

# PEARLS.

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VOLUME I.

1898.



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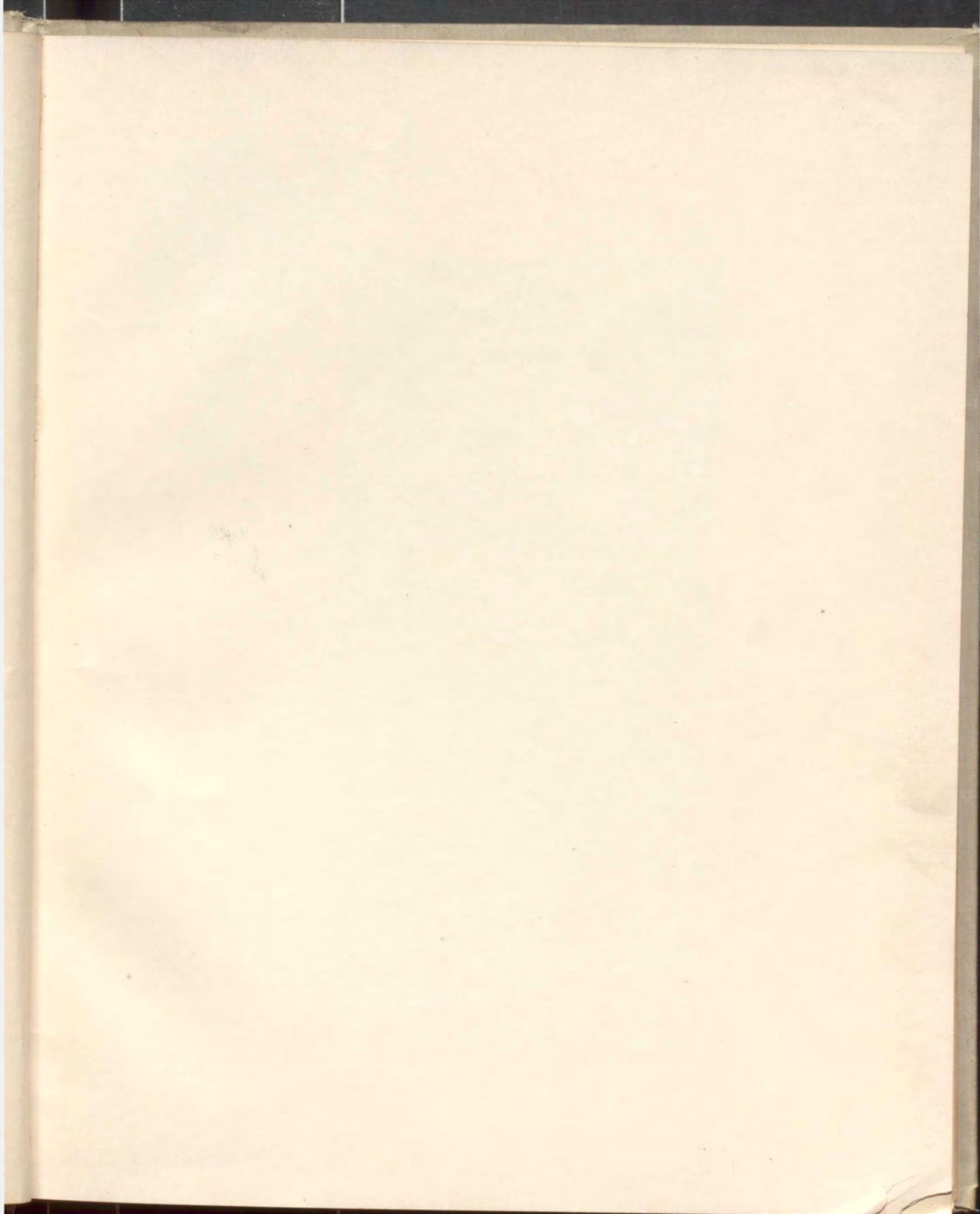
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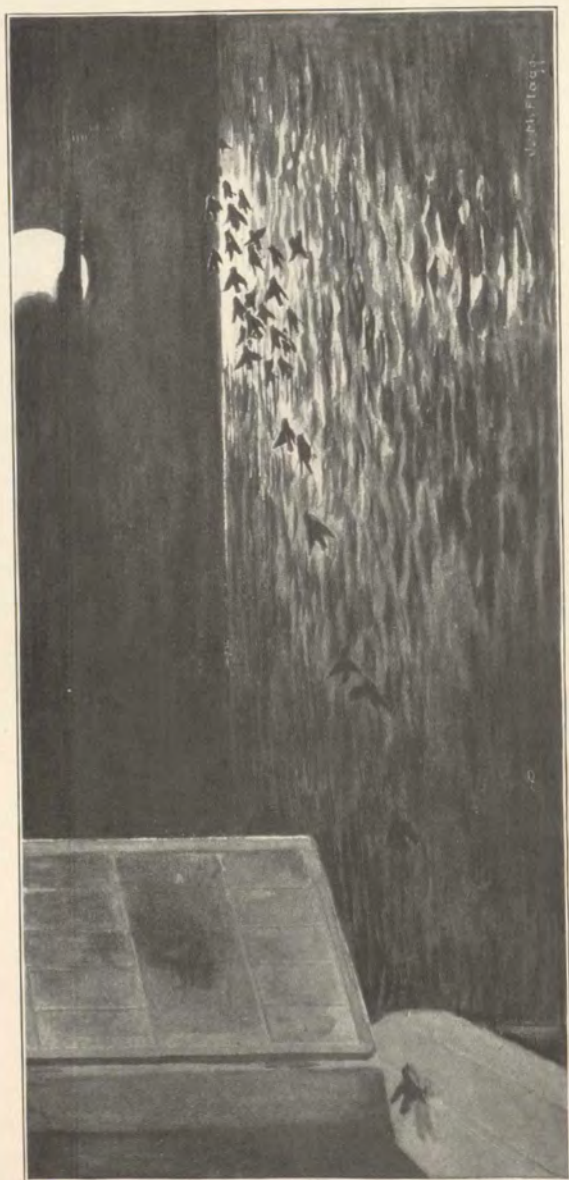
Pearls

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THE EDITOR'S DREAM. SEE CLASSIC REVIEW DEPARTMENT.



# PEARLS

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1898.

No. 1.

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PROGRESS.

BY FRANCES DAVIS BAKER.



I AM inclined once more to take up the pen in behalf of the humanity that is so dear to me. I have been silent, because its cause seemed, sometimes, so hopeless that pen-points were inadequate to make even the smallest impression. Now, however, my thought changes, for I see, or hope I see, that while the dark cloud of materialism has been settling over the world, though it has not lifted, a rift has appeared, through which have

come glimpses of a clear sky beyond—so clear that the iridescent forms of the angels have come to view. I refer to the open vision of the clairvoyant, or the clear hearing of the clairaudient, whose receptive brain recognizes on its shore of receptivity, the tiniest ripple from the great sea of thought whose waves are eternally ebbing and flowing with rhythmic measure, beating against the strand of human life.

Onward they come, coalescing in the bosom of the Infinite, taking their places in the outward sweep of the gulf stream of the ages; creeping back



through the dark, cold waters of superstition and doubt; and submerged and drawn back into the undertow of unbelief. What then? Ah! we shall see. Taking the initiative from their prototype Nature, they begin once more their evolutionary efforts. Struggling madly now for their places, now buffeted, torn, almost disintegrated, they are at last rocking serenely in some safe harbor, or dissolved and absorbed on the warm sands, where the high tide of civilization has drawn them.

Discouraging, you say? Encouraging rather, when each receding tide leaves driftwood line in higher levels, and when man, the last product of a perfect evolutionary system, has at last begun to see, with inspired vision, the signs of the times; has begun to see that through countless centuries the work has been going on with added impetus, now that the action



of the finer forces within it has begun its work. Each bursting bud and fragrant flower bears in its bosom a tiny life-principle which shall become its resurrection; and, not in some far-off world, but under the same sun, shall its perfume, like incense, be wafted outward and upward. The germ in the heart of the rose does not die when its petals are drifting brokenly back to Mother Earth, for another life is in its heart of hearts, which in its turn shall bear its part in the great whole. And is man, alone, the last product of a perfect evolutionary process, not to fulfil his manifest destiny? Perish the thought! Bursting from the earth chrysalis, he comes forth, his ethereal form inhabiting the ethers about him; dust to dust, ether to ether, but still bearing the Divine likeness from whence it sprang;—should not the experiment be complete? A form of life so subtle that its constituents are all about us, yet invisible to the natural eye; a sense so delicate that its touch does not mar the rhythm in its harmony. Shall not the spiritual life, the entity, the life principle, be able to inhabit this ethereal form as well as it has the earth one? And shall it not also manifest through this form when the worn-out garment has drifted back to the dust from whence it sprang?

The indwelling of the spirit, is the dawning of that morning when thought, instead of speech, shall be current coin for expression, and when truth set free, her banners on high, shall rule over a world, not of sense, but of spiritual realities. The world of sense and the world of spirit—so near together—are like meadow sloping down to marsh-land and marsh-land into ocean,—the great sea of spiritual existence. Some souls there are who dwell on the border lands by this sea; what wonder that in the attraction of its receding tides they are drawn outward on its bosom and come into touch with the entities who have lain aside the garments of the flesh! Permitted the same environment, hand to hand, comrades, as it were, would it not be reasonable to suppose that through Thought's subtle agency they could often reach the understanding of the sentient beings with whom they were in touch in that other realm of being which we in the flesh know as life?

The clouds are breaking; the thunders of pessimism and of scepticism have sullenly grumbled themselves away—thunders heard so long after the lightning of prejudice that the connection is not noticeable, when we contrast other civilizations with our own.

The thought of this hour then, is, shall we or shall we not cultivate these forces in nature? Shall we not encourage them as we have other forces—notably, electricity—and with their help arise and go forth to the battle of life, purified and strengthened, better fitted to bear the labor and heat of the day, and one step further on in the glorious march of progress, whose advance lies through night to light, and whose goal is not the uppermost heaven of heavens only, but is in the perfection of being? The germ in the heart of the rose, the symbol; evolution the process; and God the architect and arbiter of our destinies.



I saw a vision of star-crowned space,  
A chaos of rock in a lonely place,  
And hoary crags reared their beetling crests  
Above the gloom and shade which rests  
At their moss-grown feet.

And thus these rugged rocks shall  
stand,  
A symbol in a weary land;  
Still bearing on their sunlit side,  
A tracing, where some heaven-sent  
tide  
Had carved its message.



A record of hard-earned victories won,  
Where the way seemed hopeless, the work was done;  
Thus the tides of the spirit shall ebb and flow,  
But they cast their drift on the rocks below,  
When the storm is over.



## OUR ATTITUDE.

BY EDWIN D. SIMPSON, M.D.

AN axiom is a self-evident truth or proposition. It is so evidently true, that no process of reasoning can overthrow it; nor is any process of reasoning necessary for its establishment. It is grasped immediately by the intuition, and afterward used as an instrument by the intellect, in any problem which may be worked out by the reasoning faculty.

An axiom is accepted on faith, applied by faith, and works its wonders through faith; and this faith is not belief, but true soul knowledge; for, although any axiom may be handed to us by a teacher who has experienced, time and again, its practical application, and we may at first use it tentatively because of our belief in him or his authority, our very first application of it compels its acceptance; its unerring potency stamps it as a reality.

So it is with metaphysical thought and its application. The so-called new thought is being accepted more and more, upon authority at first, and its application is convincing those who use it that it is axiomatic in the sense that it is real—vibrant with life and health and happiness. It, also, is grasped first by the intuition and afterward assimilated by the intellect. No amount of intellectual reasoning will establish this thought *as a living thing*, without the dominant faith of the soul, and if its practical applications are made with full faith and confidence, the results are so evident that no cavil can ever again arouse in the mind the spectre of doubt. The intellect, which, in ordinary life, is engaged more in reasoning upon the evidence of the senses than upon the concepts which arise in the intuitional faculty, is convinced.

As it is with the axiom, so it is with metaphysical thought. If we refuse

to accept the former, we cannot apply it to our problems. The reality is inherent in it, but it is our attitude toward it which makes it either a potent instrument or a nullity in our hands. In other words, the practical benefit of an axiom to us, rests in our attitude toward it, whether it be one of acceptance or rejection.

So with the new thought. It is our attitude toward it which gives us either power to use its potency beneficially or not. And so it is with the so-called problems of every-day life, the seeming worries, anxieties, and perplexities. It is our attitude toward *them* which gives them the seeming life and power to overwhelm us, or which relegates them to the realm of impotence and nothingness.

Everything, from the highest ideal to a twinge of gout, is a state of consciousness, and is real to us as we consciously make it so to the intellect. One may be so absorbed in a play or a book as to forget that he possesses a bodily frame, and many a sufferer who has imagined himself irrevocably doomed, has been instantly cured by some sudden shock which has displaced the dominant idea which kept him bed-ridden.

In the spiritual realm of pure idea, lies all reality. In it there is no care, worry, anxiety, nor sickness. It is a never-failing fountain of healing which can be drawn upon at pleasure, provided our attitude toward it be that of perfect faith in its unfailing power. Such an attitude brings health and happiness and helpfulness. Worry, care, and anxiety flee before it; belief becomes faith; faith becomes trust; true evolution proceeds harmoniously, and the ever-expanding sphere of our consciousness convinces the fraction intellect that it has grasped Truth.

Is it worth while? Try it, and watch results.

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There is a state of heart which makes truth credible the moment it is uttered. It is credible to some men because of what they are. Love is credible to a loving heart; purity is credible to a pure mind; life is credible to a spirit in which life ever beats strongly: it is incredible to other men. Because of that, such men believe.—*F. W. Robertson.*



## THE IGNORANCE OF OTHERS.

BY MARY E. CARDWILL.

PERHAPS the most comprehensive prayer ever offered was that of Henry Ward Beecher when he said: "Lord, help us to have patience with the ignorance of others." We can imagine the great preacher struggling over the problems of human action as they were daily presented to him by the varied multitude with whom he came in contact, and finding no answer at all to the most of them, until, by spiritual insight, he at last perceived it in the words of his Master: "they know not what they do." The ignorance of others is the stumbling-block in the pathway of life most frequently met with by everyone. Yet, in spite of its universality, its nature is not clearly perceived nor understood. It is the stumbling-block for which least allowance is made, and the bruises caused by it are least easy to endure.

Men, as a rule, mean well toward their fellow-men; at any rate, they mean no ill to them. Lack of knowledge produces a blindness in regard to what, under this circumstance or that, is right or best. Sometimes this blindness seems only a form of selfishness. And, from one point of view, that term characterizes it correctly. Through selfishness, men bend their energies too singly to their own interests; but, often, if their eyes were opened to the results of their actions upon their fellow-men, and ultimately upon themselves, they would take a different course. A natural law makes the community of more importance to the individual than the individual to the community. The welfare of an associate, to a great degree, becomes bound up with one's own, and *vice versa*. Hence, the dictates of selfishness, of the law of self-preservation, as well as that of kindness, can best be complied with through a clear conception of the needs of another.

Men lack charity in many, if not most instances, because they lack understanding. Religious intolerance springs almost invariably from mistaken zeal. The zealot says: "my neighbor should believe as I do because my way is the only true one. He is perilling his soul by his adherence to false doctrines." Hence Christians and sects argue and dispute and persecute one another while marching, by different routes, to the same final goal. The trouble is, they have not learned much more than the alphabet of the spirit whose deeper lore teaches that spiritual manifestations guide people by different paths.

A carpenter, compelled to have for an assistant a man highly educated, in the technical sense of the term, but who had not learned to drive a nail during his apprenticeship, might forget his own lack of skill in his desire to have his work well done, and might hastily attribute the man's ineffectual efforts to carelessness or wilfulness.

A girl, who has been deprived of early opportunities to learn the ways of good society, violates rules of etiquette and perhaps mortifies a well-bred hostess. The latter, if she does not rebuke her guest, mentally condemns her as severely as if she had purposely shown an independence of social rules. Indeed an intentional act under such circumstances would, probably, be easier to overlook than an innocent one.

Far more important are the consequences of the ignorant proceedings of men and women in matters having a wide moral bearing. The great gambling mania which has raged in social circles all over the country for several years, has its root and its support in moral ignorance. Not that all who are infected by it are morally ignorant. Too many, alas! go into its atmosphere wilfully, in disregard of the warnings of an enlightened conscience. But the leaders in progressive euchre parties, in poker, and other games, in which gambling is involved, are usually more or less irresponsible through weakness of moral sense. The many attacks upon gambling, as an evil, make no impression upon them because they do not themselves perceive it to be so. The very subtlety of this sin requires a peculiar moral refinement for its appreciation. For that reason, patience with the sinner



and a profound pity for his inability to see his wrong-doing, are called for to wisely combat it. Only by thus recognizing it as a sin of ignorance can it be met, as it should be, by moral teaching, and conquered.

Another delicate moral quality is being continually violated. Many a man, scrupulously honest, so far as he understands the term, is guilty of dishonorable deeds. He takes advantage, for example, of a position of power to serve his own ends at the expense of others. The common practice of nepotism may be traced usually to an absence of a keen sense of honor. No man with his moral eyes wide open and his moral sight perfect, would for a moment consider himself justified in relieving the necessities of friends or relatives, through the use of his official position to gain them preference when, by so doing, others were unfairly crowded out. It is the blank space in character where honor should rest, that leads many a well-intentioned person to seek good by doing evil.

Perhaps the darkest, most baleful ignorance affecting the human race, is heart ignorance, displayed most commonly in a want of sensitiveness. To this may be traced the many petty unkindnesses, the little sins of omission and commission that have so much to do with the unhappiness of every-day life.

In a summing up of the errors of ignorance it is easy to see that the whole world is involved therein. Perfection of knowledge means perfection of character. The thought brings with it a strong appeal: if others make a demand upon my patience, should I not the more cheerfully exercise it, since I am making a like demand upon them?

Patience serves, more than all else, as a forerunner of wisdom. It gives time for the thought necessary to effective and discriminating action. To a reformer, especially, patience leads the way to the source of wrong and thus better enables him to make his strokes tell.

But patience with the ignorance of others does not mean submissive endurance of its mistakes; in many cases that would be equivalent to connivance with wrong-doing. It means, rather, self-control and withheld opinion, until, through knowledge of conditions, we are led to a tempered

severity of judgment that will make a recognition of the sins of ignorance and the punishment of them, educative, instead of vengeful.

The old complaint may again be made here. Education has been too one-sided. Let the teaching of the young follow channels that will not only strengthen the intellect but also awaken the moral sense, cultivate the heart, and enlighten the spirit; then individuals and society will no longer suffer from the petty annoyances and acts of injustice and wrong, both great and small, which have their mainspring in the ignorance of others.

### HOW LUCY BECAME A FAIRY.

BY IONE AULLE.

Lucy was very fond of reading fairy stories, and one warm day she lay on the grass in the orchard and said to Kate:

"Oh, I wish I were a fairy!"

"What for?" asked Kate, indifferently.

"Because I would like to make everybody happy."

"Well," said Kate, sitting up, "you do not need to be a fairy to make at least one person happy."

"What do you mean?" asked Lucy, rolling over to look in Kate's face.

"Give me your new blue ribbon and you will make *me* happy."

Lucy sat up and looked very thoughtful for a moment. "But then I should have no ribbon to wear with my new dress. To take something from one person to give to another is not what I mean. If I were a fairy, I would just wave my wand over every ragged girl and boy I saw, and their old clothes would change to silk and satin. Every dingy house I would change into a palace."

Just then Aunt May came out and said:

"Girls, I have something to tell you. Mrs. Austin is going to give lessons in science; an afternoon class for children, and an evening class for grown-up people. I want you girls to invite all your little friends, both



boys and girls, to join the Juvenile Class. I must go now and write some-  
notices to send out."

"Aunt May looks very happy," said Lucy; "as happy as though she had seen a real live fairy—had met one face to face under a lilac bush, you know. But I don't believe lessons in anything are half so good as fairy tales."

Six weeks later Kate sat in the orchard painting, in water-colors, an old pear-tree, which she had always admired, but never dreamed of reproducing in a picture until she learned in the lessons that she could do all things through the Divine Mind within her. With her the first manifestation of a realization of the truth took the form of painting, and she spent many hours every day in thus exercising her new-found power.

As Kate sat painting, Lucy lay on the ground watching the bees in the clover.

"Kate," shouted Lucy, so suddenly and sharply that Kate made a dash of green on her pretty blue sky.

"Oh, Lucy, see what you made me do!"

"Kate, I am a fairy!" exclaimed Lucy, without noticing what Kate said. She was too excited to see that the painting was spoiled. And Kate was too much concerned about her picture to see how excited Lucy was.

Lucy sprang to her feet and cried, "Yes, I am a fairy. I have always wanted to be one and now I am! *Now* I understand the story of 'Cinderella.' We are all like Cinderella, poor and lonely; and sometimes sick, unhappy, and hopeless, because we do not know that within us—each and every one of us—is a power, a fairy Godmother, that can change all the circumstances of our lives."

Kate, who was now greatly interested, said, "Yes, I remember Mrs. Austin, in one of her first lessons, told us that we should never use the phrase 'under the circumstances.' We should never be *under* circumstances, and we never are, *really*, although we sometimes have the false belief that we are the victim of circumstances."

Lucy interrupted, eagerly, "The Divine Mind within us is in the fairy

godmother that changes our surroundings, gives us health instead of sickness, gladness instead of sadness, pleasant homes instead of unpleasant ones, prosperity instead of poverty, and success instead of failure." She stopped to take breath, and then, clapping her hands in joy, cried, "My wand is my knowledge of the Truth. I am going to travel all over the world telling people about the wonderful power that is in them. What a change I shall make in peoples' lives by telling them that the 'Fairy Godmother' is in them, waiting to come forth at their bidding. Even a prince could not help loving one who showed forth goodness, health, beauty, and joy."

And Lucy ran off to find her mother and tell her, sure of her sympathy and encouragement.

### PAUL'S WIFE.

BY BARNETTA BROWN.

It was the height of the vacation season, and the piazza of Marchfield Inn was crowded with the usual fluttering groups of summer idlers. The white dresses and gay outing costumes of the women, and the vari-colored array of the men golfers and tennis players, weaving in and out with the motions of their wearers, formed a kaleidoscopic picture, the tone of which was most brilliant.

At the head of the steps leading from the lawn to the piazza, sat a stately, gray-haired woman. Mrs. Harding was enduring for the first time, the ordeal of chaperon. What she liked in life above and beyond all else, was theatre-going. To matronize a party of young people before the foot-lights, and at a little supper later when the foot-lights were turned out, she counted no great trial; but to sit for hours in the line along the wall, while her pretty niece, Alice Neill, danced and enjoyed herself with girlish abandon, was hard indeed. However, even that paled to insignificance before this intolerable hotel piazza. Æsthetic effects of color and grouping had no charm for her and her heart pined for her favorite summer haunt,



a remote log-hut in the mountains, whither, before the unlooked-for avocation of chaperon had devolved upon her, she had yearly migrated, presumably to meditate upon the plays of the last season before the plays of the new season should begin.

She made a fine effect in the foreground of the piazza picture, as she sat, a half-annoyed expression upon her face, watching alternately the sparkling ripples upon the surface of the lake, and a young couple slowly sauntering toward her over the grass. Finally, the two arrived, and Alice Neill seated herself on the step at her aunt's feet, while Paul Vauclare, tall, dark, and handsome, leaned lazily against the railing, nonchalantly regarding both. The girl looked up at him merrily and said, "Well, what shall we do next? We have boated and bowled, and fished and walked, played tennis and had a ride in a pony cart. If there is anything else we can do to vary the day, let us do it. Shall we make it a variegated one, without the slightest suggestion of monotony?"

"No more for me, please, but just idling here," returned Paul. "I am sorry if I disappoint you in your effort to variegate a day, but really my constitution can stand just so much activity and no more. The limit is reached. My rugged health might break down with more exertion and then," he added with a mischievous twinkle in his dark blue eye, "my wife *would* scold."

"Your wife!" exclaimed the elder lady, in an alarmed tone. "Are you married?" questioned the younger, in one of disappointment.

"Yes—in my imagination," replied Paul, slowly, after a moment's enjoyment of their evident astonishment.

A relieved look passed over both faces, causing Paul a short internal convulsion which he hastily overcame. Then he calmly proceeded to explain.

"You see," he said, "when I was about twenty, it occurred to me that wives keep fellows out of a lot of trouble, so I thought I would have one. Of course, I could not get a real one then. I was too young and had to work and make my way first. Then, too, no one available offered at the

moment, so I took unto myself an imaginary one and I've had her ever since. She has done me a world of good and if I ever amount to anything, it will be all to her credit," he added, laughing.

"It is a quaint conceit," remarked Mrs. Harding, with interest. "Tell us more about her."

"There is not much more to tell, except just this, that it is no conceit. It is very real," he replied, rousing to the defence of his idea, half laughing as he did so and more than half-regretting he had mentioned his shadowy help-meet. "You see it works this way. If I am inclined to do a thing that I know I shall regret, I just say sternly to myself, 'Paul, your wife won't like it,' and invariably I sheer off from the thing. I've seen fellows throw away years of their lives, then settle down when they marry, wish they had not wasted the time and say their wives help them to be what they always wanted to be. I could not see the use in getting along a lot of years without one if one is really of such practical use. So I took the only kind I could get to save time and trouble."

He ended his explanation by turning to the girl, whose careless brown eyes regarded him more and more earnestly as he talked, and saying, "You ought to see how it works at home. My sisters make generous use of my notion, as they call it. If I get down to breakfast late and growl about the cold coffee, one of them will say, 'Paul, your wife would not like to see you so cross.' Then I laugh and all goes smoothly. If they want me to escort them anywhere and I decline, they always influence me with 'Paul, your wife would like you to be nice to us.' So you see that in the home as well as out of it, it is a very useful arrangement."

"The idea must have quite an influence with you," said Mrs. Harding, with a new respect in her voice for the young man, who had before this talk seemed merely the usual athletic young fellow paying the usual summer attentions to the usual pretty girl.

"More fellows ought to try it," said Paul, meditatively surveying the lake and beginning to wish he could escape.

"That need it more than you," quietly said Mrs. Harding, as, much to



Paul's relief, she rose to depart to her six-by-nine room, for the routine preparation for supper and the evening dance. Alice Neill, as she followed her aunt, said nothing, but cast a quick, questioning glance from her now serious brown orbs at Paul, who noted it not.

He was already berating himself for having in a too confidential moment, betrayed his pet fancy, the existence of which meant much to him, and which, before this unusual outpouring of his rather reserved nature, had been known only to himself and his family. Indeed, even his mother and sisters little dreamed how active a part Paul's wife played in his life. He felt now as though he had given away a part of himself and was painfully conscious of wishing to take it back. He felt that he had made ordinary a choice bit of his life. It seemed, too, as though somehow he had failed in loyalty; as though he had broken faith with this imaginary wife of his, who had never yet failed him. It seemed as though she must be grieved about it and he could almost see her regarding him with reproachful eyes.

"I am becoming a mere babbler," he thought. "How could I tell all that to these people I've known but a week. A fellow shouldn't tell all he knows, especially instantly. A slight reserve in case of emergency isn't half a bad thing. Paul, you'll have to be muzzled or gagged or something. Your vocal organs are getting entirely too much exercise. You shall not speak again for a week. There's your penance, boy, and you'll begin to-night. It will make it up to the wife. She would never be so inconsequential." And Paul departed to his quarters, not to don his dress suit, as he had intended, but to freshen up a bit before entering upon the performance of his penance, the first stage of which was to be a quiet evening with his pipe, in a corner of the piazza.

"Curious youth!" remarked Mrs. Harding, when she and her niece had reached the seclusion of their rooms. "And well worth while, I should say," she added with a glance at Alice.

"So it would seem. I was not aware the kind existed," quietly returned the girl, refusing to see her aunt's look and busying herself just inside her own door with some very important blue ribbon.



"He alarmed me at first when he spoke of his wife," continued Mrs. Harding, "for you have been with him so much this week."

No answer being vouchsafed by the intent young lady now at her bureau, Mrs. Harding said no more.

So Paul smoked and Alice danced that evening and the good times of these two were at an end. After two days, during which he wandered, fished, and lounged alone, Paul went away with only a formal farewell to the two ladies. Slightly piqued, much disappointed, yet with rare intuition which interpreted and made understandable Paul's desertion of her, Alice tried to keep bravely along her usual routine of fun and frolic, but the spirit had gone out of it. She wondered how she had ever enjoyed what now was only hollow mockery. The fishing made her nervous; the dancing was a bore; the chatter unbearable; but gayly and sturdily, she stood her ground, and those important individuals who seem to exist at summer places for the only and express purpose of commenting, occasionally charitably, upon the little incidents of the youthful lives about them, gave Paul the benefit of their unfavorable remarks, not Alice. The new touch which had been laid upon her nature, awoke a sweet seriousness within her and aroused a beautiful and tender depth of feeling which her face reflected and her manner expressed. This made her more attractive than ever. Partners and admirers gathered round in numbers, and Alice might have made more than one "match of the season" and retired at the end of her first summer in a blaze of glory, but she had other thoughts.

The gay whirl went on until, one day, Alice realized that the end of it had come for her; that she could no more—that she would no more; and she sought her aunt, who still patiently looked on, with the bored expression grown more and more painful to behold. Alice had to laugh at it as she gently seated herself in the capacious lap of her faithful attendant. Affectionately smoothing the wrinkles of endurance from between the eyes, she said:

"Poor dear! it is absolutely changing your comfortable face; but you shall be martyred no longer." And then, soberly, she added: "Auntie,



I've had more than enough, and well I know you have. Let us shake the dust of this place—if there is any—from our feet and hasten to your little lodge up in the north."

"Do you really mean it, dear?" questioned the elder lady, unable to prevent a look of pleasure from obliterating the weary one. "You know how quiet it is there—just the primitive life. It will seem dull enough to you after this."

"No, it will be blissful rest and happiness," returned the girl. "I want to think. I can't here."

"But you have enjoyed every moment of our stay," argued her aunt.

"I did; but I don't any more. I have changed," quietly asserted Alice.

"It's all that young Vauclare," indignantly exclaimed Mrs. Harding. "How dared he pay you so much attention and then depart so coldly. I know he is at the bottom of it all."

"Now, don't, Auntie," pleaded Alice, laying her cheek against her aunt's and smoothing the soft white hair. "Don't blame him, Auntie, dear. Couldn't you see how it was? A man with a fancy like his, with his way of using it and all, why, he simply could not be mean. Don't you see? He was so loyal to his thought, so angry with himself for speaking of it to us, whom he knew so slightly. That was his real life—that thought of his—and he laid it bare to us strangers, and it hurt. He hurt his own feelings—and he failed to see anything more."

"What a girl you are!" exclaimed the aunt, admiringly. "I never knew you could be like this. How you can believe in and trust and understand! I never could. If I could have once——" and then came a pause.

Alice merely smiled.

"I know now you really want to go," at last continued Mrs. Harding, "and, dearie, I assure you I do. We will make our exit as soon as you like."

*(To be continued.)*

It is not the lake locked in ice that suggests repose, but the river moving on calmly and rapidly in silent majesty and strength. It is not the cattle lying in the sun, but the eagle cleaving the air with fixed pinions, that gives you the idea of repose combined with strength and motion. In Creation, the Rest of God is exhibited as a sense of Power which nothing wearies. When chaos burst into harmony, so to speak, God had Rest.

There are two deep principles in Nature in apparent contradiction—one, the aspiration after perfection, the other, the longing after repose. In the harmony of these lies the rest of the soul of man. There have been times when we have experienced this. Then the winds have been hushed and the throb and tumult of the passions have been blotted out of our bosoms. That was a moment when we were in harmony with all around, reconciled to ourselves and to our God; when we sympathized with all that was pure, all that was beautiful, all that was lovely. This was not stagnation; it was fulness of life—life in its most expanded form, such as Nature witnessed in her first hour.—*F. W. Robertson.*

The soul is such an instrument that no sooner is it set in peace with itself than it becomes an instrument in tune—a living instrument, discoursing heavenly music in its thoughts, and chanting melodies of bliss even in its dreams. When a soul is in this harmony, no fires of calamity, no pains of outward torment, can, for a moment, break the sovereign spell of its joy. It will turn the fires to freshening gales, and the pains to sweet instigations of love and blessing. . . .

A human soul can love everybody, in despite of every hindrance, and by that love can bring everybody into its enjoyment. No power is strong enough to forbid this act of love, none therefore strong enough to conquer the joy of love; for whatever is loved, even though it be an enemy, is and must be enjoyed. Love is joy, and all true joy is love; they cannot be separated. . . . Joy is a prize unbought, and is freest, purest, in its flow, when it comes unsought. No getting into heaven, as a place, will compass it. You must carry it with you, else it is not there. You must have it in you, as the music of a well-ordered soul, the fire of a holy purpose, the welling up, out of the central depths, of eternal springs that hide their waters there.—*H. Bushnell.*



In the realm of knowledge the Ideal of Good is the final goal and is perceived only with effort, but when once perceived it is recognized as the source of all things true and beautiful, in the visible world giving birth to light and the lord of light, in the world of thought standing forth itself as the dispenser of truth and reason; and upon this his gaze must be bent who would act rationally whether in private or in public.—*Socrates*.

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Every matter hath two handles—by the one it may be carried; by the other, not. If thy brother do thee wrong, take not this thing by the handle, He wrongs me; for that is the handle whereby it may not be carried. But take it rather by the handle, He is my brother nourished with me; and thou wilt take it by a handle whereby it may be carried.—*Epictetus*.

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To know that there are some souls, hearts, and minds, here and there, who trust us, and whom we trust; some who know us, and whom we know; some on whom we can always rely, and who will always rely on us—makes a paradise of this great world. The only really solid thing in this universe is love. This makes our life really life. This makes us immortal while we are here. This makes us sure that death is no end, but only a beginning, to us and to all we love.

It is only love and insight which show us all we have ever done. Cold sagacity misjudges us: mere sympathy, feeble good-nature, soothes, but does not essentially help us. But love illuminated by truth, truth warmed through and through by love—these perform for us the most blessed thing that one human being can do for another. They show us to ourselves; they show us what we really are, what we have been, may be, can be, shall be.

It is not enough to know the outward facts of a man's life in order to know him. His actions are the smallest part of him. Beneath all his acts is the man himself, with his hope, his aim, his purpose, his convictions, his longing, his sin and remorse, his faith and struggle. This is the real man, and you can never know him till you have begun to love him; then he lets you into his inward experience, and you know him well.—*James Freeman Clarke*.

## FREED FROM ERROR'S CHAINS.

A METAPHYSICAL STUDY IN THREE SCENES.

By F. BOOKER HAWKINS.

PROFESSOR DALTON, *Metaphysician.*

JOHN ROBERTS, *Business man.*

MARGARET ROBERTS, *his sister.*

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### I.

TIME, *last decade of the Nineteenth Century.* SCENE, PROFESSOR DALTON'S *office.*

*Enter* JOHN ROBERTS.

*Roberts:* I've come to you for help, for life to me  
Seems dark and drear. No matter where I go,  
A shadow grim pursues my steps by day  
And night. I pray you, give me strength of will  
To live a better life. Temptation, sir,  
In years gone by, has ruined all my hopes.

*Dalton:* Not quite so fast, young man. Weigh well your words.  
Do you believe sincerely that a dark  
And awful shadow follows you at times?

*Roberts:* In truth, I do. I feel its presence now,  
Though not to sight discernible. I quake  
With fear! My very soul is wrapped in gloom!  
Why, e'en my heart can keep no steady pulse,  
So agitated has my body grown.  
If this goes on, I know not where I'll be!

*Dalton:* I beg of you to worry not, but list  
To what I say. Now, first of all, what harm  
Lies in a shadow?



*Roberts:* Sir, your question comes  
To me with such abruptness that my head  
Is turned. Confusion reigns within my brain;  
It reels with dizziness. My tongue can give  
To you no answer clear and definite.

*Dalton:* Then do not try, but trust me as your friend,  
And tell me everything.

*Roberts:* I will, good sir,  
For you are true. In brief, sir, I have lost  
Not only friends, but reputation, home  
And all which man holds dear. So, if you see  
Within me e'en one little spark of good,  
I'll credit you with microscopic sight.  
I know I'm bad throughout; and yet, if there  
Were hope, I'd strive to right the wrongs I've done.

*Dalton:* Cheer up. Your very wish to change your life  
Is quite sufficient proof that there 's a germ  
Of goodness that some day, perchance, will grow  
Into a tree of usefulness, each branch  
With blossoms laden which, in time, will bear  
Sweet, precious fruit of noble, honest work.  
Continue with your tale.

*Roberts:* Your words are full  
Of hope and cheer. I'll not detain you long.  
My youth was happy, free. Beloved I was  
By parents; friends I counted by the score,  
All staunch and firm. At twenty I was sent  
To fill a high position in a house  
Where caution, business tact, sobriety  
Were factors of success. One day I took  
A glass of wine, which seemed as new-found joy;  
And soon again I drank unknown to those  
Who trusted me. Months passed away and then  
It was I found I'd made myself a slave

To drink, and could not keep away from haunts  
Where rum was sold. The very worst of men  
Became my sole companions and I lost  
My place. I realized how far beneath  
The animal I stood, and honor, love  
Were driven far away. My wife, to whom  
I pledged fidelity, abandoned me  
And took with her my boy. Excuse these tears,  
My friend, for I am crushed, unmanned and weak!

*Dalton:* You're strong, not weak. These tears you shed denote  
An honest heart. There is within you, sir,  
A pow'r you do not comprehend. I feel  
Assured that through it you will realize  
Yourself a man.

*Roberts:* Impossible! You know  
Not how I've suffered, sir. The doctors say  
No medicine on earth can reach my case!

*Dalton:* And they do speak the truth. You need no drugs.  
You're simply out of balance and your thoughts  
Have gone astray.

*Roberts:* Excuse me, but you 're wrong.  
A total wreck am I, from head to foot,  
Diseased throughout, blood-poisoned, foul;  
Unfit to live and yet too bad to die.

*Dalton:* Can you not think of one who is your friend?

*Roberts:* Yes, one, and only one—my sister, sir—  
Whose faith in me I cannot understand.  
There's nothing you can do to put me right,  
But for your kindly words I give you thanks.  
You see I'm past all help.

*Dalton:* Why did you come  
To me?

*Roberts:* Because my sister thought a talk  
With you would do me good. But I've no faith,





## THE HOME CIRCLE.

### OPEN COLUMN.

#### NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this department, we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of every-day life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences, and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study, and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted at the Editor's discretion, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number, may be answered by readers, in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful thinking minds of the world will combine to make this department both interesting and instructive to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

#### THE EDITOR'S DREAM.\*

During the inception of the plan to issue this magazine, and while the editorship was in abeyance, the following described dream-vision appeared to the writer. The dream occurred during profound slumber and the vision was intensely vivid and realistic. To those who are wise in such matters, we leave the interpretation.

In the beginning of the dream, I seemed to be in a large and handsome apartment, and, with a shadowy companion by my side, was searching the floor for something—I cannot tell what. Suddenly there appeared a

\* See frontispiece.

number of exceedingly pretty and very tiny birds—wee little things with speckled plumage—running over the floor. Awhile, I gazed at them with delight; then, catching sight of a sleek house cat slyly advancing from a corner, I became filled with a great anxiety and endeavored to gather them together at the window to let them out. A few came at first, then more followed, flying up to the window-sill. I hastily opened the window but was obstructed by a screen on the outside which I could not open. My only hope then, was to get the tiny creatures safe between the window and the screen, a very narrow space, and, still fearful of the cat, I hurriedly crowded



them into it. Then came the difficulty of closing the window without catching them underneath. It seemed impossible to do it, and almost in despair, I put my hand on the screen, when to my relief, it vanished, and I brushed them out, the mother bird and all, into the night. They seemed to fall upon some dark surface and to disappear from sight, so that I feared they would be lost in the night and darkness; and I said to my companion, who seemed to be ever near, "Oh! I fear the poor little things are dead!" But, looking again, light seemed to gleam o'er the scene as she exclaimed, pointing out through the distance, "No! Look there!" and behold! the wide ocean of dancing waves, lay before us, with a beautiful moon shining upon the waters, and directly in the light thus thrown upon its surface, were my little birds all grouped together, joyously taking winged flight across the vast expanse of moving waters, toward the land but dimly outlined in the distance—then I awoke.

E. F. S.

#### A ROSE SONG.

(TO M. A. A.)

When we two were flowers  
And danced in the dew,  
I know which was I,  
I know which was you.  
Each was a wild flower—  
You were the Rose,  
That bringeth a blessing  
Wherever it grows.

From a rough hedge  
You lifted your head,  
And to your Rose-Sisters  
Each morning you said:

"God is so good,  
And life is so sweet"—  
I heard you say it—  
I grew at your feet.

For I was a Violet  
And humbly grew,  
Learning each morning  
My lessons from you.

And now we are women  
You still are the Rose  
That bringeth a blessing  
Wherever it grows.

And still you are teaching  
The Violet—me!  
Dear One, I am listening,  
So eagerly!

M. G. T. STEMPEL.

#### STUDIES FROM LIFE.

The school of Art is rich in suggestive phrases, which it is often profitable to divest of their accustomed "setting" and transfer to that magic studio known as the mental workshop or realm of the intellect.

There you will discover a twin gift, in the form of word portraiture, which owes its source to the same fountain-head of inspiration, and is, in its turn, a swift-winged messenger in the conveyance of God's richest blessings to man.

There the impressions are received upon the sensitive canvas of the mind,

the operating medium or workman being the imagination, which produces immortal pictures for the salon of memory; master-pieces of higher perception, whose vivid coloring and faultless outline will triumphantly resist the destructive forces of time and circumstance.

Character study is an art which requires the most delicate treatment, since the slightest exaggeration of proportion will utterly ruin the work.

In this school the "point of view" is most essential and the foremost instructor is experience—than whom none could be more exacting—the honors being awarded only to those who have graduated in patience and resignation.

These enter the world with a unique possession—the gift of the Master—a heart camera, known as sympathy.

By its magic, all secret burdens and soul-longings are revealed; better yet, its power unites compensation with trial and offers the balm of divine love to heal the wounds of the spirit.

Perception is largely influenced by mood, the object under inspection being either illumined by exuberance or obscured by depression.

There seems to be a morbid tendency in our day toward excessive classification, and by many the ranking of "types" is made to supersede the duty of portraying personality.

A vigorous logic is the admiration and aspiration of all conscientious thinkers, and blessed is the man who gives to the world a valuable system of philosophy; but the "slower intelligence" which is inspired by heart-responsiveness and is interested in the roots of individual character, will be the greater benefactor of the race.

He may not know the law of demand, but he recognizes none the less clearly the necessity for supply, and is rich in that inventive genius which sympathy inspires.

"It's seldom we gits sumthin' for nuthin'," said a little Irish neighbor of mine. The triteness of her remark revived, as with a flash-light, the memory of the blue-glass craze and the mania for over-decoration—a season when nothing from a plate-glass mirror to a saucepan escaped the general draft.

Pure intellectuality, or that which is occupied solely with the form as distinguished from the substance of things, may be as beautiful as the electric light, searching out and revealing the long hidden mysteries of the mental sphere; but, for soul-culture, heart genius is best, since it contains all of the illuminating attributes of mentality, and unites with it the warmth and comfort which are necessary to sustain and shelter a needy and suffering world.

MARIA WEED.



## WISDOM.

I know the note the wood-bird sings,  
I know the lore the west-wind brings,  
I speak with rose and vine and tree,  
With waves and rocks and restless sea,  
And they too know and speak with me.

I know the life, I know the heart  
That meets with me in home or mart;  
By reading lights and shades of face,  
The hopes and fears of soul and race  
And griefs and loves, all, all I trace.

I know aback of sin and strife  
Is wisdom, budding into life;  
Soul's tendrils reaching out for food  
In thoughts and acts; and all is good  
When wisdom is so understood.

ILLYRIA TURNER.

Just as truly as every material picture the light of the sun has ever fallen upon is forever photographed somewhere upon the tablets of space, so surely is every kindly smile that ever lit the face of any pain-stricken woman, or calmed the storm in the passionate heart of man, transformed into a bit of everlasting light, that makes more radiant some section of the spiritual universe.—*J. Lloyd Jones.*

## GRANDMA'S PRAYER.

I pray that, risen from the dead  
I may in glory stand—  
A crown perhaps upon my head  
But a needle in my hand.

I've never learned to sing or play,  
So let no harp be mine;  
From birth unto my dying day,  
Plain sewing's been my line.

Therefore, accustomed to the end  
To plying useful stitches,  
I'll be content, if asked to mend  
The little angels' breeches.

EUGENE FIELD.

A kind heart is a better vindication  
of your doctrine than any argument.  
Deeds go further than words in justifying your creed.—*J. Lloyd Jones.*

## "WHEN CONSCIENCE SPEAKS TO MY SOUL."

When Conscience speaks to my Soul  
I have nothing to do but obey.  
Prejudices of a life-time  
Are hard to remove in a day,  
But when Conscience tells me I'm wrong  
And shows me a better way,  
There's nothing to do but heed  
Nor care what the world may say.

ALMA LUETCHFORD.

Whence is it that the lines of river and meadow and hill and lake and shore conspire to-day to make the landscape beautiful? Only by long chisellings and steady pressures. Only by ages of glacier-crush and grind, by scour of floods, by centuries of storm and sun. These rounded the hills and scooped the valley-curves. . . . It was "drudgery" all over the land. Mother Nature was down on her knees doing her early scrubbing work!

That was yesterday: to-day—result of scrubbing work, we have the laughing landscape.—*William C. Gannett.*

## THE CLASSIC REVIEW.

### EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

#### PEARLS' GREETING TO THE PUBLIC.

In launching our little journal upon the broad sea of public favor we are animated by a confident trust that we shall receive an appreciative welcome from that portion of the great public to whom our efforts will be devoted—the home. It is our aim to place in the hands of the family a periodical which shall inculcate high living and high thinking, and whose teachings, built upon the rock of Truth, shall develop the purest ideals, thus sowing a seed which shall become a beautiful flower in many a heart whose virgin soil is ready for the planting, and in many a heart, also, grown world-weary under the daily "cross" of this earth life. To these, we hope to bring a message of Peace and Love, combined with strengthening Thought, and couched in simple form, within the comprehension of young and old.

While we confidently take our place by the side of our "big brother," *The*

*Metaphysical Magazine*, we intend, with sturdy independence and earnest endeavor, and through our own merits, to win our way to the front ranks of the highest class of metaphysical journalism, and we look to the Home Circle for support and encouragement to our efforts.

Well written articles of literary merit, containing pure teachings in the directions outlined in our announcement, as well as short stories, sketches, incidents, and experience, in the line of education, entertainment, and amusement, will be acceptable and will receive careful attention.

A department, to be called "The Home Circle," will be maintained as an open column. In this department, communications thoroughly sound in character and of such an order as may be generally useful along the lines included in our work, will be inserted from time to time, as received from our readers and subscribers.

If those, whose hearts as well as in-



telleets have begun to open to the wondrous beauties of the "philosophy of human existence," as presented in the various metaphysical teachings of the day, will unite with us in this work, by sending their best thought-efforts, we can easily make this magazine what we intend it shall be, viz.: the choicest bit of literature possible to present to the "Home Circles" of the civilized world. The union of forces evolves power for action, and loving hearts turn power into delightful accomplishment.

Why bursts such melody from tree and bush,

The overflowing of each songster's heart,  
So filling mine, that it can scarcely hush

Awhile to listen, but would take its part?  
'Tis but one song I hear where'er I rove,  
Though countless be the notes, that God  
is Love!

Why leaps the streamlet down the mountain-side,

Hasting so swiftly to the vale beneath,  
To cheer the shepherd's thirsty flock, or  
glide

Where the hot sun has left a faded wreath,  
Or, rippling, aid the music of a grove?  
Its own glad voice replies, that God is  
Love.

Is it a fallen world on which I gaze?

Am I as deeply fallen as the rest,  
Yet joys partaking, past my utmost praise,  
Instead of wandering forlorn, unblest?  
It is as if an unseen spirit strove  
To grave upon my heart, that God is Love.

THOMAS DAVIS.

Do not quarrel therefore with your lot in life. Do not complain of its never-ceasing cares, its petty environment, the vexations you have to stand, the small and sordid souls you have to live and work with. Above all, do not resent temptation; do not be perplexed because it seems to thicken round you more and more, and ceases neither for effort nor for agony nor prayer. That is your practice. That is the practice which God appoints you; and it is having its work in making you patient, and humble, and generous, and unselfish, and kind, and courteous. Do not grudge the hand that is moulding the still too shapeless image within you. It is growing more beautiful, though you see it not, and every touch of temptation may add to its perfection. Therefore keep in the midst of life. Do not isolate yourself. Be among men, and among things, and among troubles, and difficulties, and obstacles.—*Henry Drummond.*

All before us lies the way;  
Give the past unto the wind;  
All before us is the day,  
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,  
Love and flowers and coolest sea,  
Is less an ancient story told  
That a glowing prophecy.

When the soul to sin hath died,  
True and beautiful and sound,  
Then all earth is sanctified;  
Up springs paradise around.

EMERSON.

If I cannot realize my Ideal, I can at least *idealize my Real*. How? by trying to be perfect in it. If I am but a rain-drop in a shower, I will be at least a perfect drop. If but a leaf in a whole June, I will be at least a perfect leaf. This poor "one thing" I do: instead of repining at its lowness or its hardness, I will make it glorious by my supreme loyalty to its demand.—*W. C. Gannet*.

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It fortifies my soul to know  
That, though I perish, Truth is so;  
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,  
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change,  
I steadier step when I recall  
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

A. H. CLOUGH.

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When someone may do you an injury, or speak ill of you, remember that he either does it or speaks it believing that it is right and meet for him to do so. It is not possible, then, that he can follow the thing that appears to you, but the thing that appears to him. Wherefore, if it appear evil to him, it is he that is injured, being deceived. For, also, if anyone should take a true consequence to be false, it is not the consequence that is injured, but he that is deceived. Setting out, then, from these opinions, you will bear a gentle mind toward any man who may revile you. For, say on each occasion, *So it appeared to him*.—*Epictetus*.

O, bind thyself with silver ties  
To men—to God with golden bands:  
This is religion—thus shall rise.  
The house not made with hands.

REVERBERATIONS.

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What we can DO is a small thing; but we can will and aspire to great things. Thus, if a man cannot be great, he can be good in will; and what he, with his whole heart and mind, love and desire, wills to be, that without doubt he most truly is. It is little we can bring to pass, but our will and desire may be large. Nay, they may grow till they lose themselves in the infinite abyss of God.—*John Tauler*.

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Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow  
For him who lives above all years,  
Who all-immortal makes the Now,  
And is not taken in Time's arrears:

His life's a hymn

The seraphim

Might hark to hear or help to sing;

And to his soul

The boundless whole

Its bounty all doth daily bring.

D. A. WASSON.

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The salvation we should most covet, is the result not of faith, but of *faithfulness*; not the acceptance of a saving scheme proffered from without, but loyalty to a saving grace springing from within.—*J. Lloyd Jones*.



## OMNIPRESENCE.

My God is everywhere;  
 Nor depth nor spot is found  
 In all the kingdom, where His life  
 Doth not in love abound.

In gentlest rippling sea,  
 Or winds that sweep the shore;  
 In darkest clouds, or brightest day,  
 His truth speaks evermore.

The humblest seed-life knows  
 Within its silent place  
 The tender touches of His hand,  
 The sunlight of His face.

No height of lonely star,  
 Nor fern on lowland waves,  
 But whispers His protecting care  
 And sings unending praise!

His voice o'er all is heard  
 In lowliest accents sweet;  
 His will is written in the soul,  
 And makes all life complete.

CLARA ELIZABETH CHOATE.

This is self-reliance—to repose calmly on the thought which is deepest in our bosoms, and be unmoved if the world will not accept it yet. To live on your own convictions against the world is to overcome the world; to believe that what is truest in you is true for all; to abide by that, certain that while you stand firm, the whole world will come round to you—that is independence.—*F. W. Robertson.*

As a ray of light in a pure drop of water is divided into seven colors, so is it with love in a pure heart; it divides into more than sevenfold virtue—yea, rather, all virtue springs from it alone.

Love is greater than faith or hope, for beyond that limit where faith and hope depart, love still remains. Love, which is the door through which God enters into the heart of man and man into God, is eternal.—*Tholuck.*

## LITTLE HOMER'S SLATE.

After dear old Grandma died,  
 Hunting through an oaken chest  
 In the attic, we espied  
 What repaid our childish quest;  
 'Twas a homely little slate,  
 Seemingly of ancient date.

On its quaint and battered face  
 Was the picture of a cart,  
 Drawn with all that awkward grace  
 Which betokens childish art;  
 But what meant this legend pray:  
 "Homer drew this yesterday"?

Mother recollected then—  
 What the years were fain to hide—  
 She was but a baby when  
 Little Homer lived and died;  
 Forty years, so mother said,  
 Little Homer had been dead.

So the homely little slate  
 Grandma's baby's fingers pressed,  
 To the memory consecrate,  
 Lieth in the oaken chest,  
 Where, unwilling we should know,  
 Grandma put it, years ago.

EUGENE FIELD.

## REVIEWS.

GILGAL. By Mrs. Calvin Kryder Reifsnider. Cloth and silver, 140 pp. The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis.

This pretty little book of aphorisms is full of good suggestions—"little mirrors" the Author calls them, "to carry in your pocket, and now and then take a peep at yourself, and loan or give to your friends." "Those who improve each opportunity arrive at greatest perfection. The most perfect flower yields the rarest fruit, and the perfect green fruit ripens from the core." "Do not forget to put the finishing touches upon your work. God borders the brooks with violets." "True worth is your own bond, from which you may draw gold interest through life without fear of default."

These are a few extracts, culled here and there from the pages, which serve to give an idea of the wisdom, set in jewels, to be gleamed therefrom.

THE DREAM CHILD. By Florence Huntley. Cloth, 229 pp., 75 cents. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

An "occult" work of fiction, intended to demonstrate certain laws and principles of spiritual activities only guessed at by the average reader, to whom occultism is unknown. The Author, with painstaking care, writes a preface to the second edition, explaining the motive of her book from the theosophical stand-point. In spite of perplexities arising from unfamiliarity with this train of thought, the book has passed its fifth edition, showing an interest in the fascinating possibilities of the realm of spiritual life, especially when presented in the garb of romance. It is a dainty volume in blue and white and gold, quite in keeping with the character of its contents.

## THE MOTHER OF THE LIVING.

By C. Josephine Barton. Paper, 50 pp., 50 cents. Published by the Author, Kansas City, Mo.

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