

THE SOWER.

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NEW SERIES,
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MYSTICAL LAND.

There's a mystical land—a land of rest
With peaceful emotions favored and blest,
No sin enters there—no sorrow or care.
No anguish of heart—no pang of despair;
No serpents trail is there ever known,
No thorn for the flesh in its clime is grown,
No toilsome labors on its shores intrude,
No notes are heard from the noisome and rude.

And yet it is dark and shrouded in night.
Not even a glimpse enlivens the sight;
Minds windows are closed—no flickering gleam
Save the transient flash of a fitful dream,
A fragment thrown off—from the work of life,
A glimmering spark from its bustle and strife,
As at its portals the brain overtaxed,
Its energies leaves from effort relaxed.

In that veiled retreat, what mortal can say,
Mind may not act independent of clay;
May not in a sphere to earth life unknown,
Receive seeds of thought on its breezes borne;
Which in the sunshine of sentient life,
Their germs will unfold to aid in the strife.
To which the years with a brightening blaze,
Are bringing a world's truth—enchanted gaze.

Perchance when is left on this side the "river"
The debris of earth in farewell forever;
When "ashes to ashes" are gathered home,
And spirits exultant in broader fields roam;
They will find that the strands of dual life
Were entwined to resist temptation and strife.
And learn that they gathered their present gems.
Of aesthetic thought in sleep's mystic realms.

They there may know why their doubts at the night.
Were dispelled at the dawn of the morning light;
Why plans that were formed ere rest to them came.
Lost all their promise and seemed not the same;
Why inspiration of thoughts that were new
Came fresh and sparkling as the early dew.
Expressive of that which before was unknown,
And brightening the trend on which they were sown.

VERDE MONTE.

From The Weekly Discourse.

THE GREATEST NEED OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A DISCOURSE GIVEN THROUGH THE GUIDES OF
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

INVOCATION.

Infinite God; Our Mother of Love, Our
Father of Divine Wisdom; Creator, through
whose law of perfect of life every form
springs into existence, every world mounts to
its appointed place; Thou Guide, who through
divine and infinite cycles maketh suns and
systems mount to the heights of their own
spheres, all worlds and moving orbs until
through countless constellations the stages of
life are outwrought; Preserver, who through
endless ages still maketh the spirit to abide
even through eternity, though dwelling for a
time in the house of clay, though the form be
transient and fleeting the soul forever mounts
to its place triumphant; Thou whose breath is
on the summer breeze freighted with the
odors of the balmy air; who through the in-
cense of sweet flowers giveth forth the offering
of tributes unto life, and receiving that offer-
ing giveth benedictions in return; O, God, we
praise Thee for every form of life; for the
voices that herald the springtime, when the
winter's snows and storms have passed; for
the vast triumphs of nature that have a place
for the darkness of the storms, frosts, and
snows: for all the harvests that are yielded in
response to the life of nature, for every gift
that the earth affords; for the fruitage that
comes of planting the trees, the vineyards;
for flowing streams and fountains that water
the verdant valleys; for the anthem of ocean
waves that repeat forever the monotone that

soundeth like the voice of eternity. But more do we praise thee for the songs of triumph within the soul; for the exultation that cometh when death and the shadows of time are vanquished; for the blossoms that are eternal; for truth, and goodness, and purity; for all the triumph of eternal love that yieldeth unto the bowers of eternity the blossoms of perpetual life. Oh, may those who walk amid the shadows behold the light; may those who still mourn when the angel of death approaches behold the immortal morning; and may those who are weighed down and oppressed with the cares of daily life, feel their burdens to be lifted, feel strengthened by the power that cometh from within and above, and may the immortal messengers on wings of living light proclaim the glad tidings unto all people of life eternal. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

We believe it was Sir Thomas Buckle who said: "Whoever will reconcile the price of corn with the needs of the people will solve the question of the age."

We believe it was John Stuart Mill who said: "Whosoever will adjust the differences of human life to a reconciliation between wealth and poverty to the intelligence of the highest government will solve the need of this age."

Rev. Mr. Savage in a sermon in Boston, recently said: "Whosoever will answer the question of immortality to the unqualified satisfaction of the human family will be the greatest benefactor of the age."

From these different points of view it would seem that the greatest question of the age depends upon the point of observation of the individual, that no one individual can judge for another what is the great need of the hour. If we were to judge merely from a material standpoint, from human observation only, we would say, without any political bias, without any tendency to partisan spirit in any direction, that whosoever will solve the existing questions between capital and labor; including all the social questions relevant thereto, will have met the needs of the hour. Whosoever will offer a plan for human existence that will not include poverty, oppres-

sion, wrong and the right of might over the right will be the savior of this century.

But with that statement comes also the knowledge of the philosopher, that with the great diversity of human thought and the various conditions incident to human life no one answer to one need can meet the emergencies of the hour. The solving of the question of physical maintenance merely would not be a solution of the entire human problem, though it might go far to make man reconciled to his lot and to the establishment of a higher state of civilization. Unless the mental and moral nature be included in whatever solves the problem of human life there certainly can be no meeting of the great needs of the hour.

It is amazing to see upon what basis human minds that are supposed to be the wisest and most intelligent work for what they hope and suppose to be the highest good of the human race. One would think in a political canvass if all that each party claims to do for the people were true, the state not only would be safe, but the people. One would think to hear the highest and wisest that there is no unanswered need, that all the problems of human life had been solved by the comparatively representative government that exists in this country. While compared to other nations it is the millennium of freedom, still you know that crime, want and poverty lurk in all your crowded cities that the wealthy and powerful trample the poor beneath their feet, that the iron heel of power necessarily reaches and crushes those who are impotent in body or mind, or both; you know that there is great striving day by day.

Social scientists expect to solve these problems by slow process of evolution under the law of heredity, by stamping a better humanity on the highest position of the present race, and gradually working out these needs by the survival of the fittest. Those who dwell purely in the realms of intellectual achievement consider that the present hour contains within itself the elements of a solution of all the problems of life by the degree of intellectual attainment that is in the world. Anything that is scientific bears the distinct

stamp of the present age. This age is nothing if it is not scientific, and being scientific it is supposed that when science shall take supreme possession of the world and of all intelligent minds sufficiently to go forth in all ways there will be a solution of these problems.

But science can only be the hand-maiden of human intelligence after all. A body and mind without a soul is not a complete solution of the problems of life and the needs of the hour, though they are deemed to be largely physical, are, nevertheless, the most apparently spiritual. The mental problem upon which the present age is fed is overstrained, as is the material excitement upon which speculation is fed. The competition in the world of traffic contains ultimately, no doubt, its own ruin and destruction. In some degree the competition that is in the world of intellect contains much that destroys the aims and objects of the highest human existence. We could almost creep back to the primitive artistic portraiture of Thoreau and Ruskin, and deplore the prevalence of the steam horse, and the mighty mechanical powers that fill the air with smoke and corruption for the sake of commerce. Sometimes we are almost tempted to say that a return to nature would be better; that if one could live in a tent and commune with nature with the spirit that was in the original red man might it not be a solution of the problem?

But civilization is upon you in full force. You are in a mighty current that presses on toward a culmination. You are to have a period of great and undeniable success. The Rome of the past offers an example of nations rising to their culmination and then decaying, and every period of human civilization has brought a repetition of similar states of unfoldment, accompanied always we trust by higher achievement in the end.

To one who looks upon the present age from the spiritual standpoint, upon the needs of the hour there is a sad deficiency. Do not misunderstand us; there are a sufficient number of religious bodies in the world; there is organization and method in the theological world; there is great progress in the ways and

means by which theology is distributed throughout the world, and on the whole viewing the theological question not from a dogmatic, but a spiritual standpoint, there is a greater degree of tolerance; there is a kind of solvent at work among religious bodies to bear forward unitedly distinct theological purposes; but, unfortunately, these distinct theological purposes are not always spiritual purposes, they do not meet the spiritual requirements of those of the human race not included in theological membership, and there are also divisions, subdivisions and confusion, producing the broad church and the narrow church, liberal creeds and illiberal creeds to answer the various kinds of human worshippers.

In the midst of all this there is a dominant spiritual power, a something that fits the times and condition of the spiritual needs of the human race.

Without desiring in any way to present a limited view, and wishing to be perfectly fair and tolerant to all classes of minds, we consider that the present need of the world is spiritualization. Let us tell you what we mean by this: We mean that while science is steadily improving in her methods, while the leading men of science are most admirable in this, that there is no limit offered to investigation, no finality, at the same time the tendency of all science has been to throw discredit and doubt upon that portion of man's nature which we consider eminently spiritual, and throwing discredit upon that portion of his nature, that portion has been neglected under the recent domination of science to a degree almost unparalleled.

Some one wisely said not long ago that, much of the insanity that is so prevalent is because there is too little ideality in the world; that the imagination has been crushed out; that the fairy tales of olden times have been destroyed by the utilitarianism of this age; that children are taught too realistic things; that the imagination not finding sufficient scope here comes the young life to plunge into eternity to solve the problems that are not seemingly solvable here.

When you consider that you have taken away the fairy tales from children and scienti-

fically substituted nothing in their place; when you consider that the world of theology has grown cold and materialistic, and has substituted none of the finer and higher means of religious training, that angels and guardian spirits have been relegated on the one hand to a far off domain in heaven, and on the other hand to oblivion by the cold, matter-of-fact, scientific world; when you consider that human sentiment and human affection are obliged to take refuge in pictures and poetry, in the teaching of past philosophers, and in the dreams of the modern dreamers, you will understand what we mean.

Why, we have even heard of a modern materialistic philosopher endeavoring to explain to his interested and charmed audience, that no doubt when Plato believed and thought he was talking with the angel, or demon, he was simply talking with his own conscience. Here is a system of sublime philosophy, before whose light this modern philosopher could not hold even the smallest rush-light, that this modern philosopher says depends not upon visions and conversations of the spirit, not upon angel messengers and the immortality of the soul, as taught by Socrates and elaborated by Plato, but merely upon Plato's conscience, which satisfies in calling itself a demon or guardian-angel, and then proceeds to erect an impossible structure, according to this modern philosopher, to prove his conscience was right! So preposterous an idea could only find lodgement in the attenuated brain of a *modern* philosopher.

Then when you consider that everything partaking of the nature of man's intuitive or spiritual existence is steadily crowded out of the world, is called superstition on the one hand and delusion on the other, or dabbling with forbidden things, you will not be surprised to know that we consider that there is a sort of spiritual famine in the world. That this has been steadily increasing in proportion as people have turned their attention to material facts without the spirit which accompany those material facts.

Many of the followers of Darwin are materialistic, Darwin certainly was not. There is no proof in any of Darwin's own writings

that he either failed to recognize the principles of existence as spiritual, or that he believed that there was no spirit in the universe. But those weaklings who follow, who trail along the line of the great man's thought are so busy with the subtle methods of his material philosophy that they forget that the primal basis was the recognition of that which no science can solve. His co-worker, Alfred Russell Wallace, who had nearly as much to do in introducing Darwin's system of philosophy as Darwin himself, is an eminent Spiritualist and known to be such, while many of the co-adjutors of Darwin have branched out into various systems of speculative science, but the true and devoted follower recognizes the *a priori* spirit, and merely assumes to deal with things after they have ceased to be spiritual.

We consider that the crowding out from the schools of learning of all possible recognition of man's spiritual nature has resulted disastrously to the intelligence of the youth of this country, we consider that men like Mr. O. B. Frothingham, who, having outgrown creed and dogma, became a brilliant Unitarian, and at last found himself floating out into the sea of materialism, pausing ere he approached that alternative, he turned square around and said to his congregation: Either Spiritualism or annihilation is true, I am not prepared to tell you which, but I will not preach any more until I know. How many clergymen might say the same thing if they spoke truthfully? The spirit of religion being wanting how many preach theology and know that their souls and those of their congregations are starving? While if the preachers see with higher vision and speak with more inspiration they are at once brought before the materialistic theology and its councils and tried for heresy. To have higher authority heresy is to have any *new* thought concerning religion is heresy, to be inspired is the very height of heresy in modern theology.

The result is a body without soul, intellect without spirit, and a science with no source from which it emanates; the world given over to material methods without any means of

solving the great problems that ever lie hidden within the soul.

It would all be well enough if human beings lived here forever. But the man or woman who stands by the open grave or casket of the babe that has only staid here a few short months, wondering if that is all; or those who stand by the side of the open casket containing the form of a youth or maiden just entering upon life here, cut off in the very beginning of human hopes, or those who stand beside the form of one who has, perhaps, reached almost the climax of existence, but cannot be spared because of the useful labor that lies before that one, ask the question, why this is so, are they gone forever? Then the vacant place by the fireside, the retentive memory and love for those who have vanished from mortal sight, all who have felt the crushing, terrible blow of that silent messenger that comes and steals the visible form away will bear us testimony that there is no answer in science, and there has been proven to be no effectual answer in theology to the one great need of solving why this life thus begins and is borne forward with its aspirations, love, affection and sentiment, if that is the end.

If it is not the end, and if human life is built upon something more than the dust; if intellectual formulas will not solve the great proposition that arises in the moral and spiritual nature of man, if imagination, poetry, all dreams of prophets, seers and sages are not to be accounted of value, if the highest that is in man is to be turned into the stream of mere intellectual and physical pursuits, to what end is it so? Shall men count the stars, call them by their names, place them in their orbits of splendor, compute their distances, and vibrations of light, and they be wiser than he in this, that they can survive him; shall man, inventing the crucible, and taking all the substances of which the earth is made' find out their primates, their relations to each other, solving the different portions, each separately until there are no more combinations, and then be inferior to the thing that he solves; shall man at first unacquainted with mechanics, discover all the mechanical forces and

vibrations that are in the universe, and make those surrounding the earth subservient to his wishes; shall he make the lightning his messenger, and steam his burden bearer, and finally cause the sun's rays to do his bidding, and be inferior to that which he controls; and if not inferior, shall that portion which can do all this spend its energies for a few brief days, or weeks, or months, or years in its tenement of clay and then die out and be forgotten, leaving it is true the inheritance of his discoveries to the succeeding races, which at last may be swept away by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and no more left to tell the story than silent monuments of Egypt, that give up slowly the records of a past civilization?

In order to live humanity must live at its highest heights as well as at its lowest depths; in order to express itself fully humanity must be taken for the highest that it can give, and it is no more just to the life of this age that man shall live in the physical senses or the intellect merely than that he shall creep when he can walk, or walk when he has learned to fly. We consider that great abiding need of this age, that the all absorbing hunger, the great famine that has been in the world is a lack of true spiritual perception.

Let us see jails stand side by side with the churches, the criminal is evolved from the same society, and often from the same family as the just man. The minister of the gospel yields unto the civilization of to day a child that is worthy and one that is a criminal; no one has found the cause of this, there is nothing in structure of society that seems to offer a solution. The most capable men among you are sometimes proven to be defaulters, some of the most honorable business men seek refuge in Canada, fleeing from the justice that there is in the verdict of the world for embezzlement. It is the knowledge gained in following the world of traffic that enables them to do this; the world of traffic feels this, and feels that there is no possible remedy in the religions that are abroad in the world to the extent of preventing these results, there is nothing that holds a check upon human life to prevent its engaging in this

traffic and following it to the fullest extent. If all the criminals were found among the lowest classes, if it were true that the slums yielded more distinctly awful crimes than the other ranks of life, then the social scientist might have some true solution; but it is not so.

While it is true that vice and crime in their lowest expression exist in the slums of crowded cities, some of the most surprising criminals exist not there, but among the educated and intelligent, those who have had the best theological training. What does this mean? It means that the spirit, even, in the midst of this training has been famished, that to conquer the earth and possess worldly things, have been presented as the greatest achievements: that the accumulation of wealth is the god of the hour, next to that the achievements of intellectual power is that which men worship.

While it is true that every genius in science is also reverently true to his highest spiritual nature, that a man like Humboldt not only investigates the minutest objects, but feels through, and in all the Creator and Ruler of the universe, it is also true that those who dabble in the sciences that genius discovers, are taught irreverence and believe because they can analyze some of the processes of nature, and trade out their physical effects that there is therefore no spiritual principle in the universe. The schools of medical science because there is an analysis of the human system, chemically, physiologically and anatomically, turn away and materialistically claim that there is no spirit, and those who discover in the various effects of the universe an effect of cause, forget that the cause which they are ultimately seeking must be superior to every effect.

If there could be a voice that could penetrate the prison house or dungeon cell, whether it be of material crime or of spiritual darkness, and say unto each, you are just as valuable in the kingdom of existence as every other life: say unto the spirit, however darkened, there is that within you that contains the possibility of any other spirit. If there were a power that could penetrate the crimi-

nal's cell, and instead of condemnation and censure, instead of jury, judge and executioner, would say to him, you have done the worst, you can do the best if you will, and show the way, and say to him you are just as valuable in the great eternity of life as any other human being, so that you make your life worthy; if there could be a voice that would penetrate the counting-rooms and banking houses, the boards of trades, exchanges and marts of the world, and say to the man of business traffic, barter not your conscience here, though you evade human laws, you cannot evade the nemesis that comes from within if you have done to your brother. Develop all the treasures of the earth, bring forth all the hidden resources that are here, but be careful that you do not traffic in human lives, that the young man in your office is not tempted by your example; that the great god, gold, does not so control that you, whether you are employers or subordinates, stultify the conscience, this would cure the world.

The hidden well springs of vice and crime are not in the slums of great cities. Intoxicating drinks, revelry and debauchery may add to the great streams of crime, but the crimes that make the earth full of darkness and horrors have their little fountains and streams far up in the social and monetary scale of the world, in those temptations that come in the great success of monetary transactions, in the examples that are offered to young lives to venture forth in uncertain fields of speculation, and then make up their deficiencies by defalcation, in substituting false accounts for real. We make those vast monetary transactions of the world responsible for much of the felony that is in the world.

If we speak plainly, it is because the current year has been replete with these evidences.

Do you suppose that a proper perception and understanding of the spiritual nature would ever allow a human being to so degrade himself? Do you suppose he could stultify his conscience, and drown the voice of the spirit if he knew that he alone has the fashioning of his spirit life? But the

truth is that man has transferred his moral responsibility to the church, his political and social duties to the states and society, and left his own soul starving for the lack of sufficient recognition; the truth is that man's spiritual responsibility has not been kept alive.

The world is famishing, not for theological love, nor religious teaching, but for individual spiritual awakening; you want spiritual life while here. People often say: Oh, let us live in one world at a time. An eminent unbeliever, or agnostic, as he calls himself, says, "one world at a time is enough for me." But if a man is living in the basement or in one or two stories of a magnificent mansion, and he knows that there are upper apartments tier, upon tier will he be satisfied to remain in the cellar, will he be content to live there and say, one story at a time is enough for him? Will he not open wide the upper apartments with every power at his command, and fill them with every object of beauty, and let the sunlight come in and occupy the entire dwelling?

So it is with man's spiritual nature people are impoverished because they are told that they must live in one world at a time. The spirit world is here, it impinges upon this world. You are spirits. You dwell in the spiritual realm as much as you will when you cast off your habiliments of earth. The real part of every human life is the spiritual part. If this is true it is just as important that it shall be recognized as the body, which requires food, or requires that you shall weave the clothing which it needs; the spirit requires that everything that belongs to the spirit shall be considered as much as that which belongs to the body. When children are in their infancy, would you say, oh, while they are children let them enjoy themselves to the fullest extent? You are careful to teach them the alphabet and such simple methods of learning as will make the way for future intelligence; you are careful to feed the body and clothe it with reference to future years. If you should treat your children, as though they were always to remain children, that being children there is no need of preparation for the future man or woman,

what would they be? When a little boy stands on tiptoe and says, I am almost a man, what would you think if a parent or teacher should tell him, that he was only a child and must not know or think of anything else?

So it is with the spirit that is within man: you have not only the right to build for the future, to grow for the future, and be taught for the future, but to live in the highest light that is possible now; to have all the sunshine and glory that you can glean from that inner and higher realm, to light up the burdens of to day.

While to the materialistic mind, the intellectual philosopher, and the student of mental and social science there may seem a way of solving the problems of human life independently of this quality to which we refer, we believe a return to the proposition, that whoever will best show to man the highest reason for his existence here will solve the problems of human life the best, whether it is in the nineteenth century or any other century. Whosoever will show man the best reason for his existence here, will also be able to show man the highest needs of that existence here. That while matter is to be made subservient and obedient to man's behest, to his needs while here, there is also that within that should be able to dominate and entirely sway the matter that has so long swayed the human race. That this state is possible, that which is called real is shadowy, and that the human race is steadily growing toward that domain of the spirit is most true; that while issues of other kinds, must after all, belong to to day, and while at the present time the needs which sweep in upon you from the great demands of the world must be carefully met and measured, it is also true that there is this dominant need which we feel to be so overwhelming that if we were asked to engage in any kind of intellectual work, if we were asked, as we have often been, to engage in any kind of especial reform like that of temperance, women's suffrage, the uplifting of labor, we would say, why lop off the branches, why not strike at the root.

If the spiritual part of man is steadily awakened and maintained, will it not only

conquer death and the fear of it, but also make human life more perfect? Can any one be intemperate, who has a correct knowledge of the spirit; that it possesses the body? Can any one be partial in his judgment and suppose that one half of the human race is intended to rule over the other half, if he has spiritual unfoldment? And if he has spiritual unfoldment will he not see that the great exigencies of the hour do not exist in the concentration and augmentation of capital, but in the bringing of humanity to know the issues of human life better by the recognition of man? We think the recognition of humanity is what the age needs. You recognize laws of nature, you recognize science, you recognize the great purposes of nature as you call them, you recognize the philosophy of the existence of the sun, moon, and stars, you recognize all things beneath your feet and that flow around you; you recognize the necessity of planting the kind of seed of which you shall reap the harvest. If a man wishes to reap wheat he does not sow tares, if he wishes grapes he does not plant thorns; and if in humanity he wishes to reap the answer to the highest needs of the race he does not plant thorns, thistles and briars of contention and error instead of the grain of truth and the fruitage of human love.

Let us not consider this thence either from the limited standpoint of the materialist or from the narrow view of the theologian, but that the spirit is the possession of the entire human race; that the right to growth in that direction belongs to the human race; that the results of its pervading power would certainly be the solution of all those problems that vex human life. When this is admitted it certainly must be from the highest point of human observation. Then we know where to begin; that while we feed the body, that which is the most necessary, the well springs of human life will not be neglected, while the child is provided for physically and mentally let us see that the vision of the spirit is not closed, the voice intuition is not smothered; that while recognize the need of physical growth and exercise, man must be sustained from within and above.

We believe that the answer to the question of immortality, as Mr. Savage says, will fill the needs of humanity more than any other work here. The knowledge that the spirit of man *a priori* as well as *a posteriori* is immortal; the knowledge that the life within man is the real life, that the power of the spirit is in exact proportion to his conquest over selfishness is the one means of uplifting the earth; that to-day more hearts would be made glad, more lives would be made useful, more chains would fall from human hands, and more people would be released from despotism if there were perfect unselfishness and a perfect knowledge that the spirit of each is immortal and just as valuable in the kingdom of eternity as every other spirit, that there is no exclusive paradise that all will not attain by unfoldment from within, that the earth itself yields its highest treasures to those who see with the eye of the soul instead of the eye of dull sense.

The man who measures the feet, and yards, and rods of his broad acres, merely counting that they will yield so much produce, while he does not see any of the sunset glory, any beauty of the bending sky, nor hear the song bird, nor heed the voices of little children, has very little to live for, if he hoards up the results of the grain that is sown and planted in his fields then when the harvest is gathered, it is only so much less that he has to live for. But if with the power of the spirit he plants the seed in all the loveliness of life, hearing the song of the lark that rises from the meadows, seeing the light that is in the sky, hearing the happy voices of children who are homeward bound from school, and his heart throbs high at seeing so much food for the little ones, at seeing so much bread to help the world that is starving, at seeing so much grain that is not to pass into the hands of those who store it away for higher prices, but is to give food to those who toil and wait patiently day by day for their bread. Oh, if he feels this how does the earth yield of its treasures unto his hand, how the divine bends near to bless the fruitage of his toil! If a man be in a mine far out of sight of the sunshine and the air, and this spirit possesses

him still, he will delve and toil inspired by its mighty purpose.

The power of the reconcilment of all difficult things, the strength to weary, plodding feet, uplifting the hands that falter, the power that enables the weary heart to bear its burdens that which brings respite from toil, that which enable the great hungry heart of the world to go on without breaking must be found in the spirit that is never quite crushed, but with hope springs forth and gives unto human life greater and diviner possibilities.

When the so called, "practical" questions have been solved by the "practical" mind of the age, we shall still declare that the one solvent of human existence unto every human life, is to feed the spiritually famished, to comfort those who spiritually mourn, uplift those who are spiritually downtrodden, to strengthen those who are in the throes of mammon with spiritual truth, and to exalt the millionaire beyond the tethers of the senses until to hold in charge more gold than he can use will be the one great crime of the nineteenth century.

INCARNATION.

[Impromptu poem, the subjects being suggested by a member of the audience.]

May it not be true that out of the heavens above,
That place of souls by you on earth unknown,
The child that answers to the bond of love
Is missed by angels who call it their own?

May it not be true that in heaven a space
Is left vacant when e'er a child is born,
That the fair light of heavenly grace
Lingers along through childhood's blest morn?

As Wordsworth said, the trailing clouds of glory
Illumine the earthly way and the bright sphere
Of the heretofore, repeats its story
In many a mystic wandering here;

That as the body from primordial dust
Springs and uprises here to meet the soul,
That light descends into mold and rust
To accomplish here its perfect goal;

May it not be true that the "breath of God"
Is the breath of the soul of the heretofore,
That the realm by the pre-existent spirit trod
Is after all a realm unknown no more;

And that behind as well as beyond
Is the true realm of spirit fair and bright,
And that while you look with love light fond

Into the eyes of loving light,
You are looking also away into space
To find that heretofore of pre-natal grace?

It must be true that somewhere between
The body pulsing with love so bright
And the spirits immortal, wondrous sheen
There is interval of living light
That breathes itself into the outward clay,
And bring, the form to its height alway.

It must be true that while clothed upon here,
There is a reminiscence of things divine;
And that immortality is a sphere
And not a long continued line
That at both ends meet with its final doom
In annihilation the spirit's tomb.

Aye, because immortal the soul has been;
It consents to meet this house of clay,
To conquer whatsoever is heard and seen,
And then go on its eternal way;

It stays for a while 'mid shadow and gloom,
Until at last its true height is known,
Then rising transfigured from out earth's tomb,
Seeks another glory than here is won.

The word immortality means the part
That is only incarnated here a while,
That the throbbing and pulsing of the heart
Is the spirit's breath, that the radiant smile
That lights the household and form of clay
Is the spirit asserting its wondrous sway.

Through all the deep darkness of earthy life
There is a cleaving of the clouds above,
Saying that there still is the higher state
The heretofore of God's perfect love.

That no accident fashions this house of dust,
That he is not here by chance and gloom.
That he is not unaware in darkness thrust,
To fashion here but an empty tomb,
But by the light which the soul has known,
Though seemingly swathed in shadows here
He claims the past as his very own,
He claims the future as his native sphere.

Thus shall he rise when all things are dead,
When the earth and its shadows shall fall away,
And he mounts on immortal pinions instead,
And the heretofore shall behold alway.

And the hereafter shall fully know—
And both shall be revealed with the soul's own
power;

And all in the light of God's love shall glow
Repeating His wondrous and perfect dower.

BENEDICTION.

As unto every flower there cometh the sunshine and the dews of heaven in answer to its needs, so may the needs of this age, the hunger of the world, its want and misery find answer in the great heart of humanity and in the all-pervading love of God and the angels. Amen.

THE TEMPLE MESSENGER DEPARTMENT.

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AGE OF REASON.

Are the facts in Spiritualism well proven?

Yes. Some of the facts are very agreeable, others very disagreeable—but some of the darker facts are the most important lessons that humanity can learn.

What communications have an important bearing and are valuable for warning and exhortation?

When a spirit returns, who lived an impure life on earth, and reveals his unhappy condition as the result of his impurity this is much a lesson, even as the brighter and more blessed communications are valuable for consolation and the higher modes of edification.

When is a spiritual revelation valuable to the world?

When it reveals a truth or states a fact.

When is a truth revealed or a fact stated?

When a drunkard communicates as when one who has been a sober man does, when the brighter side is held up to you, it is to give you comfort, it is as needful for you to know that those who have erred and gone astray on earth are suffering the penalties of misdeeds in the spirit world, as that those who have been pure on earth reap the rewards of their virtuous acts.

What should we remember from this?

Never try to prevent the darker ones from making themselves known—do not endeavor to prevent a revelation from the lower as well as from the upper worlds.

If unprogressed spirits return, why is it.

They come for enlightenment and relief, and we must remember that in earth life, refined and progressive minds associate with lower beings in order to reform them and lift them out of their low estate.

What desire should we have as we draw near to the spirit world?

A desire for truth—that a divine revelation is never granted to the world in all its fulness

until man has grown to receive it.

Why are spiritual communications valuable?

They reveal the truth of the spirit's immortality, and every individual is free to investigate in his own way and in his own home, there is no spiritual hierarchy.

What does Spiritualism defy?

All restrictive organizations it cannot be confined in creedal limitations or locked within the walls of institutions, and men have endeavored again and again to sit in judgment upon the spirit worlds, and to confine God's revelations within narrow limits, but one after another have gone to pieces and Spiritualism has gone forward, accomplishing its great mission.

What have all religious systems rested upon?

Faith; and sacred writers merely asserted, but could not prove their assertions.

What resulted when man began to question nature and doubt theological dogmas.

Then commenced the long and bitter conflict, not between faith and reason, but between tyranny and oppression and the few brave advocates of liberty, fraternity and justice—of the right of man to the possession and use of all his physical and mental powers.

What was then believed?

That as reason advanced faith would decline; that reason would be exalted to the throne of the world, faith would be consigned to oblivion.

What was this conclusion based upon?

A mistaken idea of the nature and mission of faith. Humanity forgot that the darkness of the past was not illumined save by the light of faith; they forgot the griefs it assuaged, the hopes it kindled; that faith was the guardian of the soul's highest revelations; that it was only used by fanatics to silence the voice of reason and forge fetters for humanity.

What did reason accomplish as faith led the way?

From outer forms to invisible forces; from worlds to atoms; from matter to spirit; from the material body to the indestructible soul.

What did humanity become?

Permeated with faith in God and the rev-

elations of his works; faith in the integrity and innate nobility of the soul, in the ultimate triumph of justice and right.

In the age of reason what will man attain?

A too high sense of justice to infringe upon the rights of woman, parents become wise and judicious to have faith in the natural goodness of their children and appeal to their higher, nobler nature instead of intensifying their defects by coercive measures.

What will the age of reason signify?

The demonstration of spiritual truths so long proclaimed by the soul and accepted by faith.

Why will reason be considered the highest, noblest object of human consideration?

She will not stop at the tomb but fearlessly follow the golden light of faith across the shadowy stream of death, returning to bridge the river with shining facts, and will wait to welcome the celestial visitants from other spheres.

As Spiritualists, what should be our desire?

Not to bring spirits down to earth, but to rise ourselves by spiritual unfoldment into a condition where we shall be able to perceive spiritual realities and converse with spiritual beings upon their own plane of existence.

What is natural for man?

To love happiness and to search for it? it is natural for the human family to try every experiment until they find happiness.

What is discipline and an educational institution?

That in this life, and that which is to come, if darkness and discord, pain and trouble assail us it is simply a school through which we must of necessity pass.

Why is it natural that we should be ordained to happiness?

That as the Eternal Parent is an infinitely happy spirit, all children of the one Great Eternal are, by the essential and unchangeable constitution of their being, in the same condition.

How can happiness be attained?

By purity, truth, love, knowledge, and wisdom.

What did Socrates say?

Happiness, goodness and knowledge are all

one, while evil, darkness, ignorance, and misery are all one and inseparable.

What is in compliance with divine order?

That all souls will at length be happy, all lives eventually flow together in one divine channel, and all feet march together up that great hill where all life's sorrows will change into the fullness of eternal harmony.

What is the sight of God to the pure in heart?

The full perception that everything is good and for the best: that all life will turn out well, and all ways lead, in time, to the terminus of the celestial city, the shore of eternal happiness.

What is it to see God?

Perceiving spiritual truth, love, wisdom, and goodness.

What is the knowledge of the soul and the perception of the interior nature?

When we find divine justice ruling and governing all; and divine wisdom, love, and truth presented to our sense and intellect.

In the years to come, what will be perceived by growth and progress?

That religion will cast aside its outward dress, its pagodas, temples, and churches. They will be considered things of the past, and no longer needed.

Where does true religion appear?

Where people worship lovingly and truly the eternal God; whose hearts are full of gratitude to the eternal fount of all and they love the eternal with all their hearts, their souls, their minds, and with all their strength; then fear and dread is gone forever.

Can we be religious, and yet enjoy perfect freedom?

Yes; for you then can serve your father and mother from pure love—you do not fear them if you love them perfectly.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

The world moves, and humanity is marching onward, sustained by those grand souls who have gone before and who will still use their influence for wise purposes.

The character of the world's thought has been changed by the teachings of Spiritualism, and it has worked its own way by its

own power until all nations have felt the power of its moral teachings.

The God of nature ordains wise and loving laws for the guidance of earth's children.

If laws are disregarded, suffering is the prompter, to recall the wanderer to the right-ful track.

God is never angry, angels are never offend-ed, but pain follows transgression, by divine ordinance, not to torture the erring ones, but to lead them out of error into truth.

The age of liberty which can only be at-tained as the result of intellectual and spirit-ual growth has ever shone forth before the vision of enraptured seers and poets as the golden age.

No man or body of men have been able to lead or control Spiritualism, nor ever will be able, a fact which all Spiritualists, sooner or later, will be most thankful for.

The names of great men are like fixed stars that never set—clouds might gather round them, but when the heavens were cleared they would be found still shining.

Time on earth is measured by physical changes, as in the relations of the earth to the sun; time in spirit life is determined by states of mind and conditions of good and evil.

Ignorance is not a crime, but a state to be outgrown; pain is a means to growth; atone-ment means harmony with the divine law in action, thought, and feelings. No law changes—the eternal cannot alter, but a man is constantly subject to a higher development of truth.

We must never deem any human being lost, all will at length be released from that which holds them down.

Maintain integrity, even if you fail in a worldly sense, you will at least have a clear conscience, which in this life and that which is to be is of greater importance than all the kingdoms of earth.

Education is the great and only lever for the raising of humanity in the spiritual and moral scale of being.

Capital and labor must act together and in harmony for the best interest of humanity.

Death opens the higher attributes of the soul, not for rest, but for continued work.

The chariot of eternal progression will crush beneath its wheels every obstruction.

The church in this country is the church of the people and not of the government, and it is maintained by the people because they be-lieve it is good to have it.

The police of this country are for the good of the people and not of the government, be-cause they are for the protection of the people and to murder the police is to murder the people themselves.

That which is too sacred to be discussed, is too absurd to be believed.

On fear has the religious world built temples and erected its awful shrines.

All the churches in the country, all their members combined, all the intelligence of their clergy, all the money of their members, all the political forces they command, all the reasoning faculties of them put together, have not the power to crush the liberal sentiment of this age.

IDEAS OF HEAVEN.

How have the pulpit portrayed heaven to the indolent and weary?

As a state of perfect rest.

How to those who were exclusive and loved eternal show?

As a kingdom where their ambitious hopes would be gratified.

How was that kingdom shown them?

A king would reign, a great white throue would be set on a pavement of gold and there amid thunder and lightning and the pomp of spiritual music would be a chosen few to wit-ness the fearful drama of banishment.

What has been the sentence from the date of the Christian religion?

The royal judge would deliver his fearful anathemas and dismiss brothers, sisters and parents into the flames of eternal torments.

How would it be with a chosen few?

They were to engage in singing psalms and in playing upon the harp.

It was immaterial how unadapted, how common-place or uneducated the person might be, the glorious gift of a Mozart, Han-del, or Beethoven became his at death.

How long was he to sing and play?

Forever there would be no cessation to his song, his vocal organs were to continue their duties every minute, hour and year of unending time.

Who were to perform this monotonous form of existence in heaven?

The learned man, the day laborer, the rude brawler and quiet thinker, the murderer from the gallows (after accepting Jesus.)

What class of men has it been found difficult to persuade of this heaven?

Men of healthy organisms.

Who have been anxious to accept this heaven?

Those who have been addicted to all the pleasures and vices of earth, when frail in mind and body they consent to be enrolled on the Lord's side.

What is the last act in the drama of life to such as these?

They subscribe to certain forms and paying their pew rent in the church they are ushered into an eternity of pleasure.

What kind of a heaven have you been reading about?

A fabulous one.

What is a better view of heaven?

One of progress, avocation, and action, where all can exercise their God given faculties with no fear of an angry jealous God, a heaven where families will not be sundered.

What is future punishment?

The remorse of wrong doing.

How can you worship the good?

By helping the oppressed, feeding the hungry, clothing the helpless, and doing right in all conditions of life.

RESPONSES.

Let the grand difference between our religion and the religions of the past be that while theologians have set the seal of everlasting silence upon their creeds and conceptions, we keep the gates of our souls ajar that new truths may enter as welcome guests daily and hourly.

Mediumship is sacred when its object is to elevate the moral level of humanity.

Spiritualism is a superior light sent to teach us our task and destiny.

At death a chemical change dissolves the body, releases the spirit and sets it free from its earth-bound environments, a living, conscious individuality, a natural man, continuing in his sphere of usefulness and development throughout the never ending cycles of time.

The living soul that knows no death, through the process of death of the body, escapes the confines of the worn out tenement of clay and soars aloft, a living, conscious, intelligent, thinking entity, born anew, born of the spirit into newness and fullness of life.

To educate Americans to the duties of citizenship and to a thorough understanding of American institutions is of the very highest importance.

The object of Spiritualism is not to form an organization or build a church upon any formula of belief, however grand or comprehensive, but to scatter seeds of heaven-born truth broadcast throughout the land, in the churches and out of them, on the platform and in the press, thereby preparing the world for the better day that is soon to come.

Upon the faithful and conscientious teachers of our public schools depend a large share of that great work which shall ultimately result in lifting the whole race into the true liberty of the sons of God.

Neither tyranny of rulers nor the injustice of public opinion is in these days so much to be feared as the decay of public confidence in the law and public respect for legal decisions. There is needed now not more defence for the individual, but more defence for society, for public order and for justice.

Forever honored be the noble men and women who have stepped from out the narrow limits of the church and in the face of the most bitter and unjust abuse and almost overwhelming opposition on every hand dared to fearlessly espouse so unpopular a cause as Modern Spiritualism.

Spiritualism teaches us that life, both here and beyond, is a school in which all are to be educated. As soon as man really learns this one fact, that he alone is responsible for his deeds, that he cannot shirk the responsibility, or place it upon anybody else, it will do more

to restrain him from evil than the fear of the Orthodox hell has ever done.

True happiness is founded upon wisdom and virtue, for we must first know what we ought to do and then live according to that knowledge.

We should place facts before our children and teach them the method by which they are to grasp and use these facts.

Meet on the common plane of life and study the great questions, and live issues of the day, and try to make the present noble and grand.

Cultivate all the beatitudes and tender thoughts toward one another.

Let us hope that the church will warm up with pure human love and the door stand open all the days of the week and be filled with beautiful service, and sweet voices shall express the great wonderful world around us. Hail the time when human infancy shall be shielded from the darkness of a dark theology.

Inspiration is the perfume of heavenly thoughts entering the souls of men and women. In all ages, and in every avenue of progressive knowledge, through science, art and literature we can perceive the brilliant results and the stupendous achievements of that silent but mighty power—inspiration. *Sum*

Science is the ~~sum~~ of what we do know.


Religion is the *sum* of what we do not know.

The path of progress of which has been trodden by man's higher nature in the past, and which has led him to the portals of spirit communion, will still lead him to broader outgrowth.

Earth has produced no grander men—no nobler women than those who have labored for humanity.

Let our aspirations be for the continued growth and prosperity of this mighty nation.

All quarters of the globe are watching with eyes of sympathy, and entertain the largest hopes for the future development of the human race.

 The physical manifestations are the foundation stones of the spiritual edifice. The trance is the finer material of the spiritual structure. Both are necessary; both are

fulfilling the design intended by the wise denizens of the spirit-world, and all the powers of darkness combined cannot retard the building of the glorious structure.

EDUCATION.

What is the Right and duty of parents?

To educate their children so as to prepare them to become loyal industrious and useful citizens of the common wealth in which they live.

What should the State do?

To assist all parents to fulfill this duty by establishing a system of free schools which shall provide the opportunity of instruction for all children.

What is for the good of the community?

That the children of all classes should be educated at the public schools.

What is the right of the State?

That it should recognize no church as having paramount authority over citizens.

What is the Church?

A voluntary association of citizens—a body incorporated under the law.

What of its members?

They are responsible to the laws, and the commands of the church do not exonerate them from punishment for any offence against the peace and order of the Common wealth.

In a community like ours what should be our work?

Where there is no established church and all forms of Religion are equal before the law there should be no effort at representations of Religions and care should be taken to treat all persons with respect and not to offend any by ridicule or censure of their opinions.

What should be inculcated?

The principles of moral and sentiments of kindness, truth temperance and Justice and the methods of doing so must be such as not to arouse controversy and ill-will among pupils, parents and teachers.

What should the moral welfare of the schools depend upon?

Upon the personal character of the Committee who control them and the teachers who have charge of them—they should be composed of men and women chosen, not according

to their political or theological opinions but whose intellectual and practical ability and high moral character fit them for their work.

How should teachers be appointed?

Solely on their merits, and their services should be so well paid and honorably recognized as to secure for the schools the ablest men and women in the community.

How shall we best promote Patriotism in schools and scholars?

By recognizing fully and continually that it is a part of the business of the public school to make good citizens.

2.—By teaching in the schools more and better lessons, touching the theory, facts and duties of our civic life.

What is the motive and design of the parochial school?

They are established to teach mental slavery, denying as they do the right of private judgment and also they exalt the Pope of Rome above the Government of the United States, hence no American native or adopted can consistently support the parochial schools.

What shall we say of the public school?

More than ever they will be the schools of the people and they will more than ever fit the people for after life and promote solid growth in material wealth and in good citizenship.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Though we weep for the dead, let us salute the immortal,—having become invisible in one form they are resplendent in another.

CONDUCTOR:—From that far off day when the first mortal bent anxiously over the first white silent face and wondered what this new strange thing meant, mankind have been asking the following questions and Spiritualism has been and is answering them. Do they still live? Do they remember us and love us? Shall we find them and know them again? Even if they live, will they not have grown away from us?

What kind of life do they lead? Can they communicate in anyway? Would not their seeing our sorrows interfere with their happiness?

(Of an arisen member of our school)

Dust, to thy narrow house beneath,
Spirit, to thy place on high.

Presiding officer:—My friends, we know how vain it is to gild this grief with words, yet we must teach ourselves and our children that death is a gate of progress opened for us, in obedience to law. In this life, we view life and death as equal kings; and we must be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The grave is not the end of life, but the door to another. The night of our sorrow ushers in the brightness of the immortal spirit. The child passing away in its mother's arms, or he who journeys along over life's uneven road—all must meet this change.

The vase of joy is filled by being loved and loving in this life; and the continued life is naught without that love survives death. We give our loved ones to that supreme being—humanity—which exists in all the domain of nature. Every good thought, every disinterested deed hastens the harvest of good. This enables us to bear our sorrows. In the presence of death, how creeds and dogmas wither and decay; how loving words and deeds burst and blossom. We all know there will be a reunion. This sacred flower of eternal life grows in every human heart.

A continued life has been the hope and belief of people all through the ages. Our loved ones in spirit life have been whispering to us. We love, we wait—we hope; and the more we love, the deeper the shadows fall upon our desolate homes. All paths in life, whether filled with flowers or thorns, success or failure, the rags of poverty or the purple robe of power, lose difference and distinction in the presence of death. Character survives; goodness lives; and love is immortal. To many, there comes a time when the fevered lips of life, long for the cool, delicious kiss of death. Tired of the dust and glare of day, they hear with joy the rustling garments of a guardian angel to take them home. You who stand with breaking hearts above the inanimate clay, or this temple where the spirit has been developed for nobler aims, need have no fears, for the larger and nobler faith in all that is, or is to be, tells us there is no death.

Why have we met on this occasion?

To join in a sad yet pleasing testimonial to a loved and faithful member of this school; who has entered the life continued.

How do we view death on this occasion?

That we can celebrate the birth of a spirit into immortal life.

Where are those whose loss we lament?

They are still in existence; they are dwelling in that great parental mansion, the summer land. As they are in our thoughts, so, perhaps, we are in theirs; as we mourn their loss, so they rejoice in anticipation of reunion.

To those who have passed on, what does the spirit life unfold?

Glorious truths; and when they return, they come with additional knowledge.

What does mediumship show us?

That the spirit land is crossed by a narrow strip—a solemn, yet beautiful boundary between the homes, and when the boundary is crossed, the delighted stir of life is in a new form.

What is the welcome?

We glide into old friendships, renewed now forever; and again we see loved friends who have passed on in years before.

Remembering those who have departed, what should we do?

Their example should be an incentive to take up the work they left and worked so hard to maintain.

What shall we cherish?

The memory of the departed; and trust the door is still open and at times they will be, though unseen, our guests.

What is the great lesson we must learn?

Resignation. Remember that death is as natural as life; that we return the body to the elements; that the loved spirit has assumed the body spiritual.

Then what is the victory over death?

That the earthly diseases, weariness and pain, were left in the material body and the spirit is marching triumphantly onward to the attainments of yet higher capacities.

RESPONSES.

Death is the common lot.

It comes to all.

Our little lives begin in a cradle.

There are a few years, a little labor, love, tears, successes, disappointments, a grassy mound, another cradle, another sleep.

Death is only another birth.

Our coming here is expected and prepared for, so we enter there not as uninvited or unexpected guests but it is only the beginning of another home.

The same power that governs and shapes this life, that gave us love, light and beauty, that surrounded our pathway with friends and bordered it with flowers, is the same power that rules in all the worlds.

We shall go into no stranger's country nor beyond the reach of loving care.

Day by day here we are making ourselves what we shall be there.

Only in new conditions we shall go on under similar laws to live out the life already begun, and so achieve our destiny.

Those we love will not outgrow us.

Those who have preceded may have become much wiser than we now are.

But the wisest are ever the tenderest and the least conceited about their wisdom.

The only things we need fear, are the natural and necessary results of the thoughts we think and the deeds we do to-day.

They go before and become our angels, good or bad, that will welcome us to gladness or regret.

Life and death are but different names for two departments of what is really the one eternal life.

The blessed memories of years of joy and good cannot be taken from us.

Much of the beauty and joy of life is made up of precious memories.

Our real world is the remembered one.

The pressed flower, the faded ribbon, the half worn shoe and even the tear shall not make me sorry of the love of the arisen ones.

It is a pathway wherein all must walk.

The grasses are green upon the graves.

The flowers are teaching us that life and beauty still reign.

Dust goes back to dust.

The thickest clouds of sorrow are dissolved in tears.

We all hope for another life, and trust, that some day we shall exchange that hope for a certainty.

Those we love truly, never die.

Beware that, through devotion to the dead we do not cloud the lives of the living.

Set apart a silent chamber in the thoughts that shall be a shrine for them forever.

Do not give all your thoughts, love and care to those who have arisen.

Remember it is well with them, the living may need you more.

Let not our cemeteries witness the wasting of thousands and thousands of dollars on monuments.

The arisen ones are not helped.

The living that need our help may be forgotten.

Continue the work for the world that the arisen one loved, and so see to it that earth loses as little as possible by their departure.

Finish the work that they have left you to do.

Let us make the best of our friends while we have them.

Fear not death but life.

To die, is landing on some friendly shore.

Where billows never break, nor tempest roar, ere well we feel the friendly stroke 'tis o'er.

Sweet is the scene when loved ones die.

Triumphant smile the victor's brow.

Fanned by some guardian angel's wing.

This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life Elysian, whose portal we call Death.

They still live whom we call dead.

Death is a transition—no link is broken in the chain of being any more than in passing from infancy to manhood, and manhood to old age.

The bodies of the departed are simply the cast off garments of living men and women.

Life runs on through and beyond the accident of death.

A peaceful passage from this life to a continued one is no more than sunset whose red glory fades into the wider light of the rising stars.

Some day every family shall have its own

gateway to Spirit life, every group of loving friends, its communion unbroken by death.

To the care of angel friends we commend the Spirit we could no longer keep.

'Tis thou hast gone into that life where sweet lips never turn to dust, nor dear eyes to ashes.

CONDUCTOR:—May the glad revealments of truth be showered upon humanity, until it learns to smile with joy, to don its purest, fairest garments to welcome the approach of death—that season of change, that beautiful spirit of transition—which shall waft the spirit beyond the clouds of mortal life beyond the cares of physical existence, into a land where beauty and fragrance blossom forevermore. And oh! let man sing his songs, and learn to recognize the truth that after toil comes peace: after the storm, sunshine; after death, life immortal; and that the grandest, freest powers of existence blossom forth when the physical is laid aside and the spiritual gains the ascendancy. May we learn these lessons well, that our souls may sing a song of exultation, of gratitude and the praise for the blessings of existence, for the unfoldments of the soul, for the achievements of humanity. And thus may we be ready to press on, accomplishing our labor as we find it to do, fulfilling our duties in life, prepared to accept whatever new opening may dawn upon us.

Now my dear (whatever the relation may be), I commend you to the angel comforters, whose fingers alone can reach our inner nature. Rend the shroud and flood the soul with immortal light. As we gaze about us with spirit sight, we can see our arisen one. We shall follow, and meet what you have met—death? and when our eyes shall be dim in death, may some welcoming spirit receive us. We will not say farewell, for here will we meet, and you shall bring from that better land, fairer and newer truths. May you fare well wherever you go in the broad expanse of eternal life.

ONE YEAR'S Subscription to THE SOWER and LIFE MEMBERSHIP to N. D. C. with a beautiful CHART, only \$2.00.

The spider has woven her web and the owl sung her watch song in the domes of their crumbling palaces, their possibilities were swallowed up by the powers of darkness and their history proves, that—

“Who toiled a slave may come anew a prince
For gentle worthiness and merit won:
Who ruled a king may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone.

Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot
And sink it lower than the worm or gnat,
The end of many myraid lives is this
The end of myriads that.”

I conceive the true aim and effort of spirituality to be, to lift humanity higher and bring it nearer the ultimate in human existence. It endows it with that brighter light of revelation which enables it to recognize with peaceful and philosophical resignation, that supreamer crisis that frees it from its mortality.

The book of nature is spread out before it and Heavens sunlight reflects its varied prismatic tints to charm the eyes and elevate the aspiration of the hearts. Down through the corridors of time come the echoes of the ages. Their culminated experiences are recorded on the pages of history. The results and recompense of virtue and vice may not be mistaken. Where history and revelation stop more affulgent inspiration begins. Its assurances cheer the soul, that with conscientious reverence receives them. It gives enabling power to sift truth from man's intermingled error. It approves its sparkling evolution and consigns to oblivion the superstitions that have chilled the warmth and darkened the chambers of the soul. Mortal! linger not over the grave of the dead past. Light is breaking around you and beaming ahead. Heaven's sunshine by day and a “pillar of fire” by night will illumine your way. Spirit hands are beckoning and angelic voices calling. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!” He that hath a soul let him open its windows to that mental and spiritual light whose vista is permeating earth and reaching onward and upward to celestial planes and spheres—

It gilds life's rugged steeps—illumes the trav'lers way,
And for the darksome night—proclaims a dawning
day;

Clothes earth with brilliant tints, and nature's beauty shows

As o'er the vale and sky in ecstasy it glows:—
So in the human heart its emblematic sway,
Disturbing shadows lift, and clothe with silv'ry spray;
Aesthetic vision aids—to scan with glad surprise,
The souls progressive march toward the opening
skies.

“VERDE MONTE.”

DO ANIMALS HAVE A SPIRIT EXISTENCE?

As we go back in history—we find that *might* predominated over *right*: but it will happily be ‘vice verse’ in the future or directly the reverse.

As we advance, the weaker are not trodden down, but allowed their rights by the stronger that have had the rule. The male sex of most all animate creation are the largest and strongest, and hence generally rule the opposite sex—man included. By the development of intellect, the human female sex is being permitted her rights. The human male in his physical strength depreciated the female in her weakness—and considered her of minor value—even to the extent of conjecturing that she possessed no soul. We have heard quite intelligent men question if the colored race had a spiritual existence. Unspiritual aristocracy question the rights of the financially poor to equal privileges. So we find that in the domain of intellect unspiritualized, the tendency to make *might* right—and conjecture that those who have not an equal development of intellect to be unworthy and to possess such a minimum of power that they as human beings, though having life now—lack the maximum power to carry them through the portal of death. This is the conjectural conceitedness of power. There are, we are sorry to say some intelligent spiritualists that claim for the lowest development of intellect no spiritual existence.

Now where shall we draw the line? Have only our *smartest* intellect immortal souls? Who authorized undeveloped spiritual intellect to so decree? Does not God conserve the smallest forces of nature as well as the larger?

Does he not care for the atom equal to that of a world or a Sun? Is God a respecter of persons? Does not he care for the animal, and its life equal in degree with that of man? Does he not clothe them—leaving man to clothe himself? Is only a few, that of the best developed intellect, to have an existence hereafter, and that principally of the male sex, or the world has thus far developed? Now dear reader, Brother or Sister, remember this one thing, if you have taken the opposition, that *intellect does not make the life, but the life the intellect*, all things being requisite. The intellect grows out of life, as fruit upon a tree.

There must be the life force first, but if the conditions are not requisite, the fruit upon the tree is imperfect, and the intellect of man is bounded by the same law, and is manifested in the idiot. Therefore we claim that all animate nature has its personal individuality and spiritual existence.

All analogous nature is subject to influence by like analogous nature—as the grafting of trees &c., and of human and animal mesmerism, the key that unlocks impressional spiritual intercourse. It is proven that it works both ways—man over animal, and animal over man. I have a friend that saw a man 'charm' a rattle snake, and the snake crawled up his (the charmers) body and wound around his neck, and stuck its tongue out defiantly at the by-standers. Now then, as one individual can mesmerise another, and also the animals, it goes well to prove a spiritual existence for the animal—analagous to man, and as we do not loose this influence when we become a spirit, why not spirits influence the animal. They certainly do. Now for a little evidence pointing in this direction. We heard an individual say that he knew of a dog always going to his master at the time he would have a fit. How did the dog know his master had a fit? We have a dear *spirit companion* in the spirit world. She has said that if possible, she would send us a 'turtle dove' to keep in memory of her.

One day as we were feeding some little chickens on our knees on the ground a turtle dove came and sat and sang its ever to us

mournfull notes about an arms length away and just a little above our head. Its singing caused us to look up—and there it sat several minutes singing, looking right at us all the time—and once in a while dipping its head and outstretching quavering wings, seemingly ready to fly at us. Holding out an arm, and the hand very near the bird, we said 'Carrie can you come and sit on my hand, dear'; the bird still singing its melancholy notes—the holder of the hand shedding 'crocodile tears' until the bird looked in another direction and flew away.

On another occasion we were hauling on a one horse cart utensils, and fixing up wire fence—pounding and making a noise. We happening to look up and saw a tirtle dove flying toward us. It came and lit on the cart at our side. We looked for a moment and then worked away—talking thus. 'Carrie did you come to see me? Yes, Carrie come to see me. Poor bird, you don't know why you come' &c., for some perhaps 10 minutes not singing this time, but moving about quickly—and when it went to fly away, flew right at our face and up just missing our head. Strange, wasn't it? We owned a big yellow dog when a little boy that would on coming to meet you, pick up a chip or stick, and drop it at your feet.

Some years after, when we became a 'young man', we were abed, and rather late in the morning, sun up and shining brightly we were looking (wide awake) out through two doors and rooms to the out door scenes.

We thus heard the toe nail ticks or scratches of a dog enter the outer door and watched by hearing, its progress through that room, and our bed room door and room, (the rooms being uncarpeted) to the head of our bed and there under our watching eyes dropped the 'chip'. We thought of the long ago dead dog immediately and wondered. Animals certainly dream. We have seen dogs bark in their sleep and move their limbs as if in the chase. Their 'death throes' are the same as the human and who can say their spiritual existence is not the same, minus the mental development?

A. C. WILLIAMS.

WHY THE SOWER SHOULD BE SUSTAINED.

Our little SOWER comes to us again after a three months absence; it is a welcome guest—we give it cordial greeting, and hope it has come to stay. It should stay in as much as it differs from all other spiritual publications in containing an Educational Department for the young; it recognizes the spiritual needs of the children within our ranks, and abundantly supplies them.

Mr. Alonzo Danforth, editor of the Educational Department, has had long experience in lyceum work as is well known; no one more competent and able could possibly have been found for that position.

With our little SOWER coming regularly into the household, a family of spiritualists could hold regular Sunday service without outside aid. A lecture by the Guides of Mrs. H. S. Lake, or Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, found every month within its pages, would supply spiritual food for the grown people, and the Educational Department would be all that would be required for the spiritual training of the children; then families remote from cities unable to attend spiritual meetings could with the aid of THE SOWER hold them in their own homes with satisfaction and profit.

THE SOWER is also the earnest advocate of Nationalism, which is but Spiritualism more positive, and the teachings of the spirit world practically applied in our intercourse with our fellow men. As far as I know THE SOWER is the only spiritual paper that devotes space in every issue for the discussion of this most important subject, that openly and fearlessly espouses this good and humanitarian movement. Understanding the divine principle upon which Nationalism is based, it seeks continually to enlighten others that they also may become disciples and teachers, and thus hasten on the Golden Age.

The aim of THE SOWER is to educate to make the world better—it will ever be found upon the side of truth and right, ever speaking the words that should be spoken, and advocating all things that tend to up-lift and

benefit humanity.

These are some of the reasons why THE SOWER should be sustained, and we hope that the friends of both spiritual and material progress will give it their liberal support that it may continue its good work.

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

A TRIBUTE TO AN ARISEN SPIRIT.

It is pleasant to think, but it is now time to be up and doing for those who need our help. The rest for the mortal has been appreciated—the pen has lain silent in its casement, the clicking of machinery has been repressed for the time being, but now we are all active, each at his or her post of duty willing to resume and send forth a ray of light to lead the investigator, or strengthen each other in our feeble endeavors.

I will take for my subject at this writing, an obituary notice of Wm. H. Butts, who passed from our midst this summer. When we say we are acquainted with an individual, it is a form of recognition of the existence of that person; but when we say, I know him, then we express knowledge of the traits and individuality of the person.

The subject of these thoughts once said to me, "it is truth we want," so I from a personal knowledge will give the truth's, he at this moment being beside me to correct errors. When I became acquainted with him about three years ago, I thought him very singular; but as time passed, I studied my lesson received for investigation, I became more and more convinced of the genuine goodness of him. He was in the prime of life, and there was an estrangement between himself and wife on account of different views of religion; she being a member of an orthodox church, and he a staunch spiritualist, I with my knowledge of our beautiful religion in its purity, was enabled to discern and enjoy the soul inspiring interchange of thought which made the hours spent together, ones to be remembered. He spent a great deal of money to advance his views. He must have the respect of all Spiritualists in Illinois, for he spent a month in Springfield this summer to defeat

the bill prohibiting Materialization. "Time well spent brings no dismay."

Every hour that could be passed in converse upon the subject, or in company with those communing, was enjoyed by him—being susceptible to spiritual surroundings, he was many times led in the wrong direction; but it was owing to the low condition of spiritualists generally in our city.

Had he been placed in a different spiritual element with his willingness to do, he would have had no equal—I quote a line contained in a note received from him not long before his departure to show that he had proven all things true; that the spirit when released from its earthly thralldom was sure of its abiding place. There is no doubt in my mind, and the fact is as real and apparent to me as is my existence on this planet. "Thrice blessed are those who depart in the knowledge of futurity."

A few days after his departure, I was looking out of a window, soon there appeared a gray cloud assuming the human form till it seemed about to come in, then gradually turned with an upward wave of the hand and dissolved until all had disappeared but a speck: the form dissolving was the body left on earth to decay, but the speck or spirit was going home.

I was not aware of his sickness till the evening of the afternoon of his departure, I said to my informant: if it was not so late we might go this evening to see him, a spirit says, (which we afterward learned to be Dr. Bliss,) it would be advisable to wait 'till morning; just then the friend turned and said, there sits a gentleman—I looked and we both recognized Mr. Butt. Now does this not prove the truthfulness of the quotation and his determination to convince the most skeptical? After that a tube rose was given me and many other manifestations.

The orthodox may be consoled in the belief that their departed friends are in the arms of Jesus, but give me the assuring fact that my friends live, move, and have a being after they have passed from this sphere of action of matter, and the consolation is abiding, the peace is of God which cannot be taken away.

Friends departed, enjoy thy home,
Return awhile with a mirthful tone;
To cheer the drooping toiler of earth,
That you may be blessed in the possession of your
spiritual birth,

A FRIEND.

MEMBERS OF THE N. D. C.

GREETING:—It was my good fortune to spend two days at the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting at Lake Sunapee this summer. There was eleven of us stopping with my sister at their cottage. We were a jolly party and had a good time.

I did not get back on the hills for Inspiration as I said last year I should do if ever went again, went for a rest this year as was all tired out. Attended some of the meetings, they were all good that I heard, and I enjoyed the concert given by the blind man, Prof. Maynard.

The last day of my stay, we went across the lake, and visited a place called Indian Cave so named by a party of excursionists from Peabody, Mass., Oct. 4th 1878.

The cave of itself is not very large (and people going there expecting to see some great sight might get disappointed.) For myself, was glad I went, not so much at sight of the cave which was small, but when one stands and gazes at the massive granit rocks piled one upon another in a way that no architect could do, and to think these rocks may have been swept down the mountain side at some pre-historic age before even the foot of man trod this part of the earth plane. One can well wonder where these rocks were before some avalanche left them where they now are. As I gazed at this work of art, it seemed to bring me near to Nature but her God and I wondered what up-heaval of Nature had caused all this? and how many ages, upon ages, had elapsed since it all occurred?

I fain would exclaim "O man! What art thou? that Thou art mindful of him?"

Well, we had to leave all this, the cave with its history written on the pages of nature in the ages that are now past when only the foot of the noble red man trod this earth plane.

The beautiful scenery of lake and mountains, and go back to Blodgetts Landing. If one enjoys being on water the row across the lake is a very enjoyable one, the distance being about three miles. Well all good things must have an end, so the afternoon found me on my way home. I was sorry to leave as I enjoyed the change and rest.

It did not seem to me that I could come back to the old life and the same conditions again, but I have, and I am feeling all the better for the rest and change.

Before I left, Sister Churchill said to me: "Maria be not weary in well doing." I did not pay much attention to it at the time, but it sank deep into my mind to come up soon as I returned. It came to my mind in this way "Be not weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." The summer has past and another winter is before us. We must gird on our armour anew, and press on if we would win the day, and fight the good fight of Faith. It is a year now since our loved Brother was called up higher and we are still in the field.

We have not been quite crushed out by our common enemy [hard time.] To say nothing of the other foes that surround us. We still have sister Bliss as our leader, I don't think many of the members realize what a sacrifice she is making every day to keep the N. D. C. alive and THE SOWER before the public.

Now I would say; let us press on and not be "weary in well doing" (Don't think we have done enough but think this is a cause where we can keep doing all the time, I hope more of the members will be up to the idea of paying dues,) for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. I will close by sending a poem that these words of sister Churchill's brought to my mind. I do not know the author—It is one I learned years ago.

THE UNFAILING CRUISE

Is thy cruise of comfort wasting?
Rise and share it with another;
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother,
Love divine shall fill thy store houses
Or the handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving:
All its wealth is golden grain:
Seeds that mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain,
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy bother's burden;
God shall bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountain,
Would'st thou sleep amid'st the snow?
Chafe that frozen form be side thee,
And together both shall glow,
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy bolsam,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is thine heart a well left empty?
Only God the void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still,
To thine heart a living power,
Self-entwined its strength sinks low
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

MARIA C. HOLMES.

Sept. 6th 1891.

A PLEA FOR SUFFERING HUMANITY.

Dear Readers of THE SOWER:—How many of you in this busy work-a-day-world, have the time, or can spare the time from your other duties to cultivate your own soul? By that I mean the better part of your own natures. Many of you are being crushed out by the conditions that surround you who have not strength or vitality enough for the ambitious hopes that helps to keep you on this Earth plane. The good book says "Behold, I shew you a mystery!" we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible' and we shall be changed. Now, is there any reader of THE SOWER that believes the soul can change its conditions soon as it leaves the body? Does not Spiritualism teach us that we must improve here if we would progress on the other side, and that every soul is given a chance in the hereafter? Now, I would ask how many can tell what part of you leave the body when the breath stops? I imagine it is the thinking part of us, we take to our long homes. Then friends

has reached me at last. I must say I am delighted with it—It is a beautiful work of art and I shall regard it as my dearest treasure.”

A. Chesbord writes: “I have been reaping in your field so long, without a contribution that I feel ashamed. Accept a few words given me.

That wonder revelation the great Oahspe, tells us, that on the surface of the earth roam countless spirits of the dead, that on plateaus of varying heights above, dwell millions more, but far above them all is found the organic heaven belonging to our earth, and here there's order, system, labor and co-operation, the chief an angel of great power holding rank as God of these heavens and the earth, Him we are not to worship nor to pray to. Such things have been in earlier times but now let men turn to the Great Spirit Ever Present. He is sufficient to his own creations. Let me quote a little from the book. “The Highest Ideal, the Nearest Perfect the mind can conceive of—let such be thy Jehovih, even as in the olden time, which is the Ever Present thou shalt set thy heart and mind and soul upon to love and glorify above all things forever and ever. The All Highest in thy neighbor which he manifesteth—that perceive and discourse upon—all else in him, see not nor mention. The All Highest subject—that discourse upon—all else pass by. The religion of the olden time pertained to man's own entity a religion that was to be answered either in reward or punishment upon himself personally. His own salvation being the subject paramount to all other considerations. But now behold, O man I come to give a great religion, yet not to set aside the old. I come to such as do fulfill the old and to give them the religion of Gods themselves. Saying unto them: Go save others and no longer concern yourselves about yourselves.”

How this is to be done is fully explained, but cannot be quoted here. A new edition of the book will be published soon, at a price that will place it within the reach of all.”

Mrs. James Chapman writes: “On Sept. 16th I received the pretty chart from the N. D. C. On Thursday 17th I sat alone with

my unseen friends of the N. D. C..

After sitting about ten minutes, I felt their presence and a strong electric-like current went all through my body; and I also heard faint raps upon a little table I had before me which made me very happy and grateful to Dr. Bliss and wife. I shall sit regularly at 8 p. m. Thursday and Sunday and hope I shall not be forgotten by the Guides of the N. D. C.

Will you kindly inform me if you publish spirit communications? [Certainly with pleasure. ED. SOWER]

I often get pretty little communications with a request to have them published. I like to indulge my spirit friends when I consistently can, therefore I send this:

A MESSAGE FROM EDDIE LOWTHER.

“I want to write for all my friends about the land of *the living*, where all is peace, harmony and happiness no “tittle tattle” or questioning about ones financial, or social standing, creeds or morals. We are one great united loving and humane family, all helping one another in love and kindness: and all progressing to a higher and better knowledge of spirit life. The work is a work of love for the benefit of all mankind, the high, the low, the rich, the poor; black or white—all is purity and love.

FROM A LITTLE SPIRIT BOY.

Eddie Lowther, so grand
And so beautiful.
No son to father was ever more dutiful,
Social and well bred,
A marvelous brain in a
Moderate sized head
Had dormant long lain
Who aroused was a flame
That could scorch and give pain
The friends he loved will ne'er find
A heart so true, so loving and kind.
He has now passed out
And his true life begun.

THE N. D. C. CIRCLE AND MRS. H. S.
LAKE AT SUNAPEE.

If space allowed, I would give an account of our N. D. C. circle at Sunapee last summer during the Camp Meeting; but I know every inch is valuable, and will only say that they were most successful, the manifestations

at some being remarkable. Bro. Bliss and Blackfoot invariably made their presence known, showing they were with us to help and encourage. During the 2nd week, Mrs. H. S. Lake, Pastor of the First Spiritual Temple of Boston, filled an engagement at Sunapee Camp, giving two very fine lectures, and doing much other good work during her stay.

On the occasion of her first lecture which was held in the grove before a large concourse of people, the most perfect silence prevailed; she held the attention of her vast audience as one person; that they were pleased and interested was shown by the size of the collection, which was the largest taken at any one service during the season. J. D. C.

PASSED THE MYSTIC RIVER.

Mrs. Nancy Leonard (Grandmother of Mrs. Bliss) of Denmark, Mich. on Sept. 9th aged 85 years.

She was brought up in the Baptist faith, and united with the church when eleven years old, and remained with them until she was twenty-eight, when she united with the Free-will Baptist which seemed to meet her views nearer than the former church.

Her loved companion passed to the "higher life" over twenty years ago; and he promised her that if it was true, that spirits ever did return to their friends in this life he would do so.

She was not a Spiritualist; either was he; but he kept his dying promise and the lonely years of her remaining 20 yrs. were gladdened by angel visitants. The first time her clairvoyant vision was opened was a time of unusual sadness and all at once there came to her, her companion, who looked as he did in early days and he made known to her that there were others to follow, and they came one by one and gathered around her bed until she counted eighteen of her lost and loved all of whom she recognized.

None of her skeptical friends or neighbors could ever convince her that it was only a dream or vision, and it cheered her sad heart and she would often say: they came because I was so sad and lonely. Her clairaudience

was wonderfully developed, her spirit friends could join in and sing with her daily, and she was always ready to tell of the joy it gave her at her prayer meeting or elsewhere. Yet, she did not understand that was Spiritualism pure and simple.

She was a very devout Christian and was very much gifted as a speaker and her very greatest joy was in talking of sacred things.

She left behind five sons and one daughter and quite a number of grandchildren.

Her countenance in death was sweet and peaceful and we know she met a host of loved ones gone before, and clasped glad hands with the angels, and with them bathed her happy soul in the pearly fountains that flow through the ever green fields of her spirit home.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

From her home at Earlville, N. Y. August 6th 1891, Mrs. Sarah Swift, aged seventy years. A firm believer in the Spiritual philosophy and a pioneer in the faith. Many lecturers and mediums will remember her, and her husband, Amos B. Swift, who passed on in the year 1878, as those ever ready to extend to them a cordial welcome to their home.

TRANSPLANTED.

Alzira A. Kirby born April 1st 1889 passed away at her home Taylor Ridge, Ill., July 10th 1891.

While the fond parents are nearly heart broken the little one returns and the mother beholds the dear little angel who is still her child,

Let the sweet consolation of knowing that you are the mother of an angel now chase away the bitterness of parting with the beautiful house of clay that held your precious jewel for a little time.

The child was lovely and dearly loved by all who knew her.

On the top of the golden stair,
She stands and waves her little hands
To beckon you away.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

"Let us give a woman a chance."

TO MY FRIEND F.

A shamed, and guiltily she stood
Accused by a multitude.
But thus the Nazarene then spake,
"Let him, and him alone, now take
And cast at her, the stone;
First, he who is without a sin,"
And lo! she stood alone.
Gone was the throng that hemmed them in,
Sinful, and piteous in disgrace,
She raised her eyes to the Master's face.
A holy smile, that face did bear,
She saw forgiveness written there,
And knew that she was free:
As Christ then said in days of yore,
So say I unto thee,
"Go thou, and sin no more."

ALICE M. SINCLAIR.

NATIONALISM VS. MAMMONISM.

Let any evil become great and powerful and its arrogance increases to that extent that its *own* destruction is only a question of time.

This was the fate of our Southern slavery and will be the fate of monopoly. Not content to become rich and have all of this world's goods that are conducive to health and happiness, but there must be this *insane* grasping and greed at the expense of all that goes to make up the sum of human prosperity to the great mass of humanity.

The fight is on—liberty or serfdom, nationalism or annihilation will be the outcome. The American people are slow to be aroused, but when they *are*, there is no compromise.

From our most valued exchange *The New Nation*, we insert the following which shows that "The Cradle of Liberty" has not been rocked in over 30 years as on the 7th of Oct. last.

On that occasion the vast audience joined in singing the familiar national air supplying the following words:

My country, 'tis of Thee,
Land of lost Liberty,
Of Thee we sing.
Land which the millionaires,
Who govern our affairs,

Own for themselves and heirs,—
Bitter the sting.

"The people's party last week re-dedicated Faneuil hall to human liberty in a larger, deeper, higher sense than it was ever dedicated before. Those ancient walls are already inseparably associated with the beginnings of two great movements in the cause of human emancipation. The first, which began something over a century ago, had for its aim the emancipation of Americans from English rule. The second, which began a generation later, had for its object the emancipation of black men from the white. The third to which the ancient hall was dedicated by the people's party last week has an object more momentous far than either of the others, no less an one indeed than the emancipation of poor from rich."

Those are forcible words, but with all sincerity and earnestness we fully believe that the time is near at hand when we must decide between God (Good) or mammon (evil). Read carefully the Objects of the N. D. C. movement that were given to those who were ready for them seven years ago the 16th of Oct. Read the Nationalistic platform and compare the two and see under whose banner we shall follow Republican, Democrat, or the Nationalistic People's Party to bring about the Objects we have put before the world for the past seven years.

If we are in earnest we will fall into the ranks of that movement that has the ring of justice about it and *if the people will*, can in time eradicate every known evil in our NATION. We do not mean to renounce your Spiritualism or religious views and withdraw your support from the same. As a *son* or *daughter* of the living God you owe your allegiance to your spiritual nature to try and fathom all mysteries—you owe allegiance to this great social and industrial world and those of posterity.

A little child was asked at a Sunday school to give the definition of the word "charity." She at once said: giving away your old clothes that you do not want. The child was wiser than she knew and inadvertently told the truth—giving away old rubbish that you do

not want is called "charity." We don't like the word on account of the abuse of its correct meaning—it flavors too strongly of squalid poverty and misery—but in its stead let us substitute the word *Justice*. The watchword's of that grand and noble man Wendle Phillips was, "Justice and Love." Let us too inscribe them upon our banners—let us imprint them upon our hearts so that they become a part of us: Then we shall have no need of "charity" for Justice will do away with the necessity of alms giving of cold victuals or old clothes. Then labor shall be dignified and "The laborer worthy of his hire," and will not as now be compelled to beg for work at any price to barely keep body and soul together. *Nationalism* would bring about in a practical sense what our so-called Christian churches have pretended they were doing, and have spent untold fortunes to erect massive edifices to teach the simple truths of the humble Nazarine. Have they accomplished the work they advocate by precept but absolutely fail in the literal sense? The familiar saying by the great masses is "I cannot afford to attend church, my clothes are not good enough." What a travesty upon the name of religion! Not long since we heard a Universalist clergyman from the pulpit say something like this: It is all well enough to fight error in the abstract—to speak or write against any wrong in a general sense; but when we draw a definite line and fought a particular evil at its strong-hold *there* was where we draw the fire from the enemy. This gifted speaker spoke of "Darkest England," "Darkest New York" and of the labor problems in a general sense, but well *we* knew than an assured salary of 5,000 thousand per annum sealed his lips so that *he could not say*: Here in this church, my best supporters are those who are living in colossal palaces and employ children and young girls in their stores and factories at prices that would scarcely pay their board at the cheapest rates. Many of them may have parents or friends to assist them and many *may* have those dependant on them to share their scanty earnings with. There is but one alternative to a great number of this class, to suffer *want* for the necessaries of life, or *sin*.

This is the greatest and most terrible of all the wrongs that are perpetrated in our land—all else sinks into insignificants beside of this over whelming evil that so brutally offers the flower of the land—innocents and sweet girlhood for a living sacrifice upon the altar of this God (mammon.)

What would remedy this crying evil?

Justice and Equality—in plainer words pay woman the same price for labor performed as her brother man received, that would make almost a revolution—let her have one more right and that is: have the same right of suffrage that the foreigner that comes to our shores have, (who can neither read nor write), the same right the black man at the South has, the same right that an intoxicated man who has no opinion of his own and can buy or sell his manhood for as small a thing as a glass of whiskey.

The complaint goes out from our Michigan graduates that have just completed their education and are ready for active work as teachers: That the work is over done—there are far more teachers than positions to fill. Thus a large percentage of the student graduate can get no school to teach.

Child labor takes the little ones from the home and school and makes them old before their time. Two millions of children in our land would help to give employment to our ambitious youths and maidens who are anxious to make life a success by entering schools as teachers.

Oh! ye, cannot injure one of the least of these little ones, without injuring the whole human family.

When our politicians and statesmen realize that to wrong any class of people—be they children, men or women, black, white or red injures the intelligent sensitive fair minded truth loving people even more, (for we must feel that *we* are all traitors) and have sold our "birth right for a mess of pottage."

Before it is too late, may the little ones be placed in good schools and then our teachers can have lucrative salaries, for their services will be needed. Nationalism too would exterminate this *awful* unjust system.

Reader, whose side are you on?

These are plain unvarnished realities that are not elegant topics to talk about. But the misery, crime and disease that they have caused is enough to make even "the stones to cry out" and thank God the time is at hand when "His spirit shall be poured out upon all flesh;" to prove this we will insert an extract from the Rev. DeWitt Talmage.

A CURSE.

"The overshadowing curse of America to-day is monopoly. He puts his hands on every bushel of wheat, every sack of flour and every ton of coal, and not a man, woman or child in America but feels the touch of this money despotism. His scepter is made out of the iron track of railroading and the wires of telegraphy. He proposes to have every thing his own way, for his own advantage and the people's robbery. He stands in a railroad depot and puts into his pockets each year \$200,000,000 beyond a reasonable charge for his services. He controls nominations and elections. He has the democratic party in one pocket and the republican in the other."

We must confess our surprise to read anything of that sort from one of the conservative school of Calvin. Surely men are greater than creeds! The divine in man will assert itself when moved by the cloud of witnesses that they do not see.

Let us hope as the battle rages that it will be a bloodless one, and that we shall find the angels have stooped and stirred the waters of Jordan, and that the time is near at hand when "every tongue shall confess, and every knee shall bow" (to Truth) and recognize that our fellow beings (who have been trampled in the dust,) must be raised up and a new song shall be put into their mouth. "Their tears shall be wiped away, for the former things are passed away and there will be a new Heaven and a new Earth."

To take away the causes that made poverty, crime and disease possible will surely bring about this bright and better day. C. L. B.

HOME.

"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Not every spot enclosed by four walls is home. It requires different material from

plank, brick, and stone to constitute a home. Love can make a Kansas dug-out or a city attic into an inviting home. With love and a contented mind any quiet retreat may form a bower of bliss. It was Epes Sargeant who said:

"My purse is very slime, and very few
The acres that I number;
But I am seldom stupid, never blue,
My riches are an honest heart and true,
And quiet slumber."

Into each home there should come plenty good reading matter. By a contented mind I would not imply a dormant mind. Progress is the rule of this age, and a love of reading and research should be cultivated. Not a research into your neighbors affairs; let idle gossip alone. Neighborly visits are all very well, when they do not occur too often. But the gadding woman and the borrower are alike a nuisance. Solitude is conducive to reflection, gossip to—imagination and suspicion.

Here is a little well-meaning advice that if followed will make home pleasant. Kiss the child, smile upon the friend, cheer the neighbor, love the companion you have wed. Husbands pity your wives when weary, praise their efforts to please. Wives, share your husbands worries, by cheerfulness lighten his cares: curtail your expenses. Children, save your parents steps by watchfulness; wait upon them instead of demanding attentions. One and all strive for harmony by love and kindness. Do good and resist evil promptings: do good from a sense of right, not from fear of being punished by man, laws, or a god.

Parents, simply because a child owes its life to you—a life unsought—do not be so foolish as believe you have a right to torture, bruise, and chill its tender heart. Is it any the less a human because it must call you parents? If a child of tender years shows a mean disposition, its parents have been the chief cause. Nine times out of ten a kind word and kiss will conquer where blows would not. Do not cross words and slaps haunt your night hours? If they do not it is because your heart is a dried chunk with a parchment covering.

All these cruelties mar the home; all kindness improves and blesses. Good morals as precepts go farther than Sunday-schools toward perfecting a child's character. Morality is an outgrowth of moral teachings in the home. Purity thrives in pure atmospheres: the heart is purified by the thoughts which come from elevated teachings. Home should be the happiest place on earth and will if love is there.

And when, someday, you hear that call, so wise,—
The hour of death for thee has well nigh come—
How easy it will seem to close your eyes,
And pass from this unto a higher home.

And if fair eyes then weep and hearts do mourn,
T'were better far than ugly sneers would be.
The good and kind who go unto that bourne,
Find happiness. Friend, have it thus with thee.

We make our heaven by our life works here,
Or fashion for self a dive hell of grief:
There are no "houses made with hands" o'er there—
Kind acts will count, not simply a belief.

ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

KIND WORDS FROM GOLDEN WAY. OF AUG. NO.

We are sorry to note from **THE SOWER** that it must suspend for two months. It is a magazine worthy the attention and notice of every spiritualist of our fair land. The editress, Mrs. Cora L. Bliss, has made it attractive by her selections in every department. Her editorials speak of her gentle refinement, her purity of purpose, and upright character. Two months may give the needed rest, that she may buckle on the armor and renew the battle so nobly fought by this delicate little woman. May the angels guide and assist.

TESTIMONIALS OF FRED A. HEATH, THE BLIND MEDIUM.

D. J. Richbourg, Melrose, Florida, writes: "I wish to recommend Fred A. Heath, the blind medium of Detroit, Mich. Seeing his name in the *Banner* I wrote to him some time since, giving him no information whatever and his reply not only gave me a correct account of the past but such provisions of the future will, I think, enable me to succeed in my undertakings."

S. L. Rogers, Kingsville, Ohio, writes: "Fred A. Heath is to my mind a fine and worthy medium. His clairvoyant readings are truly marvelous. In many years of investigation I have never known his superior. His gift seems to be perfectly developed, my attention was called to his ability by the lately ascended Lyman Luce who received some very satisfactory readings through Mr. Heath; he can be addressed at 146 Abbott Street, Detroit, Mich."

The question is often asked where can I find a reliable business medium? and we believe there is no one who will fill the bill better than Mr. Fred A. Heath the "Blind Medium" whose card appears in our advertising department. Mr. Heath has had nearly ten years experience in answering letters, two selected from the many testimonials will be sufficient to show how his work is appreciated by some of his numerous patrons, "make hay while the sun shines," and take advantage of his reasonable offer while you can, for it is not impossible that through the press of business he may return to his former price \$1.00. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

MONEY THE YEAR ROUND.

Miss Smith says: "Can I make \$25 per week in the plating business?" Yes. I make \$4 to \$8 per day plating tableware and jewelry and selling platers. H. C. DELNO & Co., Columbus, O., will give you full information. A plater costs \$5. Business is light and honorable and makes money the year round.

A READER.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

Give up the work! Give up **THE SOWER**! say many of our well meaning friends who from the kindness of their hearts think we shall sink beneath the load, and to give it all up before it is too late.

Don't give up the *ship* say the still small voices of our angel friends—the work is mighty and not one soul inspired with the love of the truth, and right, can be spared in this great battle of light against darkness, equality against serfdom.

Friends: If you are in sympathy with this line of work that we are pursuing will you not convince us of the same by renewing your subscription or inducing your friends to do so? If you receive this as a sample copy we would be happy to have you send us your subscription.

Remember we *need* our friends:—we do not expect our enemies to support this work and if our friends will not the work must be crucified in the house of its friends.

During our National G. A. R. Encampment this past summer we were happily surprised by a visit from Sister Randall of Peoria, Ill.

The magnetism of the Bliss' house must have been good for mediumship for this little lady was telling what she saw and heard continually. Mrs. Robinson, of Port Huron, was here also, and affirmed that in all her life she never received so many and positive tests as from Mrs. Randall. Mrs. Robinson is a very fine medium too. They were both brought out through the N. D. C.

Once more we are happy to greet our old friends from the pages of our medium (THE SOWER). Whether the work proves to be successful or not depends largely on you dear reader, whether you desire it enough, to do your part toward making success.

We hope that during the three months interval that you have each taken a Sabbath day's journey nearer home every day—which means that you are nearer God (Good) Heaven and angels. That things of the Earth (earthly) have not the power to vex the heart and weary the spirit.

Be not cast down and subject to surroundings and circumstances but like the great Napoleon say "I make circumstances."

N. D. C. POET'S CORNER.

THE SOWER.

"Behold a sower went forth to sow,"
 While he scattered abroad the seed
 Hoping to harvest a goodly yield
 From the seeds he sowed throughout the field
 In the spirit, the word and the deed.
 But some seeds fell by the wayside
 And were devoured by the fowls of the air,

While others fell mid thorns and weeds
 Which choked the growth of the tiny seeds
 Till they brought forth nothing fair.

But some there were fell on good ground
 And brought forth an hundred fold;
 Abundant was the harvest then
 Of good deeds, done among all men
 With riches far better than gold.

For out of the darkness came a ray of light,
 "Let there be light" was God's command;
 And one tiny seed long buried in earth
 Sprang up and brought forth a rap at its birth
 While angels rejoiced on every hand.

And from that tiny seed sown long ago
 Hath sprang up a beautiful tree (N. D. C.)
 Whose "branches" reach out so far away
 A round the earth like some bright ray
 Of light, to set superstition free.

There is no death, but life immortal
 Are the glad tidings, which have sped far and near
 To heal broken hearts and comfort the sad,
 That all may rejoice and be exceeding glad
 In that perfect love which casteth out fear.

L. J. HAYES.

Written for *The Sower*.

"A FRIEND IN NEED."

BY "LILLIAN."

A friend in need, is a friend indeed,
 What a world of thought those words impart,
 Like THE SOWER'S grains, the pure good seed
 Grows, gives hope and joy, to many a sad heart
 A Friend in need.

The raging storm, the sinking ship at sea,
 When all seems lost, pray to God through fear,
 All hope has gone, at last they look to Thee,
 When through dark flying clouds, silver stars appear
 A Friend is near.

Lo! from the look out, a shout of joy.
 A sail, a ship in sight, she's coming near,
 Fire the signal gun, all shout ship a hoy!
 Then kneel in thanks to God, she's almost here
 A Friend in need.

The poor so wan, and hungry, nothing to eat,
 Don't cry mama, a happy thought to cheer,
 Your hat and shawl, alas, no shoes for your feet,
 Now go see—you know—charity's overseer
 Perhaps a friend in need.

The Christian, on her dying bed of pain,
 Softly speaks; grieve not I'm not afraid to die,
 Have faith in the spiritual God! 'Tis not in vain,
 Behold the spirit host, with a Savior's love in sight
 A Friend indeed.

Have faith in THE SOWER, read and see,
 Our hope and belief, in spiritual futurity,
 In charity with all, we will greet thee,
 With Brotherly Love, who join the N. D. C.
 Friends indeed.