

THE SOWER.

OLD SERIES, }
VOL. III., No. 4. }

MAY, N. D. C. Year 7. (1891.)

} NEW SERIES,
} VOL. I., No. 8.

COMMEMORATION OF THE 43RD ANNI-
VERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUAL-
ISM, AT THE SPIRITUAL TEM-
PLE, BOSTON, MASS, SUN-
DAY AFTERNOON,
MARCH 29, 1891.

THE EXERCISES OPENED WITH AN APPROPRI-
ATE MUSICAL SELECTION BY MRS. J. H. BOW-
KER, AND THE MEMBERS OF THE TEM-
PLE CHORAL SOCIETY, FOLLOWED BY
AN INVOCATION, AND ADDRESS UP-
ON "THE MESSAGE OF MODERN
SPIRITUALISM TO MANKIND,"
GIVEN THROUGH THE
MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS.
H. S. LAKE.

PERSONAL COMMUNICATIONS FROM ARISEN
WORKERS WERE VOICED BY MRS. M. T.
SHELHAMER—LONGLEY.

INVOCATION.

We place ourselves in the attitude of re-
ceptivity to those intelligences who impart to
us the consolations born of a knowledge of
the continuity of life. We lift our souls in as-
piration to that light, and love, and wisdom
which is the fountainhead of the inspiration
of all times, and toward which our spirits
yearn. We ask that we may be able to so
utilize the inflow of this spirit of inspiration
and aspiration that the dark places by the
way may blossom with the lilies of life. May
those who are assembled here this afternoon
feel that joy which comes with a recognition
of the indestructibility of the human spirit;
that consciousness of the Eternal Energy
which floweth forth in forms; ever aspiring
toward some more perfect organization. And
to those who have ascended into planes which
we here must sometime ascend, we offer
thanksgiving. We are glad that you have

bridged the grave with the evidence of im-
mortal life, and man's eternal progress. And
as we linger here in the vale of material life,
in the shadow of the light of the immortal
day, may we realize what it means to live and
love, and to make this earth-world the bright-
er for our having been within it. Amen.

ADDRESS.

We come to you this afternoon with a mes-
sage. It is one of hope and it is founded up-
on the sentiment of love, that undying prin-
ciple which constitutes the life of man, and
without which it were impossible for him to
be. As we stand upon the border line bet-
ween the land of mortality and of immortality,
we come to you with greeting, glad that you
have recognized the fact of the continuity of
human life, and have come here to share, with
us, in the gladness of this day and time.

I hardly believe that it is possible for any,
save those who have grasped the thought
which modern Spiritualism has to convey, to
realize what meaneth the resurrection and the
life. So darkly is the soul enshrouded in the
sphere of sense, that, were it not for the act-
ivity of those faculties in man which are
superior to the sensation known and termed
as death, your world were a vast charnel
house of disappointed hopes and blighted ex-
pectations. Realizing this, we who, by the
strange process known as death, have cast
away the bodies such as you now wear, have
found ability to present ourselves among
you. Many have come to realize the truth of
modern Spiritualism, and are listening to the
message which we have to give from the
heights interior and the life beyond. In
listening to this message, you upon the earth
plane hear often discordant notes: for there

are inharmonious waves which encircle your material globe, cast out by the elements of those lives which you are living here, and which nothing can harmonize save that principle of love which binds, in one brotherhood, the race of man. In later years, when it shall be yours upon the plane of material life to learn, through the senses of the body, and more through the faculties of the souls, these discordant notes will not play so conspicuous a part in the experiences of life.

It is only forty-three years since modern Spiritualism had a place and a name among you. Heralded by a little girl; previously announced by an inspired seer, whose name we in realms of spiritual life speak reverently,—Andrew Jackson Davis—whose work and worth made it possible for millions upon the material globe to sense the incoming of those forces of the spirit life which to-day you are here to recognize. Not that there had been no evidences before, long before, even throughout the history of the world planet, of the fact that, after man has laid aside the body material, he still exists; but these evidences were subject to your skepticism and your doubt; and there was no abiding place in the minds of the masses of mankind for the message which, to-day, we can voice through chosen instruments. Here and there only, in special places and under certain times and situations, did the light of that mysterious realm, which you call the realm of spirit, find lodgment in the human heart. But the accumulating forces of that realm were bringing about states and conditions, by and through which it should become possible for that tiny rap to rouse the consciousness of those who listened, and for that question to be put, "Are you a spirit?" Can you imagine with what a degree of emotion the reply was given in the affirmative, and the lodgment was made in the human consciousness? Can you realize, to-day, as you sit before me, what we in the spirit feel, as we survey the situation among mankind, and speculate as to the state of mind in which our message will be received of men? We know, for we have followed, in the interior world, all the intricacies with which the manifestations, had been every-

where hedged about. We have followed these manifestations, and we have seen the doubts that have arisen concerning the source whence the intelligence has emanated. We have seen the questionings of those minds who delve in the material sciences; the doubts of the theologians, who strive to hold to the old and fixed beliefs; have seen the trembling fears and hopes of broken hearts as they have stood by the graves of those whom they have loved. These we have recognized and understood. In the inward realm of life, where hope and fear are blended with the passions of mankind, we have wrought with you, and struggled for the blessings of this day, when over this wide earth of yours there are gathered, in memorial and anniversary services, millions of men and women whose consciousness has been quickened by the message which modern Spiritualism has conveyed. To-day, standing upon the border line of time, and listening to your thoughts as they roll inward from your exterior understanding, we see the time is not far distant when there should enter into the homes of all men and women, everywhere, the knowledge, never again to be doubted, of the continuity of life and the communion of those who have passed beyond.

What is the meaning of this message? Does it mean anything more than that the 'dead' are alive? Does it mean anything more than that when the body, with which you are now acquainted, is laid aside, the intelligence is still active, still living? Does it mean anything more than that, though you cannot exist eternally here, you will have opportunity for progress and perfection in realms beyond? Does it mean anything more than this?

We answer, Yes. And yet though this might be the only truth which modern Spiritualism had to convey, it were sufficient to change the whole face and constitution of human society; to reorganize, upon new bases, those bodies and associations of men and women everywhere acting in the realm of matter, and influenced by the realms of spirit. For, out of the recognition of the eternal endurance of the soul, spring those sublime aspirations which unfold the unlimited possibilities of the individual consciousne-

and impress upon all mankind the truth of the knowledge that no man liveth to himself alone, but that all are bound, in bonds of fraternity, to perfect the race. Those who have cast aside the body, here assembled this afternoon as co-workers and comrades of yours, are simply giving expression to those sentiments and emotions which, like your own, are part and parcel of human consciousness. And though you behold us not with the material eye, and though there be between yourselves and us a thin veil, vibrating to the play of human passions, yet behind this veil are innumerable hosts of those who have been working to perfect, even to the limited degree attained, the intercommunion between your world and ours. We are here among you as workers, voicing the highest thought that it is possible for us to eliminate and enunciate, and you are here to compare, with us, the possibilities of perfecting the movement of modern Spiritualism.

For my own soul the message is a joyous one; and while over all the earth to day there arise from sad hearts shouts of victory that death is no longer feared, and the grave is not, as once it was, an abyss into which the bodies of the loved were cast, and the souls consigned to the mystery of the Eternal,—even though this, to-day, is the glad shout of mortals who have received the messages from the realm unseen, yet notwithstanding this beautiful and immortal truth, we see how bent and bowed are many of you with anxiety as to the outcome of the movement known as modern Spiritualism.

We see with what a degree of interest the whole skeptical and scientific world is to day turned in the direction of the realm of spirit, and we hear coming up from these workers in the vineyard of modern material science, the query; will it be possible to settle, beyond doubt, the evidence of the continuity of life? Is there not some mistake on the part of the devotees of modern Spiritualism, as to the meaning of these phenomena? Have not there been spiritualists innumerable, even though entirely and closely identified with its birth at Hydesville, who have confessed that the message is not genuine, and that behind the

supposed phenomena there is no spirit? These are thoughts, couched in different terms, which are to day aroused in the minds of men and women as you are assembled here in commemoration of your Anniversary. Do you suppose that we who are upon the inward side, cannot understand the meaning of that query, and that we are not actively engaged, as heretofore, in devising ways and means, methods and opportunities, by which we may meet and conquer the incredulity and skepticism of the modern world? Do you suppose that the raps, the manifestation of material forms; the messages as clairvoyants, the phenomena of clairaudience, automatic writing, and independent manifestations of spirit power,—do you suppose are all that lie within the bosom of the interior world, by which to overcome the skepticism of the external man? Nay, verily; though your world be deluged to-day with phenomena which rational minds, under scientific tests, ought readily to accept; although there walk into your homes, in bodily forms, the representatives of those whom you have loved, your veritable arisen ones; though these things are facts in modern Spiritualism, yet this is not the whole message to mankind; above and beyond the material manifestations, which were essential, and which have been accepted,—yea even by scientific minds *proven*—though modern Spiritualism stands, as it were, scorned by the Theology of the day, yet it is not unbecoming of us to say that the scientist and the theologian have already accepted much of the message we have to convey. All the structures of the Christian religion are permeated and filled with the spirit of this message. Already the organizations and entrenched citadels of Christendom have been battered, and have given way before the rap at Rochester. All those minds that turn to the investigation of the phenomena occur; but what the cause may be they cannot say. Half the battle is won; and to-day, on this anniversary you can afford to rejoice, while yet you may perhaps lament, also, that many things are not as you would have them. But if this be so, remember that you are only standing within the vestibule. Your foot has not yet crossed the

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threshold of that mysterious realm from which these manifestations emanate. You have only touched the hem of the possibilities which lie pregnant within the womb of the Eternal. By and by, when the truths of the messages, already presented to the world, have lodged in the minds of the masses of men, then there are other doors to swing open into the interior world; and from out the mysteries of that mighty realm, which no man can fathom and which no one can explain, there are to be brought forth those evidences of the powers and possibilities which lie inherent in all men, and there will be a reconstruction of the whole face of human society upon a basis of brotherhood. I say this, this afternoon, because you are not yet organized in that way. Although the utterances of previous times and ages have taught truths of the moral duties of man, yet everywhere throughout your earth-plane we find man arrayed against man, brother against brother, hostile races, and peoples, classes, everywhere contending in the arena of human experience. I want to say to you that the modern Spiritualism has most emphatically to convey, and which one day will be received, is this: *beyond and above all evidence of the indestructibility of the soul is the question of worthiness of the same; beyond and above all evidence of the continuity of life is the question, what will you do with that life?* Will you perfect it here and now, or will you wait for after centuries in the realms interior? And if you answer, "We will wait," we will say to you, there are multitudes of human souls, whose bodies you have buried, who said the same thing: they would wait. And within this mysterious realm, which you call the realm of spirit, separated from your world by this thin curtain, there are millions who say to me, present this message: "tell them *not* to wait." Tell them that the problem of human duty must be solved to-day; that essential spirit of all progress is the embracing of the truth *now*; that there is no possibility of developing any more rapidly in the realm interior than in the realm external; that all bodily organization is for a purpose, and the highest purpose is the *service of man*. This is the message that modern Spiritualism to day has

to convey to the race of mankind. Will they hear? Already I see, within the bosom of the future, a fact which confronts the human race: that war shall cease; that those death-dealing instruments which to-day are manufactured by the nations shall no longer be executed by the hand of man. Above the message of modern Spiritualism floats the white banner of peace, and it says to all men and all women everywhere: your duty is to declare untiringly against war. This is one of the messages of modern Spiritualism. Will you hear it? Or, will, later on, the spirits of those who were sacrificed to this aggressive force, which belongs to the animal man, return, and through your mediums, manifest this discordance which to-day, many times, frightens those who would investigate modern Spiritualism?

For I want to say there are many persons who, in investigating Spiritualism, think they will find we are all beautiful, all benignant, all true, all tender, all loving. Yea, there are not a few who come to us in the feeling that we are omniscient, and capable of smoothing all the rough ways in human experience, and lifting all souls out of sorrow into joy. If anything were possible to deter human beings from investigating the evidence upon which the continuity of life is based, it would be the recognition, by those who undertake this investigation, that this supposed statement is not true. If, suddenly, while you are hand to hand, you see a manifestation so mysterious in its nature that you say, "I believe I have been deluded;" manifestations so unpleasant in their character that you say, "I believe I will no longer investigate," then the conclusion is, this thing is of the "devil," and there is no safety in pursuing further lines of investigation therein. Now why is this? We say it is because, from your plane of material life, you are sending to us those who have not learned the duties of this human world; those who have not learned the love-sentiment, which should bind men and women together. If I to-day were so stand among you as one who thought not of the welfare of his fellow, who was willing to sacrifice the same, as a spirit tyrannical, dictatorial, assumptive, it were

possible for me to collect, perhaps, within a circumference which might be limited, a body of worshippers, who would follow any phantasy which the brain of man might conceive. Hence you will find in modern Spiritualism different classes, organizations, societies, and bodies of people, each one following a different influence, aspiration, and inspiration. I say this because there are so many, to-day, investigating modern Spiritualism, and about ready to embrace its philosophy, who say: "behold they are not united among themselves!" "Do not they all believe in *Spiritualism*?" "It is *Spiritualism* which they have embraced?" "Why do they thus confront each other in hostile lines?" "Why is it that, here and there, over this broad land, and in all countries, those who believe in the continuity of life do not assemble and *unite* in making the world better in some way?" And we answer, if there is one special truth connected with modern spiritualism, it is its democracy, and its universality. The peasant and the prince, the hovel and the palace, the man and the woman, the child and the adult, all are channels through which this wondrous force of the spirit is poured upon your material world. Do not wonder, therefore, if there are differentiations; do not wonder that there are doubts; do not wonder that there are differences. They cannot be rectified by the phenomena of spiritualism, which is merely the evidence of the continuity of life; but they *can* be rectified by the understanding of the *rights of man*, and the *sentiment of human brotherhood*. When this sentiment shall have been absorbed within the consciences and lives of the people, then it may be possible for a union of forces for specific ends; but not until that time. Why? Do you apprehend that, because it is possible for us in the interior plane to present evidence that your friend, who passed away last year, still lives, this fact is necessarily to revolutionize your whole being, and to change the line of your moral life, and develop within you powers hitherto unused, and that instantly? Not at all.

Modern spiritualism says, through every means which it may employ to reach the

understanding of men, we are only human, we are only beings who passed the kind of world and laws of life in which you live, but we still are working; we still are endeavoring to dissipate the clouds of ignorance, and being in the light of love and truth. But we are not all-powerful, nor all perfected. We possess passions and proclivities, prejudices and animosities. Yea, some of us in the interior realm are so prejudiced against the sentiment of brotherhood that, when we can find instruments, by whom we can convey our ideas for the disunion of the same, we proclaim it, and a spiritual oligarchy might be established, were it not for the general trend of the human race in lines spiritual, through the great law of progress. But over and beyond this sentiment, there is always the possibility of perfection. Not that we are perfected, not that we have developed all the powers that belong to us in every direction; but a part of the work, and a part of the message is this: you are to aid us. We are among you this afternoon, and while you listen to our words, you aid us in the expression of this force within, that we do not cast off while here among you. This is a part of the work of modern spiritualism.

We know that many of you come to us for assistance; to inquire the way for this, that, and the other condition; to remedy this and that in your daily life, human life. But I say to you this afternoon, it were better if you would say among yourselves: what obligation do I owe to those who have passed on, whom I neglected here? I see a band before me this afternoon, from the realm of spirit, who are ragged, misshapen, diseased, and who possess few of the attributes that you would call human. Who are these? Myraids of outcasts from your realm of material life who died in despair. How came they thus? And they cry,—and this is one of the messages of modern spiritualism; Behold, we were not received in the world by those who should have been our brethren! These are the outcasts. Ah, you will receive them now, you say; now that they are spirits, that their bodies have been laid aside, and they can no longer enter your homes. But they said to me; Ex-

press this thought. "We cannot be benefited, except in the way of sentiment, by this welcome. But there yet remain upon your material plane hosts of those who, like unto ourselves, when we were with you, need your love and care. Will you give them these? Or will you turn from them to us, who find our recompense within the realm of spirit; who find associations to aid and encourage us, as we make our way among the mysteries of the eternal life.

Now, these are some of the questions which concern the spiritualism of to-day. For you will please note that the spiritualism of to-day is not the spiritualism of forty years ago; not even the spiritualism of fifteen years ago. The spiritualism of to-day is not the same as five years ago. Like all other expressions of the human mind, it is subject to progress; subject to development; subject to evolution. And where your fathers were delving into the mysteries of the meaning of the Hydesville rap, you, to-day, are delving into the mysteries of the conscience of man. You, to-day, are delving in the mystery of the obligation of man to man. For modern spiritualism is not only a science—that is, classified facts, investigated and arranged, but it is a philosophy as well. Nay more, it is a religion that binds all men, interior and exterior, in one grand organism, for the perfection of the human soul. This is the message of modern spiritualism upon its forty-third anniversary. And though you may doubt that it will ever perfect its message, we on the interior plane have no doubt. We know, as we knew a hundred years ago, long before the rap arrested your attention, and the question was put to us, and affirmatively answered—we know that, out of the discords which to-day abound, and for the reasons given, there shall be evolved harmony and content, because the message, demonstrable, has come to you that death is only the destruction of the physical body. That is not the ultimatum of the purpose of your organized life, however. You are not to be content because we can present to you philosophies and theories, and purposes, and ideas, and sentiments, and inspirations, and aspirations;

for, if *we* can do this, the query arises: whence came the power? If *we* can present to you a philosophy of life, *you* can devise one. If *we* can present to you a sentiment of love, *you* can evolve one. If *we* can present to you a fact in physical science, *you* can discover one. If *we* can present to you an idea of the consciousness of the ego, *you* can feel the same. As the ability in the excarnate man, so is it in the incarnate man, also. And so, to-day, these questions are rising. We have demonstrated the continuity of life: what then? And we answer, from the spirit side, as we have said, that you have the conditions under which you live to comprehend, and to remedy. Then that is your province, to understand the law of reciprocity. It is your duty to devise economic laws, and theories, by which the problems of to-day, which shadow the industrial world, may be happily and satisfactorily solved. I know many say; I should like to know what interest the spirit has in Nationalism. I should like to know what interest the spirit has in any of the questions that belong to material life? What do they care about universal suffrage, or war, or the money question, or the land question, or the theory as to the immortality and the progress of the human race? Why, simply this; we are still amenable to some of your material sensations, while we linger in the shadows of your world. And out of those shadows we come to you, and you grasp our hands. Do you notice how frequently you put interrogatories, and how meagre our replies are? Do you notice how frequently you ask questions, and how unsatisfactory is the message which you sometimes receive? What is the meaning of that? We cannot evolve the messages which we would desire to convey, while, through the sensations of avarice, greed, lust, fear, crime, malice, hatred, and discord, you are driving spiritward a black mass no spiritual being can dissipate. We cannot do this. That is a part of our message to the modern world, to bring to you a realization of that fact. If it were possible to clear away the atmosphere between your life and ours, and ourselves face to face upon all occasions, I have no doubt that the masses of

men and women incarnate, in our world, would go to those they love. I say this because there are hearts here, this afternoon, who ask: If spiritualism is true, why do not I hear from my own? If modern spiritualism is a fact, why does not my mother come to me? If this anniversary which you celebrate demonstrates the continuity of life, why am I in doubt? If others have received, why may not I receive? Ah, my friend, this earth of yours is sending magnetic waves of doubt, and passion, and crime, into our realm of spirit, and we break it, only in spots, where the light of truth comes through, and gives us an opportunity to reveal the purposes of being. Remember this: *the light of truth!* and as you remember the statement, see to it that everywhere, in every home, in every assembly, in every street, in every dwelling, in every schoolhouse, yea, in every church, see to it that truth abound, that justice be the one magnificent word of all others that is written over the consciences of men; that love, harmony, peace, the trinity which will abide, and perfect all men and women, may be born among you. Then, years hence, when these great facts, which now are to be investigated, shall have been settled beyond the possibility of a doubt, you, with others, will be among the number who will say: Well done, good and faithful spirit, ye have aided in demonstrating the greatest of modern truths, and in perfecting the powers and purposes of the human soul!

ADDRESS OF MRS. SHELHAMER-LONGLEY.

As we listened to the grand words of the glorious intelligence who has been breathing to you the soul from the immortal life, through the inspired lips of our sister, we felt that if the eyes of this audience could be opened to the realities, and the illuminations of this hour, how they would behold the celestial glory streaming downward from the heavenly ones! Before us, in your midst, seated by your sides, there came to you an innumerable company; faces shining with the joy of spiritual life, forms radiant with that magnetical light which pure souls generate; smiles awakened by the thought that they were here with loved and loving ones, who still tread the pathway of mortal experience; hands out-

stretched in greeting, or in blessing, for those who did not recognize their presence, but who were yet dear to them.

Directly in front of the speaker seemed to be one with a grand face, bearing the mark of intelligence, stamped with the expression of lofty thought, and wide experience. You may ask why were these intelligences attracted here, to this temple, that has been made with hands? And the reply comes; because of a spiritual affinity between their souls, and the aspirational needs of those who are gathered here, in bodily form, seeking light and instruction, upon the ways of the spirit, upon the duties of life, upon all those questions which appeal to human reason and human judgment.

I have been requested to voice to you, through our medium, the thoughts and the messages which spiritual workers bring, who have been identified with you and this society, in times past; who, passing from the mortal form, have left their impress upon the work here; who gave to you the sympathy of their lives. We will endeavor to do what we can in this direction.

Standing by the side of your speaker during the greater portion of the address, and then coming into the atmosphere of our medium, with the hope of being able to influence her organization, we beheld that worker, that helper, that inspirer of the labor of this society, and its people, Mrs. E. R. Dyar—Clough. Finding herself unable to directly possess the organization of the medium, she appealed to us, and said: "Oh, good sir, do not allow the opportunity to pass without giving an expression for me! Turn in quickly to your president, she held out her hands in greeting, and loving thought and association, and laying her hand also upon the shoulder of your speaker, this sister said to us: "There are my helpers, and in their atmosphere and through my association with them I gain inspiration and strength to go on with my work, in contact with the material life." And this sister says to us "Voice my sentiment in regard to this anniversary occasion. Tell this society that I am in hearty accord with them, and the work. Tell them that I see it branching out more widely before

us, in the future. Tell them that I have felt strongly moved, while here, with a sense of the future work to be done here, and in our ranks elsewhere, and in humanitarian channels of labor, by men and by women, more than has been in the past. Woman has been kept down, and restrained; she has been denied the expression of her spiritual forces, and she has not been allowed to unfold her intellectual power, lest she should show some mental ability which would lead her out into the world, and from the traces that have firmly held her down. But I feel that woman has still a greater work to do than she has performed in the past. Spiritualism came to us through the form and agency of little women, women in childish form, and they brought its eternal message, the message which your speaker has been voicing to you to-day. And this spiritualism, with its broad and uplifting messages and revelations, has come to enfranchise woman from the thralldom of the past, and to bring her forward upon the plane of action in fraternal and equal association with men. As your friend and co-worker in the spirit, I predict that in the near future woman will have so exercised her mental and spiritual qualities, that she will demand and enforce a recognition of them, over the world. And I also predict, my good friends, that the time will come, when, within these four walls, that we love so well, there will be a convocation of liberal minds, brought together to observe and celebrate the emancipation of woman; to celebrate that grand victory when our legislators, and our monarchical governments will have been forced to admit women to equal rights with men." This is the message that our friend desires us to give, with a heartful of loving sympathy for the co-workers and friends who have known and loved her, and who cherish her memory still. She brings a message of tenderness and affectionate devotion for the dear companion, whose later time was passed in association with her, and from whose magnetic atmosphere she drew mental and spiritual sustenance; one of loving tenderness for the dear children, whose lives are precious to her, and over whose experiences she may still watch, with a moth-

er's guardianship and care; one of sympathy and kind feeling for the friends, everywhere, who have recognized her as an instrument for the spiritual world, in giving its messages to mankind, and extending its sympathy and love to the human family, that needs such blessed devotion and hope.

And now I will, for a few moments, release our medium from our own personal influence, hoping that she may be controlled by some of your old workers. Such as can make use of the organism of our medium will be welcome to do so, and if there are those here who cannot directly voice the sentiment of their hearts, we will be glad to speak briefly for them, after the trial has been made.

"Dear Friends, this is an occasion of great joy and thanksgiving to my soul' to have the invitation extended to me to step forward to speak to those I have known, to those I have loved, and to bring them from the immortal world the assurance of continued regard is very pleasing to me. I thank our good president, and the friends, who have thus favored me with the opportunity.

This is the Easter of the Christian world; the day that Christianity celebrates, because it is significant in the history of so-called religion. It is significant as the anniversary of the spiritual resurrection of a human being. I know that the modern world claims more than this; that it claims Christ to have been more than a human being, to have been a God, and therefore above and beyond any power, any quality, and any attributes of humanity. But we as spiritualists, recognize him as a human being, a man of lovely character and sensitive, through whose agency came to the world tidings of truth, which the world has not since that time fully understood. Then the Easter day is full of significance, because it signals the resurrection of the soul of man above the trammels of the grave, and the grasp of death, showing himself triumphantly to those who believe in him. We as spiritualists may understand the significance of this day, when we realize that it does commemorate the spiritual birth of human souls. Easter, then, is of the greatest significance, and of the greatest importance. These

thoughts fill my mind, but I do not come to give you an address. I only come to speak of my love to you as a brother, and a friend, and to thank you for the work you are doing in the world, to bless you with a brother's benediction for the efforts that you make to bring forward to the acceptance of mankind a higher knowledge of life, a grander truth for the soul, a revelation of spiritual life and activity from beyond the grave. We are spiritualists, I trust, in heart, as well as in head; made spiritualists because the force of evidence has come to us, to our intellect, and demanded acceptance; made spiritualists because the phenomena of spiritualism have appealed to our understanding, and we have been obliged to take it in as the revelation of fact, by unseen but immortal intelligences. But I trust that we are something more than spiritualists of this class, made so by the exercise of reason; I hope we are spiritualists too, made so by the elevating influence of spiritual being upon our inner consciousness, and appealing to our devotional natures, calling to the spiritual man and woman within to come forth and express its powers, by the exercise of those God given faculties,—loving sympathy, and human kindness, and the recognition of the law of justice. If we are spiritualists of this sort, of the head and of the heart, then may we go forward and do good work. Then are we privileged, and have the right to commemorate, with sense of joy and glad thanksgiving, the forty-third anniversary of modern spiritualism. Friends, we have a work to do. Do not forget that bigotry is round us on every side. Do not forget that old theology dies hard. It will not yield one inch, unless it is forced to give way to the grand oncoming spirit of truth. Do not forget that eternal vigilance must be maintained, if we would command liberty for ourselves, and for our children. Do not forget that men must not go to sleep at their posts, but must be on the alert, morning and night, lest the enemy should encoach upon you, and before you are aware, you are hedged in by restrictions and enactments which will clip the wings of liberty in your souls, and keep you from soaring aloft into grand spirit-

ual expression. You have a work to do, and you must not be idle. Every man and every woman has a certain influence to wield, and that may be fruitful of grander results, if it is exercised in the spirit of truth and of justice.

Oh, if I could bring to you a message from the spheres that would fall upon your hearts with the undying tenderness of angels who love your lives! If I could bring to you a sight of the dear immortal souls, who throng round your homes, the fathers, brothers and sisters, your dear companions, your loving little children, whose bodies you have seen laid away, I should feel that I was bringing to you the grandest boon which life could give! But I say to you, friends, there is not one here but who is sensitive enough to feel the presence, and sense the nearness of your angel friends, if you will seek this consciousness of your own lives. Study the laws of spiritual attraction and kinship. Try to put out of your minds personal feelings and inharmonies. Try to rise above material attractions that annoy you, and you will come into the sphere of harmony which is that of love, that of heaven. Pure spirits abide in that sphere, and they will be attracted to you, impressing your minds with their loving thoughts, touching you gently with their tender hands. You may not feel the physical pressure, but the gentle current of the magnetism will be sensed, and a peace, not of this earth, and which cannot be interpreted by mortal being, will descend upon your souls.

We come to you to-day in harmony, in love, bearing all the good things that we enjoy, to place them before you, our friends, because we feel that you are with us in our spiritual work; because, although we feel that sometimes weakness may arise, and because sometimes the disturbances of the physical life will create conditions round you that cannot at once be overcome, and so perhaps misunderstandings or misrepresentations may arise, yet we know that above and beyond all these material influences, rises the glorious spirit, the aspirational nature, reaching out for light and knowledge, and the comprehension of truth; and that in this ascending spirit, which is progressive, man has the divinity of human

life, and that is to be found in all of you. Each one of us has enough of intelligence, and love, and harmony to link us to the supreme spirit of all.

I thank you so much, not only for the opportunity of reaching you to-day by my thought, but for past kindnesses, for sympathy that has been extended to me, for love that I have felt. I thank you for words spoken over my physical remains. I thank you for many blessings that have come up to my spirit, since I have come to the other life, and also before I passed away, for these are cherished in my soul as jewels of living flame and light.

ALONZO ELLIOTT NEWTON.

After a pause:—

“It is with pleasure, more than words can tell, that I stand here, and look out upon these walls, and the familiar faces that are before me. Oh, our friend has truly said that language cannot express the emotions of the spirit. It cannot describe the sensations that come upon me as I stand here and feel that I am permitted to take part in the forty-third anniversary of the advent of modern spiritualism. It is a grand thought, to me, that for forty-three years—and well do I remember the day when there came to us the unmistakable message and sign of an immortal life for man—to think that forty-three years have rolled by, and this glorious truth has been making its way over the world so beautifully. This impresses me with so much strength that I feel like a new man. I have dropped the old body like a worn out cloak. It served me well; it gave me opportunities for expressing my spiritual life; but I have said farewell to the old form. I am glad it is laid away because, in the glorious new life, we find activity, vitality, such as are suited to our work. Now, friends, when I stand here and go over all the events and experiences of the past, why I could tell you of many things that came into the life and experience of spiritualism as a movement, through the years that have gone by, but I will not take your time, and I know that many of you are familiar with the work. You know the hard road that the pioneers had to travel; how they had to break through the underbrush and get through the jungles, and

found no help from the outside world. And you know that persecution was found on every side. Science turned its haughty head away from us, and would not deign to take notice of the spiritual rap. When it found that enquiry was being made, in other directions, concerning the source of this movement, then science came forward and pretended to claim that it could settle the whole question by a very few hours of investigation. No, I wrong science. It was not that star eyed, beautiful, presence of truth that eliminates the old, through the operation of unchanging law. It was the pedants, and the ignoramuses, who claim to be scientific, by training and by method, who came forward and pretended to settle the question. But their pretensions were shown to be only such, and we have seen nothing any stronger or better coming from the sanctum, or from the laboratory, than we had thirty years ago. Very well, friends; spiritualism can stand on its own rocky foundation. It does not need the word and the authority of scientific men and women to settle its claims. It is a part of the great living truth of the universe, and can bear its own burdens, do its own work, and move grandly forward to a successful and triumphant victory. I bring to you my love. I give it to you all. It may not be much, but it comes from the heart, and I want you to feel that, as an old worker in the spiritual cause, as one who recognized the power of the spirit many years ago, and tried to live it out in his life, I come among you to day, recognizing your power and your work, and doing my best with the influence which I can create, to aid you, to bless you, and to cheer you on.

ALLEN PUTNAM.

And now, Mr. President, as the hour is late, and our friends have had a feast of good things this afternoon, almost, if not quite as much as they can properly digest and assimilate, with their minds and hearts, we will not wait for others to control as individuals, but will say a few words for those who present themselves, because it takes a certain amount of time, as well as of the nervous energy of the medium, to have each separate spirit control individually.

When we sat here listening to our old co-worker, we saw coming up before us and they have been sitting down in the audience during the afternoon, enjoying the grand truths enunciated by your speaker—two genial souls who, in their life, sought to accomplish all the good possible, who in their own way gave to others such strength, and also such encouragement and cheer, as they were able to give. These friends desire that we shall mention them. They do not desire to be left out of this hour, because they told us they are as fully identified with the spiritual work of this city, and in connection with you here, as they were when in the body, aye, very much more so. It is impossible to tell how interested they are, how kindly and lovingly they feel toward you, how grateful they are for past kindnesses which have been bestowed upon them by individuals in this audience. And they want to be recognized as being here, warm and genial human beings, who are just as much pleased to receive your thought and your attention as they are to bestow anything of that kind upon your lives. And these two are Lorenzo and Mary Grosvenor? They are having a good time on this anniversary.

After a pause:—

One who has been gone some years, and who sometimes feels that perhaps others have come forward to do spiritual work that she could not do, and that the moment is passing right along without much reference to her or her life, yet is satisfied to have this so, would still like to bring her greeting and her pleasant memories to those whom she is attracted in this audience. Changes have taken place with those with whom she was associated and identified. They have gone to new work and surroundings, but those who have gone to the other life send out magnetic force and loving thoughts, and memories throughout space, regardless of distance, or of material conditions. This spirit, whom we do not approach quite so closely as some others who have presented themselves, is anxious to make herself known to her friends as being present, and enjoying the pleasant occasion. And from her we get the name Hattie Hopkins.

Mr. Curtis Allen comes to us and says, "Be

kind enough to speak my name before you close, because I have friends in this room, and there are those present to whom I am attracted. I feel, more fully than I did when in the body, the spiritual attractions and sympathies. I could not always recognize the spirit coming out from a brother or a sister immortal, in its true sense, but now I can feel this more closely, and I want to have you express, for me, or put into words, some thought of my own in this connection. I am in harmony with these friends, and with this work of expressing to the world the importance of spiritualism. I heard what the speaker offered this afternoon, and it pleased me that the fact was emphasized that spiritualism comes to do more than show man that he shall live forever; that it comes to teach men and women that they *must grow*; that man must help his brothers grow; that he must better the world; make it more of a heaven, and less of a hell, because spiritualism has come to him." That is what we get from this gentleman, who seems to feel the presence of friends here. He wishes to have it understood that he is also near to them.

And now, Mr. Chairman, while we behold many beautiful faces and forms flocking round, we feel the hour late, and the forces are waning, and perhaps we had better close our service for the day.

Crystal desires to be remembered to all her friends. She does not wish to be shut out, because she has an active intelligence exercising an influence upon your society, and a magnetic power throughout this temple. This building has been erected under the guidance of the spirit-world, and of many spiritual intelligences. Through the change of our good friends to the spirit world, we feel that this temple is the home of such spirits as may come to it from the other world to voice their thought, and exercise their powers in behalf of humanity. And Crystal desires me to say that she feels it is her home, a home where she may come to expend certain spiritual powers that she brings, believing that they will be taken up by your mediumistic instruments, and used for human good, and where she can come with her dear friends and form-

er medium, to gather up spiritual and helpful forces, magnetisms and conditions, and take them back with her to the spirit world, giving them to those spirits who are in need of such, and also taking them out to mortals and giving benefit thereby.

I wish to say that Daisy comes with Mrs. Clough: She comes to bring a message of love to the brother, and to say that he is under spiritual watch and guidance now, as in days of yore.

HUMOROUS.

THE LIBERTY OF CHILDREN.

If women have been slaves, what shall I say of children, of the little children in alleys and sub cellars; the little children who turn pale when they hear their fathers' footsteps; little children who run away when they only hear their names called by the lips of a mother; little children—the children of poverty, the children of crime, the children of brutality, wherever they are wrecks upon the wild, mad sea of life—my heart goes out to them one and all. I tell you the children have the same rights that we have, and we ought to treat them as though they were human beings. They should be reared with love, with tenderness, with kindness and not with brutality.

* * * * *

When one of your children tells a lie, be honest with him; tell him that you have told hundreds of them yourself. Tell him it is not the best way; that you have tried it. Tell him as the man did from Maine when his boy left home: "John, honesty is the best policy; I have tried both." Be honest with him. Suppose a man as much larger than you are larger than a child five years old, should come to you with a liberty pole in his hands, and in a voice of thunder shout: "Who broke that plate?" There is not a solitary one of you who would not swear you never saw it, or that it was cracked when you got it. Why not be honest with these children? Just imagine a man who deals in stocks whipping his boy for putting false rumors afloat! Think of a lawyer beating his own flesh and blood for evading the truth when he makes half of

his own living that way! Think of a minister punishing his child for not telling all he thinks! Just think of it!

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

A GERMAN "BAD BOY."

A rich man was taking a walk in his brickyard with his little boy one morning, when the following conversation took place:

Tommy—What sort of a place is this pa?

"This, my boy, is a brickyard."

"Who does it belong to?"

"It belongs to me, my son."

"Does that big pile of bricks belong to you, too, pa?"

"Yes, Tommy, it belongs to me."

"Do those dirty looking men belong to you, too, pa?"

"No, my son, in this glorious land of liberty there can be no slavery. They are free men."

"Why do they work so hard?"

"I don't know, my son."

"Does anybody steal what they make?"

"Of course not, Tommy. How do you come to ask such questions?"

"But, pa, don't the bricks belong to those men who make them?"

"No, my son, they belong to me."

"What are the bricks made of; pa?"

"Of clay, Tommy."

"What! out of that dirt?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"And nothing else?"

"No, Tommy."

"Who does the clay belong to?"

"To me."

"Did you make it?"

"No, my son, God made it."

"Did God make the clay specially for you?"

"No, I bought it."

"Well, pa, did you buy the clay from God?"

"No; I bought it just as I buy anything else."

"Did God sell the clay to that man you bought it from?"

"I don't know, Tommy. You ask more silly questions than I can answer."

"It's a good thing you own this clay, ain't it, pa?"

"Why, Tommy?"

"Because if you didn't, you would have to work like those dirty men. Will I have to work when I get to be a man?"

"No; I will leave you all my property when I die."

"When these men die, won't they all turn to clay?"

"Yes; we all return to clay when we die."

"When are you going to die, pa—pretty soon?"

"I don't know, my son. Why do you ask?"

"I was just thinking what a nice lot of bricks you would make after you are dead.—
From the German.

N. D. C. POET'S CORNER.

? IMPROMPTU.

When the last chord is loosed, and last link broken,
When the last look is taken—and last word spoken—
When this frail form exhausted yields earth back to
earth,

Will its innate existence receive a new birth?

Will the friends gone before in glad welcome await,
That great change of being to its grander estate;
And with rapturous joy guide to regions of light,
A spirit exultant ! freed from earth's stain and blight.

Will hopes that have solaced life's close here below,
In reality clothed—their fruition bestow;
And each unwelcome pang we endured for the right,
Bear a blossom of peace and enduring delight?

Fear not timid spirit ! for the same king there reigns,
That guides suns and spheres through their orbits and
planes;

She has clothed the lily through the countries sped.
And will care for thee, though thy body be dead.

"VERDE MONTE."

WHAT IS DEATH?

It is the birth of the spirit, to a higher life,
Beyond this earthly sphere;
It is laying aside the empty shell,
Which encloses the spirit while staying here.

It is putting off the natural body,
Which is laid away in the tomb,
And taking on a spiritual body,
Which belongs to the heavenly home.

The mortal part is laid in the ground
Like the seed of some beautiful flower,
While spiritual life springs up from the grave
And blossoms above, in an hour.

'Tis the immortal part which never dies,
But lives forever, in a world beyond,
In that heavenly sphere where Angels dwell,
United through love in one holy bond.

Death has no terrors for those, who feel
The light of God's love, and truth,
'Tis only laying aside the mortal part,
While the soul rises triumphant above the earth.

What is death, but life immortal?

A higher, holier life, beyond the tomb;
Earth life is but given, to fit us for Heaven,
Our only real immortal home.

LAURA HAYES.

THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.

(Common Metre.)

Scorn not the little things of life
But cheerish one and all,
For its of these we all well know,
That make the mighty whole.—
A cheering word a welcome smile,
Are blessings everywhere,
And with their subtile magic power,
Can sooth our every care.—
Our joys of life depend
Our thoughts, our words and deeds,
And oft a blessing or a curse,
Spring from such tiny seeds.—
So scorn them not, those little things,
That in your pathway spring;
But cheerish all the good you find,
Innate in every thing.—

DR. C. T. H. BENTON.

A VISION.*

BY MRS. L. C. SMITH.

I saw a silvery shallop, with muffled oar and screen,
Gliding o'er laughing waters, like the spirit of a
dream;
So silent was its motion, as it dashed the feathery
spray
That only ears that listened could hear the ripples
play.
This silvery little shallop, with its trusty gondoliers,
Came nearer, nearer, nearer with the music of the
spheres,
Across the river Time, for spirit freight I ween,
That seems forever flowing the eternities between.
I stood in silent wonder, and watched with bated
breath,
This beautiful transition we mortals have named
death,
Not through a darkened portal, but an ever-brighten-
ing zone
Of scintillating glory from truth's eternal throne,
Guiding this silvery shallop, with its trusty gondo-
liers,
For lo! the bridegroom cometh, and angel volunteers,
With fitting robes, and welcome, love's greeting ever-
more,
To our belov'd ones coming, to life's immortal shore.
This heaven-lighted vision, that o'er my spirit played
Revealed the busy fingers that Nature's law obeyed,
In loosing every fiber, as link by link untwined.
At touch of boundless freedom, to spirit thus en-
shrined.
All conscious life's immortal, the border-land is here.
The change we so much dreaded, is but the tyrant
fear,
Hopes—loves—and life's fruition proving divinest
care,
Without the loss of atom; for God is everywhere.

* At the parting scene of our beloved friend, Mrs. C. B. Smith, who passed to spirit life but yesterday, February 6, 1891.

THE TEMPLE MESSENGER DEPARTMENT.

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

DECORATION'S DAY.

THE NAMELESS GRAVES.

Brave, brave are those to-day,
Who in peaceful breeze flaunt their tattered flags;
But the bravest went to the front and fell,
And in the din of the battle's yell,
Found many a nameless grave.

WALTER LITTLEFIELD.

Cambridge.

Ah, proudly beat the pulse when came news of
victories won;
How swelled each soul in sympathy for brave deeds
nobly done;
And even when defeat would come, and foemen win
the day,
We know our boys had fought their best to conquer
in the fray.

The time is passed; the wild flowers bloom where the
charging squadrons met;
And though we keep war's memories green, why not
the cause forget?
And have, while battle-stains fade out 'neath heaven's
pitying tears,
One land, one flag, one brotherhood through all the
coming years?

Strew flowers upon their graves, and still remember
grasses grow
Alike upon the rest-place of fallen friend and foe.
Why should we keep the bitterness of years so full of
pain,
When God's red blooms have hid from sight the red
blood of the slain?

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Conductor. To-day as we deck the green
graves of our arisen heroes with beauty and
bloom, may we remember that the souls of the
loved and honored are not tethered to earth,
but have crossed the flower wreathed portal
of death to enter mansions not made with
hands. They live in the fond hearts of loving
friends; in history where their heroism is im-
mortalized; upon glowing canvass and in
gleaming marble, which from generation to
generation and from age to age, will bear re-
cord to their valor, self abnegation, and pat-
riotism. The spirit infused into matter is too
great, too sublime, to be lost in the black

night of unconsciousness; that on leaving its
chrysalis state they emerge into a broader and
diviner life; having fulfilled their duty here they
become ministering angels, sent forth to encour-
age the best elements of individual and nation-
al life. May the blessing and the guardian-
ship of angels be with the Veterans who have
lived to see the triumph of right, and to still
stand beneath the starry flag waving its silken
folds over a united and happy nation. May
the touching and beautiful ceremonies of
Commemoration Day inspire the young with
devotion and patriotism, uniting all more
closely in the loving bonds of fraternity.

Conductor. We feel that, the clear-eyed
prophets of to-day can look along the line of
evolution, beyond outer forms and traditional
symbols, beyond the finer forces of heat, color
and sound, until they behold the white walls
of the Celestial City; until the gold and pur-
ple curtains so long hanging between the
sensuous and super-sensuous spheres are lift-
ed, revealing the shining faces of Washington,
Lincoln, Sherman and Grant and the mighty
host of heroes who left their shattered tene-
ments of clay upon southern battle fields, in
dismal prison cells and upon couches of pain,
and arose to join the Spiritual Congress guid-
ing the destiny of this nation.

We feel thankful that humanity is coming
to recognize this sublime truth; may it fall
like a baptism of divine love upon sorrowing
hearts, impelling them to look from the dark-
ness of the tomb to the light of a New Morn-
ing, to live worthy the companionship of
angels, making practical in daily life the
religion of love embodied in the Golden Rule,
following with undeviating fidelity the tend-
er voices, whispering: "Come up higher."

THOUGHTS OF MEMORIAL DAY.

Why is Memorial Day fitly named?

Because it commemorates all that was grand
and ennobling in the great civil war, a conflict
which restored the union, redeemed a race and
established this republic upon an enduring
basis for all time to come.

Who created the day?

The Grand Army of the Republic made
sacred by its ceremonials and legalized by

statutory law, and is now in the truest sense a day of memory.

Why does it come nearer to the hearts of the people of this generation?

By its nearness to the causes which created it and the presence of so many veterans of the great conflict.

What is the first and greatest lesson taught by the observance of the day?

Loyalty—and the creed of patriotism, is one and indivisible, and no conflict of opinion or clash of argument can lessen the one universal sentiment of respect for those who have given their lives for a great cause.

How can we unite on this day?

In perpetuating a custom that will keep in lasting remembrance the principles that not only animated the fathers but were transmitted to the sons and defended with such unfaltering firmness by their children.

Who are the untitled nobility of the republic?

The *veterans* who stood between the national government and armed rebellion.

How can we view the action of the arisen heroes?

That the nation is awake, that her pulse still beats, her streets are full of light, life and joy.

What was the spirit of sacrifice during the war?

In causing men to exchange homes of comfort and plenty, for the soldier's shelter tent and to successfully withstand the dangers and sufferings of hospitals, battlefield, and prison.

How does it teach respect for the arisen and remaining veterans?

By making the graves of the arisen ones more sublime, for returning peace and prosperity have shown the priceless value of their sufferings.

How are we fulfilling sacred obligations to comrades gone before?

By turning aside from our accustomed pursuits to do honor to those who have given the strongest proof of patriotic devotion.

What does memorial day signify to us?

A glorious life; it takes us back to the days of civil strife, when heroes fought and died,

where a nation's cause was fought and won.

Who are the orators of to-day?

Veterans of the Grand Army, as your medals and empty sleeves and the silent graves thrill all hearts into patriotism by your visible appearance.

What was the brightest glory of the war?

The self-conquest of the North in the day of the victory and no conqueror ever turned from the enemy's capital, without entering it in proud array when he had captured it. As Grant turned away from Richmond—he wasted, shattered, and humbled it, but he would not degrade or insult it by a triumphal entry.

The soldiers of the Union are falling now under the dread artillery of Time, almost as fast as they fell in 1862 and '3 and '4. Fatal as has been the last few years to the men of 1861-5, that which has but just opened threatens to be memorable beyond all others in its tale of fallen warriors. Already we have seen the former general-in-chief of the army and the former admiral-in-chief of the navy lying dead on the selfsame day, awaiting burial at the hands of a mourning nation.

May we resolve on each Memorial Day to give our minds, our hearts, our hands to the establishment of one government, one law, and one citizenship for all.

The nation emerging from its terrible baptism of blood, is to-day stronger, purer, and more hopeful than ever and stands like a rock guarded by the united hearts and hands of both North and South.

The grandeur of men and of nations consists in the offer of individual life, for the perpetuity of that, to which their hearts are bound.

There is no nobler duty man can perform than that of paying respect to the comrades who have fallen, fighting the battles of the union.

While we strew flowers on their graves, let us enbalm their names and their memories in our hearts nor ask or distinguish whether they were native or foreign born.

Side by side they fought, died and were buried and as they were united in life for us, so never let them be divided in national gratitude.

The Grand Army grows smaller and the graves are more numerous each year, but while the union endures, the memory of its defenders will be kept green.

For the honor of America and the glory of humanity let us honor and cherish the declining years of the brave men who offered their lives to keep this republic united.

We cannot forget the past, the empty sleeve, the sightless eye, the emaciated form, the tattered flags, the dead of a hundred battlefields, the empty chair at the fireside. All these are chiseled deep in the eternal years, and we can never forget, though we may forgive a thousand times.

Let reverence for the law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap, let it be taught in schools, seminaries and colleges; let it be written in primers and spelling books, let it be preached from pulpits and proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice, and let it become the political religion of the age.

At this hour let us discern the future, no longer an overcast sky, but the clear unclouded starlight; a country redeemed, saved, and consecrated anew to the coming ages. All honor and glory to the heroic arisen ones as they yielded their lives for all that is good, pure, holy, just and true in the great living humanity that is to be in the great future.

By and by, when the memories of the war will have become history, it will pave the way for the children who did not hear the echoes of its guns, and as they see you on the streets will ask what it meant, and what it was for, we shall love to tell them of you, brave men, who helped to achieve that great victory that we trust will never need be won again.

And when only two or three are left, how lovingly we shall cherish them, make easier the burdens of their lives, and when the last one is gone, and so much of the history of our country is sealed up as a book closed and folded away, we still try to carry on the same conflict for the truth of God and for the development of the soul of man. So, whether we wear the uniform or not we are the children of one God, brothers of one humanity and workers for the eternal triumph of one cause.

Conductor. It is sixty-five years later, and one sits in his chair to die. His face is marked now with the heavy lines that princely care and rugged war have impressed deep upon it, but it is grave and majestic still. The broad brow and heavy jaw tell alike of the calm thought and resolute will which show him fit to be among the kings of men. He has led great armies on fields as fiercely contested as Wagram or Austerlitz, or Waterloo itself, and a million of men have sprung at his trumpet-call. He, too, has ruled, as constitutional magistrate, over a realm broader and fairer than France itself. Life has to him been labor and duty; and until tongue and hand and brain refuse their office he labors still. Around him gathers everything that makes life beautiful, and parting from it so hard; but there is no remorse, no thought of duties left undone to the country which in its sore need called to him, no obligations unfulfilled to those who had followed him to danger and to death. The only woman he has ever loved is there with tender hand to moisten the parched lips or wipe the gathering death-damp from his brow. Their children and grand-children are at his feet. From a grateful country have come up in a thousand forms the utterances of love and reverence. Those lately in arms against the cause he served have generously and tenderly united in each expression of feeling. He looks abroad over the country, whose Union he fought to preserve; everywhere there is peace and prosperity, no hostile armies trample the soil; no hostile bayonets flash back the sun; the war drums long since are silent. The fields are already white with the harvest, the great gateways on the Atlantic and Pacific seas are open, and through them commerce pours its generous tide. Master and slave are known no longer in the land where labor is honored and manhood is revered.

"To him, too, in those dreaming and waiting hours come the memories of those who have fallen in battle by his side or, yielding since to the remorseless artillery of time, have gone before him. Even if he does not utter them, how well we may imagine the thoughts that pass through his mind as he feels that he

draws nearer to them. Shall I see them again, McPherson, Reynolds and Sedgwick, as they died at the head of their army corps; Rawlins, whom I loved as a brother; Hooker, as when his cannon rang down from among the clouds on Lookout's crest: Thomas as he triumphed at Nashville; Meade, as he dashed back the fierce charge at Gettysburg, or urged to the last dread struggle the ever faithful Army of the Potomac? If it be so, I know they will meet me as comrades and brothers. Nor those alone; not alone the great chiefs who urged forward the fiery onset of mighty battalions. Shall I see again the splendid youth of 1861, as they came in all the ardor of their generous patriotism, in all the fire of their splendid courage, to fill the ranks of our armies? Shall I see them, as when through the valleys the battle poured its awful tide, or as when the hills were made red by their glorious sacrifice? I am ever near them now. Almost I can behold them, although the light on their faces is that which never was on sea or land. Almost I can hear their bugles call to me, as the notes softly rise and fall across the dark valley through which I must pass. I go to them, and I know there is not one that will not meet me as a father and a friend."—Gen. Devens in his Worcester Oration.

We should look to the school, the family, and the church to preserve and perpetuate the spirit of American Patriotism.

This is the Nation's Day and all who mourn for the Arisen Ones can place symbols of their remembrance upon the earth which covers their last earthy remains. This is a day of proud and tender memories.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, it commemorates the triumph of American patriotism and the assured integrity of the American Union.

Its associations blend naturally with those of the Revolution and of the Inauguration of of the national government.

The march of Sherman to the sea echoes the tread of Ethan Allen marching to Ticonderoga and demanding its surrender, as Sherman would have demanded it in the name of the Great Jehovah of the Continental Congress.

To hear Paul Jones on his shattered ship answering the British captain's summons to yield, by shouting that he had not yet begun to fight,—is to see our Farragut, in the fiery storm of Battle, lashed to the rigging of the Hartford.

Whether the flowers fall to-day upon the graves of the Blue, or the Gray, they fall on the dust of Americans.

As nothing but American valor could have hoped successfully to assail the Union, so nothing but American Valor could have successfully maintained it.

In Boston was rocked the Cradle of Liberty. In Philadelphia, Independence was declared and the Constitution adopted. In Baltimore sat the Continental Congress when it was driven from Philadelphia.

In Charleston Harbor the great fleet of Sir Peter Parker was dispersed and destroyed.

New York was the scene of the last act of the Revolution for here was the flag of England lowered, from her shores the proud sovereignty of Great Britain sailed away.

Let us all say here and say everywhere that for Americans there is but one flag—the flag of Bunker Hill and Saratoga and Yorktown, the flag of Sunday's Lane and Lake Champlain—and Lake Erie and New Orleans, the flag of Scott, Perry and Jackson—the flag of Abraham Lincoln, Hancock—Grant and Washington the *only*—flag deserving of honor from Americans—the *only* flag which shall float over this broad free and united Republic.

The American citizen who gave himself to his country when the life of that country was assailed, gave all that it was in the power of man to bestow.

The soldier saved this country, we should do the highest service by making it a country best of all worth saving.

The feeling of the day is that of a disposition to remember the soldier most gratefully; to do everything possible to show the high regard in which he is held by his countrymen.

Memorial Day has about it a significance and a beauty all its own, there is nothing like it in any other land, and History records no such anniversary in any of its annals.

Let this day remain forever as an American

institution, never to be forgotten, never be allowed to fall into oblivion, and so long as Memorial Day is honored in our land we shall never need defenders.

The soldiers of the Union and their descendants must demand and must insist upon one Constitution, one Union, and one Flag for all time, as the confederate flag was buried at the cost of 500,000 lives and it must not be resurrected.

The crimson stripes and fadeless stars of the flag of our country are the emblem of the world's loftiest hope and highest expectation.

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?

Wisdom, religion, or a knowledge concerning God and man and the universe is an ancient system of thought—it is universal,—only an old truth come to light for us in this age of the world.

What is it derived from?

From two Greek words—Theos (God) and Sophia (wisdom) mean divine wisdom.

What does theosophy bid us do?

To live up to our own highest conception of truth and then by the practice of altruism in universal brotherhood, we shall gain such light as will cause all the false accretions of our sect to drop away from us naturally and painlessly.

In our search for proofs concerning the claims of Theosophy how must we proceed?

By the same method as is employed by all other sciences viz. by observation and experiment on the plane upon which the science stands, and as botany is a physical science, we do not discover its truths by the intellect with the senses closed to the physical world, so we cannot discover spiritual truth on the physical or even upon the intellectual plane—it must be found on the spiritual plane by spiritual faculties duly developed.

What does Theosophy teach?

To look only within ourselves for faults, and only for virtues in others.

What is it in theory?

It appeals to us to make more clear the object of our spiritual being and our physical existence.

What is it in practice?

It includes all physical, ethical and spiritual work that benefits humanity.

What is the ruling principle in all the successful reforms of the day?

Universal brotherhood or a recognition of the oneness of humanity, that Nationalism, the temperance movement, woman suffrage, and spirit healing may all be classed under the head of Practical Theosophy.

What should it avoid?

Politics and partisanship, and work so as to transform the defective elements of which they are composed as ever to lead toward the one party that shall embrace all humanity in one common brotherhood.

What does it deal with?

With cause rather than with effect, and when one engages in any of these reforms he goes to the root of the matter by working in the realm of causation instead of struggling with material results.

What is an adept?

Simply a human being so unfolded in his own line of knowledge as to be skilled beyond his fellows, and when one is thus skilled, he is of course, competent to become a master or teacher.

What good can these adepts do if they keep themselves apart from the world?

We can believe in the power of intelligently directed thought and spiritual influence that these beings by their very seclusion from the bustle and contention of congregated humanity, can be better operated upon mentally and spiritually for the benefit of their fellow beings.

Do we expect a painter to set up his canvas in the public square so that all may see what he is doing?

Do we expect a literary man to take a pen and paper in hand and go out among the travelers of the market place or the wranglers of the Exchange to show us what he is about?

Why these two questions?

That a spiritual adept cannot make visible to us even the results of his efforts until we are developed to perceive them and if these results are spiritual we must look for them on the spiritual plane,—even if they are physical we do not know their cause until we are fitted to trace it back in the realm of spirit.

What should we remember?

That many of the truths which we now

accept, have once been neglected and scorned by those who were not developed for their reception—that a statement at first view appears strange and even repugnant is no argument against its truth.

Conductor.

We shall never be on the road to true illumination until we cast aside prejudice which belongs to our lower nature and seek the guidance of our higher nature. If we have not yet learned that we have a higher nature as well as a lower self we must look for it, and when we find it we may rest assured that it will tell us many strange and marvellous truths, but it will also never fail to help us apprehend these truths.

MEDIUMSHIP.

RESPONSES.

In mediumship we have that, which causes all the difference existing between spiritualism and systems of faith.

Through mediumship we have received what we term the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism.

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

That Spiritualism as a movement, dates to the manifestations taking place at Hydesville and Rochester is but an illustration of the fact that the human mind can be awakened to a greater degree when material objects arrests its attention, than it can by simply mental experiments or phenomena.

Those whom we call mediums to-day were known as prophets, seers and messiahs in Bible times.

Some mediums have been called witches from the day when the woman of Endor astonished King Saul up to the days when Salem and Boston hung the undeveloped and

misunderstood instruments who reflected but in part the same power.

Mediums have lived in the past as they live to day and in all ages men and women have been affected by this same power and influence.

Mediumship does not depend upon the moral character of the individual operated upon, because it is a gift of nature and it is possible to have in the same organism an accompaniment of immortal tendencies.

Wherever mediumship is unfolded to any great degree by wise spirits, it is done for one or two purposes, sometimes for the benefit of the individual himself, sometimes for the benefit of others.

Do not always expect when you begin to develop mediumship, that you are going to be used publicly for some demonstration of spirit power.

There are those to whom spirits come for the uplifting and educating of the individual.

They need the benefit to be derived from silent teachers who are willing to take up this individual work.

Spirits need the co-operation of those upon the mortal plane to do a successful work for mankind.

We would say to all mediums be clean in body language, thought and deed and such a life will clarify and prepare the body for the reception of the highest inspiration.

Forty-three years of lessons given and the voice still says—Live rightly be clean in your habits, be pure in your tastes eat and drink wisely unto the soul and unto the body, realizing that this is but the temple of the living good and the divine presence within.

There are those who seem to be almost, if not entirely, obsessed by themselves, and outside observers have witnessed so much of their vagaries that many have become opposed to spiritualism because of such manifestations.

Many times what passes for mediumship is a partial state of development and a disordered state of the system which makes it impossible for the spirits to go any further or express themselves any more clearly.

Much that is discordant, inharmonious, and unpleasant is laid at the door of obsessing spirits.

Perhaps this idea is next-door neighbor, to that of the orthodox devil upon whom everything is heaped.

In cases where the disturbing condition is attributed to obsessing spirits it is caused by individuals becoming possessed of the idea that he is what he is not, and his ignorance in regard to what he is.

Mental mediums have the phase most to be desired because it is that which comes to their own souls, opens an avenue of continued knowledge to them, becomes a perpetual school of discipline and may be the means of a larger spiritual growth.

MORAL COURAGE AS APPLIED TO MEDIUMS.

We all know how very important it is that we should have moral courage enough to resist temptation. This is especially so in the case of our mediums and as the children of to-day are to be the mediums of the future, they should aim to do always what is right, for if one endeavors to do right when young and disdains to do any wrong act, he will when he reaches manhood be sure to profit by it. There are a great many times when we are tempted by our companions or others to do wrong acts, when the true moral courage is made manifest by saying, "No." Although one of the smallest words it signifies a great deal, for if we begin to commit small wrong acts, it will not be very difficult for us to commit a larger one.

Many times mediums who should above all others be truthful, make some errors in life through their own fault which ruins their reputation forever. Perhaps if many of the mediums of to-day were more conscientious than some of them are and were above doing any act which would harm either themselves or another, the world would look with more favor upon Spiritualism, for the world always looks to the leaders of a cause, and judges it by them, and if they be not good and true, it harms their cause.

Then let us all try to so live that whether we are, or are not to become the future teachers and helpers of the world we will be looked

upon as good and true men and women, keeping in mind the lines of the poet.

To thine own self be true,
And it will follow as the night the day;
Thou canst not be false to any man.

LIZZIE M. NOLEN.

First Spiritual Temple, Boston, Mar. 15, '91.

MORALITY IN MEDIUMSHIP.

How essential it is that mediums should live good and pure lives. In order to obtain through them truthful manifestations they must attract truthful spirits, and no person can do so unless they live up to their highest conceptions of what is right.

All persons should have a mind of their own and I do not believe that any medium should do just as a spirit says; they may give you good advice but unless it sounds reasonable you need not accept it.

Mediums should live so as to attract intelligent spirits but if you do not succeed, and some one else does, you should not try to do as well as they by telling what you do not see or believe to be true.

Mediums should always do their duty even though they are criticised by a great number of persons; and I believe their duty to be in trying in every possible way to aid the cause of true spiritualism.

Justice is one of the first lessons for mediums to learn and by so doing aid each other to keep on in the straight path of duty.

And so let all who are mediums try in every way to help thus by kind thoughts as well as deeds, so that they may take courage to struggle on bringing truth and light to all who may cross their path.

HATTIE M. DODGE.

First Spiritual Temple, Mar. 15, 1891.

CHARITY.

Charity is aid, given by the strong to the weak, the wise to the poor.

Charity includes the idea of one individual able to help—and another needy of the aid offered.

Charity is cheaper than benevolence as it costs less to supply a pauper with what he needs for the time being, than it would cost

to remove pauperism.

The one who gives charity rarely gives so much as to suffer himself by it, he merely gives from the superfluity that he possesses.

Charity has pittied criminals, and has endeavored to better their lot, but ——— it has never attempted to grapple with criminality.

The world is not to be civilized, fed and clothed through charity.

The greatest possible charity, is the greatest possible justice.

Religion can only sow the seeds of discord between men and nations.

Commerce, manufactures and the arts, tend to peace and the well-being of the world.

When proper wages are paid, and every one is as willing to give what a thing is worth as he is now willing to get it for less, the world will be fed and clothed.

BOSTON TEMPLE FRATERNITY SCHOOL.

The subject lessons this month have been "Bibles" "Man Made Laws" and "Trance Mediumship" The original essays by the children were remarkably good, showing thought and knowledge of the subject discussed.

Members of the Temple Choral Society continue to improve in singing; and their efforts each Sunday in this direction are quite an addition to the exercises.

Mr. Ayer announced to-day that a spiritual drama written by Mrs. Emma Miner would be given in the Temple by the pupils of the school some time in May.

Through the energetic efforts of Mr. Nolen a club has been organized among the children for the study of Elocution. It meets every Thursday evening in the Temple. Mr. Nolen who is a fine elocutionist, has generously given his services as teacher.

J. D. C.

April 27, 1891.

THE HUMAN TRIUMVIRATE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SOUL, SPIRIT AND
BODY.

Soul. As you two minor individuals have had sway long enough in this life, let me take charge for the rest of the term.

Spirit. But you don't mean to deprive us of all the pleasures of earth at once, do you? You know, I like to indulge my pride occasionally, and assert my self-hood—my dignity, etc.

Body. And I my tastes and senses generally.

Soul. Yes, your vanity, selfishness, lust etc., so that I may be kept a prisoner amidst these uncongenial influences of earth's attracting force. No, I am weary of this everlasting struggle to keep your passions in check, and I'll not excuse you any longer. My time has come now, and I mean to retain the control. Both of you must be taught abnegation, so that I can realize that I am a living entity.

Spirit. But if you let my animus die out altogether, you'll be unable to sense the sweet vibrations of love and friendship.

Soul. I wish none of your sense of love; I shall act independently of you both and indulge it from an entirely spiritual inclination. By so doing you become subservient to me, and therefore sense it as I do.—There is no necessity for asserting your self-hood. Humility commands respect unsolicited, and frees me from the humiliations and remorse I often have to suffer on your account—you exhibiting too much self-love when uncurbed.

Body. Do you mean to let me starve then, and fall into disuse?

Soul. No; but I shall regulate your appetites hereafter. I shall allow you a reasonable apportionment, that will both keep you healthy, and from disgracing me by your animalistic appearance.—Don't you suppose that I feel uncomfortable, oppressed and stifled in such a mass of flesh? And furthermore, I cannot go into spiritual company without feeling ashamed of having permitted you to control me so long. Hereafter I am the master and you must content yourself with less food, and shall continue this until you have assumed a respectable, or rather a spiritual appearance.

Spirit and Body (in chorus). Our days are numbered; our sway is broken; Soul has gained the victory over us; mind has controlled matter!

Soul. Amen; now for the light!—Such is the aim of life; of the human soul; of the divinity in man.

A. F. M.

THE SOWER.

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*“I am in earnest,—I will not equivocate,—
I will not excuse,—I will not retreat a
single inch,—and I WILL BE HEARD.”*

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

EDITORIAL.

THE MYSTERY OF EXISTENCE.

The problem of human—life its origin—environments and sequence, has in all ages been an interesting and significant one. Unlike other possessions it comes unsolicited. Its advent portends a series of cares—necessities and responsibilities. Its recipients find themselves compelled to endure the friction of a cold and selfish world, in which their earthly tenements are jostled to and fro, in their efforts to appease hunger and clothe nakedness. We are all of the children impenetrable, circumstance. We

did not select the place of our birth, or character of our patronage. Whether our first experiences were to be among icebergs, glistening in the pale light of arctic skies—in the milder clime and higher culture of the temperate zones, or amid the rank and luxurious vegetation and scorching heat of the tropical regions was to us a matter of chance. Whether our life blood was to be drawn from the benighted and dark hued Indian or Ethiopian—or from the paler and more refined Circassian and Anglo Saxon races, was one of the incidents of being upon which our taste was not consulted. Whether the first glimmerings of our mentality and spirituality, were to take their trend from the teachings of Buddhists—Mahometans—Atheists or Christians, was equally a matter of chance and circumstance. But—we were born, and that too was a matter of chance, in this age, in which the shirking of parental responsibility, is the rule rather than the exception. Next to birth, our chief inheritance was its incident duties and dangers—and these were further mystified by the conflicting theologies of the age. Their lines angled off in different directions, and each claimed to have the only true pathway to the haven of a blissful immortality.

To make this confusion more perplexing, the fear of punishment was appealed to as a method of restraint for what was characterized, a depraved and rebellious nature, and to mold it to accept the desired belief. A dark unfashionable abyss—lighted only by the blaze of burning brimstone, was the receptacle placed at the end of the route, in which the unfortunate victims of earth's mutations and miseries were to suffer an everlasting retribution.

Such has been the teaching most prevalent in this latitude during former generations—and the story is not yet obsolete. Methinks the idea is a mistaken one, originating in a perverted imagination, and that it has a tendency to chill the warm blood of childhood—stifle the highest and holiest emotions of the heart, and prejudice its budding instincts against a sovereign, whose revelations proclaim his love and benevolence.

We are not responsible for the disparaging

circumstances that beset and embarrass our pathway, unless they are supinely yielded to. The fortitude with which they are resisted and overcome—and the intellectual and moral temple built ever and above their dismembered fragments, marks the correct statue of the contestant, and brings a compensation commensurate to the magnitude of the conflict.

Back of all life's mysteries is a creative and overruling power. His works do not show that—he is an angry exacting and jealous being. His laws established before the foundations of earth were laid, may be incomprehensible to mortals, but their operation has demonstrated their transcendent wisdom. The evils of which earth complains are simply so many results of their violation. Their observance marks the pathway to peace and progress. Not only for ages but cycles of ages, a refining uplifting and purifying process has been going on, crystalizing and evolving new beauties from the crudeness of matter, and enlightening elevating and inspiring the inert elements of mind. In this glorious nineteenth century, the shackles of the ages are being burst asunder the mists of superstition and intolerance dispelled—the natural and spirit world harmonized, and the elevating influences of the one permitted to enlighten the other. Grand possibilities await the unfolding germs of human intellect. Earth is being made fairer, and Heaven brought nearer. The cold currents of humanity are being warmed by its resplendent rays, while conceited and bigoted arrogance withers in its glows.

What though there be travail and anguish in the evolving of nature's dress? Our God is a merciful as well as omnipotent one. We are his creatures and subjects of his loving care. The penalties of violated law should remind us of its perfections and the inspirations that flow from its observance. It constitutes "A rule of action" whose compensations and retributions are unlimited. This present existence is not all there is of life. The elements of earth are insufficient for its mature development and completion. They form only the chrysalis which precedes its possible coming crystalization and heralds its exaltation.

What the unfolding shall be, will be determined when the evolution (misnamed death) shall free us from the shackles of the material and usher us into the realms of the spiritual — — — —

Beyond the seething waves of life's tempestuous sea—
Above the mists which from its bursting breakers rise—

To that bright realm which through a grand infinity,
Its gates shall open wide—soul yearnings vitalize—
Rays of progression through its vaulted arches glow—
Earth's mystic doubts illumine its aspirations sate—
Till with exultant triumph over woes below;
The mystery is solved that here environs fate.

April 1891.

"VERDE MONTE."

FROM THE *Middleton Phoenix*, Mich., of April 3rd. (a paper published in the interest of the "Farmers Alliance") we find the following editorial notice of the transition of J. A. Bliss.

We very much appreciate the kind tribute that the Editor has paid to the memory of the "Dear departed" and believe them to be honest thoughts; and we might add that we do not feel that the estimate of the real worth of his unselfish life, is at all over estimated.

"The November number of THE SOWER has just inadvertently fallen into our hands, and the sad tidings of the death of its editor James A. Bliss, was conveyed to us by its columns. The news is both sad and joyous. We cannot help feeling sad at losing such a person from our midst although we realize that death is but a change in the form of existence, and that because we cease to breathe we do not necessarily cease to exist. We fully realize that Bro. Bliss has entered into the new form of existence with a knowledge of its mysteries and mysterious laws, seldom attained by mortals on the earthly plane, and knowing this our hearts throb with joy as we think about the many different ways now opened up to him for accomplishing the dearest object of his life. Never shall I forget the prophetic words he used in my presence at his office in Detroit, Sept. 18, 1889—"I am working too hard; sometime I must quit it all, but I shall die in the harness." Ah! full well did that brave noble soul know how it all would end, but never wavering he fought out the good fight as long as life existed in the mortal frame; the

cause of mental freedom never had a truer champion than James Albert Bliss. Never did a knight of old buckle on his armour and enter into battle with greater courage than did our noble knight of the N. D. C. Long may his memory live and be cursed by the tongue that utters one reproach upon his name. May the hand that would write a slanderous sentence over his grave be stricken to never move again. Millions shall yet rise up and call him blessed; thousands who have known him in earthly life and doubted him, will yet acknowledge that through the organism of James A. Bliss great and lasting good has been wrought for humanity. The SOWEN will be edited by Mrs. Cora L. Bliss, who has our heart felt sympathy in her bereavement.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL PROVEN BY CRYSTALLIZATION AND MATERIAL SCIENCE.

No material or force is ever lost. Our bodies, of either the *spiritual* or *earthly*, are material, and the *spirit* animating the same, is *force*. Reasoning 'a priori' even on the *materialistic* plane, we can never be lost. We never had a *beginning* and therefore can never have an *end*.

There is no more material or force—*not less*—than there ever was. The spirit world have told us that if *one atom*, even, were to be lost—the whole universe would go to ruin.

Let us notice, for instance, the individuality and material composing crystals as a pointer.

We have ever been much interested in the *law* and *formation* of crystals. Having a good compound microscope—we have watched their *formation* in solution. It is one of the most *wonderful material* sights the mortal eye of man ever beholds. A certain number of the *pristine* atoms coming together at certain *temperatic* conditions etc. drawn and held by mother earth *produce any and all crystals*, and all earthly material produced in the *fructifying* period of the formation of earth.

A certain number producing salt, alum, borax, etc. all of which you can bring us in mixed solution at your discretion and we can give the number and name of each, by the power of the microscope. Crystalliza-

tion is a *cold* period. *All worlds and even Sun* are approaching that period, as man approaches 'old age.'

Our Moon is in a very crystalline condition.

We may not be *very wise*. But we have seen with *our eyes through* that which it has been the privilege of but few mortals to *see through*, that is the material body of our moon, in 69 at total eclipse; by the power of the telescope, Yes—"a hole through the moon" though near the edge.

Should we throw one grain of salt crystal in the Sea—it would *seem* to be lost—but were it possible to boil, or evaporate the water—we would find our grain of salt. Not every thing is as it *seems*. The juggler seems to do so and so, but in reality does not. How illusory are many things to our *earthly* senses—but our *spiritual* senses when opened—cognize the truth of them.

We *seem* to lie down in 'death' to annihilation.

God does not do for *us* or the *animals*—that which we can do for ourselves; hence He clothes the animals—they cannot clothe themselves—we can, and must. We lie down in 'death'—we could not resurrect ourselves—He will do that for us. Everything has its own individuality and will reappear, or resurrect the same. How *personal* becomes every crystal from out the conglomerate mass, taking its own individual *form*; Salt a rectangle—alum a hexangle etc. How beautiful to see them grow, and taking their individual form each under the microscope, from a compound solution; but the *beginning* is not seen.

How beautiful to see the individualized human soul grow and become of its own proper *form* and size; but like the crystals its *beginning* is not seen.

All germs *start* in the dark hold, a dark seance so to speak, gathering strength for the *activities* of the element of *light*. If God so perfectly preserves the *individuality* and *form* of a simple grain of salt—why need we fear our resurrection. Let us learn to place implicit trust in the laws of nature and we will be much more happy.

DR. A. C. WILLIAMS.

Elk Falls, Kansas.

THE MATERIAL WITH IMMATERIAL.

The material upon which every thing in life is based finds its contingency in the immaterial; thus, a house is built of solid material, its foundation is firm—the immaterial disjoined from the material derives satisfaction, the mind is at rest.

The Orthodox material is Christ and him crucified, as long as they remain perverse to spiritual enlightenment they are secure in thought.

The scientists foundation or material is spiritualism however they may deny its connection. They pursue a course of an aerial inspection for the immaterial. How strange men and women of sound intelligence on other matters will try to deceive and detract from Spiritualism its beauties, they say they rise above its level; it is not so, they remind me of a mother bird and her brood of little ones, there is the nest (the national). The mother knows its solid solidity and how far she can venture in safety—The young see not the beauties in the lightness of space, and as they start to fathom it they have to return or drop. So with the scientists they take you as a person said of a lecturer raising her hand upward to the arms length, away up, then when I said how do you get down, letting her arm fall suddenly, "we came down ourselves"—of itself, there is no material, no solid structure—it is likened to the body being fed on pastry cake and candy agreeable to the taste, but being continually eaten would soon leave the body in a deplorable condition. Spiritualism is the substantial, wholesome, digestible nourishing and a gradual enlightenment of the mind as new beauties unfold and are accepted and appreciated.

A true intelligent spiritualist never lose their mind or reason, on the contrary, as the body. The material decays and the immaterial is disjoined and removed by the power or substance that formed its original structure, as in a building it begins to crumble for the mechanics repair.

A scientist's expatiating on the beauties of Jesus' character in an object lesson likened it to the Sun—its rays emitting to the sight the

different colors symbolizing his virtues, the comparison is aerial, pleasing to the fancy—the truth and plain fact is that Jesus was what could be understood as *good*, and as "like begets like" they would naturally follow the good, who were inclined to.—So why not come out openly and say *I am a spiritualist*. One in thought with God and His truths—exemplified in illustrations, manifestations and the willingness of Jesus to die an ignominious death rather than deny or detract one iota from its truth. How I would like to be one of the few who have expressed a desire to investigate if Spiritualism is a myth or reality!

Are we disturbing their peace, will they in their council ask for a sign (a star) to guide them to the spot where the *risen ones* will appear to remove the midst of delusion that has been corroding the natural mind till now it needs to be removed? The material foundation has worn threadbare or there is a rent. If the repairers do not hasten there will be a mighty fall of Babelonians.

My God! my rock, my sure foundation
No fear of an inundation
To sweep away thy truth and light,
The rivulet will flow unceasing and bright.
And as the waters of sorrow recede
The material is wanted and thy promise believed,
Our loved ones receive from thee and impart
Thy strength, if we will to their silent voice hark,
A FRIEND.

When Luther married an escaped nun, the Catholics declared that an Antichrist would be born of such incestuous intercourse. "Nay," replied Erasmus, "if monk and nun produce Antichrist, there must have been legions of Antichrists these many years."

—Teacher. "John, of what are your boots made?"

Boy. "Of leather, sir."

Teacher. "Where does leather come from?"

Boy. "From the hide of the ox?"

Teacher. "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and shoes and gives you meat to eat?"

Boy. "My father." [Chatter.]

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

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

"Let us give a woman a chance."

FEAR OF DEATH.

I do not fear the pangs of death,
I do not fear the narrow grave,
To die, is giving up the breath,
And counts but nothing, save
A tear or sigh.
I fear the care, the strife, the pain
(If to myself, a fear I give)
That burns its way in heart and brain,
I hold, 'tis harder far to live,
Than 'tis to die. ALICE M. SINCLAIR.

MARRIAGE.

ITS ARRAIGNMENT BY TOLSTOI.

BY BERTHA J. FRENCH.

There is no subject of such vital importance to the race, as the one of Marriage. The moment when two individuals join hearts, hands and destinies is the supreme moment of their lives. Not only is their own happiness at stake, but backward from the world's to-morrows, posterity is looking with pathetic eyes of appeal.

Nothing but love can make marriage divinely legal. Only love can furnish the right conditions for the right generation of the species and it is a duty to-day owes to to-morrow, that its children are generated under the best possible conditions.

If any other motive than love, is the basis of the union, it is no more marriage than is the mating of the beasts of the field.

But it must be confessed that poor little cupid is out of fashion. Pocket books, avarice, desires for a home, or housekeeper, or to escape being an "old maid;" are all prime factors while love is a mere bagatelle.

What can we expect the progeny to be, begotten under such etiolated conditions?

Nowhere has the present reprehensible style of marriage been so austerely arraigned as by Tolstoi in the *Kreutzer Sonata*. This novel speaks many plain truths, worthy to be well considered and incorporated into the daily living of the people of real life. We read the history of a brute wedded to a fool—(actual life is full of parallels)—Posdnichoff thought

a few words by the priest, sanctified the grossest excesses; the *mating of minds; the union of souls*, were ideas beyond his consciousness. He gives the rein to sensuousness, and as in all similar cases, the effect follows in a hideous chapter of quarrels, hatred, satiety and insane jealousy—with intervals of a "dog in the manger" kind of love on to its logical sequence—Murder!

O! What a shocking book!

Exclaims the critic—who thinks one need only to be *ignorant*, to be *innocent*—it will corrupt the morals of the young! It is because of the *lack of mortals* and because they are already in the depths of corruption, that the book is written. Its design is to lift them from their depravity by showing them they *must suffer the effects of every evil act*: that if they enter the marriage relation upon merely the physical plane or are prompted to the alliance by pecuniary consideration, rank, title or establishment, their experiences will be similar to those portrayed. It also teaches that in the connubial relationship the senses should be kept well in the leash of reason for in the flower of sensuality lies the asp of satiety.

But pursues the critic—Are such revolting pictures beneficial? In a subject of such vital importance, a subject in which is encompassed the happiness of the race and the fate of generations yet to be—false modesty and hyperdelicacy should retire in favor of homespun common sense who should discuss the subject on every side, and view it in every possible light; in the *procy* light of *reality* as well as the romantic glow of ideality.

To the pure, *truth* is pure, *depravity*, is the shadow of *ignorance*. Certainly it is more *comfortable* to cosily recline on the roses of *Sophistry* and close one's eyes to *undraped facts*. But is it salutary? The optimistic side of love and marriage has been drawn; their beauties have been sung by poets, and immortalized in romance until young people think that marriage opens the door to an endless paradise.

One needs only to read the daily papers with their long list of "connubial infelicities" resulting in divorce, insanity, suicide, and

murder: to prove that they frequently find the proverbial *serpent* who usually manages to keep up his proverbial record; that real life furnishes innumerable parallels with the Kreutzer Sonata, Pathologically, and in his diagnosis, well has Tolstoi done his work: he has not catered to depraved taste for vice is not clothed in attractive hue, but is such a loathsome hag one turns away in abhorrence and disgust. He portrays the artificialness of modernity; How rich parents pamper the physical nature of their children, to the derogation of the mental and spiritual, until they are merely well fed young animals. But when it comes to therapeutics a remedy is prescribed—earth's children will never take. Our physician is lured by the enthusiastic syren of reform from the shore of common sense and is soon submerged in the maltstrom of fanaticism, his logic rooted in illogic, because crass licentiousness is a vice, is no reason that absolute continence is a virtue: Because our ideal of the marriage institution has not as yet found satisfactory expression does not argue that marriage should be abolished, but rather that we should hew the shapeless form with ceaseless discussion,—practicing the deductions—until evolution has rounded it to approximate perfection.

Marriage is imperfect because human nature is imperfect: they are reflex and both are in an evolutionary state.

Of Love there is not an atom in the Kreutzer Sonata. It deals entirely with its base plentiful counterfeit. Real Love is not bound by the limitation of the senses. It is not selfishness; "It goes beyond self." It hallows the marriage relation with the poetry and courtesy of courtship. It is thoughtful in little things. It lives upon mutual help, consideration, forbearance, cheeriness, generosity, patience and appreciation in look, word and deed, Perfect Love is the harmony of the physical, mental and *spiritual* vibrations. Such an union is like two crescents that meet and blend to form the perfect sphere. It is an alignment that defies time and change and death. The rosy morn of youth may into the gray of evening fade; the eyes grow dim the bright hair silvered with the dust of time, yet

Love will survive and flush with its warm tints life's evening sky.

As the Sun is the life of the universe, that warms, and tints, and glorifies the robes of Spring in living green, that paints the flush on Summer's cheek and fills the Autumn's arms with ripened fruit. So is Love the Sun of the soul; the great sun of the little universe of Home. Upon the heart love paints fairer pictures than a Raphael or Titian ever dreamed in their most idyllian fancy. Before love's lightest word the poet's lips are dumb; the sweetest music—discord. Love fills life's path with flowers more fragrant than all the flowers of earth; more radiant far than all the gems of ocean wave or all the stars of sky; O Love! the one flower I grasp from the desert of life; Thou art a Bohemian; free like the song of a bird and yet thou art a bond; for thou too must bow thy bright head to immutable *law*; but sweet is thy yoke, for if free I roamed elysian fields back to my chains I would gladly come to be a slave to thee.

TALKS WITH MOTHERS.

BY ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

Right education will make of our sons, of all men, in fact, beings too noble to take advantage of woman's poverty. When they find a woman, perhaps quite a young girl, placed where she must traffic in self for means to support life, they will give her money, asking no returns. It is too true, alas! that many women and girls are placed in circumstances, in penury, where starvation must weigh against purity: where man's temptation seems the only mode of living. Pure men would tender charity to such, but, as men now are, they more often gloat over the necessity that drives women to them, and many men knowingly place women in such trying situations.

In many cities women are obliged to work for wages that will not pay their board. The employer knows this well. Even he will sometimes be the first to tempt. They must have clothing, washing done, etc., yet where can they obtain the means to pay for these. She falls. She suffers, not alone in conscience, but, from the reproach of her more fortunate

sisters—who, in her place, would doubtless err as willingly—and even the success of the close-handed employer, and the men who go equal shares in her degradation. Equal? Ah! he who will thus take advantage of woman's fall through poverty is baseness personified, while she is to be pitied.

A few years ago a man in my own city, a man of wealth, employed a large number of girls, whose wages would not cover their weekly board by fifty cents. They had no time for other duties. Yet they must live, and meet other expenses. To-day that man is a drunkard from whom wife and child have withdrawn under protection of the law. Retribution follows surely on the heels of base injustice.

Surely there is much that is wrong in man's heart. In every city are vaults with millions boarded therein—and women daily *driven* to error. There are acres and acres lying idle all over our country and men, women, and children starving for the produce those acres could yield, and this is our boasted civilization.

It is a known fact that this wealth cannot pass beyond the grave. It is a known fact, also, that so called death is inevitable. Still gold is counted and laid away behind bolts and bars, and the poor left to suffer, pine, battle, sin, starve even. Think of the money that is paid for *dogs* to pet, while the poor in vincinty claster together in misery.

Not only do the extreme poor suffer, but all about us are honest, industrious men and women that misfortune and ill health has placed in circumstances where barely can they struggle along and keep their families houses and clothes or themselves even—dying for needed rest and means to make a climatis change or visit some health springs. A few of those hoarded hundred of dollars would yearly renew life and strength to the worn out business man or struggling woman, who barely can exist by *every day's* labor. Thus they drag on—till the grave receives their *worn out* bodies: then wife and children are at the mercies of a cruel humanity. They may be barely able to support themselves, but more often they end in the alms house—or paths of sin. A poor *man's* lot is a hard one,

but alas! for the woman and child rocked in poverties cradle; its fearfully joggy. Yet we are all (we are told) children of one parentage! How partial is our parent! "Man's inhumanity to man" is more brutal than any act of the brute creation. It is only a matter of dollars and cents with the rich; of suffering and sin with the poor. Is it? No! The rich *sin*—and must suffer! The poor, even the erring, driven to err, will stand up clothed in finer raiment *where justice rules* than now do the Goulds. What is the remedy? Correct education in the morals of our sons, and in a line of thought that places most value on *worth*, less on *wealth*.

Written for *The Sower*.

IMMATERIALITY OF SPIRIT.

BY MARTIN METZGER.

In pursuance of investigation and coming in contact with many advocates of the philosophy of Spiritualism, I find the greater part of people claiming the immateriality of the soul, while confining their thoughts strictly in accordance with the law governing the finer forces of nature (which is the controlling power of the universe whether in a crude or cultured state)—In all the evidence produced of this science they claim that spirit contains substance or matter.

While I wish to prove the reverse, although according to customs in a literal sense what can not be materially brought before the eye or optical instruments would be speculation—Yet, I should be granted the same recognition as the Medical Fraternity in some of their studies relating to analogy of the various actions of the brain caused by invariable sensations of the nerve system, centering the specific in activity in certain chambers of the brain, classed by them as abnormal or perverted conditions of the nerves, which produces the hallucinations known by spiritualist as Trance or Clairvoyant Mediumship, or the developed magnetic forces of nature. Physicians ignoring the fact of these powers because it is beyond their conception, and exerting their mental capabilities in discovering this power by placing it all on matter, hence, the

error. And so it is with animal magnetism—one of the properties of nature which they have rejected in the past, but they are now some how coming to their better senses, and admit occasionally of its power.

This is only one science which I mention, there are many more mystical writings that have been given the public and made the basis of scientific education and the public takes its authenticity for granted, yet it is all speculation.

If we spiritualist differ in analyzing this finer force of nature, we have fact and absolute truth of its existence when operating on matter.

When we admit that spirit contains substance or matter—then we place over our heads and the coming generations a *portentious* cloud which will threaten destruction and confusions in administering this grand and glorious philosophy by exemplifying to the children of God the pure divine law that is ubiquitous in the universe—The creative intelligence that each one is endowed with according to their physical powers and mental capabilities.

The fundamental principles of all the investigations of science is atoms and their actions, or matter, but such forces of nature that does not contain it they will not recognize for the reason that they do not see it, and what they cannot see with the physical sight they have nothing to say of.

All discoveries made in a material sense are the gaseous accumulation of vegetable, mineral and animal matter that is subject to decomposition or combustible, and arises and by the winds is directed and shaped in accordance with the law of nature.

The animated bodies which are so numerous in the atmosphere is the work of science; but the power that cause animation they know nothing of, they can all be found near this planet or in the limit of gravity, while atoms are the basis of science containing matter—How can it be best to measure the extent of these atoms in space from the surface of the earth; very far it certainly cannot be from the fact the higher a human being gets in space, nearer to the periphery of gravity the thinner

the air; and it contains not enough of the elements to support the activity of the physical body subject to the will of the spirit.

The proper magnetic power and forces of nature is and must be devoid of matter and occupies the so-called space; if it is otherwise then the distance between here and other planets as given in detail by our astronomers could not be fathomed. Speaking of their material atoms, if ever so minute they would cause the atmosphere to be so obstructed to the sight of those optical instruments that they would give erroneous realities instead of truth; therefore the nearer the earth the denser the atmosphere.

This writing may give rise to new thoughts. Allow your ideas full sway and liberty, open the channels for new thoughts and I assure you the spirits will enlighten you and urge you to aspire higher to spiritual understanding and law.

This recalls the time that I received the beginning of spiritual knowledge that obliterated from my brain those obscure thoughts that the customs and teachings of the past that were considered the gem of civilization called Christianity. Thanks to the invisible ones that guided my steps to see the immortal.

James A. Bliss at Cin'ti. (then in mortal). He was a grand spiritualist, a zealous worker, untiring in enlightening mortals in spiritual truths—He had a good and pleasing word for every one, ready at all times to give a helping hand where needed, yet by some, very little appreciated.

There never was more truth expounded in Cin'ti, than when Dr. Bliss and his guides occupied the rostrum. The lectures were instructive, grand and eloquent.

In conclusion I will add that while Spiritualism of to-day has numerous phases, yet they center from a certainty whose solution I will leave the readers to fathom—all things are governed by a law—*miracles there are none, or never were.*

—•••—

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 CHILDREN'S DEP'T.



Lovingly your Adopted
 "Uncle Charley," 412 Eaton St., Peoria, Ill.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

(Continued.)

Well my dear children the next things in the museum I will tell you about, are the little ESQUIMAUX DOGS, THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT, THE EDUCATED PIG, etc.

The dogs are very kind and useful animals living as they do in a very cold climate, and are much used by the Esquimaux to draw him over the ice and snow. Seated in his comfortable sled with five or more of those funny little dogs attached, the Esquimaux rides out as independent as a king, as juvenile as a school boy and happy as happiest.

Just think of it children—people falling down before an elephant, to be trampled to death under its feet and by so doing to worship, religious worship of such a stupid thing. Siam is the home of the white elephant and people worship him there just as I have stated above. They still continue to worship the *white elephant* but I think their modes of worship are some what modified or changed from what they used to be. Yes, Barnum had one of those *Sacred white elephants* in his museum. There are a great many so called white elephants, but this one was considered the whitest. When the children come to see the white elephant they used to ask Mr Barnum a great many questions about it: "Why do people kneel before him?" "Do they want to be trampled down?" And what are they burning?" Then he would tell the little ones about the home of the elephant—how the people worshipped him there—and, that he

may not feel neglected they pretended to do the same here, and the kneeling and burning of incense were forms of worship to which he was accustomed. I hope none of my little readers will never be so foolish as to worship such things. As far back as we have any account of the people of the world, there has been some who worshipped such things; and as TRUTH has always been taught by signs, symbols and parables, the ignorant worshipper would lose sight of the great object of worship—THE TRUTH—worship the Symbols instead. Thinking of leaving the presence of the *Sacred white elephant* to seek that of the *educated pig!* Of all the trained animals he was the funniest. When he was told to introduce himself, he would pick out, from a black alphabet, the letters P—I—G, and then he stood on his hind-legs and bowed low. Afterward, he and a pig friend played cards, both keeping their tempers perfectly. There were also dogs that played dominoes and then they would dance and pretend to drop down dead with fatigue; but at the sound of a fiddle, played by a monkey, the dead dogs revived, and, like *Old Mother Hubbard's* would begin dancing a jig! Bears and elephants would dance and drink from bottles, ponies walk on their hind legs, carrying bags of school books; and then laying aside their sun-bonnets and books they all engage in a military drill. Two goats played see-saw on a board, like the children at school with a board across the fence with one or more on each end, and one of them would bounce the other off the end of the board after the manner of naughty little boys. Mice walked tight-rope and a trained rat would climb a pole and raised the American flag. It is wonderful how these animals were trained to perform the great variety of funny things which they did. Well children next time I will tell you something more about elephants, Paul Boynton—the wonderful swimmer, and the zulus.

"Lovingly your "UNCLE CHARLEY."

 N. D. C. PUZZLES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

During the war, a gentleman was called in to one of the prisons to see a prisoner and when

he came out, he was asked by one of the guards what relation he was to the prisoner; and being some what embarrassed by the question, under the circumstances, replied: "Brothers and sisters have I none, but that man's father was my father's son."

1. What relation were they?

A very genial friend passed me by one morning and very politely took off his hat and drew of his glove to shake hands with me; and in the above I have mentioned his name.—

2. Can you tell me what it is?

3. What is it that is black and white and yet red all over?

4. What birds resembles the *court* before whom Dr. W. E. Reid was tried about a year ago for practicing his mediumship?

5. What two things have four changes in life and yet never grow old?

6. What is the greatest principle or law? And why?

ANSWERS TO N. D. C. PUZZLES IN NO. 7.

No. 1.—Because like the man mentioned they know a good thing when they see it, therefore seek to obtain it.

No. 2.—They are salt and savor of good things and if true N. D. C. ites they will never put their light under a bushel.

No. 3.—Nero; Dissoeli; Confusus or Christ.

No. 4.—C-O-N-D-ition.

No. 5.—After the N-ight D-ay C-omes.

No. 6.—N-ight, D-ay, C-entral. Night and day are the two extremes as to light and darkness. C. harmonizes all extremes, in that it is central and always comes in between extremes of any kind.

It is a good plan to be Central in every thing, weigh well both sides and you will never become "Lop sided" or "extremest."

No. 7.—D-e C-lare.

N. B.—Any one having conundrums or puzzles that will be of interest to the children will do us a favor by sending them to me for this department. Fraternally your brother for the advancement of "The Cause."

C. T. H. BENTON.

NOTICE:—When the 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, post office address plainly, also the state in which you live.

All letters, conundrums or puzzles for this department must be mailed so as to reach "Uncle Charley" by the first of each month to insure their insertion in the next number of THE SOWER.

Well children there are no letters this time but we have the promise of some nice ones for the next number.

With the next number, "Barnum's Museum" story will be finished and I shall endeavor to give you a better one from "real life" which I am sure will interest all of you and the grown up children too. Let us all try to be good and do good and we shall be happy.

Lovingly your "UNCLE CHARLEY."

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

Our N. D. C. conference is left out entirely this time, but will appear in our June Number. We only have so much space and consequently considerable matter must be left over each time, but will appear later on in its turn.

For eight months our magazine has come to you, and has done its particular work of sowing seeds of spiritual culture, spiritual knowledge and spiritual unfoldment. We earnestly hope we shall not be obliged to have any suspension even for a short time.

We cannot boast of the unparalleled success (financially) that our SOWER has attained in the brief time of its existence in its present form. But we are very thankful to spirits in the mortal as well as out that it has (even under difficulties) been able to float out upon the breeze and visit you in your various homes each month and simply hold its own.

We are the recipient of a very fine poem from Mrs. Rose L. Bushnell one of the Editors of the "Golden Way" who is one of our N. D. C. Members. The magazine is published in San Francisco, Cal. and is the successor of "Golden Gate." It is a very fine magazine

published monthly—price \$2.00 per year. Single copy 20 cents. Success to the work.

The greatest argument in favor of Nationalism is a comparison that all can see, between our postal and telegraph systems. The former that is governed by the Nation can allow us to send a sealed letter from one end of this country to the other for only two cents. We can send a message by telegraph not exceeding twenty words, for twenty-five cents, but not for any less. Here is a difference of more than twelve times the amount of money that it requires to send a letter, and why should this be so? Simply because one is managed by private individuals for their own benefit, while the other is under the direct management of our Nation for the general good of all.

We are sorry there are any Spiritualists who cannot see there is something of vital importance in the line of work that we are pursuing, of encouraging and instructing people to form spiritual altars in their own homes, and thereby making our blessed Spiritualism a power and strength in our land that shall eventually revolutionize the whole world. What the family prayer circle is to Christianity, the spiritual altar is to Spiritualism. That should be the most sacred place of all. The holy of holies—where we commune with our dearest and best friends in spirit, and receive strength and encouragement from our appointed spirit guides and guardian angels to cheer us on the journey.

We do not come into this work under the same condition that most of our contemporaries have into their work. This is not the result of a life's work with a collegiate course, lengthy experience, the accumulations of wealth of a long life to ensure success on every hand. No. No! We come because it seemed we must fill a vacancy, we come in sorrow, in poverty, without experience or preparation—a woman, with an infant—one recognized by law with the lunatics, idiots and convicts. Notwithstanding all this—we have the supreme trust in the spirit helpers and feel assured there is a power in this work than nothing on Earth can annihilate.—The

hope and faith from which mountains are removed are our continued guest.

Our street car strike in Detroit of a few weeks ago proved a success to the strikers. They did not strike for more pay and less hours, which they could have done with great consistency as they were working sixteen hours per day and from 9 to 11 dollars per week. But they struck because twelve of their number had been discharged because they were enthusiastic union men. And the trouble only ceased when the twelve men were taken back. Great excitement prevailed in this city for several days, as no street cars were allowed to run and the sympathies of the entire populace from Mayor down to children were with the strikers. Here is one triumph for labor, and shows which side public sentiment is on.

NOTICE.

Peoria Branch, No. 1. N. D. C.
MRS. O. H. RANDALL, D. D. M., 1624 Perry St.

Peoria Branch, No. 2. N. D. C.
DR. C. T. H. BENTON, D. M., 412 Eaton St.
N. D. C members and all mediums from abroad are always welcome.

Circles for Investigators, every Wednesday eve., for N. D. C. members, Regular N. D. C. Time.

Any Slate-writing medium can find a welcome-home among us here for several days at least, and would do well. Send notice of your intended visit to our city and you will be met at the depot by our committee.

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