



Mrs. Jane D. Churchill.

THE SOWER.

DEVELOPMENT.

EQUALITY.

FRATERNITY.

OLD SERIES,
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NEW SERIES,
Vol. II. No. 3.

P R E F A C E .

THE TRANSLATION OF THE MESSAGE OF THE MESSIAH OF CHEMISTRY GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JANE D. CHURCHILL AND TRANSLATED BY MR. D. C. CHAFFEE OF SULLIVAN, OHIO.

ON giving this translation to the public, I have thought best to narrate the circumstances which led to the production of the "message", and to its translation by Mr. Chaffee as they seem to me quite remarkable.

To do so, I must go back more than two years to the time that I read "Looking Backward," Bellamy's wonderful story of a perfect civilization. On reading it I was thoroughly impressed with the idea that the author was inspired by the spirit world when he penned its pages.

I was afterward told that such was the case, by a spirit whose word I had no reason to doubt. Then it occurred to me to impart this information to other Spiritualist that they might see that Nationalism was from the spirit world, and be interested in it and work for its advancement. Thinking thus, I sent a short item to the *Better Way*, saying: That a spirit whose word I could trust had written under the inspiration of a band of humanitarian spirits who wished to promote a better state of society on this planet. Soon after it appeared in the paper I received a letter from Mr. Chaffee who had procured my address from the *Better Way*, asking that I purchase "*Looking Backward*" for him. I did so, and some time after another letter came, stating that he had read the book, and also that he had had visions at different times in his life corroborating Bellamy's prophecy of the civilization of the 21st century: Some of the visions were described and were most remarkable. We continued to correspond occasionally, nearly

always when writing to Mr. Chaffee my hand would be controlled to write a message in symbols. I had forgotten just when this particular message was sent so enquired of Mr. Chaffee, who, kindly forwarded the letter that accompanied the message, I see it is dated October 8th 1890. I will copy here a few lines from the letter that refers to the message:

"Brother Chaffee, It seems that I must write to you to-day because the spirit world has something to send you. I was influenced to take paper and pencil this morning and sit by myself, when my hand was made to picture out what you see in the paper enclosed.— My eyes was closed by the influences, while they were using my hand and they did not speak as they usually do when writing. I feel that the communication marked mo. 1 has a deep and grand meaning."

This was the way in which the message was given: I was instructed to send it to Mr. Chaffee, and was given to understand that it was from an advanced intelligence known to us as *The Messiah of Chemistry* from his perfect knowledge of the science of chemistry and of the laws that govern the universe of spirit and matter. For the past year there has been silence between Mr. Chaffee and myself and though I determined many times to write was always unable to do so, and can now see that I was kept from writing that he might finish the "Translation" undisturbed.

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

I wish to say in addition to what Sister Churchill has written that what she has stated is a correct history of the circumstances by which the message of The Messiah of Chemistry was given to us—when I say us, I mean every one who reads or hears its lesson.

I have given the interpretation as it has dawned upon my understanding, and have endeavored to follow faithfully the mind of the intelligence communicating to us.

For some years past, I have been made to understand by lessons and illustrations from the lovers, and workers for humanity on the spirit side of life that a great change was about to take place in our social and political economy—an age of love and reason is soon to dawn upon the world of which the past history of man has no parallel—there may be intense sorrow and tribulation prior to the transition, but there are so many intelligent liberty loving people who will come to the rescue that the tyrannical bands of priestcraft, and the aristocratic pride of material wealth will be broken.

It is probable that the second decade of the twentieth century will long be noted in history—around it will gather the memories in a perpetual celebration by the coming generations—a new edition of the Fourth of July (1776) will be published to the world, but it will be dated in the twentieth century, and not in the eighteenth as was the one in which the name of John Hancock is so conspicuous.

Were it necessary ten thousand Brunos would arise to consecrate the cause to the advancement of humanity and to enlighten the world. The person with the calm and philosophical mind inspired with the love of truth and humanity knows no retreat, but like Wm. Lloyd Garrison who stood resolutely before the huge giant of the slave power and declared, "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch and *I will be heard.*"

I see a host of such heroes to-day and among the foremost is Edward Bellamy. It is the evolution of mind—the power of thought, the bursting germ of humanity, it must and will lead to victory.

The Messiah of Chemistry with one sweep of

the pen has sought to give us an illustration of the evolution of mind from the lowest to the highest—the evolution of life on the planet and the growth and development of mind until it enters the realm of brightness in the high etherial spheres within the homes not made with hands.

D. C. CHAFFEE.

TRANSLATION OF THE MESSAGE.

I see in this picture the evolution of mind, others might call it the evolution of religion. We will call it the growth of the human intellect, the evolution of reason.

We see no God pictured here to whom mortals should bow in rites and ceremonies, with dire expression and melancholy look. No pompous God of consuming wrath with the engine of nature at his command, intent in destroying the works of his own hands. Intelligent beings do not bow down to truth with cringing fear and suppliant attitude, but they follow after it with eager flight—drink of its ever flowing river of life and bathe in the midst of its eternal sea.

Who shall dictate to us what we shall write, save the spirit of Truth borne on angelic wings, or shall we flee to a realm where angels are not, or shall we assume position of the fabled Gods, who, standing on the summit of their own incomprehensible selfhood and connected with no external form, neither are united by any tie visible or invisible, with any celestial or terrestrial being?

It dawns upon our understanding that God is Life and Light, and that it is not necessary to look beyond the sphere of our own existence to find him. How can we get a way from that of which we form a part?

We are the text book of nature's divine revelation, written within and without; and we only speak as the intelligent flashes of light daguerreotype the beauties of nature in the sensorium of our spiritual being. The more perfect the polish the more brilliant the jewel. The polished intellect—the refined moral character, blended with tenderness of the affections fit mortals to converse with the wise and beneficent of spirit life; and when our heads are white with the frosts of many win-

ters we shall glide down the stream of life and pass into the borders of the spirit land without a struggle and without a sigh.

The evolution of mind.—The progress of thought.—The growth of the understanding is what the Messiah wishes to bring to our view; and also, the forces in nature that have brought us thus far on the great pilgrimage of human life.

This was sent with another message in the same letter. It was numbered at the top and right hand corner. We might think the numbering of the message on the cover was accidental, but this is not the case. It is in accordance with established usage in the printing of books. On the first page or commencement the figure, I should be just where it is written. Let us be very careful to remember this, that we may get a correct understanding of the message.

5. There are no accidental dots, lines, curves or pictures on this sheet of paper.

The good angels know that their instrument is not competent to give a perfect description of all that is illustrated or outlined in these symbols. They hope to give to the world a better understanding of the forces and causes that have brought man thus far on the progressive line of development. This is only one of the many things they are doing to prepare the world for the coming sunshine of a more perfect day.

When we look carefully at the illustration we will see little strait hair lines drawn in a standing manner across the picture. Let us remember that these are the lines of causation that trace forces and causes to the results.

There are two divisions to this diagram, it is divided by a line commencing a little below the right hand side with a stroke tending upward, and runs quite across the diagram. The part below the line represents the physical condition of man from the beginning unto the present time. It also illustrates the forces in nature that have moulded and shaped the thoughts, and have been the cause in making man just what he is as a religious being. The part above the line represents the shadow of the substance of these things.

(To be continued.)

A FRAGMENT.

BEING THE CONCLUDING LINES OF A PAPER ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF COL. ETHAN ALLEN, "THE HERO OF TICONDEROGA AND CROWN POINT."

"VERDE MONTE."

SUCH are a few of the incidents of an exalted heroism I would gladly be instrumental in perpetuating. They are crown diamonds in the history of a human life, flashing the light of the past along the pathway of the present. It is not given for all to be military—ministerial,—legislative or literary heroes;—but there is a path of duty for every living man and woman, and he or she *is* a hero, or a heroine; who follows it unflinchingly to the end and merits the plaudit bestowed upon one of old "She hath done what she could." So methinks (with a change of pronoun) could with truth have been said of the subject of this brief sketch, when on the 12th of February 1789, he yielded up his mortality, and it was placed at rest on the beautiful eminence known as "Green Mountain Cemetery" the fertile Winooski Valley on the North—the Green Mountains of the East—the grand old Adirondacs on the West; Lake Champlain and the City of Burlington, Vt., nestling between, when the winds and the waves shall chaunt his requiem, so long as generations come and go.

It is not claimed that he was perfect. He too was encased in mortality and subject to its errors and infirmities.

His mind was swayed and his conclusions molded by the peculiar circumstances of his own individuality. The time in which he lived—the literature of the period—the exhibition of cant, faithlessness and intolerance by those who professed great goodness—all contributed to the formation of his opinions.

In the estimation of some his faults were very grave ones and he has been most severely censured by those whose professions should have inspired them with respect for his virtues, and charity for his failings. In religious matters he was not in sympathy with the prevailing asceticism of the period as exemplified in the puritan and calvanistic ele-

ments of thought. They were dogmatic, aggressive and uncharitable. Doctrinal tenets commanded more attention than the progressive elements of spiritual life and the practice of those virtues that beget "Peace on earth and Good Will to man." His belief and practice corresponded with what "Cole-ridge" afterward taught.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The doctrines of fore-ordination, election, and infant damnation, were to his mind, absurd—abhorrent and atrocious.

His views were too broad and his sympathies too deep, to be satisfied with the narrow gage creeds, whose fires burned blue and emitted a sulphurous odor. Those whose recollections reach back three score years, well-know that puritanism was then intolerant, and it was more so when Quakers were banished and witches burned. That same element has represented Allen as "an immoral and bad man; believing neither in God or Eternity." History does not confirm the statement and his acts point to higher spiritual conceptions. It is not my purpose to endorse his views or criticise his belief, but to simply state them as transmitted by the most reliable authority. He reasoned from nature up to nature's God and reason was his guide. He believed "in an eternal, omnipotent and all wise ruler of the universe, in the immortality of the soul, human responsibility to God and in rewards and retributions upon principles of infinite justice." As were his conceptions of his God, so were his manifest characteristics as a man; and so it ever is with all men. "He did not believe in miracles, in the inspiration of the bible or the incarnation of Christ." Where reason stopped he halted. The doctrines usually received through faith he rejected as contrary to reason.

Let posterity censure him in this if it will but not misrepresent him; and let it also give respectful heed to the injunction "Judge not that ye be not judged." For omniscience alone can take cognizance of the circumstances and environments that sway the

minds of men and women. Humanity with all its boasted achievements, has as yet failed to comprehend the mysteries of earth, or scan more than a tiny segment of the universe. Much less can it expect to lay bare the impulses of the heart:—those factors that shape the immortal germ of a future existence, to whose duration and progression the spirits sojourn here is but as a grain of sand to the great globe itself.

Deeply imbued as was his great and noble heart with sympathy for suffering and oppressed humanity, where ever the iron heel of poverty, greed, avarice and tyranny had trodden it under foot; laboring with an almost unparalleled devotion for its freedom and exaltation:—it is not surprising that he should feel, that after its involuntary subjection to the calamities of time, it would be inconsistent with divine love and mercy, to plunge it into deeper darkness and degradation, when death had freed it from the enforced endurance of earths, mutations and miseries:—But that somewhere beyond the bounds of earth and time, there would be a realm, where its perishable mortality, could no longer involve it in spiritual darkness, or prevent it from rising in the scale of being, and reaching upward with its scarred wounded and bleeding hands towards the mercies and blessings of the infinite. So he lived and so he died and we leave his memory to posterity, which perchance could its "eyes be opened." (Please read II Kings, 6th Chapter 15th to 18th verses) might see.

His form upon the "mountain" stand,
In the insignia of the just;
Surrounded by his patriot band
In the full glare of valiant trust:—
Each scar and wound of earthly hate,
Transformed into a crystal gem;
His brow defying wrongs of state,
Crowned with a royal diadem

TOBACCO.

ITS POWER, SOCIAL INFLUENCE,—LEARNING TO USE IT, &c.

ALTHOUGH nature will always accommodate herself as well as she can to circumstances of any kind; and although we may, in some degree, be predisposed to a

thing, good or bad; yet, tobacco is antagonistic to life and the human organism.

When quite a young boy, I stole "a smoke," i. e. my parents, at first, did not know I took it. I wanted to appear "big," among the rest of the big boys.—Did not care for them. They were even willing to help me along. My parents soon found it out,—when I began to turn white, and lay down on the floor, and turn nearly wrong side out. I repented severely, and thought, *sure*, I would never do so again.

But oh! How little youth regards trouble, when it is far away. Bye-and-bye an opportunity offered itself, and again I violated nature's law, and of course was made sick again. Again, and again, I violated. I was becoming less and less sensitive to the sting of the penalty,—hardened in sin, and calloused in crime. As I grew up in my 'teens' with other boys, we began to pilfer tobacco from our fathers; get together on Sundays, and in some out-of-the-way place, learn to smoke and chew. According to the prevailing idea, *that*, made men of us.

We were beginning to learn, also, that our parents had no right to chide us for what (a sin) they would indulge in themselves.

Our fathers did not yet know we used it, although they were suspicious at times—when they would happen to detect by the sudden paleness of one the younger, and less cautious of the boys, that he had a stolen "plug" beneath his shirt for safe keeping. We were not yet constant users. It was my father's custom when his meals were finished, to set back, and puff away, until the room was so thick with the smoke, that it seemed to me, a knife would have to be pretty sharp to cut it.

As it happened to be my disagreeable lot to take my place at the table when he sat back, I know the smoke was sharp enough to cut my throat, and cause me to "bolt" my food,—potatoes, hog's grease, &c. without grinding.

It was not long under this, and similar treatment, that my naturally strong constitution began to give way. Nausea and vomiting set in. No sooner was a meal down, than it was up again.

"Waterbrash" and "heart-burn," Scarcely a moment in the day was I free from pain. Like, as in the darkness of past ages, we were commanded to bow our heads in humble submission to the "divine will," and "kiss the rod," never daring to question,—why must we suffer? A *cause*, never was thought of, but in the case the *doctor* had a remedy for us, *that*, would be all right. I heard of many cures, and tried them to no good purpose. But of all the cures, the Doctor's beat. He was an Allopath, but should have, I think, in this case, hailed as a homeopath, for his prescription was,—*tobacco!*, *more tobacco!*

I could come out openly now, with my parents' [and the Doctor's sanction, and use it all I wanted to.

It *did* keep my food down, being so much *worse*, the food did not *dare* come where it was.

Still I was sick, and often in the agony of body and soul was led to cry out,—"How long, Oh, Lord, how long," is this miserable state of affairs to last?—Sinning and suffering, then as a remedy, taking another dose of sin, (violating God's law)—suffering again, and then in our blind impudence,—perhaps under the pretext of worship,—charge it all to God.

No, no, thank God,—the good angels, and our dear Saviours, we were not destined or doomed to remain in darkness forever, and ever, nor but for a short time, comparatively,

We were susceptible of progress in knowledge. We knew it was a bad habit, and feared it might get such a hold on us that it would be impossible to shake it off.

I tried several times to discontinue its use. Whenever I did, the vomiting would return. *What was I to do?* Fortunately, about that time there appeared a saviour, in the person of a brother-in-law, with the desired information,—books, knowledge, and the glorious gospel of health.

He opened my eyes at once, and broke up my orthodox ideas of life and death,—happiness and misery,—soul and body, &c. &c., and taught me,—that for every result, or effect, there was a legitimate and logical cause, aside from that awful vindictive personal God away off somewhere. He taught that if I suffered the loss of my food before it digested

and assimilated, there was a cause, without having to use tobacco for it, and he soon helped me to study out the cause, and remedy the evil, assisted in establishing good common sense, and restoring health and happiness.

God bless him. He is now in the angel world.

In 1853 (I think it was) while in New York City and getting a phrenological examination by Prof. L. N. Fowler, he marked "Alimentiveness" (as well as spiritually, and most of the social organs or faculties) very *large*, consequently, it was not as hard a matter for me to "fall into" an erroneous habit of eating or gratifying the palate, as it was to "fall out" again, and it has not been until within a few years, that *that* faculty has been brought from its ruling position, into subjection, and obedience to the higher ones. My father was an, almost life-long smoker and chewer, and I used it occasionally from boyhood, until after I had a family of four children.

I well remember when I left them in Nova Scotia, and was spending a season in the state of Delaware. One day as I was spending a dime to gratify the perverted taste, I seemed to be suddenly brought to my natural senses, —*struck* with the thought that, perhaps my own dear ones at home were at that very hour deprived of some necessary comfort. At any rate, I knew that, with that very dime, they might be given a mental feast,—provided with a nice little illustrated book that would prove a comfort, and lasting benefit. This conviction was well received. It overruled, and, well, reader; if you never was a tobacco user, I can tell you, you have no idea of the power its sways over the perverted appetites of its slavish victims, and the amount of will power and struggling it takes to overcome and conquer the desire. I will briefly relate two cases that will faintly illustrate the power it holds.

In Nov. 1870 while at Battle Creek, Health Institute, I became acquainted with a man from Ohio, who, came there to be treated for the simple(?) malady of using tobacco. He was 62 years old, and had used it for fifty years, consequently it had a great hold on his system. But one thing in his favor was,—*he had come to his right senses*. His mind was

right, and all he needed was, to get the vile stuff forever out of his system. But for fear he would go crazy, he brought his wife, and a piece of tobacco in *her* possession, along with him. After the tobacco was taken away, he was nearly crazy at times. He fairly raved like a madman. In the "wet sheet pack" process, he would leave the sheet *yellow with tobacco juice*, and the pack room, strongly impregnated with the fumes of tobacco. Although tobacco had left its stamp on his mind and body, and had relieved him of hundreds of hard earned dollars, yet under the "Hygienic" treatment he was speedily cured of the disease, and went home rejoicing in the fact that he was a healthy, happy and for once in his life—*a free man*.

The other case was of my father's "uncle John." Sixty years ago "Uncle John" lived without neighbors, some three miles back in the woods. Tobacco was scarce and high then, and it took about six weeks for the only vessel that landed at "Halfway River," to make a trip to "the lines."

One time, as the article was getting scarce with him, he began saving the old chews in his vest pockets. Finally his stock became so low, he came out to the "landing" to renew it, but had to return without, as the vessel had not yet arrived. He stood it another day on old quids, and finally, *they* were gone. Then in haste, he mounted his horse, and again set out for the settlement, and here's where the fun, or struggle came in. Not long had he rode before he found that his vest pockets had been turned wrong-side out, and he was tugging away at them,—sucking and chewing like a young calf. Suddenly he came to himself, jerked the pockets out of his mouth, and replacing them in his vest, said,—"What a fool I be." But the desperate hold the enemy had got on him, was not to be bluffed off so easily, "Uncle John," in his desperation had again unwittingly seized his vest pockets, turned them wrong side out, and was sucking away as it were, for "dear life." This occurred repeatedly,—until "Uncle John" was perfectly astonished at the power it held him under.

It looks incredible, but it is God's truth.

Oh! how lamentable the prevalance of this great evil, particularly in parents. Not only for the slaves themselves, but for their neighbors, and for the hereditary and social influences exerted on the rising generation.

After I ex-chewed it, I do not remember *one* of the very many I have talked with, who use it, but who have acknowledged it to be a great nuisance, and many have expressed a wish that they were clear of it.

Statistics before me show a small part of the pecuniary loss yearly to our nation, to say nothing of the money losses,—loss of life, loss of health and happiness to the hundreds of thousands of our fellow beings.

I am led to cry out with one of old time—and ask every user of the weed—“*Why, do you spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not*”—Giveth not satisfaction in the end?

During my experience with tobacco I have had fearful struggles, and several curious episodes in trying to leave it off, and get rid of its influence.

This has been a foul subject to handle, but I have saved the best, and most surprising part of the story for the last. It is told in few words, and shows plainly to my mind, the goodness, and power of the spirit world in helping those of this world, who would help themselves. I realized the truth of that text,—“*Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.*”

SPIRIT AID.

I was keeping a mill boarding house by the Saginaw River in Bay City. Nearly all our boarders, as usual, as well as myself used tobacco.

On Dec. 8th 1872 I went to the hall to hear Mrs. Emma Martin lecture on Spiritualism.

The speaker being unconsciously controlled, spoke under inspiration. At the close of the lecture, and before the control left, permission was given the audience to ask any question they wished.

So the question of tobacco was brought up.

One wanted to know whether it would be any the worse for our souls in the hereafter, for having used tobacco here?

The answer was given quickly, and positively in the affirmative.

Explanations followed, that made it look so reasonable that it sank deep, like seed into “good ground.” I had always been taught to regard spiritual things with reverence. So this answer settled with such weight in my mind, that when the audience was dismissed, I went to the stove, and emptied my pockets of the “Fine cut,” and “Navy plug,” into the flames, with a silent prayer in my soul to God and the good guardian angels, to help and protect me forever from ever falling again a prey to the soul destroying influences of tobacco. I left the hall and went home to my boarding house, and straightway to my trunk, —took from it my “home supply,” and would have given it to one of the boarders, but for the timely suggestion of a better influence which whispering in my ear,—“Put not the bottle to your neighbor’s lips &c.”

And now comes the sequel, which is the most surprising of all—that instead of having the usual longing and hankering for it, I have *Never from that day to this had the least desire in that direction.*

R. B. DICKIE.

FROM OWEN MERIDETH, IN “LUCILE.”

No stream from its source

Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened.

No star ever rose

And set, without influence some where. Who knows
What earth needs from earth’s lowest creature?

No life

Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

The spirits of just men made perfect on high
The army of martyrs who stand by the Throne

And gaze into the face that makes glorious their
own,

Know this, surely, at last.

Honest love, honest sorrow,

Honest work for the day,

Honest hope for the morrow,

Are these worth nothing more than

The hand they make weary,

The heart they have saddened, the life they leave
dreary?

Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the
spirit

Echo: He that o’ercometh shall all things inherit.

THE TEMPLE MESSENGER DEPARTMENT.

ALONZO DANFORTH, EDITOR, 1 Fountain Square,
Roxbury, Mass.

49
FORTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF
THE ADVENT OF MODERN
SPIRITUALISM.

9
Forty-~~four~~ years have passed around
Since first we heard the welcome sound.
The dead still live, the lost are found,
Yes, surely found

At Hydesville.

The children gathered round and said,
Sure, these are rappings from the dead,
The spirits answered back, "Not dead,"
Not dead are we

At Hydesville.

The people then began to shout,
'What is this humbug all about?
We'll go out there and rout them out,
Those Foxes all

At Hydesville."

They went in throngs, some stayed all night,
They tried the floors but found them right,
But still cried "humbug" from sheer spite,
At what they found

At Hydesville.

Like sportmen they declared they knew
The way to catch the Foxes too;
They'd run them down and tire them out,
And all this humbug they would scout
From every nook

At Hydesville.

For four and forty years they've run,
The Foxes brush they have not won,
They find the chase has just begun,
That first set out

At Hydesville.

For millions now have heard the sound,
And millions more are listening round,
To catch the truths that now abound,
That first were heard

At Hydesville.

Out spirit friends still live and love,
They come to bless us from above,
And bring glad tidings of their love,
As first they did

At Hydesville.

The light is shining more and more,
The river's bridged from shore to shore,
Earth's children cry "more light still more,"
The light that shone

At Hydesville.

From north to south, from east to west,
By spirit truths mankind are blest,
The fear of death is set at rest,
By what occurred

At Hydesville.

Each truth-freed soul, rejoice and sing,
Make hill and valley loudly ring,
That truth her living light may bring,
The light that gleamed

At Hydesville.

Gather new truths, and these bestow
Upon your neighbors here below,
For thus your happiness will grow,
That first began

At Hydesville.

Unfurl your banners, let them wave,
Your loved ones are not in the grave,
But with you stand, the truth to save—
The truth proclaimed

At Hydesville.

Work as you can, reward is sure,
For all who to the end endure;
Let every daily act be pure—
These truths were taught

At Hydesville.

Live out earth's life in doing good—
Thus spirit teachings understood
Will give each hungering soul such food
As spirits gave

At Hydesville.

The wisest, truest, grandest, best,
From yon bright world, so truly blest,
Come back and bid the weary rest
Upon the "rap"

At Hydesville.

Act well your part, be kind to all
That when "from earth," shall sound the call
You then will meet us one and all,
Who greeted you

At Hydesville.

—*Mind and Matter.*

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE.

1848—1892.

The Rapping heard at Hydesville was that of the Grand Master Mason laying the foundation of a new Spiritual Temple, wherein was to be taught the fullest and purest Gospel of Love and Light forevermore.

"Ten thousand happy voices join
To hail the glorious morn:
We'll scatter blessings far and wide
On nations yet unborn."

"Oh, what a night was that which wrapped
The human mind in gloom!
Oh, what a sun which breaks this day
Of superstition's doom!"

SPIRITUAL LIBERTY.

Tune,—Auld Lang Syne.

"The world has felt a quickening breath
From Heaven's eternal shore;
And souls, triumphant over Death,
Return to earth once more.
For this we hold our Jubilee,
For this with joy we sing—
'O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?'
Immortal eyes look from above
Upon our joys to-day,
And souls immortal in their love
In our glad songs unite
Across the waveless chrysal sea
The notes triumphant ring—
'O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting!'"

CONDUCTOR:—We assemble on this our Anniversary, to commemorate the event on which disembodied minds from the spiritual plane of life manifested themselves to mortals and said they still lived and were thinking, intelligent beings.

The Christian world celebrates great events by strains of enchanting music, gorgeous hanging draperies interwoven with scarlet and gold, burning tapers, illuminating the air with ambient flames, ambrosial perfumes of incense, ascending cloud-like amid the towering columns that support their domes, kindling the emotions to a degree that seemed to waft the senses to the very gates of Paradise.

We assemble to mark an era in the spiritual development of man, to consecrate the natal day of modern Spiritualism.

We make no display; we are without the grand masters of song, no orchestra sends

forth its volumes of melodious sounds, no priestly chanting echoes beneath our roof, no processions of churchly dignitaries with burning lamps and garments of costly cloth, garnished with gold and precious gems, move through our humble aisles. We meet simply in the interest of truth, trusting in its future power to sway the world.

Our sainted arisen ones have burst the bars of the tomb and have rapped on our doors and tables for admission. And from the drop of dew that distills in the silence of the night to the most distant star, from the opening of these lily hearts and roses, from the breath of the infant, as sweet as fragrance of the violet, from the whispered prayer of the penitent, from the wringing of the hands of the abandoned woman, all these are facts in the universe, and are links in that chain which makes up the immortal destiny and happiness of humanity everywhere.

ANNIVERSARY LESSON.

When did Spiritualism in the present age make its first recognized appeal to the acceptance of humanity?

On the 31st of March, 1848, in Hydesville, N. Y., through the mediumship of two little girls of the Fox family.

Then spirit communion was known before that time?

Yes, in the past, with all its grand records, proving that men everywhere, in every age, in every land, had this belief and developed seers, prophets and mediums.

What can we see in the past?

The impress of Spiritualism in every human experience.

Why did Spiritualism come?

In answer to a demand for a clearer evidence of immortality of the human spirit than our religious teachers ever gave or could give; to show the naturalness of spirit life, and to answer the immediate needs of humanity.

What did these little girls have to encounter?

The scorn of the world, and the angry billows of wrath were set in motion by the followers of Christ.

What is a fact in regard to Spiritualism?

That it has loosened the ties that theology

has woven about us and we have emerged and to leap with joy in the radiant light from that darkness into the grand light of thrown across the pathway of life. freedom and truth, and brought with us a revelation of the destiny of the human race and the true meaning of existence.

What ought we to do?

Join hands with those who have gone before in working out grand results, and to live and show by good, earnest lives, what it is to be a Spiritualist.

Why has Spiritualism been so unpopular?

Because, like all other advances from the popular view of thought and action, it has stood boldly and self defiant, conscious of its own ability to sustain itself by facts. If all Spiritualists would stand as boldly and self-defiant it would be the popular belief or knowledge of this age. The sooner the world knows what Spiritualism says, the better it will be for humanity.

What do we remember on this our anniversary?

That a spirit dwells in man and that spirit lives after the dissolution of the body.

How do Spiritualists view life?

That there is joy in this life and also in that which is to be.

Was Spiritualism welcomed forty-four years ago?

No.—not generally; as the great body of people living at that time, bolted and barred the doors of their inner temple of thought and action, thinking it a delusion and a snare.

What were the "Raps?"

Signals,—and were like the postman's knock at your door, who must needs rap to gain admittance.—and they have done their work and done it well.

What did the rap show through the little Fox girls so many years ago?

Answers to unuttered thoughts and prayers of millions.

What was humanity's prayer?

Give us definite and unmistakable assurance of a life continued.

What was the simple rap heard in 1848?

One of the sublimest and divinest facts ever enthroned in human existence.

Why?

It has made millions of human hearts glad

What has the forty-four years of its existence accomplished?

It has belted the earth; and though it met with derision and scorn, though bigotry sought the life of the young child, it grew and has come to vigorous manhood.

What has Spiritualism done?

All opposition has been put aside by the solid facts it has brought to bear upon all who doubted the existence of spirit; and this great monarch of truth has never given up to despair, but it has advanced day by day, year by year, until it bears upon its pure white banner—"As man lives, he shall never die."

What is the corner-stone of Spiritualism?

Mediumship; and it will forever guide earth's children to life's eternal and progressive home.

What is the grandest thought taught by mediums?

That spirit power has taken the step which will prepare a way for the downfall of bigotry and superstition, and erect upon the errors of the past a temple sure and solid, wherein the future work of the spirit world shall be inaugurated and carried to this issue; that they will re-organize society without the tyrant of the skies and the idol of the Christian, by the systematic worship of humanity.

What do the beliefs of the past say in regard to the future condition of mortals in spirit life?

They consign them either to eternal bliss or to everlasting torment.

What does Spiritualism say and teach?

As they leave this condition of life, so does the spirit world find them with all their thoughts, feelings and peculiarities remaining with them.

Conductor:—Anniversaries are mile stones in the journey of human life; and as travelers upon the different roads, we meet at such times and counsel one with the other upon the progress made since last we met. Many dear ones, maybe, have joined the great majority, while the others remain—but they have only arisen to a higher condition of life; have only witnessed the dawning of that morning that

ushered their freed spirits to the immortal shores. Let us on each anniversary, remember to join them and continue the never-ending labor of reaching below and raising all who need our help.

RESPONSES.

Brothers and Sisters in spirit life—friends and comrades of that happy band we greet you, for even our dim eyes can almost see the smiling faces—even on our leaden ears there lightly falls the sound of spirit voices.

The day of sweet humanities and dawning helpfulness is upon us.

The historical event that transpired forty-four years ago gives us the occasion for this celebration.

The seed is sown which is to be a mighty tree whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations.

We desire the cloud of superstition should be cleared away from mankind.

The clergy of to-day know that if Spiritualism does not prove the continuity of life then there is no proof.

Do not forget our old time workers, the results of whose labors we are now harvesting.

Do not forget those who have given their best energies, now that they have become enfeebled.

We owe it a duty to the spirit world to show that the inspiration which its denizens bring to our lives produces fruitful results, and only by our daily conduct can we do this—by thinking pure thoughts and doing unselfish deeds may we alone prove ourselves worthy the name of Spiritualists.

If we would have our cause respected, and our names cherished by the world, we must be practical and seek to achieve tangible results for the good of mankind.

Are we seeking to make our lives, first as individuals, and there as a body of spiritual workers—so ennobling that they will be felt by our companions?

Are we living lives that shall be as a beacon to those that live in the darkness of error and ignorance.

The pioneers of this truth were obliged to

break out every step of the way in which we are now walking.

We are here to-day to celebrate their victories and honor their memories.

We are the Temples of the living God and all possibilities of divine unfoldment and progress are resident within our own natures and upon ourselves rests the responsibility of developing the souls powers to their highest activities.

To-day we are emerging out of the religious system that has been taught for years, and the true manly spirit is unfolded in those who really desire to understand something of the laws of life here and in the world of spirits.

The rap that heralded the natal day of Spiritualism may be compared to the shot fired at Concord, April 19th, 1775, that was "heard round the world," that told of the efforts, and successful efforts, of a band of freemen who threw the bonds of the past away, and aspired to that political liberty that millions enjoy to-day.

We, too, aspire to mental freedom, and the rap "heard round the world," fired from the battlements of the spirit-realms, bestows that freedom in the earth-plane, coupled with the grand gift of the revelation of ultimate and eternal progression in the beyond.

The Hydesville rap shook superstitions tower, and shattered the gates of hell, and its echo struck the key note of earth's great jubilee.

Rejoice with us ascended ones in the glory and sweetness of this our natal day.

The Heavens are opened, our friends from the higher life greet us with loud halleluiahs.

We cannot be too thankful that Spiritualism came to us, we cannot be too appreciative in our thoughts of the work and its workers.

They are living entities filled with power and vital energy, full of new life and anxious to reveal to us the glories and wonders of the world of spirits.

Forty-four years has Spiritualism been an abiding presence.

We must have a day to commemorate when the message came rapped out by spirit-signals that man lives beyond the grave.

This day of all the days in the year should

be cherished by Spiritualists as it opened the broad highway leading to a life continued.

Tidings of eternal life are whispered by returning spirits to the slave in his chains, to the captive in his dungeon, to the out-cast in the street, to the working man at his bench, to the student in his study, to the scientist, to the minister, to all men and women in all stations of life.

May hope, strength and courage be given to the pioneers while they linger on earth for they will find a tender and affectionate reception in the spiritual kingdom of love and truth.

This is a day of rejoicing, for coming together for social communion with greater love higher peace, and grander truth.

This higher conception of truth is ours—sing our songs and rejoice for it is the Spiritual Easter that proclaims the resurrection of the immortal soul, the birth of the spirit above physical conditions—it sings the song of immortal life for all mankind.

CLOSING SERVICE.

Rise, thou magnificent symbol and expression of God! rise with thy vast disc aglow with fervor, thou fount of living light?

Our eyes hail this day and our lifted hands give thee welcome.

The faces of all men are being uplifted unto thee, Spiritualism, and, lighted by thy rays, a common likeness is being perceived, and the first act of universal devotion, is the long lost brotherhood of man with man.

It is a great blessing to millions above and below the prison house of spiritual ignorance.

Chains of bigotry are falling off

Brightness and joy are taking the place of darkness and despair.

Who can measure the importance of spiritual knowledge as gained through media and intuition?

The risen ones tell us in tones all joyous, that death is our eternal gain. From the night of death our loved ones take us by the hand and conduct us safe to the spirit land.

The lamp of truth is shining clear to banish error's night.

Soon will our opposers join to bless the de-

fenders of Spiritualism.

When the cruel and insulting dogmas of the church toward humanity shall have done their part, then will earth send forth her sweetest song.

Our souls are being attuned to heavenly melodies.

Angels are walking hand in hand with us through our earthly pilgrimage.

We have ceased to mourn for loved ones, and rejoice in the knowledge that they have ascended higher.

To many our arisen ones move invisibly along the shores of time.

Our spirit friends are making known their presence.

Though invisible to many, they emerge from their obscurity in garments of Light.

Though intangible, they put on tangible forms.

They beckon us upward from the soiling cares of earth.

They ask no other adoration than intelligent love.

Always seemingly absent, but ever present, they are our guardian angels whom we trust next to the Absolute Cause.

The day will come when they shall visit every fireside and hold converse with us, and sit at our table on these, our sacred anniversaries.

Let us rest the fact of Spiritualism on the wonderful little Rap.

The higher uses of this communion are being developed year by year.

No grander event than the "Rap" ever happened in history.

Let earth's bells ring in the Anniversary morn, that spirit power comes as a messenger of love.

Our spirits still live on and work eternal good in this.

When words are wrought in deed, it brings the earth's redemption near.

We shall ascend into spirit life through the change called death.

As we mourn the loss of friends, so they rejoice in anticipation of a re-union.

It is now being taught that we shall still continue to live in some higher world in the

infinite universe of God.

Our spirit friends will safely lead us over life's trials, into the mansions of light.

Conductor:—May we on this day, each and every one, fully and firmly resolve that we will put forth our best energies in the promotion of the interests of our cause, and in unison advance the principles of Love, Benevolence and Charity—a combination of which forms the basis of true manhood and womanhood.

May we, on every Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism, strengthen our resolutions, expand our love, cultivate our intellect and give the cause which we assemble to commemorate a new emphasis.

May our Lyceums, the infant Saviour of the world, on whose divine labors rest the hopes of earth's struggling millions, earnestly labor for self-improvement and extended influence, until they shall become one with the circles above.

SPIRITUALISM.

What is Spiritualism?

An educator, has led us into new fields of thought and kept lighted the conscious lamp of reason.

How may we regard the different phases of Spiritualism?

We may compare them to the foundation of a mighty edifice which, to be lasting, must be laid deep and strong.

What do investigators wish?

For phenomena, and say, that for Spiritualism to live and be a power in the land, that each fact must be demonstrated to their full satisfaction.

As the human mind is developed what is seen?

An escape from the fetters that have for so many years been detrimental to progress.

What is the the object of Spiritualism?

To demonstrate that man is a spirit, and show that the harvest of life will be in accordance with his endeavors.

What is a medium?

The window through which the light from another world shines.

What are the facts of to-day?

They are the foundation of Spiritualism,

also a lever that shall remove a world of prejudice.

Why are different manifestations of spirit power given?

To prove to all an immortal existence.

How does Spiritualism without mediumship sound?

Like Christianity without Christ.

What is the Spiritualists' platform?

The demonstrated knowledge of immortality; the belief in continual progression; that we, passing to spirit life, can under certain conditions return and communicate with mortals.

Why is Spiritualism a science?

Because proper investigation, in accordance with its established laws, the truth of Spiritualism and its claims can be demonstrated to the mind of man.

What is science?

That which can be absolutely tested and demonstrated to human conception or knowledge, and certainly Spiritualism can be classed under that head.

How is Spiritualism a philosophy?

Because we can reason upon it, it presents ideas for consideration, it outlines for us a moral code of conduct, and if followed sincerely will lead us to diviner heights of knowledge, as well as of happiness and experience.

What benefit is derived by communication with the life that now is and that which is to come?

By benefitting alike both mortal and spirit.

How does it benefit mortals?

By learning of the spirit-world, by coming into communication with their arisen friends, and accepting an idea of what the life to come means for every human being.

How does it benefit the spirit?

By not only bringing them in communication with their loved ones on earth, not teaching them from observation and experience the laws within the human mind.

What do we learn by intercourse with our ascended ones?

That a school of learning is established where both the mortal and spirit may learn something of the lessons of life, gain a knowledge of the laws of the universe and recog-

nize the established fact that there is running through all life a grand and eternal law which links mind to mind and which indeed governs the entire race.

What are the mental phases of mediumship?

Clairvoyance, the unconscious trance condition, partial consciousness, entrancement.

Why is it a religion?

It appeals to the highest and finest senses of humanity and calls out the best aspirations of the soul, it calls to man to look onward for something more holy and pure than merely material things can afford, and it directs humanity to the importance of a strictly good life.

What is phenomenal Spiritualism?

That which appeals to the external senses of mankind; it is produced by the agency of magnetic and electrical forces.

What is the magnetic force?

That fine spiritual part of all things in the universe.

What is the electric force?

It is of like nature to the magnetic only

that it holds its position more in the physical, it being a vital fluid of a physical nature.

What are the phenomenal phases of mediumship?

Magnetic, as physical force is used through and by the medium in imparting mental and physical health or magnetism to the patient, the movement of objects or physical mediumship, independent slate-writing, the production of forms, known either as materialization or etherealization.

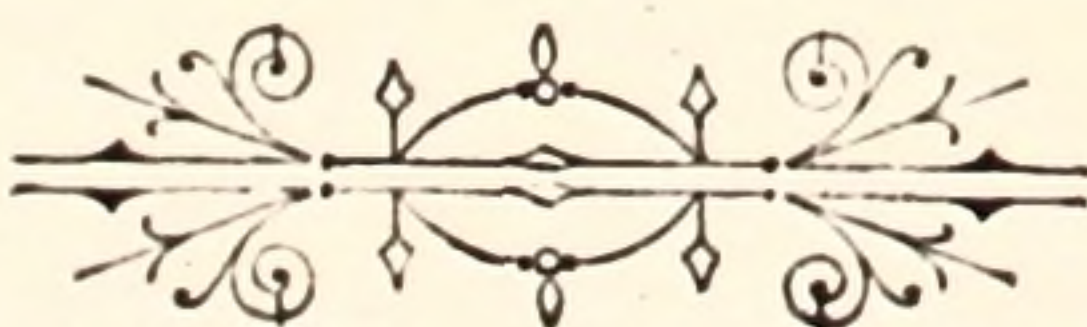
What are the mental phases of mediumship?

Automatic writing where the hand of the medium is used independently of the brain, writing mediumship where the brain is impowered by thought, quickly conveyed through the hand to the page, inspirational mediumship wherein the brain of the medium is quickened, its best mental vigor set in operation and controlled by spiritual intelligencers who direct upon it their own mental vigor and force, and thus give to the world their own grand thoughts.

CLOSING HYMN.

Tune,—Auld Lang Syne.

Our cypress wreaths are laid aside
 For amaranthine flowers;
 For death's cold wave does not divide
 The soul we love from ours.
 From pain and death and sorrow free,
 They join with us to sing
 "O Grave, where is thy victory?
 O Death, where is thy sting?"
 'Sweet spirits welcome yet again?'
 With loving hearts we cry;
 'And peace on earth, good will to men,'
 The angel hosts reply.
 From doubt and fear, through truth make free;
 With faith triumphant sing—
 "O Grave, where is thy victory?
 O Death, where is thy sting?"



FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

BY A. CHESBORD.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

TO cross the desert of materialism, to go on foot, and to go alone, is a task that may well appal the most daring explorer, and whoever in the prosecution of his life journey, finds himself on the borders of this desert, may well pause and consider, ere he attempts the desolate journey. I speak of crossing it, yet perhaps nine out of ten who enter, expect to spend their lives there.

It is thought to constitute a boundary of the world, beyond which there is nothing. Men of renown extal it as a dwelling-place, and deride all who prefer some other abode, while others ring out warnings with intent to make us pause.

Yet if it be a choice, either to go forward and brave new dangers or to turn back and give up the hope of attaining a true mental and moral independence, can one hesitate long what to do?

Even though there be no map of the desert, and the voices of those who live upon it, have at best, a hollow sound, the word is "Forward" and we go.

Like every other undertaking, it is the first step which costs. Those who make it their business to attend to the affairs of others, are loud in their expostulations and warnings, they follow after the traveler to lay hands on him, and stop him by main force if need be. They are ceaseless in their attacks, until in very weariness he cries out: How enviable in comparison is the life of a dog, who may look forward to a dreamless sleep when his short span is ended, while we of a higher order urged forward by a power we cannot comprehend nor question, are obliged to fight our way as best we can through regions unsurveyed.

But after a time, these would-be friends cease to trouble us. The way, though lonely begins to have its satisfactions. We have cast aside fear, and we kneel at no shrine. Professing no acquaintance with the author of our being, we take comfort in the belief

that, to say we do not know him cannot be in itself an offense, that one worthy of our respect, cannot possibly be angry with our ignorance.

We find many on this journey, who seem to have sought the desert because of its freedom from restraint, but with these we have nothing to do. Their motto, Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die, finds no echo in our hearts. Intuitively we know that if our chances of preserving the spark of life in both heart and brain are but small, even with our physical forces kept in perfect discipline,—to allow those forces to dominate is to throw all hope to the winds.

It is one thing to resign all the hope and inspiration which a belief in a bright future is calculated to give, and quite another thing to declare "there is no future, and we intend to act accordingly."

We learn indeed to live without words of prayer, yet every step forward, every tightening of the nerves of resolution is in itself a prayer which translated might mean, "Let me acquire the fullest measure of self-respect both mental and physical. Let me attain to my highest possibilities. Give me the truth, and I will bind myself to pay for it, in labor if I can, in pain if I must, but give me the truth."

If it be true that my conscious existence is to be measured by my life upon earth, I wish to know it as early in life as possible.

If the contrary be true, if the life now begun has no terminus that we can in any way comprehend, then let this truth come home to us, and if possible, through a channel worthy to convey a message so sublime.

This kind of blind faith that is not conscious of being faith seems to be given in large measure to those who are called to enter the dreary desert of materialism. Without it they would soon fall a prey to fear, despair and death. With it, they may follow its pathways for years with a steadfast hope and courage, and if they only persist in traveling, and resolutely refuse to settle down, the time will come when they shall find a green pathway that leads to the lost garden of Paradise.

(To be continued.)

N. D. C. RECORDS OF BRANCH NO. 1
OF ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

AMONG the truly remarkable things which has appeared upon the scene of public action during the progress of this most striking and eventful century, no more astonishing figure has been seen than the birth and remarkable growth of the National Developing Circle. It is always extremely difficult to deal justly with a career unless one has followed it step by step from its birth. So I will confine myself to "Branch No. 1 of Elmira of the N. D. C." I will not attempt to weary the reader with what I might say of the wonderful growth and great good which has been accomplished by the N. D. C. It has made innumerable converts to this spiritual philosophy by going right into the homes and reaching those who have not the moral courage to make an open or public investigation of the great truths of modern Spiritualism. Within our recollection we have seen spiritual societies formed, and spiritualist churches organized and most all of them have gone down with their banners trailing in the dust. All because what? Excuse this little digression. But the N. D. C. has come to stay and the best proof we have of this, is the fact that most all of the *best mediums* there is in the country are members of the N. D. C. which platform is wide and long enough for all spiritualists to stand upon; and all self-spiritualism must go down.

The great spirit-controlling has issued the command "*forward march*"! and it is very gratifying to see all the good, and not over-zealous mediums and Spiritualists, from the East, West, North and South, falling into lines with the solid column that is marching on to certain and sure victory.

Branch No. 1, of Elmira of the N. D. C. had its first sitting on the last Sunday of November 1891. It has never failed to add one or more members to its number at every meeting up to the present time. We have in this branch spiritualists of every shade of belief, who would not previously allow themselves to unite with any spiritual society, or church. But after the least little investigation of the

N. D. C.'s objects and principles would see at once the great advantage it would be to the spirit world to manifest and convince the most skeptical investigator of the great truths of modern spiritualism. Also, most of the churches are represented in this branch. Among them the Baptist, Methodist, and Roman Catholic. So that with all our members, those in full fellowship and those on probation we number more than double both of the other spiritual societies in Elmira.

We are holding our Sunday evening meeting at the home of the pioneer spiritualist of Chemung Co., Brother and Sister Wm. B. Hatch, whom were among the earliest converts to the faith; they, having been converted forty-one years ago, and ever since that time, every honest medium and spiritualist has received a hearty welcome at their home. Although it is a remarkable fact that Brother Hatch had never allowed himself with any spiritual society in all these forty one years. However, as soon as he read the Declaration of the Principles of the N. D. C., he could see at once the importance of every spiritualist and medium uniting with it. He could see that the time had come for every Spiritualist to work hand in hand to develop a medium of some phase or other in every home in the land; and that all this undeveloped material which we have that is trying to push itself to the front and is most always a blunder. But the united efforts of the N. D. C. can and will place them on the platform and before the public fully developed and with that protection which they stand so much in need of, from slander, and reserve the cry of fraud and humbug. To truth, I believe in the science and knowledge and religion of modern Spiritualism.

The grand purpose of the great band of spirits who organizes the N. D. C. Circle, where harmony will prevail if the mediums and members will allow it. There being no offices to quarrel over, they being all appointed by the spirit guides and the developing mediums, and in the circle the greatest liberty can be exercised by the control and medium; except observing the simple rules of the circle as directed by the guides of the

N. D. C. for their own management of the Circle.

Merit, only, wins the prize of knowledge. The N. D. C. is a college of Spiritual learning where the student can start with the alphabet and graduate with the full and perfect understanding of spiritual science and knowledge.

Our Circle is so large in number that we have leased a hall in the Oddfellows Temple, where we will hold public meetings from 6.30 to 8.00 P. M. every Sunday evening. We will then retire to the seance room where we can commune and visit with our spirit friends. We are having good demonstrations. We have a materializing medium, and one of the best of seers who is being rapidly developed. Also a new hygienic system of treatment for all diseases. A large number of people are now being successfully treated by this system. On the 4th of the present month we had a public social in the Oddfellows Temple and it was so successful that we have decided to continue them every two weeks until warm weather, at least till the Spiritualists and public get acquainted with us, and the objects and principles of the N. D. C.

Before closing I must give a little expression of my sentiments of appreciation of THE SOWER. Its bright pages are on the side of humanity, laboring to advance mankind. It is the exponent of the N. D. C. Its pages are always teeming with new and instructive matter. Its columns keep us posted on spiritual matters. It advances the principles of the N. D. C. Brother and Sister Spiritualists, you cannot do a more laudable act than to send \$1 for a year's subscription for the mediums friend, THE SOWER.

Yours Respectively, W. W. FORD.

Feb. 15th 1892.

Developing Medium.

Written for THE SOWER.

A TALK FROM A LIVE MEMBER, RIGHT TO THE POINT.

GREETING:—I noticed the red cross on the wrapper of my SOWER, signifying, the expiration of my subscription. Mr. Schwab and I forward the amount for another year, that we may continue to be a partial

support, for the maintenance of its grand, and bold expressions, for the defence of the oppressed by the N. D. C.-ites; and to further illustrate the wishes and desires of invisibles to ameliorate the condition of the masses.

To be a Spiritualist by positive knowledge and facts, does not mean only to attend circles from one place to another, receiving communications—tests—tell you how best to take advantage of your fellow man in a business transaction, or receive information concerning your neighbor's moral character, which strikes a tone for inferiors as to the original workings of the spirit world, and such persons, will be at a loss as to the truthfulness of their communications for *like attracts like*; and, as you seek shall you find. But no, the ability, energy, and divine mission of the spirits is to untold to mankind the true inwardness of his spirituality, establishing the Universal Brotherhood by acts and deeds which is essential and in harmony with the paramount principles of Love, Justice and Equality.

Spiritualism, Nationalism, or, any other Ism that advocates or agitates the elevation and cultivation of a higher condition of life, and that seeks to distribute justly the bounties of nature and give to each one a fair share for the product of his labor. The great forces of spirit are operating upon matter and will tend to solve the great social problem. As long as man will worship mammon, this question will not be solved; But, while capital is concentrating into trusts and combinations, and the more power they assume, the sooner the *crash* will come. Their methods are enlightening the people to the fact that while a few can control at will the necessaries of life that municipalities, state or government can do likewise for the benefit of the people and by the people. If the ideal of a reform is the basis of future transformation of society, to advocate at present; then let none of us who are willing to unfurl the banner of Nationalism as one of its bearers condemn other movements that have in view the same object, but under a different name. But, instead, associate (if possible) with them, discuss both sides and point to them their errors.

In harmony and unity *all* reforms must con-

concentrate their forces where *right* is the political arena. Place such men in office that will look to your interest and let the old parties alone—they are corrupt. Such men that will enact laws to get control of railroads, telegraphs and other modes of transportation which is necessary to facilitate our commercial exchanges. If that is accomplished the others will follow for you will then appropriate the benefits.—It will give less hours of labor and will naturally employ more men and women—cheaper fare and freight and instead of sending letters, send a message by wire for nearly the same price, and the profits besides the expense, will be for the people and not for individual corporations who are holding you down to slavery and starvation. This would put Bellamy's theory into practice. The power of electricity to run our street cars has proved a great blessing to our horses and mules that are relieved from the clutches of

corporations. The animals get the rest after every round trip and get time to eat:—But, the poor men employed by the corporation what of them? The loss of an animal would be a financial loss; but the death of an employer (through long hours and exposure) ends there. Who is next to follow?—Plenty more;—through high tariff, the father of trusts and monopolies which made the rich richer and the poor man poorer.

“Are ye not better than the beasts?” That phrase has out-lived its usefulness!

The N. D. C.-ites and all Spiritualists should take hold of Nationalism and advocate its platform.—Let us be instrumental to make a change in the present system of the distribution of wealth, and the purifying of society. To accomplish this we must be as a unit—support such sources that can spread our literature and send in our “mite.”

Fraternally,

MARTIN METZGER.

THE SPIRIT BODY.

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

AT one of the sessions of the Temple Fraternity school this winter Mr. Gregory introduced the subject of the “Spirit Body” and drew from the children their ideas of the effect of our thoughts and deeds upon it. It is a good subject for older ones also to consider for if people in general had a realizing sense of the effect of thoughts and deeds upon the spirit, I am sure the world would be quite different from what it is to-day.

We are told that the spirit body envelopes or surrounds the material body, in those who are filled with pure, loving and elevating thoughts, who delight in doing kind unselfish and helped deeds; who are ever working for the good of others. The spirit body emits a light that is discernable to those having spiritual vision. This light surrounds it like a halo and is very luminous. Clairvoyants are able to tell the degree spiritually attained by a person by the brightness of this light. Sometimes the color is tinted with gold, blue or rose color. But this beautiful light is not seen about a selfish, sordid and grasping person, or one who has impure, vindictive and revengeful thoughts. The light that is in such

is darkness.—They walk amid blackness though unperceived while in mortal form, but when the material body is cast aside, then the spirit finds itself enveloped in darkness, where ever it goes, darkness goes with it, it cannot escape from it for it is part of itself. It creates the blackness that surrounds it through its own folly or ignorance, and the only way out of this depressing and terrible condition is through aspiration and effort: The desire to rise to something better and efforts in behalf of others in this way. The darkened spirit may in time change to a lighter hue and the atmosphere that surrounds him. How infinitely better it is to live aright while we remain in the mortal—to guard our thoughts and cultivate the higher and nobler qualities of our natures, to overcome selfishness and live to do good and bless others.

Surely, none would wish to find themselves clothed upon with blackness in the other life. We all would like to have shining robes and walk in the light, but we can neither have shining robes or walk in brightness unless by our thoughts and our deeds we create them.

A TRUMPET CALL.

Hark! a trumpet sounding shrill,
Echoes loud o'er vale and hill;
Into sluggish souls is creeping,
Waking thoughts that long were sleeping.

'Tis a sound not made by mortals,
But it comes through shining portals
Of the glorious angel city,
Breathing out both love and pity.

If you'll listen as it blows,
To your heart it will disclose,
Things that each one in his turn,
Soon or late must surely learn.

"Rouse" it says, "to speedy action;
For what can be the satisfaction,
Of knowing truth and what is right,
Without aiding in the fight?"

Nothing yet was ever gained,
Naught worth having e'er attained,
Without a struggle, fierce and long,
Without a purpose firm and strong.

O rouse up, ye liberal minded
Be ye then no longer blinded!
Know ye not the battle's on?
Come ye out, your armor don!

An angel face, an angel form
Has for each a greeting warm;
Yearns to tell, how all is well,
And every fear of death dispel.

Some with hearts responsive beating,
Have received this welcome greeting:
But too many turn the ear,
Deaf with policy or fear.

In the enemy's camps are lurking,
Many more their duty shirking.
Who have oft to angels listened
And their eyes with moisture glistened,
As they with quickened sense discerning,
Angel forms to earth returning,
Have heard with rapture, message mild
From sainted wife or darling child.

But through fear of bigots taunting,
Uttering threats and idly vaunting,
Have sunk into the mean position
Of servile fear and weak submission.

O shame, O shame on such as these
The trumpet blast borne on the breeze
Calls out to them "Give up deceit!
From fraud and guile make quick retreat!"

Others still though not denying,
The truths our great cause underlying,
Seem unwilling or afraid
To give the cause their friendly aid.

We are many, we are brave.
If we unite, our cause to save
We can make o'd error tremble
And no longer truth dissemble.

What need we fear, though many foes,
Round our little phalanx close,
Add mailed hosts press on our walls?
Truth sometimes shakes, but never falls.

The world of spirit all around
Aids with counsel good and sound;
Nerves the arm to valorous deed
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Make known in every peaceful home
Peneath broad heaven's towering dome,
Where'er the cheery hearth-fire crackles,
The light that breaks grim falsehood's shackles.
Make known the precious gems of thought
That o'er the border land are brought,
By spirit friends who never pause,
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ANTHONY F. ITTNER.

S O M E T I M E .

I am waiting for the shadows round me lying
To drift away;

I am waiting for the sunlight, always flying,
To come and stay;

I know there's light beyond the cloudy curtain,
A light sublime!

That it will shine on me I know is certain—
Sometime! Sometime!

I am waiting for the summer's golden luster—
Now far away—

When golden fruits around my life shall cluster
Each sunny day!

We read of fabled flowers in fabled story—
In far-off clime—

And I shall pick them in their pristine glory,
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Then I shall hear the voice of loved ones call me,
To their dear side;

And I shall then, whatever may befall me,
Rest satisfied.

For on my ear sweet note of love shall tremble
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I am waiting; but at times I grow so weary—
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When all the pain which makes our lives so dreary
Shall pass away.

I know the heart, oft filled with tones of sadness
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concentrate their forces where *right* is the political arena. Place such men in office that will look to your interest and let the old parties alone—they are corrupt. Such men that will enact laws to get control of railroads, telegraphs and other modes of transportation which is necessary to facilitate our commercial exchanges. If that is accomplished the others will follow for you will then appropriate the benefits.—It will give less hours of labor and will naturally employ more men and women—cheaper fare and freight and instead of sending letters, send a message by wire for nearly the same price, and the profits besides the expense, will be for the people and not for individual corporations who are holding you down to slavery and starvation. This would put Bellamy's theory into practice. The power of electricity to run our street cars has proved a great blessing to our horses and mules that are relieved from the clutches of

corporations. The animals get the rest after every round trip and get time to eat:—But, the poor men employed by the corporation what of them? The loss of an animal would be a financial loss; but the death of an employer (through long hours and exposure) ends there. Who is next to follow?—Plenty more;—through high tariff, the father of trusts and monopolies which made the rich richer and the poor man poorer.

“Are ye not better than the beasts?” That phrase has out-lived its usefulness!

The N. D. C.-ites and all Spiritualist should take hold of Nationalism and advocate its platform.—Let us be instrumental to make a change in the present system of the distribution of wealth, and the purifying of society. To accomplish this we must be as a unit—support such sources that can spread our literature and send in our “mite.”

Fraternally,

MARTIN METZGER.

THE SPIRIT BODY.

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

AT one of the sessions of the Temple Fraternity school this winter Mr. Gregory introduced the subject of the “Spirit Body” and drew from the children their ideas of the effect of our thoughts and deeds upon it. It is a good subject for older ones also to consider for if people in general had a realizing sense of the effect of thoughts and deeds upon the spirit, I am sure the world would be quite different from what it is to-day.

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Shall echo back with songs of love and gladness
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WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

"Let us give a woman a chance."

PERSEVERANCE WINS.

PROF. W. J. WOOLSEY.

(Continued.)

THE abolition of any kind of slavery has never been countenanced or tolerated by them until after it had fought its own battles and gained its own victories. Then the combined prayers of the Saints would rise like clouds of incense heavenward, to ratify and confirm with such enthusiastic rejoicings the acts of the martyr abolitionists as becomes the dignity of modern Christianity. This was the course pursued by the churches after the war of the rebellion. Americans, how long do you choose to allow your sisters to remain the bondslave of fanatical supercilious orthodox bigots, whose religious pride and ambition is to keep our women servile to their existing powers. Those vandal emissaries and patent venders of superstition would like to keep her below the surface, but she will yet rise in the majestic powers of her crowning glory and harmonize the extreme heat of their mythical incantations as does the effulgent light of the beautiful moon when day seems exhausted by the strong warm magnetic rays of our solar Sun. Then will the inconsistencies and mistakes of the crude past be eliminated. Then will be established an equilibrium of harmony in existing conditions which will prepare the way for the appearance of the rising Sun of the approaching millennium dawn.

Emancipated woman will assume her true position and real character in the drama of life as the peer of her brother man she must have a voice and real interest in the creative principle of lawmakers or the political rulers that govern the affairs of state. She must no longer remain an alien, but the dual companion of her brother man in all the vicissitudes of life. To me this seems a vital question and should appear before the public as one of the most important issues of the day. The signs of the times indicate that woman will soon have the franchise. In Australia and New Zealand the authorities are considering the pro-

priety of organizing women members exclusively for the Upper House of Parliament. The continent of the red cross is famous for progressive advancement and may yet show us how to dispose of woman suffrage. Russia is considered the most despotic and barbarous nation on the footstool of earth, but her women enjoy unlimited freedom to qualify and to hold all grades of professional vocations. Who will be the coming hero that shall be immortalized for his official declaration of the emancipation of woman. This emancipation business is incomplete it must not remain an integral part but one great universal whole. The rising generations will not recognize a bondslave in their mothers and sisters, but will establish the fact that women as well as men are equal heirs to the divine right of freedom. Who will be the coming champion that shall gird on the armor of true patriotism and fight for the abolition of slavery in women?

Who will be the acknowledged hero that shall have his name engraven on the roll of fame as the champion of woman's rights or the apostle of freedom, whose heart and voice vibrates in sympathy with the downtrodden and oppressed. An early adjustment of this grievance would be a greater national blessing a greater diplomatic achievement than the great Geneva decision. When all the world with abated breath eagerly stood awaiting the final results in the Alabama claims. If we framed a statute law granting equality of privileges to both sex such a law would appear as a bright star of reform in the firmament of our domestic heavens to which all nations would bow in sacred reverence. All nations would worship humanity for the bloodless victory of love. As a nation we are proverbial for our consecutive victories, but this would be a crowning victory in the culmination of freedom, we would look upon it as one of the most sacred treasures man was ever called upon to guard. The doors of the churches are now thrown open to her and her burning eloquence and superior intuitive powers are an uplifting influence that's destined to lead the people to higher intellectual attainments than ever before reached in any previous epoch of the

world's history. The God within commissioned her to teach, preach, and become the moral educator of not only children, but all mankind; she has always been obstructed, kept under and made servile to her reverend compeer who looks upon her superior mental abilities with a certain mixture of surprise and contempt. But now his Reverence is anxious to make a new treaty with her, the purport of which will be that she may preach where his services are not required by reason of his unpopular logic, large fees and incompetency. She must not break the divine command of Rev. Paul the apostle or any other celebrate except by special permission from a church counsel assembled together on the lords day to do holy things. Should she at anytime become tardy and found guilty by said counsel of insubordination or violation of any of the proscribed rules, she shall not only be censured by those finite orthodox gods, but she and her family shall be ostracised or boycotted from everlasting to everlasting. So speaks the voice of the church militant, but indulgences shall be given her to organize church sociables to travel about occasionally soliciting funds for the support of the church and pastor, but must render gratuitous services, whenever called upon; must feel content to remain a collateral or menial missionary beggar for his reverence, while he enjoys his everlasting easy chair, adoring the holy gifts and presents collected from the people. This my friends is the orthodox view of woman's rights. What answer dost thou make oh woman! But now cometh a time for her ultimate redemption, she must be freed from the domineering influence of those pseudo plutocrats, who claim especial privileges over woman by divine right of inherited transmission. Why should we be required to go back to ancient customs for precedent to guide us in the evolution of a higher standard of intellectual, intelligence. Why stop to look back or take a retrospective view of the crude and undeveloped past in order to find a precedent for a recognition of woman's rights. The further we march backward from the light of the waning year of this nineteen century, the

more we get into the twilight and shadows of man's primitive ignorance, when he fostered intensely, the false conception of a male God only, which idea in turn gave birth to an equally absurd idea that woman should know nothing beyond the proscribed formula of popes, kings and priests for the proper observance and defined limits of her intellectual growth and unfoldment. The dictates of another equally crude Trinity bade her look upon them with equal sacred reverence and humility, also to foster a constant sanctimonious adoration and assume a sad dejected pious expression when meeting with her clergy doctor or husband, whose union of interests in her physical and spiritual welfare were often conspicuously identified by certain corporal punishment, bestowed upon her as necessary discipline, to subdue a profane or rebellious spirit, also to satisfy or appease a morbid appetite for legalized vengeance on the part of said Trinity. Americans have no need to go back into the dismal swamps and fleeting shadows of the hidden past, to find a precedent in a governing rule for granting equality of rights, equality of freedom, equality of endowment to natural talents, Those who are compelled to obey laws should have a voice in making them, we acknowledge that all men and women were created equal, and free to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. If that's good doctrine why not live it. If the Creator made both sex equal in the beginning why should not both share equal advantages in all avocations of life. Why do Anglo Saxons whose very name is synonymous of duality whose faith is so strong and loyal to the spirit of fair play discourage their wives to agitate for female suffrage, or disallow them a controlling voice in the education of their children in the public schools, as well as in the home nursery. We who are the acknowledged leaders of civilization and glory in the spirit of freedom for men only.

Might we not feel ashamed of the undignified humanity of allowing our fair sex to remain disfranchised, while we grant complete amelioration to the negro. If the political evolution of woman is prohibited, what meaneth, the idle boast of our high grade

civilization, we don't have to wait on the older countries to lead us in matters of political reform, we have only to look back 200 years, and witness the advance of our civilization. It surpasses the wonder of all ages. Why not perfect it now by granting equality of the sexes. The exalted position, we hold among nations, is a fitting legacy to bequeath to our children and will speak more earnestly than written words; some wiseacre will say we are not just ready yet, Woman's era is not here yet. Are you my brother, awaiting the fixed non-progressive nations to lead you. Will you allow them to carry the torchlight of modern reform, the response is in the negative. We say to you mothers the powers that represent the executive authority bids you come up higher and stand side by side with them in their legislative halls of Congress and heartily welcome, all those who will qualify as workers to assist in a new order of creation. Then shall old things pass away and behold all things shall become new. Therefore we say it is incumbent on you mothers to form local organizations in every state in the union and place your demands before your constituents ask your husband to see them endorsed. Then there is no good reason can be assigned why an American lady may not be a good President in 1896 as well as good mother in 1863.

THOUGHTS.

ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

ARE we not, by nature, worshipers? Some have higher standards than others. Possibly it would be true to say that all worship the highest their souls are unfolded to reverence, or in the line of thought to which their aspirations run. Some revere that which causes fear, as the Christian their personal God who has power to punish or alleviate.

My reverence seems daily to increase for the spiritual and intellectual; combined, my worship is double. Just now I feel a soul-longing to be permitted to often sit and listen to the scholastic eloquence of one recently heard for the first time. This cannot be for

miles and miles lie wide between our daily paths. A sweet reflection comes and I cheer my soul by the assurance that, in spirit spheres, when this great philosopher teaches—as he will—I can then sit and gaze reverently upon his countenance, drinking in each truth he so graciously pours upon his hearers.

In the Beautiful Beyond Moses Hull may not stand alone in oratorical ability and true portrayals, but, in his line of logic and power he stands alone to day. Of theories he has few. With facts he builds structures so strong that time nor tidal wave can destroy his works. He leads, and those who fearlessly revere progressiveness follow *enmass*.

How true his statement that Spiritualism is not the religion for the world, but only for the intellectual class of thinkers.

More and more I see the folly of endeavoring to give Spiritualism to the masses: they are not able to grasp such strong truths as it bears within its higher philosophy. Like babes fed on meats, it injures in place of benefiting. It is a forced process and only so far can certain minds absorb, many cannot even understand the characters that represent our a. b. c. Why waste precious hours striving to lead such—they must evolve to the degree of understanding necessary before our labors will be rewarded. We do not try to teach the a. b. c.'s to nursing infants; we let them grow until the mind seems ripe for this first step in knowledge.

People say they want to see something of our philosophy—and that's just it, they want to *see* with the physical eyes: they are not ready to see spiritually. We strive to open a way for these same persons who have troubled us with their asking to be permitted to see, and—if we watch their countenance five minutes we can easily see how far they are from catching any idea of the beauty of the truths our most eloquent speakers may be presenting. O, we pity, but we grow weary with the useless effort: let them outgrow their babyhood before we labor so fatigueingly. But does it not do our very souls good when joyfully we note the few who have grown to an age of ability to accept advanced thoughts. For these are Spiritualists. These will not go

away and say, 'I am afraid of it.' No, they will assert their desire to hear more, learn more of such a grand, soul-unfolding philosophy. Ah! such words cause us to feel a glow of joy that repay for efforts made with hope to aid in the growth of the world, in the spread of truth. Yes, let us pity those who tremble with fear, as a child at the darkness—but effort to force intellect is a failure; the soul must grow as strength pushes it upward and onward.

TRANSLATION OF 'THE MESSIAH OF CHEMISTRY.

(Continued from Page 69.)

At the lower end of the sheet we have the word *no*. It is not to be taken in the sense of a negative but is used to separate the negative force in nature. When we read it, as the Messiah would instruct us to read by using the Japanese method it is changed to the word, *on*, (is forward) when the left hand side of the sheet is from you will see the form of a woman which is used as a sort of termination to the word *no*, or a commencement of the word *no*, has a peculiar significance as it represents a power or force in the state of activity. It illustrates that through the negative force is female organization. All the forms in the material world were born or brought to view. We can also see that this termination line has evolved or turned upon itself. This is what we learn as the first method of reading. Let us now adopt the Japanese style and we have woman *on* 1 or *forward*.

The head is the great center or organ of the mind, and head contains phrenologically considered, the organs through which the most exalted perceptions and emotions are made manifest; so in the illustration from the top of the head the progressive word of *command*, emanates. According to A. J. Davis and other clairvoyants from the top of the head emerge the spiritual forces that take on the etherial form or spirit body after the death of the physical. This brings to light the fact that death in reality is a birth and the physical body nothing more than the placenta, the

spirit with its interior or life force is cut loose and cannot possibly be united to the old form again. In cases of reincarnation a new channel must be sought and a new physical body built through which the soul can again come in contact with the life and laws governing the material plane. So, while our orthodox brethren are talking about one Father God, Spiritual Philosophy is also bringing to view the relation we sustain to one mother God. Across the illustration of the woman *asbestine* in the word *on*—are drawn some straight lines which trace through the channels of cause and effect. The Messiah is illustrating the life forces on this planet and the evolution of mind in or within the Earths sphere. In order to illustrate intelligently he has commenced to draw these lines out side or before the lines of evolution, as the form of the woman is brought to view. These first lines relate to the causes anterior to our planet or the evolution of life upon it; these lines also strike the lines of evolution before they do the illustration of the woman showing that there were revolutions and evolution as causes at work before what we term life had an existence on our earth. It may seem strange to the untutored mind that the evolution of animal life should depend upon four polarized forces; yes, such is the case. Every perfect individual in the animal kingdom depend on the union of four forces. Look at man dual in his organization whether male or female. Each have two hands, two ears—the entire system is double and strange to say that one side or half a person may be paralyzed while the other is not. Each individual presents to us a consort. If one will notice the difference in the looks of the sides of a persons face. When carefully examined very often one side has the preference as to being good looking.

Nature is variable in her unions, some men are more feminine than some women and the reverse is true. Again in the animal kingdom there are many instances where the sexes both assert their supremacy in the same organization. The Messiah wishes to bring to view the nature of these evolutionary forces as every individual in the animal kingdom is a consort and often is not a very harmonious

one. What shall we say when one of these individuals takes important steps of harmonizing with another, yet nature declares this must be done and four individual forces are evolved in the union on the great harmonical scale of evolution. Yes, in the music of heaven and earth we have the soprano, the alto, the tenor and the base. Oh, yes; in geometry we have the perfect square with four equal angles, and how grand it would be if every one would wear the precious jewel right over the heart. Methinks I hear the Messiah say in the great retort of nature there are four classes of elements, the solids, the liquids, the gases, the ethers, and in these elements all the untold myriads of lives exist. Yet, one of these are more sublimated and refined than all the rest, because it is the essence of all. It is the bow and cap stone of the universe—the foundation of creation. There is no place when ether is not—it out reaches and encircles all—it penetrates all, and the eye of the perfect ethereal being can penetrate a planet to its core, scan every drop of water and every grain of sand.

(To be continued.)

CO-OPERATIVE JOURNALISM.

PUT IN PRACTICE BY LIVING ISSUES, AND THE DAWN, OF BOSTON, MASS.

WHAT our readers may better understand what co-operation in Journalism would mean we publish an editorial from J. Winfield Scott, editor of *Living Issues*:

"The entire press is constantly teeming with the almost sensational success of co-operative enterprises throughout England and America. Why not apply the equitable, economic co-operative principle to journalism? All the arguments and advantages of co-operation and a progressive public sentiment, are fast forcing this reform to the front.

What is co-operative journalism? What does it mean?

It will mean for present proprietors:—

(1.) The withdrawal of limited private capital, by sale to subscribers, and an adequate increase of public capital.

(2.) Cash and discounts instead of credit and interest.

(3.) Satisfactory salaries for editors and managers, instead of unending sacrifice.

(4.) A many-fold multiplication of subscribers.

(5.) Higher rates for advertising, and more of it.

(6.) More job work at better prices.

It will be for Subscriber-Proprietors:—

(1.) Ownership and control.

(2.) Self-employment and self-pay for services during spare or entire time.

(3.) A fair interest on capital.

(4.) Reasonable dividends on co-operative shares.

(5.) Appreciation of co-operative share values.

(6.) That right and not might shall rule.

(7.) Political triumph and industrial emancipation.

(8.) An ultimate transference of the power and the profit of the press to the people.

(9.) That the educational and political power of a press "of the people, by the people, and for the people," will convert this into the Government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Obviously this innovation must be inaugurated by the reform and local press which is in close sympathetic touch with the people.

Shortsighted selfishness, not self interest, but greed for gain—acquisitiveness—prompts millions of people who judge by quantity rather than quality to invest millions of dollars annually in "blanket sheets" because they get more for their money; whose real interests and success, politically, commercially, and industrially depend upon the prosperity and influence of the local and reform press.

Indeed, the interests of a community and its press are one and inseparable.

Now co-operative journalism proposes by catering to the acquisitive instinct and the true interests of the people, to divert these millions of annual revenues from competitive to co-operative journals, from plutocratic papers to people's papers.

How? By making every subscriber to every local and reform journal "a voting proprietor—a profit-sharer—a co-partner—a self-paid employee, and assistant manager."

By converting every Subscriber-Proprietor into an indefatigable solicitor for subscriptions, for advertising, for job work—interested agents for the sale of co-operative shares, stimulated by personal and political pride, a proprietary interest, annual dividends, and the appreciation of his own co-operative share values.

Brother editors, just fancy every one of your present subscribers transformed by the wonderful wand of co-operative journalism into "hustler." Imagine them inviting this neighbor, and urging that one to subscribe for "our" paper, to advertise in "our" paper, to send their job work to "our" paper, and finally to invest their savings in co-operative shares in "our" paper.

How long before the entire community would be interested, enthused, harmonized, and fraternized by a pardonable pride and genuine satisfaction in the unparalleled suc-

cess of their very own co-operative journal?

That editors should think and write is not enough. Co-operative journalism sets every Subscriber-Proprietor agog thinking and talking, and preaching and praying for a mighty baptism of light, love, truth, and especially for a continual increase in numbers.

Naturally the people will then patronize only their own papers.

With all the local and reform papers conducted co-operatively and with conspicuous success the capitalistic press will soon be compelled to surrender to its subscribers or die a "natural death" for want of "circulation." *God speed the day.*

We earnestly appeal to every reform editor to pave the way for the early and profitable conversion of his private property into a people's paper, by editorially, personally, and persistently advocating co-operative journalism upon every favorable occasion.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AND THE PREACHER.

In the fair sunny south slaves once were bred,
And for cotton and rice fields nurtured and fed;
Creating contention—discord and strife,
Till the States at large become with them rife:—
The South desiring its bounds to extend—
The North determined its pow'r to forefend—
While warm words were spoken and battles fought,
Ere humanity won the issue it sought.

There were those at the north who fain would excuse
The cruel—damning and flagrant abuse,
The Church even, shrinking with cowardly fear,
From practice of precepts—it claimed to revere;
While others were firm for freedom in fact,
And made their belief the parent of act—
Of whom Wendell Phillips, now gone to his rest,
Ranked justly among the ablest and best.

Now it happened where Phillips lectured one day,
A "Methodist Conference" had just had its say;
And when each had finished as seems quite plain,
They went on their way upon the same train:—
The ministers straightway quizzing began,
To locate the strange—fanatical man;

And when the Conductor had pointed him out,
One big burly pastor at once turned about:—

"So, you're Wendell Phillips" as I am informed"
"Yes sir! and I trust you don't feel alarmed"
No! but I was about to write to you"
Indeed! I doubt not it would have pleased me to —
"No it wouldn't sir! You are firebrands throwing
Amongst us, while slav'ry has here no showing;
Now if so much for slave's welfare you feel,
Why don't you go south and make your appeal?"

Phillips, over bland, then of him enquired,
If he "as a minister greatly desired
To save souls from hell!" "Yes! all I can reach."
"THEN WHY LET ME ASK—DON'T YOU GO THERE AND
PREACH?"

The attentive passengers all laughed and cheered,
While Preacher seized "GRIP" and for next car
steered!
And the inference was, he thought heat there exist-
ing.

TOO INTENSE AND FERVENT TO AGREE WITH HIS SYSTEM.
"VERDE MONTE."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

TALKS ON SPIRITUALISM.

NO. III.

MR. BROWN, who has become a Spiritualist and joins the N. D. C. meets Bennett, (an old time friend and brother Christian) who seeks to reclaim his erring (?) brother.

BENNETT.—Brother Brown, before you proceed to further narrate your interesting spiritualistic experience, allow me to reason with you a little more.

BROWN.—Very well, I am at your service, to answer whatever question or questions that you may deem best to ask?

BENNETT.—We will suppose for the sake of the argument that you are on the right tract, that Modern Spiritualism is true and orthodoxy is false. We will further suppose that I (Bennett) do not accept it as the truth but cling to the religion of my fathers; but when I come to die, I find your Spiritualism is true, you would claim that my soul would be saved as much as though I really did believe in Spiritualism before the change, would you not?

BROWN.—Yes. Brother, you could not lose your soul were you to try. The soul itself is from God, was created in His likeness, although you may wander and seem lost in the mazes of darkness, but to lose your soul you cannot.

BENNETT.—That is your opinion, I understand. The point I want to make is this: you admit that I am all right any way. Well, now: If your Spiritualism should prove to be a fallacy after all, is it not best to be on the safe side where one is right in the hereafter either way, than to take your chances?

BROWN.—Well, well! you are quite a diplomatic I see, I will answer your question by telling a story that was told by Col. Ingersoll at the great Discussion between Hon. Frederick R. Courdert, Ex-Gov. Stewart L. Woodford and Ingersoll, the story, is as follows: There was a Mexican who believed that his country was the only one in the world and said so. The priest told him that there was another country where a man lived who was eleven feet high, that made the whole world,

if he denied it, when that man got hold of him he would not leave a whole bone in his body. But he denied it. He was one of those men who would not believe further than his vision extended. So one day in his boat he was rocking away when the wind suddenly arose and he was blown out of sight of his home. After several days he was blown so far that he saw the shores of another country. Then he said, "My Lord; I am gone! I have been swearing all my life that there was no other country, and here it is!" So he did his best—paddled with what little strength he had left, reached the shore, and got out of his boat. Sure enough, there came down a man to meet him about twelve feet high. The poor little wretch was frightened almost to death, so he said to the tall man as he saw him coming down, "Mister, whoever you are, I denied your existence—I did not believe you lived; I swore there was no such country as this; but I see I was mistaken, and I am gone. You are going to kill me, and the quicker you do it the better and get me out of my misery. Do it now!" The great man just looked at the little fellow, and said nothing, till he asked, "what are you going to do with me?" said the supposed god. "Now that you have got here, if you behave yourself I am going to treat you well."

BENNETT.—You will find when you stand at the great bar of God that you will have to have something that will stand that great and terrible time better than the jokes of Ingersoll.—something beside blasphemy!

BROWN.—Mind you—I do not quote Ingersoll because he and I are on the same plane of thought. My dear old fellow, you and he are nearer together than he and I are. Let me illustrate. I draw a line, here is an agnostic (a don't knower) next comes a believer (a Christian) that is you Bennett, next to the infidel. Then comes the knower, (a spiritualist) that is I (Brown). Now, can't you see that you stand right in between us?

BENNETT.—I have been told one thing that

I find to be true and that is, it is utter folly to attempt to argue with a Spiritualist of any description, they will argue and prove to you that they are right and you are wrong even on your own grounds. But, really, I did not suppose in a few weeks that you would be ready to argue like a lawyer or play on my feelings like an evangelist.

BROWN.—I see—down deep in that old honest heart of yours you are being awakened to new life by the power of the spirit world—don't shake your head! I know you will not acknowledge even to yourself there is any change with you.

Let me make a prophecy for you: The day will come when you will be as enthusiastic and happy in this blessed knowledge as I am.—The day and hour of spiritual birth has not yet come to you, but come it will.

You accused me of blasphemy after telling you the Ingersoll story. What is blasphemy? I will read you a few lines from this book, but will withhold the author's name, and see if you do not think the sentiment is the same that animated the soul of the great and gentle Nazarene when he uttered the sermon on the mount?

“What is blasphemy? Let us be honest with each other. *Whoever lives upon the unpaid labor of others is a blasphemer. Whoever slanders, maligns, and betrays is a blasphemer. Whoever denies to others the rights that he claims for himself is a blasphemer.*”

I am tempted to read a little further and see what this author says about worship.

“Who is a worshiper? One who makes a happy home—one who fills the lives of wife and children with sunlight—one who has a heart where the flowers of kindness burst into blossom and fill the air with perfume—the man who sits beside his wife, prematurely old and wasted, and holds her thin hands in his and kisses them as passionately and loves her as truly and as rapturously as when she was a bride—he is a worshiper—that is worship.”

BENNETT.—That is very good as far as it goes.—But, how about your experience that I have come especially to hear?

BROWN.—That just suits me to have you show a little interest or curiosity about the

matter at any rate.

The name of this lady whom I met at my nephews was Mrs. Snow. I remained there but a day or two after the little circle that I described to you. From that time on I cared to talk of nothing but Spiritualism. This lady had spiritual books and papers with her, and she was willing and glad to give me all the light that she could on the subject.

She was sure that I would make a good medium and advised me to commence the new life in the right way as she had done. I sent at once to Detroit, Michigan for membership in the National Developing Circle, for my wife, my only daughter and myself. They knew nothing of Spiritualism or mediumship, but I knew that they would be only too glad to become its followers and co-workers as soon as I could explain to them its grand truths and wonders. I sent too for the pamphlet “*How to become a medium.*” I was delighted with the phases that were given me. The two most prominent ones were *Healing, and Developing.* I am convinced now that my great success as a physician was due my magnetic power rather than medicine. (I never gave but very little medicine any how, and I always seemed to know just where the trouble lay with my patients without asking any questions.) It is plain to me now, it was *mediumship.*

Now for my Sunapee Camp Meeting experience. I dare say you think I am about as long reaching the point as “Widder Bedott” was, but I am getting there. You must remember this is the greatest event of my life and I was very much like a man who had always lived in a basement, and refused to believe there was a sun, but insisted that the moon was all the sun we had. Suddenly, his house burned to ashes and he is compelled to seek refuge in the open world, and to his great surprise he beholds the golden sunlight. Is it any wonder he feels that long and precious years have been wasted and that he must redeem the past by making the most of the few remaining years of his life? Yes, I feel as though I had been every whit as foolish as that!

Arriving at Lake Sunapee Camp Meeting, I

immediately found the Churchill Cottage and presented myself at the door with my letter of introduction from Mrs. Snow. Capt. Churchill met me at the door, and, on presenting my letter he gave me such a hearty hand shake, that I was sure I had found the right place. I had a very pleasant chat for a few moments, when his wife Mrs. C. came in the room. The Capt. introduced us and I found her to be as enthusiastic and earnest as any Christian I ever met.

She has one of those faces like Aunt Roxy Blanchards, and Mrs. Snow's where God has left his own seal thereon.

They informed me they were to hold a *National Developing Circle* that very evening and Dr. and Mrs. Fuller (who were very fine mediums and who were connected with the N. D. C. Movement at its birth would be there.) I was very glad to know I could have the pleasure of attending the circle so soon.

I could spend some time in describing the scenery of this beautiful place, but suffice it to say that it is worthy of a poet's dream—picturesque. The odor from the grand old pine trees was health giving and make one feel at last they have come "nearer to nature's heart" indeed. I am a plain matter of fact man but can appreciate the grand and beautiful where words are entirely inadequate to express my thoughts.

The evening came, and the little circle gathered within the parlor of the cottage. There were as many present as could comfortably be seated in a circle. I was delighted—charmed with the circle. There were at least 30 different spirit intelligences that manifested through the mediums. (They all seemed to be mediumistic, in different stages of Development.) Dr Fuller was directly controlled by the month piece of the N. D. C. who called himself the Little German Dr

He voices the sentiments of Luther, Loyola, and Emanuel Swedenborg. His teachings were grand—I could not but think of the teacher of Galilee.

Dr. Bliss, the earthly founder of the movement, was able to control very nicely, and he gave me some important information and advice.

My boy Tom controlled Mrs. Fuller, and it was so like him. He made me promise to call on a certain materializing medium so that he could show himself to me before my return, which I promised to do, and will tell you of directly. Although coming there an entire stranger a few hours before—the spirits seemed to understand and know all about it and I was as thoroughly convinced as one could be that Spiritualism was the Savior of this world, the very truth.

I remained at Sunapee several days. There were crowds of people going and coming constantly and the grandest speakers on the rostrum you ever heard. I had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Lake from Boston, pastor of the First Spiritual Temple. Her controlling spirit was powerful and grand. I listened in rapt attention. Dr. Fuller is considered one of our very best speakers and I was nearly spell bound to listen to the golden words of truth as they rolled from his lips without a seeming effort. No use talking you would have to admit were you to listen to our spiritualist speakers that you never heard any thing like them before.

I was on a searching expedition after spiritual knowledge. I had sittings with a good many mediums—I have not time to tell you all that was given me in the line of tests, communications and information of the gospel of peace.

The day before I left Sunapee I met Miss Maria Holmes, who had just arrived. I found her to be as enthusiastic and zealous a worker as Mrs. Churchill. She was very much interested with my experience and urged me to work for the cause of truth as faithfully in the future as I had in the past, for what I had supposed to be the whole truth.

Mrs. Churchill received at one of our "never to be forgotten" circles a communication in poetry for me from my boy Tom.

You know he was quite a genius in that line, for a school boy here. Do you remember that little sweetheart of his that died several years ago, Jennie Grey? Well, she was described to me clairvoyantly by several mediums, and Tom informed me that she was the first one to greet him as he passed the border

land. I am going to read you the communication and you can judge for yourself of its genuineness. Mrs. C. says she never wrote a line of poetry in her life before becoming a medium. This was written in a very few moments in the presence of the circle formed.

TO FATHER AND MOTHER.

From my flower-begirt Aidenn, from Heaven's bright stand,
From my "home of fulfilment" to earth's stormy land,

With my hands full of roses, my soul full of love,
With my mate (a sweet angel) as meek as a dove,
I come, yes, I come! from bright gardens above,
To greet still again the dear parents I love.

Ah, sad was the day when I crossed the "dark river"
And bleak grew the winds on this hurricane shore,
When my soul yielded up its last breath to the Giver.
And I sailed into Aidenn, the land "Evermore."

I fair would have wrestled once more with the monster
Who held me and bound me, and conquered at last;
But my gaze caught a flash from this infinite Eden,
And e'er I could utter one word all was passed!

I fain would have lingered much longer about you,
Fain would have been fed by your own tender love;
But the infinite presence that guides and sustains me,
Provides all my nature demands here above.

And to you my sweet mother, who nourished and bore me,
Who smoothed my soft locks in my infantine years,
I come, yes I come, at morn and at even,
With jewels around me that are made of your tears.

I rush through the space that divides the two countries.

Ah! swift as an eagle I fly to my nest,
On love's swiftest pinions I come to you ever,
Though you can't see my form, to your bosom I press.

Yes, the chords of affection forever enchain me,
And from your dear presence I never would flee;
And again, as of yore, by your fireside I linger,
And reap richest blessings in comforting thee.

Ah, calm as the smile on the face of the dying,
And rich as the many-hued landscapes you see,
And deeper, yes, deeper than Atlantic's waters,
Is the love, my dear parents, I bring unto thee!

THOMAS B. BROWN.

Brother Bennett, these are some of the reasons why I became a Spiritualist!

You can tell the brethren that sent you here, that Brown has outgrown his swaddling clothes and can never be induced to again attempt to wear them.

Before returning home I stopped at New York and had a seance with Mrs. Williams (whom I was directed to go to) I am not going to weary you with a full description of the seance, but I saw my spirit friends. Tom was the first one to appear, and he pointed to me and said "Father," I even had a chance to take him by the hand and look into his face—it was my boy, and none other.

There were others in the circle who recognized friends and relatives. Our little Mary, who was our first born and lived with us but 3 years materialized as a young lady, she was so angelic and beautiful that I could only say amid sobs "God be thanked there is no death, 'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.' Let me depart" But no, Dr. Bliss materialized then and said—"Your work is not finished, you have a mighty work to do before you pass on—the spirit world are opening your eyes to prepare you for it.

(To be continued.)

PRAYER FROM A SPIRITUAL, STAND POINT.

BY JACOB EDSON.

READ AT THE TEMPLE SOCIAL, CORNER OF NEWBURY EXETER STREETS, BOSTON,
FEBRUARY 24, 1892.

Reported for THE SOWER.

SPIRITUAL "prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed." It involves and evolves desires, things, states, and conditions, and opens up ways and means to obtain the same. Where there is a will, with determined and persistent endeavor, prayer opens up the better way and the life thereof. Thoughts, word, and desires, contemplation, work and worship are the practical ways and means to generate and regenerate desires, unfold the affections of the soul, and develop the life of God in man.

Prayer as defined, necessarily unfolds belief, faith, hope, and love; it is creative as well as evolutionary in its tendency. It opens up the spiritual nature of man, the chemistry of the higher life, and reveals the fact that happiness is not obtained by direct seeking; that it is the substance of well-doing reflected. Prayer, praise, work, and worship furnish the ways and means as well as the occasion and cause of such reflection, and the glory thereof.

The power of truth embodied in an unselfish idea is immense, as Sister Lake says, "it is eternal," you may kill the man that has the idea, change his mode of existence and activity, but you cannot kill the idea. Truth like gold may be purified by the elimination of error: you may change the formula, but the truth remains to execute its mission, the final salvation of the entire human race. Prayer as defined awakens and unfolds our finite love, will, and wisdom, which is destined ultimately to blend and co-operate with the Infinite in all that is good, grand, and noble here on earth. Prayer is the practical means to unfold and bless the world; it must eventually regenerate and transform the finite soul from the animal through the human into the divine department of life.

It is written, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." We say in court of the accused, if he did the thing done, through fear—under compulsion, it was no act of his, but the act of the power he feared, the power that compelled him to do it; so with the unprogressed fearing soul; the Lord or law it feared serves as schoolmaster to bring it to the beginning of its spiritual life—its Christ, the sonship of the living God in man. In proportion as this sonship obtains, it necessarily casts out or eliminates all fear or inclination to do wrong.

Perfect love, that casts out, transforms, or eliminates fear, is as innate in the human soul as the chicken is in the egg. All the elements of spiritual life, love, and light are there, waiting to be awakened and brought forth, as Lazarus was brought forth from the sepulchre, or the Christ from the new tomb.

This is the New Gospel of Co-operative life unto higher life, love, joy, peace and good

will to all mankind, in contradistinction to the old, the competitive system of death unto death; ours is the New Gospel, the eternal, the resurrected spirit or soul of the universe, opened up from within. Its mission is to unfold, reveal and co-operatively demonstrate that nationalism, co-operating love, will and wisdom, the what we believe in, hope for, seek, serve, worship, and call God in man, is within us and within all mankind, guiding, directing, and controlling all things for good.

Orthodox members of the literal church may profess to believe in, love, serve, and adore a jealous, vindictive, and wrathful deity; it is a mistake, it is not so, they cannot do it, it is impossible. No man with a spark of humanity in him can respect such a character. The unprogressed animal man upon the animal plane, in the sphere of fear and force, may honestly, because of his selfish nature and ignorance believe such things and compete in such matters; but it is impossible with the intelligent, enlightened men of our day and generation. The supercilious bigots that profess to believe such things when they know they do not though they stand high in political and religious circles, are (nothing mitigating) beneath contempt; in a word, they the self-made hypocrites, as well as ourselves and all the rest of mankind are Godlings in embryo. Our Saviour, our Christ is the eternal principle of co-operative spiritual life that has been embodied and is now seeking the further embodiment in all mankind. This seeking is called by literal adventists the second coming of Christ.

"Woe unto you scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites, all ye that bind heavy burdens and for a pretence make long prayers, for I say unto you that it will be more tolerate for the aristocracy of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, which is fast coming with nationalism, than it will be for you."

"Let him that hath ears to hear, hear and not forget that we cannot give foolish virgins from our oil after their lamps have gone out." "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened up unto you."

