craved, and which the wise father withholds from us were like those which children sometimes cry for, poisonous and deadly although beautiful, and we for the child's own good withhold the deadly bane.

Fortunately the world is now about to receive a new philosophy of human nature and its relations, surpassing all our former conceptions in the divinity of its principles, in the comprehensiveness of its details, and the spirituality and unspeakable grandeur of its objects and results. This divine philosophy is not a human invention. It is the reflected light of the spiritual world, which now radiates through the material. This alone will save the advanced minds of this age, and ultimately the whole church and the world, from the blighting influence of a cold, scientific and soulless materialism.

ORGANIZATION.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

The above is the most important question of the hour to all self-active minds; and especially to spiritualists, to whom is given the future moral advancement of this materially advancing world of ours.

Take all the sects of protestantism and deprive them of their organizations, and in one decade they would disappear as an aggressive power and in a quarter of a century be almost denied historic mention.

It is this organization which includes her priestly celibacy and the confessional that makes the church of Rome the most wonderful ecclesiastical power that ever existed in society, and the admiration of its most bitter enemies.

In contrasting it with individual effort, it is as the ocean to the rain drop. And it need not be inaugurated (as nearly all others have) in the spirit or on the principle of proscription, for in that principle there is always a latent weakness, that must eventuate in dissolution, as intelligence and the ages advance, which they always do together, be it ever so slow; and for this reason, or this law in mind, (may I not say?) today all the past organizations are tottering to their fall, just as sure as that the mountain torrent shall one day break over the dam that lies at its feet.

And what shall be the basis of an organization that shall make one harmonious fold, for the vast numbers of those who are convinced of the return, sometimes to the earth friends, and the continued existence of all human spirits after leaving this mortal body?

In the various injections of the past few years under the wave of free thought and free love, in their subservice and vilest intrusions, have made a mixture comparable to nothing short of Shakspeares' hellbroth, as described in Macbeth, but this need not dishearten the true friends of our cause, as the episode was but the repetition of all the histories of religious, social and political organizations in their incipency.

The plant has always outgrown its clinging parasites, when well watered and cultivated and pruned by the diligent and determined husbandman, and nature herself seems to rejoice in her healing powers that make the body of the tree to expand and rejuvenate after the insertion of the knife has excited its permeating sap.

And if the disciples of a time-decaying faith and a faint hope can surmount such difficulties as have always plagued their beginnings; why should the disciples of a demonstrated mental and moral philosophy, with its magnificent religious background as ample as the boundless archway of a limitless space—say, why should the fortified professors and possessors of such a system be intimidated by a short-lived, a dying and a dead fungus?

Victory is the sweet, sublime child of perseverance!

Have not we of the old guard already vanquished the clamoring crowds of free love with the weapon of free speech of which they so much boasted, but which they tried to deny to those who opposed them? and have not they of the animal philosophy left us in disgust, and slunk back to their congenial caves, where the missing links do congregate, because the darkness of Egypt could not long continue under the burning beams of Godlike Hyperion?

The upward path is steep, but it is flooded with light! The sea of our philosophy is deep, but its waters are as calm as the mountain environed lake that reflects the stars and their spaces! the sneer of entrenched ignorance is fiendlike, but the smile of truth shall fill the soul with supernal beauty, forever and forever!

Let us organize on the platform of the purest morality and the knowledge of immortality, do you say in what words? It scarcely needs words; it may be expressed in a mere negation; tell yonder maiden that she is not moral, and you freeze her heart's blood, just whisper a pure morality and live it, and the victims of all uncleanness shall either flee from your assemblies or come to them with repentance and holier desires and let the first and the last words of your platform—written or unwritten, be work; it is the only thing worthy of a spiritualist; it is the only thing that lets—that makes the world know you are a man, a woman, a child of Him whose glory is written in the golden characters of his works!

He of Galilee had no formula, but went about doing good: and sent his disciples into all nations to heal the sick and cast out devils; are there no devils left? are there no sick? are there no fields ripe for the harvest? are there no souls left to be saved from ignorance and bitterness and bigotry and oppression and sorrow and an entrance into the higher life scarce half made up?

Let organization then be the word, the rallying cry of to-day; let as

many intelligent warm hearts get together as can in any given locality, especially of the household of spiritual knowledge and its grand faith in the future; let them invite all seekers for truth and goodness and holy work, and they will need no synod, and no articles of faith.

And on the round of error, shall speedily be established the divinest inspiration that is to establish a new earth, which shall be a fit, a glad resort of the purest ascended spirits.

MAN'S SOCIAL NATURE.

Man is an intellectual, moral, and social being. In this only is he distinguished from, and rises above all other created beings. The intellectual gives him understanding, the moral a sense of right and wrong, and the social a desire to associate with his fellows, which makes him friendly, happy, and it is that which forms society. The first object or desire of all human beings is to be happy. This he seeks in various channels; if he fail in one he will try another; sometimes he lays his plans and labors for a lifetime in a certain direction, overcoming all obstacles in the way, and often at the end of life finds it a failure. He seeks congenial associations in the various organizations of society, and only to renew his search when he finds himself disappointed. He will labor and study how to accumulate wealth, all to gain social position, and each year he adds to his "glistening store;" still the desired end has not been reached. He leaves his rural vocation for some petty office in a crowded city, and only regrets his step when too late. While young he aspires to some profession; he enters it with great expectations, and only sees folly in after life. He soon finds there is no royal road to professional distinction. So, in every vocation and channel of human life, men and women are daily discouraged at finding the road to social, political and professional position and fame beset with thorns on all sides, and happiness is not to be found in that direction.

Men and women in their social intercourse with each other are mainly attracted and repelled, to or from each other, by two forces which are antagonistic, and bring untold misery and unhappiness to the individuals, communities, and society in general. These two forces are wealth and poverty; wealth attracts and poverty repels. Those who are poor are constantly trying to gain wealth, at least a home, and as a common expression appear moderately well in society. Those who

have wealth are constantly afraid that the poor will rise and become their equals. The mistress is terribly chagrined if Bridget should manage, by industry, to treat herself to a dress nearly as good as her mistress, especially if she has it made fashionably. The capitalist has all that money can buy; he lives in a fine house, drives his fine horses, keeps his servants, wears fine clothing, gets into office, makes our laws, and is said to be respectable. He is the center of attraction, and people will spend their last dollar to keep up appearances in society. The poor man, the laborer, the mechanic, the clerk, the student, have social organs, as well as the rich, and demand social position. Yet he thinks the rich are happy, and the poor only miserable. They are excluded from the social intercourse of what is called respectable society, and happiness comes not to them.

They are forced to associate with those in equal financial circumstances; and thus the mechanic, the laborer, or what is termed, in the language of society, the "irrepressibles," the non-respectable class, become the center of repulsion. There is a constant effort on the one hand to establish a social line of demarcation, and on the other hand a terrible strife to tear it down, to blot out, if possible, all such distinction. Here is a prolific source, which furnishes the majority of our criminals. It killed Fisk; it kills its thousands; it grinds the poor; it jeopardizes the rich man's wealth; it enters all stations of life, and furnishes its victims; it fills our prisons, the gallows, with its culprits, the asylum with its inmates, the county house with its paupers, and throws little orphans upon the cold charities of the world, without a guiding star, whither to steer their little bark upon the life current of the world. Man is a social being, and often uses wrong means to satisfy the social nature. This he is forced to do nine times out of ten by society. The fifty or hundred dollars a month is not sufficient to pay rent, or pay on a little home, to feed and clothe the children, and buy silk dresses or velvet cloaks for the wife, in order to appear well in society. Now, if the lie is not told to make the dollar, or, under cover of the night, property unlawfully appropriated, they withdraw from society, and live a life of comparative seclusion, which is almost as sure to lead to crime as if the first inclination had been indulged. By and by, they become satisfied with life, and soon misunderstandings between husband and wife end in an unhappy manner, for which they are severely censured by society, and receive not the slightest sympathy. The children im-

bibe from their parents' bad example an unhappy disposition and if the difficulty is not cured, and they do not commit crime, their offspring, almost as a rule, end in the commission of some terrible crime, to which, I hold, society is accessory, and should be held responsible as well as the poor victim.

A REFORMERS PLATFORM.

PLATFORM OF THE NATIONAL REFORMERS.

It has ever been a question with past ages how the politicians could best govern the people. We propose now for the first time, to inquire how the people may best govern the politicians. For this purpose we propose the

Platform of the National Reformer.

I. All public officers are servants, and not rulers of a free people; the only ruler should be law.

II. Petitions reading, "As in duty bound, will ever pray" etc., are degrading to sovereigns in addressing their servants, and should be changed to requests, which, when sustained by majority should be obeyed by our Congress and Legislatures, and a veto power should remain in the hands of the people, to be exercised by ballot.

III. All sham dignities or titles should be abolished as relics of monarchy and aristocracy.

IV. Civil service reform should be enforced and strict accountability of all servants required.

V. Abolition of the Electoral College and election of president and vice-president by the people.

VI. Election of postmasters by the people only are required to serve.

VII. The graduation of the salaries of the officers to that of the people they serve; national to those of the people of the whole nation; state to those of the whole state; and county and city to those of county and city; and let economy and not extravagance become the rule, and emulation and frugality become popular.

VIII. The sale of the president's (nation's) White House; the abolition of all perquisites, and no servants of the government be permitted to prosecute claims against the government they serve.

Let it never be the interest of a servant to wrong his employer. He

should work for the interest of the great whole, and not for the individual. If he cannot do this, he has not philanthropy or patriotism enough for an office-holder or public servant.

One party when striving to oust another, continually cries out for retrenchment and reform, which means, let a well filled lot of leaches be put off, and an empty hungry lot be permitted to take their places.

Servants are now paid more than their masters; subjects more than their sovereigns; the employee exalted above his employer: the servant served and honored by the master who humbly, with hat in hand, petitions him to do the very thing he is employed to do, and paid for doing, and great thanks are rendered for doing what he is in duty bound to do. Servants determine their own perquisites and salaries, rights and privileges and immunities, make rules for and govern their masters.

Neither congress or legislative power should have any rights to grant subsidies or vote away public money without public consent, give state dinners, or entertain illustrious characters at the people's expense; be absent one day from the post of duty while drawing their pay for being at their actual work, or in any other way defraud the people they are required to serve. For the financial difficulties the following is suggested. Let us first inquire, what are the people's real needs?

1. Ascertain the amount of money in circulation in prosperous times. We need as much to make us prosperous now. This is the basis.

2. Let congress pass an act requiring the U. S. Treasury to manufacture the amount needed in greenbacks, counting in the money now in circulation. Then appoint certain postmasters (under such rules as the wisdom of congress may enact) as government agents by whom this money may be loaned on first mortgages on the people's real estate at one-third its usual assessed value, and at a rate of interest not exceeding three per cent. Thus the treasury instead of paying interest would receive it, instead of growing poorer would grow richer; our money matters transacted among ourselves, without foreign aid; national banks and bankers find less to do; no gold interest-bearing bonds issued tending to make the rich richer and the poor poorer; people's needs supplied; money made abundant as ever before; the trade of interest everywhere lowered; the trade of capitalists and money-lending usurers, who loan money at ruinous rates, and become rich by fore-closing mortgages and securing the property of their unfortunate neighbors, find their

business among the things that were; a new impulse given to business, for with money abundant, business will be resumed, and employment given to the idle and men can afford to invest when money can be obtained at low rates, long time, and little or no danger from foreclosure or bankruptcy; the post-office made itself sustaining; immense revenue derived from interest cheerfully paid; taxation and the national debt lowered; no necessity for failures in business, for, when conducted with ordinary prudence, it would be sure and reliable, and prosperity once more dawn upon all our people, and our government become less corrupt, and our politics no longer a school of vice for the nation.

D. JENKINS.

TO THE FRIENDS OF MENTAL LIBERTY.

(From The Liberal.)

MY DEAR LIBERAL FRIENDS:—We are erecting, in our beautiful little village, a hall, which we intend to dedicate to "Universal Mental Liberty." The liberals here are poor as a class, having sacrificed considerable to come here to live in a liberal community, and are consequently pressed for money. By putting in our labor and getting what few dollars we could raise from the liberals in this section, we got the hall about half completed, and in this condition it was compelled to remain, not having funds to finish it. A very severe wind storm struck the town on the 17th of August, and damaged it so badly, that we are unable with our limited means, to go ahead and finish it. We shall need about three hundred dollars to finish it ready for use. This will be but a small amount to the many friends of Free-Thought to raise, and how can you spend a little money for a better purpose. Many of you will be coming to associate yourselves with us in the near future, as Liberals are coming every few days to view our town and county, all expressing themselves highly delighted with the surroundings.

Those who cannot come immediately and help us fight the persecution of superstition by their presence, can at least contribute a little to this worthy object. Did you but know the mean, low down, contemptible opposition we have to contend with, with the orthodox of this section, you would not hesitate a moment to do all you could to help us. Their conduct will be but another dark blot in the future history of orthodox Christianity.

To use the language of a recent writer on this subject: "We are few but we are strong in the justice of our cause." We entertain an unconquerable determination to settle this country with Liberals, we have the town and the lands on which to do it.

All subscriptions to the hall fund, will be received by G. H. Walsher, and acknowledged in the *Liberal* of this place, a copy will be sent to each donor.

Friends act at once.

S. PARIS DAVIS.

(N. B. Liberal paper please copy.)

POETRY.

BY WARREN BOYNTON.

MRS. EDITRESS:—Who has not been pained and disgusted often with the trash going the rounds through the secular and religious papers under the name of poetry. There is and has been for many years an evident desire among most of the scriblers to gain an ethemeral notoriety as poets. Poetry is the art of all arts; the highest inspiration that the human mind can grasp. But a very small amount of what is passing current as poetry is worthy of the name. I have to confess myself one of the delinquents.

After writing four-hundred pages of rythmical thought, I have found I am not a poet. I have published some of it, and laid the rest away to *season*. I may take it up again after a decade and rewrite it, and I advise all poetic scriblers to do the same. Our spiritual papers abound in poor verse, that are no credit to the writers, impositors, or the editors that suffer their columns to be taken up with such imperfect literature.

"Poetry is imagination composition, in metrical or rythmical language. The lines of poetry are divided by accent into small parts called poetic feet. A foot, is a certian number of syllables—usually two or three—forming a line of poetry.

I would not discourage poetic talent. There are some minds poeticaly constructed. Poetry has been written, but what a small portion in our poetic works manifest inspiration. Take any of our poetic authors and probably ten pages will embrace all that is truly inspiring. Our mediums improvise, it sounds well from their lips, but often how tame

on the printed pages. As Spiritualists we have had some good poetry, which no doubt rained down from the spheres of light and love. Would it not be better for us to weave our poetry into ringing prose? It is really a shame to Spiritualists that as a general thing we have no better verse to offer. Spiritualists as a body are intellectual, religious and poetic as any other class of men or women. It seems to me we lack discretion. I feel that I have a right to criticise, for in so doing, I admit that I am, in the words of the litany, "a miserable offender" myself. We may obtain valuable instructions in our attempt at writing verse; we select words that harmonize in our rythmical jingle that may be of use in prose writing, but as a rule, I would advise no one to offer it for the public eye until it is thoroughly proved. The above thoughts are the result of experience and deep and earnest consideration, and, as such, though imperfect, I throw them out before the world.

POETRY.

Poetry, an art divine!
 Come thou bard and be mine.
 Thou child of nature, pure and free,
 We love to oft commune with thee;
 Thy gentle voice so sweet, so rare,
 Is trained, well trained by angel's care.
 The murmuring brook, the waterfall,
 The cattle's low, the eagle's call,
 The singing of birds, humming of bees,
 The rivulets roll, the sigh of the breeze,
 The mighty thunder which resounds
 Throughout the earth from bound to bound.
 The glad, the free, the joyous notes,
 Which on the zephyrs ever float,
 The deep and hidden stores of soul
 Which onward like a river roll,
 The deep the grand, the inner thought,
 Which comes with heaven's beauty fraught,
 The notes of woe, the solemn dirge,
 The calamitous news which all submerge
 In one common woe, one saddened wail,
 One mighty sweep, o'er this lower vale,
 Or one triumphant sweep of joy,
 Which cause the heart with thanks to bow.
 To the Higher power, the Father of love,
 The angelic hosts who come from above,
 With lessons of poetry flowing in,
 Saying sing a song we must clense sin,
 Redeem the world by the power of song,
 Which elevates man, makes him strong
 When it flows direct from heaven's fountain,
 Down the hills from the snowcapped mountain.

—IDA. M. MERRILL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 48

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

When Jesus sent out seventy others to preach the life everlasting, heal the sick, and cast out evil spirits, He sent two together to every place where he would come; he said: Behold I send you forth as lambs among wolves. The same spirit is sending out thousands to-day to accomplish the same object.

When an individual prepares him or herself to offer themselves a sacrifice, to prove a truth, to work for the principle of right and love to one's neighbor, they meet the wolves on every side, showing themselves in sheep's clothing, and forming a circle around the innocent little lambs that had no sharp teeth to bite or tear the flesh of another, begin to show their teeth, snarl and draw near to their victims and unless the shepherd comes with a powerful force, they will devour the lamb, and there can no more wool grow on that sheep's back to clothe the naked or flesh on its bones to feed the hungry. The lamb had wandered into a strange pasture to find harmonious company, and when the wolves made their appearance the lamb was pleased with their peaceful deportment and honest expression of friendship; she took them to belong to the same flock and to feed in the same pastures as herself; she having taken possession of the pasture first, it belonged to her; she was generous and willing to allow them an equal share with herself, and not having discovered what family they belonged to, she made a mistake, an agreement to furnish a much richer pasture, more secure and better water, and to her astonishment when the time came she was not able to take possession of the field, and when they perceived her weakness, only a little harmless sheep, they began to show their teeth, growl and threaten to skin the helpless animal alive, although she had done

them no harm, only failed to give possession of the field full of good fat sheep. It was to be a free gift when they had taken full possession. Now the lamb is lost unless the shepherd comes in time to rescue it from the beasts.

. MRS. M. MERRICK.

THE POETS LAUREATE.

Appointment to the post has been a matter of court favor—politics and religion have usually been allowed to weigh more on behalf of the candidate than either imagination or popularity—and thus it happens, that the Poets Laureate of the past, have until after the commencement of the present century, been, with few exceptions, selected rather from the ranks of the poetasters than from those of the poets. The origin of the office is enveloped in much obscurity. Chaucer held it, but we do not quite know upon what terms; and at his death in 1400, he was succeeded by John Gower—"the moral Gower," as Chaucer himself calls him. Gower wrote in French and in Latin as well as in English. Indeed, in our own language, we must allow that he is not unfrequently extremely dull. In the following century the laurel was granted to John Skelton, who, though no great poet, did good service as a satirist, and was so honest in his denunciations of clerical folly and extravagance that he was persecuted even by Cardinal Wolsey. He is best known as the author of "Colin Clout," a production as coarse as it is clever.

After him, though not immediately, came Edmund Spenser, from whose time until our own the succession of Poet Laureate has been as regular as of sovereigns. He is the greatest of them all. Upon his death in 1599, he was succeeded by Samuel Daniel, the author of "A History of the War between the Houses of York and Lancaster," and of "Musophilus," a dialogue in defence of learning. He is known as the "well-linguaged Daniel;" but this characteristic appears, we think, in his short poems more than in his long poems rather than in his more ambitious attempts. After him came Ben Jonson, the friend of Shakespeare. Hodsman, soldier, actor, dramatist and poet, he is perhaps the most interesting of all the laureates, for his life, as Collier says, was hard and rugged. He had the misfortune to kill a brother actor in a duel; he revelled at the Mermaid; he got drunk; he repented; and he

died in poverty. His "Every Man in his Humor," still holds possession of the stage, and the same may, in a qualified sense, be said of "Catiline," "Sejanus" and the "Alchemist." Like his namesake of the dictionary—for Ben sometimes spelt his name "Johnson"—he had an intense hatred of Scotchmen, and although he paid three weeks' visit to Drummond of Hawthornden, and was himself of Scotch descent, that hatred often leaks out. In fact, in 1605 he underwent imprisonment for his share in "Eastward Hoe," a comedy directed against the presence of the Scotch in London. His finest work is to be found in the songs which are met with in his plays. In 1637 he died, and was succeeded by Sir William Davenant, who loved to call himself a natural son of Shakespeare; "Gondibert, a ponderous heroic, was his principal poetical production, but he wrote largely of laureates. This poet, took his place in 1715; and Rowe, three years later, was succeeded by Lawrence Eusden, an individual of whom probably but few living persons have ever heard. He gained the patronage of Lord Halifax by translating that nobleman's poem on the battle of the Boyne into Latin, and of the Duke of Newcastle by writing an epithalamium upon his Orace's marriage with Lady Henrietta Godolphin. The duke was Lord Chamberlain, and he used his influence to procure Eusden's appointment to the laureateship. He was a clergyman, and in later life a besotted drunkard, if we may believe Gray's account of him; and when he died in 1730, even Colley Gibber who took his place, appeared, by the comparison, a first-rate poet. He in his turn was succeeded, first, by William Whitehead (1757-1790.) The former was a respectable but stupid mediocrity; the latter was no great poet, though in other respects a great man.

And then came Pye, the very dullest poet who has ever written odes. His Christian names were Henry James; he came of a respectable family which "had come into England with the Conqueror," and he entered "a gentleman commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford." He was a magistrate, a member of Parliament and a mighty hunter, but no poet: and the reader will probably under these circumstances, be surprised to hear that the amount of verse he produced was extraordinary. Chalmers gives the titles of nearly thirty volumes.—*London Queen.*

Next week we shall have six pages of the story by Cora Coral.

The President still continues to improve.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT***A NEW YEAR'S STORY.**

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

Soon our noble Harry was in a pitiable condition. He was intoxicated and the others in a half inebriate state.

They rush recklessly into the cutter and are soon hurrying back to the college.

The driver leaves them at the same corner, as it would create suspicion to leave them at their destination. They stealthily move through the grounds and enter a lower hall which they had induced the janitor to leave open by paying him a trifling sum. They reached the rooms of the boys this time without creating any disturbance; but what was to be done with Harry? They had dragged him through the halls and almost carried him. What excuse could they make to Clint Obert?

It was now beyond the usual time of retiring, and a silence as of death reigned throughout the house.

There was nothing else to be done, but to put Harry to bed in one of their beds, for he was as helpless as an infant in his intoxicated condition.

"Boys," said John, "we must trump up a story to tell Parson Obert. We must tell him Harry was taken sick and we did not wish to alarm him."

It was after the rising bell, and even breakfast bell had pealed out its welcome tone throughout the hall, and the merry chatter of the students had sounded through the corridor on their way to and from the dining room, ere the sleepers arose.

Harry was pale and almost ghastly in the bright sunlight which was reflected upon the glittering snow, and came dancing in at the windows.

"Too late for breakfast, boys, but I can get Jake to manage it and slip us some coffee etc., from the remains of the morning repast, and we shall fare sumptuously in our own room."

Sufficient is said, when we say John's words were true; he slipped a coin into the hand of the ebony negro, and soon a tray of viands surpassing their morning breakfasts was handed into the room, under the pretext that Harry had been taken suddenly very ill, and the others were

obliged to watch him. This was satisfactory to the cook who had but lately entered upon her duties,

They must appear in the schoolroom, and Harry plead a severe headache, and was excused to retire to his own room.

Clint Obert was not so easily misled as they had thought he would be; he immediately perceived there was something deeper. He had suspected the evening before that all was not right, as he could not find Harry on the grounds, nor in the building at the hour of retiring.

But he thought best, not to express his thoughts this morning. He simply said, "Harry, I should have thought you likely to send for me, you know, I am your best friend here, and hereafter when you are in trouble you will be wise to send for me."

Harry made no reply, but threw himself upon a couch and was soon in a heavy slumber, and did not even awaken when the dinner bell rang loudly throughout the halls, Clint arousing him said gently:

"Come, my boy, I hope your headache has vanished, as you have been securely wrapt in the arms of Morpheus the past three hours. Come, now and have your dinner."

Harry for a moment could not comprehend his situation, but slowly the past scenes shifted before his vision, as a panorama, and as he realized how fully what had taken place, he burst into a fit of passionate weeping. Yes, our strong, manly Harry was weeping like a woman, and who may say those tears of penitence and contrition were of no value. Thank God that they did come, and may their fount never be exhausted. They swept away some of the evil.

"What does ail you Harry?" exclaimed his companion. "Are you very ill?"

"Oh, no, Clint. I feel weak and nervous, but after I take my dinner shall be myself again."

He was tempted to confess all to Clint, and ask his aid, but pride whispered: "No! he will despise your weakness; do not do it," and crushing back the noble impulse says: "Come, Clint, let us go to dinner. I am composed now."

Thus he strove to bear his burden alone, and it stung his heart like a viper; it haunted him and goaded him, but pride kept him silent. His friend would have gladly advised him, would have strengthened him in keeping his determination, never to fall again, for he felt that he was in part to blame for his first disgrace. Clint had steadfastly kept his

pledge, and since the day they had together determined not to touch the intoxicating cup, not a drop had passed his lips.

The burden of life may rest upon us and we strive to bear it alone, as did Harry, until we sink faint and exhausted by the way, then the loving angels draw nigh; we hear the flutter of their snow white wings; we look in their tender eyes of love which are intently fixed upon us; we feel the clasp of their strong arms as they bear us up into sunlight and beauty; we hear the loving messages whispered: "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you and revile you," and we rise up the burden gone. But this sweet peace comes not so freely, if it is through erring that we have fainted. The angels then draw nigh, but cannot lift us entire, until we have attempted to perfect the chain which we have broken, and are assisted by the loving friends of earth. Like Clint they gladly hasten to us when we are in trouble—these true ones who seek the eternal salvation of the race. * * * *

Time moves on with her never ceasing flight steadily and surely. The missives of love and encouragement had fluttered down like snow white doves and nestled in Harry's heart; yet, alas, they had not warded off the siren tempter. His letters had gone as regularly, and although not lacking in language, Alice perceived—instinctively felt there was a change?—loving and tender yet there was a void; she could not explain it; there was not that elevating thrill which came in that first letter; there was a deception, and she could not fathom it. Was he in trouble? why did he not tell her, that she might assist him? But the time is coming when Alice may prove her true womanhood.

It is again balmy spring time; the birds flutter from branch to branch and lodge in the eaves of houses, bearing twigs and wool, bits of thread,, etc. The rills dance, and sing jubilant notes as they leap out from their snow bound prison, and the branches of our trees are emerald clothed now instead of the pure white drapery that rested upon them that memorable night.

But Harry this spring was not as merry as the birds; the blood leaped not in his veins as gladly as did the brooks dance along, and the verdure of his soul was not so bright and fresh as it was last spring time.

The one night mentioned was *only* one of the many which succeeded it, and our bright, affectionate, loving, noble, and brave Harry, but yet too impulsive and easily persuaded by the tempter, had become dissipated. There was not the elastic step and bright sparkling eye which char-

acterized him of yore. No! he was not our old time Harry of six months ago. At least they had been discovered by the professors, suspended until the beginning of next year with the warning that a repetition of the same would expel them.

Now, let us look in upon Clint and Harry in the solitude of their room. Bowed and stricken with grief, Harry appears five years older. Oh, what pangs of agony fills his breast, as instantaneously his mind reverts to Alice and his mother. He knew that mother's heart; she would forgive, although heart broken, but could Alice ever look upon him again, and call him her brave, noble brother? We shall see. Transgression of the law, does not break the law. If an inevitable law of God, of intelligence and love, had united these two lives, making the twain one life, a transgression on the part of one, only drew the other down with tender sympathy, with tears of sorrow and with loving, encouraging words strengthened for the necessity. Ah, Harry, you do not yet know the pure, loving, angel soul which reigns supreme in the breast of your "Fairly Queen."

Mrs. Ernest has been apprised of Harry's suspension, and with tears and prayers awaits his return. Eva noticed the sad change in her aunt and looked eagerly in her eyes for an explanation. Finding her at eventide in tears she threw her arms around her neck saying:

Dear Auntie, what troubles you? Please tell me.

Mrs. Earnest hesitated a moment, and then replied, "Yes, Eva, I must tell. You must know the truth later at all events. My dear child your cousin Harry is to be sent home in disgrace."

"*Disgrace!* Oh Auntie! *DISGRACE!* Cousin Harry, our bright star, can it be?"

She simply handed her the letter which had been received, wherein was briefly recounted the past scenes; how he had been led step by step down the path into a lower sphere of existence, whilst all around him blossomed fragrant flowers of knowledge and wisdom, kissed by the dew of sympathy, watered each week from a pure fountain, and a sun of love beaming continually from the heaven which S— contained. Ah two suns or stars shed their brightness and warmth upon him, and those two beams came from the heart of the mother and of she who said, "Harry, thine forever." Think you, his transgression could break the law which had knitted their spirits together so closely that a dis severing them would as surely tear her frail life asunder as would it his?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Jessie H. Butler,

VERY KIND FRIEND:—For such you have been in your efforts for us in A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. I cannot tell you how much we appreciate your efforts, or your assistance, I should say. We have been so much engaged in regard to the Talbott boys that we have neglected to answer your kind and encouraging letters, but please forgive us. Your articles come to us with the fire of oratory still smouldering in the page, and inspire us with new zeal. Your kind and encouraging letter in regard to the Talbott boys is appreciated. No it was not a failure altho' the world looks on it as such. It was a grand success in the inner temple and I feel that by our feeble efforts, and that of the hundreds of others who sent the loving sympathy to them; they were borne by the holy angels of love to a place of repose to their troubled spirits. As they were hung I sat in the room with the mother and feel that their spirits came to me instantaneously for I felt a choking sensation for a moment, then such a sweet peace seemed to steal over me as I had not experienced for months and I seemed to hear a voice as a breath say, "Saved! they were ushered by the holy angels." I feel that they were saved from a life of trouble were ushered into the spirit realm innocent and doubly purified, ready to perform the work assigned them by the Master of all.

These lines were not written for publication, but upon going to press conclude to answer in this way.

IDA M. MERRILL.

"Not many lovers, I suppose," says Robert Collyer, "have found that their wedded life answered quite to the dreams of their courtship—not quite. Mine didn't. Yet who would enter a complaint against heaven because May does not quite match with October? If my experience can be of any use, I think a thunder-storm, so that it does no serious mischief, may sometimes clear the atmosphere under the roof about as well as it does outside. And so sure I am of its blessing, that, when I hear people say they have lived together five-and-twenty years and never had the least difference, I wonder if they have not had a great deal of indifference."

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

There is a river and it is life,
 Upon its bosom glides a bark,
 At the helm with steady hand,
 The father steers—light or dark,
 The gentle mother and band
 Occupy the bow.

They rise athwart the briny waves;
 The strong arm guides with care;
 A precious burden here is born,
 For it the man will bravely dare,
 E'en though he becomes weary and worn,
 For grandeur he sees.

He is bearing a cargo of precious gold,
 Athwart the shining river of life;
 And the mother holds the little ones by love,
 That they plunge not into the ocean's strife,
 And thus does true marriage prove,
 Prove the real life.

Another bark unfurled the sail;
 The mother labors with great zeal;
 At the helm of the boat she stands;
 The father attempts to gently be
 To watch the wayward little band;
 The mother, laboring incessantly,
 Cannot propel the bark.

They sink; they rise; they drift; they float;
 They cannot steadily move with power;
 The strong must lead, the weak must cling,
 Nature proves this every hour,
 And the bird must be allowed to sing,
 It is its nature.

We cannot change nature;
 We may only discover a law;
 Be governed by it or violate,
 For perfection requires without a flaw
 That man should redeem his lost estate,
 Become as the angels.

What is the true sphere of a *womanly* woman? We give the views of an old maid or one who expects to be as time advances and the silver has lain upon our locks whitening them for the harvest of eternity. But within our hearts we expect to feel the heavenly waters roll with a renewed inspiration of life, as we move out into the vast ocean of life.

We say the sphere of a true woman is where her true sense of right and delicacy says: "Here is my work. Here is a labor of love. Here is

a mission of mercy; not that the world may know it; not for fame and name; not for honor and position, but for the sweet and consoling inner blessing which comes rippling over the nature like the gentle murmur of a heavenly cadence. Her sphere is as distinct from man's as the oak is from the vines, or as the rose is from the lily, even though she is called upon to battle in the world and with the world, it must be in a woman's way. Women cannot institute a leadership as many of our sisters propose without following in the same error which they are attempting to correct. We are created co-operative beings, sympathetic beings and dependent ones—each dependent upon the other, therefore, there is a medium, it seems whereby woman may take her true position in the world, and man not be deprived of his lordship either. Woman will ever be the weak one, and her sphere will ever be home. Now we do not find any rule, but there are some deviations. Home is her sphere; that is a sphere wherein she may reign a queen. Now, when we say: Home is woman's sphere, we do not simply mean the drudgery of household duties, but we mean those inherent qualities within woman which comprise Home wherever she may be; they may be manifested whether she possesses a home or not; whether she is a mother or that much despised epithet "old maid." It is the loving ministry which is natural to woman, which gives her the soft touch to lay upon the brow of pain, fits her for a nurse; it is that steady hand which can bring order and peace out of a disturbed mass of furniture, and articles of clothing, etc. It is that persuasive, loving nature which should ever be cultivated as the womanly. The clinging nature, for woman will ever be the weaker one. And why attempt to subvert nature? Woman may be intellectual, cultivated, take positions of trust certainly, still Home is her sphere. It is this home which she carries within her soul; this inherent, true grace which is the crown of life. It is sending out tendrils of sympathy to cling to the distressed ones. It is pouring balm of Gilead on the weary souls. It is persuasion not force, reasoning not controlling. It is loving, not ruling. It is aiding, not doing. And in whatever capacity a woman may labor, whether as wife and mother, or as an old maid; she may let her true nature reign, sending a stream of purification adown the land. Oh, woman! you have a power, you can control in your own sphere and with no effort of authority; you can control by sweet and gentle sympathy, by firm adherence to the right, until there would be no iniquity in the land. You can stand upon a footing of

such purity that the lords of the universe could not transgress the holy laws of God. You can send this heavenly love with which you are endowed through the veins of future generations. You can cultivate the highest nature, and lift humanity out. You can instruct your sons by love, that in the next generation there would be a co-operation which would require no woman to cry out for rights, which are sometimes a mistaken sense of right.

Our men should be such that we had perfect confidence in their ability to govern and bear the responsibilities of life. That we were willing to trust our lives, our all into their care, that we felt assured that the welfare of woman was to man as his own, that as he looks upon the mother who bore him, who held him to her breast in infancy, and soothed him by gentle love he may venerate woman, she who must suffer that the sons of God may rise up in glory and majesty, and be kings throughout the land, and may look upon his wife as a part of himself—his reflected self—the shadow which the mirror portrays; and as he conducts himself towards her, he moulds her life and sees reflected on her countenance his own portrait. He makes her existence to a great extent, and makes future generations strong and valiant, or weak and imbecile, by his own conduct. Therefore woman's sphere is one of love to all mankind, and true marriage is a union of spirit, where the two blend their lives into one channel; and although the waves may roll, storms may come, it may dash over precipices with roar and rush, yet on it flows—out into the eternity—a strong and beautiful stream, widening and deepening as it advances, receiving the gentle streams of love which flow in from either side, and the abundant rains from heaven. When the storms roar and the rush of the cataract resounds, we are sometimes awed, but still we pass on adown the stream; the placid waters kissed by the bright sun, and reflecting—the soft ethereal tints of the sky remind us that the channel is perfect, and that there is a grandeur and beauty in it all. The loving Father creates the storms that the atmosphere may be cleared, and the waters not become stagnant. God knows the way. He knows the paths of glory, but has left to us the duty to search out the paths and walk therein.

CORA CORAL.

At the close of the year we shall have A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT bound in book form.

(Written for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.)

DIVORCE.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

One of the strangest anomalies of the present time, is the absence of discussion and public instruction on the above subject.

As a consequence, all its sad experiences and results are relegated into the lives of the innocent victims of the unprepared millions, who float on the tides of love and passion, impelled by the necessities and fashions of human life.

The politician says nothing, lest his opinions should be too strong or too weak for the favor of his constituents; and as an effect, when he finds himself in the legislative halls, he has no clear purpose and no popular backing to lean on in shaping the welfare of society.

The would-be religious reformer may have thought much on the subject and desire to disseminate the views of an enlightened mind, to the end of mitigating the sufferings of mankind; but what can he do, so long as he clings to the doctrine of an infallible, and as a consequence, an unchangeable revelation of God, that stands still like a stagnant pool forever, while the stream of life, dances and leaps and flows along in its accumulating volume, on its ever changing course to the boundless shores of a higher life.

And now you enquire—what can be done if the religious reformers and the conscientious politicians are at sea, without a compass or a helm? I answer boldly and yet reverently—we who consult each new dawning day the present oracles of God, fear not; in the strength of an enlightened reason, to grapple with this giant killer of schools and councils.

Natures provisions never fail: each age, each century, each epoch has its Epemanonedas, its Cromwell, its Voltaire, its Pain's, its Washington, its Garibaldi, and its Garrison; and I ask the moles of the past revelations (and tho' they may shirk the question to-day, it must and will be answered by the coming men and women of a nobler manhood.) I ask—is not God the God of all the ages? does he not know the demands of a superior intelligence? and did not the sweet sermonizer of the mount say, "your heavenly Father knoweth the needs of his children, and will give them with a tenderness, to which even earthly parents are strangers:" did he not know the mutations of the ages? if he did not he was

not God, or even a prophet; if he was either one or the other, he meant to say, "God will provide for the necessities of every coming generation." Were not the masses in the dark past the slaves of the few? Did God give a law to mitigate their condition, and will he not, can he not give to his free aspiring children of a better age, a new law, that shall be in consonance with their advanced condition?

Answer this question O ye worshippers of the dark past, lest the millstone of which Jesus speaks, shall be fastened to your necks, and ye be cast into the sea of remorse in the coming life, because ye cast a stumbling block in the way of the children of God!

And to whom was the law given, that no man should separate, whom God had put together? it was given to the Jew; and why? because divorce was all on one side, in the old codes of female slavery, it was given by Christ to protect the women from the caprice and cruelty of her masculine master.

Under the old law, the man brute who had born unto him a family of children, by a loving obedient wife, could in a moment of impulse or unholy desire, invent a false charge against this long suffering slave, give her a bill of divorce from him and her children forever; and take to his hard heart other wives or concubines at his own depraved leisure or pleasure: is it any wonder that a child said to these slave holders, "on account of hardness of your hearts, God suffered this to be?"

Thus we see that the dear Nazarene made this innovation to mitigate the evils of the past; and is it not reasonable to infer that if among us to-day in the flesh, he would again improve the law of divorce, to adopt it to the immense increase of knowledge and sensibility of both the man and woman?

And now to the law—whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," does any intelligent Judge enforce a law, without first understanding both its letter and its spirit? without this qualification he would be a monster; and his decision a monstrosity!

And now reader, come and enquire with me, what is its letter and its spirit?

What sort of a union will it be, where God or the good spirit has joined together a man and woman in matrimony? You and I will not differ in the answer—it will be a union of love and wisdom, for these are of God, and the fruits of this wisdom and love will be sympathy, patience, the bearing of one anothers burdens; deference to each others desires,

and even whims and little ignorances, even as we sympathize with the dear children in their little blunders toward the opening vista of knowledge, do you think there is any man putting asunder such a couple? Here again you and I will not differ—No! No man or woman can divide such a pair of spirits; place one in London and the other in Hong-kong; make a law of the empire or of the republic dividing them: place one in a dungeon and burn 'he other at the stake; and they shall still be one flesh or one spirit, here or in the glad eternities!

He is a fair, calm solution of the divorce law of Christ, showing that it will not and cannot be violated: But some one who is a devoted member of some infallible church says, "If persons are united by our priesthood, it is done by God because it is done by the church of God." Now let us look this objection in the face, and not despise it, for it is the opinion of sincere millions of our own brethren and sisters, who, like ourselves, are trying to do right, and live as near to God as they can. We will admit for the sake of charity, the infallibility of your church, and the sincerity of yourselves and your priesthood; and what does it prove? It proves that the two spirits who formed the marriage union, in the case of unhappiness and a continuous want of sympathy and agreement, were sadly, fatally mistaken in their choice, and the priest acting on this mistake it was not a real true union, but like one of nature's blighted buds, which cannot bear the promised fruit: and yet the tree remains to fulfill its destiny, and the coming suns and rain and dew shall give it its golden fruits—and thus the soul shall find its joyful counterpart, who shall come freighted with its dear reciprocations, its congruing sweetness, like the harmonies of music, its indescribable oneness, that is as incomprehensible as the love of God!

We could sweep away with the breath of truth, many other objections, but offer the above as a basic consideration, for the elaboration of intelligent minds.

Reader, lay aside prejudice; it must die, let it die to-day, and you shall be a freer, nobler and sweeter man or woman.

Every human spirit must love some one; hence the violation of its nature, to bind it to its hated tyrant, and divide it from its kindred soul.

Besides the present agony, the coming innocent generations, must pay for the inharmony in dementia, hatred, discord, war and murder.

But society has its claims; the caprice of fools and of children must

not be sanctioned, or even tolerated; let the reasons be fully given to intelligent persons of both sexes, calmly and wisely considered, so that society shall not be vitiated by a vile set of free love materialists, who would merge man into the brute, and thrust backward the experience and the wisdom of agonized centuries, that have placed man so much nearer the smiling heavens of a pure and a happier morality.

Let us advance up the mountain with staff in hand, so that we shall have no fatal fall, back into the dangerous chasms that lie beneath us. Thus we shall bless the coming world; and be thrice blessed in our own consciousness of right and of duty.

Karl Gerhardt, a Hartford draughtsman, modeled so fine a figure of his wife in clay that Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner have sent him to Europe for education in sculpture.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Do you know that you ask for the costliest thing
 Ever made by the hand above—
 A woman's heart and a woman's life,
 And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
 As a child might ask for a toy?
 Demanding what others have died to win,
 With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
 Man like, you have questioned me;
 Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
 Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
 Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
 I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
 And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
 I require a far better thing;
 A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts,
 I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
 And a man that the maker, God,
 Shall look upon as he did the first,
 And say, "It is very good."

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
 From my soft, young cheek one day.
 Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves
 As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
 I may launch my all on its tide?
 A loving woman finds heaven or hell
 On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
 All things that a man should be;
 If you give this all, I would stake my life
 To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook
 You can hire, with little to pay;
 But a woman's heart and a woman's life
 Are not to be won in that way.

WHAT THE SUN DID.

It streamed in on the oaken floor,
 And flashed on the wall,
 It swept in the open door,
 Of the broad old-fashioned hall,
 And rested on the golden locks,
 Of an innocent blue-eyed child,
 And as it fluttered on his frock
 He looked up and sweetly smiled
 And tried to grasp its beams so bright,
 In his chubby dimpled hand,
 But soon it fluttered out of sight,
 And now is borne to another land.
 But where's the sunbeam and where's the child,
 They seem the same to me;
 The bitter sunbeam soon beguiled
 The little one across the sea;
 And so when the sunbeam died away,
 But to return next morn,
 It did not bring a joyful day,
 The world looked dreary, sad, forlorn,
 One cruel, sad and bitter night,
 Its fatal work had done,
 And on our hearts there rests the blight,
 Of what the sun had done,
 It kissed the lips of the darling boy,
 And whispered in his ear,
 A tale of love, a tale of joy,
 How can we help but shed a tear.
 It told him of a world beyond,
 Of the sweet scented meadows,
 He soon the robe of light had donned,
 And now sleeps under heaven's shadows.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 49

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man that was blind from his birth and his disciples asked him, "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents that he was born blind?" Jesus answered, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him."

Men and women are not always responsible for their actions; they are led as it were into temptation or difficulties for a purpose, not for punishment or to injure them but to show a light in the pathway of progression to point out with the finger of knowledge laws that are being developed for the improvement of society. It should be understood, that when one man kills another, he injures himself more than the one he kills, and from the crime murder, to the smallest offense committed against one's neighbor, the operation of that law is the same. When people understand the law and govern themselves accordingly, courts will not be necessary; we shall have other ways of settling our disputes than by law, especially between friends, and everybody ought to be friends, should not try for a selfish motive to lay a burden on our neighbors. When a person chooses to walk in the path of right, and has laid aside will, and is willing to be directed by another will, there can be no virtue or gladness without trial and suffering in the first place. There is no buying corn of Joseph till there has been a famine in the land.

It must need be that the Son of man suffer before he enters into his glory. In the fable of Abraham's offering his son Isaac a sacrifice to prove the faith he had in the communications with unseen intelligence. He was directed to perform the act and he made preparation, had the knife ready and the burden was removed and his confidence was

strengthened ten fold in the Great God that surrounded him. The same law is in operation to-day, one that has laid aside selfishness, and willing to bear any burden required for the advancement of truth and right must prepare the knife, and it requires great confidence in the supreme power to rise to that point, but when the mountain is removed that loomed up so threateningly and one stands on Pisgah's high and views the promised land with its rippling waters winding through ever-green meadows or Eden groves where youth and beauty dwell in peace forever, the looming mountain was only a mole hill and with renewed strength we march on in the highway of progression. The sacrifices we make and the trials we meet with are painful at the time but they are privileges and establish us on the rock of triumph where no storms or cyclones can shake the temple from its foundation.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

GARDEN OF OUR SOUL.

BY OUINA.

Come to the garden of the soul,

The angel of life standeth beside the gate,
Close there unto the healing waters roll

And kindly angels for your presence wait,
The angel of faith, and hope, and love, and prayer
Keeping forever silent vigil there.

Come unto the garden of the soul,

The flowers you planted in your early day
Long withered by time and care's dread control,
You will find within that garden gathered a way
If they were flowers of hope and truth and love
Fit blossoms for the realms of light above.

Come unto the garden of the soul,

Transfigured there your aspirations stand,
Star-crowned, and each one with a shining scroll
On which is traced by guardian angel's hand
Your every deed and word, if the deeds are pure,
And fitting in that abode to endure.

Come into the garden of the soul,

The Tree of Life is blooming close at hand,
And all the blossoms from bright thoughts unroll,
And fruitage to adorn that sacred land;
Oh, come! The fruitage of your lives is hanging there,
It is meet for blessed hope and prayer.

Come unto the garden of the soul;
Here memories and prophecies abide,
All sacred things that in your memories roll,
Like wakened thoughts that bloom in paradise,
And flowers abound, the deeds of gentleness
That here your hands and lives ever express.

WILL WE FORGET?

BY S. MINERVA BOYCE.

O, will we forget how to love,
When this mortal has mouldered away?
Will the spirit in mansions above,
Remember the friends of to-day?

O, will we then feel the fond clasp,
When we stand on Eternity's shore;
Of the hands, the dear hands we would grasp,
And would clasp in our own evermore?

Will the soul's "love ideal" on earth
Fade and vanish, like mist in the morn?
Will the spirit, when free to go forth,
Note less than the infant, earth-born?

These questions I asked of my soul,
When wing-wearied thought had returned
Bearing no olive branch to console,
For the years I had questioned and yearned.

My soul for a moment stood still,
And it seemed Heaven's gates were ajar;
That the whole earth with music was filled,
When this message was borne from afar:

"Faint not, faithful heart, unto thee
The promise of life has been given;
Perfect love, perfect life there will be,
Umarred in the Kingdom of Heaven."

It is hard to give up a man as lost, even when he has passed out of our sight. So we wonder if sometime all men will not find their way back to God and up to heaven.

At the close of the year we shall have **A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT** bound in book form.

Next week we shall have six pages of the story by Cora Coral.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT**A NEW YEAR'S STORY.**

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONTINUED.)

And thoughts similar to these soon possessed Eva's breast. She felt that she must fly to Alice and tell her that the first burst of grief might spend itself, and she become strengthened ready to lift Harry by the time he reached S— and she says:

"Auntie, we must tell Alice immediately."

"Oh, I fear it will not do yet, Eva, she is so frail, so delicate."

"Yes, Aunt, but her *soul* is strong, She will bear it bravely as a woman. I am sure of it."

Then the floodgates of her own soul were opened, and she burst into a torrent of grief which was uncontrollable for a time.

But her grief subsided into sobs and sighs, and as the storm dies away with a gentle sigh of the breeze and a strange peace rests upon the world so died away hers, and she arose, kissed her aunt, bidding her "good night," and retired to the solitude of her own room, without uttering another word.

The morrow dawns bright and beautiful, and ere the sun has reached the tree tops, after a light breakfast hastily partaken, Eva with her aunt's permission is seen wending her way towards the Keut mansion. Alice is in the yard and hastily moves forward to meet her exclaiming:

"Oh, dear Eva! I am so pleased to see you this morning. But what causes you to look so pale?"

"Oh, dear, Alice, I must tell you quickly."

Soon she had imparted to her the intelligence which her aunt had received.

Slowly the color left the cheeks of Alice until a deathly pallor rested on her countenance. She did not weep. She did not speak. But convulsively clasped Eva's hands until Eva exclaimed:

"Alice! Alice! Do not look so wild. You frighten me."

Recovering her voice, she says:

"Eva, I am not surprised. I have felt there was something wrong for

some time and yet I would not allow myself to believe it. But you know Eva, I feel responsible myself. I first induced him to break his pledge, and shall now use my influence to reclaim him. My poor dear brother; my own Harry. Oh if he had but have remained with his mother. I hope he will never return to Vassar.

"Alice, dear, what will your mama say? You know she does not like the idea of you and Harry ever marrying. She said to me she thought you ought to be satisfied with calling him brother. You know Mr. Sinclair has been very devoted, and your mother favors his suit, as he is quite wealthy, and a descendent of the nobility of England."

"Yes Eva, I have always told mama I could never marry him, and have never given him any hope, although treating him respectfully. He only requested that he might visit me as a friend and for social improvement. He might visit me all his life, and it would not change my mind. Harry alone can take that place in my heart."

* * * * *

How the birds twitter this morning. Alice has arisen early and has taken her seat at the open window in her own room where she may catch the first beams of the rising sun. It now begins to emerge and casts its rosiest hue over all things; the bright pearly drops glisten upon all things and she almost sees the buds burst into beauty this morning as the warm shower of spring rain which fell during the night had given nature a forward impetus. Splash, splash, comes from the little waterfall in the side yard and the gentle cooing of her pet doves comes floating on the air to her window. Although all nature had a soothing influence within her soul raged a fearful tempest. This morning the seven o'clock train was to bring Harry back to his mother—sent home in disgrace, back to her who held his future by a silver cord. Would she hold that cord of love with bravery and break the chain of the tempter? Success to all brave and noble efforts! She will. Harry does not dream that the reception would be as Alice intends it shall be. He expects that she will scorn him as she would a viper. He only looks for sympathy in his mother's arms. But why this tumult in Alice's breast? Her determination has long ago been taken as to how she will proceed. Ah, her mother does not yet know of Harry's disgrace, and she must this morning inform her. Her papa knows, but has also kept silent.

She soliloquizes:

"Oh Harry! Harry! Had I never placed the cup to your lips in my fig-

norance. I did it. Had mama only have gratified my fancy in regard to the coffee, perhaps we had not to-day to receive our beautiful, talented Harry home in disgrace, but I shall yet see you, yourself again. I have faith in the power of love and of prayer. I shall pray, and work as well as pray, and if there is a power which will bring his dear father to his side, I trust that he may come and guard and guide him back to the beautiful path which we entered together.

Oh Father of Light! Oh father of love! give me strength to lead him up, to assist him to break the chain that he may again be free—our own noble Harry."

As she thus mused, the rising bell rang, and arousing she said aloud:

"I must go down and see mama, if possible, before breakfast, as papa has promised to take me over to Mrs. Ernest's immediately afterward."

She was soon attired ready for her morning drive, and descending to the sitting room, fortunately found her mother there,"

Crushing back her emotion she told her mother, then said:

"Papa is going over to see him this morning and says, may I go along?"

"*My daughter!* Is it possible! Harry in disgrace and you rushing to meet him as though he had come home wreathed in laurels."

"Mama, it does not make any difference to me; he is yet my brother, and my papa is his, as I promised him."

"Dear daughter, are you persistent that you will go to see him."

"Mama, I should dislike to go against your will, but you surely do not object. Dearest mama, just think! I first induced him to take wine against his own will."

"Oh, my daughter, you are so foolish; that does not concern this. But go if you like."

"Thank you, mama! I knew you would not object."

* * * * *

It was not a merry ride; the father and daughter scarce spoke. Everything was beautiful in the spring sunlight. But it wakened no poetic inspiration in the heart of our "Fairy Queen."

They are now at the gate, and Eva comes out to meet them.

"Cousin Harry is here, but has taken his bed he is quite ill."

"Poor, dear boy," says Alice, "how sorry I am, I shall use every effort in my power to assist him, and I do not believe it will occur again."

"He says he does not believe he can see you," says Eva, after they had passed into the house she had interviewed him.

"Oh, I must. Eva, tell him I do not blame him, I blame myself and cannot endure it, unless I may ask his forgiveness."

She again returns and says:

"Come, but he cannot see your papa this morning."

We shall not enter the precincts of that room, only to glance at our pale Harry with his mother by his side lightly clasping his hand. This interview was not to be brought to the coarse gaze of those who do not appreciate.

Enough is said, that in that interview they understood each other entirely. They were united by the bond of sympathy and love, which could not be broken, she was his "*forever*." Sickness, sorrow, disgrace, or distress could not separate them, and Alice would firmly cling to what she knew was right; her mother must know, that she could not and would not give any hope to another. Harry was comforted and then and there his spirit arose with a manly strength, which he had never experienced. He was assured of Alice's love—love deeper than a sister's love—love which is not passion, which is not phantasy, but is the acknowledging of the union, as the meeting of two kindred souls, that, although they may be widely separated, their spirits are knit together by the tie of love, which cannot be broken, making them one spirit, one great soul, whereon the Father looks with a loving smile, and says: Mount up and be god's in the earth, eat of the tree of life, and be saved; drink of the crystal waters of purity and be strengthened; fight the battle of life faithfully and be victors; run the race of right and wear the crown of rejoicing. Sing the songs of gladness, and let them re-echo throughout the earth. Praise the Lord of hosts, the omnipotent power which sustains all things under the law if all things move in accordance with the law.

It moves on with majesty, this shifting chain of life, and again we find another scene has brought Alice into a new sphere. Harry has recovered and we hope to never again see him a victim. Alice has overcome her mother's scruples by her father's assistance and Mr. Sinclair has discontinued his visits for social improvement seeking another sphere.

CORA CORAL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

Oh angels of love and mercy, come with thy sweet messages of love and truth, come sweep away the clouds of superstition and bigotry come lead us up the golden ladder of life. Come and teach us grander lessons of life. Come and fill our souls with joy ineffable and teach us that the Father of all is standing at the top of the ladder sending down the dear ones to aid us up when we are faint and are yet ready to mount. To descend if we fall and again bear us aloft. Oh wonderful, *wonderful* ladder of life. Oh grand and mighty truth! We thank thee, oh father that we may read the precious lessons of victory in this symbol that as we fain would rise, there is an upward impetus which bears us as on the wings of the wind into the real region of glory, of self-controlling triumph, of flowery paths which are not recognizable to the material senses, but through the spiritual or inner vision. Oh, grandeur of the thought that we may not descend in spirit although we may materially. There is a ladder which we each have placed from earth to heaven, and the angels of our lives, are ever ascending in proportion as our deeds are exalted or base, and we of the inner sight, we who by faith may catch the glory from afar, may see the radiance from the Father's countenance, fain would portray to others the beauty and the grandeur of life. We would rise ourselves on the lovely ladder of love, and would have others see that for each individual is this ladder. We would fill our souls with the peace of heaven, and let our joy bubble from the everlasting fountain and ripple and tinkle through our lives out into the lives of others with all the refreshing gladness which heaven may bestow upon mortals in the flesh. We would give of our bounteous store unto those who are starving for the angel's food, and would say: Father make us strong, that the angels may ever ascend, that we may not cause them to descend in pity. Love is the ladder, and it is given to all and oh, let us ascend, let us have our souls filled with joy ineffable and our faces sparkling with love to mankind. We may arise steadily if we list to the messages of inspiration which are ever whispering peace and joy to the soul, even in the darkest trial. Look up, oh weary pilgrim, see the loving

smile, the radiance of the Father's countenance, the glory from afar, the dazzling brightness, as of the noonday sun. We want to ascend upon our ladder, and not descend unto the depths of degradation and woe. Rise up, and give every noble impetus sway, and soon thou wilt tower above the dastardly deeds of evil.

IDA M. MERRILL.

DON'T WAIT.

Don't wait till I am dead
To bring the flowers
And lay them tenderly around the lifeless form;
Their living perfume mocks at death;
They symbolize the pure heaven's breath,
And might have kept the frozen life-blood warm.

Don't wait till I am dead
To learn to speak
In gentle phrase of errors, faltering and guile;
The charities of men are cold;
Not half the misery is told
That comes from dearth of praise, no hand to help, no smile.

Don't wait till I am dead
To shower tears,
And let the love-light fall upon a hungry heart.
Which yearns in life for but one word.
One answering look, one singing bird
To warble song of joy with happy art.

Don't wait till I am dead
To smooth the pillow,
Fold the bed, and fill the room with atmosphere of rest;
For all of these the spirit lone
Asked plaintively, in undertone.
No matter now—the windows of the soul admit no guest.

—HESTER M. POOLE.

If there is any thing on earth which should be held sacred, it is the last request of the dying. Especially is it ungrateful, after a life of noble purposes, and in opposition to the churches, to have a preacher intrude at the last moment, begging repentance, with the incomprehensible cheek and assurance of a mountebank, and after death has silenced the mortal tongue, and made reply impossible, stand up and consign the departed to perdition! If a belief is good enough to live by, it is good enough to die by. That is the test of religion. The churches say that the beauty of their religion is the consolation it affords at the final hour to the mourning friends.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT

THE STEP-MOTHER.

Disdained, unloved, save at times to creep
 To her husband's heart, and there cloak the deep
 Sad pangs that came of their studied slights—
 His children, whom she had life laid down
 To win to herself, and kiss off the frown
 For imagined theft of another's rights—
 She had pined and drooped till the end had come;
 And they grouped at her deathbed, grieved and dumb.
 "Ah! your tears are soothing!" she murmured, "Would
 You had understood me. But, pray, be good
 To this new, frail pledge of my life!" And here
 They placed on her bosom the child just born,
 At life-cost, out of the flint and thorn
 Of her wifehood's trials, so brief and sore.
 "Be good to my babe. I did so try
 To be good to you, though you passed me by.

'Remember, I loved, and love him—him
 Whose mateless heart must again be dim
 At my soul's swift passing. Was I to blame,
 Whose years but little exceeded yours,
 His children's, that, in the hope which lures
 The loveless on to be loved, I came,
 As a second wife, and should then have striven
 To replace her who had been called to heaven.

"A step-mother! Ah, how the hated word,
 Had frightened me from the first, deterred
 My reluctant 'Yes,' and then nerved my will
 With the hope to soften its harshness down
 By a new, sweet motherliness, whose crown
 Should be bribed to my brows out of all the chill
 And emptiness you had known! But, no;
 It was set that ye would have it so.

"You will take the will for the deed, though, dears,
 Now that I'm dying? Too late those tears,
 If this budding life, to your care consigned,
 Thrive not in the fondness to me'denied.
 It is darkening! Husband, your hand—nor chide
 These dear ones. Quick—let my neck be twined
 By the soft arms! There—bid them kiss my brow!
 They cannot hate their step-mother now."

—Selected.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Capital punishment is doubtless a relic of the dark ages, and is one of the evils afflicting enlightened and civilized nations of the present era. The same human ingenuity that applies science, in the use of electricity, of steam, and other inventions, in rendering general good to mankind, is, we think, sufficiently advanced at this age to devise some substitute as a means of punishing capital crime aside from the death penalty. It is a serious question whether death is a penalty at all, and when we come to argue the point, our readers will see the force of this assertion. In previous chapters of this volume we have canvassed, to some degree, the causes of crime, also advanced a few ideas as to how to prevent it. We are now persuaded that our readers are sufficiently prepared to receive, and consider

OUR ARGUMENTS

and reasons why the death penalty should not be inflicted. In the first place we remark that, as we have already stated, the primary object of law and punishment is reformation of the criminal, and we hold should be compensatory as well as preventive of future crime. As to the first proposition, all will agree that it is right and good to render happier all those that are in sorrow, and that it is a glorious work.

Punishment, it is believed, should be reformatory in its character; if possible, to restore the criminal to a normal condition, not only for his own good here and hereafter, but also for the general good of mankind.

This, then, it is evident, cannot be accomplished by inflicting the death penalty. For when a man is dead, all earthly means of reformation is to him lost; it is corporal punishment; it is like striking a man in the face to reform him, or kill him to make him better. The heathen mother throws her infant into the river Ganges to appease the wrath of her god. The Christian hangs his fellowman to appease the wrath of his God; and believes it a command of God "that he who sheds man's blood by man shall his blood be shed."

In the second place, we cannot see how punishment can be compensatory after a criminal is dead. We cannot benefit those who are dead; who were murdered, by murdering also in turn. It cannot benefit the injured party, who are living, to inflict the death penalty.

There can no possible benefit be derived by hanging a man, either to the dead, to the living, to the culprit, or to society, except, perhaps, the

carpenter who is fortunate enough to get the job to build the gallows.

The popular belief is that one who has been instrumental in taking the life of another, should be required to forfeit his life also?

It can be no satisfaction to the dead to know that, as he has ushered out of life prematurely at the hand of the assassin, the assassin will also have to render up his life prematurely for having done such a deed. It reminds us of the time during our late war, when retaliation was talked of, viz., to hang one of the southern prisoners north, for every one of our men hanged by the southern army. That this would deter the south from hanging our men, it was believed; but what satisfaction could it have been to one of our men to know that while he was being hanged south, some one was meeting the same fate north. We apprehend none. The dead, we think, cannot be affected in any manner whether we hang or do not hang the perpetrator of their murder. To simply say that a murderer deserves to die, is not argument why he should die. This is almost the only argument put forward deliberately in defense of capital punishment at the present day. Many, without taking a second thought, often, on hearing, or reading, of a terrible crime being committed, exclaim, "swing up the scoundrel, he deserves to be cut to pieces, he ought to be hanged by the heels." Similar expressions we hear every day, which expressions we conceive to be utterly wrong if made a reason for continuing the death penalty. It is neither more or less than the sentiment of gratified vengeance; it is a vindictive emanation, unworthy of an enlightened soul: It is no part of our province to deal out the desert of iniquity, as such. The rights of society do not include this power of rewarding or punishing the individual on purely moral grounds. Another says, "with the abstract rights or wrongs of human actions society has nothing to do; it must regard them solely as beneficials or injurious to social order, and scrupulously forbear from assigning to them either reward or punishment on the score of their moral character." A murderer may, or may not, deserve to be hanged, still we should be willing to trust to God for the proper adjustment of man's irreparable wrongs.

To murder is an irreparable crime; we cannot restore life. Can society repair the injury by legally taking the life of the guilty criminal? or by a second wrong act, right the first? If it is wrong to murder in an illegal manner, we cannot see that it is right to murder in a legal

form any more than that it is wrong to steal illegally, but right to steal by legal action.

Reparation is the second object of law. The punishment, therefore, should be in accordance with the spirit of the law, which, it is plain the enforcement of the death penalty is not.

We deem it right and necessary that all persons found guilty of murder in the first degree should be put in prison for life, without the prospect of being pardoned out.—*Stolz.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT

True glory consists in being true to it.

A strict belief in fate is the worst of slavery.

A man is known by the company he keeps out of.

The truest wisdom is a resolute determination.

Moral decision is a virtue of the highest order.

Fortitude is the guard and support of other virtues.

Strive and encourage a mind and will of your own.

The heart is the only thing that is better by being broken.

Never be persuaded contrary to your better judgment.

Art is beautiful only when and as far as it follows nature.

That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express.

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.

Good words which come from the soul will react upon the soul.

Every one is eagle-eyed to see another's faults and his deformity.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.

In all our life-plans we should indulge a generous emulation to excel.

Troubles are often tools by which God fashions us to better things.

Regret for wrong never weakens but always strengthens the heart.

Our best lessons are not learned through success, but misadventure.

If evil be said of thee, and it is true, correct it; if it be a lie, laugh at it.

No man is perfect. The ideal man is the whole Christian brotherhood.

The noblest deeds are often done where no eye but God's can see them.

DON'T WORRY.

I once took for my motto the sentence: "Under all circumstances keep an even mind." It is excellent advice. It is a splendid motto, but is rather long, and has a squint towards æstheticism, which somewhat unfits it for common and daily use, especially in a sudden emergency. The motto at the head of this communication is a better one, being short, homely, and decidedly to the purpose.

The little daily, hourly trials of life, the small worries which beset our common paths, are those which try us most, and form the wear and tear of our earthly sojourn. When a heavy trial comes, we nerve ourselves to bear it. Those of us who are religious throw out our arms and take strong hold of the supporting hand of Heaven; and at any rate, at such times we use all our resources and avail ourselves of every appliance we can think of for aid and comfort.

But against life's little trials we make no such provision. They come, like the stings of the minutest insects, suddenly and sharply; irritation and inflammation follow, and we get into a regular worry. *Then* the nervous tissues suffer. Then follows a waste of nervous power, entirely unnecessary and entirely sad.

There is one trial which most people—and notably housekeepers—consider a very big one (at least it is so in New York), we allude to the subject of domestic help. This, in our cities especially, is the great worry of the age. And where and what is the remedy? Why, *don't worry*. Be vigilant, be perserving, be just, and above all be patient. Incompetent and unfaithful servants appear to be the rule; competent and faithful ones the exception. Bui keep trying, trying in the right way, and the right domestic will turn up at last.

The heads of a family are the custodians of the happiness of all around them. If they smile, they create sunshine; if they frown, dark clouds settle upon the home atmosphere, and we render everything gloomy and sad. We know the mother of a large family who worries from morning till night. She is not a bad woman; she is a fond and faithful wife and mother: but she is so "utterly utter" in her anxiety to do what she deems her duty—to have everything just so, that she affects herself, and consequently every one around her, to a dreadful degree. The consequence is, the husband and children are glad to get away from

home, and she cannot keep even a good servant for any length of time.

She worries; and now the habit has become a chronic one. If she has no real worry, she invents one. Her son-in-law once said to his wife; "Don't fret about your mother, and for heaven's sake don't grow like her. To her worrying about something or other is the staff of life—her daily bread; she could not live without it. Your mother is a good woman, but she must fret; let her enjoy herself in her own way."

Now this is taking a very philosophical view of the matter; but, unfortunately, we are not all sons-in-law, and not all philosophers. Children and servants cannot, like the husband and son-in-law, start off to their business, stay away all day, and thus change the domestic worry for a business one.

Now, what the chronic grumbler and worrier needs is recreation. We all need it, but these mental invalids more than others. I am not myself always perfectly free from the incipient approaches from this insidious disease. But it can be fought off by judicious management. Let the patient, if he or she cannot leave home, try to brighten the home atmosphere for others. Just try it, poor chronic invalid, you can do it, and it is a delightful and glorious task. Say a pleasant word and give a pleasing smile to every one who comes near you. Do a little favor to somebody, and, as the advertisements say, you will generally find "the smallest favor thankfully received."

But go out, if you can, into the open air. Go to the thoroughfares or to the parks, if there are any.

Take a seat and watch the people. Especially watch the children. Gaze into the face of the passers-by. If you see a happy, cheerful countenance, let the garb of the individual be what it may, thank God for that ray of sunshine; for a serene or cheerful human countenance is truly a good end. If you see a frowning brow, a discontented face, or a sad and suffering one, send a prayer to heaven for the relief of your human brother or sister, and also—

Bear with thee to each waiting heart
A cheerful message from thine own;
And let thy sympathetic eye
To strangers make their kindness known.

Give thy heart room. Let it expand.
And clasp the world in its embrace;
Then wilt thou carry everywhere
The blessing of a cheerful face.

And when you walk the streets, stop at the shop windows and examine the beautiful things. If you cannot afford to buy them, you can at least look at them, and in that way enjoy them. If you love flowers, there are the floral windows, where you may feast your eyes. And once receive into your mental vision the perfect idea of a beautiful object, from that moment it is yours. It is stereotyped upon your memory. It belongs to you, to your inner being, and no one can take it away from you.

It used to be considered countrified and green to stop and gaze into a store window, but that day has entirely gone by. Now that the most elegant goods are placed in the windows, often with the prices attached, both men and women—at least here in New York—elegantly dressed, and thus by inference, belonging to the “upper crust” do not hesitate to gratify their curiosity by gazing into a shop window like any country bumpkin. They all do it,

Finally, we entreat our readers to enshrine in their memories our homely motto, and also to act upon it: “Don’t, don’t worry.”—*Mary Dana Shindler.*

All the good things of this world are no further good to us than as they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to give to others we enjoy only so much as we can use and no more. The German proverb of the key—“If I rest, I rust”—is applicable to the labor of the hand and the mind, and to the misuse or abuse of the gifts of God to us. Indolence is impotence, rest is rust.

(Written for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.)

Thou hast left us, darling Lillie,
Vanished,—like the sparkling dew,
When the rays of gleaming sunlight
From the heavy clouds peep through.

As the sunlight drinks the dewdrops
From the lily’s creamy bowl,
Leaving naught but fading petals
Drinking in its very soul.

So it is with thee—my Lillie!
Thy soul’s fragrance, pure and sweet,
God has gathered up, my darling,—
With the angels at His feet.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 50

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE PRESIDENT OF OUR NATION.

Oh! how sad to enter the circle of pain and suffering of our murdered President, to stand by the couch and hold the fevered hand, bathe the burning brow, and with trembling anxiety await the result of some soothing remedy to relieve the much-loved sufferer. The great, the noble, honest, loving husband, tender parent, one chosen by a nation to fill the most important position in this great Republic, for what purpose was the sacrifice of his life?

All plans are laid in the spirit realm where the prototype of every thing exists, and demonstrated, worked out here for the improvement of humanity, for the elevation of man into a state of happiness—progression through suffering, through darkness into light.

The innocent are selected to demonstrate a truth, to show the operation of the law of life, of good and evil; if an evil disposed man, Guiteau, for instance had been killed the people would not have felt regret, or thought much about it, or there might have been a general rejoicing that the world was rid of him and his murdering influence, but when the good, the innocent, are crucified, millions join in one harmonious anthem of sorrow, North and South, East and West, send an influence, a prayer, desire of their hearts for the relief of the sufferer from his agony, and restoration to his position in life. This harmonious influence moving on the electric currents from one mind to another, may produce a powerful result in removing the cause of murder.

When Jacob stole Esau's birthright, whatever it was Esau had a cause of complaint and it generated murder in his heart, but the seed that J.

cob planted failed to produce fruit, but cuttings from the plant produced in time by cultivation, setting it in rich, strong soil, cheating, lying and stealing; it brought forth an hundred fold, and until these minor causes are removed from the minis and actions of men, we must suffer these black, awful deeds.

The whole people should take an interest in searching out the cause of murder, as we may all lend a hand in planting seeds of discord that produce these dire effects. Do not say kill or legally murder a human being, as it is impossible to destroy or annihilate one, but you may by planting that seed, produce much fruit of the very same kind.

A Denver paper proposes to solicit from the people a contribution of money to present the soldier for trying to murder a man. Will good or evil result from this proceeding? Is it not offering a premium to a would-be murderer, or encouraging mobs to come out in disguise, and commit a much worse crime than it would be for one man to kill another.

Our honored and much-loved President is not dead; he has only passed on beyond the veil to the inner temple—the sphere of goodness to which he belonged, and now perceives the object of his removal from this lower sphere to one more devoted, and may, as an advance guard, prove of more value to the nation than to have remained.

Do not kill Guiteau; keep him safe; he may be of great use, although he did a most cruel, dastardly act, he may not be entirely responsible. Many cultivate a revengeful spirit towards him that only injures themselves. Revenge is mine, says the Great Spirit, the Law.

X elwaet

MRS. M. MERRICK.

INGERSOLL ON INTEMPERANCE.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll, in a recent case before a jury, in which the manufacture of alcohol was involved, delivered the following eloquent charge:

"I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe from the time it issues from the colled worm in the distillery, until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, that it dishonors everybody who touches it—from its source to where it ends. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against the liquor crime. All we

have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the destitution, of the little children tugging at the faded and withered breasts, of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread, of the men struggling with imaginary serpents produced by the devilish thing. And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol! Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, age in its weakness! It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down weary age in sorrow to the grave! It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars! It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption! It covers the land with idleness, misery and crime! It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums! It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes victims for your scaffolds! It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots! It is the life-blood of the gambler, the prop of the highwayman, and support of the midnight incendiary! It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer! It violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy! It deforms benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence! It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and the child to grind the patricidal ax! It burns up man, consumes woman; desolates and detests life; curses God, despises heaven! It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and defiles the judicial ermine! It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers governments! It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and dishonors the patriot! It brings shame, not honor; terror not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness, and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and unsatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor!—Then curses the world and laughs at its ruin! It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend, and man's worst enemy!"

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT***A NEW YEAR'S STORY.**

WHERE'S THE SIN?

(CONCLUDED.)

Harry has recovered and we hope to never again see him a victim.

Alice has overcome her mothers scruples by her fathers assistance and Mr. Sinclair has discontinued his visits for social improvement, seeking another sphere. The Kent mansion is now a busy scene; dress-makers and seamstresses are running merry races upon various fabrics, and mountains of sewing yet piled high in the sewing room. Eva and Alice are almost constantly together, and Harry has decided never to return to Vassar.

"No," says Alice upon one occasion. "Do not attempt to be anything great. I prefer to have you my unpretentious Harry, without a college education."

The mother also thought it best he should directly enter business with Mr. Kent and it was settled.

* * * * *

We shall pass over the close of school with Clint Obert; it was sad--for Harry was not there. It was not a joyous jubilee to him, as he had expected, although he looked forward with the pleasant anticipation which accompanies all home goings to those who have been absent from that loved place, "home." But now school is over; the vacation with its many pleasures passed, and October, with its glorious days and dusky eves has come, and still the sewing goes on at the Kent mansion.

What does it all mean? We shall see. Harry is not an unexpected caller at any time and Mrs. Kent's carriage now quite often stops at Mrs. Ernest's home. Mrs. Kent has become a subdued and softened woman.

Ellen Harman, with "Little Willie, who is now quite a man," as Harry terms it, have taken up their abode in the house of a wealthy family, where Ellen is governess to three children, and also has Willie under her charge.

Harry has never since his return taken a drop of anything intoxicating; he has grown manly and noble looking. Eva, Alice and her moth-

er have ever been ready to assist him and he is now treading up the hill of life, with the firm tread of a conqueror.

It is a beautiful evening, and Eva is with Alice spending the night. It is Sabbath and she returned home with her from church.

"Just think," exclaimed Eva, "three days more and you will be my *own* cousin. How singular that such a few words should make such a difference. But really, Alice, I do not think I can love you more than I do now, when you are my cousin indeed."

"No Eva, the words do not really make so much difference in regard to our affection. I do not believe I shall love Harry any more then, than I do now, for how can I? It is only showing to the world that we shall unite our lives together, and live for each other, care for each other, and if necessary, suffer for each other. Oh, how can any one think of marrying and then obtaining a divorce? How sad poor Mrs. Elgin looks since she parted from her husband, and people say they loved each other dearly, only a difference arose, and in a fit of anger, she said she would live with him no more; they separated, and although both deeply regret the step they have taken, a false and stubborn pride keeps them apart."

"Yes, dear Alice, it is terrible to think of such a state of affairs.. I never knew such a case in our quiet vale; if people *did* not agree always. I do not know as such a thing was ever thought of, as obtaining a divorce. They must have settled it some way."

"How I should tremble at the thought of the vows I am to make next Wednesday eve, if I thought in the future they were to be broken. They cannot be with Harry and myself; we are one in spirit now. No power can separate us. I shall cling to him, even if he dies a drunkard."

* * * * *

What splendor dazzles from the windows of the Kent mansion again. Carriage after carriage has left chattering girls and sprightly *beaux*, at the door. Elderly and middle aged gentlemen, and ladies, have also alighted to witness the ceremony of the belle of S—, the modest violet who cares not to reign queen, only in woodland. It was her desire to have a quiet wedding in the little vine embowered chapel near by. But her mother says, "Alice, I have allowed you to take your own course in everything else, but in this I must have my own way," and she submitted.

How angelic she looks in her pure white satin with the usual orange

blossoms in her hair. Eva and Clint are of course first maid and groomsman. There are others whom we shall not mention.

The solemn service is over and they stand before the world as one—husband and wife, and if they are in spirit can they be separated? We think not.

Space will not allow us to detail any more, but in the future we shall follow the life course of Eva, our "woodland brownie," and perhaps visit her lovely vale, the old home, and her grandmother's grave with her, and mayhap enjoy another ride on the back of old Lin. This we shall do when we publish this story in book form, only continuing the thread which we have here taken, and allowing space to some of our other characters.

CORA CORAL.

STAND ALONE.

Thousands of the best minds are with us, on this subject. The eminent jurist, John Bright, writes as follows.

ROCHDALE, January 5, 1868.

H. M. BOVER, Esq.

"*Dear Sir* :—I do not think the punishment of death is necessary to the security and well-being of society; and I believe its total abolition would not tend to increase those crimes which it is supposed by many to prevent. The security and well-being of society do not depend on the severity of punishments. Barbarism in the law promotes barbarism among those subject to the law. The real security for human life is to be found in a reverence for it. If the law regarded it as inviolable, then the people would begin also so to regard it. A deep reverence for human life is worth more than a thousand executions in the prevention of murder, and is, in fact, the great security for human life. The law of capital punishment, whilst pretending to support this reverence, does, in fact, tend to destroy it. If the death penalty is of any force in any case to deter from crime, it is of much more force in lessening our chief security against it, for it proclaims the fact that kings, parliaments, judges, and juries may determine when and how men may be put to death by violence, and familiarity with this idea cannot strengthen the reverence for human life. To put men to death for crimes, civil or political, is to give proof of weakness rather than strength, and of

barbarism rather than christian civilization. If the United States could get rid of the gallows, it would not stand long here. One by one, we "Americanize" our institutions; and, I hope in all that is good, we may not be unwilling to follow you. I am very truly yours,"

JOHN BRIGHT.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.
Life is love, and love is eternity.
Men do not fall into love. They rise into love.
Life outweighs all things if love lies within it.
True love, like Greek fire, is inextinguishable.
Love depends on the loving, and not on the loved.
We seldom think how much we owe our first love.
Time, which deadens hatred, secretly strengthens love.
Pure love ought to burn like oxygen in oxygen.
One clairvoyance on earth is certain, and that is the clairvoyance of love.

A man of sense may love like a madman, but never like a fool.

Base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them.

[A woman's love is essentially lonely and spiritual in its nature. It is the heathenism of the heart.

The man who looks down in the mouth naturally allows himself to become low spirited.

Garfield made an excellent record as son, husband and father, and one that will ever remain.

Love is stronger than death--so strong that it often triumphs over death and the world.

The man who is truly great is never without true love in his nature for right and justice.

The spirit passes through the change of death and carries with it all its idiosyncrasies and prejudices, because these are peculiarities.

Two more nos. and we shall have finished *A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT*, after which the surplus nos. will be bound in book form and for sale. This will close publication of *A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT*.

The close of the year is drawing nigh, I mean FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT's first year of existence. We have steadily pursued our course, we have attempted to fan the feeble light which we believe every human being possesses into a flame, and it only remains for time to tell how much or how little we have done; we feel that it has been almost a failure; we feel as our hands hang listless, almost helpless by our side, that only God and the angels know the result. We cannot impart to the readers any intelligence yet, as to whether the bark will float out on the ocean of thought next year as the publisher being well stricken in years does not yet know whether she will continue. As for ourselves we shall go on in some field of usefulness, if the Father permits, as we feel our life-work just begun; we send our love and good wishes to each and every subscriber, and if we meet thee not here, ever, there is a place where we shall meet and know each other through the spiritual vision. We have grown strong in soul these weeks of experience, but sometimes, the temple which has held the spirit, seemed weak, the storms have shaken it to the foundation, and although it yet stands, we feel that it needs the strength which comes from the encouragement of some of our subscribers. We need it from all of you, and we heartily thank you all for, and appreciate every message of hope which we have received. These are the workmen which have strengthened our frail temple.

A little more than a year ago; we were brought near to the other shore; we felt the cold waves of Jordan sweep over us, and one of our subscribers stood by and plead that the angels might save our life and called for the Savior to come. The Savior came—my Savior at least for the cold waves slowly were beaten back as though some strong and mighty power were fighting over my spirit, and my spirit was held as though in strong arms. I felt the cold waves recede and sink to sleep in this peaceful presence. Yes as christian brethren say, "Safe on his gentle breast," and I solemnly promised God and the angels to dedicate my life to God—which to my understanding is shown by labors of love to humanity. What recks if they do not understand. He knows—the loving Father—and with Him I leave the result.

Dear readers let us scatter our words of encouragement, and each strive to fan the feeble light which we all possess into a flame, to light the weary pilgrim in life's pathway. Your Editress,

IDA M. MERRILL.

THE PRESBYTERIAN'S HELL.

The Rev. J. S. Furnis, a Presbyterian, is reported by the *Philadelphia Times* as informing his congregation that hell is in the blazing centre of the earth. "Down in this place," he said, "is a terrible noise. Listen at the tremendous, the horrible uproar of millions and millions of tormented creatures, mad with the fury of hell! Oh! the screams of fear, the groans of horror, the yells of rage, the cries of pain, the shouts of agony, the shrieks of despair, from millions on millions! There you hear them roaring like lions, hissing like serpents, howling like dogs, and wailing like dragons! There you hear the gnashing of teeth and the fearful blasphemies of the devils. Above all you hear the thunders of the angels of God, which shakes hell to its foundation." He described the inmates of this hell suffering without a moment's cessation, the most frightful torture. The following is a passage of the sermon: "The roof is red hot. The floor is like a thick sheet of red hot iron. See, on the middle of the red hot iron floor stands a girl. She has neither shoes or stockings on her feet. Listen! She speaks. She says: 'I've been standing with my feet on this red hot floor for years. Sleep never came on me for a moment. Look at my burnt feet. Let me go off this burning floor for one moment. Oh! that in this endless eternity of years I might forget the pain only for a single moment!'"

We ask, is there no angel of mercy, no balm in Gilead? A likeness unto this hell is suffered by the pure and innocent of earth, but it is not the will of a loving Father; it is the friends of darkness who triumph for a time, but the pure ones come forth purified. What shall become of those who inflict this suffering upon the pure and innocent?

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

This little sentence should be written on every heart—stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced, not only in every individual household, but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove the thorns from the pathway and anxiety from the mind, but feel a sense of pleasure in our hearts, knowing that we are doing a duty to a fellow creature. A helping hand or an encouraging word is no less to us, yet an untold benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of a little sentence? Who has not needed the encour-

agement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with something that is most difficult and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and to hear a voice whispering, "Do not be discouraged; I see your troubles, let me help you." What strength is inspired, hope created—what sweet gratitude is felt; and the great difficulty dissolves as dew before the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another, by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak; and lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and He, whose willing hand is ever ready to us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be "bread upon the water to return after many days," if not to us, at least to those we love.

A DREAM.

Isaac Randolph, the negro who murdered his wife at New Haven, in the spring of 1856, gives notice that he will apply to the next Legislature for a release from State prison, to which he was sentenced for life. The murder created a great sensation, and the story of it is very interesting. He killed the woman with a wash-board during a quarrel, and probably did not intend to strike a fatal blow. After the murder Randolph cut the body up and buried it in his garden, planting corn and beans over the spot. Several days after, Robert Coe, the father of the missing woman, related with great impressiveness the particulars of a dream which he had on three successive nights. He said that Mary Ann came to him crawling on her hands, and that when he asked her why she did not walk, she replied that she could not, for her legs had been cut off. Each night she appeared to him on the borders of a small brook which then ran at the foot of the garden. At last the garden was examined and the body was found.

A few whole-souled Christians have actively and with energy commenced religious missionary work in Quincy. They have employed a city missionary to visit the neglected, the poor, the destitute and the irreligious, and to present to them the claims of the gospel, and, as far as possible, provide the comforts of life for the needy; as also to appoint neighborhood prayer meetings where they are needed. Arrangements

have been made to have mission Sabbath School and preaching at Merrick Hall every Sabbath. Mrs. Merrick, who has a mammoth heart and overflowing sympathy, has kindly given the use of her hall, or church to be used in the prosecution of mission work. These few earnest Christians, like Abraham of old, when called to go, he knew not where, have, with soul and body, entered into this very needed work, not knowing from whence, or in what manner means will be provided for the prosecution of this work. But they have faith in God. That this work may be more successfully prosecuted, there is much need for religious tracts. There are persons in Quincy who are nearly on the eve of starvation. These sacrificing workers now solicit others to join them in carrying on this good work.—*Daily News*.

INVOCATION BY WILSON.

Thou Great Central Life of an eternal causation, our souls radiate with the influx which from thy life comes, and acts as the great polar principle of our existence. We rejoice at the awakening of knowledge which enables us to understand our spiritual beings and promote our future advancement, uniting us with the divine element, and causing us to create perfect laws through its purifying aura. We see impressed upon all matter thy signet, and out of life's great causeway we gather the tokens which prove a creative power constant and untiring, laboring to bring about through each succeeding age a more perfect order of life, that thy presence may be seen and thy kingdom understood—until generations shall through their perfect knowledge of thy spirit within, engender systems according in harmony with the higher zones of spirit land.—*Wilson*.

Wesley and Whitfield were the two great Methodist ministers. Whitfield was a more powerful preacher than Wesley. Wonderful revivals attended his ministry wherever he went, and tens of thousands professed to be converted through his instrumentality. He formed no societies, effected no organization. The result has been that his followers have passed away and only live in history. Wesley formed societies, and his followers are thousands to-day.

Let Spiritualists learn wisdom from this example.

**A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
A HISTORY OF LIFE.**

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

“And Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept.”

We sometimes weep for joy. It is quite probable in Jacobs case that he wept for joy. For he had journeyed long through deserts bleak, and through the deep woods where the wild beasts had their lairs, and now he had found his uncle Laban, and this his daughter.

And, mayhap, there might have been a premonition in this weeping; perhaps there came athwart the horizon of his spiritual vision a cloud—no larger than a man’s hand—which foreshadowed his experience with his beloved Rachel—his twin soul, his day star for whom we shall find farther on he served fourteen years.

Ah, faithful Jacob! well did you serve to be repaid so illy, and thus it is ever—shall we say ever always with the sons of earth? no! we shall say it is almost a rule—faithful service meets not with its just reward; we are deceived and led on by those whom we deem as true friends as earth possesses, and when we have faithfully served seven years we are told seven more, ere you may receive the idol of your soul. There is no justice, we find. We do not look for it. History from time immemorial has repeated itself; the shifting, moving panorama rolls on; the clouds lower, and ever and anon a brilliant radiance, as though the hosts of heaven had kindled a flame of love and sent it by the angel of mercy to mete to man a just compensation—a recompense, and our souls are filled with hope, only to be blasted by a demon from the infernal regions who, cunningly, dastardly and wilfully, casts in the infamous curtain of deceit, of envy, of malice, of hatred, of calumny, of villiany, and of falsification.

Yes, as Jacob kissed Rachel, he lifted up his voice and wept. His soul had met its kindred soul and in that loving embrace, as pure as the sunlight which shines down so brilliantly, as gentle as the dew of even and as holy as the altar of God they were united, were wed.

Why? Because they belonged to each other.

They had met, those two spirits brought from afar by the cord of attraction, and Jacob strong and valiant, manly and brave recognizing—the subduing, the heavenly influence was weeping like a child.

Methinks the angels of Paradise drew nigh and their soft white wings of peace swept over them, sheltered them; they were united in spirit and years, ages, time nor eternity, space nor planet could separate them.

Laban, Laban, one who serves Jehovah! You realize not the beautiful unseen presence which accompanies Jacob. It is the presence of the holiest angel of Paradise, and her name is Union. She comes with a gentle wand, a silver toned voice, and as she waves her wand of peace, a thousand loving faries trip lightly forward; but ah, already the demon Envy sees the bright prospect, and with a voice of thunder calls for a double force to be brought forward that he may break this beautiful chain; that he may attempt to encircle himself, and all unconsciously Jacob walks into the net; for our gentle, timid angels, loving angels are awed by the hideous scowls of the demons and we see that union, though still perfect, is inharmonized, is discordant, and loudly growls the demon. They grin and glower at those angels who are thrust back with the dew drops of sorrow standing upon their cheeks, only to be kissed away by their loving leader, Union, who points them to a beautiful picture, which is brought forward in the shifting panorama of life, and she shows them a glimpse of days to come, when the discords are all broken, when the demons are chained, cast into the realms of darkness, there to remain forever and *forever*.

Is it not all a history of life? As we have said, does not history repeat itself? Do we not find it the case in experiences of to-day, and will it ever change? Who may answer? Who may promise us of the surety of any material blessing? When we have apparently reached a goal, and we feel the kiss of God and the angels, the blessing of a loving Father, we realize the uncertainty, the empty, shallowness of life to bear upon us. We feel that there is a deep and solemn atmosphere which prevades the holiest joy, which bids our souls stand still and view the majesty of a Jehovah.

We say: Angels, loving angels, tender ones, true; we see the glowering demons; we shall not walk into the net; we shall aid to come forward and to gladden our souls as thee desirest, and we too see the beautiful and glorious picture; we see a perfection of plans in the shifting of the canvass called life, and a nobler fruition for all blasted hopes, a lovely light, which illumines our path, and no more can those demons fright, for an unsurmountable barrier is being reared by the workman

called Patience, who has under her charge mercy, justice, charity, hope brotherly love, faith, peace, and forbearance with many kindred, and it is firm and secure.

And we lift up our voices and weep before the solemn mystery. As we hold the keys, which open to the city of God, the abode of love. We tremble before the responsibility with the sacred trust.

IDA M. MERRILL.

P. S.—In our next two issues we shall close the history of Jacob and Rachel previous to their leaving Laban. This will be part first in "A History of Life." We shall in the future issue "A History of Life" in book form after we have followed the line of prophecy, inspiration and history through the Old Testament wherein we design to finally prove the spiritual significance of "Life." Not the material foundation, but the grand problem—Life from its causation to effect.

A TRIBUTE.

If all the kindly deeds
 In all the earthly night
 Were made in little seeds,
 And hidden out of sight,
 And over them some gentle hand
 Should wave even as a magic wand,
 Sweet buds of thought would then upspring,
 Even in earthly bowers,
 Yielding such fragrant flowers,
 As these in this sweet offering.

If all the care and pain
 Of earthly life were merged,
 And melted by a soft refrain,
 In silent darkness urged,
 And some one having grace and love
 Were on that magic space to move,
 The seeds of kindness would well number more
 Than all that sorrow's tears can pour.

I take thy life and see
 Therein, O absent friend,
 Full many kind deeds blend
 That have been wrought by thee.
 The roses are for love,
 And that should ever be,
 The power beneath whose might ye move,
 It lives eternally.

The violets for modesty and worth,
 So lowly and so humbly have they birth,
 And then upspringing look into the sky,
 Feeling their inspiration is on high.

The white azalia, purity and truth,
Carved like the images of endless youth,
The sweet alyseum, like flowers which grow
Along the meadows, in the heavens, and flow,
Responsive to the thoughts of angels there,
In answer to some earthly need or prayer.

The camelias, not white, but touched and tinged
With sunset rays, their glory fringed,
Commingle love and worth to show,
How excellence in power may grow,
And though on earth bright things may die,
They live again within the upper sky.

The heliotrope, you here may say,
Is earthly passion, living but a day,
But I say 'tis Devotion's gentle dower,
As sensitive as many a human flower,
Living to love, then passing swift away
To bloom again in an eternal day.

And these fair bells
That chime golden and white,
Their chiming ever tells
Of the heart's pure delight,
As thoughts swing downward from the soul
When swayed by joy and love's control.

These carnations, some white,
Some tinted with a flame
From the chalice of pure light
Whence all their beauty came,
Are like bright thoughts that move and gleam,
They are a portion of heaven's radiant beam.

One pansy for sweet peace and thought
Of meditations and communion wrought,
And all the green, the moss,
The graceful, trailing vine
With love twining across,
Form the full consecrated shrine,

The life wherein good thoughts are pressed,
And where each loving deed finds rest,
Symbols of hope, and love, and perfect prayer,
I send these words for your flowers fair.

The above poem we take from the *R. P. Journal*, of Chicago, of 1878; it was improvised by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond for our citizen and friend, William Brown, of this city, and one which his life well merited. He died on board ship as he was returning to Scotland, his native home. He was truly a benevolent and well respected citizen. Next week we shall improvise a poem in regard to his life here.

At the close of the year we shall have A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT bound in book form.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

"Nothing but leaves," we have often sung,
 "Nothing but leaves," a wasted life,
 "Nothing but leaves," a heart all wrung.
 By the sin, the sorrow and strife.

A radiant thought is borne to me,
 By the gentle angels of love,
 "Nothing but leaves," an evergreen tree,
 Planted in the Eden above.

So fresh and so bright, the verdure green,
 What reck's it if there is no fruit?
 The evergreen tree abides serene
 When the voices of nature all are mute.

We love to see the golden fruit
 Which piles so high at autumn,
 When farmers their wealth all compute
 And tell of plenty and welcome.

But when winter has come with snow,
 And the fruit is all garnered away,
 How beautiful the evergreens show,
 Give us of summer a glimmering ray.

"Nothing but leaves"—thank God for these,
 Not a wasted life! No, no no!
 Thank God that verdure clothes our trees,
 And the brightness gleams through the snow.;

We will hope and pray for verdure true,
 "Nothing but leaves" is a grand return,
 They receive heaven's sun and dew,
 And lessons of life we here do learn.

"Nothing but leaves," Oh beautiful leaves!
 Leaves which may heal a nation's woe,
 "Nothing but leaves" the spirit grieves,
 No more in sorrow's vale below.

Leaves of hope, leaves of love, leaves of light,
 Leaves of patience and self denial,
 Leaves of healing and soothing balm,
 Bound on the wounds—aid in each trial.

"Nothing but leaves" no more we'll sing,
 But blessed leaves, healing leaves,
 Leaves which gladden each new-born spring—
 No more the sad spirit grieves.

The beautiful land—home of the soul,
 Waits for us over the way,
 Come gentle ones, all grief console,
 Tenderly bear to realms of day.

CORA CORAL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 51

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Language written, is a materialized form or sign, made for the expression, of ideas and colors laid on canvas are the same. The artist speaks in detail of his production in colors, in light and shadow; if his organism is of nervous temperament, he is mediumistic, and according to the power of the magnet he draws from the spirit realm ideas, either powerful or weak; the powerful artist will forget himself, and with spiritual eyes see the effect, and solve the problem, dash on colors with force and precision, he will speak of the oak in simple language; the most powerful, the storm twisted branches and the lightning split trunk tells the strength of the tree and its power of endurance, and every touch, though coarse, gives truth and beauty to the idea, and with the same powerful language speaks throughout the piece, but all who behold it, cannot see the beauty and power, or understand the language, but only see the material. All trifling little branches, and small details are of no importance, but would mar the effect of the idea. Books written in elaborate style are most tiresome to read. An idea expressed in two sets of words that are similar, may compare with two notes of music to express one sound.

Signs on canvas are more effective when the artist is filled with the very spirit of the sign he makes; he takes you with him to the place and shows you the result; for instance he will leave you on a vast plane in the far west, with bands of leaden colored clouds circling around the mighty expanse of earth; the wild buffalos in countless numbers, roaming as far as mortal vision can see from the foreground to the horizon. One solitary tree, its bark worn by the storms of winter, only one branch of life left to tell the story, that frost had touched; its last strip of cloth-

ing with his biting fingers, and that winter is approaching with its chilling blast. The remaining wood of a recent fire, told by the white ashes, that a family had spent the night there, and gone onward with the slow, tedious ox team, to find a passage over the snowy mountains. One standing alone viewing the desolate scenery and feeling perhaps the misery of the family who had passed toward their last resting place on earth; and not one familiar shrub or tree, not a smoke in the distance to cheer, or a ray of hope or sunshine of deliverance from the surrounding wilderness. Alone in such a place, and no way of escape; surrounded by wild beasts.

When an artist, a genius, conveys to the mind a story of such touching interest, although laid on with coarse material and roughest handling, is of more importance than the most polished production; (containing unimportant ideas) it contains valuable truths and power of expression on subjects of deep interest, and the ideas contained are limitless in variation, and while one looks with spiritual eyes or in imagination the grandeur and sublimity of the scenery with human suffering looming up, the pressure on his or her brain may cause the tears to flow.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

The *Voice of Angels* says that a band of advanced immortals, known as the Spirit Congress, comprising the most highly unfolded minds of the spiritual spheres surrounding our earth and its sister planets, is applying its most limitless resources and power, in all the various departments of human thought and action, for the purpose of bringing about such a culmination of circumstances and condition of affecting all people, such a universal crisis of affairs, as to compel the civilized world to perceive that its only possible salvation from utter downfall and collapse into a worse than barbarism and anarchy, is in the abandonment of those "principles" (if they may be so called,) and methods which form the basis of the present civilized system, and the general adoption and establishment of such radically new and normal elements as shall inevitably give peace and rest to our long suffering planet.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT will soon be sale in book form. The price will be within the reach of all.

GOD AND MAN ARE ONE.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

"God made man out of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and he became a living soul."—*Moses*.

"I go to my Father and to your Father; to my God and your God."
—*Jesus*.

To me the above postulate bears all the selfevidence of an unquestioned axiom, entirely shorn of any unique significance or private interpretation; who dares question its ultimate correctness? Can the scientific or moral philosopher draw down the scenic curtain of heaven and divide the two existences? No, verily! back of the atom and the protoplasm lies the germ of man; and whence, O moral philosopher, emanated the human soul? I answer (and you will not dispute it) they spring from the conclusion that God is pre-eminently our Father, our paternal author, our immediate, our direct progenitor, between whom and us, there dwells no intermediate existence to form a dividing link in the dear chain of son and daughter, around the sweet inspiration of Abba Father! and this granted, what is the star of destiny?—our destiny?—our hearts, O men! O women! swell on the very threshold of the glad, the big, the inspiring, the jubilant answer:—That star is to the poet the unbounded pasture of the flower-perfumed, and as yet, unimagined supernally beautiful future, with rich, overflowing hearts, grand, noble, sweet, loving companions that shall give him a new song for each new affection, for each new vision of beauty, each whisper of love, each thrill of inexpressible rapture, each new discovery of a brighter, higher, holier, purer and ever-inspiring, grander man and womanhood in the ever, unfinished glory of eternal life!

For the painter, lie the ever-expanding plains of heaven with their winding streamlets whose banks are bedecked all down their light-threaded course beneath the glad shimmer of the supernal sun, with the dream-colored flowers of heaven for the colors of earth that are here given to him are too beautiful for his burning aspirations to paint, in this muddy vesture of decay, while in the vast distance, rise the mountains of God, that point in their cloud-kissing elevations, up to the still higher heavens, where dwell the bright messengers too pure for his glowing brush, yet to portray on the canvas of the first resurrection;

but waiting for his full-freighted spirit, when it shall stand on the higher elevations in the unfinished time song, when he shall understand its inviting mysteries, and be able to express its accumulated beatitudes!

For the architect, all around him swell the expanded spaces, with room enough to build the frescoed columns and roof and heaven-kissing spires of the grand temple of God, where he shall be worshiped in spirit and in truth; and where the grand organ and choir of the spirit of love, shall fill up its aisles and its arches, with the full diapasons and songs of peace and rounded up harmonies too great, too sweet for human conception!

For the Mother, whose tears in the mortal have been the only reward of her love and her sorrows—for her stands the agonized cross that she has raised in her mortal pilgrimage; but, O how beautiful are the forget-me-nots and the sweet dyanthuses, and the pure white lilies and the blue bells of true friendship that grow at the feet, and cluster all around it, chiming and singing and breathing the cheerfulness, gladness and sweetness that she planted in their hearts while in the valley of tears!

And what for the Fathers and Brothers and Sisters who have taken on the new life?—what for them? For them stands wide open the book of life; the endless fields of knowledge, the brilliant stars of truth in their endless spaces; the noble synod of the ascending gods, waiting to lead them into new heights, new depths, new thoughts, new ideas and magnificent surprises! and they who have worked faithfully in the lower levels of earth knowledge with a wise humility, shall find within themselves a foundation of future wisdom and mental expansion that is given by the Father alone to him who has used the five talents lent to him while in the earthly vineyard.

Is the picture too large for the canvas? No, no! the canvas of earth and its best thoughts and word painting are all too small to paint the coming realities of the life of man in the rich inheritance of the future; and why? Because God is from everlasting to everlasting; and “I am the Father”—God and Man are one.

But now comes the theologian, and in the voice of an avenging Nemesis, and in the tones of the grumbling volcano with its internal fires enquires “is the wicked man one with God? shall not the wicked be

turned into hell, and all nations that forget God? Yea verily; but the burning, blazing, wandering comet may fly heedlessly down the spaces, and yet one day in the endless time it shall feed other worlds, or become a habitation for animated life, because it is a part of the universal cosmos, and must sometime fulfill its destiny of life and usefulness.

Is not the soul of every man as near to God, as is the comet to the astronomical system?

Is not the erring, the prodigal son as dear to the Father as he who dwells in his Father's house? Let Christ your God answer the question—has he not answered it? shall a son of God, though a prodigal son dwell in hell forever?

Think like men, shall a part of God remain in hell forever? or shall not every prodigal, some day come into his father's house, and do the will of his father, and more faithfully and fully, for the sorrows and penalties he has suffered? Can he who dwelleth in supernal glory, and whose name is *Love*, be perfect, be happy in his perfection, with a part of himself in an endless hell?

Behold the children of the long ages attaining to manhood! shall a part of them jump into a drivelling second childhood—so pitiful to the eyes of reason, so repulsive to full grown, vigorous manhood and womanhood? or shall the scales fall from the eyes of our modern Sauls, so that they shall become the eloquent Pauls of the new dispensation?

And what are the fruits of this, our philosophy? It plants the soul of freedom into the black soil, where once dwelt the empty heart of the slave: it plants into the once neglected garden, where grew the deadly nightshade, the sweet roses of fragrance in thought, words and actions: it gives hope, where once dwelt despair: it gives determination, where before feebleness usurped the soul: it creates fraternity and equality, where once dwelt the hissing serpents of discord, hatred and selfishness: and it gives to the world a God, instead of a demon, under the hateful thoughts and actions of aristocracy, oppression, disdain and cruelty, and to the soul that opens to receive it, it brings the living water, that shall after it has quenched the thirst of earth, spring up so quickly, so pure in the near eternal life!

At the close of the year we shall have A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT bound in book form.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE CLERGY.

BY J. M. PFEIBLES.

Much of the useless discussion in the world arises from a misunderstanding of phraseology, and the right definition of terms.

Spiritualism—as opposed to materialism, or any form of sectarianism—implies the possibility and certainty of a present, conscious intercourse with the inhabitants of the spirit world. It is at once a phenomenon, a philosophy and a religion; appalling to the sensuous perceptions through the physical manifestations, to the reason through a calm, cultured judgment, and to the soul's religious affections through and by inspiring spiritual growth and holiness of life. It is not new in the world.

The records of India and Egypt, China and Assyria, the Old and New Testaments, abound in descriptions of angel appearances and spiritual manifestations; in prevision, dream and trance; in oracles, prophecies, levitations, visions, healing gifts, the “discerning of spirits.” Genuine spiritual manifestations, therefore, are not only in perfect accord with the marvels of the New Testament, but they are the “greater works” promised by Jesus Christ to believers. No enlightened christian, so it seems to me, can consistently oppose genuine Spiritualism. Multitudes of these do not. It is the fungi, the clinging excrescences, that they strike at—and this they have a right to do. Truth never suffers from criticism. Many of the American clergy are in full accord with the heavenly Spiritualism. I am personally acquainted with full forty such, who are as decided Spiritualists as I am. Most of these choose to remain within the pale of demonition fellow-ship. In pursuing this course they evidently sail in smoother seas. Of the course they see fit to pursue I must not judge. I have observed, however, that those engines extinguished the most fires that wheeled out of the engine buildings—and further, if I wished to lift a basket, I would get out of it; but if others think they can lift it better by sitting in it, it is their privilege to sit. Let every clergyman “be fully persuaded in his mind.” Among the clergy who have sufficient independence to publicly proclaim their convictions is that truly excellent man, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher. In a sermon of his, published in the *Elmira Gazette*, Elmira, New York, he says:

"Spiritual manifestations, are, so far as I know, in agreement with Scripture and observation and sound sense.

"We are all mediums. Our bodies, curiously and wonderfully made, are acted upon by forces intelligent, passionate and mysterious.

"We find the woman of Endor usually and improperly called a witch. She did not know Saul until after the incanation, when she became clairvoyant, as we should say, and recognized the King through his disguises and brought him a message from Samuel. . . . There is no nation under the heaven of whom we have any historic record that has not preserved more or less testimony, that certain men or woman have been inspired by gods or possessed by spirits. Are we wise when we toss the head and say: Superstition! Ignorancè! Darkness! Is it absurd to believe in spiritual manifestations merely because we are accustomed to the manifestations of one spirit at a time? . . . Deny everything and demand proof. Close every sense by which a spiritual impression can come in, and leave open only those senses by which physical forces can make themselves known, and I promise to any man perfect success in attain to the comfortable estate of the ancient Sadducees. You can prove to yourself that there is neither God, angel, devil, nor soul of man, nor resurrection, nor hope hereafter. And may God have mercy on your soul, if you have any.

"There is very little doubt in my mind that the clamor and confusion and strife of opinion of these days are to be attributed largely to spiritual influences. I have no sweeping condemnation to visit upon the teachings of these spirits, nor any sweeping praise to speak of the men and women who are the mediums by which they reveal themselves. But remember that all intelligent Spiritualists of the present day are accustomed to listen to the messages from the unseen world very much as you, my friends, listen to preachers. . . . It seems as if any *man* who would give himself to thought and the reading of history and attention to psychological mysteries that throng his own body, if he has not at first blinded himself by science falsely so-called, will surely come to the conclusion, not that spiritual manifestations are in themselves incredible and to be rejected, but that it is truly wonderful that we meet so few of them. Instead, therefore, of disbelieving everything until it is forced upon me by proof that I cannot get ground, I incline to believe everything that I hear of ghosts, and reckon all the most marvellous stories true, until somebody takes the pains to prove them false.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

OUR MADONNA.

MISS ALCOTT'S POEM IN MEMORY OF HER SISTER, MADAME MAY
NIERIKER.

A child, her wayward pencil drew
On margins of her book
Garlands of flowers, dancing elves,
Bird, butterfly and brook,
Lessons undone, and play forgot,
Seeking with hand and heart
The teacher whom she learned to love
Before she knew 'twas Art.

A maiden, full of lofty dreams,
Slender and fair and tall
As were the goddesses she traced,
Upon her chamber wall.
Still laboring with brush and tool,
Still seeking everywhere
Ideal beauty, grace and strength
In the "divine despair."

A woman, sailing forth alone,
Ambitious, brave, elate,
To mould life with a dauntless will,
To seek and conquer fate.
Rich colors on her palette glowed,
Patience bloomed into power;
Endeavor earned its just reward,
Art had its happy hour.

A wife, low sitting at his feet
To paint with tender skill
The hero of her early dreams,
Artist, but woman still.
Glad now to shut the world away,
Forgetting even Rome;
Content to be the household saint
Shrined in a peaceful home.

A mother folding in her arms
The sweet, supreme success;
Giving a life to win a life,
Dying that she might bless.
Grateful for joy unspeakable,
In the brief, blissful past;
The picture of a baby face
Her loveliest and last.

Death, the stern sculptor, with a touch,
No earthly power can stay,
Changes to marble in an hour
The beautiful, pale clay.

But Love, the mighty master, comes,
Mixing his tints with tears,
Paints an immortal form to shine
Undimmed by coming years.

A fair Madonna, golden-haired,
Whose soft eyes seemed to brood
Upon the child whose little hand
Crowns her with motherhood.
Sainted by death, yet bound to earth
By its most tender ties,
For life has yielded up to her
Its sacred mysteries.

So live, dear soul! serene and safe,
Throned as in Raphael's skies,
Type of the love, the faith, the grief,
Whose pathos never dies.
Divine or human, still the same
To touch and lift the heart;
Earth's sacrifice is heaven's fame,
And Nature truest Art.

— *Woman's Journal.*

DO NOT TRIFLE.

"Patience sometimes ceases to be a virtue." We sometimes presume too much upon the friendship or love of another, and heap reproach after reproach, where we should only give words of encouragement, and tenderly treasure the heaven bedewed flowers, whereas we ruthlessly crush them, saying in our pride and pomp: Others will spring up, more beautiful than these, but to our dismay we shall find that the trodden earth yields not so readily, and presently your beautiful garden is a barren waste; the dews descend; the sun is yet as bright, but your neighbor who has tenderly treasured the precious seed rejoices in a beautiful garden; he has wound the delicate vines of affection tenderly and lovingly into his heart, has supported and stayed them, has removed the cankering worms, the weeds; has carefully tread in the paths of peace that the frail plants may not be crushed; has watered with tears of sympathy and strengthened with kindness; has garnered the gentle seeds of love for next year's adornment, lain them carefully away to appear at the proper time, and you look about in dismay—no more flowers spring. Can you blame heaven? Does not the sun shine, and the dew descend? Ah, but it beautifies my neighbor's garden, and not mine. My friend your neighbor was valiant. He was aware that tender

plants require tender care, and that the vine will cling to that which will support it. He well knew if he crushed his beautiful plants they would not adorn his garden. He well knew that he must gather his seeds at autumn, ere the biting frost came, and it was too late. Can you blame him? Can you blame the plants? Can you blame the vines which fulfilled their destiny—lived out their true and beautiful nature? Can you blame God who gave the powers, gave you a beautiful garden which others might envy, and you gave it no care. Look upon the barren waste, and arise from your stupor, that when again thou hast a treasure given thee, thou mayst guard with care and zealously endeavor to make amends in the future, by using talents given; but the harvest is past, the summer is ended, no seeds are preserved, and thy garden is lost FOREVER.

CORA CORAL.

(Written for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.)

"COME SING TO ME OF HEAVEN."

What else worth singing of? can mortals sing
Of mortal life e'en in its budding spring
When winter dies in its own snow sheet
And gives her life to bless her child so sweet.

Can mortals sing of changing time? for what?
For that which takes us from each sacred spot
That blessed our childhood, cut with pitiless wound
The sweetest ties, which never, nevermore are found.

E'en while we sing the spring time passes by,
The budding, blushing rosebuds drop and die;
The summer comes with wooing, fragrant breath,
And love songs fall into the dirge of death.

And then the autumns sick with perfume stands
With scattered blooms and full fruit laden hands,
Bright gold from molten sunrays deck the trees
And rubied globes sway in the breeze.

But what of these? the winepress opens wide
Its pitiless maw to press its crimson tide;
And howling tempests wait to pour their wrath
Upon the traveler's upward, toilsome path.

Why, one might better sing of winter's cold,
Of biting frosts and her tornadoes bold;
These flatter not, nor sing the soul away
To fevered hope, as victims to its sway.

Who prosper in the blighted world of sin,
And win its baubles 'mid the busy din?
Who pluck the flowers that give their fragrant breath
To the bloody hands that hide their bloom in death?

Come sing to me of heaven! that, that alone
Preserves the flowers that in our hearts have grown;
The book of life lies open in its bowers
Where truth and friendship find the happy hours.

Love sits enthroned beneath her palace domes
And lovers dwell in their dear halcyon homes
And sip the magic cup of purest bliss
Distilled in sorrow for that world in this.

Clear crystal sea whose waters ebb and flow
To heal the wounded souls from here below,
And bear them to the farther golden shore
Where sin and wrong and sorrow come no more.

But what is heaven? can verdant carpets spread
With star-eyed flowers and beauty over head
Bring sweet elysium to the human soul
And make the sin-dyed spirit pure and whole?

No, no! each planet hath its heaven; each star
Hath gleams of God though tempest beats and mar;
And every soul hath scintillations given
As living seeds, to grow into its heaven.

Vile, hissing serpents here may upward spring
And with the birds of paradise take wing;
But death can never give a heaven of light
While hate and strife within the spirit fight.

Sing, sing of heaven already here begun,
In human souls whose duty well is done;
But ages yet shall intervene and roll
Ere heaven shall smile upon the reptile soul,

Sing, sing of heaven! for it shall come at last
When we have buried in the hateful past
Each black revenge, each evil thought and deed;
And watered with our tears the god-like seed.

—Then we shall grow so beautiful and bright
That every place we fill shall shine with light!
And heaven shall be our home, and home our heaven
And ages pass like a sweet song of even'.

And God be seen in every angel's eye,
And felt in every breeze that passeth by;
To every flight an upward bound be given
And time and space, expand forever our heaven.

—JESSE H. BUTLER.

Our next issue completes volume I.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.**A HISTORY OF LIFE.*

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONTINUED.)

"And Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and it seemed but a few days for the love he had to her."

Love from time immemorial has been enshrined as the noblest attainment, and the greatest incentive to noble and heroic deeds. He, who understands not the high and holy law of love, who confounds it with passion, has not within his breast the nobility of purpose, nor the fidelity of a faithful watchdog. What was it but a pure and noble motive incited our hero, Jacob, to labor faithfully seven long years that he might possess his twin soul. And as he looked into those eyes of purity—maidens crown—he read the deep soul which dwelt within; the spirit which was linked to his by the cord of sympathy, of love, was recognizable, and there arose within his own soul nobler ideals; greater energies were put forth, and time seemed as naught.

"Love lightens labor," and now has come the termination of his service—faithful service—noble, because so pure, and the deceiver who had received the benefits of his labor says: I cannot yet give thee the choice of thy heart—thy twin soul. Leah must first be wed, and seven years longer must thou serve ere Rachel may be yours.

Do we not see in this figure a diamond concealed? Do we not see in this life again and again a simile? It may not always be a Jacob serving for his Rachel, but it is some times the servitude of one for his souls vesture, his heaven, his spirit's food, his ideal virtues, and the demons growl and glower.

Oh, come justice! with the two edged sword of liberty and peace. Come, and pour out upon the persecuted, and the suffering a blessing which shall give them strength to break the chain of the fearful demons, and to rejoice in the glad-free sunlight of a Father's love.

Come and fill us with the holiest love which is pure, spiritual, noble, elevating, precious as heaven's dew drops, radiant as the gem studded clouds of morning and peaceful as rays from the setting sun. Allow not the low to take possession. Come, dear angels of Paradise! ye who have crossed the river, and have felt its waves to recede before the loving an-

gels of the new birth, and have been tenderly lulled to rest by those same angels. Come, and whisper again to us those same gentle messages of life, bidding us look on, look across the stormy, unto land of Beulah.

Love is the only signet, the only charm which the Father gives as the key to the everlasting realms of joy. It is the only law, the only control, and all which comes from any other source is incited by him, who is the opposing force, the demon of darkness; for there are but two roads, two laws; and one is the law of life, the other of death.

He who places in his soul the true signet shall triumph as did Jacob eventually, even though it be through tribulation and affliction.

Life was short to Jacob because he lived the life of love; his very nature expanded and he arose a purer and better man.

There is a thought suggests itself: as each transgression of the law receives a penalty, our mind reverts to Jacob's blessing. He surreptitiously received Esau's blessing, thereby engendering hatred in the breast of Esau, and now as he is about to sip the ruby cup himself, it is dashed from his hand; perhaps this deceit, by the law of reaction, is only a return for which he sowed when he deceived his loving father and brother.

This gives us a law of retribution, now where is the opposite law of compensation which shall restore the equilibrium, and ameliorate Esau's condition, and remove from his breast the terrible hatred which was caused by the injustice of another?

Jacob gave him the second blessing, and Esau has been prospered, yet we do not see the perfect equilibrium, therefore we see a requirement for the continuance of spiritual life, that all things may be rounded out into a perfect model; that the grand life may be proven; that perfection, harmony and love may reign, and life be proven, not a game of chance, but a grand reality, although here is a deep mystery.

IDA M. MERRILL.

When Jesus was asked to teach how to pray, he at once gave a model prayer. Now, if ever there was a time to teach man how he should be forgiven his trespasses and sins, this was it; and accordingly he does teach it, for in that prayer he says: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.
MICHIGAN MEDIUMS.

The adjourned Annual Meeting of the Association took place at Battle Creek, August 18th to 21st, in conjunction with the Annual Camp Meeting of the State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists. Chas. A. Andrus, President, occupied the chair; Mrs. M. E. French, of Greenville, acting as secretary pro tem. After a general welcome had been exchanged, the usual routine business was gone through, which was followed by various amendments to the by-laws; among others a change in the membership fee to one dollar per annum, any person of good moral character being eligible, irrespective of locality.

Dr. J. A. Marvin, of Detroit, offered the following which was adopted:

RESOLVED, That a committee of three be appointed to take into consideration the desirability of instituting a Magnetic Medical College, to be national in character, and that they be authorized and be empowered to adopt such means and make such arrangements in the matter as they deem best, and report such actions at the next meeting of the Association.

Several applicants for diplomas were in attendance who were subjected to a rigid examination in the various branches of medicine and magnetism by the Board of Censors, diplomas being granted to practicing physicians from California, Pennsylvania, Missouri and Michigan.

The following officers were re-elected: Chas. A. Andrus, of Flushing, President; Dr. A. H. Edson, of Lansing, Treasurer; A. E. Nugent, of Lansing, Secretary. Dr. Wm. Hicks, of Rockford, was chosen as Vice-President; and Dr. Wm. E. Choate, of Jackson, took the place of Dr. M. B. Sheets on the Board of Censors.

The meeting throughout was highly successful and very enthusiastic, all being well pleased with the rapid progress made in the building up of the undertaking. Practicing physicians of the new school and mediums generally are doing their utmost to further its interests and secure for it that recognition it so justly deserves, realizing the necessity of combining for their own protection, and the formation of a future grand and useful institution.

The Board of Censors will meet at intervals as the applications for diplomas may warrant.

THE TRUTH.

The signs and wonders that are taking place on this planet to-day are of the greatest importance to humanity, as they prove to those who can see and hear, that if a man die he shall live again, and what is there on earth of more importance to know than the satisfying truth of a spiritual state of existence and progression forever—all things possible for man to accomplish and enjoy peace and happiness throughout eternity. This is a grand subject and should not be treated with ridicule or coarse remarks. There is a great Supreme Power called God that fills the mighty expanse of space, the spiritual world, eternal in the heavens—states of life, of progression for man from lower spheres to higher continually. True wisdom is not manifested in ridiculing a subject one is ignorant of. We live by inspiring knowledge from God, the source of all life, the spiritual realm. All thoughts are in existence and individuals draw their inspiration in harmony with their developments; if from spheres of ridicule which may lead to murder from selfishness and oppression, leading to the same result. All who live in spheres of evil influences draw their thoughts as the magnet draws the bar from a corresponding plane of thought. If men who scoff at the Harmonial Philosophy will set aside prejudice, stand up in their manhood and not cheat themselves by believing that what they don't know is not worth knowing, they will perceive they have been living on the prodigal's food and retrace their steps toward their father's house where mental and moral food is abundant and free for all.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

God and the angels open to man the windows of heaven in succession as he is able to receive the light which streams through; and in accordance with his mental advancement.

Of all men, the Spiritualist is best fitted by his belief to enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse, and to revel in the beauties of the world around him.

Despite all hindrances, Spiritualism has grown until it is the most widely accepted of the somewhat numerous religions of the United States.

"All the papers are now received regularly, the last containing a poet's criticism. Suppose he gives us a mall specimen in A FOUNTAIN? and if he wishes it criticised (altho' I do not know as much of rythm and poetic Hexameters, etc., as when a boy) I will truthfully criticise it, and tenderly advise him: All the singing birds of earth should sing their songs—the little linnet as well as the flute-toned thrush; and he must remember that the Sonnets of a Shakespeare (the divine will) are not all inspiring; and the productions of a Milton, a Byron, a Tasso, and a Dante only give an occasional poetic thrill in their many pages, and the dear Tasso, so full of beauty, in his divine Jerusalem was incarcerated as a mad man in an Isle of the Mediterranean until he died. Then the world appreciated his inspirations, and the pope placed on his brow (while lying there beneath the magnificent dome of St. Peters the [work of the great Angelo) then they placed on that sweet brow of his that had reflected the face of the angels who talked with him in his prison—the laurel crown of the poet! prouder than the crowns of all the usurpers of the prerogative of God over His children; for that emblem of peace and eternal life, shall grow greener and more beauuiful in the coming hesperides of the poets. But as he suggests the more perfect the Rythm the easier the brightest and purest thoughts and words enter the human heart."

JESSE H. BUTLER.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

It is with our judgment as with our watches, none go just alike, but each believes his own.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame, that no one will ever own it.

Watch against constitutional weakness of mind and passion. See that they don't break out.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you; for with the same measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

The power that inaugurated Spiritualism is strong enough to sustain it under all circumstances.

Spiritualism is gaining a strong hold in Mexico, where societies are being formed daily.

Fiction has been, and will continue a wonderful attraction. Can it be made a profit?

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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NO. 52

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONCLUSION.)

TO OUR PATRONS:—This is the last sign that we shall have the pleasure of making, to express our thoughts to you in A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, as this number closes the volume for eighteen hundred and eighty one, and will discontinue the publication until some future time, when, if the thoughts we have presented prove useful, or bring light and happiness to our readers, we may continue to advocate the same subjects, with fewer errors. We regret that the signs we made, through neglect or inability, marred, and in some instances, obliterated the idea we wished to convey, and we will correct a few of the most prominent ones, on the last page of the magazine.

We have received encouraging and cheering words from several of our subscribers. They believe our book will be read and appreciated, long after we have passed to the summerland, notwithstanding mistakes and errors; but our desire was to prove that Jesus of Nazareth was an evolution from the spirit realm, a mighty prophet, our elder brother, we being from the same source, and when we come into perfect harmony with him—that is one in love and unity—we shall live in peace and harmony within ourselves, and spread an influence that will bring others into the same condition.

The death of President Garfield produced the greatest sensation that was ever known on this planet. Fifty-millions of people, all as one, sending their harmonious influence or prayer, a desire of their hearts, for his relief from suffering, and restoration, to his position. Fifty millions of the inhabitants of earth sending up a real prayer, every day for

many weeks, brought themselves into the circle of love and pity to one's neighbor. What could have occurred except the sacrifice of James A. Garfield that would have touched the hearts of millions of people with such tender sympathy, the God principle manifested in man, and it has produced an impression of harmony that will echo and re-echo through the spirit realm forever.

We have taken one grand step upon the burnished round of the ladder of progression in this new era, and should rejoice instead of grieving, that this opportunity has been presented to the world for the purpose of harmonizing and purifying humanity. If we could take one step more and pity the one that was chosen to commit the act, that brought this bright ray of love and harmony, into the hearts of so many people—could Judas avoid betraying Jesus? There are no acts committed or movements made by chance or accident. All things transpire through the law of progression for the happiness of mankind.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

TOO HOT FOR WOLFFE.

Between the 22d of July and the 1st of August, 1881, or shortly after the execution of the Talbott boys an article was published we think in the *State Journal*, of Jefferson City, under the above significant heading. The paper was sent to my sister who lives with me by her son, George H. Turner, and my sister and niece read the contents, and we being absent at the time, the paper was mislaid and could not be found, consequently we did not read the article, but they recollect the commencement, "Too Hot for Wolffe;" he had to pack up his traps and leave for parts unknown. The cause of his sudden departure had some relation to the murder of Dr. Talbott and the execution of his sons. We wrote to the *State Journal*; the reply was we cannot find the article referred to. If the readers of this pamphlet have the article they will confer a favor by sending a copy to our address as it may lead to a desired result of importance in establishing the innocence of the boys and truth of their father's communication to us in the beginning of our interest for the investigation of their sentence. It is but a grain of dust comparatively in beginning to trace a subject of so much interest; first in finding the assassin and the object in view of the murderer. Dr. Talbott said it was a political enemy who did the deed or caused it to be

done, and in the second place is it possible to receive a truthful communication, a sign from an invisible agent who will enable us to discover the errors or crimes committed and the criminal, not for punishment, but reformation and to shield the innocent and protect society. Albert Talbott said he did not doubt his innocence would be proved in less than one year, and as we said the boys were innocent, we will make a reasonable exertion to discover the real criminal and should any light be thrown out that would lead to the desired result we would be pleased to make it known to our subscribers for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT when in book form, as the efforts we made in behalf of the boys are published in full in our book.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

A DEADLY WEAPON.

Our readers have doubtless observed the sad accounts, with which the daily papers have been largely occupied since the last Fourth of July, of fatal accidents happening on that holiday from the use of toy pistols in the hands of boys. Over thirty cases of death are reported in various parts of the country from the cause. These metals are very poorly made with inferior metal, and are sold at cheap prices by nearly all retail dealers, so that the smallest boy can by a little exertion, become the proprietor of one. They are far more dangerous and deadly in use than the ordinary revolver, and are almost certain to explode when heavily loaded. In most cases these explosions are accompanied by wounds in the hand, that are frequently poisoned with powder, so that lockjaw intervenes, followed almost inevitably by death. Clearly it is the duty of state and municipal authorities everywhere to suppress the manufacture and sale of such weapons. The city of Philadelphia did last year, and succeeded admirably. No deaths were reported in that city from toy pistol explosions on the Fourth of July. The average boy has no sense or judgment in the use of explosive missiles on this national holiday, and parents and guardians should see that their children do not use dangerous articles, and the police should be instructed to take dangerous weapons from the hands of those who cannot be safely trusted with them.

FAREWELL.

This completes our last issue of A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, and we say the word fare well. Farewell! how many thoughts cluster around that word, and yet it is not farewell; we feel as we write that we shall meet many of you again, for we feel that we have met you all; we have met in that tie of communion and fellowship of spirit which is reality; we have worked together; you at your firesides have abode with us, have sent your loving thoughts, and kind words of encouragement, have assisted us and we cannot say farewell. Many of you, we shall not meet in person perhaps, and some of you we will. A few of you we have not met in Spirit perhaps; we may walk side by side, and yet never know each other, never commune in spirit, never understand the hidden recesses of truth which surrounded each. Again we may be widely separate, and yet united by kindred ties which make us acquainted—understand each other. And you, dear readers, who have understood the motives and the intents, who have excused the blunders, and entered into the spirit of the truth which has been presented—not for honor but for truth's sake—because the fount from which sprung the expression could not be forced back, but came rushing upon us, forcing us to take our pen and give vent, that it might not submerge our spirit.

It is from our sincerest, our remotest depth, that we have been forced to draw; we know the beauty, the sublimity of life is in giving, and we only give of what we possess. If we possess but one talent and let it increase unto the second—all that it may—we are only responsible for that one talent, and can we do more?

We do not desire to speak of our own personal feelings, and yet we cannot express our farewell otherwise. We are still a sister to the common brotherhood. All or any whom we may assist, who may be in sorrow or affliction, and we have a spark of light in our lamp we shall share it with you, we shall give you of the wine of joy and the oil of sympathy; we believe that the good Master meant what he said when he spoke the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me." Ye have, when you have assisted the humblest, lain away a pearl in the carpet of everlasting life, you have done as much as though you served a king. That is the idea. The beautiful truth is so simple, so sweet, and so winning when once we have opened the windows of our souls and let the beautiful, faithful dove flutter in

with the olive branch of peace and we say, "inasmuch," etc., and we cannot say farewell; it is only good morning; dear readers we shall meet again. No! not all of us, but most of us; but time with its cycles revolve and in the distance there looms a beautiful picture and around the throne of God in heaven, which is not a material throne, we ALL meet again; but it is time with his stern wheel crushing and moving with the crucible which purifies, which shall do the work.

Oh, that picture! that home gathering of all the children of God, all the erring ones, all the weak ones, all the vile ones, which have passed through the refiner's hand if it were not for this looming up in beauty beyond the vale, our souls would sink when we look upon the iniquity of earth. Methinks this alone gives the angels courage to labor or to hope in many cases and they cannot say farewell; they labor knowing that it must come through the cycles of time.

In bidding Mrs. Merrick—our Publisher—farewell, we again publicly thank her for all that she has done for us and all she has aimed to do, and as the reward of every good deed is not always received here, may she receive her full reward from a Father's hand. We are powerless to reward only as we possess, and the Dear Father metes out the reward which is due each, restoring the equilibrium of right. Our heart's desire is that she may be sustained in every good word and work, and her remaining days as she passes adown the shadowy vale which she is now nearing, may be crowned with usefulness that she may sow well for a reaping over there, and that her efforts for good may all be crowned with success and that the purest angels from Paradise may ever surround and shelter her.

To you all we say peace, love and harmony abide with you, each and all; may the white-winged angels of mercy and justice come to you with tender and loving words, aiding you to assist each other in all good works and to progress on toward the never-fading fields of eternity.

Your Editress,

IDA M. MERRILL.

The world moves on with its fusses and fumes in a teapot; but the great world of ideas and principles like the Infinite, is the same, and brings us the best and truest after a time. Bearing in our ourselves the stamp of the Divine, our destiny cannot be changed by any untoward circumstance.—*Willis*.

THE BEST METHOD OF PUNISHING CHILDREN.

The only lesson that a child can be taught by the infliction of bodily pain is that it is organized by nature to suffer pain. The first impulse which pain produces on the system is resistance. No one will submit to pain unless positively overpowered. Whatever comes in contact with our bodies, and by such contact produces pain, our first effort is to get away from or resist, and thus relieve our selves from suffering as soon as possible. This is one of the first laws of nature, which is self protection. The same feeling is produced in the child when corporal punishment is inflicted for wrong doing. Resistance is not only a nervous or physical force, but is also mental. When you strike your child so as to inflict pain, it is a law of the system to protect itself, and for this purpose the physical forces refer the matter to the brain for instruction. The brain and nervous system receives instruction from the mind, and the first faculty which is aroused is combativeness. The first impulse of this faculty is to strike back, to evade the blows, and protect its own organism. The faculties of hatred and revenge are also brought into requisition. Destructiveness is always close at hand and ready to be employed. This is the reason why a child, when it is punished so as to produce pain, will stamp, kick, strike, bite, shed tears, and plead for mercy, and promise everything to avoid this unnatural mode of punishment. Reluctantly we must make the statement, which is scarcely creditable, nevertheless it is true. We have seen parents, and many pretending to be religious, too, who punish their children as long as they would resist the blows of the rod, often until they become exhausted, requiring them to promise to be good.

Inflicting any sort of corporal punishment, however light it may be, outrages the dignity and feeling of the child, calls into activity the animal nature, and instead of restraining their evil tendencies, it gives practical lessons how to carry them out. Children, like men and women, have certain rights. Strike a man or woman, with a view to make them obedient, humble and submissive, and you will find the first effort they make is to resent the insult. So with the child; the first thought that is aroused is a desire to deal back the blow, and to defend and protect its body. It is difficult to know where the evil of this inhuman practice may end. It may bring the child to the gallows, for by it, it is taught practical lessons in crime.

Nearly all persons who resort to the use of the rod, while punishing a child are angry, often speak roughly, and sometimes use profane language. Thus the child is taught how to be angry, how to speak rough, how to swear, how to be inhuman or brutal. Not more than one in a hundred punish without requiring the child to promise to be good,—“never do so again,”—and by this means force the child to lie, for while it is undergoing punishment, it will promise anything, whether it can keep it or not. Many parents do not delight in punishing, so they keep promising all day long “to whip,” and “to whip,” and yet do not. This is giving the child practical lessons in lying. Others again are constantly scolding, finding fault with everything the child does, and it soon learns whatever its parent or teacher says is very doubtful, and it grows up without any real culture or training. To tempt a child into wrong doing, then punish it. We might fill a volume simply in enumerating how criminals are made through the barbarous practice of inflicting pain as a punishment for disobedience in a child.—*Stolz*.

The following beautiful verses were given through the medium Cora L. V. Richmond, a few years ago:

Take thou the blessings of these drops,
Outwrought from human tears;
Their presence may some sorrow soothe
In all thy holy years.

And should tears fill thine eyes below,
I'll change each to a gem;
Weaving them all upon thy brow
In love's pure diadem.

* * *

From the garden of pure thought and feeling,
I have woven a prayer of your life,
May each blossom its beauty revealing,
Shield your spirit from sorrow and strife.

May the love-light petal adorning,
Form the guidance of your earthly way;
I will weave a new garland each morning,
While you in the earth-life must stay.

The prayers offered for a man who has violated nature's laws are of no avail. Nothing but a retraction of mistakes by the violating parties will reform.

HUMAN LAWS.

BY JOHN STOLZ.

Human laws must be in harmony with the laws governing physical life before we can expect to adjust them in harmony with the higher nature of man, or rather the laws of nature which govern moral action. For example, it is a law of physiology that time, practice, and favorable surroundings are necessary to develop, to educate, and to regenerate a gross organization. To facilitate a healthy growth, all obstacles must be removed, and the agencies that support a harmonious exercise of the capabilities of man be supplied. This cannot be done by laws which only exact a forfeiture of money or property with a view thereby to cure a condition of depravity. As well take the clothing from a man already too poorly clad, to protect him against cold, bread from a child sparingly fed, in the endeavor to support its physical existence. Any law where "might makes right" is contrary to nature, and we can easily see the true philosophy of our argument, in the fact that a man, before he will freeze, will steal. This is only obeying a physical law, and man's law, instead of that which the offender has, should supply him with an extra garment; and the moral effect will be obvious. We see therefore, that all legislation which is intended to govern the action of man must first be in harmony with physiological laws, or we shall never be enabled to do so correctly. So long as man's laws continue to disregard the physical laws of nature, just so long shall we fail in creating laws the infraction of which will bring a just punishment upon the transgressor. We have stated that human action begins with physical existence, and that though our ideas have their starting-point in the things of the corporal or cognizable universe, pain and pleasure, the primary forces, which cause men to act physically, so to speak, as well as mentally, that we are endowed with a principle which is the cognizing of a universe within; that pain repels and pleasure attracts; that pain is an admonishing principle or force, which teaches the being to avoid that which is wrong, and pleasure is that which rewards as well as creates a feeling of right; that the mind calls into requisition every available means to enable the being to flee from pain and attain to happiness; that physiology is the only reliable science or branch of education which teaches the plain road to health and happiness, and all oth-

er branches of education are auxiliary, and all join in rendering man's physical existence harmonious with the general and special laws of nature; that the mind reasons on all subjects analogically, and decides between the right and the wrong, by knowledge previously acquired, either through personal experience or from being taught by precept, tradition, or by reading the records of the experience of others; that human laws must agree with the laws of nature, and especially with the laws of physiology, in order to be successful in regulating the actions of man; that criminals require treatment on the same principle that a person who is in a physically diseased condition is not indisputable, and the treatment must be in harmony with physiology; that might does not make right, nor is the old Mosaic law, which taught, an "eye for an eye or a tooth for a tooth," any reason whatever why we should so legislate at the present day.

The question may now be raised, "Can man, by the study of nature alone, arrive at a just conclusion as to what is right and what is wrong?"

Speaking from a

MORAL STANDPOINT,

we answer, that nature is the only source whence we derive any truth, and that a moral action is strictly defined by nature as well as by Divine revelation. We derive from the light of nature the same idea that is declared in the New Testament, namely: "Do unto all men as you would have them do unto you."

In the first place, we remark that it is very easily ascertained from our own feelings whether, under certain circumstances, we are in pain or having a pleasant sensation. If the sensation experienced is painful, we say it is wrong, because it is contrary to our own nature, and we resist it. If, however, the sensation is pleasant, and perfectly congenial with our nature, we say that is right, and we pursue it. Thus far our argument will be admitted.

Now, if this is good reasoning in regard to the physical sensations produced through the physical senses, then, as it has already been stated that a corresponding impression is made on the mind, do we not derive a correct idea of right and wrong? As the body is thus guarded and instructed, as it were by the sensations of pain and pleasure, when we are in discord or inharmonious relation to the laws of nature, then are we not so organized mentally, also to draw a moral conclusion from such action?

IS SPIRITUALISM A RELIGION?

Of the many great events that have taken place in the last few hundred years, there are none that have been so greatly misunderstood as modern Spiritualism. Coming as it did upon a slumbering world absorbed in the materialism of the age, with a church rent with dissensions, and preoccupied with the outward things of life, "compassing sea and land to make proselytes," attending vigilantly and with scrupulous care to the forms and ceremonies of worship, how could it have been otherwise than that this new movement should be misunderstood, and be regarded with wonder, surprise, doubt, suspicion, and derision by the many, and accepted by comparatively few? How could it have been otherwise than that this heaven-born movement should be underrated?

Coming as it did, not with or according to expectation, and in an obscure manner, in an obscure family, and in a manger-like way, with strange noises and in an unheard-of manner, it is not surprising that it should not have been recognized in its heavenly character as an evangel of good tidings of great joy that is to be to all people, kindreds and tongues upon the face of the earth. It burst upon the world with the suddenness of a tornado, and like the tornado, it will sweep the world of its impurities, its shams, its false conditions, and leave a purified atmosphere wherein can dwell purity, peace, righteousness and good works.

It startled a sleeping world from its apathy that it might seriously inquire, what is the meaning of these strange things, and whither do they lead, and can they throw light upon the great duties of life, and help solve the mighty problems of society, and point the way of relief from the monstrous evils that afflict mankind? These were important questions, and if this new philosophy could answer them, it would indeed be a boon of priceless value to mankind; but if it should fail, of what benefit would it be more than what we already were in possession of? But instead of inquiring: What is Spiritualism for, and what its deep significance? It was regarded as variously as there are theories, and in too many cases only as a nine days' wonder, that would soon pass away and leave little trace behind. While thousands flocked to the new shrine and become its votaries, the large majority of the believers were principally interested in its wonders; the outward manifestations only seem-

ed to absorb the attention of the people, and but little thought was bestowed on the deeper significance of the phenomena.

This was natural, perhaps, in the beginning. But as the novelties and wonders of twenty-eight years are now apparently wearing away, it is perhaps an auspicious time to more earnestly inquire, in a calm, dispassionate and philosophical manner, What has the world really gained by modern Spiritualism, and what does it propose to do for humanity, will it harmonize the antagonistic elements of society and give the world a true science of religion, based upon sound philosophy and enlightened reason?

In the limits of a magazine article no one can show all the benefits derived from modern Spiritualism, nor can it be done in a dozen articles by a finite mind, because the subject is as vast as man's destiny, and as comprehensive as his relations.

All we can hope to do, therefore, is to point out or hint at some of the more prominent features of the uses of modern Spiritualism. Among these uses we may say that it has demonstrated the truth of immortality. Before it was only a faith—now it is a knowledge, to all who have studied this profound subject in the true way.

It teaches that eternal progress is the great law which governs in the material and in the spiritual worlds, and that by this law man's destiny is unending progress.

It teaches that evil is the manifestation of temporal conditions, resulting from our physical relations to this life, while good is the natural outgrowth of the development of the soul, and is therefore permanent and lasting as existence.

As the warm and genial rays of the sun in springtime overpower and break up the ice-bound crust of earth and release vegetation from its wintry bands, that it may start forth into higher manifestations of life and beauty, so modern Spiritualism shines forth now with a bright effulgency that is breaking the icy bands of the medieval dogmas that have so long enshrouded the mental and spiritual nature of mankind, and will dispense with freedom of thought, joy to the sorrowing, peace on earth and good will to man.

This issue completes volume I.

*A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.**A HISTORY OF LIFE.*

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

(CONCLUDED.)

But, as we say we look beyond into the never fading fields of Paradise, and there behold the martyr's crown which is far more beautiful than an earthly crown.

Every sorrow is compensated by a sweet and tender flower of beauty; every noble and unselfish action gives in return a beautiful blessing—a glad picture of peace; every act of self denial is followed by the reward of gratified hopes, of joy inconceivable, whereas in the ever revolving cycles, the selfish, the low and the base must return to the fountain from whence it flowed, as all things return to the original source.

All things move in circles or globules. Globules compose the mighty ocean, as well as the tiny rill; minute spheres of dust compose the earth; and the planetary system is spherical, and thus we might enumerate. The smoke ascending from your chimney, moves spirally, and when you may find the atmosphere in that condition, that you see it break and move upward, it is in a circle or hook-like form: the waters arise by the action of the sun, are deposited in rain clouds, descend upon the earth and flow again to the same source, performing a circle; they are inexhaustible and undestroyable; the atmosphere of dust may whirl through the air yet return again to their natural position.

We here find the law of compensation and retribution. We cannot say it is a wrathful, an avenging God, for we are strictly told he is a loving Father, that God is love. It is rather the law of nature, that "whatsoever a man sows that shall he reap." If he sows wheat he does not expect to reap barley, for after performing the circle from seed to germ again, the return is like unto that sown only four fold; and should he sow a harvest of thistles he has a fourfold harvest; thus we come to the law of retribution and compensation.

Everything is subject unto the law in the natural world and we find no deviation from it in any instance. Verily then, the law of action is the same.

The noble, high, holy endeavors, the aspirations after greater and more glorious labor is sown, cast into the darksome mould and we must

wait until the gentle rains of springtime, the warm revivifying and renewing rays of the June sun have developed our grain, and the scorching sun of July has ripened and we gather our harvest; but if we have sown selfishness, lust, crime, iniquity, hatred and revenge; this is cast into the mould and the thistles of retribution spring up with pain and sorrow. If we have sown the sweet seeds of love, of purity, and of patience, humility and brotherly kindness, what flowers of beauty and fragrance spring up as compensation, the birds carol, and the rills dance along our pathway, birds of peace and joy, the pure white dove which cooes so lovingly; rills of laughter and merriment, as pure as the azure of heaven, and as sparkling as the moonlight beams on the falls of Niagara; mountains of grandeur vying with the Alps, towering in our spirit's real realm, elevate the spirit above the petty cares, the bickerings of the malicious crowd who would thrust forked tongues of fire into the heart of him who would rise. Demons, demons, of the lower regions! leave our brotherhood! Leave the spirit of man, and let him arise, a grand and glorious son of God, a majestic monarch, fit to rule himself. Angels, work on zealously! although the tear of sorrow must sometimes be shed, the law of life reveals the truth; that by the loving Father the seeds sown were originally pure; that it is only this which give us a hope of redemption; that man has fallen from a high estate, and it is to be redeemed, by the cleansing power which was taught by Jesus of Nazareth, that he shall ascend, and that what the Father sowed shall eventually be reaped, and the opposing demons may return unto their own realm forming a globe of darkness which may eventually develop a beauteous and ever green clime of grandeur, forming the black soil, from which spring the gentle flowers, the beautiful foliage, and the waving grass of the meadows; converting the evil into good by placing in its proper position, with its proper use, and confining in its sphere of development, there to evolve greater and more glorious things—making it the servant instead of the master; then harmony, peace and angelic love, the ruler, the leaders and controllers shall reign.

IDA M. MERRILL.

The misery of the young man who courts a fashionable belle and loses her is only excelled by the misery of the man who courts and wins her.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.**INDIAN WITH THE DEAD CHILD.**

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with my dead;
In the darkness of the forest boughs
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,
As by mighty wings upborne;
The mountain eagle hath not plumes
So strong as love and scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave-sod,
By the white man's path defiled;
On to the ancestral wilderness
I bear thy dust, my child!

I have asked the ancient deserts
To give my dead a place,
Where the stately footsteps of the free
Alone should leave a trace.

And the tossing pines made answer:
"Go, bring us back thine own;"
And the streams from all the hunters' hills
Rush'd with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters
That yet untamed may roll;
The voices of that chainless host
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead,
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon-flights have sped.

I have left the spoilers' dwellings
For evermore behind;
Unmingled with their household sounds,
For me shall sweep the wind.

Alone amidst their hearth-fires,
I watched my child's decay,
Uncheered I saw the spirit-light
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say, "A friend is near?"
There was none! pale race, farewell!

To the forests, to the cedars,
To the warrior and his bow,
Back, back! I bore thee laughing thence,
I bear the slumbering now!

I bear thee unto burial
 With the mighty hunters gone;
 I shall hear thee in the forest breeze—
 Thou wilt speak of joy, my son.

In the silence of the midnight
 I journey with the dead;
 But my heart is strong, and strong my step—
 My father's path I tread.

—*Mrs. Hemm.*

ONLY A MOMENT.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

"Only a moment"—how often we say,
 When a moment is thrown like a pearl away;
 In a moment, the rosebud is opened to light
 To gladden the soul, and gladden the sight.

In only a moment the lightening was born
 That blasted the centuried tree in the storm!
 And a moment of madness and mirth oft has given
 A blight to the soul that has robbed it of heaven.

These moments of life—what mind can conceive
 Their importance in future, to profit or grieve?
 What mortal can guess when he starts on his way
 If the road leads to darkness, or gladness and day?

A moment gave life to a Corsican bold,
 Who toppled the thrones that were mighty and old;
 Gave new light to a world that lie low in its gloom,
 And bade liberty spring from the warrior's tomb.

One moment of sight, gives the lover his bliss
 For an infinite life in the next world and this;
 Or it plunges down into sorrow and woe,
 Into discord and hate in the regions below.

One moment of hate—how it shrivels the soul
 In its burnings, its ashes, its hateful control;
 It withers each flower, that comes 'neath its breath,
 Blasting childhood and youth into silence and death.

One moment of joyfulness—laughing along
 Like a maiden in springtime, with mirth and with song;
 It falls like the dew, on each valley and hill
 And sings down old time, like a swift-laughing rill!

One moment of laughter, is good for a boy;
 It gives to his mother a day full of joy;
 'Tis a sunray of light, in the school on the street;
 Makes the maiden's grow glad when together they meet.

Just think!—if each moment should stand in its place,
 In the life of each man, of each nation and race;
 And receive its full share of the thought that it brings,
 Would the night bird of sorrow still flutter his wings?

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

No, no! every life would sing on in its glee
 As the prophets have sung—in the good time to be!
 And the lie of the lip, should no longer be known
 But the voice of sweet truth sing its music alone.

Great souls, watch the moments,—dress them with flowers,
 Till they grow into musical, rythmical hours;
 And the hours rounded up, on the dial of time,
 Bind their brows with the laurels and garlands divine!

A moment—to youth is a white tablet given
 To write in bright gold, his glad birthright to heaven;
 And the aged may grasp at the moments to-day
 Till the song of redemption sings sorrow away!

(Written for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.)

 ERRORS CORRECTED.

The following errors occurred in Signs of the Times:

No. 8 should have read "many Synagogues accused," not "occured."

No. 12, "justice," not "Jesus."

No. 26, "upbraiding of the prophet."

No. 37, "and now humanity will behold."

No. 35, "others that need moving industrious poor and spread a light
 that will never grow dim."

No. 34, "do not command them; it is a signal."

No. 50, "elevated," not "devoted."

 BABY ARITHMETIC.

The following verses entitled "Baby Arithmetic" we take from an exchange:

Rosebud, dainty and fair to see,
 Flower of all the world to me,
 Come this way on your dancing feet—
 Say, how much do you love me, sweet?

Red little mouth drawn gravely down,
 White brow wearing a puzzled frown,
 Wise little baby Rose is she,
 Trying to measure her love for me.

"I love you all, the day and the night,
 All the dark and the sunshine bright,
 All the candy in every store,
 All the dollars, and more and more,
 Over the tops of the mountains high,
 All the world, way up to the sky."