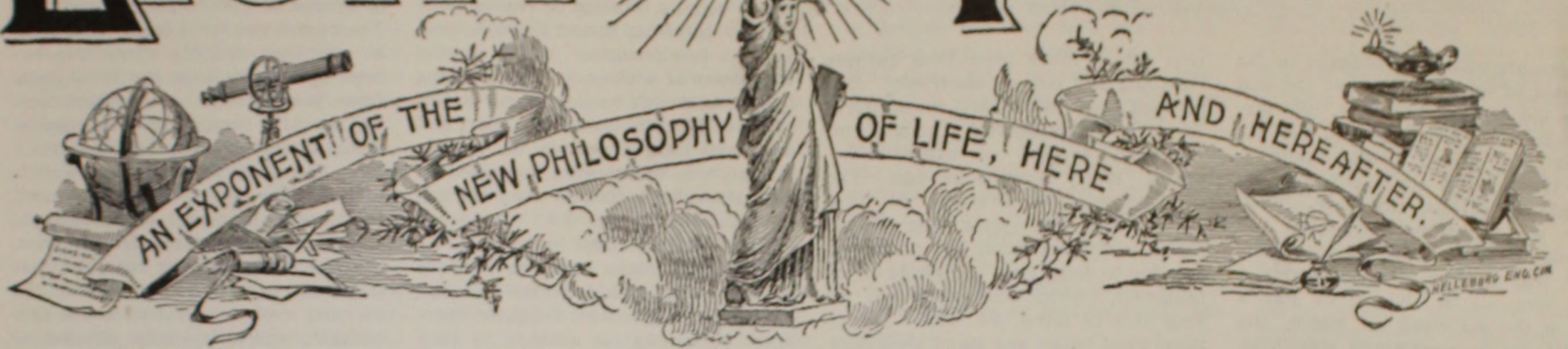


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# LIGHT OF TRUTH



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## A "PULL."

Some people long to see their names em-  
blazoned on Fame's scroll  
For deeds of heroism done where war's  
dread thunders roll;  
While others, caring naught for fame,  
would give their all for love,  
Supremely happy in the power some ten-  
der heart to move.  
I laugh ha! ha! I laugh ho! ho!  
I am not such a fool;  
O Fate! I ask not love nor fame;  
Give me, give me a "pull."

Armed with a "pull" great power is yours;  
the law you can defy;  
Can scorn the people and their will, nor  
heed their bitter cry;  
Can trample decency and right like mud  
beneath your feet,  
And walk the earth an autocrat, receiving  
homage sweet.  
I laugh ha! ha! I laugh ho! ho!  
I would not be such a fool;  
O Fate! I ask not love nor fame;  
Give me, give me a "pull."

Who has a "pull" a sceptre wields—a very  
monarch's might—  
For thousands, also after "pulls," then  
tremble in his sight.  
He knows in them his safety lies; their  
weakness is his strength;  
'Tis by submitting to the "boss" one is a  
"boss" at length.  
Then laugh ha! ha! and laugh ho! ho!  
Don't be an honest fool;  
Scorn conscience and integrity,  
And you will have a "pull."

—Alex. Walker.

## "GO TO THE ANT, THOU SLUG- GARD."

"There are a good many ants of dif-  
ferent varieties on the lot at my coun-  
try place near Covington," said a New  
Orleans business man, "and last year  
I began to make a systematic study of  
their habits. I found it a most fasci-  
nating pursuit, and have resumed it  
with much enthusiasm during several  
visits this year. A little investigation  
will convince almost anybody, I think,  
that the ant approaches nearer to man  
in point of intelligence than any of the  
lower animals. Some of the things I  
have seen are so marvelous that I  
would hesitate to speak of them if sim-  
ilar wonders had not been fully re-  
corded by trained scientists. Near one  
of my flower-beds is a colony of small  
red ants that are extremely industri-  
ous in collecting food, and they fre-  
quently performed the most astonish-  
ing engineering feats in transporting  
heavy burdens to their homes. Not  
long ago I watched a party of about a  
dozen, that had found the body of a  
small spider and were dragging it to-  
ward the nest. The spider had hairy  
legs, which stuck out in every direc-  
tion and caught on obstacles, greatly  
retarding progress. For several min-  
utes the ants rolled away with their  
awkward booty, and then stopped and  
seemed to hold a council. A minute  
fragment of dry leaf was lying on the  
ground, presently they all laid hold  
and pulled the spider on top of it.

They then seized the edges and slid it  
along without difficulty. On another  
occasion I saw a large body of these  
same ants start out for a raid on an-  
other colony. They marched like an  
army, with scouts thrown out at the  
sides, and when several feet distant  
from the nest, divided into two parties.  
One kept straight on and was soon en-  
gaged in fierce combat with the other  
tribe, while the second detachment  
made a detour and fell upon the hill  
from the rear. The result was a great  
victory for the invaders. Anybody  
who feels interested in the subject and  
who will put in a little time at close  
study will be certain to witness ex-  
ploits fully as astonishing as those I  
have described. I doubt whether there  
is any line of scientific research so at-  
tractive to the amateur."—New Or-  
leans Times-Democrat.

## THE NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

By Bolton Hall.

When Christian saw the Celestial  
Hill he began to run, and on the way  
he overtook a young man who was  
called "Professor."

And Christian asked him, "Whither  
are you bound, brother?" and Profes-  
sor answered, "Truly, I am bound for  
the Celestial Hill."

"That's the way I am going," said  
Christian. "It is a good way and we  
may go to the Hill together."

"Nay," said Professor, "I am a  
specialist on hills and I know that we  
shall never get to it in the world."

"Why," answered Christian, stoutly,  
"there was one whose name is Love,  
that was sent from there by the King  
to direct poor pilgrims how they could  
get to it, and he set me this broad way  
that is called Liberty, saying that we  
have but to follow it to mount the Hill  
before us."

"I perceive that you are an unlearn-  
ed man and are bent on your own de-  
struction," said the other, "for just  
above you will see that the fences of  
this road end and the side of it slopes  
down to the plain of License, where  
you and all with you will be lost."

Then said Christian, "I do not fear  
to walk in Liberty; for I perceive that  
its path goes straight up the Hill."

"Aye, up the Hill of anarchy!" an-  
swered Professor, hotly. "I have just  
come from the Ecclesiastical College,  
where we have analyzed economic  
specimens and political conceptions  
taken from that Hill, and we find that  
it is no Celestial Hill, but a mass of  
demand and supply and competition  
and self-interest. Come back, I say!"

By this time Christian was near the  
top and he cried down to the other, "I  
cannot go back; for I see a beautiful  
prospect before me—green pastures of  
affection and forests of nobility; and

sounds of harmony and joy come out  
of them."

"Man," called the other, "stop prat-  
tling of your Ideals and Utopias. If you  
have any prospect, bring it down here  
to the level of common sense that we  
may see if it will pay. As for your  
sounds of harmony, I do not believe in  
them, for in struggling up the Hill  
none can survive but Selfishness and  
Cunning and Ferocity."

But Christian went singing up the  
Hill.

## THE ART OF TALKING WELL.

Things to Say and Things to Leave  
Unsaid in General Conversation.

It is better to be frankly dull than  
pedantic.

One must guard one's self from the  
temptation of "talking shop" and of  
riding one's "hobby."

Whatever sets one apart as a capi-  
tal "I" should be avoided.

A joke or humorous story is depend-  
ent upon its freshness for apprecia-  
tion. Some emotions will not bear  
"warming over."

It is no longer considered good form  
to say a word against any one. An  
ill-natured criticism is a social blun-  
der. Gossip, too, is really going out  
of fashion.

True wit is a gift, not an attain-  
ment. Those who use it aright never  
yield to the temptation of saying any-  
thing that can wound another in or-  
der to exhibit their own cleverness. It  
is natural and spontaneous. "He who  
runs after wit is apt to catch non-  
sense."

Talk that has heartiness in it and  
the liveliness and sparkle that come  
of light-heartedness and innocent gay-  
ety is a fairly good substitute for wit.

Offer to each one who speaks the  
homage of your undivided attention.  
Look people in the face when you talk  
to them.

Talk of things, not persons. The  
best substitute for wisdom is silence.

It is a provincialism to say "yes,  
sir," "no, ma'am," to one's equal.

Have convictions of your own. Be  
yourself and not a mere echo.

Never ask leading questions. We  
should show curiosity about the con-  
cerns of others only so far as it may  
gratify them to tell us.

Draw out your neighbor without  
catechizing him. Correct him, if nec-  
essary, without contradicting him.  
Avoid mannerisms.

Strive to be natural and at ease.  
The nervousness that conceals itself  
under affected vivacity should be con-  
trolled as should the loud laugh.—  
Mrs. Burton Kingsland, in the August  
Ladies' Home Journal.

Light of Truth Album, \$1.25, postpaid.

## WOMAN'S DUTY TO HERSELF.

Woman must learn the lesson that  
man has learned through ages of  
struggle and mortal conflict, viz:  
They have rights who dare to take  
them, and who, having pre-empted  
their claims, have the courage, the  
wisdom and the strength to maintain  
them, and that no others count!—ex-  
cept as serfs and slaves.

So long as Motherhood is enslaved,  
just so long will men be slaves—or  
tyrants.

So long as Motherhood is controlled  
by priest and judge, just so long will  
human society consist of pikes and  
minnows, and just so long will cannibal-  
ism be the rule of human life.

So long as woman is denied the  
right of control over the creature, just  
so long will the "inalienable rights of  
man" be only a theory, the "baseless  
fabric of a dream."

So long as mothers fail to give their  
children, the best possible fatherhood  
as well as motherhood, and so long  
as they fail to secure the best possible  
conditions of all kinds for producing  
superior offspring, just so long will  
the present inequalities, despotisms  
and robberies continue to prevail.—  
Moses Harman.

There seems to be no philosophical  
necessity for food. We can conceive of  
organized beings living without nour-  
ishment and deriving all the energy  
they need for the performance of their  
life functions from the ambient medi-  
um. In a crystal we have the clear  
evidence of the existence of a forma-  
tive life principle, and, though we can-  
not understand the life of a crystal,  
it is none the less a living being. There  
may be, besides crystals, other such  
individualized, material systems of be-  
ings, perhaps of gaseous constitution  
or composed of substance still more  
tenuous. In view of this possibility—  
nay, probability—we cannot apodicti-  
cally deny the existence of organized  
beings on a planet merely because the  
conditions on the same are unsuitable  
for the existence of life as we con-  
ceive it. We cannot even with positive  
assurance assert that some of them  
might not be present here, in this our  
world, in the very midst of us, for  
their constitution and life manifesta-  
tion may be such that we are unable  
to perceive them.—Nicola Tesla in the  
Century Magazine.

Dare we follow Jesus? He was an or-  
iginal thinker, a social reformer, a re-  
buke of wickedness in high places, a  
maker of new paths, a bearer of the  
cross of self-sacrifice. Dare we follow  
Jesus? If not, let us cease praising  
him.—Rev. S. W. Sample.

Have you seen our Premiums?

## Ego in Nature's Kindergarten

BY CHARLES DAWBARN

There are attempted changes in the meaning of words that grieve the soul of an old fashioned thinker, like myself. I had always supposed that an "atom" was matter divided innumerable times till it could not, even in thought, be divided any more. That, to me, was the ultimate of matter. And it made no difference whether this speck was a whirl of ether having a good time all to himself, or just a chip of the old block in which life around me is everywhere embedded. Now I find certain scientists of today talking about splitting and splintering atoms and calling the new fragment "corpuscle." So I want it distinctly understood that when these mind disturbers get all through, and have chipped their last corpuscle to its ultimate, that is what I mean, every time and everywhere by the word "atom." They may bore holes through their atoms, and smash them into smithereens to their heart's content, but my atoms won't stand any such usage. They cannot be tampered with. They are the foundation fact of creation, and always a compound of intelligence, energy, and what we call "matter." I have never calculated how many such atoms could dance on the point of a needle, for my atom stands on the very verge of the unthinkable, albeit it is the foundation fact of existence, on which the student reader and I will now take our stand, regardless of size.

The atom has a most remarkable and inherent quality. It delights in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, thus infusing itself into every problem of the universe. As I have said, the atom itself is all but unthinkable, but the moment it clasps hands with another atom we have "form." It is a case of matrimony. The twain have become one molecule. Of course this is followed by bigamy innumerable. In fact, molecular existence is a series of domestic rows, frequent separations, and renewed loving embraces pervaded by a flavor as of first love. As "form" it becomes quite thinkable, and not much more mysterious than poor human nature itself. We can discern the intense individuality of the atom. It is perpetually trying experiments. It thinks it is in love with another atom, and it forthwith blends into form. More and more loving atoms join the group, till the scientist becomes intensely interested, and grows learned in what he calls biology.

We have seen in our last article something of the process out of which the genus and the species are born. For the monerula of humanity was only a type of the monad that is the ultimate of every living being. But the student reader will find herein a key to some of the so-called problems of life. They are problems only because the scientist is so terribly afraid of getting too close to first cause. He knows that infinite energy may destroy form in an instant. The lightning's bolt that springs from earth, or flashes from heaven, has taught him that. But blending his own intelligence with that of the electric mass, he gathers and subdues to his will and his need, facing the risk with a courage born of experience. He has crept as close to first cause as the nursing child to its mother's breast, every time he compels infinite energy to his service. As he grows, he toddles into a selfhood

that can do much more than harness lightning and compel electricity. But he must keep close to first cause. Herein is the fundamental thought on which our success as explorers depends. Every atom is an ego. The total aggregation of atoms in first cause, or, if you please, God Senior. There is nothing more, and no less is possible to deity than the whole of intelligence, energy and matter. If we keep this in mind, we break every theological fetter, and stand absolutely free to explore through all eternity.

We now, once again, repeat the thought already expressed, and declare that every atom is an ego, divinely gifted because himself a fragment of the divine, but with personal limitations because he is only a finite fragment of the whole. As ego he is not only an atom but remains absolutely without form or size that mortal mind can grasp. He has, however, an individuality that can compel heaven and earth to his service. Some of my readers may have seen a steam hammer deliver a blow of a thousand tons, and the next moment gently crack the shell of an egg. So man may spend his whole career as a race in cracking egg shells, if he so choose, but the potentiality of the mightiest power is always present.

We must now make a little study of the powers of ego in this realm which we call "below man." It is a question of form. We have said that an atom knows nothing either of size or form, and that it is absolutely indestructible. It is ego, always and everywhere. Ego is thus a formless, sizeless entity, containing in his own right, matter, energy and intelligence. Energy in activity is vibration, so ego's field of action has no limit save the utmost outreach of his own vibratory force. We are not now concerned with what may be his highest limit, but propose to descend into the lowest depths at which life becomes conceivable to scientific imagination, and there watch some of ego's experiences in nature's vast kindergarten.

It is a feature of ego's life history that while standing alone he makes no record of which mortal man can conceive. He must mate, and thus assume "form" by blending with another atom, before we can even picture him as an entity. Yet it is ego, who, as a solitary individual atom, is really God Junior. All that is outwrought by form is the result of individual atoms combining their forces to produce effects impossible to one alone. Science deals only with forms. It can usually tear them apart. When it fails it calls the form an element. But all life history, from our side of life, is a struggle with form. If we keep in mind the indestructibility and unchangeableness of the atom we will perceive some of the illusion which halos earth history.

Life appears to us to have lived upon life from the very beginning. But if we can imagine a realm where atoms rule in unblended individuality we can see them smiling at our pictures of life. All that takes place is that one form unblends another form. The atomic form that has conquered and swallowed another form attracts to itself certain of the atoms by a process which we call nutritive assimilation. The rest of the atoms fled away absolutely unharmed. Everything in life of which we can conceive is an out-

put of the growth or destruction of form. Love is a blending, and hate an unblending of form. Cruelty and suffering can only unblend form. Love and wisdom magnify form. We only perceive mind at work in form. Whether ego acts by intuition or reason he is alike manifesting in and through form and his manifestation is the united will-power of a number of egos acting together through forms we call bodies and organs. Whatever tears apart and destroys form is simply an episode for ego, who has thereby harvested an experience, but is just the same eternal, indestructible atom he was when flashed into intelligent individuality.

In that ego realm of which we have spoken, what pitying smiles, and hearty but unparticled laughter there must be among its citizens as they discern mortal attempts to save forms from eternal destruction by theological dogmas and faith. The orthodox God and the savage's fetich are founded on fear of form. The miser's greed, the politician's lust are expressions of form impossible to ego as a divine atom. Man's sorrow, joy, remorse are nothing but form experiences. Unblend form and they are gone. Nothing remains save ego the atom, whose divinity is untainted and untouched by such experiences. The reader must remember it is no part of our task to hunt for motives or object in the existence of ego. The theological dream that a form-man was created for the glory of a form-God is a large sized sample of the nonsense that would befog us if we made such an attempt. The one fact that ego exists, and is necessarily an individual atom is our fundamental point, and, so far as we may, we will try to discover what ego may have to gain or to lose by his adventures in form-life. But at every step we must keep hand in hand with science, which is really the orderly arrangement, and common sense use of accumulated facts.

Ego while alone is unthinkable and unwatchable by mortal eye. So is his father, God Senior. We are forms, and can only think of forms. God Junior wields, and his potential energy becomes kinetic or active. To use an every-day word, he "vibrates," and instantly attracts or repels, according to the rate of his vibrations and his own positive and negative will. A moment before he was just a cosmic speck—a homeless old bachelor. He had no wants, no desires, neither likes nor dislikes, but just idled in the unparticled mass we are taught to call "ether."

God Senior himself has vibrated. It was then that a speck came out from the ether, and ego was born. The point I want to emphasize is that the only children of the infinite are these speck atoms. Everything else in the universe of which we can conceive is in form, and therefore nothing but a gathering of speck atoms into molecule and mass. I know this is sadly untheological, for inspiration, working through Holy Writ and ordained priest, has been saving and damning form. And form has seemed to ignorant man as the ultimate of soul life. And why not? If God created man—who is form; and if, to save that form from hell, a divine form died on the cross, then form is the all-important fact in human existence. But the reader must remember we are walking hand in hand with science—together exploring new fields—and science asserts and proves that form tumbles into pieces. Nothing remains but indestructible atoms. Those atoms are united exactly as couples mate into married life. Two human beings are said to become one, and sometimes a dozen; but, all the same, the forms remain absolutely distinct, and are separable by legal process and death. There is not a form in the

whole universe which is not composed of speck atoms, each with an individuality of its own, proclaiming its freedom to come and go.

The later evidences of life beyond death have been framed in this same ignorance of this fact in natural law. The mortal has loved form. It is form he worships, and his whole fear has been that death took the loved form from him forever. And when form has actually reappeared, this man of ignorance immediately bubbled into a form of ecstasy called Modern Spiritualism. The mortal looks at himself (or herself) in mirror or photograph, and, thinking of himself, as form, watches anxiously the changes that mark the passing years. At last he (or she) evolves a system, called new thought, which is really directed at and confined to form. It consists of an effort to compel, or induce, ego to keep form in repair without drugs, or even hygiene.

The one biological record that must ever remain unstudied is the life history of ego and his father, first cause. Our studies must begin and end with atom blended into form. But since that atom is always ego, therein is the truth we are seeking, and the key to many of life's mysteries. Surely the student reader will now realize that he has a solid foothold for his climb to a higher manhood.

Ego is a reflection of first cause. The student is a reflection of ego. Or we may put it another way. God Senior, being all there is, is too large for human comprehension. Ego being an atom of the divine, and therefore God Junior, is too small and is beyond our powers in the other direction. So we must, perforce, leave the unblended ego and his sire, and direct our thoughts and investigations to the multiples of ego we have been taught to call "form."

When intelligence becomes active, something happens. The unparticled ether becomes particled. How many, or how few of these particled egos are individualized at any one time is beyond our arithmetic. If we call ether "substance" then each of these particles is an expression of intelligence and energy in that substance, and science tells us that energy is showing itself in the form of motion. This motion is believed by leading scientists to manifest itself as a hollow whirling ring, and so small that millions must blend before the human mind can grasp the fact and call it matter. No cutting, splitting or smashing is possible to that whirling speck. It is the first manifestation of movement in the otherwise immovable ether, and is born without surgeon or midwife. Nay, so far as mortal intellect can grasp such a fact, we may assume, if we choose, that it has been an eternal and particled expression of the infinite whole. Or we may logically go yet further, and picture to ourselves, without scientific protest, the universal ether as itself composed of these minute whirls, each alive with intelligence and energy, and each with a separate individuality. So much being assumed, we now find ourselves in the midst of a universe of egos, each a fragment or fraction of the infinite ego.

At the very first glance we perceive a marvelous exhibition of intelligence. It is life itself, varying only in degree from atom ego up to first cause. We must not, however, think of ego as a speck who is to grow in size and power, all by himself, as he gathers experience, for, as we pass outward from the atom, we find intelligence selecting companions from the crowd around him, and driving off unacceptable company. In these humble beginnings this faculty of selection is called "negative

or positive," or the principle of attraction and repulsion, out of which form is born. The astronomer tells us he is watching in yonder nebulae the birth of a universe. That means that egos innumerable are there in active association, and with their united intelligence all directed to one end. In that association is what we call "life," for life is the expression of intelligence amid the conditions of ego's surroundings.

If matter be the result of the gathering of ego atoms into the groups called molecules then "dead matter" is an impossibility. Every atom being alive, every molecule is necessarily permeated by that life. The molecule being composed of individual atoms, becomes itself an expression of individual attraction and repulsion. It has likes and dislikes, the same as the ego atom, for they are the expression of its intelligence. And this intelligence having, in untold eons, passed through the conditions of creative process, the scientist finds it now manifesting as gas, liquid and solid.

Attraction and repulsion are themselves evidence of life, manifesting as conditions may permit. Molecules are only combinations of ego atoms, with intelligence always present, because intelligence inheres to every separate ego. In the rock ego has selected his companions, and to each grouping the scientist gives a name. This choice of associates may at first only manifest as "attraction of cohesion," but it is life. It is the life of God Senior and God Junior expressing itself just as conditions demand and compel. When the crystal has been born there is an outlet for a further display of intelligence. Form now sparkles with beauty, while intelligence is also manifesting law, order, and a creative power which can even repair injury to form. Life is present, because life is the essence of divinity, of which every single atom is a fractional manifestation. Ego is always himself. He has neither brain nor any other organ. They are as unnecessary to ego as they are to God Senior. Presently, by association with others, he achieves form. He has discovered that by association with others he can do things impossible to him alone. He was alive and had power as an atom. As a molecule he shares in the united life and the combined power. There is, as we now discover, no step in the process of world-creation at which life appears. It was always present, and the scientific hunt for the beginning of life on our planet has thus been ever a ludicrous attempt to discover the impossible. This discovery that every form contains life, and is the expression of living egos, will presently be found to give us a foothold by which to reach other truths in the manifestations of life out of which manhood has been evolved.

We want to keep in mind that the live atom being ultra microscopic, that is to say far beyond mortal ken or instrument, will never become an object for study. Yet it remains as an eternal fact. It is life always and everywhere, and always ready with its creative power to multiply when conditions will permit. It is perpetually ready to attract or repel, and conditions will determine the form its intelligence must assume. If the crystal be the highest possible at one era then crystal will be the then ultimate of intelligence and life. The planet itself is but a molecule of the universe, and, in its turn, dominating by its conditions its own little groups of atoms. So the time comes when these conditions permit some molecule to exhibit a new form, which at once becomes a fact in nature. It may be, yes, must be, microscopic, but the life ego is almost infinitely smaller. But ego is its crea-

tive father all the same; or, rather, a group of egos combined their intelligence and power into the new form. It is born with and from intelligence, matter and energy, and brings with it the all-essential feature of life, which is the power to attract to itself other egos, and thus reproduce the new-born form.

Just here comes in the essence of this special study of ego in kindergarten life. We see that life not only does, but must multiply its forms according to prevailing conditions. And the life so born will be in harmony or discord with other life forms, according to those conditions, and must take new shape when conditions demand. Herein is certainly the key to the mysterious forms our scientists are chasing with their microscopes, declaring they are deadly foes of humanity. The microbe and the bacillus are certainly facts, and may be identified among their fellows by an individuality as marked as that of any other form of life. But such microbe is only a half-way house between ego and poor Homo dying of plague cholera. That form is as much the child of ego as every other form of life. Of course it propagates its own, as does every other living thing born of ego and blended into form. It may have been centuries of ages before it reached even microscopic size, and it will die away as surely as mammoth or cave hyena, when conditions change, and not before. Homo is waking to his power. He has discovered that amongst other wonderful faculties he can change conditions within his own organism.

I am not proposing to discuss what is called "treatment," whether by drugs, hygiene or active mental energy. The point I want to emphasize is that ego in his degree, and Homo in his degree, are each wielders of creative force. Their emanations which we call "thoughts" are alive, and take form as ultra microscopic specks like ego himself. Such specks are of little might for good or ill until they have blended like to like. There was a time when the planet's whole expression of life was that of monsters, whose fossil forms now decorate our museums. Life was fed by life into such forms under the then existing conditions. And so life must be fed by life till it has evolved from the atom into these microscopic foes before the form of Homo can be made to writhe amid plague, fury and presently dissolved into its unharmed egos.

Let your ego and mine, reader, think thoughts of love, peace, justice, truth—each and all become form specks amid which an inharmonious microbe could find no mates out of which to develop that tiny form. There will always be microscopic life seeking mates and finding them, but most of them become creations that not merely harmonize earth life but presently evolve into forms too refined and spiritual to express pain, suffering and death. The effect of this change we must trace, or our study of ego's experiences will remain imperfect and of very little real value.

San Leandro, Cal.

#### IMPRUDENT MARRIAGES.

This little book by Robert Blatchford, author of "Merrie England," is an answer to the common argument that if all laborers would be industrious and economical and avoid imprudent marriages, everyone would be prosperous and happy. There is not much left of this argument when Mr. Blatchford gets through with it. His conclusion is that if the state of things in England today is such that a man willing to work must be denied the joy of honorable love, marriage and children, then the state of things in England they will not do. The booklet makes interesting reading in America as well, and it costs only five cents. Light of Truth Pub. Co.

Have you seen our Prelims?

#### INSULTING THE CREATOR'S GOODNESS.

About Time for Blasphemous "Religions" to Die Out.

Mr. Hillis, a clergyman of Brooklyn, announced not very long ago his retirement from the Presbyterian church.

At first this occasioned surprise. Since it is proper for a Christian to be labelled with some one of the little denominations which vex mankind, why not one denomination as soon as another? Of course, every attempt by man to write a creed expressing the detailed will of God Almighty is childish impertinence.

A kind Creator made us all, put us here, with laws all tending to our improvement.

Men, in the effort to make religion profitable and interesting, have invented various creeds to threaten and coerce mankind. They are based primarily on a desire to contradict and annoy other religious sects, and partly on the necessity of achieving corporate union and denominational liberality.

They date from a period when men were densely ignorant. Men well meaning, intensely pious, but unable to conceive of universal benevolence, got together to deal out eternal rewards or eternal damnation according to their own personal views of righteousness.

It is strange at this late date to see men disputing questions of dogma. But the Hillis incident is useful.

It will not be believed in a few centuries that a clergyman was compelled to give up his faith—as Hillis has done—or accept doctrines absolutely revolting to human nature.

What manner of man, what ape of the higher class, could possibly accept the dogma that God would punish innocent children?

No being outside the vicious ward of a madhouse really believes that which Hillis has rejected. The technical theory is this:

That God, creating endless millions of beings, has in advance sentenced vast multitudes to eternal hell fire. Nothing they may do after birth, no goodness, no supplications, can save them.

This horrible punishment He has inflicted on creatures unborn, on victims that have not even had a chance to earn such a punishment—were it possible ever to earn it.

The mother is told to look at her five little children and believe that three of them, before their birth, may have been sentenced by God to eternal torment.

What mother believes such horror? Most hideous of all is the suggestion that God thus punishes without cause "for His own eternal glory."

Of course no man could believe this. Of course none does believe it. If any did, it would perhaps be wise to hold such a one under a stream of cold water for about two hours. On emerging he would say: "How can you treat me so merely for believing certain things?" The reply would be: "You believe that God punishes with streams of eternal fire for nothing at all. Go back under the pump."

A great and deeply religious writer—religious in the true sense—has tersely and adequately dealt with this horrible Calvinistic doctrine of "reprobation." We suggest to Dr. Hillis that he read aloud to his congregation this extract from the works of Lecky—a man truly conscientious:

"Of this doctrine it is not too much to say that in the form in which it has often been stated it surpasses in atrocity any tenets that have ever been ad-

mitted into any pagan creed, and would, if it formed an essential part of Christianity, justify the term 'pernicious' which Tacitus applied to the faith. . . . That an all-righteous and all-merciful Creator, in the full exercise of those attributes, deliberately calls into existence sentient beings whom he has from eternity irrevocably destined to endless, unspeakable, unmitigated torture, is a proposition at once so extravagantly absurd and so ineffably atrocious that its adoption might well lead men to doubt the universality of moral perceptions.

"Such teaching is, in fact, simply daemonism, and daemonism in its most extreme form. It attributes to the Creator acts of injustice and of barbarity which it would be absolutely impossible for the imagination to surpass, acts before which the most monstrous excesses of human cruelty dwindle into insignificance, acts which are in fact considerably worse than any that theologians have attributed to the devil."

Here is a consoling thought:

"Those who embrace these doctrines do so only because they believe that some inspired writer has taught them, and because they are still in that stage in which men consider it more irreligious to question the infallibility of an Apostle than to disfigure by any conceivable imputation the character of the Deity."—"History of European Morals," Volume 1, pages 96 and 97.

It is generally supposed, dear readers, that a newspaper must not touch upon religious questions. It is believed by newspaper editors and owners, and especially by newspaper failures, that men are incapable of sane reflection when religious questions are involved.

Undoubtedly it is wise, as a rule, for newspaper writers to let religious questions alone. In realms where argument plays no part there is little use in arguing.

Discussions on religious matters convince no one; therefore, in general, they simply hurt one's feelings while doing no one any good.

But this Hillis matter is out of the usual run. It drags into the light of publicity a theory that should have died out with the ducking of witches and the burning of heretics.

It insults the wisdom and goodness of God. Therefore we are willing to risk the anger of an occasional well-meaning theologian if we may receive in exchange the approbation of Him who made that theologian, and who did not pre-destine him to eternal hell fire.—New York Journal.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE VALUE OF HUMAN REASON.

When I was a young man I placed a higher estimate on the value of human reason than I now do. I then thought reason might be able to reach correct conclusions on every subject which came properly before it. This meant that those well endowed with the faculty, and having access to all the facts in the case, would never miss the truth in their findings, which, of course, would bring all into practical harmony in their views as to the true course of life on all points of our earthly existence. I have learned that this is a grave error. In the practical affairs of life, speaking as a general rule, reason is, and must be for the present, the slave, and not the master. Our mental constitution and educational environments produce what may be called characteristic prejudices to which reason always pays her obedience. In what we may class as the exact sciences, reason may sometimes be found at home and in command. You can teach numerical mathematics, addition, subtraction, multiplication and division so different people, having different mental constitutions, will reach the same result by using the same factors. But give the same facts, historical and anatomical, and one will reason that flesh-eating is desirable if not essential to the greatest physical and mental vigor, and the other will reason that flesh-eating is always injurious.

With the same facts before them, one will conclude it is reasonable to believe the Bible comes to us as the inspired word of God, and another will hold the idea to be supremely ridiculous. By the reading one will reason that the Bible teaches universal salvation, and another will be equally positive that the Bible teaches endless misery for the great mass of mankind. One believes the Bible teaches a blood atonement for sin through the suffering and death of the God-man Jesus, and another will not admit that any such thing is taught. One will believe it teaches monogamy, another polygamy, and another celibacy. And so it goes till you end, if you end at all, with more than fifty different creeds.

One, like Henry George, for instance, believes that the world can never be overpopulated, and that famine like what now prevails in India is, and ever must be, caused by the private ownership of land. That if the public would become one great landlord, renting it to users for all the money it would command, increasing the rental as the number of people increased and competition grew sharper, as private landlords do, it would not only forever stop and prevent a shortage of food supply, but would cure every economic ill. This plan to be carried out in connection with free trade, and a cessation of all other kinds of taxation. Another party reasons that if there was not more than one-half as many people in the famine-stricken district in India there would be twice as much food for each one, and that there can be no permanent cure for famine but to keep population within an abundant food supply. This class admits there are other serious evils, but the idea of limiting the number of one's offspring is not popular among so-called reformers. There is a class of economists in this country having the same facts before them that others have, who think they see all the poverty in the land as connected with the drink question. In their estimation total abstinence from alcoholic drink by all would give all

the comforts of life. There is another class, who believe that squalor is actually less widespread and ruinous than it would be if no liquors were made or drunk. Each class will argue for their position in all honesty, and each believes the other ought to see the point. There is a class that believes interest on money loaned is the parent of most evils, but the Henry George class believe the taking of usury is entirely proper. There is a class who believe prosperity is measured by the amount of the circulating medium that is afloat, and that the question of whether the paper issued has a coin backing cuts no figure; and there are other economists who insist that money panics generally follow an issue of much paper money when there is little coin backing it. They say the facts of history show that great inflation always means a depreciated paper value, sometimes on a graduated scale, as took place because of the issue of irredeemable greenbacks, and sometimes by utter collapse, as has several times followed what has been designated wild-cat banking.

Some believe the government stamp determines the value of all coins, and others believe the money value of the standard coin of a country is determined by the trade value of the bullion it contains. They believe the value of a standard coin is determined by an unwritten international law that is supreme over the legal enactment of any nation. The clashing of these two ideas was the fundamental contention between the two great political parties of this country in 1896. If the intelligence was all on one side, or all except those we might properly conclude had an "ax to grind," it would do more credit to human reason, but where it is so evenly divided, if a level headed man stops to think, he is bound to realize that on all these questions of life, we might about as well be without sense or reason as to be highly endowed. The question of whether the protective tariff was useful to our people has been a leading one in the fore part of the century and in the latter part, and the masses have been swayed from one side to the other repeatedly, so we have had lots of experience both ways; but neither human reason nor our full and varied experience has been able to put the matter at rest. It is not a question of ignorance against intelligence, for the best posted and the greatest intellects disagree.

To be able to know the truth in this matter, neither intelligence nor experience appear to be worth a straw. Human reason has been and is now utterly incapable of deciding whether slavery is right or wrong. It was believed to be right, or at least was not believed to be wrong by not less than one-third of the white people in the United States in 1860, and I believe that fully nine-tenths of the negro slaves believed that their condition was ordained of God. Human reason has never been able to settle the proper status of women, the great majority of both men and women believing that men should make and execute the laws. Even a large number who vote for woman suffrage vote for it on the ground that was once told me. "I shall vote for female suffrage, because I can give no reason why I should not, but I don't believe in it." I spoke of the sentiment in favor of human slavery in 1860. I am not sure but it is really as strong now as it was then. The main argument in favor of slavery then was: "The slaves are incompetent to take care of themselves; therefore the dominant race should care for them in tutelage, the only way that they can be properly cared for." The same argument is now used in support of the policy of keeping our

new possessions in political subjection. If the argument is valid in favor of political bondage, it is equally good in favor of domestic bondage. The question of being able to care for one's self, either in a political or domestic way, is always one of degree even with the most advanced people on earth.

If this nation had been properly fitted for self-government there could have been no civil war. No man knows that there will not be another and another, and Kentucky is not the only state in the Union that is liable to witness partisan bloodshed. There is at least three-fourths of our people who, when they come to an election, care more for party victory than they do for any principle their party, or any other party represents; and for those in that condition a fool is just as good a citizen as one of the highest order of intelligence. A Filipino cannot be less well qualified to take part in a people's government. And our municipal governments are rotten beyond comparison. And still, our pig-headedness makes us really believe we are God-appointed to rule over the islands of the seas. It is evident that real progress must be very slow as long as intelligent people with good intentions are divided into hostile factions, and until reason asserts itself above prejudice and educational bias this must surely be the case. I doubt if reason is really enthroned among the Anglo-Saxon people in the next 1,000 years, but I work for its coming, all the same. SAMUEL BLODGETT.

## KNOWLEDGE AND BELIEF.

Many people make no distinction between knowledge and belief, but the distinction is one which it is important to bear in mind, especially in controversy. Some persons think that they know a great deal because they believe a great deal, and such persons imagine others know less than they do, because they assert only what they know, being reserved in regard to what they do not know.

One may believe much and know but little and one may know a great deal and have a very short creed. The man of large experience and knowledge is cautious and discriminating in accepting unverified statements. The ignorant man is less capable of calculating probabilities and is easily imposed upon by false statements. It is easier to believe as one has been taught than to doubt such teaching. It is easier to think in old ruts which have been worn deep, than it is to strike out mentally in new directions, to think along new lines. It is easier to assent to an old creed, making the authority of a name or book serve in the place of proof, than it is to examine a subject, weigh evidence and make that the basis of belief or disbelief.

It is men who wish to control others and the slaves of authority so controlled, who repeat the threat, "He that believeth not shall be damned," and demand mental submission on penalty of excommunication here and eternal torment hereafter. It is men accustomed more or less to the authority of creeds and to the idea of the pre-eminent importance of believing this or that dogma, who pride themselves more on what they believe than on what they know, and more on the amount of the marvellous they can swallow than on the amount of evidence they can adduce to sustain their views, or on the strength of the reasons they can give for adopting and adhering to them.

Belief must exist without any real evidence and in conflict with the truth. But what one knows, is always true. When a man says I know that I feel

and think, he states a fact of consciousness which is beyond empirical proof and deeper than demonstration. When he affirms that he existed millions of years ago or that he will exist millions of years hence, he states what he believes, not what he knows. That which is believed may be as true as that which is known. What is believed by one person may be known to another. The evidence for a belief may be of every degree of strength from one to ninety-nine in a scale of one hundred, zero representing no evidence and one hundred representing knowledge.

When a proposition is made which the mind has the strongest reasons for believing next to the facts of consciousness, and the axioms and demonstrations of mathematics, most people say that they know that proposition is true, when strictly speaking it is one of those statements, which while it falls short of the requirements of actual knowledge belongs to the highest or least doubtful class of beliefs, and of course for every practical purpose may have all the validity of knowledge.

A conviction is not to be treated as of no value simply because it is a belief. Beliefs move men to action; knowledge guides and corrects them. But before a rational man can ask another to accept his belief he must show that it has a good foundation, and if he fails to convince another he may have reason to suspect that the evidence is weak, or that he has not presented it clearly, or that the person he would convert is not mentally adapted to appreciate the evidence, which in time, however, may produce conviction. Theological teachers have prepared statements of what should be believed, declared disbelief and even doubt sinful in advance, and have then pronounced all who rejected their theological nostrums as deserving and destined to eternal suffering.

Men may be urged to examine, but to urge them to believe is to treat them like children. If the evidence of any claim is good, it will sooner or later be accepted by all rational minds.

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

## KNOWLEDGE OF FOOD

Proper Selection of Great Importance in Summer.

The feeding of infants in hot-weather is a very serious proposition, as all mothers know. Food must be used that will digest, or the undigested parts will be thrown into the intestines and cause sickness.

It is important to know that a food can be obtained that is always safe; that is Grape-Nuts.

A mother writes: "My baby took the first premium at a baby show on the 8th inst., and is in every way a prize baby. I have fed him on Grape-Nuts since he was five months old. I also use your Postum Food Coffee myself." Mrs. L. F. Fishback, Alvin, Tex.

Grape-Nuts food is not made solely for a baby food by any means, but is manufactured for all human beings who have trifling, or serious, difficulties in stomach and bowels.

One especial point of value is that the food is predigested in the process of manufacture, not by any drugs or chemicals whatsoever, but simply by the action of heat, moisture and time, which permits the diastase to grow, and change the starch into grape sugar. This presents food to the system ready for immediate assimilation.

Its especial value as a food, beyond the fact that it is easily digested, is that it supplies the needed elements to quickly rebuild the cells in the brain and nerve centers throughout the body.

TELEPATHY OR SPIRIT MESSAGE?

Some years ago when residing in Minneapolis, as a Unitarian minister, I spent my summer vacations in the neighborhood of Maiden Rock, a beautiful and lovely little country village in Wisconsin some 60 miles south of St. Paul. After a month's stay with friends on a farm I went back to Minneapolis with the intention to make a short visit to another friend, who owned a farm near Grantsburg about 70 miles north of St. Paul. I met this friend, who was editor of a weekly newspaper, in the city, and as he could not yet leave for the country we agreed that I should go out to his farm right away, where he would join me later. We separated with that understanding. Before I took the train to Grantsburg, however, I called on a family on the eastside and learned that the lady of the house had to go out to Maiden Rock that very day on some business of her own, and as she was not well acquainted there she asked if I would accompany her, to which I consented, and so we took the next train for Maiden Rock in such a haste that I did not even have time to tell my friend that I was not going to his farm that day as he expected me to do.

The next day I took the train from Maiden Rock to Minneapolis. We had hardly gone two miles from the station when a steamchest on the engine burst and the train was standing on the tracks for about two hours, until the chest was fixed. As the road here winds its way in many curves along the Mississippi, so that the train is hidden behind the high bluffs—often cannot be seen at a distance of a couple of hundred yards, and other trains are liable to pass the track at any time. I commenced to feel somewhat nervous and uneasy. When I at last arrived at Minneapolis I took the first train out to my friend's farm near Grantsburg without going to see him or letting him know what had happened. The first I heard from him was through a letter to his wife, which arrived a few days after my arrival there and in which he asked her if I was there yet, adding he had some reason to believe that I was in some dangerous situation, perhaps dead. I became highly surprised and anxious to learn his reasons for such a fear; and what I learned at our next meeting was this: The day I left Maiden Rock and the time of the day when the little accident on the road occurred he was sitting at his desk in his office writing an editorial for his paper, when suddenly his hand was seized by some power and the following words written, "I am dead." The sentence was signed with my name, and the handwriting did not resemble either my own or that of my friend.

Was this a telepathic message or a spirit communication? It certainly must have been either of the two, for my friend, who received it, had not the least idea of me being in any dangerous situation. On the contrary, he had every reason to believe me being in safety on his farm, where I said I was going when we separated. How is it possible in a case like this to decide wherefrom the message comes? Or is it possible at all? I would like very much to have this question answered by some experienced Spiritualist, who has had similar experiences and thought on the subject.

HOMO SAPIENS.

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THE CRIME OF PRUDISHNESS.

Prudes are criminals!

Not against the laws of pigmy man, but against the laws of nature, against the laws of God. To them the body is something vulgar, not to be mentioned or to be disclosed even to the fresh pure air. They live in this atmosphere of impurity and narrowness. It stamps its influence upon their bodies and upon their features. They have no mind or opinions of their own. Their standard is based on what Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so will think, not upon a clear apprehension of what they consider to be right or wrong. They go through life mental and physical slaves. They grow up with these perverted narrow ideas, and must often wonder how a pure mind can possibly exist in such a vulgar habitation. All this is a perversion of the natural, and is criminal in character.

But the horrible crime of prudishness is illustrated the most startlingly in the endeavor to hide and ignore the sexual instinct. May heaven help the children of prudes, for no help, no knowledge can be obtained from their parents. They will stand by and see their children struggling in the mire and filth of sexual depravity without a word of assistance. They will see them go blindly, innocently up to and over the precipice of self-abuse without a hint as to the true character of the terrible results that will follow this base habit. They are the perverts of the earth! They have no right to curse others because of their impure minds! They ought to be jailed just as any other dangerous criminal!

It is considered a crime to cripple or kill a man, and when an engineer kills and cripples scores of persons by neglect he is considered criminally liable. But prudes, placed in the position of parents, allow their children to deform and weaken their bodies, demoralize and degrade their minds and morals, and at times produce even death, by their criminal prudishness and neglect, and no voice of protest is heard.

Look back on childhood and youth, you men, you women, and recall the knowledge that you had to acquire by physically degrading and demoralizing influences! When you were enclosed in the throes of this mental and at times physical agony, did you never think of the plain duty of your parents? Have you ever wondered if the barbaric rites and cruelties of savages could have such physically deteriorating influences as this worse than savage neglect?

All hail the day when this curse of prudishness, with its vulgar idea of the nude, shall have disappeared. Then our boys and girls will have some chance of growing into manhood, into womanhood, without being weakened and demoralized physically and mentally because of sexual ignorance.—Physical Culture.

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POPULAR FEATURES.

The Coming Age for this year will contain a strong serial story by Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider, entitled "Two Hearts for One." It began in the January number and will continue through the year. The time of the story is during our great civil war. It is a romance of life and love, very strong and quite dramatic.

Short stories and sketches of the lives of the earth's great men and women and studies of great books will also be monthly features of The Coming Age. The department of Authentic Dreams and Visions will receive special attention, as also will the department of Health Through Rational Living. Conversations with leading thinkers, preceded by popular editorial sketches, portraits of leading men and women. The department of Books of the Day and editorials will go to make this magazine in the best sense of the word popular, and with the great original essays appearing each month will contribute to the broad culture of its readers and render it indispensable to all thinking people who wish to be in touch with the best thought of the time.

In their prospectus for the ensuing year the publishers state that it is their purpose to make The Coming Age brighter, stronger and better than it has been during the past year, and this, to our readers, who are acquainted with the magazine, is promising much. They say that they propose to make this magazine a library of bright interest and virile thought, which shall appeal to every member of the home circle and prove indispensable to those who wish to keep abreast with the best ideas of the wonderful incoming age.

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## SAYINGS AND DOINGS

OF

Rev. Dr. Talkwell,

OF

BY C. S. CARR, M. D., Columbus, Ohio, OF

### DR. TALKWELL ANSWERS THE QUESTION WHAT IS CHRISTIAN WORK?

As Dr. Talkwell was about to close his service last Sunday morning a man arose and asked the privilege to propound a question. The doctor consented and the following question was asked: "What do you mean by Christian work?" The doctor answered as follows:

Nearly every day I am consulted by some one with reference to practical Christian work. A great many people want to know what can be done, in a practical way, towards doing the work which the Master expected his followers to do.

In attempting to give advice in this direction the peculiar surroundings of each person have to be considered. What one man or woman can do easily would be very difficult for another one to attempt. I am not, at this time, speaking of Christian ministers. As I have so frequently stated before, a Christian minister is one who turns his back on all remunerative vocations and loses himself among the poor and outcast, for Christ's sake; becomes poorer than the poorest of them, and finds himself without reputation, without home, and without any organized support; in short, finds himself where Jesus predicted he would find himself, where Jesus found himself.

But all people can, in a partial way, do this sort of work. The merchant, the law maker, the artist, the artisan, the preacher, the teacher, the day laborer, each and all can, in spite of their worldly vocations, do a great deal of the Master's work, if they would.

Since I have made a move in this direction myself I have been frequently consulted by those wishing to do something in this line. No man can, in a public way, give this sort of advice. Each man's case must be considered separately and judged according to its special conditions. But I wish to give you, briefly, this morning, the work of one man, in an adjoining city, who in addition to his vocation by which he supports himself, does a great deal of the Master's work. This man is only one of many that I know doing similar work, but he serves to illustrate what may be done.

The work that he does in this direction has no salary attached whatever, and is a means of constant expense rather than income. The work must be done between the hours devoted to his regular employment.

He is a member of the county visiting committee where he belongs, appointed by the judges of his county, for the purpose of visiting all of the public institutions supported by the county, in whole or in part. The visits to these institutions are made in behalf of the inmates, to see that they are properly housed, properly treated and properly cared for. The institutions to which these visits are made include the workhouse, the city prison, the county jail, the orphans' home,

the infirmary and many other similar institutions of the county where he lives.

This committee is expected to make an annual report to the judges of the county, in which the condition of these institutions is set forth. Thus, in a very practical way, he is able to bring a strong influence to bear in behalf of the criminal, the pauper, the sick and the demented. He visits these institutions clothed with sufficient authority to command attention and respectful consideration. It will be, of course, impossible to measure the amount of good that a wise and willing man could effect in this way, but it must be very great. These visits are made at odd intervals, which are used by the average man in the pursuit of pleasure, and yet it is doubtful whether anyone could find greater satisfaction and recreation than the subject of our sketch finds in this very business.

The acquaintances made in these institutions open to him the doors of other institutions and enterprises, to which he could not, otherwise, find a welcome. This man is also a member and director of the Humane society of the city where he lives, which gives him easy and ample opportunity to wield a powerful influence in the protection of defenseless human and brute creatures.

I am not saying that he is able to use all of these opportunities to their fullest extent, or that any one man could be able to do so, but by seeking these relations to society he has put himself in a way to make the most of the spare time at his disposal, and so related himself to the forces of organized society as to be able to accomplish more good in an hour than an isolated man could accomplish in a week.

Again, this man is a director of the workhouse of his city, where the most of the city offenders are confined; has charge of the Sunday services, has a keen interest in the welfare of the prisoners, becomes personally acquainted with large numbers of them, with whom he remains friends after their discharge, is alive to the benefits of the system of paroles by which prisoners are allowed their freedom under certain moral restrictions, and through this institution he can, in countless ways, set in motion forces that work toward righteousness, which ramify into every nook and cranny of the city where he resides.

The prestige and authority which these official relations give him enable him many times to accomplish in a single moment what would cost another man many days of patient endeavor. All this is done without any remuneration, save the satisfaction of doing it. All this is done at times ordinarily spent in the pursuit of pleasure. Instead of base ball, the horse race, theatre, bowling alley, excursion rides, summer vacations, instead of these things, he prefers to spend the intervals between business hours in this way. Whether he gets more or less pleasure out of life by this course we

cannot know until we have tried it for ourselves, but if I were to judge from his appearance and conversation, I should say that the life of the average sporting man falls far, far, below in point of pleasure that which this man enjoys.

In addition to these things, the subject of our sketch has a little fund of money which he loans, without interest, to worthy people personally known to him, who are in sore distress. It happens, many times, that a poor widow has been obliged to borrow a small sum of money, for which she is paying an exorbitant rate of interest to some money lender, who holds a chattel mortgage on all she possesses. After he has bled her to the extent of her ability he forecloses his mortgage, selling everything she has, practically setting her out of doors.

It is in these cases that this man steps in, and is generally able to settle the matter for a few dollars, which is loaned to the distressed one without interest. He has never yet lost a cent of money in this way, and he has assisted a great many such cases. By the aid of lawyers who give their services in such cases for nothing, he generally finds that the victim has already paid on this mortgage all that the money lender is entitled to, but in some cases a few dollars remain to be paid, which is done. The small fund which he devotes to this purpose might have been spent in pew rents, or a fast horse, or a summer vacation, or some other personal indulgences, but whether it would have brought him such satisfaction in that way as it does in the way in which he uses it is very doubtful, indeed.

Another thing which the subject of this sketch does, his house is open to the friendless at all times. He has no other social relations except people who are in distress, who need counsel or temporary assistance. These are his chosen companions. At any time, day or night, his doors are open to them. No one is ever turned away hungry or friendless. Every one is made welcome, and his attic rooms have been the haven where numberless poor, stranded, defenseless creatures, have found that temporary rest and recuperation needed to keep them from sinking beneath the waves of despair and oppression.

His social relations are absolutely limited to this class of people. It is this class that surround his table on Thanksgiving day and Christmas dinner. It is this class that gather around his fireside on long winter evenings and spend the time in song and conversation. It is upon this class he calls, when driving about the city. It is to this class he talks and writes, and it is to the defense of this class that he uses what influence and ability he may possess.

Now, in this hasty sketch, I have only hinted at the real life which I have tried to hold up before you. This is what I call Christian work. What this man's devotional habits are I do not know; but he spends little or no time in the public service of the church. It is my impression that he is not very popular in the church to which he belongs, and is more or less of an enigma, if not a positive annoyance, to his pastor. He has tried to use the church in many ways to forward his practical schemes for righteousness, and while he has found individual members of the church willing, yet the church as an institution, he tells me, is nearly or quite useless to render assistance in any practical way. The time and money spent in ecclesiastical institutions only render him less able to carry on the work of the Master.

It may be that I have given some of you the impression that the man whom I have been describing is a sour-visaged, ascetic, useless old fogey, who has no relish of life, or interest in the joys of modern civilization. This is not true. A more genial, humorous, fun-loving, unconventional, exuberant, rollicking fellow, I have never known. With his family it is a perpetual picnic. They play and sing, and talk together like children of the same age, and their home life is simply ideal in its unstinted happiness and absolute freedom, both mental and physical. At their house there is no conventional Sunday, nor family altar, nor mechanical observance. Everything is spontaneous, and each one is a law for himself.

I believe all this is as it should be. And while I do not doubt that a closer acquaintance would reveal many imperfect things, and disclose many things that could be improved, yet I think that the life that I have tried to hold up before you is in the direction of that life which Jesus came to bring to the world.

Everybody can do more or less with this kind of work if they wish. If the churches were holding up this kind of life as Christian work and this kind of character as evidence of a genuine Christian experience there would, no doubt, be more such work done. But so long as a miraculous conversion is proclaimed as the only genuine evidence of Christian character will render little or no assistance to practical Christian work.

In short, my idea of Christian work exactly accords with Jesus when he said as recorded in Matthew, Chap. xxv, 31st to 37th verse:

"But when the son of man shall come in his glory, and all the angels with him, then shall he sit on the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all the nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me."

#### SUGGESTION: THE SECRET OF SEX.

How to control the sex of an unborn child, to make it a boy or a girl as desired, has been the riddle that men and women have thought and wondered over since the world began. Only within a few years has any progress been made. The best minds of the medical profession have lately turned to this subject, and Dr. C. Wilbur Taber has now made a thorough study of the results they have obtained, and has written a book that is easily understood by any one and gives new ideas of immense practical value. We believe that any husband and wife who carefully read this volume together and apply the method suggested by Dr. Taber will find themselves able to choose for themselves the sex of their future children instead of leaving it to chance.

Suggestion: The Secret of Sex, is a book 8x5 1/4 inches in size, handsomely printed on heavy paper of extra quality, and bound in vellum cloth with gold stamping. We will send it postpaid on receipt of one dollar.

THE LIVING TEMPLE OR THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN—By Dr. C. H. T. Benton. 10 cents.

"Our Bible—Who Wrote It, When, Where, How"—Moses Hull's new and greatest work, is for sale at this office. Price, \$1.00.

You haven't read Pendragon Posers, eh? Price ten cents.

## REMINISCENCES

Rambles in Maine—Boston and Bangor Steamship Co.  
—Etna Camp Meeting.

BY JAY CHAAPEL.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul  
from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills! No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.  
—Longfellow.

The state of Maine, to a close observer, appears a charming and wonderful region, not alone in its enchanting and sublime scenery, but also in its interprising and intellectual men and women. It has more vast and continuous forests than the whole soil of Massachusetts, and contains about 32,000 square miles, it being nearly half of all New England, and equal in area to Scotland or Ireland, or to Belgium and Holland united.

It is one-seventh the size of Texas and twice as large as Greece, with 3,000 square miles of inland lakes that are the reservoirs of the great, beautiful rivers—the Penobscot equalling the famous Hudson in beauty and grandeur of scenery in its thousands of curves and mountain heights.

The Pine Tree state has become a great summer resort. Its woods, lakes, rivers, hills and mountains attract annually about 200,000 visitors, bringing the state, at a fair estimate, one million dollars, to be distributed among the people.

It was a warm afternoon, August 24, 1898, that I walked down the crooked, historic streets of Boston,—the city of letters, music, art and progress,—to take the steamer "City of Bangor," 1,700 tons, for a sail along the Atlantic coast and up the Penobscot bay and river to Bangor, and thence by rail 16 miles to Etna, Maine, camp meeting. I had just got settled in my stateroom, and commenced reading Emerson Essay on Compensation when Mrs. Ida P. Whittock, a favorite lecturer at Etna, came on board with some friends. Of course I stopped reading and entered into an interchange of thought upon the leading topics of the day.

We left Boston at 5 p. m., a happy throng, old and young, with smiling faces and hopeful anticipations. The sun went down into the placid Atlantic in a flood of silver and golden light. I watched the evening shadows a long time, holding pleasant converse with my friends on the political, religious and social fossils that persist with their conservative, ecclesiastical, tyranny and persecutions, to block the wheels of Beauty, Justice, and Progress.

What a variety of faces, forms, dresses and opinions one meets on the steamers. For a night and a day or two we are friends—part, perhaps never to meet again,—yet a something in face, form, manner or speech engraves itself on our memories that remains many years. I remember vividly and pleasantly a young woman I met on a steamer going down the Ohio river 45 years ago this summer. She was an intense opponent of anti-slavery reforms; and I an intense and enthusiastic admirer of them. I had just read Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the book was discussed pro and con at the sup-

per table on that palatial steamer. That was how I became acquainted with the young woman. The discussion ran high between half a dozen on each side. But ah, me! what vindictive invective was hurled against the Abolitionists and the freedom and human rights of the negro. I thought then as I think now, but with more experience, what strange influences and opinions one gets from their heredity and environments.

We parted next day at Louisville, Kentucky, good friends, though sure the other was in error. But what does the dial of progress and intelligence say today?

I have never seen her since, nor heard from her, yet I can see her face and manner after all these years, distinctly as I do the letters I am tracing, as she said with almost wild vehemence—"I wish Mrs. Stowe was here I would like to wring her neck." I would be glad to meet her again after so many political and social changes with the almost marvelous wonders in material and mental advancement.

Life is a school, and the man or woman who thinks they have graduated and little or nothing more to learn in religion, politics, social and economical life, are objects of commiseration. Sooner or later they will wake from their old foggy sleep and dry-as-dust condition and find themselves stranded on some sandy, barren shore where grass and flowers never greet their eyes nor give any fragrance to their frigid lives. They are fossils, useful perhaps as a study in a museum of antiquities, but of little value in the cause of humanity, justice and freedom.

It was a delightful and instructive sail of 165 miles on the Atlantic ocean to Rockland, Maine—where those who desire can change steamers for Mount Desert, and 70 miles up the Penobscot to the city of Bangor, where ship navigation ends. The vessel was commanded by Captain Otis Ingraham, a fine specimen of noble manhood, physically and mentally—intelligent, genial, tall, graceful and dignified as a Scotch Highlander. He has been sailing these waters over thirty years, becoming so closely in touch with Nature and her beautiful manifestations that in the darkest night by scooping up a handful of sand from the bottom of the river, bay or ocean, and examining it he can tell his location without any other guide.

The dinners on that floating palace, under the careful attention of F. W. Pote, the gentlemanly steward, are all that the most fastidious could desire.

Monhegan Light we reach at 2 o'clock next morning and I got up to drink in the ocean breezes and watch its scintillations long before we got to it.

As we approach Penobscot bay, I see in the distance to the right the light on the ancient Fox islands that constitute the towns of North Haven and Vinal Haven, Me.

Owl's Head Light, with her wierd fog bells and flashing rays gleaming in competition with the slow dawning of day, usher us to the city of Rockland, where we arrive at 4 a. m. and remain an hour putting off and taking on passengers and freight. How the

trucks rattle in the deft, strong hands of those brawny, noble workmen. I say noble, because all good and beautiful things are produced by work, and honest work should be honored, regardless of color or station. An idler is not entitled to honor. We steam on again eight miles, and reach Camden, nestling among high, wooded hills. North of the town is Mount Beattie and towering Meguaticook. I long to climb their rugged sides and view the enchanting scenery. Northport and the Spiritualist camp ground are reached fourteen miles further on.

The great steamer makes a few graceful curves and sails into Belfast at the end of four miles more. This village of 6,000 is at the head of Penobscot bay and its wharf is dotted with gayly attired people, smiling in the morning sunlight. As we leave her picturesque hills, directly in front of the steamer is Sears island. We appear to be running square against its high banks, but the pilot, as straight as an arrow, without a muscle of his face moving, standing at my elbow, his hands on the wheel, scanning with eagle eyes every bend and wave of the mighty stream, makes the steamer with her 300 passengers and hundreds of tons of freight move around those pretty shores with the ease and grace of the sea gulls that flap their wings in the sunlight near us. How the vessel plows on through the strong current leaving a long streak of lace-like foam behind her. I watch it and the grand scenery and think of the sad fate of John Fitch, who invented and built a steamboat and carried passengers for pay on the Delaware river in the summer of 1790, ten or twelve years before Robert Fulton invented one, and to whom an ignorant, thoughtless public have given the credit of inventing the first steamboat. Poor Fitch passed from earth in poverty and a broken heart in 1798, and his grave is unmarked on the banks of the Ohio. I hope some day the American people will do justice to his name and genius.

Here is breezy Fort Point and its summer hotels, where the British built a fortress in 1759 against the French fleet and the Indian bands. All the region is historic now. Opposite Fort Point is Wetmore island (town of Verona), Bucksport 215 miles from Boston, and near there at East Prospect, the government have expended a vast sum of the people's money in building barricades and furnishing cannon in Fort Knox, whose threatening portholes stare us in the face for some distance along the river.

The river now grows rapidly more narrow, and the fragrance from the pineclad hills of the North woods begin to fan my wrinkled brow while every unfamiliar eye and brain are strained to catch all the beauties of Nature possible. Here on the left Mount Waldo and Hegan look down in regal splendor on the little village of Winterport.

We swing around the capes in a fascinating way and reach Hampden, the old home of that illustrious statesman, Hannibal Hamlin, vice president under A. Lincoln, minister to Spain, etc., whom many men in South Carolina during the war believed he was the son of a negro.

Six miles more and we reach Bangor spread over the slopes and crests of the picturesque hills, where 25,000 Yankee, enterprising citizens thrive in material and mental progress. There the largest ships with the flags of all naval nations streaming from their masts, anchor in that mountain stream, and one loaded with lumber floated down from the wilderness and

sawed up in the great mills that line the river for several miles above.

Billions of feet of white pine are shipped from that port to the cities of other states; it also finds its way to western Europe, competing with the lumber of Michigan, Canada and Norway. All the building lumber imported by Africa goes from the United States, and nearly all used in Madeira goes from Maine and Nova Scotia.

What a contrast today along the Penobscot river and when Martin Pring first sailed up the limpid waters with two ships June 7, 1603. He was the first white man to tell of its unrivaled scenery.

Of what great value are forests in the economy of nature; protecting men and beasts from heat and cold. Trees! how I love them. The porch, where I write, is shaded all the long day by two large trees—the mulberry and umbrella—China, with dense foliage. What a great variety of trees America produces. Sir J. D. Hooker said of a native forest near St. Louis, Mo.: "In a little more than half an hour or less than a mile walk, I saw 40 kinds of timber trees, including 11 of oak, two of maple, two of elm, three of ash, two of walnut, six of hickory, three of willow and one each of plane, lime hornbeam (ironwood), laurus, dropyros, poplar, birch, mulberry and horse-chestnut, with about half that number of shrubs."

Our country ancestors knew little of the value of forests; they seemed to owe a grudge to the trees because they were in the way where they wanted to raise wheat and corn.

France, Spain and Italy and other countries have suffered greatly from the destruction of the forests.

New England is learning valuable lessons and is now growing large forests rapidly.

Half an hour from Bangor on the Maine Central railway leaves us on the Etna Camp ground, pleasantly situated in a grove on the Daniel Buswell farm. Mr. and Mrs. Buswell are veteran Spiritualists, and have done valiant service in entertaining old-time speakers and mediums. The Etna Camp has been running twenty-three years, and is attended by a large, intelligent and enthusiastic concourse of people. The managers—three women and three men—exhibit a zeal, in connection with the people for equal rights and progress that is very attractive and commendable; employing good speakers and good music—not the drawling, moaning kind—and attend strictly to practical business, dispensing largely, if not entirely with the palaver common in churches and gatherings tinctured with silly, degrading ceremonials where they pray and sing lugubrious hymns to an imaginary God. It will be a happy day when our camp meetings eliminate every vestige of church forms, music and prayer, etc. Philosophy and science need no prayers nor invocations to bolster them up. As I write I hear the notes of a waltz from a piano across a field of orange trees bending under their precious fruit and it is many times more inspiring and elevating than a thousand hymns and chants played and sang by the most skillful artists.

Mr. A. F. Burnham of Ellsworth, Me., the president, a lawyer and farmer, made a very practical, appropriate address of welcome in the somewhat unique pavillion that seats 800 persons. I remained during the session—ten days—studying the people, the country and listening with absorbing interest and instruction to the lectures of H. D. Barrett, one of Maine's brilliant men, J. Frank Baxter, Ida P. A. Whittock, A. E. Tisdale, the blind me

(Continued on Page 11.)

## Light of Truth

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I HONOR ANY MAN OR WOMAN WHO IN THE CONSCIENTIOUS DISCHARGE OF THEIR DUTY DARES TO STAND ALONE. THE WORLD, WITH IGNORANT, INTOLERANT JUDGMENT, MAY CONDEMN, THE COUNTENANCES OF RELATIVES MAY BE AVERTED AND THE HEARTS OF FRIENDS GROW COLD, BUT THE SENSE OF DUTY DONE WILL BE SWEETER THAN THE APPLAUSE OF THE WORLD, THE COUNTENANCES OF RELATIVES OR THE HEARTS OF FRIENDS.—CHARLES SUMNER.

We learn from our esteemed contemporary, The Banner of Light, that the editor of The Sunflower, Brother Bach, is still very ill at his home at Lily Dale. The good wishes and deep prayers of our people will surely go out for the sufferer. Brother Bach is in the heyday of a valuable career on the earth plane and is needed here.

Mr. Charles W. Lentz and Miss Merrie Morgan, both of Columbus, O., were united in marriage at Akron, O., on July 16, by E. W. Sprague, assisted by Mrs. Sprague. The many friends of the happy couple in this city will be glad to know that they have united their lives thus intelligently and well.

About the first of September Moses Hull leaves for Nanaimo, B. C., where he is to hold a discussion with a Methodist minister by the name of Baer. It is a long distance to see anything except the finish of that minister.

It is reported in a Dixon, Ill., paper, that Francis Schlatter, the man who "went about doing good" in Denver, Colo., some years ago has been in Dixon.

### WAR.

Naturally, as the race evolves from the animal to the spiritual, a feeling grows against all cruelties and makes for peace. But this growth is not uniform. It follows certain predestined orders, in which a few always lead. They are the vanguard, the beacon light, the spiritual magnets, to draw the world after them. But "large bodies move slowly." The masses cannot follow, except in the distance, in the far away horizon veiled by the crimson clouds of passion and carnal impulse. There is no cross cut route to the kingdom of heaven. Babies

must be before they are men and women, anything must grow by steadily advancing steps, through all the variations and vicissitudes attendant upon human evolution. The great body of humanity are yet in the condition of childhood, crude, weak, impulsive, passionate, cruel, selfish, swayed by prejudice and ruled by certain dominant circles of influence and suggestion, while blind credulity makes them an easy prey to designing ambition and religious madness, and they drift as the ruling currents in the social sea impel them.

The course of human events is not accidental. No man or class of men can greatly change it. Great leaders arise and seem to hold the destiny of the people or nation in their hands. But what are they but expressions of that destiny which brought them forth and compels them to act? What was Napoleon but "A man of destiny" whose career was mapped upon his soul before he was born? What was Jesus but a product of psychic causes moulding the inner life to certain intensified expressions that materialized in his life and character? What was Lincoln but a railsplitter, whose rugged moral sense, and far-seeing intellect, evolved by causes back of his birth, fitted him for the most critical position in the history of this nation? What was his rare honor as an American statesman, but the expression of heredity and the circumstances that made him the central figure in the great crimson conflict of a terrible fratricidal war? Had their been no trained military men at that time to direct the course of events where would this nation be today? If all the schools of discipline and military tactics of a nation were abandoned, and a peace footing at once declared, how long would law and order reign? We love peace; we believe in peace; we hope for peace "in the sweet bye and bye." But it is not a miracle to be wrought at will. It will not come at the bidding of any authority. No government on earth can establish it until it evolves. It can only be successful when the people have grown to it. Rulers are not—cannot be—much in advance of the people they rule. If all the nations of the earth were to enter into an agreement today that war should be no more, they could not maintain it. The elements of war are in the people. It is their inheritance from the world they inhabit, the universe that evolved them. The elements are at war. Cyclonic wrath paves the valleys of peace and beauty with ruin and woe. Earthquakes growl. Volcanoes belch forth their fiery eloquence and strew the plains with desolation. Jungles echo with the growl of the tiger, the roar of the lion, the scream of vultures and the venomous hiss of the serpents. The first voice of infancy is a wail, another passion—storms of the world repeat themselves in every human life. "Let us have peace" came from the lips of a great warrior, and the world applauded his military success. But he could not make peace except as destiny willed. But every thought counts one. Every appeal to the higher sentiments adds its unction to the growing tree of life. Every dew drop distilled from the sultry air upon the open bosom of plant and flower does its part towards inspiring its life. Every sweet word that thrills the air with a loving emotion enriches the heart of society and softens the asperities of life. It may require many centuries of appeal, and the gentle tonic of love and good will dropped like healing balm into the world's great wounds, to bring the crude millions out of the maelstrom of war and establish a reign of peace. It will not change the processes of evolution to scold and censure individuals,

or nations. The best, and all, we can do is to encourage the superior sentiments, cultivate peaceful ideals, add our mite to the sum of causes that move the world, act well our own part, and abide the issues of destiny as they appear in the irresistible tide that flows along the centuries toward a higher civilization, and human righteousness expressed in a divine brotherhood. We look to the influence of the new Spiritual Era, which is rapidly establishing a closer bond of union between Earth and Heaven, and focalizing the love and wisdom of the Spirit World upon the human race, for much in hastening the progress of humanity and the upbuilding of superior manhood, and making possible the abolition of war, capital punishment, and all forms of barbarism, which have clung to every age and race as an inheritance. But it is of first importance to establish, upon a scientific basis, the certainty of the spiritual life, and the potential impact of its thoughts and impulses, its all-embracing love, and ministrations of wisdom, so thoroughly, and so universally, as to make it a conscious realization to all, in every sphere and phase of experience, and the counsels of the wise and good a constant incentive to all for cultivating character and living for the good we may do. Then the races will rapidly evolve out of the cruel carnage of war.

### SUPERSTITION.

Christians are quite free with the superstitions they find among the "heathen." They seem to enjoy airing them, as evidence of their degradation, and need of missionary help to enlighten them. The motive is good. No doubt many—possibly all—missionaries, sincerely believe they are doing a great service to the "heathen Chinese" by carrying to them the message of the cross—interpreted from their own sectarian standpoint. Christian countries have many advanced ideas, and methods, many educational improvements, many superior moral codes, that might be useful to all other lands. But they also have many very questionable maxims and methods, and many governmental, as well as religious usages, that would disgrace the heathen they despise. On the whole the United States must be conceded to be the most enlightened and progressive country on the globe. A larger per cent of the "common people" are intelligent, especially concerning their own government, and the relations of society, and outlines of science, than those of any other country. We may also say that there is a more general diffusion of knowledge on religious questions, and the rational interpretation of the various systems of theology in this than in any other countries of equal population. Nevertheless, there are superstitions dominating the prominent religious sects, quite as absurd as ruling the heathen mind.

A writer in the Sunday Dispatch thus presents the case of the Boxers and their allies: "From some of them, who arrived by the Empress, it was learned that the Boxer forces get many recruits from the superstition of the native mind. Millions believe that the time has now come to expel the foreigners from China. The continued drought and the immanence of famine, are represented by the agitators to be through the anger of the Gods, because of the foreign heresies." To the Christian, this is superstition, and implies the base ignorance of the poor deluded heathen. But what worse is this than the Christian belief that his God punishes wickedness by fire and flood; follows armies and listens to

chaplain's prayers, and gives victory to the arms of the "chosen people"?

Again it is said that "the Boxers think they are invulnerable to bullets. Each Boxer believes that he is possessed of some departed hero, or beast, a monkey, fox, or tiger, and that he is assisted by them. Hence the monkey-possessed men can jump over houses, and the fox-possessed men have preternatural eyesight." One would suppose that experience would soon undeceive them when they undertake to jump over a house. But is this any less reasonable than to believe that God sent an angel to destroy 80,000 men in one night?

"They have mediums whom they consult when there is a special piece of devilry they wish to commit." When Gideon was about to enter upon a campaign for the slaughter of the enemies of Israel, made a medium of a fleece of wool, and God communicated by a sign agreed upon, which took from 12 to 24 hours to fully realize and settle Gideon's doubts.

"They are very devout, and never pass a temple without stopping to knock their heads." As Christians regard devotion a virtue they can hardly hold this charge against the heathen as a superstition. This habit of knocking heads may be offset by the Catholic habit of crossing himself at every trifling incident which he suspects his God may not approve. In fact, there is no superstition among the heathen that cannot be paralleled in the history of Christianity. But it is a convenient epithet for those who can find no better argument against a religion they do not approve. Christians often denounce Spiritualism as superstition, and there are many superstitious Spiritualists. But Spiritualism, rationally interpreted, is the freest from this weakness of any system in the world. It is the most complete antidote for superstition ever discovered. While accepting and dealing with the spiritual universe, and all occult relations, it reduces all to a scientific basis, and consistent natural philosophy. It recognizes the spiritual as correlated to the physical everywhere. It shows us that the after life is as real and natural as this life, and that law reigns as really in the spiritual as in the physical universe. It introduces us to the invisible and demonstrates its close communion with the visible world and proves that there is one continuous, individual life for all; and that death is an incident—an epoch—in the history of each human soul; that it is all one life, with different phases, and a spirit is as natural as a mortal. With a rational interpretation of all phenomena, a cause for every effect, the recognition of universal order in all departments of nature, the reign of law in the spiritual as really as in the physical, that death is as natural as birth, that a ghost is no more mysterious than a man of flesh and blood, and that spirits are natural, finite human beings, and generally our friends, seeking a closer acquaintance and desiring to educate, assist and inspire us, and to lift the veil of mystery and awe that we may see as we are seen and know as we are known, and share in the love and wisdom of all related spheres of life; with all of this realized, superstition can find no abiding place in human nature. Ignorance is the mother of superstition and knowledge is the universal emancipator and savior of the world.

By the will of the late Francis H. Woods of San Francisco, Mrs. Elizabeth L. Watson and her daughter, Mrs. Grant Taylor of Santa Clara, Cal., have been made substantial beneficiaries, and their hosts of friends everywhere will wish them joy.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Under the above heading will be given weekly hereafter short, crisp letters from readers on topics treated in the editorial columns of the Light of Truth. This is done to afford our readers an opportunity to discuss the subjects in a suggestive manner.

Mr. Editor: As you are a fearless champion of the cause of truth and was waving its banner valiantly when you denounced the course taken by the Federation of Women's Clubs of Milwaukee, I think the criticism you received on the latter subject unjust. If senators and representatives sit in the halls of legislation with the negro, shall a few women refuse to listen or accept the divine principles of truth though they come from the great All-Father through the brain of a negro woman? I was present at the unveiling of the statue of Abraham Lincoln. A negro, Fred Douglas, was the orator. President Grant pulled the rope that unveiled the statue, cabinet members, senators, congressmen, judges of the supreme court were there; as the curtain fell the earth trembled from the mighty shout that arose as one voice. Order being restored, the noble orator (negro) turned to the audience: "I will not proceed further, my speech will be published tomorrow."

"No! Hear! Hear! Hear!"

Will enclose a poem clipped from the Banner of Light some years ago, which evidences views of love and harmony that ought to exist as between the races.

Sincerely,  
A. L. WHITEHALL,  
Lovett, Ind.

## THE SACRAMENT.

An Inspirational Poem by Miss Lizzie Doten.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by H. F. Gardner, M. D.)

The aged Pastor broke the bread—  
With trembling hands he poured the wine—

"Eat—drink"—in earnest tones he said,  
"These emblems of a life divine,  
His body broken for your sins;  
His blood for your salvation shed;  
The priceless sacrifice that wins  
Life and redemption from the dead."

See how with tender love he stands,  
And calls you to his faithful heart;  
Lo! from his wounded side and hands,  
Again the crimson life-drops start.  
Oh sinner! wherefore will you stay,  
Regardless of your lost estate?  
Come at your Savior's call today,  
Before, alas! it is too late."

Forth from his lonely seat apart,  
A dark-browed Ethiopian came,  
As if new life had stirred the heart,  
That beat within his manly frame.  
"Oh give to me," he meekly said,  
"A portion of that heavenly food;  
I too would eat the living bread,  
And find salvation through his blood."

The Pastor turned with wondering eyes;  
But when he saw the dusky brow,  
He answered with a quick surprise—  
"Ho! bold intruder! Who art thou?  
The master's table is not free  
To give the low-born servant place—  
Such privilege can only be  
For his accepted sons of grace."

Upon the dusky brow there glowed  
A flush that was not wrath or pride,  
As forward he majestic strode,  
And stood close by the altar side.  
The broken bread his left hand spurned  
With sudden movement to the floor,  
While with his right he quickly turned  
The consecrated chalice o'er.

One instant, for the tempest-cloud  
To gather on each pallid face,  
And then uprose the angry crowd,  
To thrust him from the sacred place.  
With conscious might he raised his hand—  
A being of resistless will—  
And uttered the sublime command  
That hushed the tempest—"Peace, be still!"

The waves of wrath and human pride  
Rolled back, without the power to harm,  
The angry murmurs surged and died,  
And lo! there was a breathless calm.  
The dusky brow to dazzling white,  
Had in one fleeting instant turned,  
And round his head a halo bright  
Of heaven's resplendent glory burned.

"I do reject," he calmly said,  
"These outward forms—this bread, this wine;  
Lo! at my table all are fed,  
Made welcome by a love divine.  
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,  
The black, the white, the bond, the free,  
The sinful, the heart impure—  
Forbid them not to come to me.  
Too long, too long, have faithless creeds

Shut out the sunshine from above,  
While human hearts, with human needs,  
Have perished from the lack of love.  
Oh break for them truth's living bread,  
Let love, like wine, unhindered flow;  
Thus would I have the hungry fed,  
And let these outward emblems go."

Then from the altar-side there rose  
A cloud with matchless glory bright,  
As when at evening's calm repose,  
The sun withdraws his radiant light.  
But though so far removed from all,  
He seemed in presence to depart,  
The seed of living truth let fall  
Took root in many a thoughtful heart.

## AT CLINTON, IOWA.

The camp meeting at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia., opened Sunday, July 29, under favorable auspices. The weather was beautiful, the grounds lovely, the people happy and hopeful, and the speakers at their best. Professor Peck delivered a fine opening address, followed in the afternoon by Willard J. Hull. A test seance, Dr. J. M. Temple, medium, at 4 p. m., closed the public exercises of the day. The program began with flag raising ceremonies at 9 a. m. The music was grand. The Clinton brass band of 20 pieces was present for concert purposes, while Prof. Zumbach's choir of four voices and an accompanist served at the meetings. To say that this choir met the approbation of the audience is putting it mildly. It is doubtful if a more complete vocal organization has ever been heard at any Spiritualist camp meeting. Many improvements have been made on the grounds during the past few years, among them an auditorium of substantial and ornate form, seating 1,500 people. The dining room and kitchen have been improved by an elaborate addition to the latter, which admits of better service in every way. Much pride is being taken in beautifying the grounds, and evidences of harmony and good will abound on all sides. The Mississippi Valley association is practically out of debt and bids fair to take the lead in providing one of the most attractive and important gathering places for Spiritualists anywhere between the two oceans.

## THE PAGAN AND THE CIVILIZEE.

"Foreign devils!" cry the Chinese.  
"Yellow fiends!" we retort. "Masacre without mercy!" they scream. "No quarter!" we shout. The reason given by a southern gentleman for his dislike of the negro recalls itself. "I dislike the negro," said the colonel, "because he's so infernally like a white man."—Philadelphia North American.

Thackeray said: "Those who are gone from you, you have. Those who departed loving you, love you still, and you love them always. They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true, they are only gone into the next room and you will probably get up and follow them and yonder doors will close upon you and you will be seen no more."

The experience of cooling a great hall with liquid air is about to be tried at the New York theater. The Ostergren and Burger company has contracted to supply 50 gallons of liquid air per night during the heated term.

As an Arizona man who was bitten by a Gila monster is only half paralyzed, the suggestion forces itself that the Gila monster is just half as poisonous as half a dozen drinks of Arizona whisky.

Judging from what we know personally among the people of the marriage relation, divorce is holier than wedlock.

## THE PITH OF EDITORIAL WRITINGS THIS WEEK.

Professor Weltmer writes us from Nevada, Mo., in regard to the late unpleasantness with the Weltmer School of Healing:

"The postal authorities have not detained my mail further than to investigate the methods of my late business manager, J. H. Kelly, after which they denied him the use of the mails, and I have, for business reasons, discontinued my associations with him, and there is no grievance between myself and the government in any particular. My business is progressing very nicely."—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Among the most intelligent and energetic anti-vaccination workers in southern California, is Bascom A. Stephens, formerly editor of the San Diego Daily Vidette, and now a noted journalist in Los Angeles. The anti-vaccination victory in San Diego was complete. The health boards and school boards evidently became satisfied that if they persisted in their bigoted proscription course of excluding from public schools unvaccinated children they would lose their official positions. The tide was against them. Public opinion was against the whole vaccine-virus poisoning business. The California compulsory vaccination law is not law in the best and highest sense of the word. It is merely a statutory enactment which will doubtless be swept off from the statute book at the next session of the legislature.—Temple of Health.

"The Indian Nation" is a clever Calcutta newspaper, with a pleasant touch of unconventionality and freedom about it. We note that it has, in two numbers, printed the main portions of our report of Mr. Hawels' lecture. The following paragraph, drawing attention to this, adds point and piquancy to its manifestation of interest:

We invite the attention of our readers, especially those interested in either Spiritualism or Christianity, to a remarkable address of the Rev. H. R. Hawels on Spiritualism and Christianity, a great portion of which has been reprinted in our columns of the last issue and the present. To us Rev. Mr. Hawels seems to speak only common sense. And we wonder that Christians as a class should be inimical to "Spiritualism" as if their cause was identified or associated with materialism. Indeed it seems to us that Christianity cannot get on without Spiritualism, which of course does not include every form of imposture that has been practiced under the name.—Light, London.

The following story of an artists' premonition is extremely interesting, especially to those who will not grant the reality of dream impressions under any circumstances:

A Rome correspondent writes: The wife of the famous Italian painter, Segantini, who died unexpectedly of pneumonia last year in the Engadine, has written to the editor of the Rivista di Studi Psichici an account of a curious incident which occurred at their home on the Maloja 13 days before her husband's death. Segantini was then perfectly well, and had just finished his important painting, "Death," in which a mountain scene was represented with the figure of a woman weeping over a bier. Segantini was resting in the studio when his wife entered, thinking him asleep. He then told her that while perfectly awake, he had seen his own body on the bier, and had seen her weeping over it amid the scenery represented in the picture. Thirteen days later Segantini died in the small mountain cottage on the Schaffberg above Pontresina, where he stayed while painting. The scene as his body was carried down the mountain was identical with that of which he had had so clear a vision 13 days before.—The Two Worlds.

Our readers will recall a series of prophecies by Dr. Max Muehlenbruch, of California, which were quite definite in their details. Twelve days before the destruction of the Maine in Havana harbor, at a public meeting he prophesied the destruction of one of our war ships with great loss of life. The details are too well known to need repetition.

December 13, 1890, he stated that great complications would arise in China, three other nations being intimately involved. It would appear that England, Germany and the United States are most intimately connected with the present trouble.

March 13, 1898, he foretold the assassination of a high German official in 1900. Does Baron Von Ketteler answer this description?

While the Oregon was on the rocks and it was reported and believed would be a total loss, he said such was not the case, that it would be saved and the cost of repairs would be \$27,000. The first part has been fulfilled and it will be interesting to note the cost of repairs.

To cap the climax he prophesied that King Humbert, of Italy, would be in danger of assassination and it looked as though one of the attempts would be successful. The telegrams giving details of the assassination have hardly yet stopped coming.

As most of these prophecies were published months before the events took place, how are we to account for them? Is it all coincidence and guess work, or is it possible to pierce the veil of the future.—The Sunflower.

The opening of the Spiritualist International congress is definitely fixed for September 15. It will last for 12 days and will be held in the rooms of the Societe Nationale d'Agriculture, 8 rue d'Athenes, pres la Gare St. Lazare, Paris.

A brief announcement has been issued, insisting on the importance of studying the subject of mediumship, and giving due attention to the increased knowledge which has been gained since the congress held in 1880, of the forces which produce effects physical, chemical and physiological; of latent memory, clairvoyance, telepathy, etc. The distinction between automatism and mediumship requires attention in order to discern between real and pseudo-spiritualistic phenomena. The solution of such questions as these may help towards the consideration of the two greater subjects:

1. Belief in successive states of existence.  
2. Belief in the existence of God.—London Light.

The Spiritualists of America will be represented at this important congress through the N. S. A. The delegates appointed were Dr. Deane Clarke, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, and M. Carlos Libert. Dr. Clarke was obliged to return to America before the assembling of the congress, but Mrs. Ballou and M. Libert will both be in attendance. They will, without doubt, present Dr. Clarke's paper and report, in connection with their own, and see that American Spiritualism receives due credit in the report of the congress. It is expected that delegates from many lands will take part in the proceedings, and we trust that much light will be thrown upon all psychic questions through the efforts of the savants at this international congress.—Banner of Light.

A mob rises in New Orleans, and under the excitement of the moment, slaughters a dozen, more or less, of Italians. The civil authorities gain the ascendancy, suppress the disorder, and the general government does all it can to quiet the distant nation of which the murdered people were subjects.

Another mob gains control and shoots down a large number of Chinese in the Rocky mountain region. Their offence: They cheapened labor, by working for smaller wages than Americans. China complains of the outrage, and in due time we atone as far as possible, by paying in dollars and cents for the unfortunate victims of mob violence and Christian hate.

Behold the contrast:

The Western nations sent a body of men to China to undermine and supplant the established religion. They plant colonies all over the empire, and erect fortresses in which they entrench themselves for fear of violence from the people whose "souls" they are anxious to save.

These people feel outraged. When they can endure the insult no longer they organize and determine to abate the nuisance. The foreign representatives attempt to protect the missionaries, and draw upon themselves the hate which, originally, was incited against those who would destroy their religion. The end is havoc and bloodshed. The mob, too powerful to be suppressed by the civil authorities, finally determine to overthrow the government, and it becomes a rebellion.

Now Christian civilization:

The emperor of Germany declares the German flag shall wave over the Chinese capital, and dispatches his fleets and soldiers to make good the threat.

The Cologne Gazette urges a war of vengeance, and the razing of Peking to the ground.

A Paris journalist asks the powers to rush on the Chinese capital, hang the dowager, and destroy the graves of the ruling classes of China.

And right here in Chicago, an influential public journal borrows from the Bible the language of barbarism: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord," and quotes it as authority, and wants the Western nations to become the scourge of God to the great Chinese empire, with its vast domain, its dense population, its older, and so far as its influence is reflected on the people, a better religion.

The beginning we have seen. The end no man can know.—Progressive Thinker.



Address all Communications for this Department to its  
Editress, "Aunt Rose," Box 65, Rollin, Mich.



(To the four contributing the best stories about the above picture before Aug. 27 will be sent a photo of Aunt Rose.)

THE BOY OF THE FAMILY.

Now, if any one has an easy time  
In this world of push and pull,  
It is not the boy of the family,  
For his hands are always full.  
I'd like to ask who fills the stove?  
Where is the girl that could?  
Who brings in water, who lights the fire,  
And splits the kindling wood?  
And who is it that cleans the walks,  
After hours of snowing?  
In summer, who keps down the weeds  
By diligently hoeing?  
And who must harness the faithful horse,  
When the girls would ride about?  
And who must clean the carriage?  
The boy, you'll own, no doubt.  
And who does the many other things  
Too numerous to mention?  
The boy is the "general utility man,"  
And really deserves a pension!  
Friends, just praise the boy sometimes,  
When he does his very best;  
And don't always want the easy chair  
When he's taking a little rest.  
Don't let him always be the last  
To see the new magazine;  
And sometimes let the boy be heard,  
As well as to be seen.  
That boys are far from perfect,  
Is understood by all;  
But they have hearts, remember,  
For "men are boys grown tall."  
And when a boy has been working  
His level best for days,  
It does him good, I tell you,  
To have some hearty praise.  
He's not merely a combination  
Of muddy boots and noise,  
And he likes to be looked upon  
As one of the family joys. —Selected.

ELSIE.

"Annie, please come dress me.  
Nurse is busy with baby brother an'  
can't fix me now, so please come,  
'cause Bessie's coming to see me, an'  
she'll be clean and nice."  
"Oh, go 'long, I'm busy; I don't care  
who is coming to see you. You can  
just wait till Mary gets ready for you—

you're the biggest nuisance in the world I am sure." Elsie's sixteen year old sister added as she rose to leave the room, book in hand, for the library.

"Oh! she will never do anything for me," sobbed Elsie, as the boudoir door slammed after Annie.

A few minutes later Bessie Keith rang the bell of the Cox mansion and a maid met her.

"Goodevening Miss Bessie, Miss Elsie be down in a minute, just walk in the library where Miss Annie be, so you won't be lonesome," and the kind-hearted woman lead Bessie to the library as if she were a stranger.

Annie sat in an alcove following the unfortunate King Louis the seventeenth and his queen through the trials and honors of the "Reign of Terror," so that when Bessie looked up with a smile and said shyly, "Oh, Annie, don't it take Ellie an awful long time to dress?" she retorted angrily "Oh! I don't know and don't care. But do sit down there and don't bother."

Bess waited both meekly and patiently for Elsie, then the two friends ran merrily out upon the lawn to play—one forgetting her cross sister, the other her cross friend.

A crowd of gay boys and girls in traps, landaus, phaetons and carriages stood waiting for Annie at the gateway. She and her cousin were walking hurriedly down the driveway, when the young man stopped where the little girls stood watching the pleasure-seekers, and said in a persuading tone, "Say, coz, suppose we take Bess and Ellie as far as Chestnut, they can walk back. Can't you chicks?" to the children.

But Annie answered haughtily, "No indeed they can't" and catching his arm started on. But Robert looked back and cried with a sly glance at his cousin "I'll take you some time when you won't have to walk back. When sis ain't 'long."

A few weeks later the Cox's left for their beautiful mountain home, and one day when her guests were in their rooms, Annie, in company with her history, stole out in the garden. In the vine-covered summer house she found it both pleasant and cool. Through the little window she saw the mountains of a northern state, and down beneath the window the valley city basking peacefully in the summer sun. Before the door sported Elsie and her dog.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet and called wildly, "Elsie, run to the house and call one of the men, for here's a big black snake, run quick or I shall die of fright. It's right in the door, and I can't get out. Oh do hurry, you old slow poke you!"

Elsie had heard the men tell how they used to kill snakes as they hoed, simple enough she thought, just chop their heads off. But that was a long

time ago, they said. All the snakes around in the immense garden were gone, "all killed," was the usual answer to visitors about the snake question.

"But here was one, and I'll just chop his head off" she thought, so snatching up a sharp-edged hoe that stood near she ran back to the summerhouse.

With a quick movement she brought her hoe down on the neck of the ready-to-spring snake, before her sister could utter a word of surprise.

When the snake was fairly dead, Annie clasped her little sister close to her and whispered, "Oh how could you do it. It might have killed my darling."

But the little sister clinging close, whispering answered, "It might have killed you, and I didn't want it to, because I love you."

FRANK L. MILLER  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

ENGLISH DAISIES.

Vision of English daisies,  
Nestling in grassy bed;  
With scent of sweetest clover,  
In fields where I am led.

A little wee maid of five,  
Sister of three years more;  
We spend the happy moments,  
Upon the living floor.

"Let's see if you love butter?"  
We sweetly, gaily say;  
Tint of yellow buttercup  
Upon our throats we lay.

Darling cowslip, too, we plucked,  
To make a feast so fine;  
"Give two pins," we then would say,  
"Who'll buy our cowslip wine?"

Gay bright bluebell there we saw,  
And never passed one by;  
But gathered all the treasures,  
That in our path did lie.

Then, when at eve returning,  
With aprons running o'er,  
Close guarding all the flowers  
And wishing there were more—

We plan another visit,  
Away from city home,  
To gather grass and flowers  
As through the fields we roam.

God bless our English daisies,  
And spread them far and wide—  
Those gentle, pale-faced darlings,  
Our joy, our hope, our pride.

Years and years have sped away;  
But still my spirit yields  
To sky, and grass, and flowers,  
Within those Yorkshire fields.

MARY A. KOCH,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Chattanooga, Tenn., July 18, 1900.

Dear Aunt Rose: There has never been a letter from Chattanooga, so I will write one now.

Our city is a beautiful place surrounded by mountains, and the silvery Tennessee winding through.

On the famous Lookout, where the battle above the clouds was fought, there are many hotels and boarding houses, and many people have cottages and people from all over the world come to see the grand views from the National park on Lookout.

If any of your nieces come I hope they will come to see me. But you must be sure and come. I have written a simple little story to send to you. I hope it will be good enough to publish, as I wish to surprise my father.

We take the Light of Truth and enjoy it very much. We have a "Weger Board" and many spirits from the other world talk to us through it.

Hoping my letter and story will please you, I close; always your loving niece,  
FRANK L. MILLER.

You are very welcome, Frank, from your beautiful, historic, southern home.

Grand "Loogout" and its "battle above the clouds" must still recall a mingling of sad thoughts to those, who cannot yet forget the many brave hearts that were there, stilled forever, through war's terrible edict.

"Love and tears for the Blue;  
Tears and love for the Gray."

Thanks for your kind invitation. All would, I am sure, be very happy to accept as well as Aunt Rose. Don't you think she will have to take a trip sometime and visit all her little people?

Portland, Oreg., July 17, 1900.

Dear Aunt Rose: I am a little girl nine years old. My name is Marion Hendee, and I live in Portland, Oregon.

I have been reading some letters in the Children's Hour and I thought I would try to write you a letter.

I have dark eyes and bright hair, and will send you my picture the next time I write. I will write more next time. From your loving niece,  
MARION HENDEE.

We shall be much pleased with the picture of our little niece who has "dark eyes and light hair," for that is surely quite a rare distinction.

Yes, you must write again Mamie, and tell us all about your far western home, and the beautiful flowers and shrubbery that are said to grow there so luxuriantly.

Bloomington, Mich., July 15, 1900.

Dear Children: I enjoy reading the children's page in the Light of Truth very much and I am sure Aunt Rose will not care if I write you a letter. I live on a farm and we have a pretty little grove quite near the house. Yesterday we gave a party for my little nephew and had a picnic dinner and ice cream in the woods. About 22 little girls were there and what fun they had! I thought of Aunt Rose and her band of boys and girls and wished they too could enjoy the picnic with us. I can see the little spirit children sometimes. They dearly love all earth children and come and play with them. After all, earth is a beautiful home, especially in summer time, isn't it? I sometimes think the spirit world is no more beautiful than this. I am glad Aunt Rose has asked you to study our birds and watch their habits. How many love to watch them? I do, and there are many different kinds around my home. Please write and tell us all you know about the birds you see every day. I am sure you will find it very interesting and instructive, and it will teach we older ones, too, much about our native birds. I have a little pet kitten. A little cousin of mine named it Topsy Turvy. I must close before my letter grows too long. With love to Aunt Rose and her bright, merry band,  
AUNT EVA.

Truth is never offended. It only asks to be digged for.

SOUTHERN GIRL

Visiting Friends in Knoxville.

"I had been greatly troubled by being kept awake at night whenever I drank coffee. It also disagreed with my digestion. Last summer I was visiting a friend in Knoxville who had been suffering from rheumatism, caused by coffee drinking. She had quit using coffee and was using Postum and had recovered; also her delicate daughter who had been an invalid for a long time, was greatly benefited by the use of Postum Food Coffee.

"I found while I was there and using Postum regularly that I slept much better and grew so strong in my nerves that the change was wonderful. I trust my testimonial will be the means of inducing others to try your magnificent beverage. These are true and honest facts." Miss Frances Smith, 632 Douglas St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

The reason Miss Smith and her friends improved in health, is that coffee acts as a poison on many delicate organisms. When it is left off, the cause of the trouble is removed, then if Postum Food Coffee is taken, there is a direct and quick rebuilding of the nerve centers all through the body, for Postum Food Coffee contains the elements needed by the system to rebuild the nerve centers.

Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., and sold by all first-class grocers.

REMINISCENCES.

(Continued from Page 7.)

dium, and others who seldom fail to drop magnificent gems of thought, elevating to the race. I am sorry to say that our camps are not able to employ a short hand reporter to preserve the valuable lectures that fall from the lips of the gifted minds at the forty camp meetings this year. The tests alone given by Mr. Baxter or Wiggin at one meeting are of more real value to science than all the religions and religious services during the past thousand years.

Go into the fields and woods and repose in the lap of nature; study her restorative forces. You will there find a new world away from dust, turmoil, gossiping and bickerings of trade. Fresh, fragrant and restful illuminations will come to you. You will find them in varied forms; in the trembling leaves and nodding flowers, in the graceful movements of birds, squirrels, deer, caribou and moose. But it is not so much what the eyes see as what the mind can grasp and become familiar with, that benefits one most. Many persons go to the seashore and mountains and are disappointed; they fail to find what they look for, no matter how grand and sublime the scenery. The reason of this is they have not learned to see for themselves. They live on the surface of life and are guided mainly by custom. They go to the mountains because it is fashionable. Their souls—minds—are not responsive nor receptive to Nature's great attractions. They need awakening and to come in affectionate touch with all the sweet affinities of the universe. If we would understand nature and her forces we must study her. Be natural and thoughtful.

My advice is to take a sail to Etna (Maine) camp meeting on the palatial steamers of the Boston and Bangor Steamship company. William H. Harris the genial gentlemanly manager in Boston will gladly furnish you with circulars and all information. Palmetto, Fla.

CHANGES.

Abbie W. Gould.

I sat at the gate; 'twas the morning watch,  
And the sun shot over the hill;  
The flowers and leaves felt the fiery touch  
And the waves grew low in the rill;  
The whirr of the insects fell on the air,  
No cloud was seen in the sky,  
And o'er the desolate scene everywhere,  
No help, or favor seemed nigh.

I sat at the gate; 'twas the noontide watch,  
More fierce fell the beams of the sun;  
The cattle extended their tongues to catch  
A breath of coolness of rain;  
For days no drops had fallen to earth,  
No "Covenant bow" was seen,  
And torrid skies, and fiery rays,  
Fell down on the heads of men.

I sat at the gate; 'twas the midnight watch,  
A clash resounded on high!  
And piling clouds of direst shape  
Covered the blue of the sky;  
The tempest fell like a giant grand  
In showers of hail and rain,  
And Nature sang, o'er sea and land,  
Her jubilant song again.

Each sits at the gate, as the "watches" pass  
At morning, at noon, at night,  
And hot and dreary are the scenes  
That greet the awakening sight;  
But sometime, on their path again,  
Shall tempests clear the way,  
And show the lack may yet be gain  
In God's eternal day.

THE HERESY TRIAL OF REV. B. F. Austin, M. A., D. D. Giving a sketch of Dr. Austin's life, story of the heresy trial, copy of the charges, the heresy sermon, the scene at the conference, and Dr. Austin's full address defending his views on Spiritualism at the London Annual Conference at Windsor, Can., etc. Price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

Bladder troubles most always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root**, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sized bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co. Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.



RAILROAD RATES

To the M. V. S. A. Campmeeting.

The camp meeting at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia., opens July 29 and closes August 26. The Western Passenger association has granted a rate of a fare and one-third over their lines, on the certificate plan. This covers all points in Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin and the Northern Peninsula of Michigan, and is practically the same rate secured last year. Tickets may be bought on July 26, 27 and 28, and thereafter on each Tuesday and Friday during the meeting, and will be honored for return not later than August 29.

BE SURE TO TAKE A CERTIFICATE FROM THE AGENT WHEN YOU BUY YOUR TICKET, and deposit it with the secretary as soon as you reach the park.

One fare for the round trip has been granted by the Diamond Jo line of steamers on the Mississippi from all points between St. Paul and St. Louis.

An excellent array of talent has been secured for the platform. W. J. Hull, Rev. B. F. Austin, Julla S. Mitchell, Marian Carpenter and Carrie E. S. Twing have been engaged to speak. Our president, Professor W. F. Peck, will also deliver a course of lectures on "The Reign of Law," the success of which is already assured.

Platform tests will be given by Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Carpenter, Dr. J. M. Temple, Edgar Emerson and others. Mediumship in its various phases will be well represented.

A quartet, led by Professor Paul Zumbach, will furnish vocal music. Professor Adolph Wiese, with a band of 20 pieces, will discourse instrumental music. The entertainment throughout will be most excellent and a hearty invitation is extended to everyone. For programs and general information, address Stella A. Flisk, Secretary, 18 North 11th street, Keokuk, Ia.

Longley's Beautiful Songs.

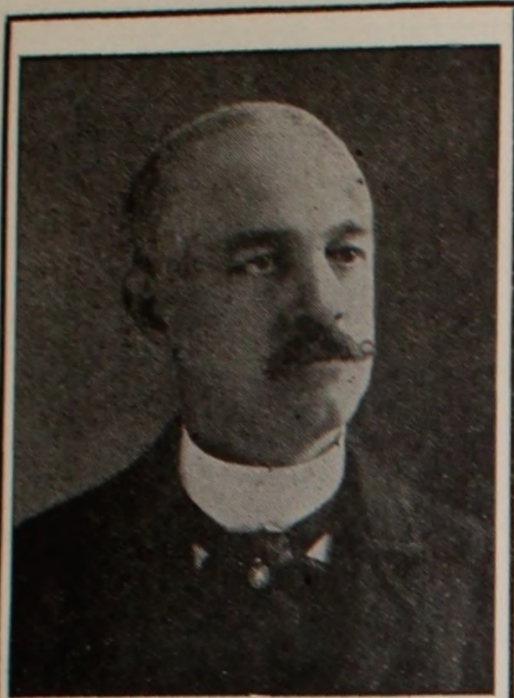
FOR PUBLIC MEETINGS AND THE HOME.

VOLUME ONE

Contains the following songs with music: I'm thinking, dear mother, of you. We miss our boys at home. The land of the bye and bye. The good times yet to be. The land beyond the stars. They are waiting at the portal. When the dear ones gather at home. Resting under the daisies. The grand jubilee. My mother's tender eyes. Dear heart come home. Come to some beautiful dream. Where the roses never fade. In heaven we'll know our own

VOLUME TWO

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIELD AT A GLANCE.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond lectured to a delighted people at Corry, Pa., on July 29th.

Dr. Stowe, the noted materializing medium, is very ill with typhoid fever at Cape Nome, Alaska.

Sam A. Foss, physical and slate-writing medium, has changed his address to 592 W. Van Buren St., Flat C, Chicago.

Dr. George A. Fuller will make his home the coming winter at Onset, Mass., therefore will be more accessible for societies in the eastern part of the state.

The Tenth Annual camp meeting of the Spiritualists of Summerland, Cal., conducted by the Summerland Spiritualist association will commence August 26.

Frank T. Ripley has open time for August and all of September. Societies, camp or grove meetings wanting his services for lectures and platform messages can address him at Briggs Park camp meeting, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Nebraska State Spiritualists' association will hold their second annual camp meeting in the Crete Chatauqua Park, Crete, Neb., commencing Aug. 16th and closing Aug. 26th. Crete is about 20 miles from Lincoln, on the main line of the B. & M. The grounds are half a mile from depot, on the Blue river. Good mediums of all phases are cordially invited to the camp. Further particulars can be obtained from James Campbell, Pres., Havelock, Neb.

The sixth annual meeting of the Grand Ledge Spiritualists Camp association was formally opened at their beautiful summer home, Grand Ledge, Mich., July 29, 1900. The grounds have had much added to their attractiveness by substantial improvements in the past year. The chairwoman, Mrs. A. E. Sheets of Grand Ledge, presided in her usual happy manner, and every individual was made to feel a personal welcome. Mrs. Loe F. Prior lectured in the afternoon to a most appreciative audience holding their closest attention. The management congratulate themselves on her engagement. Many mediums are present, among them Mrs. Frances Ruddick who has just arrived. Other good mediums are expected daily. The management have also secured Mrs. E. S. Parker to give a course of Physiological lectures. Thimble parties, social hops, boating and fishing are recreation for every idle hour.—Corresponding Secretary.

Chesterfield Camp. — The tenth annual election of officers of the Indiana Association of Spiritualists took place Friday, Aug. 3. Everything was perfectly harmonious, the officers all being re-elected. P. B. Millsbaugh of Anderson, president; E. B. Chamness of Alexandria, first vice president; Miss Flora Hardin of Anderson, secretary; F. J. Macomber of Anderson, treasurer. The trustees are A. McKee and L. O. Edson. Although yet an infant camp, it is entirely free from debt, with some cash on hand. Several hundred dollars were spent this year in beautifying and improving the grounds, and it will be necessary, owing to the immense crowds, to annex more ground to the camp.

THE PEOPLE OR THE POLITICIAN?—By R. L. Taylor. A book on Direct Legislation. Explains the Initiative, the Referendum and the Imperative Mandate, with reasons for their adoption. Paper, 60 pages, 10 cents.

## EIGHTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

The eighth annual convention of the National Spiritualists association of the United States of America and Canada, will be held at Cleveland, O., Chamber of Commerce hall, October 16, 17, 18, 19, 1900, at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

Important business of interest to every Spiritualist will be presented for action before these gatherings.

At 7:30 each evening grand public meetings with addresses, spirit communications, music, etc. A large number of the most gifted lecturers and mediums will be present and participate in these exercises. Among them may be mentioned Dr. Peebles, Moses Hull, Professor W. H. Peck, Mrs. Helen Palmer Ressegue, Carrie E. S. Twing, May S. Pepper, Mrs. Zaida Brown Kates and Maggie Gaule. Other mediums and speakers of foremost rank are also making arrangements to attend and participate in the program. Mrs. Z. L. Eise, the talented musician, will have charge of music. Further announcements will be made in the Spiritual papers.

Reduced rates will be granted on railroads from larger cities. Ask for certificate tickets to National Spiritualists convention. These tickets must be indorsed by the secretary of the convention to entitle you to one-third fare for return trip. All attending the convention who travel to Cleveland by rail are specially requested to purchase certificate tickets, that we may be sure of meeting the requirements of the roads.

The Forest City house, a large and handsome hotel of Cleveland, at which the best of service and attention will be secured for our delegates and visitors, at \$2 per day each person, special rate, will be the headquarters of the convention. Reception in the parlor of the Forest City house to all will be held on Monday, Oct. 15, at 8 p. m.

Information on convention can be obtained of the N. S. A. secretary, at 600 Pennsylvania avenue S. E. Washington, D. C.

Harrison D. Barrett, president.

Mary T. Longley, secretary.

## ISLAND LAKE CAMP ASSOCIATION

A few words for our camp socially. Mrs. Tuttle has organized a dancing class which is a success. Dr. Peebles was present at one, being a leader in the grand march and quadrille. The little playlet called "Little Red Riding Hood," was given Wednesday evening by the children, as a fitting ending to Children's day. It was creditably acted, and showed merit by children and teacher. Mrs. Tuttle's next effort with the little ones will be a one act cantata called "The Gypsies Luck." As every cottage in and around Island Lake is occupied and many tents, and borders at hotel, we have much talent to draw from and goodly audiences to listen to these plays.

Mrs. Goss of Detroit gives a novelty party today to ladies, it being "Woman's day" each lady being invited to bring their thimble and scissors.

Our orchestra gives us many a pleasant hour at hotel with both vocal and instrumental selections. Altogether the camp at Island Lake for 1900 is a good success so far.

ELLA B. BROWN,  
Secretary.

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These complete instructions, mind you, will be sent for only 10c, actually enabling you to thoroughly master all herein described, without further charge. This book also contains methods for Self-Healing that will not fail. I absolutely guarantee that when complied with they can not fail to cure diseases that medicine can not touch at all. Any one can be a practical operator in the Occult Arts who reads this Mail Course. This book contains my very latest discoveries, which enable all to induce the hypnotic sleep in themselves almost instantly, at will, awake at any desired time, and thereby cure all known diseases and bad habits. Anyone can induce this sleep in himself at first trial, control his dreams, read the minds of his friends and enemies, see absent friends, communicate with disembodied spirits, visit any part of the earth, solve hard questions and problems in this sleep, and remember all when awake. This so-called Mental Vision Lesson and four others—one in Self-Hypnotic Healing, Control of the Sub-Conscious Mind in the waking state, and several strong healing methods are all contained in this little book, which will be sent to any one for 10c silver, enabling you to be as good an operator as any one living. Mind you, this can be successfully accomplished by the study of this little book, without further charge.

I am so absolutely confident that you will be successful, right from the start, with these instructions, that I will even send them **SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION**, if so desired, just to prove to the most skeptical that they form the best course ever sold for 10c, and to all who send the dime, if they should be dissatisfied, money will be cheerfully refunded. But this Mail Course is just as described, for I would not dare to use the mails for any fraudulent purpose. This bargain offer is limited, so send at once to

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LETTER FROM MAPLE DELL CAMP  
MANTUA STATION, OHIO.

Yesterday was a very interesting day on these grounds. All things conspired to make the meetings a success. The day was delightful; the grounds attractive; the attendance large and the speaking excellent. Mrs. Curran was at her best in her mediumistic work. Mr. Weaver made an earnest plea for Spiritualism and for Maple Dell especially, which was followed by an able address from Mr. Dunacan. It was pleasant to notice that nearly all who were on the grounds assembled in the auditorium to hear the speaking.

The interest was greatly increased by the attendance in a body of "The First Society of Spiritualists", of Cleveland. They came unexpectedly, but were received with warm hearts and open hands. At their head were the officers of the society—Mr. Barker, president; Mr. Kerr, secretary and Mr. Eberhand treasurer.

During this week there will be public lectures every afternoon at 1:30 in the auditorium by Mrs. Curran and Mr. Weaver. On Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Kates will commence their week's work. They will have full charge of the meetings on next Sunday, which will be the "yearly meeting day."

The Maple Dell Summer school has opened with upwards of 20 in attendance. It has four departments: The Psychic, under Dr. D. M. King; Oratory, under Miss Inez May Hill; The Scientific, under Professor Kerstetter and lessons in English language by A. J. Weaver. The new School building is not yet completed, but it is a fine structure and a move in the direction of a permanent institution of learning on these grounds. Interest in school work is growing verywhere among Spiritualists.

A. J. WEAVER

OBITUARIES.

Mrs. Sylvia Coshelle, the well known New York medium, died of typhoid fever at the age of 56 years at Cape Nome, Alaska. She went to Alaska in April in company with her son and Dr. Julius Stowe, a noted materializing medium.

Again (on the 26th inst., at family residence, No. 2817 Columbus avenue, Minneapolis) has the medium family of Mr. P. J. Dempsey been called to mourn the passing away of another, in the person of the lovely daughter, Miss Marie, aged 22 years. The third within a year and four months, consisting of the mother and two daughters, all of whom were mediums. By request of the deceased, the remains were cremated at Forest crematory on Saturday, 28th inst. Many friends were in attendance. Services were conducted by Mrs. Whitwell and Mrs. Sauer, and while standing by the remains at the crematory the spirit of deceased controlled the latter lady and spoke words of cheer and comfort to family and friends. Having known deceased from her childhood days, can speak from personal knowledge of her great worth to the cause, and that the many who through her mediumship have been led to embrace the grand truths of the spiritual philosophy will greatly miss the genial companionship of this faithful sister.—M. T. C. Flower, St. Paul, Minn.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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SPIRIT'S TEACHINGS.

(From Rending the Veil.)

Your thoughts have the same influence on your spirit as your actions have on your body.—E. V. Wilson.

Tyranny and oppression will cease only when people learn that there is no supreme tyrant but ignorance.—Thomas Paine.

Believe in the truth as it is demonstrated to you by evidence that proves it to you. We don't want you to believe on faith. Study and investigate.—Prof. William Denton.

The subordination of all interests to the principle of acquisition of material wealth has worked destruction to the development of the higher faculties and retarded the progress of the mental nature, in some cases, to an almost irredeemable degree.—Professor Hare.

Above all, friends, you must teach the women of today that to them is delegated the work of unfolding in no slight degree the forming spirit as well as the embryonic body. The mother's soul should expand with love and hope of eternal blessedness.—Dr. Reed.

Man should be ready at any time to investigate anything new that comes before him; for, if it be an untruth, he need have no fear that the truth will go down before it, and, if it be a truth, he should investigate and know its teachings thoroughly.—Prof. William Denton.

You must keep yourselves pure if you wish to have the help of pure spirits. You must be unselfish and upright and truthful if you wish to make your hearts a castle that devils can not enter. If you open the door, and let in devils the good spirits can not abide there, and you become the prey of the evil ones.—Dr. Reed.

Reincarnation as Buddha taught it is a myth, is not right. But when you pass to the higher or highest spheres, and come back in a temporarily reconstructed body, as you behold me now, that is a reincarnation that is true, and the only reincarnation of which I have been able to learn anything on this side of life.—Thomas Paine.

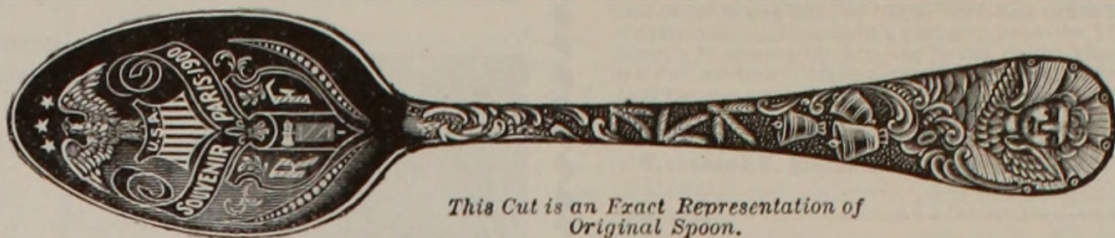
We are not angels of death, but the harbingers of life eternal. As to the relations existing between the spirit world and the material world, one is the counterpart of the other, and, of the two, the spirit world deserves the title of the real. Your thoughts and aspirations attract to you the kind of spirits that would be most congenial; and these spirits, whether good or bad, will help to further your plans.—Prof. Faraday.

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FREELPS, N. Y.—Enclosed find money order for two more copies of my photo. I doubly prize it for the reason that the center head was identified by mother (an unbeliever) who had a picture of my aunt in the house. It is so perfect that skeptics (who did not know the facts) insist that one is a copy of the other. C. H. HARRIS.

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### MESSAGES.

A spirit of a little girl comes and says: "I want to reach my pa. I once lived at Portsmouth, and I want to send love to my Aunt Lizzie.—Nellie Stone."

L. H. Gonell, Newton, Iowa.—"Yes, I was with you before you were married, and what anticipation, but life never ends, so what matters it anyway?—Florence."

I hear the name of Robert Smith for R. N. Smith, Fairland, Ind., and the spirit says: "Yes, you will succeed, but be careful and make but few changes at present."

R. R. P., Manchester, Mo.—To you comes Amanda Peterson and Robert. The influence of a lady like a mother, yet not a mother, also comes. I get the name of Clara Odell, also.

Henry Thomas, once of Detroit, Mich., wishes to reach friends there. If you are not a Spiritualist don't be prejudiced, but give this spirit proper conditions and he will do you good.

L. L. Conger, North Fairfield, Ohio—I hear the name of Laren and sense a choking sensation. This influence seems like a brother. "Go on with your work and we will help you.—Mary."

To Chas. Boyd, Cleveland, Ohio.—Dear Brother: "I often come to you; am sorry you are so troubled, but study the cause and you can overcome it. Ever your loving sister in spirit.—Flora."

R. Williams, Upland, Ohio.—I sense the presence of your father, a spirit who, when in earth life believed in being moved by the spirit. The names of two spirits who come to you are William and Robert.

I now hear this: "I want to reach my loved ones once more. Tell them I am Clara A. Eager; and lived at Niantic, Conn., but did so wish to communicate." The voice grows weak, I cannot hear any more.

A. G. Smith, Painsville, Ohio.—"My dear husband, a beautiful spirit says, do right for the sake of right, and all things shall be well with thee. Do you doubt your former message? Then you will doubt this. Have more faith."

G. C. Schlytter, Sheboygan, Wis.—A spirit now comes who gives his name as Christian Schlytter; and several others who could not speak English when in earth life. I also

sense the presence of father, mother, and two sisters.

Belle Foster, Escondido, Cal.—Your sealed letter accidentally got in wastebasket and was burned. Try again. See instructions at head of this department. I get the names of Sarah, Minnie and George, but no message. I feel the influence of mother, brother, aunt and guide.

I. B. Wallace, Erie, Pa.—I hear something about a promise. George says: "Will you believe it is me when I come. Yes, we know each other in spirit life, everything is so real. I see Fred often—we come together to your home, and feel so sad that we can see you and you cannot apparently see us."

Mrs. M. W. Place, Ripon, Wis.—I sense with this letter an uneasy feeling, and it also seems to me as if something is shrouded in mystery, that this person wants to find out. Your guides tell me seek in your own home for the knowledge you wish. Get a few friends to sit with you and very soon a good medium will be developed among you.

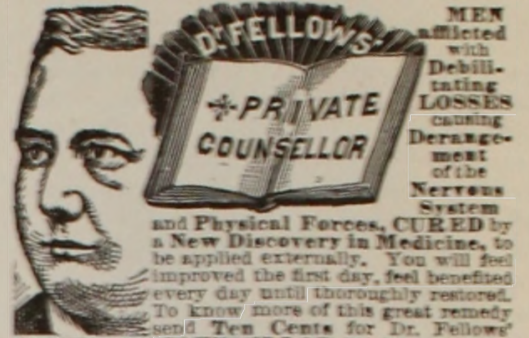
Mrs. Lucy J. Williams, Sheboygan Falls, Wis.—Several spirits here seem so near this lady. I now hear the name of mother, and says: "Henry is with you, and please do not feel so lonely. Soon, oh very soon, we will join hands on this side of life. Yes, dear mother, it was hard for you to give up your dear ones, but we are all together here and are with you often.—Lina and Henry Radway."

Adelia M. Monroe, Lincolnville, Me.—I come and am with you in your home often, but you are too skeptical. You cannot advance as you should in your mediumship unless you can have more confidence in our return. You cannot trust yourself. Yes, I did guide your hand to write, and would be pleased to again if you would make the best conditions for me. Take better care of your health.—P. C. S.

Maud Bowens, Stronghurst, Ills.—A beautiful spirit comes and says: "It was so hard for me to give up my earth life, but I am happy now. Tell mama to be sure to be at camp with you. Yes, I have met them. Your papa says: 'I am so glad my child takes an interest in Spiritualism. It is a religion good to live by and when the change comes how glad we are we have learned the beautiful philosophy.—Murry.'"

Mrs. Alice Blackburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.—A spirit is present and says: "How sorry I am that more of my

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time, when in the body, was not used in learning spiritual truths, I should not then have been so ignorant now—and shall have to learn here what I neglected there. Dr. Williams says how true this saying is, as so many enter spirit life wholly ignorant of its true principles. Yes, stick to your business and it will be successful." No name is given questions.

Mrs. Ella Clough, Footville, Ohio.—A spirit says: "Yes, dear child, I am trying to impress this medium as best I can to write you a nice long message. Do not expect too much, as Dr. Williams says as so many are waiting for a message from some dear one on this side of life. Why are you so skeptical? You know your guide's name, you get that through your own mediumship. Yes, if you persevere you will make a good medium. All you will have to do is to sit regularly and have faith in your guides, as you have more than one.—Ollia."

As I sit in deep meditation, having written many messages, and thought I was through for the day, my old friend and co-worker, who has but recently passed to the spirit life, taps me on the shoulder and says: "Friend Benton, Mrs. O. S. Denson wants to send a message to my husband and children in Peoria, Ills., and my many friends there and elsewhere. How well I remember how hard we tried to start and maintain our little society there in Peoria, and the many drawbacks we had. Tell Anna to be good to Lena and papa, as they are both afflicted. I find spirit life so real, just as I expected, as I understood the law I was better prepared than many for the change. You will be very prosperous in your First Spiritual Mission Church of Chicago."

O. W. Denver, 1417 West Thirteenth avenue, Denver, Col.—Many spirits come to this person. They seem to be in somewhat of a confused state. Now a spirit of a lady comes. She says: "My child be careful, surround yourself with good influences by forming a circle of good people. Sit once a week at least, in so doing you can educate those undeveloped spirits that make you feel so discouraged. Spirits cannot do everything, and when you call many times I am not able to come. Spirits, many times, can advise what is best to do to advance a mortal's interest, but the proper way for you that are in the mortal to do, is to put your shoulder to the wheel and work out your own destiny. As for the untruthfulness of spirits, that is often a mistake, as the avenue of communication is so meagre our sayings are many times given incorrectly by the medium. Your mother.—Carolina."

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## NEWS OF THE WEEK

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Russia's hand is playing to enormous crowds in Berlin.

A tornado did much damage at Thompson, N. Dak.

The North Carolina elections disassembled 150,000 negroes.

An attempt was made to assassinate the Shah of Persia in Paris.

The allied forces in China moved toward Peking and a struggle is imminent.

Nearly a million dollars' worth of lumber was burned at Ashland, Wis.

The German emperor preached a blood and thunder sermon to his soldiers.

Li Hsing Chang is still showing the world the difficulty of serving two masters.

His law prevailed for a time at Mansfield, O. Cause, objectionable "Doubtless."

William Waldorf Astor was testifies for the Prince of Wales. Astor will leave England.

The English war department announces that over 30,000 British soldiers have returned from South Africa in broken health.

Employees of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad have been prohibited from holding any political office or taking part in the coming campaign.

The assassination of King Humbert

of Italy is said to be the forerunner of similar crimes, and that the Czar of Russia will be next. The monarchs of Europe are in a fever.

Prof. Frederick Starr, head of the department of anthropology at the University of Chicago, declared before his class that the Dowager Empress of China was justified in her attitude toward the Christian missionaries, and in taking any steps necessary to drive them out of the country.

The League of American Mothers at Chicago elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Lida H. Hardy, Topeka, Kan.; first vice president, Mrs. Helen Vance, Decatur, Ill.; corresponding secretary Mrs. Lucy Stewart Roberts, Longwood, Ill.; recording secretary, Mrs. Alice Stewart, Vincennes, Ind.; treasurer Mrs. Frank Huberting, Akron, O.

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