

THE SOWER.

OLD SERIES,
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NEW SERIES,
VOL. I., No. 6.

TRIBUTE TO ENTHUSIASM.

Soul of progression arouse thou the world,
Till error is from its battlements hurled;
Enliven genius with thy sacred fire,
And to ethical culture bid mortals aspire:—
Let mind over matter its triumphs pursue,
And Eden reclaimed its fragrance renew;
Till o'erflowing fountains from science and art,
A spirit exultant to earth life impart.

Aid thou the scholar aspiring for fame,
Inspire the statesman to win a pure name;
Let teachers be cheered—though tiresome the way,
And preachers by truth sustained in their day:—
Around the toilers let clearer light shine,
And Angelic arms the mothers enshrine;
Marshall the workers the conquest to gain,
And the tide of evil resist and restrain.

'Tis through thee the sculpter with patient hands,
The rough block of marble to speak commands;
The artist painter through long weary years,
A Raphael crowned—triumphant appears:—
Philanthropy struggling onward with zeal,
Combating forces that threaten life's weal;
Endures till virtue can vice overcome,
And chanting exult in "The Harvest Home."

Religion too in its glorious march,
Emotion has drawn from thy topmost arch;
And over the earth its influence thrown
Wherever the sun and the stars have shone:—
The "Angelic notes" from pulpit and pen,
Speaking "Peace on earth and Good Will to men"
Have all onward been borne o'er hills and through-
dells,

Till all are made vocal with "Sweet Sabbath Bells."
Poetry exultant brings forth from thy shrine,
That genius of thought with influx divine;
Which wafted on wings of aesthetic desire,
Scintillates with thoughts that cheer and inspire:—
It delves in the valley and scales the highth,
Seeking crystalized gems rich tinted and bright;
And with rhythmic cadence reflects from the muse,
Thoughts that enliven exalt and enthuse.

Yes! thou art the soul of progress on earth,
Giving sublimest conceptions new birth;
And upward lifting humanity's flow,
As the seasons come and the centuries go:—

Thy subtle presence coursing muscle and brain,
Gives to ennui—strength and courage again;
And hence this tribute wrought out on the wing,
To thee with respect we cheerfully bring.

"VERDE MONTE."

THE REALM OF SLEEP AND DREAMS, AND THE MYSTERY OF HYPNOTISM.

A DISCOURSE GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE-
MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. H. S. LAKE, BEFORE
THE SPIRITUAL FRATERNITY SOCIETY,
AT THE FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE,
BOSTON, MASS., SUNDAY,
JUNE 22, 1890.

INVOCATION.

We invoke the presence of those dear ones
who, though in higher realms, yet sustain a
relationship to us in all that pertains to the
world's welfare, and we ask that now, on this
occasion, when we desire so much to be aided
by their knowledge and their love, by their
wisdom and their integrity, we may make
ourselves worthy and in readiness to receive
those things which they have to convey. We
thank all the ministering spirits who, in hours
and days that are past, have striven to be to
us what it is important they should become—
our co-laborers and aids in the work which we
have chosen of enlightening the understand-
ing of man. We desire this afternoon, as we
place ourselves in those states of introspection
which are essential to the unfoldment of the
spiritual faculties, that we may reach out in
our thought, and aid all others who are aspir-
ing—wherever they may be upon this planet
of ours, and under whatsoever names these
truth seekers may be gathered may we in

some manner, even though it be unknown to us, be of service in their investigations and aspirations, so that from this assembly there may radiate an influence which will penetrate into the dark ways of material and spiritual existence where those who do not know the truth congregate and desire assistance. With this invocation and aspiration, we yield ourselves to the influences of the occasion. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

I am aware that the topic which I have announced, or caused to be announced, is one of such a nature that it will be difficult to elucidate the same entirely to the satisfaction of all; yet, so important is it that it should be understood to some degree, that I am willing to throw such light upon the same as it may be possible for me to generate, considering the situation in which I find myself placed, for I wish to say at the outset for the benefit of all those who may, perhaps, have some hesitancy in accepting the fact of spirit control, entrancement, inspiration, or hypnotism that the fact that you find it difficult to accept this phenomenon renders it more difficult for me. There are laws everywhere operating in the universe, and the one way to understand their workings is by the observance of the phenomenon which is involved in human experiences. When I come to you from those realms which cannot be penetrated, or apprehended, by means of the physical senses, so-called, and endeavor to bring such knowledge as it has been possible for me to attain in my experience with that inner realm, called the realm spiritual, I do so simply and only under law, and because it is impossible for those persons who still retain an interest in the world which they once inhabited to drift away therefrom and return no more, as you use the term return, to mingle in its activities and to manifest to human intelligence.

Our subject, "The Realm of Sleep and Dreams, and the Mystery of Hypnotism," is one which concerns all men and women, because all sleep and dream, and all are capable of being affected in the manner in which the

scientist has lately denominated the hypnotic sleep. For this reason you come to us in spirit, though not outwardly, though not with the physical brain, perhaps, understanding and comprehending the inquiry, desiring enlightenment upon these mysterious topics, and we shall try to lead you into this inner realm.

In sleep, when there is nothing of that character which you denominate dream-life, the bodily functions are simply thoroughly and entirely suspended except in what you term involuntary action. That part of the being which we desire to denominate the spirit (and yet in naming it such we have some hesitancy because it conveys so many different ideas to different individuals) suspends its willful operations upon the body, which we prefer to call the instrument or machine for the execution of the spirits will, and nothing remains but the involuntary action of the outward being under nature's laws, gathering together the different conditions and elements which are needed for the expression of the will of the spirit when it shall awaken. If the sleep be disturbed, if the mind be not in that tranquil state which renders the sleep profound, it is because your spirit is drawn to and fettered by, the earth states, and it does not find the conditions by and through which it may leave its physical or material environment and take up a measurable degree of activity in the inward or spiritual life; for, difficult as it may be for you to believe the statement, we on the spiritual side of life have observed that, when the body is most profoundly inactive in the sense of being directed by the will of the spirit, the spirit is more profoundly active in the realm of inward life, simply because (and I think this will appeal to you as logical) it is not needed to maintain a supervision of the physical body. The spirit is the captain of the concern, always on the outlook for breakers, and ready to maintain its outward organism intact if it be possible. When the necessity of supervision is measurably withdrawn, the spirit realizes it, it understands the situation, and, withdrawing its will-power, or forces, from the outward structure, it becomes more vital and active in the realm invisible

and interior, and is there exploring, experimenting with, and investigating, the phenomena of that world, even as when, in the realm visible and material in making hours, you are presumed to be exploring, analyzing, investigating and experimenting with, the phenomena of physical life.

Here then, if you accept this statement, which may be doubtful, as I said when I began, to many, and can only be demonstrated by experiences such as perhaps may be brought about by the present investigation into what is called the mystery of hypnotism, or artificial sleep, in distinction from normal or natural sleep, may be the open door through which the investigations, of mortals may be carried on until you shall all be able to learn that the statements herein advanced are in accord with facts, and not the mere hallucinations of one who claims to be excavated, and yet who may possibly be the instrument upon whom you gaze.

How about the realm of dreams, which is one department of sleep life, and in which so many mysterious things are presented to the human apprehension and understanding? What are these strange fantasies which appear in man's sleeping hours, and which he remembers oftentimes with terror and sometimes with delight? Whence come they, and by what law do they present themselves, or project themselves upon his material brain? Some have been wont to sneer at this department of human life, and say it is governed by no law except that of a disordered physical structure or brain; but as, in the mystery of sleep, law operates, so, in the still, perhaps, greater mystery of dreams, law operates, and it is possible, when the body is in a quiescent state for the spirit to make its approach to its material brain, and, under laws discovered and discoverable, to stamp its thought, its knowledge, its purpose, upon that brain, mayhap to be recalled by the physical man when he shall awaken in the dawn of a new day.

You say, "All dreams are not rememberable, and many are distorted. Some seem to be prophetic, and others have no meaning. Please analyze for us these peculiarities of the dreaming state." I will say in answer to this

presumed query, that when the dreams are distorted and unreal, the balance between the physical and the spiritual structure cannot be maintained. It is as though the equipoise of some delicate instrument had been destroyed by some peculiarity of the atmospheric conditions, perhaps, or by any other phenomenon of environment. Under these circumstances the spirit strives and struggles to present the thought and have it remain upon the brain of its outward being later on, but there is an obstacle in the way. The circulation of the blood is impeded; there are environing conditions which cause the spirit unrest or annoyance in regard to its bodily structure; it does not perfect its purposes; and, in consequence, the manifestation is distorted. There is a mingling of material and spiritual life caused by these double conditions of consciousness, in which the voluntary functions still act partially, and the involuntary functions entirely, and these mixed and mingled circumstances and conditions produce distorted images. But when the manifestation is peculiarly clear, and your consciousness when waking is so vivid that you say, "Why, I dreamed so real a dream me thought it was a truth. I wakened with a start, and there seemed to be around me at the time the very being's of whom I dreamed and whose atmosphere impinges upon my own."

This is simply a clear expression of the spirit through the outward body. But you say "It was a clear manifestation, and I believed it true, yet there were circumstances involved which prove to me that it still was unreal. How do you account for this?" I answer you, my friend, that there are many things in the spiritual world which appear to the spirits of those incarnated that are what you denominate unreal, just as there are illusions upon the material plane. You think the sun rises, or you used to centuries ago. It was an optical illusion which appeared real to the ignorant brain, because unknowing of the material facts; and so, in the realm of spiritual existence in which you all now are, only you are curtained off, as it were, by the body which you occupy, there are those things which present themselves to the interi-

or or spiritual brain which are as illusive, as untrue to facts, as the apparent manifestations of the rising and setting of the sun in the material world. Therefore, although the equilibrium between the physical and the spiritual body may be approximately complete, yet the expression of the spirit may not be in accord with facts simply because it does not understand the same; and, hence, all dreams which appear real are not prophetic. Only those persons are capable, at times and under situations which are proper and approximately perfect, of presenting prophetic dreams to the outward consciousness whose spiritual illumination is largely perfected in its *possibilities*. I do not say in its attainments, mark you, but in its possibilities. There are some persons who dream a prophetic dream once in a life-time, and never again, which, in all its details, becomes thoroughly a part of the outward life, as it was once of the inward or sleep realm. They are surprised that they do not receive a like manifestation again, and say, "I wonder why it is I never dream another prophetic dream? Once upon a time when my body was wrapped in nature's sweet restorer, sleep, I saw the accident in which I would have been involved but for the dream. Upon awakening it appeared so real that it impressed me to such a degree that I could not perfect my plans, but the warning has never been repeated. I wonder why?" Simply because, upon this occasion there were, perhaps, conditions in the environment which rendered it possible for your peculiar structure of spiritual illumination to operate upon the physical, and those conditions may never obtain again. Do you not know, many of you, that in your material existence you oftentimes perform some wonderful feat, perfect some piece of mechanism, perform some artistic work, but you never reach such a climax of skill again, and you say, "I wonder why at such a time, on such an occasion, I felt that wonderful illumination, that sudden inspiration, and everything became easy of accomplishment?" Well, there were simply those kinds of environment which drew out your possibilities upon that occasion.

You ask me, "What are prophetic dreams,

and how is it that the spirit prophesies? I would know under what mysterious law it becomes possible for the soul to look forward, as well as backward into the eternity of the past." This I cannot explain to you unless you understand the powers of the soul, unless you understand that immortal and indestructible essence which, in its experience with the world, is gathering up continually the ability to discern; and as, through spiritual experiences (and all experiences are spiritual) you accrete to yourselves power of spiritual perfection and operation in matter, there comes, by and by, to that inward essence the ability to stand, as it were, within the enclosure of what you term time, and gaze with the eye of the spirit introspectively and prophetically into that which is not distance, for there is neither time nor space in spirit, but into that which you are yet to experience.

So, as these material conditions are dropped away from the advancing intelligence of the spirit it becomes easy to prophesy, and sometimes it is far less difficult to present that which will yet be a part of the material life in sleep than in waking hours. "Why is this?" you ask. Because, as the vital forces which constitute the working power of the material body are not being used in the ordinary concerns of every day waking life, those same elements may be utilized by the spirit native to the body in performing its introspection and its prospection, and there if evolved therefrom in this unconscious state of sleep, which still is conscious upon the spiritual side, the power of prophecy.

All dreams are not prophetic, and there are those nice discriminations necessary in analyzing the sleep and dream life which few possess have. It is an acquirement, and may be attained like any other gift by practice. "By what kind of practice?" you ask me. I answer you by the same practice which you would devote to the cultivation of any other part of your nature. There is a time coming, and it is not so far distant as many of you suppose, when people will sleep scientifically, whereas now they sleep, as you might term it, involuntarily. Through the operation of those mysterious laws discoverable and partly ap-

prehensible through the manifestation of the wonderful sleep of hypnotism, you will finally at will be able to pursue your investigations in the realm of natural sleep, and retain your consciousness as to the spiritual realm and what you behold there, bringing to the surface of your waking hours that which you attain thereby.

This, however, is race work, not individual work, for you cannot break away practically and fundamentally from the unitary progress of mankind. So firmly are men and women bound together by the law of fraternity that it is impossible for a few persons to speed very far in advance of the majority. If this were not the case, you would lose your teachers altogether in the mists of that mysterious realm called spirit, and you would no longer be able to even follow their tracks along the highway of human progress. It is because you are linked together by this most wonderful law of love, which never operates more naturally than in sleep, that you are able to prosecute researches in science, art, religion, and social advancement.

You ask if, in the realm of spirit, you will be united with your family, and if there you have the seclusion which love and friendship crave? How many times in sleep and in that mysterious realm of dreams, which gives rise to so many poetic fancies and aspirations, you do, you say, meet and mingle with your family and friends. You say, when you awaken from repose in the morning, "I clasped hands with the dearly loved one whom I buried a year ago. It was so natural that I wakened with a start to desolation and sorrow. I saw the smile upon the face, and I heard the voice which said to me, 'A year hence the situation will be changed. Grieve not, mother, for my misfortune, for, though I am buried in the body, I still am with you in the spirit.'" The mother wakens in the morning refreshed by this dream. She says, "I saw my son last night." She goes to her Christian neighbor, and asks, "Do you believe it is possible for those who have died to come to us in dreams?" The neighbor replies, "I do not know. I have had strange experiences myself that I could never account for, but we are told that be-

tween us and those who have passed into realms of infinite happiness or infinite misery there is no bridge, and my theology and experience so conflict that I am all at sea." Let me say, Mother, hang on to the dream, and let the theology go, for theology is worse than a dream, it is a nightmare, born of the horrible misapprehension of the savage brain ere the spirit could announce its purpose through the physical organism, and for centuries it has controlled the purposes and the plans, yea, even the prophecies of the world. But an angel in sleep came, and it was not the Lord, it was him or her you loved, clad in the garment of spiritual life. It stretched a real hand to your spiritual hand enclosed in your material body, and it said: "Come up out of the nightmare of theology into the realm of scientific sleep, and believe it is possible for me to so hypnotize your spiritual understanding that you shall see the truth instead of the falsehood which for centuries has been preached to mankind." And so you waken, hypnotized by a spirit.

What is hypnotism, or what is artificial sleep? What are those mysterious manifestations by which one human being in its mental or its physical structure may apparently possess the organism of another? Well, this is certainly a wonderful and profound question, and in it lies so much of importance to mankind that it seems to me it is worthy of investigation. What is the meaning of it? The savants of science declare that there is a tremendous something involved within it that will remove moral responsibility, they stand aghast before the fact that it has become possible for any human soul, mind, spirit, or what not, to so influence another soul, mind, spirit, or what you please to call it, that it apparently acts by the will of another. If this were true it would be a tremendous and appalling fact, it would unsettle all questions of moral responsibility, and prepare the way for a general moral pandemonium. If it were true, I say, and you ask me, "Is it not true? Are there not instances known to the material world when it has become possible for the operator to place his subject in such a condition that the latter would be hallucinated

with the ideas that possess the operator?" I do not deny the apparent phenomenon, I simply explain it from the spiritual stand point, or hypothesis, rather than from the material. I say to those who are interested in this most profound and perplexing subject, that it is one of the operations of the will, which, by the way, nobody has been able to define, but which I would call the individual—you are what you will, and you are not what you will not. The will of the operator and the will of the subject harmonizing, the manifestation will be according. "Oh," you say, "I do not will to be hypnotized." Yet I say, as I have frequently said upon this platform before, there are so many persons who do not understand their inward nature, who have never been introduced to their interior self, that they do not know what their interior self wants at any time, but rather take the manifestations of the reflection, called the body, as an expression of the inward or interior being.

In the experiment of hypnotism, we observe that there is a lowered tone of the bodily structure, a peculiar activity of the spirit of the operator, or of the mentality of the operator, as my scientific friends who do not believe in spirit would say, and these two conditions are all that are essential when the spirit of the subject wills for a manifestation of hypnotism. "How do you know that the spirit of the subject wills?" you ask. There is no way of determining what the spirit of the subject wills except by the fact that he withdraws his will. In other words a highly active state physically and mentally are wanting, and the individual simply is placed in the position of a person who is willing to surrender his individuality to some other being. Why, you are looking now upon the phenomenon of hypnotism in one of its phases—a lowered tone of physical vitality, the will of the native spirit willess, the will of the operator exceedingly active, and the phenomenon of what is termed in scientific phraseology illusion. It is an illusion of the physical and mental being, but it is a very real thing to the spirit or interior being, just as it is in the manifestations of mental and physical hypnotism upon your material plane, in which the operator

has produced a quiescent state of spirit and mind in his subject.

"How is the phenomenon of hypnotism governed? Tell us the law? Give us some understanding of the process?" I breathe now through the structure of the being I am manipulating, but I cannot tell you how. I say by inflation of the lungs, I say by absorption of the atmosphere, I say by the power of circulation, I say by running the machine, but I cannot tell you the law, and when that respiratory process ceases, the circulation stops, the heart is still, but I cannot tell you how it is done. I can only say it is, and you call it death. So I have told you that in hypnotism there is a suspension of physical animation, a lowering of the will force or activity of the native operator. These concomitants produce sensations, but what are sensations? Can anybody tell me? You say it is the report by the nerves to the brain of that which has come in contact with the physical structure. This, you say, produces sensation. Do you know, my friends, that there is a brain that is not a physical brain? that there are nerves, so to speak, that are not physical nerves? that there is a body that is not an outward structure? and that there are reports of sensations in your material world, and that these are all in the spirit?

You ask me, "What is the physical condition of the medium when taken possession of by a spirit in the state of entrancement or control?" I answered that question before I read it. You ask, "What is the condition of the medium's own spirit under control?" I want to say that I do not like that phrase, "under control," for, as I disclaim that there can ever be a hypnotized subject when that subject does not wish in spirit that the operation shall be performed, so I disclaim that there can ever be any human being subject to the will of another being destroying all moral responsibility. I tell you, friends, these questions go so deep that they settle for us in the realm of spirit the fact that there are none elected to heaven or doomed to hell, and that the power of choice of conditions, expressions, operations, and purposes is always one of man's divine prerogatives. Therefore, if you

say to me this afternoon that I am controlling an instrument, and you mean by that that I am subjecting that instrument to my will against her desire, I answer you it is not true. Far be it from me or any other intelligent person who has investigated the phenomena of mediumship and those mysterious realms connected therewith of sleep and dreams to presume to ask any one to believe that it is possible for one human soul to subject another to that which he does not desire, and make him irresponsible for his acts. It is true, however, that a foreign spirit may temporarily assume the workings of the functions of the instrument at the desire and with the acquiescence of the native spirit. I use the machine, or the body, its spirit being negative or withdrawn from the activity of its normal functions. That is all there is of entrance, whether it be semi-conscious or profound, and that is all there is of many other manifestations which have seemed so mysterious to the apprehension of men and women.

First and foremost always, the permission of the native spirit is required to enter upon any manifestation of this so-called abnormal character. "When is the permission given?" you ask. Well, I could not answer unless I were to know individual circumstances and cases. It is possible you gave permission to some spirit to control you, as you term it, or inspire, or entrance you before you were born perhaps before you saw the light of this mysterious day-world, which is yet a sleep-world and a realm of dream, you may have entered into a compact with some mysterious spirit that you would be a medium, and you are doing your best to keep the compact in this embodiment. Whether you succeed or not will depend upon the circumstances, operator and subject. There are so many things involved in it that your mediumship may be entirely or partially perfect, as the state may be, as the conditions will warrant, but we doubt not you are trying to keep your part of the compact.

"What effect has tobacco upon this and coming generations?" you ask. It tends to deaden the sensibilities, to stupefy the spirituality, to disturb the physical equilibrium,

and to weaken and dispossess the individual of his real powers. This is the effect, briefly stated, of tobacco in my opinion, answering always from my point of observation and experience, responsible for my own statement alone, and differing from many others. How is it done? Why the effect produced, and why does man adhere to the practice of dispossessing himself of his native powers? Well, because, first, fundamentally, and foremost, he is a mysterious being; he is so inclined to believe that what ought to be done to-day can be put off until to-morrow; he is so hallucinated with the success and the effect which certain physical phenomena produce on the physical organism that he is oftentimes disposed to lay aside the things of more weighty importance, and to enter into these realms which are imperfect and insecure. I want to say, in connection with this thought, for I feel deeply upon it for various reasons, none of which I will stop to name, that not only is this deadening and benumbing process carried on to such an alarming extent among men and women who use this weed, tobacco you call it, but there are so many other things that enter the systems of men and women in the form of diet, that almost all of you are narcotized the greater part of the time. Hardly any of you possess your real, normal, vital, spiritual tone, but all these nerve deadening articles entering your systems produce a lowered tone of the spirit, and paralyze the powers of the body. Still you are willing to proceed in that line, and such is the constitution of the human race that, strangely enough, we are willing to permit you until you seek for yourselves to know the better way. There is no method by which this better way can be found, that I know of, except by experience. When man has learned what he is depriving himself of, then there will be a moral reformation. Far be it from any beneficent spirit to hypnotize any individual into a belief of what is right for him, for you are dependent in your spiritual advancement more upon that which you yourselves ascertain and make a practical application of than upon anything else.

If I could, this afternoon, standing here

upon this platform before you, with one movement of my hand destroy all those appetites for those things which we call narcotics and stimulants in the bosom and brain of the race, I would not do it. Why, because it is for your benefit to find your way yourselves; therefore you will naturally understand that I am not much of a spiritual prohibitionist. There are multitudes of reasons why men and women should remain intact in their proclivities until their proclivities change, for spiritual growth and work under all circumstances in waking hours and in natural and artificial sleep is one continual effort of the spirit to ascertain and practicalize what it learns. That is all life is any way, and if you can learn more while asleep than while awake, go to sleep. Many of you can, for your resources will be improved and your domain much enlarged. There are many persons so limited by the environments of the body, so circumscribed in material effort, occupation and aspiration that life to them is one incessant dream of what they never realize. Well, what good does that do? It sustains you, it nourishes you, it is a grand thing that you can dream, it is a mighty, tremendous and beautiful law in this universe that your real life, after all, is not the outward life, but that, when the body lies down to rest and recuperate, the spirit, under this wonderful law that matter is not and space is not, can roam at will through distant realms to gather knowledge, truth, light, and wisdom, and sometimes make the earthly life the brighter for the dream. Go on dreaming, my friends, but see to it when you dream that the equilibrium between the body and spirit is, as far as possible, established, that you may report what you learn to your twin left behind in the bosom of Mother Earth, thus enabling it to share in the glory and gratification which your spirit is deriving by seeing the inward world.

"Oh," you exclaim. "is it all glory and all gratification in the inward world? It seems to me from your last statement or paragraph that when I am let loose from the material body and enter the realm invisible, I am going to glory." Well, my friend, that will de-

pend largely upon your glorious or inglorious condition *per se*, for like attracts like in the realm of sleep and spirit as it does not in the material realm. One of the sad things of human life externally is the fact that this law of elective affinity, or attraction, does not operate in the material realm, and that is why measurably pandemonium reigns here to-day. But the dreams are coming to the surface. Men and women are learning that there is a world invisible, and if there is anything which is yet to awaken this faculty among mankind, it is this very subject which you have denominated hypnotism, and which opens the door to the capacities and possibilities of operator and subject, for hypnotism is only a blind name for Spiritualism. It is more genteel, it is better understood, but all the same it is one door into the possibilities of the inward world and its inhabitants. It is through this door of scientific inquiry into the double and triple nature of man that the savants of material science finally reluctantly approach the vestibule of that mysterious world, upon the boundary line of which the footsteps of so many millions of Spiritualists have so long paused. Well and good. It is a glorious sign of the advancement of the human world, for the time was, you all remember it, when it was not recognized that man had these powers in the sense in which this recognition has now taken place. Why, of course there was nothing of a man except his body and brain functions—so many pounds of gas, so much blood, bone, muscle, tissue, but the spirit, the possibility of the eye seeing that which was not to be seen, and the ear hearing that which was not to be heard was not admitted. If a hypnotized subject sees a snake where there is a cane, does he not see that which is not to be seen, and does he not hear the vibrations of the thought in the brain of the operator? So much this, that or the other, complied with so much of something else, and the thought is imprinted upon the brain of the subject just as the telegraphic wire ticks off the message of the friend at the other end of the same through the mediums of the machine and the operator.

This phenomenon has at last arrested the

attention of men and women everywhere, but they do not know, or want to believe, that it is one of the stored up capacities of the spiritual man suddenly brought to light because the time was ripe. I want to tell you, my friends, this afternoon as I close, that there was a time when these phenomena could not have taken place. You probably know it, but I make the statement nevertheless. There was a time when these investigators in this realm would not have investigated. There was a time when these phenomena now so general would not have aroused the attention of men to the point when they would have investigated the same, but little by little, here and there, one by one, day by day, month by month year by year, Spiritualism, spirits and believers in spiritual phenomena have been creating an atmosphere which has encircled the world, and the spirit of man has become so illuminated that now, in this age and day, investigations into this mysterious realm may be made and nobody will be hung for it. It is only witchcraft under another name, but the day of enlightenment is nigh, it is beginning to dawn now. Some of you see us as we stand here among you. You are hypnotized. You think you see us. We operate upon the sensitized brain of the subject, and, lo and behold, the inward sphere reveals its glory, a vital realm bursts upon the vision, and down through the arches of space ring the tone of angel voices, saying to these millions of spiritual beings encased in mortal form, "Death is not a road into the dark, it is not the sudden termination of intellectual activities and spiritual research but it is the opening up of new and immense fields of opportunity and advancement, and you, and we, and all, bond and free, black and white, spirits and mortals are marching on together in the mysterious progress of the human race."

We perceive, and the prophecy will come true, that in a century from the present time this old planet of yours will be so deluged with the light and glory of the spiritual world that theology will stand aghast at the revelation that these things, of which it has thought hitherto, are not there; that men and women do not stand before any God, either of judg-

ment or vengeance, there to give an account of the deeds done in the body, but that every man and woman, either after or before he or she is excamated shall face his or her conscious self, and the unconscious material body will report to that higher and better being; and that eternal life and progress are one of nature's divine revelations and facts.

HUMOROUS.

CAIN'S WIFE.

Where did he get her?
 Who was her brother?
 Had she a sister?
 Had she a mother?
 Was she pre Adamic—
 Born before history—
 With her identity
 Shrouded in mystery?
 Maid of Poenicia,
 Egypt, Arabia,
 Africa, India,
 Or sun kissed Suabia?
 Who was her father?
 Was he a vilking,
 Cruising about
 Just to his liking;
 Out of the Whenceness,
 Over the water,
 Into the Where,
 Bringing his daughter?
 Native of Norway,
 Denmark or Sweden?
 Lured by the charms
 Of the garden of Eden?
 Blonde or brunette?
 Rounded or slender?
 Fiery or frigid?
 Haughty or tender?
 Why are her graces
 Unknown to fame?
 Where did Cain meet her?
 What was her name?
 Whisper it softly—
 Say, can it be
 The lady we seek.
 Was R. Haggard's "She?"
 Tell me, ye sages,
 Students of Life,
 Answer my query:—
 Who was Cain's wife?
 From J. B. Smiley's *Enterprise*.

THE PARSON'S GREAT COW ACT.

It appears that the parson has a cow that is a little obstinate at times, says the *Fitchburg Sentinel*, and a neighbor advised placing some

weight on the cow's back to make her give down the milk. The parson, accompanied by his son, proceeded to the shed where the cow was tied and attempted to carry out the advice by placing his son on the cow's back. This did not have the desired effect, so the son dismounted and the old gentleman got on. The cow then made things rather too lively for the parson, and the latter told his son to tie him on. This was done, but the cow soon became so frantic that the parson shouted, "Cut the rope!" In his haste to execute the order, the boy cut the rope by which the cow was tied to the stall, instead of that holding the parson on, and away down the street went the cow with her venerable rider. After a short attempt to beat the best record, the cow slackened speed and was soon spied by an old lady. Rushing down to the road and discovering who the bare-back rider was, the lady cried: "Why, Brother —, where are you going?" As cow and rider passed out of sight, the parson shouted, "My God and this cow only know."

FORGIVEN.

He was a bit of a boy not over 8 years old, but he followed me so persistently and kept up his cry of "Paper, sir!" so continuously that I turned on him in a way I afterward regretted. He felt hurt and insulted, and as he disappeared in the darkness I heard him calling:

"Never mind, old man! I'll grow up and give you the awfulest licking a man ever got!"

We have met almost daily for the past year, and on each occasion there has been no evidence of unbending. A dozen times, at least, I have heard him remark in an aside:

"There goes a fellow I am going to lick if it takes me 50 years!"

The other day I was surprised to receive a call from my young enemy. Although he looked no older or stronger, I was wondering if he had come to carry out his awful threat, when he extended his little "paw" and said:

"Say, let's quit."

"I'm agreed."

"I said I'd lick you, and I meant it all

along, but—but——"

"What's happened to change your mind?"

"Mother's dead—died Monday," he gasped, as he sat down, "and I don't want to fight nobody nor nothin'. If you'll forgive me, I'll forgive you."

And so we shook hands and made up, and I know we both feel the better for it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHAT THE BABY CAN DO.

It can wear out a one dollar pair of kid shoes in less than 24 hours.

It can keep its father busy advertising in the papers for a nurse.

It can simultaneously occupy both sides of the largest bed made.

It can cause its father to be insulted by every second class boarding house keeper in the city who "never takes children," which, in nine cases out of ten, is fortunate for the children.

It can make itself look like a fiend just when its mother wants to show it off.

It can make an old bachelor in the next room use language that, if uttered on the street, would get him into the penitentiary for two years.

It can go from the farthest end of the room to the foot of the stairs in the hall quicker than its mother can step into the closet and out again.

It can go to sleep like an angel, and just as papa and mamma are starting for the theater it can wake up and stay awake.

These are some of the things a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest house the brightest spot on earth. It can lighten the burdens of a loving mother's life by adding to them. It can flatten its dirty little face against the window pane in such a way that the tired father can see it as a picture before he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own baby.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A north-bound train had left Austin, Tex., and Conductor Hughes was making his usual round collecting tickets. He stopped in front

of a little girl who was crouched in a corner near the stove. Notwithstanding that a cold northwester was blowing, she was thinly clad in a torn calico dress, and her feet were destitute of shoes and stockings.

As she appeared to be alone, the conductor asked:

"Have you a ticket, little girl?"

"What is that?"

"Didn't whoever put you on the car give you a ticket?"

"Nobody put us on the car. We came all by ourselves, didn't we, dolly?" she said, hugging a dilapidated old doll.

"Didn't your papa put you on the car?"

"No; we didn't tell him we were coming, did we, dolly?"

The conductor took the little girl's hand in his. It was burning hot. Her thin features were flushed, and her eyes were glistening with fever.

"Your clothes are thin. Don't you feel cold sometimes?"

"Yes, we feel so cold, but we hug up close together, don't we, dolly? When I find mamma she'll give us some new clothes and some shoes."

"Where is your mamma?"

"I don't know, but I'll find her. She told me to come to her. She came into my room last night and put her hands on me and kissed me—just as she used to before she went to sleep in a long box and went off on the railroad."

The conductor was puzzled. Had the fever affected the child's head?

"I think you are lost, little girl. What is your name?"

"My name is Fanny, but mamma used to call me 'little pet.'"

"I'll send you back to your papa. You have got a papa, haven't you, in Austin?"

A look of terror was frozen on the little pinched features. Two thin arms were thrown around the conductor's neck.

"Please don't send me back to, pa," she said in piteous accents. "My new mamma will whip me and lock me in the dark closet. Oh, please don't send me back! I'll be good. I'll give you dolly. No; I can't give you

dolly. Mamma gave me dolly, but I'll let you play with her. Please let me stay with you till I find mamma."

"This is a bad case of step-mother" said the conductor to himself. "This is some poor, neglected little creature. I've a notion to take her home and leave her with my kids. One more won't make much difference. I'll not send you home. Just lie down here," he said, fixing her up a place to lie on one of the seats.

The little waif was contented and happy. She laid down and the conductor covered her up with his overcoat. Once or twice, as he passed by, he heard the little dead-head passenger talking to her dolly about what they would do when they found mamma.

At Taylor the north-bound and south-bound trains met, and the passengers got supper. As soon as Conductor Hughes stepped on the platform the operator called to him.

"Here, Bill, here is a telegram for you."

He opened the envelope and read: "Put runaway child in charge of conductor of south-bound train for Austin."

"Poor little creature," he muttered, "she has a hard time of it in this world, but I'll wake her up and give her some supper before I send her home to her folks."

He turned back into the car and threw back the overcoat from the sleeping child. She was hugging her dolly to her breast. There were tears on her pale, thin cheeks, but a happy smile on her little pinched features.

"Little Pet" had found her mamma.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

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EDUCATIONAL LESSONS.

FOR OUR CHILDREN.

It is of the first importance, both to the future of every child and to the growth of our holy cause, that the Lyceum be sustained by all parents whose minds have become emancipated by the approach of Spiritualism. If we have any views, any convictions, any persuasions, as to right or wrong, as to human character and destiny that we think are worth holding, we should do our utmost to give them to our children.

This department is open for correspondence, and reports are desired from Lyceums everywhere.
ALONZO DANFORTH, EDITOR, 1 Fountain Square, Roxbury, Mass.

THE WASHINGTON CENTENNIAL.

Why do we remember the 30th day of April, 1789?

Of the solemn ceremonial of the first inauguration, the reverent oath of Washington, the acclaim of the multitude greeting their President.

What was the occasion?

That these United States at that time began their existence, that the powers of government were assumed by the people of the Republic, and they became the sole source of authority.

How was this a result?

It was the culmination of the working out by mighty forces through many centuries of the problem of self-government.

What was the sublime declaration of the immortal Congress?

"We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states."

Who of the invisible host at this supreme moment of the culmination in permanent triumph of the thousand of years of struggle for self-government were with him?

The arisen spirit forms of the soldiers of the revolution who had died that their countrymen might enjoy this blessed day and with

them were the heroes and martyrs of liberty of every race and age.

What was the oath of office that was solemnly read to him, he repeating?

I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. So help me God."

What did Chancellor Livingston say?

He waved his robes and said it is done, long live George Washington, President of the United States. Long live George Washington our first President was the answering cheer of the people and from the belfries rang the bells and from forts, ships, thundered the cannon echoing and repeating the cry all over the land: Long live George Washington, President of the United States.

What are the simple facts as we contemplate the vast accumulations of the century with awe and pride?

Our population has grown from four to sixty-five millions, a civil war with the loss of eight thousand millions of dollars, and killed six hundred thousand, and disabled over a million young men, and yet our impetuous progress, has made our late war a memory; twenty millions of our people of intelligent age, acknowledging the authority of their several churches, twelve millions of children in the common schools, three hundred and forty-five universities and colleges for the higher education of men and two hundred for women; four hundred and fifty institutions of learning for science, law, medicine and theology, all these the firm support of civilization and liberty.

What fills the executive office?

The spirit of Washington, and Presidents may not rise to the full measure of his greatness, but they must not fall below his standard of public duty and obligation.

What will his life and character show to coming generations?

It will be for them a liberal education for private life and public station, for citizenship and patriotism.

How did our fathers erect this government? Upon the eternal foundations of the people;

its success was due to confidence in Washington, its genius to Hamilton, while in Jefferson and Thomas Paine was the inspiration of independence.

In regard to applications for office what did Washington say?

He believed in a Federal head and wanted at all time an American character, he says: "Put none but Americans on guard to-night."

Was Washington earnest about the education of his countrymen?

Yes, he desired a higher education at home rather than abroad for young Americans and would have them pursue their studies where he hoped a glow of patriotic enthusiasm might be kindled within them.

What should we remember in our history of one hundred years?

That when Washington was elected President the fittest man on the continent was chosen and his was the rule of the wisest and best man, and so was Abraham Lincoln another example of the choice by the people and we hope that by the power of education and public spirit many more such choices may be recorded and so may we live and work and believe that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

What can we say of the Presidential office?

That the results of twenty-five consecutive terms have vindicated the wisdom of the fathers who established it.

ECHOES OF THE WASHINGTON CENTENNIAL.

It is not the character of the people because the passions of humanity are the same wherever you find them, but it is in the institutions which have survived the century, which hold no vassal, and execute no political offenders.

* * *

The Sun of our destiny is still rising and its rays illumine vast territories as yet unoccupied and undeveloped and which are to be the happy homes of millions of people.

* * *

Our institutions furnish the full equipment of shield and spear for the battles of freedom,

and absolute protection against every danger which threatens; and the welfare of the people will always be found in the intelligence, courage and morality with which their powers are exercised.

* * *

Washington was the incarnation of duty and he teaches us to-day the great lessons that those who would associate their names with events that shall outlive a century can only do so by high consecration to duty.

* * *

The stately and enduring shaft at Washington, the national capital, symbolizes that he is yet the first American citizen.

* * *

Happily for America the presidency of the United States was held by Abraham Lincoln.

* * *

The administration of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln made the great office and the century forever illustrious.

* * *

Called by his country to the defense of her liberties, he triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity, and on the pillars of national independence laid the foundations of a great Republic.

* * *

Glorious through life, great in death—his highest ambition was the happiness of mankind, his noblest victory the conquest of himself.

* * *

The moment a great man ceases to be a servant, and attempts to be a master, he loses his hold upon our affections, and ceases to be truly great.

* * *

Great and good men, when they are truly great and good, lift us to a greatness and goodness higher than their own, taking humanity into touch with divinity.

* * *

Great men would be lost to the race if they did not have followers, and if the light of

their minds were not reflected in thousands of other minds.

* * *

Great men do not spring from the ground or drop from heaven. They grow out of the soil of the century in which they are planted, drawing their powers from the people and returning them again. They are the heirs of the ages.

* * *

It is the duty of the citizen to do what he can to further the improvement of the mental, moral and physical condition of the people, and such purposes as shall tend to make this life more worth living, and our country more and more an abode of a thrifty, an intelligent, a happy and a united people.

* * *

Said Washington: "Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge,—in proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

* * *

He was a man and a soldier—a patriot of lofty intellect, indomitable purpose, extreme modesty and moral grandeur.

We have not built his monument for his sake but for our own.

His name is written in more enduring substance; it is liberty, and liberty is one of the immortals.

The country is his monument, but it is not yet completed, and will not be until integrity like his becomes the soul of the political life.

Intelligent and moral training for citizenship should be the first principle of a public school education, and to reform our country is to begin with ourselves.

* * *

Our hero is Washington. The land that owns him father has not lost an acre of its surface; it has stood the strain of a hundred years; while star after star has been added to its sky of blue; its salvation has rested in a people whose intelligence has been equalled by its loyalty in times of danger; a citizen-

ship, whose thrift has been tested by its ability to guard with the sword in one hand what intelligence has been gaining in the other. Our army of a million men has dropped out from view, but greater than an army, with its threatening dangers, is a mighty people with a patriotism deep as the last drop of heart's blood that, if needed, will be shed to keep our land the home of liberty.

WASHINGTON.

Throughout the world, among the sons of men,
What fame like thine, beyond the reach of time?
Heroes and kings by history's supple pen
Emblazoned stand, too oft'nest known for crime;
But thy pure record, generous and sublime,
Reveals nor stain nor blot the light to mar,
Which shines through all those living lives that show
How honest duty was thy guiding star;
In the hard present patient and afar,
Seeing the glorious future's radiant bow;
Great in the field, and in the chair of State,
Won for thy country's honor, simply Great!
Thy country hailed thee chiefest citizen,
The world proclaimed, "Behold the chief of Men!"

GEORGE LUNT.

ANNIVERSARY is of Spirit origin as it was inaugurated through the Mediumship of James Lawrence of the city of Cleveland at the Fourth National Convention of Spiritualists held at Garret's Hall in 1867, and the 31st of March was voted worthy of annual celebration and has been observed ever since.

(THOMAS LEES)

ANNIVERSARY LESSON.

1848—MARCH 31ST—1891.

How many years have come and gone since the advent of modern Spiritualism?

Forty-three.

When did its advent occur?

In the blazing noon-tide of the nineteenth century, and not in an age of ignorance and superstition.

What was proclaimed at its birth?

Theological Herods issued their decree of death, and brandished over its baby couch the already blunted sword of religious intolerance.

The years have crept on and each one has

added to its force until to-day, what do we do?

Commemorate an event that has thrilled every avenue of society. It has touched philosophy; and wiped the icicles from its frozen face; it has played games of chance with materialistic scientists, and left them defeated and dismayed; it has broken the swords of theological gladiators and laid them in ruins at their feet.

Where has it always claimed an audience?

In the wretched hut of poverty, in the palace of wealth, in the library of the scientists, in the enshrined pews of the church, and in the granite halls of State.

What was the beginning of modern Spiritualism?

Humble, the sounds did not echo in the frescoed halls of a cathedral, but they came in the unpretending cottage of the poor, and it was not given to ambitious statesmen and an intolerant priesthood to first hear the raps, but they called in the trusting ear of happy girlhood.

What has Spiritualism accomplished in the forty-three years of its history?

Demonstrated beyond dispute the existence of spiritual beings, and that such things can and do hold intercourse with mortals.

Where can we find facts in Spiritualism?

In every city and village and at nearly every fireside, from the simple rap which marked its opening to the more complicated phenomena that have followed in rapid succession.

Have these facts triumphed?

Yes, everywhere universal and complete, in the palace of the king and in the hut of the peasant, they have spoken in the voice of arisen loved ones, and triumphed over scorn, pride and intolerance and waved the banner of victory on every hand.

What does history affirm?

That an established church or government never reforms itself; they never accept a new idea willingly, they do not welcome the hand that would destroy their idols.

What has every great religion done?

Planted its corner stone on ground wet with the blood that an old intolerant religion has drawn from its veins.

What has every temple of human liberty been?

Cemented by the tears hoary despots have wrung from the swollen eyes of weeping fugitives.

What has every science been called to do?

To unfurl its banners under the anathemas of impudent priests who have blocked the highway of human progress.

What is the condition of the religious to-day?

Man, devoutly and intensely religious, stands to-day amid the wreck and ruin of faiths and creeds, asking for the sunlight of a spiritual religion.

How has the intelligent world accepted Spiritualism?

By accepting clairvoyance, the Rochester rappings, as coming from spiritual beings, and ever and anon catching gleams of light from the immortal shores in premonitions, dreams, impressions and trance.

What does humanity want?

A new temple, one large enough to take in every footsore pilgrim who treads life's dusty highways, one so high its tower shall touch the farthest star, one so beautiful the gods shall delight to gaze upon its frescoed walls.

What will the children of to-day see?

The spotless banner of science wave from the dome of the world's temple, kissed by the bland breezes which came from the embowered highlands of the immortal life.

As the world's religion already begins to light the sky what is surely coming?

Our year of Jubilee, when we can say that earth's martyrs, apostles and Christs have not died in vain,

What is this religion to be?

One that will draw mankind together, one that will be universal and spiritual, one that will consecrate all days, all books, all places and all labor.

What is the waiting, watching and praying for?

For one who will weave from the broken threads of the now scattered races the religion of the future, for out of ruins of special faiths the new must come.

How will this temple be built?

By chosen workmen who have heads strong enough for the work, with material gathered from many lands, and whose structure will combine the architecture of many ages.

Who are the designers of this temple?

The arisen heroes and saviors of many worlds who sit in solemn meditation in the council chambers of the spirit life.

Conductor. This temple will never corrode, it cannot decay. The avenging tread of this world's earthquakes will not shake it, and the black wing of the centuries will flash over it in vain, while the uncounted years, as they shall drop from time's eternal urn, will each plant a diamond on its fadeless walls—and when a thousand ages shall have rolled away it will glisten in the beams of a never-setting sun.

RESPONSES.

From evidence given the rap is produced by intelligent beings who have lived in human form.

They have discovered the way whereby to reveal to humanity the certainty of a continued existence.

The doors are open between the mundane and spiritual spheres, writing and trance mediums have multiplied over all the land.

Great minds who have once dwelt with us, but have ascended, knowing our needs, have devised the vast scheme that lies in Spiritualism for the rescue of the world from the gulf into which it was about to plunge.

Spirits have the ability to carry this undertaking to a successful issue.

They will continue to develop mediums and see that mortals organize seances and through them carry forward this great truth.

Spiritualism has attained vast proportions, stretching out from one family to millions in forty years.

Its wonderful progress is due to the fact that it has not been manipulated by priests nor fettered by creeds, its Temple is one in which all will eventually worship.

In this great evolution ordained of heaven inaugurated by Spirits lies the world's only hope of exemption from impending evil.

Our ascended ones have given to the modern world the gospel of the new dispensation, the glorious truth of the Spiritual Philosophy.

We now rejoice in the knowledge of the ministry of spirits and a continued life for humanity.

The signs of the times are full of promise for the future, and over all the earth is being spread the promised glad tidings of joy which shall be to all people.

Man may arrogate to himself the credit of this work but spirits are the engineers.

Their work is not limited to the seance-room, they are weakening the opposing forces, their influence surrounds the pulpit, and thousands without knowing it are floating into the vast fold of Spiritualism.

Pioneer women who have struggled for the rights of their sex for forty-three years have always met with assistance from Spiritualists.

The breaking away of the people from the old creeds is largely due to the influence of Spiritualism.

Ministers are now intent upon finding out how best to modernize the old creeds and bring them into harmony with modern thought.

Spiritualism means the proof positive of continued life beyond the grave and under certain conditions possible communications with the ascended ones.

It means forgiveness of sins only through growth out of, and away from them.

It means that character, not creed, is the essential to present and future happiness.

We celebrate a Birth-day not of a man but of a truth called modern Spiritualism.

It has grown from the tiny rap to a materialized spirit, from the slow alphabet to human life expressing spirit truth, and to unseen intelligence writing its own letter between locked slates.

Spiritualism has proven more to a prejudiced world in its brief existence than has Orthodoxy in its mad career for centuries. Truth must and will prevail, *and that truth is Spiritualism.*

The gates of immortal life are open and spirits return to earth to watch over and care

for their loving ones in earth-life.

Angelic communication is an assured fact and minds in the life continued come in rapport with mind on Earth conveying intelligence and instruction calculated to bless and uplift.

What men laughed at yesterday, is the admitted fact of to-day.

What we dream of to-day will become a demonstrated fact to-morrow.

The mists of to-day will be cleared away by the golden sunlight of truth to-morrow.

Spiritualism has both philosophy and phenomena, the one supports the other.

Conductor. May the light of truth dispel all clouds of ignorance from the human heart; may the star-beams of knowledge chase away all shadows and errors, may we who are here come into such sympathetic communication with those who have gone beyond that we may learn of them, and at the same time that we may bestow upon lives something of affection and good cheer that shall be a blessing from day to day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"In this great moving era of our world's history, when the struggle has reached almost a white heat between the representatives of the old systems of religious thought and the disciples of liberal education and the soul's advancement—and when the churches and Sunday schools on all sides of us are filled Sunday after Sunday—is it not time that the Lyceum, the only *children's* place where self-reliance and the accountability of the soul to its own innate sense of right are taught, should be given a stimulus by the millions of adherents to our faith in America? Is it not about time that this continuous talk about the short comings of the church was stopped, and Spiritualists went to work to put their own house in order? If you would make your own faith—its disciples, adherents and children—what you have been urged to by the spirit-world for the past forty years, there would be far less time to be spent in petty broils, and the misrepresenting of your neighbor. A test medium comes to our city. In-

stantly there is a rush; two hundred and twenty-five people find time to attire themselves neatly, repair to the hall, and listen to an array of names, incidents, etc., concerning those who have preceded us; while our Lyceum, fully equipped with all its beautiful regalia, musters from thirty to thirty-five! Are the elder children, who have passed to the other life, of more consequence than the sweet budding minds that are to mold the weal or woe of our land? Weigh these things carefully, Spiritualists of America, and see if I am not right in demanding some encouragement on the part of parents in the education of their children, lest our boasted freedom and liberal ideas become a laughing-stock for all Christendom."—*Fred L. Hildreth of Lyceum, Worcester, Mass., Dec. 7, 1889.*

Written for The Sower.

HOW OUR SPIRIT HOMES ARE BUILDED.

"There are homes over here" say the angels
As they come from the bright realms above
-Bringing back through the gate way immortal
Flowery crowns of their unceasing love.
And we'll tell you the way, they are builded
Dear children, come list what we say,
For the lesson in brightness is guilded
With the truth of a heavenly day.

Noble thoughts are the solid foundations
Unaffected by time or by tide,
On the bed rock of character standing
That the storms of the ages defied.
Worthy deeds are the timbers and braces,
Kindly acts are the boards sound and fair,
Gentle words are the sunbeams whose graces
Fill the rooms with a radiance rare.

Mortal growth is the great Master Builder
Doing ever the best that he can,
Gathering the imperfect materials
And striving to follow the plan;
But often there's blots on the beauty
And the windows are narrow and small
By a failure to meet some great duty,
Or some shadow that evil lets fall.

Dear children you each are preparing
Your home in eternity's bower
That depends for its size and its beauty
On your acts and your thoughts every hour.
May the angels of love walk beside you
Leading you into ways that are fair,
May the light of the truth ever guide you
That your home may be grand 'over thers.'

EMMA TRAIN.

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WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

EDITORIAL.

A MOVEMENT STARTED IN BOSTON FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUALISM.

PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Feb. 11.—A movement has been started in Boston by men of high standing for the Investigation and study of psychic phenomena. A prospectus has been issued, signed among others by the Rev. M. J. Savage of the Church of the Unity; the Rev. Heber Newton of All Souls Episcopal Church, New York; Mary A. Livermore of Melrose;

B. O. Flower, editor of the *Arena*, and the Rev. T. E. Allen of the Fourth Unitarian Society, Providence. The prospectus states:

"We only propose to concentrate our efforts on the narrower field of spiritualism, pure and simple. That modern spiritualism has votaries in all parts of the country, and that it has the power to influence the thought and action of those who believe its teachings are indisputable facts. Is the movement founded on fact or delusion? Does the world know? And if it does not know, is it not time for a few truth-loving persons, approaching the subject in a serious frame of mind, to investigate it, guided by purely scientific methods?"

"Is it not in the best interest of humanity that this matter should be settled, if possible, once for all? If it be delusion, the contagion has spread quite far enough and done damage enough already. If there be truth, the world would be benefited by the knowledge. With this feeling, the signers have decided to issue this appeal, asking you to join with them in carrying on the work of the psychic investigation Association."

We find the above in every Spiritual, Secular and even many Christian papers.

Spiritualism does not depend on the testimony of a half dozen or more personages of high standing to prove it false or true.

It has been demonstrated to thousands upon thousands of people and occupies an honored place in the great volume of "The Great Events of the Past Century" and has come to Earth to stay.

Spiritualism itself is older than the world, but on account of the dullness of man was not discovered as a fact until a few years ago when it entered the humble home at Hydesville, N. Y.

The Churches are always fetching up in the rear and the last to recognize or acknowledge any newly discovered truth or advocate any reform until forced to do so.

They were in favor of chattel slavery and preached long and loud from the text "Servants obey your masters," and in the early days of Temperance Reform they were its enemies and have been the enemies of Science

and Spiritualism; but, by the unchanging law of progression and evolution, they surely will sooner or later accept the truths that many a weary worn one has suffered and died to perpetuate.

Spiritualism will soon be popular and then the Church will claim all the glory to itself.

We remember hearing a young Baptist Clergyman wax eloquently expatiating on the greatness of our American free government with its wonderful improvements, halls of learning, great inventions but gave all the credit directly to Christianity and tried to prove that Ingersoll, Paine, Voltaire were greater sinners than if they were robbers or murderers. He insisted that their sins of disbelieving The Bible was the worst sin of all.

We felt like arising in our seat and saying "Thank God for a few infidels for our American Government." For if not for them we should be under a crowned monarchy and with the support of royalty on one hand and Church on the other we would be like the vast hordes in Europe a nation of slaves in body and soul.

Were Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson and George Washington Church members? No! they were not.

Very few of our great minds and world's benefactors have been creed bound church members: Therefore, we all have to thank (Christians included) the great number who do not belong to any Church (except the church of humanity) for the liberties, literature, and blessings that we enjoy.

It seems hardly creditable now that there was ever a law on the statute books of Massachusetts to fine and imprison a man for kissing his wife on the Sabbath day, or that a woman should be killed for no other reason than because she sawed a barrel in halves to make two tubs. It was the verdict that she must be in league with the prince of darkness to have such ideas.

It is well that Mr. Edison was born a little later, or his wonderful discoveries would have been his sure destruction and the world have been in ignorance of his great genius.

It is something to marvel at how many people there are at the present time who are

so well informed on all other subjects, so accomplished and highly educated on all else but, are perfectly ignorant of the truths of Spiritualism and laugh when the word is mentioned as though it was the most ridiculous and absurd thing imaginable.

We are happy to contemplate, however, that the signs of the times indicate that eventually all people will join hands and labor for the truth and right.

"He works with God who works for man." Any one who was grand and noble enough to say "The world is my country and to do good my religion" was carrying out the Christ principles, and will be recognized by all unprejudiced people and angels, as one of the Saviors of the world a follower by example of Jesus of Nazareth.

God speed the day when we shall love the *Truth* and shall work in harmony to usher in His kingdom of peace.

SPIRITUALISM ON THE STAGE.

MISS REED, EMMA ABBOTT, MISS MANOLA,
BOOTH AND JEFFERSON BELIEVERS.

Miss Addie Cora Reed, the charming prima donna of the Ship Ahoy company, is very much interested in *The Globe's* recent articles on spiritualism; she confesses herself to be a Spiritualist and a firm believer in mystic phenomena.

The cause and effect she does not pretend to explain, but, nevertheless, she says she has witnessed such remarkable manifestations that she believes a thoughtful woman, who has seen what she has witnessed, could not do otherwise than embrace the faith. Previous to her joining the Ship Ahoy company she consulted a medium in New York, who predicted the success of the opera. The medium announced that Miss Reed's part would not be one that was best fitted to her voice, but, nevertheless, she would attain success in the role.

Miss Reed says that more than half of the actors and actresses on the stage at the present time are Spiritualists and quotes examples from those of the highest rank.

Edwin Booth, it is said, never played Hamlet as well or made such an exquisite creation of the part as when, upon one occasion, he had visited a medium and through her obtained an insight into the actual character of the melancholy Dane.

Joseph Jefferson has strong leanings towards spiritualism and when he resided at his country house at Hohokus, N. J., he and his family frequently witnessed remarkable manifestations. It was an old house and the spirits seemed to haunt it constantly. Jefferson is somewhat of a medium himself and so are his sons. The presence of the spirits in this Hohokus house, it is said, rendered it exceedingly unpleasant at times for guests who are not believers in the faith, and it is said to be a matter of record that certain visitors after passing the night in this secluded New Jersey spot have packed their gripsacks and taken the morning train back to New York, astounded by what they had passed through. When Mr. Jefferson bought his southern plantation in Louisiana the spirits seemed to follow his Lares and Penates when they were transferred to the sunny South. The spot where Mr. Jefferson's house now stands in Louisiana was formerly a haunt of the famous pirates of the Gulf and even the superstitious darkies, who now abound in that region, firmly believe that the spirits of the departed buccaneers still hold high carnival around their old stamping ground.

The manifestations at this place, according to Miss Reed, have been truly remarkable, and something not to be believed except by those who have witnessed the strange sights and listened to the strange voices.

Emma Abbott, the charming prima donna, who recently died, was also a firm believer in Spiritualism, and has on more than one occasion discovered mediums of great latent power in her own company, some of whom she has developed and sent forth into the world as full-fledged mediums.

Salvani, the famous Italian tragedian, was also a believer, and during his last visit to this country was a frequent visitor at a certain private circle in New York City. Occasionally the medium would visit him at his rooms

in the Everett House, where some remarkable manifestations were obtained.

Marion Manola, who recently went to Europe with Jack Mason, had some belief in Spiritualism, which was being fostered by the attention she was giving the subject when she went abroad; whether she has pursued her research upon the other side or not is as yet unknown but Miss Reed said she never saw such an enthusiast on the subject as Miss Manola was just previous to her sail.—*Boston Globe*.

THE COMING AGE.

BY JANE D. CHURCHILL.

What is the coming age to be? Where will the next quarter of a century find us as a Nation? As we look abroad over our land, tho' so-called land of freedom and note the signs of the times, and see the agitation and unrest every where apparent we feel that a change must soon come—that the tide of events will not be staid—that civilization has arrived at a period when it must evolve something higher or retrograde. The question then for us as a people to consider is, shall it be a peaceful evolution to a higher, better and nobler civilization or is the change to come through the horrors of terrible and perhaps bloody revolution.

Want and misery stalk hand in hand in every community, thousands, yea, hundred of thousands of willing workers are forced to remain idle for lack of employment. Lock outs of manufacturers and strikes of laborers against—reduction of wages already below living point. The organization of labor for protection in every branch of industry, the many reform movements springing up all over the land as if by magic. The combining of capital into mammoth syndicates and trusts all tell us in unmistakable language of the unsettled condition of the country. History doeth but repeat itself in our time.

All the great and mighty nations of the past have reached a similar crisis and then have gone down to nothingness. We gaze in amazement at the stupendous and magnificent ruins of perished civilizations—we note

their splendor and grandeur and we wonder why it is that they have passed so utterly from the earth. If we study their history we will find the same cause that produced their annihilation at work in our midst to-day. The greed of the few for wealth and power wrought the destruction of past nations. Shall it prove the overthrow of this? We think not: for as each succeeding civilization has been in advance of the preceding one we may safely infer that the present will be an improvement on that of the past, the more so is this certain because mankind has developed to a great extent the higher spiritual qualities of his nature, since the time of Roman and Egyptian greatness.

Within the last forty years a great change has been wrought among the inhabitants of earth by the influx of spiritual thought and force, its influence is felt the wide world over; hearts have been touched and brains illuminated, the true relationship of the Brotherhood of Humanity is beginning to be understood, the wrong and injustice of our social systems is seen and felt by the great majority of the people. And their hearts are filled with a desire to assist their fellow man to his rightful position in society. We know there are multitudes of selfish and sordid natures, but the leaven is working and with the aid of the Angel World will eventually level the whole lump, and so we look hopefully forward to the coming age with a feeling of certainty, that is peace, and all that we desire for the good of humanity will be attained.

SPIRITUAL FRATERNITY TEMPLE SCHOOL.

The month of February is fast flying by; the last of its Sundays have come and gone, and as we look back over the days that have made up its limit we feel that good has been accomplished and that we have all learned something in our Temple School during its stay. Among the subject lessons for the month have been "The Golden Rule," "What and where is Heaven," and "The life of Geo. Washington." Last Sunday a reporter from the *Boston Globe* attended the school and gave

a very fair report of the exercises in Monday mornings paper. I will copy a little just here from his article in regard to the service.

First a song was sung in which fifty-seven of the pupils joined. A young lady read a poem on Heaven, that kingdom where a thought of selfishness cannot enter. A male quartette sang "Beautiful Home of Rest." The selections or original essays were the topic of the day, "What and where is Heaven." Alonzo Danforth read a number of selections one of which began "I cannot believe in endless hell and heaven side by side." One of the pupils states her idea of heaven thus, "It is not a locality but a condition within ourselves," another said his idea of heaven was that any one could make a heaven for himself on earth. Another said "you will never go to heaven when you die unless you get more than half way there while you live." A little girl's essay on the subject was equally concise. Heaven is being happy and making others happy on Earth. Another said "Heaven consisted in living a harmonious life keeping in health and being happy all the time. A young man read an original poem, and said he was in heaven in the morning because the anticipation of this meeting in the Temple made him happy."

Mr. T. W. Gregory said spirits have a place of abode the same as mortals their homes, their schools, and their plans to carry on their work for humanity as well as for the spirits who digressed in mortal life. Spiritualists believe heaven is a condition at the present moment. Mr. Gregory related a story that he said was told him by a spirit, how she took the degree of Wisdom, Love, and Mercy in the halls of the Spirit Fathers and Mothers. Poems, "The Spirit Farwell," "Little Jim" and "Further On" were recited and Deeds vs. Creeds was the subject of a reading, Mr. Nolan and others spoke on the subject lesson.

To-day being the 22nd of February the Life of Washington was the subject lesson, Mrs. Bowker our Musical Directress presented the members of the school with rosettes of red, white and blue ribbon. The reading and essays were good, two of the pupils read extracts from an article in the *Sunday Globe* on

the Life of Washington written by the Rev. M. J. Savage. One of the younger pupils recited in a clear and self possessed manner quite a lengthy anecdote of Washington.

Several made the point that Washington's success depended in a great measure on the faithful and efficient assistance he received from his officers and the common soldiers, conveying the idea that even the greatest men are dependent in a degree on others for success. Washington's First Inauguration as President of the United States was read as a dialogue by Mr. Danforth and Mr. Nolan. Dr. Towne had something to say of the death of Washington through wrong and ignorant treatment by the regular doctors. J.D.C.

BEAUTY AND SPIRITUALITY.

Teach a love of the first, and it will lead a long way toward the latter and will join on to it. By beauty I do not mean *only* that of the human face, but that and all other beauty.

Beauty of sky and landscape, of leaf and flower, of branching limbs and tiny bud; the beauty of order which gives us not strange flowers every year but the same dear faces in the places where we have learned to look for them. Aye even what we call ugly weeds, if closely examined have a beauty and delicacy, often, that can but excite our wonder and admiration. The gravel in the streams that wash along by our feet have distinctive shape and color. Why! we ask, and again comes the wonder that leads to worship, real worship, a desire to be like unto, to have such power as has the moving, ruling spirits of all things. To be like that power we call God, whose manifestations are many, and which in a broad sense are all miracles, since in our present estate we cannot produce them, or even see how it is done. We know that to-day a tiny shoot of green peeps above the ground; to-morrow it is taller, and so each day on until its rightful stature is reached, that is unless hindered by surroundings it cannot control, and then appears a bud; we watch its growth and expansion into the perfect flower. But that is not its work, its grand effort. How soon the flower is gone, or transformed;

something different appears and by and by from that one plant, one seed comes many fold, and its *duty* being done it sinks into rest. But we know that from that seed we now hold shall come, *if planted*, the same kind of plant. So in human lives from the least to the greatest; if we sow a kindly deed we have given an impulse that shall go on forever, widening into many, and though we see not of that particular harvest nevertheless it is sure and certain. Alas! It is also the same with the unkindly deed or word. A feeling of depression, of anger is spread abroad and it circles farther than we would desire, but because we believe that good will in the end triumph, we hope the ill goes not so far, that through inherent weakness it dies on the way. But oh! let us not sow unkindness, deceit or any evil whose harvest is that of broken hearts and world-weariness; and if we cultivate a real attentive love of beautiful things we cannot because our hearts will be so full of happiness, of awe, of love that nothing but good can go from us. Would not that be grand? Why if carried out as it should be what beautiful faces we should have and should transmit to others, until in time there might be no homely ones, to hunger for the love that the beautiful face calls out. But behind the beautiful face, must be the beautiful mind, and the heart of love to transmit beauty or to make a lasting impression, and the last two we may all cultivate, and these unselfishly used, will in time make the plainest face sweet and dear to those most near, and throw a lasting charm abroad. But it must be *real*, not pretension. Similarly the most lovely face may grow very unlovely if selfishness, wilfulness or petulance is allowed to go unchecked.

Can we look upon the myriad stars, with out wonder and a delight in the glory of it all? Are they peopled and by whom? Have they our senses, our knowledge, our loves and our trials, are their conditions better, or not so good as ours? Even the destructive storm has a wild beauty, and the power in it, arouses in us a desire of greater power that we may cope with and control it when it shrieks and wails for the very devastation it

causes, and yet after it what purity of atmosphere. The heavy fogs or impurities that are sometimes held too near for health or comfort are swept far away. The rain-bow with its shape and colors, the diamond glow of the dew drop at early morning, the white gauzy cloak that the frost sometimes gives even to every tiny branchlet of our trees or shrubs, to every little brown grass blade, or to any little projection of our buildings, even. What fairy glens, trees, hills and lace work He writes upon our window panes. Why in their way all natural things have a beauty for the eye, or a beauty of use, or of that kind that excites in us a desire to study and to know why they are thus and by what power they live and grow, and then comes the wonder that is akin to worship and a part of it, the true spirituality that leads to high thought and holy aspiration.

Then too, others, who loved and wondered with us but who are now removed from sight, draw our thoughts unto them and again spirituality awakes. Indeed it is in every thing, could we but learn to see and appropriate it, and we shall never exhaust it. It is a living principle, ever full ever free to all who will partake, and partaking we shall grow like unto God, and some day with clear eyes see Him, because of that likeness. "The pure in heart shall see God." Why? Because God is Good the essence of all purity all truth all beauty, and in rightly seeing with eyes of wonder, of love, we see through these manifestations to the God in them and in us and become one with the great Father and Mother spirit of all worlds, and all one desires being good then may we call even the friends who have passed on into our councils and together work great things for man, but love, deep, broad, and out reaching must be one constant companion. Oh! fathers and mothers teach yourselves to see the beauty that lies all around waiting, wanting your recognition, and your lives shall be fuller and happier. Teach your children to see and to love beauty of form, of color, of goodness, of unselfishness, try to answer to their needs in this respect and you will be happy in their happiness, and in their greater developement in all good

that they can reach without this help, even through the weariness of daily toil and often privation. Indeed when the mind is placed on these things the weariness and the privation lose power to sting and bind so closely, and we are lifted in that much above them, and rested, and rested as we cannot be without them.

I have when wearied gone out and picked a handful of clover leaves, and in noting variation of form of shading been made very happy. Why even they rest; close their leaves at night to open refreshed with next day's sun. Then drink the open air. How? say you, why if you can take an early walk, but if you can spare only a moment or two at once, go to door or window throw open wide and draw in long deep breaths. Only on bright clear mornings though, don't try it when damp and foggy. I try it very often, and find it restful invigorating and inspiring till one feels that continually in such air, they might accomplish some of the great things that flit with strong desire through the mind Human helpfulness! What a great thing it would be if all the world practiced it. Why we should consider this world good enough for us and not long for another, and it would be good enough where love, in its truest sense was the rule, and not the exception.

EVA LYNN.

BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK.

How often in years past have I listened to the preaching from the above text, and so often wondered what does it mean. It is Jesus knocking, admit him, they would say: Well, how if he be with me can he be with another, he is omnipresent (present everywhere) not of himself, is he? and no farther could I ever get. No reply from an orthodox and I, like many others, was left in the dark.

A mother who had two sons in spirit world and two on earth said: "I wish to tell you something." "I was sitting alone and it seemed as if some one wished to come in that door." It was your spirit child knocking at the door of your heart I said, she laughed

and said: "I don't believe that;" she is a member of a Presbyterian church and no doubt really believes the above text. We know Jesus came to them to whom he promised to, but now it is spirit friends who come as he did.

How many will be enthusiastic over the virtues and promises of Jesus who they have never seen, yet their own loved friends are to them as dead as the bodies laid out of sight. Love Jesus as one having all the attributes of a lovable and exalted mankind; but think of the dear departed ones whom you have seen and loved on Earth, who are striving to show you they have the same power given them as Jesus had, to return and manifest in many loving ways to make you realize their presence.

Mother, when a babe my feet were kept warm,
Your heart was as tender as a dove;
But now have you forgot I ever was born,
And have you for me no love?

Yes, the past oft rises as a mist,
But my babes are dead is your thought,
The wind may, but they cannot travel as they list
It is sad, but you will have to be taught with the sod
and with affection bought.

A FRIEND.

IS SPIRIT RETURN AN INJURY?

BY JANE D. CHURCHILL.

I can't think that a knowledge of the truth of spirit return can injure any one, a lack of the knowledge is, it seems to me, wherein the harm lies. There are thousands of mediumistic persons who have done grand and noble deeds, many who have been inspired to give utterance to beautiful and sublime thoughts, and others who have wrought master pieces of art under direct spirit control; so also have thousands of others been influenced to do wicked and revengeful acts, to murder, steal, drink and commit all sorts of crime, yet, have not suspected that they were urged on by spirits out of the body.

While it is a beautiful thought that the wise and beneficent of spirit life can inspire mortals for their own and other good all unconscious of outside influences, yet when we look on the other side of the picture and see

that undeveloped spirits have the same power and advantage to influence in the opposite direction we can readily perceive that it would be a great advantage to mankind if the truth of spirit return was universally known and the laws of mediumship understood. If it could be made a fact to every one that hordes of undeveloped spirits were hovering about seeking organisms that they could control, oft times vengeful purposes, many times to appease some low and debasing appetite.

I hardly think one could be found, however degraded, who would willingly open the avenue by their own deed, be it act, or thought for them to find entrance, I think it would make them more cautious if they knew that when they harbor evil and revengeful thoughts they were opening the door for a demon to enter and take possession. I know there are those who do not make good use of their knowledge of spirit return. I can only think that such do not understand the laws of mediumship, perhaps they have thought there was nothing to learn in that direction, and so through ignorance are open to the influence of unprogressed spirits. When mediumship is made a careful study by mediums and the world at large, spirit return will mean more to them than it does to-day.

LOVES THE SOWER BEST.

SISTER BLISS AND BRO. BUROSE,

DEAR FRIENDS:—I have a reasonable excuse (which I may not express just now) for not writing you sooner, but my sympathies have been with you constantly, all the same. I was twice much surprised,—first, on hearing that Brother Bliss had 'left the clay,' and second, instead of the Sower sinking,—the noble work of the N. D. C. which had been so well begun by *him*, going into oblivion,—that it has got a new impetus, had been transferred to one, as the head, who has proved sufficient for the emergency, and that many, here and there, all over the country, whose souls seem to be thoroughly imbued with the N. D. C. principles, have sprung up as if by magic, determined that the work shall not die.

My soul has been rejoiced.

The children's department, with its uncle, is a grand acquisition. I trust through him it will be the means of guiding many, from darkness to light. It is in future generations that we expect to see the result of thoughts and deeds done in this. It is a *timely* warning; given in No. 5, by one who knows. In same No.—“Two ways of looking at the same thing,” is just as it struck me when I read Dr. Brown's able (?) exposition of Jesus' ‘im-perfection’ and ‘badness.’ Great minds may be bad, but of all the minds,—great or small, give me the *good*, as we hold Jesus to have been—mythical or real. Who is there that we may not find fault with, and is it any good mark in us to be “eternally harping” on what seems to us a fault?

There are *good* minds that have not traveled repeatedly around the world with their eyes open, for nothing, who in *their* oriental re-searches produce as good evidence of the *real* existence of the man Jesus, as any can to the contrary.

R. Neely's golden words in No. 62, *Pro-gressive Thinker* suits me about right.

I take now, only two or three papers, but I love THE SOWER best of all.

I love the members one and all, who by their deeds will all approve.

Sister Maria's noble move, which has been seconded in many a true breast. The finan-cial report I have missed from the columns. Let us have it. That's business.

Inclosed is postal note—,60cts credit for dues.

Fraternally Yours as ever,
4927.

Written for *The Sower*.

CONGRATULATION.

DEAR READERS OF THE SOWER:—With the February number of our beloved and spiri-tual representative of true N. D. C. Spiritual-ism before me, I feel a new inspiration; and venture out to conclude my now quite lengthy chain of experiences—the evidences I have received in the past and present of the futuri-ty of life beyond the grave. As I glance over

the pages of our beloved SOWER it thrills my soul with unspeakable joy to know (and I know from the editorial ring) that we are blessed with such a *spiritual*, ASPIRING, LOVING CHARITABLE SOUL at the head of the N. D. C. Work. The N. D. C. guides made the appointment—could any of us done better? I think not. The editorial reply to G. W. Brown, M. D., to his article in the *Progressive Thinker* was timely, and shows a Christ like, unselfish, charitable spirit, which I admired very much.

My dear brother Brown are you weary of the dogmatical load, theologians and christian-ity have placed upon the name and character of Jesus? If so, you should be more charit-able toward the man and not like the brutal teamster, who, upon finding the strength of the dumb creatures was inadequate to their task fell to beating them, instead of removing some of the burden, which would have been a much wiser plan. When we investigate a doctrine—a theory, scientific, religious or political—we should investigate it as a whole, letting every part have its own proper bearing upon the subject and then from our own in-dividual stand point. With charity for all, malice toward none, we should “Prove all things; hold fast that which is good,” know-ing that our highest obligation to each other is to “Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.” You put me in mind of a man who climbed a tall tree to sever a limb having a hornet's nest in it. After reaching the desired limb he commenced saw-ing away at it, close to the body of the tree, and placing himself upon the same limb—with his additional weight the limb was soon severed from the tree, but also to his own de-struction as well.

Brother, stand close to the body of the tree—which is *True Charity* and then when you seek to pluck the branches of superstition therefrom you will not be in danger of falling yourself. Jesus, Socrates, and all of our great philanthropic reformers were persons of like passions as we—they were human.

Let us lift the veil of charity for all, ever seeking the truth that will make us Free in deed. Fighting not personalities, but ignor-

ance, superstition and vice we shall gain the victory as sure as day follows the night.

EXPERIENCES.

(Concluded.)

Soon after commencing to sit for development, Mesmer, or a spirit claiming to be Mesmer, came and advised me to be mesmerized, claiming it would hasten my development. This was about three years ago last fall.

Having no opportunity of meeting a mesmerist the experiment was not accomplished until about one year ago, when I met Prof. Kennedy at the opera house, Battle Creek, Mich. The experiment was not as beneficial as I anticipated; and let me say this: should you, my dear reader, be influenced to try the experiment be sure **FIRST of ALL** that you **POSITIVELY KNOW** that you can have perfect confidence in the one you intrust with the *control* of your own organism while in mesmeric state.

While in Charlotte, Mich., the winter of 1888 I was called upon to treat an old lady for a terrible pain in her right arm between the elbow and shoulder. I went, and worked over, nursed and cared for her for about ten days, night and day, until I was nearly exhausted. She would do nothing my guides suggested; and the third or fourth day she procured another doctor who applied a fly blister to her arm which only increased and intensified the pain; and while in that frenzied condition she accused me of trying to poison and kill her. I never received, nor have I yet, a single penny for all that trouble, abuse and insult.

There I was almost a stranger, without money, without home and almost discouraged, while in that condition, sitting all alone, my eyes filled with tears I was controlled to write. I write the above without fear of contradiction and with confidence that I know by experience what it means to profess to be a medium. My spirit guides took care of me—**NO ONE KNOWS HOW I LOVE THEM**—they are a part of my own life—I feel them touch me now as I write.

What was written at the time was of a bur-

lesque nature and tended to brace up my drooping spirit and gave me the fortitude and courage I so much needed at that time. How I long for the time and means to enable me to go out in the great spiritual harvest field. Many are the tempted ones that need a kind look or word—a helping hand—a word of advice—and to be made to feel that they are not all alone in life. How I wish I could open blind eyes, unstop deaf ears, that they could behold the beautiful spiritual sunshine the loved ones bring, and hear their familiar voices.

I will now rewrite what my guides wrote trusting it may be a blithesome star that will radiate the lonely pathway of some wayworn traveler seeking in weakness, the Light. It reads as follows:

“RETRIBUTION, OR A STORY OF A MEDIUM.”

“Once upon a time there was a man, endowed by the angel world with great healing power.

He laid his hands upon the sick and they recovered. Many a blessing he brought to the sick and suffering. He was much sought after, but he was poor and like the one of old, had not a place to lay his head.

Once upon a time an old woman was taken sick and sent for him, beseeching him to come and heal her. He went and worked over her nearly two weeks, until the crisis was nearly reached; when, an evil spirit took possession of the woman and she in a jealous rage drove him from her door. He went forth, with *bitterness* in his soul, **SORROW** in his heart and a few pennies in his purse. Dear Soul, this is the life work of a medium, but it will not always be so with you—Oh No.

Like Jesus of the Jews, mediums go forth to fill their allotted place and people throw around them their own conditions. If these conditions are inharmonious, low and degrading, they say: “He hath a Devil.” They think it strange, a medium cannot live on air, and accuse them of covetousness should they ask pay for their time and labor.

Remember dear one of earth you will be rewarded according to your deeds, not what

you believe, unkind acts will return home to the actor as sure as effect follows cause; but, like the meek Nazarene, you must weigh well the causes and a great many times pray as he did: "FATHER FORGIVE THEM FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO!" When humanity learns what relation the unseen sustains to the seen *i. e.* spirits with mortals, then can they sympathize with the tempted and understand the necessity of good conditions. Harmonious conditions produce angels, love and happiness—reverse conditions produce devils hate and misery, seek the Light and God will bless you. Your Uncle Jerry."

Brothers and sisters of the N. D. C. and readers of THE SOWER, I could give you incidents of my Life Experiences that would fill a large volume but knowing that others too have experiences equally as interesting I shall now bring mine to a close hoping that in all my endeavor, there may be gleaned some thought at least, that will stimulate and inspire some restless, longing soul, seeking the Light.

I have received a good many letters of inquiry relating to mediumship, control etc., which I think will be of general interest, therefore will reply to them in the next SOWER.

All who have any questions of this kind please forward them to me by the first of April number. After this I shall endeavor to send for the "N. D. C. Poet's Corner," an inspirational song, improvised by my spirit guides, to be sung to old familiar tunes, something like the following; which I trust we all may be able to sing together in spirit and in truth.

And the glories of this new found truth makes me sing a new inspired song, given by loved ones from the angel throng:

A NEW REVELATION.

TUNE: *John Brown.*

In the spirit land of vision
What a glory we behold—
Forty years of victory
Are tingeing earth with gold;
And the glorious time is coming
Which the spirits long foretold—
Those spirit ones of old.—Chorus:

Glory, glory, now immortal—
Glory, glory, now immortal—
Glory, glory, now immortal—
"As we go marching on."

For the glory of humanity
Freemen taught beyond the sea,
And spoke of all the grandeur
That awaiteth you and me,
When all the superstition
Shall vanish far away
Before that glorious day.—Chorus.

The spirits are now speaking
Of brighter days to come,
When free from superstition
We reach our spirit home;
So let us raise our banner
O'er all this world's domain,
The truth will surely reign.—Chorus.

And in that spirit country,
With spirits glad and free—
With spirit friends around us,
We shout the jubilee:
And behold the spirit beauty
Of our friends that's gone before,
Forever, ever more.—Chorus.

Fraternally Your brother,
DR. C. T. H. BENTON.

N. D. C. CONFERENCE.

P. M. Parker writes: Bliss and Burose. Sirs; "For some cause I have received three sample Nos. of THE SOWER and like them so well, that I have concluded to subscribe for one year. You advertise as premium Chas. Dickens' Works, which I would expect. I will also try to get you more subscribers here as many as I can, hoping that it will do good. I have much reading matter, as much as I can read, but perhaps I can crowd in THE SOWER as it is so good, and also it will perhaps assist in the support of a needy woman who is trying to live, also I wish the pamphlet of How To Become a Medium of 16 pages, for which I send, for both \$1.75 in a postal note.

Your SOWER seems to be clean, neat, pure and good, the kind I like. Hoping and wishing you may prosper, I remain yours very truly."

Mrs. F. C. Rouse writes: "Sister Bliss, I too, will add my mite by sending two months dues, hoping I shall be able to send more ere'

long. I think that Maria A. Holmes' plan a good one. We can all save our nickels; I notice if we go to Church we must drop a nickel in the plate. I will save my money for our own loved cause.

I feel Spiritualism is advancing—is gaining ground and will surely sweep away the mists and fogs from the minds of a Priest ridden people.

We can even now, feel the vibrations in the atmosphere—the tidal wave of truth and progress is sure.

I am glad to say that I am developing my mediumship very fast.

Dr. Bliss has done so much for me. Now the spirits can talk through me, and give tests, and to develop others as well; I get writing by impression and clairaudience too.

I admire THE SOWER for its beauty and its sweet harmonious feeling which is the true ring of its metal. The Educational Department is good and replete with truths, I enjoy reading it very much and feel that THE SOWER must be kept before its numerous readers.

Mrs. W. W. McGown writes: "I did not think when we received SOWER No. 1 that it would be so long before I wrote you. We were grieved to learn that our Bro. had passed over. We knew he had been ailing, but did not realize that it was any thing so serious or that we should lose him so soon. Although he has met with the change called death we know he lives and that we shall hear from him again. We deeply sympathize with you. May God and the angels bless you, and help you to go on with the grand and noble work, that has been left for you to carry on, and may each and every one of the N. D. C. members do what they can to help on the good work. We are going to try and get together, and hold aides once a week. If we do, hope we will have something for THE SOWER, I hope to be able to get some new names for THE SOWER, and members for the N. D. C. will do my best.

Enclosed you will find my subscription \$2.00 for THE SOWER and Dickens' Works. What there is over use for the debt or any-

thing you need it for, I wish I could send more, but cannot now. I will send for the life membership and chart before a great while.

Will close with the best wishes for yourself and Baby Bliss. Yours for the truth."

T. J. Schofield writes: "It is with a degree of pleasure that I take up my pen to address these lines to you to renew my yearly subscription to the dear ever welcome 'SOWER,' and would say that I like it in its new form much better than in the old—because we can preserve it much better for binding in its present style.

With this I inclose a two dollar postal note,—one dollar for renewal to "SOWER," and one dollar for life membership in the N. D. C. and Chart.

I trust that you may have clear-sailing from this time on for "THE SOWER." That it may scatter the seed of true Spiritualism far and wide until the truth thereof envelops the whole world of mankind. Having chased away the deep darkness of pagan superstition, folly and nonsense of the bogus religion called Christianity that hath enslaved and darkened the minds of the children of men for more than a thousand years past in the slough of dispondancy—not only for this life, but for that which is to come, by binding the minds of men and women in chains of darkness that will take many of them untold ages in spirit to work out. Placed there through false and erroneous teaching. Hence I cordially agree with the proposition in last "SOWER," to start Sunday schools among Spiritualists—everywhere to instruct children and youth in the—truths of Spiritualism as it flows from the spirit side of life, to humanity on earth; for first impressions are generally the most lasting whether true or false,"

Mrs. Julia A. Huntley writes: "THE SOWER No. 4 received. I observed a member endorsed Sister Holmes' plan to help THE SOWER, I heartily endorse it. I was the N. D. C.-ite that Maria called upon before leaving Lake Sunapee Camp-Meeting, and we talked the matter over there, we thought that the N. D. C.-ites ought to pay dues the same as

all other lodges and societies, and then we should not be obliged to have our SOWER suspended. Brother Bliss has gone up higher and left the work for his companion and brothers and sisters of the N. D. C. Let us sustain this work better than we did when Brother Bliss was in the form.

Let us all pay at least ten cents a month as dues, and as much more as we can afford.

The expenses of publishing a pamphlet the size of THE SOWER must be great, and we must remember that sister Bliss has a little one to care for.

Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel so that our SOWER shall never be suspended again. We all love THE SOWER, it is a household guest that we await impatiently to see.

Dear Sisters and Brothers if we do not work for the spirit world how can we expect them to work for us, but some will say how can we work for "the spirits"? I can tell you, sustain their instruments (mediums) that they have chosen to teach, guide and instruct us, and you will have messages from them that will be of great consolation to you. I know this to be true by happy experiences and could relate many a kind loving and instructive message I have received to guide me on my way."

Maria A. Holmes writes: "Dear Members of the N. D. C. Greeting:—The little SOWER reached me this past week. For some time before it arrived the impression came to me strongly that several of the members endorsed my plan and would enter heartily into it.

Now the question is, how many of us right down deep in our hearts would want to do without THE SOWER? Is it not the one bright spot in many of our lives coming like a messenger of peace and good will with its tidings of good things?

I congratulate Sister Bliss on her success as an Editress, methinks each new edition better than the last, and I admire her pluck and courage in trying to carry on the good work our loved Brother has left behind with all its trials and difficulties.

Dear Members do you realize the amount of work there is to be done each month to get

our loved paper into print, and they no sooner get one edition started on its way to gladden the homes of people before they must go to work to get the next months ready, just think of it members, no chance for rest or recreation.

How long do you think any one of us could stand it if we were asked to take sister Bliss, place, and yet, she does not complain, nor Herman Burose, *the faithful*. [Bro. Bliss says I do right in calling him faithful.]

One sister said I did not state the amount of the dues to be paid. No, sister, I did not feel that it was for me to say, for I think all should have a voice in the matter, and if we cannot meet together and talk it over we can write about it.

I will give twenty-five cents a month. Enclosed is fifty cents for two months.

It may be a good idea for members living so far away from postoffice to send only once in three months.

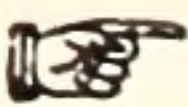
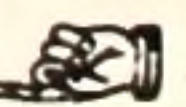
Come members, wake up before it is too late, and let not another year, pass over our heads without our making a bold effort to help the N. D. C. along."

We may not all be reapers
In the broad fields of to-day,
But we can all be workers
In our own quiet way.

Mrs. L. C. Smith writes: "Dear Editress, I find myself more and more interested in your little paper "THE SOWER" as I read it—your selections are good and your contributors are able writers, and always with some subjects of vital interests.

And as many of my friends take "THE SOWER" and would like to have it, I herewith send you a poem that was given me by some of my dear angel guides, will you please insert it in your valued paper. I send you a copy. If you will do so and send me a few copies I will try to use them in securing new names for your paper.

With many kind wishes for your success, I am Yours truly."

 SUBSCRIBE for THE SOWER, \$1.00 per Annum. 

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

"Let us give a woman a chance."

FUTURITY.

O dim Futurity
 What holdest thou, for me,
 Success or deep despair?
 How shall it with me fare?
 Can I achieve my end,
 In spite of foe or friend,
 And wilt thou condescend
 Thy will to mine?
 Or, must I be content
 To take all things, as sent
 From bounty thine?

Alice M. Sinclair.

W O M A N .

HER PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Could I dip my pen in a fountain filled with Angels tears, and write with an inspiration born of omniscience; I should still distrust my ability to so portray her wrongs, her heroic endurance, her unappreciated capacities and benevolent undying love, as to bring each and all within the comprehension of a cold and selfish humanity. Widely accepted theology accuses her of the first transgression, and lordly man—boasting of his superior strength and courage—his ability to guide and protect:—weakly and willingly charges, upon a frail and inexperienced woman—deceived through the seductive influence of a wily intelligent but unprincipled "Devil" the cause of his fall from his high estate.

Shame! on thee "Adam"! and Shame! on every son of Adam who in addition to that first cowardly act, disregards his obligations to the sacred claims of motherhood and disgraces intelligent manhood, by repeating the accusation. The history of the "Anno Mundi" age is a history of man's tyranny and woman's consequential degradation.

But notwithstanding the deductions and accusations of the ages, let us inquire, what is the analogous and demonstrative statue of woman. She too was the creation of a God. (Adam did not beget her.) She was a second (more refined) and improved edition of humanity. From her it was to draw its life's

blood. Whatever it achieved was to be born of the throes and anguish of maternity, and reared at the expense of her materiality. It (humanity) was to be nearer to her in sympathy and more deeply indebted for its elemental characteristics in all that was lovely, elevating, and Godlike.

Her sex whose primeval fall has been charged to the Arch Fiend himself, has not since been unblessed and unhonored by humanity's God. To it has been vouchsafed (through creative power) the independent motherhood of that "Jesus" to whom the christianized world owes all that it has achieved in its upward and spiritual life. Woman was the last to desert his material nature, and the first to bear testimony of the spiritual one. To him man can claim no kinship, save through divine creative existence. His incarnation is no more marvelous and no less actual, than the creation and control of a universe of Suns and Stars and Spheres, including our own insignificant earth—with its springing grass and opening flowers—its forests and fruits and its varied insect and animal life, crowned by the primal creation of man and woman.

She has thus been honored by the motherhood of one whose purity of life—exalted teaching—heroic endurance—sublime death and triumphant resurrection, proclaims him and his achievements transcendentally above all that man has begotten or achieved.

From him may be traced the dawning of her emancipation and mental and spiritual elevation. On her he pronounced no words of censure, but publicly proclaimed pardon for her frailties—eulogized her virtues and immortalized her distinguishing and disinterested benevolence.

Notwithstanding her embarrassments, her progress through the centuries evidences her consciousness of the sacred obligations and points to the possibilities of her future, her history is yet unwritten.

The demise of time to eternity can alone demonstrate the triumphal results of her devotion and influence.

When in that grand future the record of her wrongs—sufferings—endurance and

achievements shall be unfolded (perchance in the presence of more worlds than this) methinks earth's titled nobility will reverence her virtues, and angelic choirs celebrate her victories.

And although there be some arrayed in scarlet robes, for each one of such there will be seen a score of the opposite sex, whose countenances will be indelibly stamped with the lineaments of that "old original serpent" which first invaded Eden, and with whose wiles—temptations and deceptions they were compelled to struggle, until the weakness of their earth-nature was overcome and their purity defiled:—

Judge not their frailties! Can'st thou tell?
What storms have burst—what waves have beat;
What sorrows wove their direful spell,
Till virtue yielded through deceit.

And here with regret for her failures and reverence for her virtues I leave the subject, and in the language of "Gray's Elegy."

"No farther seek her merits to disclose,
Or draw her frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of her Father and her God."

"VERDE MONTE."

February 14, 1891.

THE HAPPIEST MOMENT OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

In your issue of Jan. I note that "Genevieve" has offered a subject for the different opinions of your contributors, and ends by saying she would be glad to hear my views expressed on "When is the happiest moment of a woman's life?"

I do not know that my views will be of interest to the general reader, nor acceptable to THE SOWER; but somehow I never like to refuse a request kindly made, as I take it "Genevieve" meant this. More, too, I feel much sympathy for any woman who is in grief or trouble yet bravely seeks to march onward and work still for an income and the love of humanity. This Mrs. Ella Reid did until illness prevented further editing, when I find she transferred my name to THE SOWER list, and find also that Cora L. Bliss is another brave woman. All such I honor. But

to the subject under discussion.

I infer that "Genevieve" would proclaim her happiest moment the moment that her first born was placed within her arms. That is a supreme moment and to many (no reflection on this writer's husband—if she has one. I am wholly ignorant of "Genevieve's" situation in life.) women is truly the happiest. Many women *know*, at that grand moment, they now have something lovable and on which they can lavish their full measure of love. I candidly believe that they have never truly, fully known love for man! And I dare affirm that many men and women go through life without this genuine *soul love* ever being known to them. They love, who has not, but I who have loved repeatedly (who hasn't?) have learned the vast difference between loves, and know the "happiest moment" comes to woman when she is sure she has met the *other half of her soul!* When she *knows* that an eternity of rapturous love is assured to these two souls that make a perfect whole!

Alas! how few *mated souls* we find here united in the bonds of wedlock. I believe that—as with orthodoxy—many *believe* they have found perfect love. Many, when they enter marriage—as when the Orthodox enters the church—truly *believe* they are well mated and thoroughly satisfied for life—and that means for eternity. But how many of these—like the Orthodox—becomes dissatisfied, and, almost unawares, reach outward for something better. Their love, creeds, no longer fill their souls, and on husks the soul of man or woman cannot thrive.

Love was invented (or created (?)) for the human race and only the genuine article will long give satisfaction to the soul. Yes, mother love is strong, but a woman's love for a noble man, *all her own by divine law*, is ever her chief happiness. Have you found it so, "Genevieve?" If not, then your happiest moment is still before you.

Sincerely,

ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

SISTER AND BROTHER:—There has been considerable excitement here in regard to

what was termed a haunted house. The family that is now in the house have occupied it since August last; but only since about the 1st of November have the strange noises been heard that have given the house the name of the "haunted house" and caused many people to wonder, and try to find some tangible cause which they have thus far failed in doing. They commenced with unaccountable rappings which soon became very loud and afterward gradually gave place to whistling. Sometimes in one room, sometimes in another and sometimes outside the house, often in the same room with members of the family, or with others who were there to hear it, sometimes in the forenoon or afternoon hours of the day but mostly in the evenings. Sometimes after an absence of two or three days it would come again with added vigor and earnestness. I was there when there were three whistlings, all would whistle at one time or only one when answering questions which they would do so plainly by a whistle that we could understand words and a few short sentences. They would, when asked, whistle a tune. It was very much like the whistling of children and often, when whistling a tune together, they would break down before once through it, but would start out well on almost any tune called for.

On account of sickness of both my husband and myself I have not been there since, but have heard through a friend of mine, once a member of the N. D. C., that eight whistles have since been heard at one time, and that once or twice a voice has been heard, distant and faint at first, and afterward strong enough to be well understood in speaking sentences of several words, and that it was a woman's voice who talked with the lady of the house and with a party who was there to make a friendly call.

Some doubters go there and go away saying, and doubtless believing it is some of the family; but it is not any visible person or persons, and every nook and corner of the house has been searched as well as the grounds even while the whistlings were going on, sometimes apparently overhead and perhaps in a moment of time at the very feet of the searchers. Will

write more after further investigation.

Yours truly,

MRS. L. G. HOWLAND.

Pontiac, Ill.

LETTER CONTINUED.

BLISS AND BUROSE:—The manifestations mentioned in my last have been continued. Near a month ago one voice was heard, rather indistinct at first and with a whistle, then stronger until it talked quite plainly. Since then another, then a third, and a fourth voice has been heard. I was present one evening and heard three voices, rather indistinct at first but after all visitors had gone away excepting the family in the house, my husband, myself and one or two others the voices were much stronger, the words plainly spoken and some of them were plainly heard and understood in another room.

The lady of the house told us that on the previous evening, a voice asked her to go with her son and a lady who is in the house with her, into a dark-room and close the door; which they did, when hands were seen waving or making gestures while the voice was speaking and there was a white mist or vapor to be seen about them. After this, one lady was asked to take her husband into the room with the boy when the same manifestations were repeated. They all said the hands were seen as plainly as they could then see our hands in the light of a lamp. The evening we were there, she was again asked to go into a dark room, and told that she would see a face but she declined the offer. It is a subject upon which she had never informed herself and such experiences were entirely new to her. She has now left the house and a voice told her she would not be disturbed by them again, but that they would remain in the house. That it was their former home when in the mortal body and that if they manifest themselves to others who may occupy the house they must begin again as they did at first and whistle, whistle, whistle. The most of them seem to be a low order of spirits but each seems to well represent, so far as known, the character of that person that he or she claims to have been when here in mortal form.

Allow me to congratulate you upon your success as editors. **THE SOWER** is a perfect gem. We miss the letters of Mrs. Allie Lindsay Lynch.

Truly your friend,
MRS. L. G. HOWLAND.

TO THE OLIVE BRANCH PEOPLE.

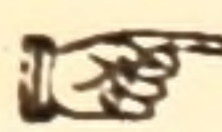

Before this number of **THE SOWER** reaches you, Dr. Walter E. Reid will be restored to his liberty and with his loved wife and darling child once more. We all rejoice with them that the day of deliverance has come to gladden their aching hearts. Dr. Reid will continue his mission as an instrument for the spirit world, thus showing the iron arm of the law, there is a power from a higher source than their persecutions are able to strangle.

I am sure that we can promise the *Olive Branch* people and others the pleasure of hearing directly from Dr. Reid through the columns of **THE SOWER** in April number.

Many of the *Olive Branch* subscribers time expires with this present issue. Will you tarry with us longer? Please note the different Premium offers that we give you. Come and help us sow the good seed, and you will be happy, and your crown "Over There" brighter I know.

Remember that our little magazine is the only Spiritual journal that has an Educational Department for the instruction of young and old.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

 SUBSCRIBE for **THE SOWER**, \$1.00 per Annum. 

WE will give the exact figures of the financial standing of **THE SOWER** in our next issue, as it has been called for.

THERE is much crowded out of this number of **THE SOWER**, but good things will keep and we have some very choice contributions for April.

WE are happy to see some of the familiar names in our **SOWER** this month that we have

not seen in some time before. Come again please, you are most welcome.

FRIENDS: Do you not see that we have 36 pages to give you this time? Help us to double and thrice double our subscription list and we will give you 50 pages without increase of price.

THE subject lessons for the Educational Department for April will be on General Grant, Martin Luther, Spiritualism, Echoes of Plymouth Rock and the Ballot for Women with responses to each.

HAVE received a new supply of beautiful poems from Miss Alice M. Sinclair title of one, **HARK! FROM THE SHADOW LAND** which we recognize as inspired by *our own* Albert, and sings to our soul. Many thanks for the same.

LOOKING BACKWARD, **CÆSAR'S COLUMN** and **IN DARKEST ENGLAND** will be sent to any address postage paid on receipt of 50 cts per copy. Only those taking advantage of our premium offer can have them at half price.

W. J. HEACHER, M. D., of Bean's Station, East Tenn. would be glad to entertain for a few days any medium that chance to travel near that part of the country. It would be a very favorable place for a slate-writing, test and materializing medium.

MR. CHAS. H. EATON, D. D. Medium, of this city, 246 First St. is holding interesting circles on Tuesday nights for the benefit of investigators and much interest is manifested, and goodly numbers are present. Mr. E. holds the regular N. D. C. circles on Thursday and Sunday Evenings.

OUR new contributor whom we referred to last month, makes his *debut* to the readers of **THE SOWER** under the name of "Verde Monte" both in poetry and prose. I know that so polished and finished a writer cannot but be hailed with joy. We promise our readers a treat from this same inspired pen every month.

CHILDREN'S DEPT.



Lovingly your Adopted

"Uncle Charley," 412 Eaton St., Peoria, Ill.

DEAR CHILDREN;—I feel that some of you are holding back your letters for fear there will not be room for them in THE SOWER. Do not wait one for another, but send them along just the same, and *then*, you can *wait* till you see your letter in THE SOWER before you write again if you choose to do so.—"Uncle Charley."

NOTICE:—When the little boys and girls write to "Uncle Charley" for THE SOWER, be sure and write only on one side of the paper and give your name, postoffice address plainly, also the state in which you live. When you send your pennies be *sure* and mention what they are for—the N. D. C. Chart or Badge, subscription to THE SOWER or a donation. All who send their pennies, for all, or any one of the above, will have their names in THE SOWER'S ROLL OF HONOR LIST. Won't that be nice? All those who send me their order, with the money, before the first of April for THE SOWER or CHART or both I make them a present of twenty-five cents on each order or my cabinet photo. state which you desire. Who will be first? Next!

Children, what are the Seven wonders of the world? (*Found in history.*) Who was the father of his country? (*U. S. History.*) Whose daughter was Noah? (*Bible.*) What is the Golden Rule? (*Bible.*)

My dear little boys and girls when you write to me for THE SOWER, the first twenty who send me a correct answer to the above questions and one two-cent stamp I will

write to them and send them also, my stamp photo. on a card.

Don't forget to write for THE SOWER at the same time you answer the questions and also state, for the benefit of all the little boys and girls, what you think is the best and most important thing to live for in this life. Please make your answers short as possible, and next time will have a little N. D. C. Puzzle for you to write me about. Let us be good, do good and with our angel friends around us we shall be happy.

Lovingly your "Uncle Charley."

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY:—How glad I am, we children can write letters to THE SOWER. I do love to read the "Children's Department." I have a dear cousin in spirit life and I hear him rap sometimes—Oh! so loud! We used to play so much together before he was called away. We played by the river-side—caught fish—made mud pies—romped in the hay loft and I want you to know how much I miss my little playmate. He often comes back and watches over me when I am all alone; I know he does for I see him and he looks the same as when he passed to the other side. I was eight years old the 12th of last February. I want to save my pennies and take THE SOWER and have it all my own, so I can read all the children's letters. I have a little brother four years old, his name is Anton, and I expect he will want to send a letter to THE SOWER next time. I hope I shall see my letter in THE SOWER *sure* for I want you all to know I love the "Children's Department" and "Uncle Charley" too.

Your little Niece,

LILLIAN THEILIG.

Peoria, Ill.

Yes, my little niece I love you too, and hope you will learn all you can while at school so when you are grown up you will become a good, kind, useful woman.

"Uncle Charley."

Little Charley Bowers, Chicago, Ill., writes: "DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY:—I am a little boy nine years old and I go to school. My name is Charley, too, and thought you would like to hear from me. When I get to be a man I hope I shall look like your picture. A friend or some one sent us a copy of THE SOWER so I thought I would write a letter for it too. With love, Good bye.—Charley."

Yes, I would like to know how many Charley's there were that read THE SOWER and hope they will all write some for the "Children's Department," too. I hope the little boys and girls who read THE SOWER will show it to their little friends and get them interested in the "Children's Department," and encourage them to write some too. In this way you may be able to do real missionary work and be the means of leading others to see and understand *our* beautiful spiritual philosophy. Remember children when you try to help others to know, Life, here and hereafter, as it really is, you are doing the grandest and noblest work any one possibly can do. With best wishes and some kisses, I subscribe myself.

Lovingly your, "Uncle Charley."

LOUISVILLE, KY., MARCH 4, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY:—I'll accept your invitation tendered to the readers of the children's department of THE SOWER. I rejoice that there is so much interest taken in the children for them to receive spiritual culture. I therefore wish to acquaint the N. D. C. readers of my past experience in Cincinnati when under the guardianship of Dr. Bliss as my teacher and instructor of grand and glorious teachings of God, and his ministering angels, and unfolded to children of the Sunday school of the life of so called death, and the return of our spirit friends that are always in our presence. The pleasing remarks that dropped from the lips of Dr. Bliss, and those that aided in the work enlightened our thoughts and lifted the veil that darkened our minds.

We enjoyed the many happy hours of entertainments given to us by the members of the little church where the Dr. made all arrangements of enjoyments to gladden our little hearts.

MISS MAGGIE METZGER.

I received this letter rather late, but I appreciate it just the same. I hope all who are interested in "Children's Department" will send their letters, so they will reach me as early as the first of each month to insure their insertion in the following No. of THE SOWER.

Lovingly "Uncle Charley."

THE mind of a good man is a kingdom to him and he can always enjoy it.

THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO ARE IN SYMPATHY WITH THE MARIA A. HOLMES PLAN OF PAYING DUES.

DUES.

[Received Cash from February 14th to March 16th.]

| | | | |
|-------------------------|------|---|----------------|
| Mrs. Ruth A. Sawyer | .10 | 1 | month paid |
| Carrie A. Culver | .10 | 1 | " " |
| Mary A. Bowerman | .10 | 1 | " " |
| Anthony F. Ittner | .20 | 1 | " " |
| George E. Mills | .10 | 1 | " " |
| R. B. Dickie | .10 | 6 | " " |
| Mr. and Mrs. M. Metzger | .20 | 1 | " " |
| Miss Maggie Metzger | .10 | 1 | " " |
| Mr. Bauer | .10 | 1 | " " |
| Mr. Schwab | .10 | 1 | " " |
| Mr. Gally | .10 | 1 | " " |
| Miss Amelia Wentzel | .10 | 1 | " " |
| Cincinnati Branch | .50 | 1 | " " |
| Thos. & Hannah Clayton | .25 | 2 | " " |
| Mrs. M. Brabrant | .10 | 2 | " " |
| Mrs. Lathrop | .10 | 2 | " " |
| Angie Lathrop | .10 | 2 | " " |
| "Daisy" | .10 | 2 | " " |
| "Lelia" | .10 | 2 | " " |
| Mrs. J. M. Chapman | .10 | 4 | " " |
| V. E. Rillieux | .25 | 2 | " " |
| Laura J. Hayes | .10 | 1 | " " |
| J. A. Erickson | .25 | 4 | " " |
| Ernest Salinger | .10 | 1 | " " |
| Mrs. C. A. Culver | .10 | 1 | " " |
| Miss Maria Holmes | .25 | 2 | " " |
| F. C. Rouse | .10 | 2 | " " |
| Mrs. James Huffman | .10 | 1 | " " |
| Mrs. W. H. Richmond | .10 | 3 | " " |
| Robert McCluse | .10 | 3 | " " |
| Mrs. E. J. Kirby | .10 | 3 | " " |
| Mrs. O. H. Randall | .10 | 3 | " " |
| Mrs. L. G. Howland | .10 | 1 | " " |
| Mr. and Mrs. Eaton | .25 | 1 | " " |
| George E. Mills | .12 | 1 | " " |
| Olive M. Lungren | .10 | 3 | " " |
| Mrs. E. Franieau | .25 | 1 | " " |
| Mrs. B. Burdick | .10 | 1 | " " |
| Mrs. Augusta Fox | .25 | | Quarterly paid |
| Mrs. Maggie E. Herron | .25 | | " " |
| Dr. C. T. H. Benton | 1.00 | | 1 year paid |
| Anthony F. Ittner | .20 | | 1 month paid |

Total \$10.92

CONTRIBUTION.

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| Mrs. L. G. Howland | .40 |
| Gustav Hebner | 1.00 |
| S. W. Kepler | .40 |
| C. B. Hubbard | 1.00 |
| Mrs. E. Howard | .30 |
| Leonard Harrington | .25 |

Total \$3.35

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| Total Debt to April 29th 1890 as per report in Vol. 2 No. 20. SOWER (Old Series), | \$57.42 |
| Total Contributions to Dec. 1890, | \$10.75 |
| Total due, | \$46.75 |
| Total Contributions to Feb. 1891, | \$5.15 |
| Total due, | \$41.60 |

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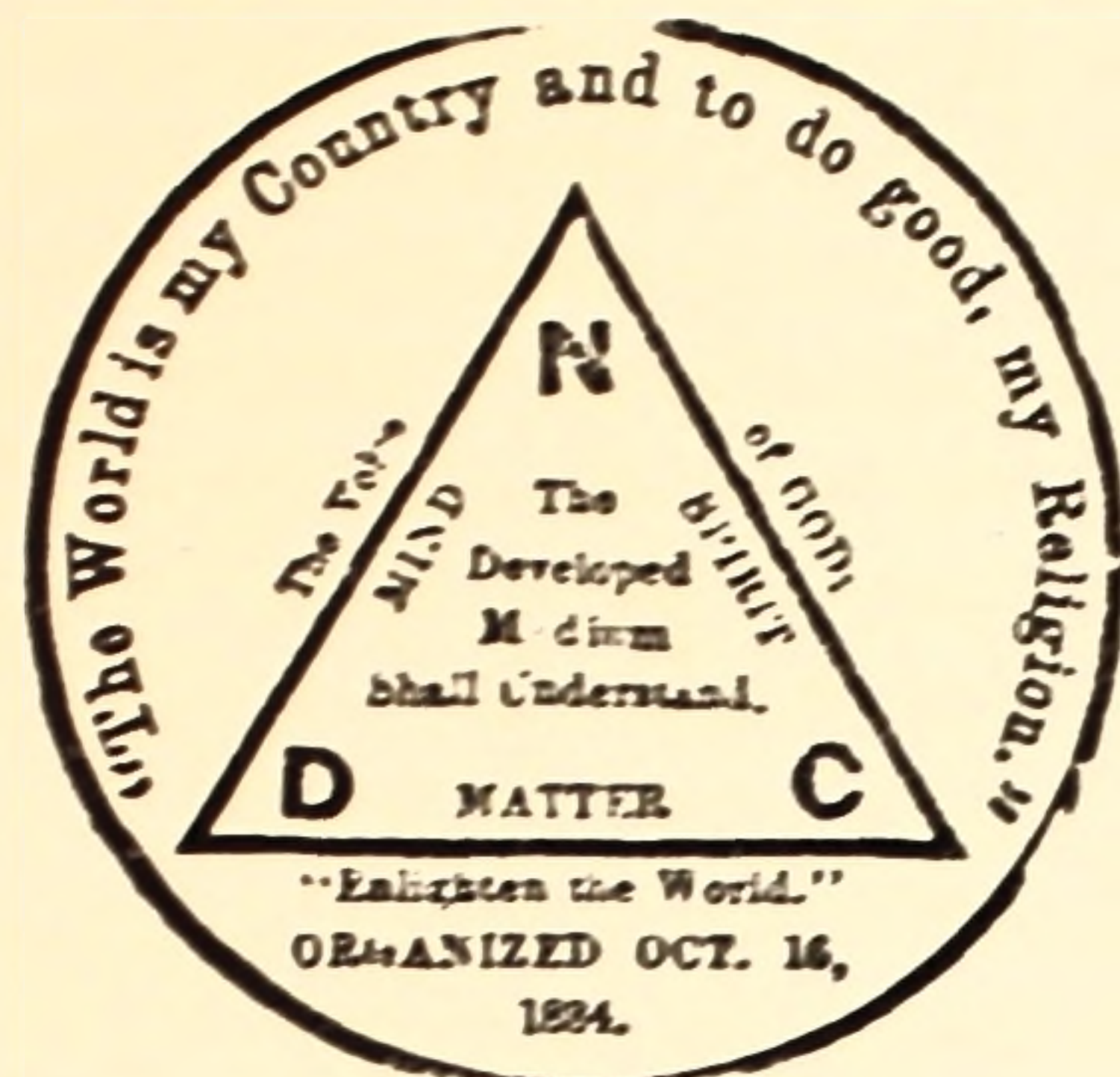
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