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NEW SERIES,
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CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Hail! Christmas. All Hail! with thy words of cheer.
As they come to greet the waning old year;
The last in its flight of many gone by,

Since Christ thy founder appeared from on high,
Dispersing the gloom through ignorance wrought,
Dispensing the light the wise had long sought;
Inspiring with faith the weary of earth,
Who waited in hope the hour of his birth.

Centuries have sped since "Bethlehem's star"
The steps of sages led on from afar,
To the lowly crib from which was to rise,
A king and kingdom whose throne was the skies;
Whose subjects in all the ages to come,
Should find their reward in his royal home;
Till earthly cycles were full and complete,
And "enemies all put under his feet."

No earth pomp was there its cheer to express,
Or faith in his mission gladly confess;
No palace to him its doors opened wide,
No beauty or wealth in gratitude vied;
To show to the greatest that heav'n ere gave—
Their trust in his pow'r o'er death and the grave;
Only the "wise men" and an "angel throng"
The one in worship "the other in song."

The Temple has fallen—its altars no more
Are fragrant with incense as in days of yore;
Calvary's summit with age has grown gray,
Cities have perished and states passed away,
The spider hath woven its web where kings,
Indulged in the splendor royalty brings,
And birds of the night from tow'rs and in domes,
Weird dirges have sung o'er their crumbling homes.

But the Christmas light has never gone out,
Though clouds oftentimes have gathered about,
Its rays have spread over waste of the east,
And onward reached to wilds of the west:—
From the plains where first it led to the stall,
To the slopes where the sunbeams last rays fall,
Each anniversary has or brought forth anew,
Offerings of love from hearts that are true.

Then welcome the day, now and evermore,
Waft the notes of progress the wide world o'er,
From where nature is decked with icy sheen,
And streamlet congealed o'er hillsides careen,

To the azure skies where southern bowers,
Breath forth the fragrance of opening flowers:—
Let the ling'ring words of "Peace and Good Will"
With grateful refrain all human hearts thrill.

"VERDE MONTE."

LABOR VS. CAPITAL.

The lust for gold and the luxuries it will purchase, is the ruling passion of the age. In the struggle honest labor is oftentimes trodden under foot through adventurous competition and insufficient compensation.

It is truly "the root of all evil" causing humanity to engage in demoralizing occupations, and resort to oppressive and unwarantable means. That wrong exists is a certainty, but the remedy has not yet been evolved. Complaining is one thing and correcting it quite another. Most of the (would be) reformers commence at heels instead of the head of the evil and as a consequence provoke a repulsion from its hoofs. Poverty has existed in all ages of the world. For centuries it was the outcome of ignorance and the subject of intolerance. The exponents of both civil and canonical law conspired to rivet its fetters upon the race:—and although many of them have been stricken off amid the progressive march of its generations, the masses of the eastern continent are to day struggling under their galling weight, working for less pay—wearing poorer clothes, and subsisting on coarser food than those of our own hemisphere, and of our own government especially. To such it has offered an asylum from oppression, guaranteeing to the humblest protection from persecution, placing within the power of ordinary ability, nerved by honest industry, economy and endurance;

possibilities of reaching the top most round of the ladder leading to commercial, intellectual and political distinction. Its history furnishes unnumbered examples among which Henry Clay—"The Mill Boy of the Slashes"—Daniel Webster, born in poverty and obscurity—Abraham Lincoln, "The Rail Splitter"—Garfield, "The Canal Boy" and U. S. Grant, "The Tanner" reached commanding positions in life—were honored by their countrymen (and the world) at death; and crowned by history with an Immortal recognition. In commercial circles may be found scores of representative men (now millionaires) whose combined possessions thirty years ago, might (if transmuted into copper coin) have been carried in one's vest pocket. To such a country, and such a government the emigration of the oppressed and discontented of the old world has tended. But many of them are discontented and complaining still. And why? They have been welcomed to all the privileges of citizenship. Capital has constructed steamers and railroads to transport them to their destination. Homesteads of unreclaimed and fertile land have awaited them. Free schools have welcomed their children and bid them enter with equal and unrestricted privileges. Art and science beckon them on and furnish abundant illustration of intelligent estimation and generous compensation. The representative exponents of mechanical, political and professional excellence have been, and are being recruited from the ranks, of such. Poverty is not a bar to progress in this pilgrims land, of patriot heritage. But there are requirements to success which may not with impunity be ignored. There are opposing tendencies against which all history lifts its warning, voice. Intelligence industry and integrity on the one hand, and ignorance indolence and intrigue on the other are not only alliterative but antagonistic. The former enlighten and elevate all within their sphere. To others enervate the most enobling elements of—social, moral and political life. To protect the prosperous, provided that their prosperity is the result of persistent and proper effort, and does not interfere with the rights and privileges of others, is the first duty of the government: or restrain

and regulate the avarice and greed of monopolies is one not less imperative. It is the privileges of the laborer to select his employer and demand just and reasonable treatment and compensation:—in default of which he may sever the relation, and engage elsewhere:—but it is not his privilege to forcibly interfere with the future of said employer and his employees. When strikers assume to do this, their action is subversive of the principles of free government and demand legal intervention. Capital without labor is shorn of enterprise. Labor without capital to remunerate it has no inducing motive. Each is indispensable to the other. Governments cannot regulate prices or prescribe special employment for the masses. Their prosperity and compensation depend upon the particular demand for especial skill and labor and their adaptation to that demand. When the supply exceeds the demand in any one department there is a consequential depreciation of wages. When it is less they appreciate and this law governs in all commercial relations. Cupidity will take advantage of the one, and labor will exultingly avail itself of the necessities of the other. Grumbling cannot cure—strikes remedy or laws regulate. There is an element of discord in the background no one of them or all combined can reach. Labor to be independent and remunerative must be judiciously distributed among the, manual mechanical and agricultural vocations. That apportionment, in a free country is a personal matter. Each may choose for ones—self and select a calling that will enable him, or her, to be either their own masters, or necessarily the dependent servants of another. If the latter and that class predominate it is not the fault of capital. It is the mistake of those who are either too ignorant to choose judiciously, or too indolent to persistently pursue success where it can best be obtained. Many professions are mistaken and avocations overcrowded. Others could without serious loss be eliminated. Many who assume ministerial functions would seemingly be more usefully employed in mining enterprises—since their progressive and reflective faculties tend downward and backward toward the darkness and dogma's of a

bygone age, instead of aspiring to and embracing the dawning light of the present. There are those following the plough, who could honor professional life, and professionals who could honor the plough if they would but follow it diligently. The remedy is suggestive and purely practical. Let each one study their capacity—choose life's work judiciously and pursue it earnestly and intelligently.

So shall "Columbus" bequest—its triumphs maintain,
And our ancestral fame still unblemished remain;
The "Old Flag" in the breeze its fair colors unfold,
Emblematic of what is more precious than gold:—
No star from its folds e'er ingloriously trail,
But be borne on uplifted through tempest and gale,
With valor and pride—o'er the land and the sea,
By the brain and the brawn, of those yet to be.

"VERDE MONTE."

"NATIONALISM."

In a proper presentation of our subject it seems necessary that we should at least consider the origin and necessity of Nationalism.

It is hardly necessary to say as it is a matter of history that the publication of "Looking Backward" gave an impetus to materials long ready for the work and set them in motion so that with a desire to accomplish what was thought would remedy the majority of the present social industrial and commercial evils on Dec. 1st 1888, and as the result of much advanced and progressive thought that there was born in the city of Boston a new organization whose name is everywhere known.

That it was and is a moral impulse which gave life to Nationalism, all devotees of the movement believe. And they also believe that according to the unselfishness, far-sightedness, intelligence, and above all to the feeling of brotherly love which we infuse into our endeavor to promote Nationalism, so far will we succeed.

Mrs. Besant in a lecture upon "Dangers menacing Society" attributed the failure of politics and economics in establishing a more justifiable condition of things than exists to-day (Mrs. Besant did not mention Nationalism but she probably considered them close relatives) would serve no better to exterminate many of

the present evils if control should lie in the hands of authority with morals no higher than selfishness and materialism.

It was once remarked to a lady nationalist "how exhilarating to think that all the enthusiasm of the Nationalists is expended in behalf of a movement conducive to the good and general welfare of all. The answer was, that we were decidedly working for ourselves that if we did not do something to stem the power of monopolies and syndicates we should be eventually crushed. Her remark might lead the uninitiated to think that Nationalists were little better than the competitors they condemned, as they were each striving to ameliorate the conditions of things with self only in view and not for all as a brotherhood. Subsequently however I heard a leading Nationalist speak emphatically upon Nationalism as religious in nature, motives, and morals from the initial to the last letter.

Many thought Mrs. Besant quite right in saying society could not be formulated by establishing some mould into which man should be cast, as no great social change could be made by physical force, citing for example that after the revolution the same spirit of moral uncleanness broke forth anew to work itself out on different but equally as bad planes. We know that the spiritual forces good and bad, ideas and motives divine and otherwise working through their material instrument cannot be changed by altering the shape of the instrument. We would not care to be guilty of folly, but to give the inner being a chance for true outward expression that it may develop the best within is the kind of casting nationalists are working for. To give society man, from its lowest degraded conditions to the highest an opportunity to do its own moulding.

It is true that the physical must conform to the spirit within that nothing ever exists without first having a spiritual prototype, as the artists exemplar lives first in the mind before its birth upon canvas so do inventions and material forms first exist. The musical artist first hears his symphony or sonata mentally, and if nationalism continues to live

powerfully in well rounded and definite planes in the minds of strong advocates the concentrated mental force must of necessity under law become reality. Bringing happiness growth and life to so many who at present only exist by the subsisting of an army of co-workers and co-partners canceling class distinction which as some one has aptly said belongs only to the tinsel crowns and ivory throws of an effect aristocracy. The conservatives who sneer at the promotion of an industrial brotherhood would deserve the rank and sphere which justice to all would bring them. They forget that growth as Mrs. Besant says implies and necessitates change and if the change be of the nature of development it is but the sign of intellectual life. No one blames the child when it has outgrown its baby clothes nor the man when his boyhoods raiment becomes too small for him and is thrown aside but if the mind grow up well as the body and the intellectual garment of one decade is outgrown in the following decade, cries of reproach and remonstrance are raised by those who consider possilization as a proof of mental strength.

It is that which rules the world and it is folly to believe that one age or one man is the forward instrument for imparting the only knowledge that will ever be worth leaving the great residue of humanity a powerless futile race whose chief characteristic must be mental repose a very happy state to be consigned to; but when we are occasionally blessed with the gift of new independent thought and when they clash with the acknowledged wisdom of religious tenets and dogmas or seeming justice of governmental laws they are thrice welcome and obliged to be held in solution until the dull sleepers about the now thinkers the little more than apathy incarnate awake sufficiently to realize that history does not hold the acme of knowledge and that conservatism is not synonomous with wisdom. That opinions of the present day are just as sacred and spring from the same powers as those that made and moved mighty men of the past. The man who does not believe in the efficacy of his thoughts and powers and who still clings to the fossils of

his ancestors has not yet begun to live, for until a man is born to thought he is but a mimic—imitator—reflector—sounding board. They may launch sneers and derisive epithets at the heads of the dreamers but eventually they will quietly find themselves at their feet realizing that there are individuals who believe in something higher than the amassing of fleeting shekels at the expense of honor and manhood. According to Emerson the waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing than the variety of condition tends to equalize themselves. We will add that the future equalizes of the present varieties of condition has been called Nationalism. The next highest conception we have of government—so far as it will make broader and deeper the character (and it could not do this if the necessities of life were beyond us) expands the nature, develops the intellect and lends the soul a sum course on its upward way, so far will it be of use to the nation.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

A very large number of the thinking men and women of to-day have passed through a mental experience than which none more painful can be imagined. Confronted in youth with the alternative of stifling their natural inferences or admitting the first doubt of the divine origin of all they have associated with the word religion, they have perhaps admitted the doubt, expecting soon to get rid of it. But they have discovered that it is vastly easier to admit even the smallest doubt of this kind, than to expel it when once within the doors. For presently the new comer quietly slips the bolt and in comes a whole troop, who enter making bows and excuses and offering to pay for their accommodation until before we know it, we find our mental (house) regarded as a hotel, into which every civil spoken idea claims the right to enter and make itself at home.

Presently our old servants who have grown up with us and who seem to be part of our very lives, give us warning, and we are compelled to part with them, or drive out our

new friends—I say friends, for we begin to regard them as such. They scatter the dust which had gathered in our dark rooms; they let in light and air we have long needed; they entertain us with stories of foreign lands, and for a time we are content. But after a while we notice that our furniture is getting shabby and the stock in our larder getting low, and what to do now is the question.

Shall we trample on the sacred law of hospitality? Shall we call in our neighbors to help us, shall we shut our doors with violence, draw down the curtains and retire once more into our shell and live there like a snail? These are the questions that wrench the souls of men and women not only in this land but in all lands.

For among the honest thinkers of the world today, faith in the great historic religions of Brahminism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Christianity, where it is not entirely gone is reduced to a mere shell, and tens, ay hundreds of thousands of well intentioned men and women find themselves in a false position from which there seems to be no escape.

How is it possible they exclaim either to believe these old doctrines, or to turn my back on the church and the friends of my youth? Let it be granted, I no longer relish the food dealt out to me, where is there any food for the soul outside? If I lay down my Bible, shall I take up Darwin's Treatise on Earth-Worms as a substitute?

Will the wrangling debates of some Liberal club satisfy my hunger?

And what is Nature even without a revelation to fill the gap in its teachings?

What but a blind force acting in a way and upon a scale that tends to drive man the individual into a helpless despair?

Oh for light if only a single ray!

CHAPTER II.

There never was a God worthy of ought but execration that maintained a place of torture for men or angels. The acceptance of this truth has often been the first step toward freedom on the part of the creed bound slave and as it is the first step which costs, let us look at it on all sides.

With intent to oppose this soul-inspiring

of truth, it has been said, that the doctrine of future punishment has, more than any other, been persistently held by men for the past two thousand years.

This is undoubtedly very strong evidence of something, but it does not touch the point at issue. Let us go further, and admit more. The time has been when the devotees of false Gods were in danger, upon entering the spirit-world of becoming veritable slaves to those Gods, or rather of continuing in a slavery already begun, and one case of wars arising, they might suffer imprisonment in such hells as these potentates maintained for their enemies.

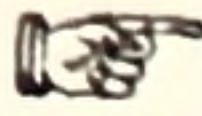

Yet with all this possible, the great truth remains unshaken, our Creator is not chargeable either with malice or weakness because He for awhile permitted these angels, once mortal, to ignore Him, and set up kingdoms for themselves. He who is both near and far, to whom a thousand years is but yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night, will surely bring all things to an even balance and it will be done with the gentleness and strength of the sunshine in spring, that loosens the frost bound rivers, calls out a myriad buds and leaves, and fills the air with such music as might vie with the songs of heaven. Let us never forget that the cloudy spiritual atmosphere of this earthly home of ours at its present stage of development is not to be taken as an index of the condition of the illimitable realm beyond,

“Where no storms ever beat on that glittering strand.

And the years of eternity roll.”

(To be continued.)

—A valuable bird dog owned by a Grass Valley (Cal.) man was recently shown a parrot. He immediately “pointed,” when Polly marched up in front of him and said, “You’re a rascal.” The terrified dog turned tail and ran away, and is ruined for hunting, as he cannot be induced to “point” at any sort of bird.

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THE TEMPLE MESSENGER DEPARTMENT.

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

THOMAS PAINE.

Who was Thomas Paine?

The hero-author of the great political and social revolutions of the last century.

What should we do every year?

Brush away the falsehoods of slander or the trivial defects which obscure his glorious career, until his form stands forth as the real author of American liberty and independence, without whose pen Washington would have drawn his sword in vain.

What was Thomas Paine?

The Knight-errant of liberty both in inspiration and deed, and the great philosophers and statesmen of his day saw full well that a new era—"The Age of Reason" and of the people—had begun, and that time had called upon them to act not selfishly for the present only, but as the architects of the true Temple of Humanity, the political and social future of the uncivilized world.

What can we say of these architects?

They were men of wonderful foresight, energy and ability, but they could do no more than to sketch the outline and lay the foundations of the mighty structure and leave the plan for future generations to continue.

What is the soul and mainspring of human growth and evolution?

The human will, the moral power, the power of agreement is the grandest factor in evolution, and under that moral, beneficent, guiding intelligence, it can only peacefully and beneficently work out the destiny of mankind.

Who were the great American inspirers and monitors of the people in our revolution?

Thomas Paine, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson were the representative men and in his dream of liberty he says that society should be and must be made a companionship, instead of a tyranny, a compulsion, a government over and a government by authority of the great, or of the past, or by the

grace of God must end, and a government of, for, and by the people must take its place.

What was his mission?

For the destruction of every form of tyranny, force, compulsion, and slavery over the bodies, souls, lives and minds of his fellow men.

What were the American people in 1775?

Prostrated before the British throne humbly praying for more favorable terms of government.

Where now, was the mission of Paine?

In a few months 100,000 copies of "Common Sense" had raised them to their feet as free and independent citizens of a hoped—for republic of thirteen free and independent states, which by their own brave hearts and arms they determined to make a reality.

What is an impediment to the will of the people?

The College of Electors.

What was Thomas Paine's motive and object in writing his works?

My motive and object in all my political works, beginning with "Common Sense," the first work I ever published, have been to rescue man from tyranny and false systems and false principles of government, and enable him to be free and establish government for himself; and I have borne my share of danger in Europe and in America in every attempt I have made for this purpose. And my motive and object in all my publication on religious subjects, beginning with the first part of the "Age of Reason," have been to bring man to a right reason that God has given him; to impress on him the great principles of divine morality, justice, mercy, and a benevolent disposition to all men and to all creatures; and to excite in him a spirit of trust, confidence and consolation in his Creator, unshackled by the fable and fiction of books, by what ever invented name they may be called.

I am happy in the continual contemplation of what I have done, and I thank God that He gave me the talents for the purpose and fortitude to do it. It will make the continual consolation of my departing hours whenever they may finally arrive.

THOMAS PAINE.

Why is not his name mentioned every 4th of July as well as that of other brave defenders of liberty who were his partners in the work?

Because the Church has put a gag in the mouths of the multitude and history turn traitor to facts in support of intolerate assumption.

How does he state the true basis of Religion?

"I believe in one God and no more—The world is my country to do good my religion" he hoped for immortality through not feeling that he had proof positive of a continued life.

Why was he so embittered against the ideas of those around him?

He had seen so much hypocrisy, cant and immorality in the church, that he raised a loud and strong note of protest against any system or set of opinions which in the natural course of events, could be made to serve as a cloak for injustice and oppression.

How did he escape death which seemed simply an accident?

The fact that when the cross, which was put upon the door of the cell whose occupant was to be beheaded the next day, was placed upon his door, the door stood open, and the mark was placed upon it in such a way that when the door was shut it was not perceived by the guards who were taking away the condemned prisoners.

What is the standing rebuke to this nation?

The injustice which the American people were permitting in the absence of any fitting tribute to the memory of Thomas Paine in our halls of National Legislation.

RESPONSES.

He has been denounced—bigots have reviled him, ignorant fanatics have obscured the labor he did and the service he gave to our country.

The enlightened present and a still more enlightened posterity will tell who he was.

In the future his name will find its place in the framing of that immortal Declaration of Independence whose principles will ~~last~~ *last* forever.

In the future he will stand revealed and all will know the soul who did so much to revive the courage, stir the pulses, expose the errors of the oppressors of our land, and who helped them forward in their hour of trial.

No wonder religious people feared him in the country across the sea.

His doctrines undermined a State that sanctioned the theory of the divine right of King.

He tore the mask away from a hereditary ruler, uprooted the fiction of an aristocracy that, like leeches, sucked the blood from the labor class.

His voice was as the voice of a God kindling life and action in the hearts of men that, in name of liberty, they should drive the evils that oppressed them from the world.

Remember him with greatest praise for his noble services in those early and perilous times.

He first clearly projected the independence and federation of the United States and called them into being as a nation.

He dictated the very phrases of the "Immortal Declaration" and inspired the people to demand and stand by it.

He and his compeers found the "Free and Independent States of America" as the corner stone of the greater confederation of the world.

In our Republic designed by Paine as the prelude to the Republic of man, mark, that slavery, which he, as the forerunner of the Abolitionists, was the first to oppose, declaring as he did that man could never hold property in man, has disappeared, though at a needless cost of blood, toil and treasure.

To Paine as much as to Washington, Jefferson or any other renowned in history are Americans indebted for the Declaration of Independence.

He was without doubt one of the original framers and signers of that important document.

The world is just beginning to estimate this truly great and good man as something like his real value.

His name every year is mentioned with increasing respect and his memory is cherished with ever-growing tenderness.

To place him on a pedestal and worship him as a spotless character, would be absurd, but to give him rank among those who rendered service to the then known world is but to do him simple justice.

Since his birth, we of to day may look back across the buried years, and lifting our hearts to heaven in thankfulness for his advent to this world, feel proud and grateful if we ourselves can so live as to leave behind us when we quit the mortal frame, a record, an example and an influence as truly on the side of equity as that of Thomas Paine.

Imbued with the spirit of reform which animated him, let us to justice and philanthropy devote our lives, and thus assist in ushering in the glorious day of perfect freedom, whose dawning, though attended with clouds and storms, is yet assuredly upon us.

In this work we certainly shall have the assistance of Paine and all other true reformers; for, though their bodies may long since have turned to dust, their active, happy spirits are ready at all times and everywhere cooperate with those whose goal is freedom from whatever contracts the mind and fetters the soul of man.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

His name stands upon the undying roll of fame, as a champion of the Right against the Wrong, of the oppressed against the oppressor, an apostle of freedom whose heart and voice and strength and purse were ever devoted to the service of suffering humanity.

As there is no earthly monument to his memory, what is proposed to do?

To erect in the city of Boston a memorial building to commemorate the services of the great pleader of justice for the people.

What should always be remembered?

As long as this country shall last, or there is a colored man in this country that can read and remember the outrages that have been perpetrated on him or his ancestors, there will always be millions of them who will have in their hearts a monument more grand and enduring than any cold marble that is possible to erect.

What would be a suitable memorial?

A Building which should be dedicated to Labor, Temperance, Woman Suffrage and Reform.

Where was he often found?

In public Halls where he was heard in fiery denunciation of oppression and wrong, in eloquent vindication of the Rights of Man.

Then what shall we do to remember him as a man?

Let there be in Boston, the city wherein he was born, where he resided, and where he ascended from his earth-work, a hall which shall bear his name and which shall keep in living remembrance the sublime purposes to which he consecrated his great powers as a platform orator, and which shall furnish a forum where other men seeking to emulate his great example, may give voice to principles and to sentiments and aspirations kindred to his.

How was he a Hero on the world's rostrum?

Being gifted with genius, with eloquence, with wealth, with a distinguished lineage, with family influence and with a high social position, he disregarded the blandishments of power and the pleasures of popularity, and gave himself up, heart and soul, to the great work of making labor in America free.

What reward came to him and others who enlisted in the great work?

After a life of steadfast devotion he saw the shackles fall and four million men step forth from the darkness of bondage into the clear bright sunlight of Liberty.

Where do we find the true Hero?

Those who have been spurred on to do great things, to fight, to suffer, to die for humanity by higher motives than the hope of human glory or of a human monument.

What would we think his immortal spirit would say to us?

That he finds no pleasure in our praise or our plaudits, except as our praise or our plaudits come from minds aflame with the truth they talk, from men and women benefited by their instruction and pledged to profit by their example.

What inspired thought shall we give to carry on this work?

That a civic and social temple shall be erected upon the portals of which shall be emblazoned the name of the great and good man. It should be dedicated to purposes akin to those to which he dedicated his life, to freedom of discussion, which shall bring out the truth, to emancipation of labor, to furnishing the laboring men with opportunity to come together to discuss their wrongs, to seek a remedy for them and to pledge themselves to have no rest until the remedy is granted, and thus we shall be helping to carry on the work that he left unfinished.

To what would this Temple be likened?

To Wendell Phillips speaking upon the platform, speaking for Justice, Truth, Liberty, Universal Right, and Universal Emancipation.

Conductor.—We conclude this lesson by saying he was one of those pioneers that in the history of Nations stand like one of the grand mountain peaks that soonest catch the glory of the rising sun and give promise of the coming day—and when the coming day shall have reached the full noontide blaze of its glory, when the Kingdom shall have come upon Earth, when there shall be no master and no slave, when the whole human family shall be one living brotherhood, then shall the magnificent figure of Wendell Phillips stand in many a niche in many a temple of fame, not merely in our land, but in every land, as one of the saints of humanity, whose life, whose thoughts, whose words and deeds, have hastened the dawning of a Better Day, closing with the beautiful lines of Boyle O'Reilly—

Come, workers; here was a teacher, and the lesson he

taught was good;

There are no classes or races, but one human brotherhood.

There are no creeds to be outlawed, no color of skin debarred;

Mankind is one in its rights and wrongs—one right, one hope, one guard;

By his life he taught, by his death we learn, the great reformer's creed;

The right to be free, the hope to be just, and the guard against selfish greed.

RESPONSES TO WENDELL PHILLIPS.

As Wendell Phillips ascended to spirit life the curtain fell upon the last survivor among

the great actors in the most conspicuous social tragedy in American history.

In the lives of men, he gave up more for an idea, and worked more effectively that it might be realized.

He said in 1837 "When Liberty is in danger, Fanenil Hall has the right, it is her duty to strike the Key-note for these United States.

At the command of that stern voice called—conscience,—he left friends, fame, fortune to join that little company of Abolitionists, of whom Garrison was the single-hearted leader, and *he was to be the great and mighty orator.*

Later came Parker, Sumner, Emerson, and the tread of a host of Reformers, but in those early days Phillips put every gift, every dollar, all he was and all he hoped to be into the movement *then* under sealed orders in which he could only go forward as he saw the way.

These three men in that great struggle for Freedom united their forces to do the work of a strong armed man.

HABIT.

A disposition or condition of the mind or body, or aptitude for the performance of certain actions acquired by custom or a frequent repetition of the same act.

We should endeavor to correct evil habits by a change of practice.

A great point gained in the education of children, is to prevent the formation of bad habits.

As habits go deeper than memory and cannot be forgotten the better way is to train the will in habits.

Our education should insist activity instead of passivity—giving out instead of taking in—doing work instead of merely learning lessons—exercising the mental muscles instead of simply overloading the mental stomach. Aristotle says—"We acquire the virtues by doing the acts. We become builders by building and so by doing right acts, we become righteous."

Moral education in our school will be acquired by treating each other kindly, to cherish the welfare and honor of the school and to do our work faithfully and honestly.

Morality is right living, and well doing and

it must be learned in the experience of Life and in application to work.

Our school must teach the virtues of work in connection with the work of the school.

Punctuality, the habit of making preparation in advance and being always on time.

Orderliness, the habit of doing things in proper form.

Neatness, the habit of making work beautiful.

Concentration, the habit of putting one's whole might into his work.

Perseverance, the habit of sticking to work until it is mastered.

Thoroughness, the habit of making every piece of work one does the very best he or she can do.

These virtues should be incorporated into the structure of the scholar's will.

These habits are the foundation of all usefulness and honor.

We do not seek to ascertain how much memorized matter a child can hold but rather that every lesson given should be accompanied by an explanation of what that child reads.

The habits of doing one's work well is not the whole of morality, but it is the cornerstone of solid and substantial character.

Insanity should be regarded as a physical and not a moral disease for it does not do to deprive a man of his personal liberty and then try to soothe him with the idea that the loss of his most valued possession is for his own good.

The new education awakes each morning with the feeling that everything is an open question.

The new education will teach that the legitimate use of our faculties is always attended with pleasure and that studies of greatest importance are those of which we can make some practical use.

It will connect studies with practical pursuits, and above all will teach that high cultivation must be accompanied by robust health, and it will develop original investigation.

What one discovers for himself is worth a thousand times what somebody else has discovered for him.

While aiming at culture the new education

will realise that the culture which ends in itself is selfish and base, but its supreme object should be to make the educated man or woman an improvement on the past.

We are all in school—the wise seek to learn the lessons that are given to them—but the foolish shun the lessons only to learn them in bitterness and woe, and sigh for the never coming day when school will be out.

Fresh thoughts are as essential to the health of the mind as fresh food is needed to maintain bodily health.

Men seek to be known as great men rather than *good* men—the former seek distinction—the latter deserve it.

We may speak to men forever about changing their habits, but if we do not change their thoughts the habits will remain.

Error can be more easily overcome by the silent power of thought than by noisy speech.

There really is no difference between the one who believes in the resurrection of the material body, and the one who believes the material body is all there is of him.

Meat, tobacco, all kinds of liquor stimulate the evil passions by putting impure elements in the blood and are therefore a source of weakness instead of strength—eat such food as makes pure blood—that will give strength of body and purity of thought.

Spiritual blindness causes men to call *Wall Street operators* Kings of finance and the one who cheats at cards a thief and gambler—in the estimation of the *world wrong is right* if a large number practice it.

When you go into a place filthy with immoral thoughts and deeds the magnetic atoms of that place try to flow into your mind and agitate your thoughts in the sphere to which the place belongs—but if you *must* enter such places be sure that you are protected by a disinfectant of pure thoughts and motives for the moral corruption enters and abides where it finds congenial soil.

The secret of spiritual success is not in learning to become an orator of spiritual things—but a meditator upon them.

The bodily portion of our being has no capacity to make us become brave, truthful patient and lovable—it can no more develop these

qualities than the engine could move without steam in the boiler or carry the train ahead on the rails, or stop it for passengers to get off except it is directed by the mind and will of the engineer.

The will is the power of your soul to control and become master of all the impulses of your nature and all the movements of your body.

That which is really you is so much more and greater than the instrument, called the body, there is no language to describe or express it.

Our physical senses understand material things, but we must develop our spiritual senses before we can understand spiritual things.

Whether we are in the physical body or out until our spiritual faculties and our spiritual will power have unfolded we are bound to earth and material life.

The unfoldment of our spiritual nature, is opening the door and windows of heaven for—"behold the kingdom of heaven is within you."

A common humanity will grow out of the knowledge that all have a common destiny—there can be no love for humanity in the one who believes that happiness awaits himself while others are to be eternally tortured.

It were well for all who are in Sympathy with S. to study the record of its past progress, of a lesson so often taught in History the world over—however dark the night may be for truth and justice the day surely comes in the brightness of whose noonday their banners wave victoriously.

Woman has been the slave of man too long—the liberal spirit of the age is about to undo this great wrong which was born of injustice and woman will yet walk at the side of man his equal.

The history of one atom is as unknown as that of the universe, one drop of water is as wonderful as all the seas, one leaf as all the forrests, and one grain of sand as all the stars.

The progressive teachings of today say—our troubles and bereavements are not the work of the Christian's God—but the operation of a law of nature.

The world is not to be saved by one man, but by all men who live so as to leave it a little better than they found it.

Re-organize society without either God or King—by the systematic worship of humanity.

The Religion of Humanity is the religion of race culture wherein all low selfishness shall be destroyed by the glowing flame of fraternal love.

If we would enlist the sympathy and cooperation of thoughtful men and women we should each desire the highest good of all and where all the baser impulses shall be in subjection to wisdom.

Spiritualism—its altars are the hearts of men and women, its shrine is humanity, its Temple is the Universe of love and truth, and it declares God's name in the loving works of human hands.

The person who exercises his freedom according to a spiritual standard becomes more true and noble, and brings his life into harmony with the universe of truth and right.

No man or woman is free to violate law, even civil law, we must contend against laws that are oppressive by continual effort to compel the enactment of higher laws.

A true spiritualist will be a law unto himself, which will consist in obedience to just laws, just laws are those which advance man physically, mentally, and morally.

Good and evil are constantly at work in the universe, keeping up that friction which seemingly creates life and maintains activity.

Evil can lessen in power and activity until finally it seems to become merged into higher good, and we are taught that evil is only the undeveloped stage or state and that just as fast as unfoldment occurs, there is a lessening of the evil and power and a gradual merging into something that is higher and better.

The condition of mental modesty is the only one consistent with individual progress.

It is the duty of individuals to remember that to do good is the work of knowledge and that the indulgence of feeling, without the knowledge required to guide, may do mischief and not good.

We are day by day chiseling and moulding

a piece of work which though only seen by glimpses at present will one day, when we lay our tired bodies down to sleep stand forth unveiled in the presence of the vast assemblage of spirits who have passed before.

This spirit of ours which we are now working upon will be there, as we have made it here beautiful or unsightly.

Sculptors for a continued life—chisel in hand, we stand executing a work imperishable and eternal a work that breathes, feels and lives, a work that is sensible alike to pride and shame, hope and despair, love and fear, peace and pain, exalted aspirations and thoughts that reach beyond the stars.

All creeds forms and ceremonies without deeds are but ashes, for a man may be truly good without any of them.

A few things believed in as necessary to salvation really are so, men lived and died countless centuries before creeds were written—creeds do not make one more fit for spiritual life.

True civilization consists in a love of order and duty and in that recognition and sacred regard for the rights of others which cannot be enforced by law—in affectionate hearts, in active, truth-loving minds—all combining to make happy families, brotherly neighborhoods and a great and uncorruptible people.

In the order of your zeal for moral reform, forget not the rights of personal freedom.

Self-government is the foundation of all our political and social institution and it is by self-government alone that the laws of Temperance can be enforced.

Seek not to force upon one by legislative enactment that virtue which he can possess only by the dictates of his own conscience and the energy of his own will.

Garrison, unbending as virtue itself, with integrity like that of an archangel was as resistless as fate in working toward his object and was the incarnation of moral heroism.

Parker had the same unconquerable hate of Slavery, but could present his arguments with wit and invective terrible as an army with banners with a fearlessness that inspired awe, and with a purpose that knew no defeat.

Phillips dealt with the great public, the

common people, the audiences in the district school house, the mob in the town hall, the fierce threats of city snobs.

He made people anxious to hear him, first for his eloquence then for his cause.

Greeley in the Tribune,—Sumner in the Senate of the nation, Parker in Boston Music Hall, Garrison everywhere, carrying his standard of uncompromising hostility made public opinion.

Each in his place, and in the place each was best fitted for, wrought a political Revolution.

Phillips—proscribed, hated, avoided, insulted, hissed, it made no difference to the man who had Freedom's cause at heart, and a white soul in his breast.

He was a man of Principle, they were not put on to catch the tribute of popular breath they belonged to the very constitution of the man, they appealed to the best in his nature and he believed they ought to prevail.

He stood absolutely upon his manhood, his moral purpose was so transparent that behind and beneath all his culture and all his genius it was the source of the magnetism drew men to him.

His eloquence revealed culture, its strength was in the untarnished integrity of a man whose genius was enkindled by the moral greatness of his cause.

He worked for a great principle, but his argument was with men, with deeds and with facts.

He lived for a great cause and had the happiness to witness its success.

Conductor.—He has gone from the scenes of his youth and manhood with an unsullied name, with a heart that had no lie in it universally lamented as one who had the courage of his convictions in the dark days of our national life, and universally honored as one of the greatest orators of the Century.

The readers of this Department will notice that there has been a variety of subjects touched upon and with this number the reader will see that there has been selected two of the foremost minds of this country from which lessons are presented. In presenting these lessons it is with a hope that our child-

ren's minds will turn from the past—from Bible lessons to the motives and lives of men who we *know* have been a benefit to humanity.

SPIRITUAL IDEA.

What is the Spiritual idea of man?

That he is the culmination of nature the embodiment of all her forces, that in him converge all powers and possibilities.

How can we affirm that we are children of God or nature?

From the fact that we possess the same essential nature as that of the Spirit that pervades the universe of which all forms of life are but the imperfect expression,

Then what is man?

The most perfect being in the universe, not as to his present attainment, or perfection of his development, but as to his possession of all capacities for all knowledge, for the exercise of all power.

What has been our conception of God?

That he has been the best being of which we can conceive and that being is always a magnified man, because we can conceive of nothing superior to human nature.

What is God?

The influence pervading us, the life of our life, and from which we derive our hope and expectation of a better time yet to be, and of Better beings who are to be in the great eternal future.

What will be the condition of man in the Spirit-world?

The product of law operating in and through the individual pervading the circumstances surrounding him and attending his conditions of birth and unfoldment.

What is the mission of Pain and discomfort?

To educate the mind and enable one to outgrow the conditions that are enveloping them in the Pains and its attendant penalties.

What does sickness lead a man to?

A Study of the structure of his physical body and had there been no pain there, no need of the science of anatomy were necessary, no science of medicine—no means of restoring

the diseased body to health.

How has the product of man exceeded the power of nature?

All our cities, dwellings, the decorations of our homes, the elements of civilization and progress are an improvement on nature.

Is it a desirable thought that the spirit life is one of ease and monotony?

No—all ambitious, imaginative, enterprising, thinking individuals desire to have something to do in the homes in which they are living whether they are made with hands, or with the power of the mind.

Of what use is the phenomena in Spiritualism?

They are valuable because of their power to instruct—they are object lessons by which we are to arrive at a knowledge of truth.

Then what does Spiritualism teach?

That we are all Brothers and Sisters upon an equal plane, that we are parts of one another, that we never shall be separated as we progress onward through time.

When shall we hail the grand and glorious era?

When no human being will be permitted the right to a monopoly of wealth, happiness, land, or the very air if it were possible while others are suffering.

What will be the result of these higher and better conditions?

Our ascended workers will then come to inspire us to every noble effort and prompt us to all generous deeds, they will come in and sit at our tables, meet with us in our legislative halls, help us to shape laws in accordance with the great principles they are striving to inculcate in our minds even now and we assembled together pervaded by the divine spirit will tend ever upward and onward to higher and better conditions.

—Hicks. "Sorry have n't any time to hear you to-day. I'm in an awful hurry."

Wicks. "Oh, I am not going to keep you long. I only want to tell you what I think."

Hicks. "Tell me what you think? Oh, if that's all, go ahead. I've time enough for that."

From The Household.

THANKSGIVING SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Are the holidays of the present time as conducive to real enjoyment and happiness as the free-and-easy home celebrations of seventy or eighty years ago?

We do not believe they are. There may be more refinement—no, that is not the word, but style—now, but is there half the true, genuine pleasure and happiness for the young.

We look back three-quarters of a century to a large, old-fashionable home in New England,—white, with green blinds, of course—situated on one of the beautiful hills in Worcester county, Mass., where ten ‘merry lads and lassies dwelt.

By the middle of November how we counted the days,—for Thanksgiving was close by,—and grandpa and grandma would spend the week there, for who could think of taking a troop of ten children to their pretty, quiet home; and certainly all must go, if any, for the family must not be divided on Thanksgiving day!

So the dear old people would come to their son-in-law, ‘the doctor’s’ house, where there were many quiet places in which they could be undisturbed if the young, joyous, frolicsome children became tiresome.

We can hardly tell of the Thanksgiving entertainment without recalling the busy week spent in preparing for it, quite as full of pleasant memories as the day in prospect.

‘The boys’ took charge of slaughtering the turkeys, chickens and ducks, and picking and dressing them in an out-building,—not so remote as to prevent those engaged in the house from hearing the merry laughter over the work, and often responding but without interrupting active labors in the house.

There was the meat to be cooked ready to be chopped for a mince pie, and the next day, apples and pumpkins to be made ready, and raisins to be picked over and stoned.

In the evening, the brothers helped to chop the meat, pare and chop the apples for the mince-pies, and while all old enough were at

work, the grandparents told the stories of those earlier days, when all were compelled to fight the Indians, or seek protection from them in the forts, risking the loss and destruction of the little homes they had worked so hard to secure; or recounting their adventures connected with the Revolutionary war.

While listening to all these stories,—at that time of comparative recent date,—labor was pleasure, the work progressed rapidly.

The morning before Thanksgiving Day, pies, bread and cake were baked in the two large, brick ovens, after which one was reheated to receive the bread-trough filled with brown-bread dough, and the plum and Indian suet pudding, dark with huckleberries. These were to remain until taken out hot for Thanksgiving dinner.

Meanwhile the poultry was made ready to be cooked on Thanksgiving Day.

For so large a family, breakfast must necessarily be bountiful, but nothing extra was prepared for that meal.

The dinner was to be all that abundant materials and the best skill could make it, and, therefore, the sensible parents would not venture to allow their large troop of growing children any extra indulgence in the way of food.

On Thanksgiving morning, the doctor, if not called off by patients, took the grandparents and the younger members of the family to church, leaving the workers free from interruption.

It is said ‘many hands make light work.’ However that may be, we know that while under the gentle mother’s supervision everything must be done methodically and ‘on time,’ yet there was never a jollier time than the hours spent in preparing Thanksgiving dinner, as we remember it, after we were old enough to lend a helping hand.

The brothers had charge of the two ovens, supplying fuel, and, when heated, clearing out the coals, ready to be filled with the chickens, ducks, and, of course, chicken-pie.

The turkeys in the large roaster, which no modern invention has ever equalled, were being roasted, not baked, before the great kitchen fire.

All is ready. The long table is spread, and hark! the carriage has turned up the lane, and the hungry occupants will soon be here.

The younger children rush in with merry voices, and then stand back surprised to see the table set, not in the dining-room, but stretched through the long, wide hall, loaded with "costly piles of food." In a few minutes all are seated.

Turkeys, ducks, chickens baked, and always a huge chicken-pie, all varieties of vegetables, cranberry sauce, mince, pumpkin apple and custard pies, plum pudding, Indian huckleberry suet pudding, tea, coffee, and the richest of cream,—all appeared in their appropriate order.

Rising from the table, when all were abundantly satisfied, they all adjourned to the parlor for a little ceremony that was never omitted on Thanksgiving, and never repeated on any other day.

In the centre of the room stood a table on which was a very large bowl of milk punch, surrounded by tiny wine-glasses.

After telling us how much we had to be thankful for, what a blessing it was that we had enjoyed this day with no interruption or mishap, our father filled the little glasses from the punch-bowl, and with a smile and a kiss gave one to each of the children, and then all scattered to find such enjoyment as they chose till supper-time.

Supper! What could any one do with supper after sitting two hours and more at such a dinner, and eating to repletion?

Nevertheless, the table was spread temptingly, but not heartily complimented.

What little appetite there was left from dinner was reserved, certainly by the children, for a later entertainment in the evening, when all adjourned to the kitchen.

On the long table in the centre of the room was, first, a large glass bowl of lemonade,—and remember, in those early days, that was a luxury,—an abundance of such fruit as was in season, and a good supply of nuts and popcorn. Now all were ready for fun. On the large stone hearth some cracked nuts, others popped corn over the large bed of wood coals, some of which was ground in a hand-mill, and

served, in saucers, with rich cream to those who preferred, while the lemonade stood ready for all who wished.

While preparing and partaking of this repast, grandparents and parents entertained us all with a succession of stories. Then followed evening games in which the younger and, sometimes, the older members of the family took part.

This is a simple account of the Thanksgivings we remember many, many years ago, a tame description of what used to seem to us—and does, even now—more full of real pleasure and happiness than any other week could furnish in the whole year.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

We are all homeward bound to that bright-land of promise

Though when we will reach safe harbor no mortal tongue can tell,

But we may surely trust our dearest heart treasures To the hand of that One, "who doeth all things well.

All is for the best, a just providence ruleth, God keepeth us all in the hollow of his hand.

We are guided and guarded by angels of mercy, For without angel guidance we should all be astrand.

Nothing can be lost in this world of wise purpose; God's infinite love provides for us all,

Our stay here on earth may be longer, or shorter, In obedience of fixed laws governing great and small.

Death is no dark foe to be feared, and dreaded, It brings relief from all sickness and pain,

Death is but the door. all must pass through On the homeward bound journey sweet freedom to gain.

Heaven is the harbor to which we are sailing.

On our homeward bound journey through trouble and sin

But great the rejoicing and glorious the welcome, When our boat sterns the tide and sails safely in.

In sad fear and trembling we close our dim eyes As our spirit pass through deaths wide open door, To open them again with a thrill of glad surprise, As our souls stand enraptured, on the blest immortal shore.

LAURA HAYES.

THE beauties of the N. D. C. Chart cannot be described upon paper; it must be seen and studied to be appreciated. It only costs \$1.00 which includes a Life Membership in the N. D. C. and our Secret Work and Key—SEND NOW!

stands condemned as only augmenting the evil it is trying to check.

Dealing with effects and letting the causes that are in constant operation to produce those effects is not remedial even temporarily, but that is what our so-called civilization of the nineteenth century is doing.

To become polarized to that extent that conscious of the in-dwelling spirit of the good and true, that the individual can enter the association of the criminally inclined even with a desire to influence them to a nobler life without being more or less influenced by them, is a condition that but very few have ever attained.

That Jesus arrived to that condition is apparent, when he was accused of seeking the criminal class he replied that he came not to minister to the righteous but to draw sinners to repentance. Conscious of that exalted atmosphere of purity and truth that enveloped his being, stronger than the malignant forces that surrounded him, he could enter the abodes of degradation and by the power of that spiritual force that was dominant in his life inspire them with better aspirations and desires.

Only by a deep and earnest soul-travail can this be attained. The common lot of mortals is to be more or less influenced by surrounding conditions. Then the importance of having them exalted in sentiment to enable them to unfold the better part, and only thus will its final emancipation be attained.

LIFE, WHAT IS IT TOO LIVE?

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

To truly live is to develop the highest possibilities within us; to unfold the spiritual nature—to give time to spiritual culture. Remember, we are not here merely to supply the needs of the physical body, to pamper the appetite, and cater to self-love; but to realize that we are here as spirits incarnated in the flesh, to gain an experience necessary for our further progression. If we spend the time idly, not doing the thing we are here to do, our coming has been in vain, and we must journey again with matter before we can go

on in the march upward of progression. We are wise if we make the most of the present earth existence: We can do this by developing the spiritual part of our being—by overcoming selfishness and cultivating love for humanity instead; by being guided by justice, wisdom, and love in our intercourse with our fellow beings.

How happy must that spirit be, who, in entering spirit life, can look back upon a life well and profitably spent;—who is assailed by no regrets, or remorse for duty left undone or time wasted. To take up life on the other side a self poised developed and progressed spirit.

We may all experience this joy of the soul if we will, but it cannot be done without patient effort—it is something we must work for: There are foes to overcome, the hardest to subdue and conquer is selfishness. If we are earnest in our endeavor to gain the mastery over self, realizing that we are preparing the spirit for greater achievements in the eternities that lie before it, we shall have courage to persevere and will at last, come off conquerors.

All spiritualists know that the only thing that is of value to a spirit who has put off the mortal form, is the good that it has done while here. They have been told this again and again by those who ought to know; it is all that we can carry with us to the other side: Riches, if we hoard them up instead of putting them to good use in spreading the light of truth around and in ways that shall benefit our fellow creatures (we know are a curse and a hindrance.) To spread the light that Spiritualism has given us as far and wide as we can, is one of our chief duties to assist the spirit world in its labors for humanity. A disembodied spirit is obliged to work through human instruments and with material means. When we are blessed with this divine truth we can become co-workers with them on this earth-plane.

What joy will be theirs who have faithfully done their duty in this respect when they join the band of angelic workers on the other side—what satisfaction to know they did all that they could for humanity and for

truth; that they were willing helpers with the bright hosts beyond. How sweet and precious will be the words of approval "well done good and faithful servant." What glorious recompense for all sacrifices made for truth and all work done in its behalf.

When the giant selfishness is overcome then shall we think more of the duty we owe humanity and the spirit world than of our bank account—for then money will be but as dross save for the good that it can do.

From The New Nation.

TALKS ON NATIONALISM.

BY EDWARD BELLAMY.

Mr. Smith, who has joined the nationalists, meets a young collegian, who expects to graduate the next week.

SMITH.—This is graduation week with you, I understand.

COL.—Yes, the class is launched on Thursday. The last prop is knocked out at noon, and then—ho, for the voyage of life!

SMITH.—I hope it will be a long and successful one in your case.

COL.—I don't know about that. The annual newspaper editorials, which are printed along in the commencement season, credit us graduates with an overweening confidence in our abilities to go forth and conquer the world, but, so far as I know our men, that theory is a mistake. The fact is, while we keep a stiff upper lip, the most of us feel a little panicky over the prospect.

SMITH.—I don't doubt it. I know I did, and if I had known what was before me, I confess I should have felt more panicky still.

COL.—You had a hard time, then?

SMITH.—Perhaps not harder than most men, but hard enough. I was 10 years knocking around from pillar to post before I found anything to do by which I could fairly support myself and think of having a family. I find plenty of men who have had the same experience. What are you going into?

COL.—There's the rub. I prefer the law, but I understand that the profession is desperately overcrowded, and there is little chance for a fellow who cannot get the business of

some big corporation.

SMITH.—I suspect that is just about true. How about medicine?

COL.—I've talked with a number of young doctors about practising medicine, but they all advise me to die some easier death. Really, they say that half the doctors of the country are living on half rations.

SMITH.—How about the ministry?

COL.—No vocation for it. I suppose I shall try to get a little school teaching and wait for something to turn up. There were a lot of the men up in my room last night, discussing our futures, and except a few rich men's sons, we agreed that the outlook for the average college graduate, in the present crowded state of the professions, was drearier than it had ever been before. I've made up my mind that it would have been better if my poor father had not slaved so hard before his death to send me to college. I might have done something in business, perhaps.

SMITH.—I don't think you need fret about any lost opportunity in that direction. If the professional men are crowding each other uncomfortably, the syndicates and trusts are crowding the business men out of existence. Every one of these business consolidations, with which the papers are full, fences up one more field of opportunity to independent business enterprise. A barber's shop will soon be about the only business a man can start without a big capital behind him.

COL.—I used to say that, if worse come to worst, I was strong enough to dig or heave coal for a living, but I see by the papers that there are a million unemployed workingmen in the country, and I'm afraid I should have to take my place at the end of a pretty long cue. In his baccalaureate, last Sunday, Prex got eloquent about the world's need of workers and the careers of usefulness that were just begging us to follow them. What rot! As a matter of fact, the world doesn't want any more workers, it has got too many already; too many lawyers, too many doctors, too many parsons, too many tradesmen, too many mechanics, too many day laborers. If a man is going to get a chance to work, whether to dig, teach, or cure people, he has to fight for

it. I don't understand it. It is all a muddle. One would think that the world would welcome workers, for, after all, it is work that makes wealth.

SMITH.—Look out, or you'll end by being a nationalist.

COL.—What has nationalism got to say about this?

SMITH.—It says the last word and the only word in which there is any help. Under nationalism the world will welcome its workers. It will wait for them with eagerness, take careful account of their powers and bestir itself, with all possible solicitude, to find for each the place his tastes and powers best fit him for and to extend his field of usefulness as he shows ability to fill it.

COL.—Well, that's what we want; but why can't we have it now without nationalism! Surely, it is the general interest that all should find work.

SMITH.—It is the general interest, but not the individual interest. Under the present system, the individual worker depends upon his particular earnings, not upon his share of the general earnings. His particular interest and the general interest are in direct contradiction. It is the general interest that all should be at work. It is the particular interest of every individual worker that as few as possible should work at his business, lest the demand for him and consequently his earnings should either be positively diminished or fail to increase as they otherwise might. This accounts for the discrepancy between the baccalaureate theory that the world wants workers and the difficulties placed in the way of everybody who tries to get work.

COL.—And what will nationalism do about it?

—SMITH.—It will identify the economical interest of the individual absolutely with that of the community, by making his income consist of an equal share of what the community makes, instead of consisting, as now, of what he can make out of the community. The result will be that every worker will be as eager to encourage other workers as he now is to discourage them; for every man not employed to the best advantage will be a loss to all.

COL.—I can see that everybody would be anxious to get everybody else at work under nationalism but what motive has he to work himself, since he will be provided for anyhow?

SMITH.—The obligation to work at some business of mind or muscle would be a law as binding and unavoidable as military service under the German system, and open repudiation of it would, no doubt, be harshly dealt with. But really, I think the pains and penalties of the law would rarely need to be invoked. I imagine the man's comrades could be pretty safely trusted to see that he didn't loaf. I should be very sorry for a worker who, under such a system as nationalism, should get himself looked upon as a confirmed shirk. His experience, I fancy, would be something like that of an Indian youth who has got the reputation in his tribe of being a coward. A man who loafs, nowadays, is despised, but he hurts nobody in particular, and so is tolerated; but then a loafer then would be recognized as a direct burden on every one of his fellows, and a thief of their earnings. No I think that, what with public opinion in the foreground and the service law in the background, the community under nationalism would be less troubled with loafers than it ever was before?

COL.—But what is going to tempt a man to put forth his best efforts?

SMITH.—The distinction and honors of the state, and the exercise of power.

COL.—Will that be motive enough without money?

SMITH.—That is a funny question for a collegian. Is there any community on earth where emulation for distinction is more intense than in a university, and is there anywhere it is more wholly unaffected by money considerations?

COL.—No; that's a fact.

SMITH.—It is far more intense, as well as more honorable in the school and university than in business life, because the money measure of effort and of talent is base, unfair and every way degraded. I fully believe that the sordid nature of the prizes set before men in mature life, under the present system,

do more to discourage emulation than to encourage it, and that under nationalism we shall see honorable ambition become intensified as a motive, beyond any former experience.

EXPERIENCES.

The way I first became interested in spiritual phenomena, is what I want to tell you dear reader, but I hardly know how to express my thoughts on paper. If you were here at my side it would be easy enough to tell you; to begin at "begging" as the school children say, away back in 76. 14 years backward, my dark year of sorrow and pain, in the month of June 1876, my mother died. This was the first real sorrow of my life, the sun was darkened the bitter vinegar was given to me: the crown of thorns, the heavy cross of burdened life was mine for I said in my heart: there is no God; and then I raised my voice to curse him for taking my mother the idol of my life from me—hating the Bible because it was the word of—God. Then for years, I was like a wanderer. One day was waste for a year—life was the same to me—on land or sea—like a tree after the storm, the leaves beating the ground 'till all were gone, the bare limbs rise up slowly toward Heaven. I found life was not extinct, bent but not broken—but lo! I found with the spring came the leaves and flowers of hope and promise of a higher, better, life in the sweet beyond. Now I can say in spirit and in truth, "Oh! grave where is thy victory—Oh! death where is thy sting?"—this is the blessing that I found in the hooted Spiritualism a peace, a faith. All doubts removed concerning a future life, a firm security from the Christian's hell—all this and more, yes, much more dear friends that pen can express. You will find in the true spirit of truth, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you, what? Why the true spirit of Christ shall descend and hover on your head like a dove. In 1879 I for the first time in my life read a spiritual paper; there I saw the advertisement of James A. Bliss. I sent for his "how to become a medium," and was so interested in him and this religion, that I have

been a steady reader of this paper ever since. I sent for the Magic cup and have been convinced that in Spiritualism there is no fraud—no deceit. I have found contentment in my struggle for life, a hope that the Christian religion can never give. For years doubts of distrust came over me, shaking my faith, for I had deceived myself so often trying to be a Christian. Losing confidence in their hypocritical profession, to hear them talk of their conversion of how they found Jesus, and watch their conduct in the outside world, is to the innocent young seeker after truth a death blow indeed. I doubt if one half of them will reach the goal or heaven they seek. But judge not lest ye be judged—God forbid I should judge of his work.

EVELYN MONTROSEY.

A KIND LETTER FROM A PROMINENT SHAKER.

A friend sent me June number of THE SOWER, and I feel to thank you for your kind and respectful notice of the Shakers and of Mother Ann Lee. She was truly a Mother of souls, as many can testify. On page 274, I notice a reference to John Calvin, which incites me to write, that if Calvin was present in that Presbyterian Assembly, I have every reason to believe he was there to undo, as much as is possible for a spirit to undo, the evil consequences of his errors in earth life. I have seen a communication given in the name of John Calvin, the Geneva Reformer, confessing his errors in earth life, and relating his sufferings till humble and repentant in spirit life; till he was so humble he was ready to confess and forsake his sins, both of omission and commission. Then he found that the Apostle Peter had been ministering to him; and he was thankful to be allowed to companion so noble a spirit, as was Michael Servetus. I have full confidence in the truth of this rehearsal, or confession, and believe Calvin ought to have the benefit of the same. I also believe that both he and Luther are now engaged in pulling down that arbitrary authority and tyranny over conscience, which in earth life, they unfortunately supported. It

was the ignorance, darkness and infatuation of ambition, pride and leading minds of their day, which disqualified them for separating truth from error. And now that they have seen and repented of their errors, they will be found on the side of freedom, justice, righteousness and battling for truth and progress against all error and mental darkness and bondage. We believe no true spiritualist can reasonably object to this—and that it is cause for rejoicing in the ranks of progress.

I like the tone of and am in sympathy with the objects of your publication, as declared in your editorial column, and you have my hearty good will.

As in every large, well regulated school, there are grades and classes, each requiring instruction according to grade of intelligence and degree of development, so I conceive, is the development of human beings. All are born at zero, and all require instructors in order to rise above the animal plane of existence. Some are of finer texture and make swifter progress than others—hence there are grades of development—and it requires teachers, in every grade above the mere animal. Looking on you as one of the leaders and teachers of your grade, honestly striving to shed an uplifting influence, and aid the advance of people to better condition, I can wish you a hearty God speed and God bless you. I inclose a couple of tracts that will give you some intimation of the character of our work, which is all in the line of advance to higher material and spiritual conditions. Yours for all good.

ALONZO G. HOLLISTER.

MEMORIAL DAYS.

BY MRS. M. J. NAFUS.

The memorial days are with us again! Are not all days memorial days for the friends that we love, who have passed on to the other shore? And, as we hold communion with their spirits, we scarcely think of the grave where the body was laid, which is only a cast off garment.

Our inmost desire is to learn of the spirit who stands by our side, our aching hearts cry out in anguish, Oh! come, dearest one, and tell

us of that unknown land? Are there flowers there, more fragrant, rich and rare than mortals ever knew? Are there fountains and silver streams bedecked with lilies and evergreens, are there song-birds whose notes do swell praises to their maker? Oh! tell us what is our destiny, are we to inherit that beautiful land shall we find rest, peace and joy? What is the destiny of a misspent life, are there any misspent lives? Earth life is only a beginning—we are only as infants in innocent ignorance. The few short years of earth life is only a struggle ever reaching for something grand and noble, that must fulfill its mission.

Earth's children are not to know too much of their spirit home, for the weary spirit would grow discontented and child-like, would not fill its mission well here.

It is said: there is wisdom in every thing, and so it is planned by the great infinite that every thing is well and in its place and as it should be. Work on! dear child, ye, who have been given the *light* and knowledge, look upon thy fellow being incapable of comprehending that the light shines for all, but weak minds like weak eyes cannot stand the strongest glare; but strength and truth shall be given all—yes, every one. Then work and pray for darkness shall be turned to-day.

One of the greatest memorial days, and one that has been kept the most sacred, is that of Jesus.

When Mary came to the tomb with spice and sweet perfume, and found the one whom she loved was gone her heart was very sad, but her sorrow changed to joy when she heard the familiar voice. The spirit had arisen from out the clay and he bid her heart rejoice.

Well may our hearts all rejoice—those who can comprehend the meaning of the arisen spirit. The Jews (through their ignorance) crucified the good and wise teacher. Then in turn those who believed themselves saved by the atoning blood of Jesus persecuted the Jews, who were also too ignorant to realize that had it not been for the Jews they would not have had their "saviour."

Why should we murmur, has not wisdom always been persecuted by ignorance?

KIND WORDS FOR NOVEMBER SOWER.

From The Progressive Age:—

THE SOWER, published in Detroit, Michigan, is a well edited and high toned monthly publication.

From Deaf-Mute Mirror.

THE SOWER.—A monthly magazine published in the interests of the National Developing Circle, by Bliss and Burose, Detroit.

The November number is full of interesting matter devoted to the cause for which it is published, and no one believing in its teachings can find fault with either its contents, appearance, or price. It is very neatly printed, and only \$1.00 per annum.

From one of the Editors of *Golden Way*—Mrs. Rose L. Bushnell.

Your zinc pretty little SOWER is at hand, with its splendid editorials and articles from good writers and workers over the land—God bless you! I was rejoiced to see its smiling face again: It is indeed dainty, refined, intelligent and first class! Please find enclosed one dollar from me, as “*one drop in the bucket.*” I have written something for you since 11 o'clock and it is now 10 minutes to 12 o'clock. The spirit standing by my side, some of the time hand on my head, touches my face. Prosperity I trust will be yours.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, of N. Y., writes:—“I am very much pleased to see that you have begun your work in good earnest again.

Enclosed please find subscription for THE SOWER. May its seeds continue to fall in the hearts of the people everywhere and bring forth fruit to bless them and THE SOWER.”

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D. writes:—“I am delighted with the magazine, typographically it is neat and tasty—and intellectually it is first class.

Spiritual literature goes hard here in the East. The majority of our spiritualists are not readers, many of them under our present system of competitive labor have no time to devote to the education of their minds. But we hope for better times in the new era, and

then a boom will strike our literature.

I always considered Dr. Bliss one of the grandest mediums I ever met, and also as thorough honest and self-sacrificing in his work for humanity, and hold him still as my friend on the spirit side of life and also his work—our work for humanity.”

SPIRITUALISM WITH REFORM.

BY CARL E. KREISCHE.

PRAYER—May God the force of all life—the source of all light and wisdom, aid bright angels communing with noble workers to liberalize, socialize and spiritualize humanity. Amen.

The spirit light inculcates a continuation of our personal life into another existence. The ruling system applied, in preference of the law—that is harsh stiff and arbitrary. Liberalism demands to give others the same chance as we claim for ourselves in all our doings.

Socialism, studied and comprehended will regulate the industry—restrain selfish speculations—enhance co-operation and prohibit all sorts of monopolies that tend to starve out the majority of men.

After reading the first books of A. J. Davis I felt for a short time a charming brightening of all surroundings buoyant to the observation. To brighten our conditions preparatory for the future home of souls—cherish pure thoughts—speak truthfully.

Dear friends: Let us get ready to inaugurate and concentrate our best efforts in establishing a spiritual philosophy for the next century—not by name only, but by noble deeds helping each other to become truly brothers and sisters.

Here is an other important council of spirits, “Albert” of Dec. 5th 1878 Banner of Light: “Power may give us strength, money may give us power; we may stand in the world with ambition by our side ever pointing the way onward and upward; we may feel that we can climb as far and as fast as the world will let us; but as we look around, about and beneath us, what do we behold? Is there any happiness in knowing we have ascended farther than our fellow beings in the social scale of

life, and can command men and women to do our biddings? We answer, nay. Life, light and happiness do not come from power, from glory and ambition, but they come from goodness, and from little deeds of life that we may sow each day and each hour.

I have stood in the market places of life and seen men give away hundreds in what they called charity; and I have seen the widow give her ten cents, which went further than the five or ten hundred dollars given by the individual who gave it that he might be known.

I am glad to accept an humble position; to bow my head before angels that gather around and say to you individuals who come here to listen, that Spiritualism is true. It is good for the monarch upon the throne, for the queen who stands with the bright flowers surrounding her, for the merchant in his counting room, for the sailor on the ocean, and for all classes of the human family. Would you have your lives pure and bright? Then follow the dictates of the purer inner man.

Many of you before us feel that if you could wield the scepter of power and control a kingdom you would do something wonderful. Let me tell you that he who can control himself is greater than he who controls—a kingdom. May I say that he who can give forth words of love and wisdom to the little child, is greater than he who sends forth ships upon the seas? He who understands his own nature, his own soul, and can rise to a high and holy communion wisdom world, is the one who need be envied. It is not he or she who can govern a nation, or wield the power of earth, but rather the one that can hold the wand of love and wield it for heavenly purposes.

Oh! let me tell you spiritualists, the time is coming when you must clasp hands together firmly, when you must stand side by side, and with one strong effort send forth your principles and assert your rights, or there will be darkness over your entire land. Please sign my name Albert, and nothing more."

According to the tones expressed the spirit is likely Prince Albert of England. Theology locked itself out from intercommunication by

declaring: That the gates of heaven were only open at the time when Jesus and his apostles lived; that these gates had been closed till Judgment day; so the faithful people take it for granted that it might be so: Through the oral and written spirit lectures people become convinced of the truth. Precisely as good speaking fore runs social and political movements enhancing amity and good will in communities.

A leakage of Protestant weakness. One preacher said years ago; "we must imitate the Catholics, they fill their churches with believers while ours remain almost empty." Stop! I thought deeply, that cannot or shall not be done. The church of the middle ages (with no oppositions) its inhuman persecutions and inquisition warns us never to permit such a course. The preacher observing me taking note of his wording, became perplexed, brought his sermon to a close and dismissed the audience. Shame! shame! that Protestantism—without a living Luther to push them forward loses its spiritual grounds. It clings to the apron of the Catholic church for support. A. L. Revival. preacher, acted similar; he stated: "That the efforts to entertain his audience might be the very last one (it ought to be, I thought, if you cannot give it a larger thoughtful instruction.) "It must however be said," the preacher remarked: That the immoral mankind is fast going down to Sodom and Gamora, God punished them, as he punished Thomas Paine; who, when his charge had come upon him, his distress was so that he could not sleep, or could not die, for a long time. In consequence, Thomas Paine in his remorse considered it as God's punishment and renounced all his words spoken or written." Stopping at the same hotel with the preacher, met him at the chimney-fire next morning, and said: "My dear Reverend, how could you reproach Thomas Paine, in the manner expressed in your sermon last night? On the contrary, all good Americans should venerate him for exercising the moral courage of writing out the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE?" The preacher rushed for his hat and saddle-bag and off without saying a word.

The Declaration of Independence is claimed to be originated from Thomas Jefferson, but the spirit of Thomas Paine stated: That he wrote it in a garret in Philadelphia. He brought it next morning into congress. It was read three times—all kept silent. At last John Hancock rose up, put his name under it and so all members of Congress followed. It is presumably that Jefferson may have given some leading wordings for that Declaration, while Thomas Paine embodied it with his wisdom.

I had to be away from Texas during the war. In New Orleans preachers complained of small attendance in their churches. In New York I found the lecturing halls well attended by spiritualists: The same in Beecher's, Chapon's, Frothingham's and other churches filled with people. Why? because, in the lecturing halls there is spiritual philosophy illustrated and moral philosophy in these churches referred to.

By the conduct of some of our leading theologians it seems that they are still attached to the rules of the ancient priesthood's who managed to crucify their *free thought reformers* and with them, the spiritual researcher Jesus. If they carry in this country their petitioned amendments to our Republican Constitution pending in Congress, credulous people will vote as the church may dictate them to do. The churchal almighty God and his son Jesus Christ will be hauled down to preside in the new constitution. Under the united churchal power, the Catholic invited to join, when thus combined in their over zeal will blow out the intellectual light that progressed fairly hitherto. Then this country will witness similiar horrors displayed in passed ages, persecutions and inquisition will reign in this land of the *not Free Nation of the United States*.

WHAT A BEING MAN IS!

Iron-Clad Age, Indianapolis, Ind.

Can it be that there are invisible outside agencies that hover over and oppress us? We retire to rest worn and overshadowed with gloomy forbodings, without assignable cause,

and falling into the forgetfulness of mysterious sleep, rest in unconscious oblivion until the material organization manufactures a new mind, as it were. Awaking, we find ourselves endowed with renewed courage to battle with the ills of life, some of them that seemed insurmountable when we retired now seeming trivial. A new train of thought has possessed us; new ideas rush upon us and struggle for utterance; objects have lost somber hue; we feel renewed interest in our occupations and go forth with new hope and fresh determination to act well our part; only, alas; again to be worn out and again to be cast into that gloomy state of despondency that makes one almost wish for the relief that only death affords.

SPIRIT POWER.

Divine justice is a problem to mortals solved according to each heart's dictum. It is termed sovereign wisdom to apply the rod of affliction when oftentimes it is but a return of some misdeed of one fellow man to another, God not being told of its action. Every stealthy act or inward thought is known by an ever present spirit and according as he chooses to dispose of the guilty mortal is he at liberty to do so. If a good spirit he will ask of God wisdom, if evil, repay in his own coin.

When the spiritual eyes are opened and the golden rule practiced then the forces of each event will be submission to God's will in obedient in keeping the commandments and doing unto others as ye would be done by.

A FRIEND.

THE SOWER.

Oh blessed boon,
From spirit land.
We welcome thee,
Through mortal hand.
Sparkling with gems
From some bright minds.
We hail thy birth,
With joy divine.
And the children too
Shall have a share,
In thy bright pages,
And wisdom rare.

PEARL.

N. D. C. CONFERENCE.

INVOCATION.

Our Father above, give us patience and skill,
 Give us more light to do thy will,
 Help us to see that heavenly light
 Which encloses us around by day and by night.
 Father, open the doors of our minds to see
 The presence of those that are near to thee.
 Open our hearts to the angels of light
 That we may be conscious of their presence bright.
 Give us the strength to assist a brother
 To do the right, and to help each other
 To do the work of the good and true.
 That all may see with a clearer view,
 That the spirits of those that have gone before,
 May come back to us from that heavenly shore
 To help and cheer us while we stay on earth,
 And guide us on to our immortal birth.
 Oh help us to bring the knowledge to all
 That the darkness which covers their minds as a pall
 Be lifted and cast to the winds of heaven
 And the chains which bind them may then be riven.
 And may the light of spiritual truth be shed
 Abroad, while beams of brightness fall on each head
 Of earth's children scattered far and near
 That their ears be unclosed the truth to hear,
 And their eyes be opened the glory to see
 Of that heavenly light which is shed abroad free.

L. J. HAYES.

Mrs. H. Howe writes: "You will find two dollars enclosed—one for renewal of my subscription and the other for monthly dues for a year. It is less trouble to send the money at once than to send every month. I was glad to get the November number of THE SOWER looking nice and fresh. May the angels sustain and strengthen you in your good work."

Gustav Heebner writes: "Enclosed please find three dollars to renew my subscription to THE SOWER and Certificate of Life Membership in the N. D. C. with chart, the balance for the benefit of the cause."

THE SOWER is lovely—full of truth and instruction. I always *loved* the dear SOWER. Long may it live and angels help you in the work."

Mrs. Geo. H. Wood writes: "THE SOWER is rightly named for it scatters truth wherever it goes. How I wish every one believed in Spiritualism as much as my husband and myself do;

how much happier they would be than now. I often look into the mirror and there see many different faces and I think my eyes are stronger and better since I commenced looking in it. May the good spirits and angels watch over you and yours and guide and help you to enlighten the world is the earnest prayer of your true friends."

Mrs. P. P. Rouse writes: "Please find one dollar for renewal of our subscription. THE SOWER, of November came to hand. We were glad to see its bright pages. It grows better and better. I have my N. D. C. chart framed, it makes a lovely picture, and speaks whole volumes to me."

We are still holding our regular sittings three times a week—we could not miss them, as we get soul food therefrom.

We need good workers in our city to get up an interest in the cause. Our rooms are at the service of any good test medium that comes this way (Winona City, Minn.)"

Mrs. Laura J. Hayes writes: "I read the letters from the different members of the N. D. C. with much interest, and wish in my heart that I could clasp the hand of every one of them, as that is not possible I can only hope that we may meet in the hereafter and 'know each other there.' I think Sister Churchill is right in regard to the children, they should be taught the truths of spiritualism as soon as they are old enough to understand, then they cannot learn from others to despise it, as they grow older. Many thanks for a place in the poets corner [the thanks sister, should be reversed, we thank *you*, and so do all of our members we know ED. SOWER] am grateful that you consider them worthy a place there; shall continue to send poems received by impressions or inspiration, (which ever it may be,) I hope the good angels will strengthen and uphold you so that you may continue to 'sow the good seed' broadcast over the land for years to come."

Mr. Thomas Clayton writes: "It did us good to receive THE SOWER once more—the pupils of our eyes just dilated with joy to their fullest extent as we beheld the welcome

messenger at home, and we hope it will be able to pay a monthly visit dispensing its cheering and soothing influences to all the members of the N. D. C.

We have always kept up our regular circles (Mrs. C. and I) or invited parties. Now we have the electric cars running from Cincinnati to Carthage. Mrs. Kate Warden joins us every opportunity by the advice of the N. D. C. guides. The little German Dr. has controlled her on several occasions and states he is preparing her so that he can take up the work where it was left here.

At our last sitting Dr. Bliss came and requested us to write to his darling Cora and little one, and say he had no regrets only for their sakes in leaving them in such straightened circumstances. He now realizes who his *true* friends are and will more than make it up to them."

Mrs. B. B. Snyder writes: "Another number of the little SOWER just came to hand, and as I read, I feel an impulse to write. So, in my weak and humble way will try.

As I hold this SOWER in my hand, reading I feel in it an inspiration to make a very active effort in the source of all truth, light and life through the great spirit of the universe.

Such inspiration cheers me wonderfully on my way.

I shall ever be grateful to the good Dr. Bliss for what he has done for me. I feel his presence now as I write; he came to our circle one evening and took the hand of each one while his face was bright and beautiful. At the time Dr Bliss passed beyond, my dear indulgent father went to his spirit home: How my heart rejoices to know that though the body is laid away I can feel and know that he is still with us and can converse with us as in days gone by.

My heart is with you in your good work, and wish it were in my power to aid you financially; and here allow me to congratulate you on the success of THE SOWER. I am impressed it will be more than a success."

Martin Metzger D. D. M., of Kentucky, writes: "THE SOWER has arrived again, the champion of knowledge and truth; (perhaps

to stay with us only a short time and then dwindle out of sight for the lack of financial support of the N. D. C.-ites. [Bro. Metzger God and one are a majority, and surely we have God on our side and more than one. Then we must be in the majority in that sense. ED. SOWER.]

If the members would come forward with more assistance, it would soon command a place in the spiritual arena equal with any prominent journal, and advertisers would seek a place in its columns. I take notice in the last issue of the financial report during the time of suspension, which was very little. It seemed in absence of THE SOWER the interest in contributing was very weak.

Let us *all* keep THE SOWER from suspension at any time then there is no opportunity to lose interest in the cause. Let each and every one try and build up a circulation and then we shall not be dependent on contributions.

This may seem a little strong, but I think *we* can all bear it and make the burden lighter by sending in a part of our mite."

Mrs. S. E. Buell writes: "I am much interested in THE SOWER and its work for the uplifting of humanity. I feel just a little acquainted with Sister Bliss. I had received many kind words to help me onward from her arisen companion.

Enclosed please find one dollar for renewal to THE SOWER. I am also much pleased with the articles from A. C. Williams concerning atoms, and of the time coming when the earth people can materialize the food they need: Those things have been shown me for a long time, but I felt I had not the ability to write them up for publication. I first was made to cease the using of drugs by learning that from the spirit side of life everything I needed in that line would be given me in the air I breath. Mental and spiritual science give us the formula and shows us how to recognize only *good*. The highest power known to earth—yes; and to the loved one just behind the veil.

I have treated hundreds of people mentally since I have learned the way—have given

both absent and present treatment; one is as successful as the other: there is no space to spirit or no time, but *now*. Oh, if we could always keep this in mind.

God bless and guide THE SOWER, and angels from the spheres of truth lead it onward and upward scattering the good seed always."

Mrs. Harry E. Henderson on sending \$2.00 for membership &c., writes: "I read your pamphlet containing instructions how to become a medium and am very much pleased with anything that sheds light on Spiritualism. We are seeking to find the grand truths of Spiritualism.

Three years ago, I became converted and joined the Methodist church and tried to do a Christian's duty; was teacher in the Sunday-school. Some four months ago, a gentleman and lady from Michigan came here and we held a few circles and I was supposed to have the spirits control me. Have sat alone with my husband and always have splendid controls—nearly all my departed friends have come and talked through me telling of their life—giving written messages through me to friends here. I have clairvoyant vision, inspirational speaking, singing and playing the organ. We also have rappings on table and all over the house. I did not believe in Spiritualism, but investigated for myself as "Seeing is believing."

I have only a common school education, having left school when 14 years of age; but the spirits are giving me more knowledge than church or school. I shall leave the church. My spirit friends are with me in sickness and give advise and consolation which I cannot say of Church members.

There are a few spiritualists here but they do not want to come out and show their colors."

[The same is true of nearly every city, town, village and community. People are slaves to public opinion—ashamed of the truth! When the time comes to part company with the body, how humiliating it will be to stand in the presence of the *bright* ones, and say with regret "I was ashamed to have it known among my acquaintances that I believed my spirit friends did live and could commune

with spirits imprisoned in the house of clay. My love of approbation was far greater than love of the truth and all else." How many good, well meaning people will be obliged to acknowledge those words in that "sweet bye and by." "Honesty is the best policy" is as true in this as in dollars and cents, right and wrong in all the complicated ways of human life. ED. SOWER.]

TO CORA L. BLISS.

Beloved! the moments are near,
The moments I've waited so long;
That my spirit might break from its prison of clay
And join in an infinite song.

'Tis twilight, the slumbers of night,
Kiss my eyelids with peace given breath;
With joy I can look on the hilltops of light,
As, I am crossing the river of death.

Cora, dear wife come close to my side,
Lay your dear hand in my own,
'Twill bring the flush of hope to my brow
When you whispered the soul's sweetest song,

We've loved, but now we must part,
Your trust has been generous and true;
When sorrow rankled deep in my heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank you darling for this,
My love was not lavished in vain!
The dear one I've worshipped, the lips I have kissed,
Did not faint in the presence of pain,

The moon is shining in rippling curls,
On the brow of the mountains away,
But ere the Sun beams again on the world
I'll be in the light of eternity's day.

Ah! yes 'twould be sweet Cora, to stay,
And walk by your side to the last;
But the shadows are nearing that radiant day,
And all sadness is hushed in the past.

Come not dear love, in sobs to my tomb.
But scatter bright flowers on the sod:
For I shall be where they cease not to bloom;
In the celestial Gardens of God.

My work is all finished now I must go,
To meet dear friends gone before;
I will wait at the portals beloved, for you,
When, you have ceased your work with THE
SOWER.

Cora dear, Good-bye! Shadows and fears,
May darken the path 'till you cannot see,
But the hand that wipes the falling tears;
Will lead across the lowlands 'twixt the here and
me,

ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

"Let us give a woman a chance."

INTRODUCTION OF VIRGEL'S HERO, AENEAS.

Of arms, I sing; and the hero I bring,
To your imagination
Now don't stop to bow, and make a great row,
He cannot endure such inflation,
He has been tossed about on the sea, in and out,
And driven all over creation.
That his bones are all whole, and his body and soul
Have still ching together, in spite of such weather,
Is a miracle, in my calculation.
Now, go on, and look at the whole of the book,
And burnish your brains,
For I can't, worth a cent, tell the deep sentiment,
Of all that remains,
Unless you proceed, to translate, and read
All it contains.

ALICE M. SINCLAIR.

THOUGHTS.

ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

Remembrance leads me through many pleasant hours. Thus I recall tones of gentleness and words of eloquence that have power still to thrill my soul. My mothers tender expressions, my fathers praise ring in my soul's hearing, this one has passed to the immortal land and stern necessity separates me from the other. My one wee babe, who never in earth life lisped the sweet name 'mother,' is recalled by his coo of love. But sweeter still is the remembrance of his *whispers* received through the knowledge gleaned from Spiritualism. He whispers "sweet mother" in angel tones, and this I recall when my heart yearns for sons and daughters in "Our Haven."

Remembrance gives me back my youth where in a happy girlhood home, father, mother, brother and friend, by kindness ever kept my face wreathed in smiles. O golden days of youth! O memories replete with joy! O remembrances based on angel visits! Ye bid me anticipate an eternal home of happiness.

One there was in those golden days who to me was girl-friend. She passed into the beautiful beyond. Memory paints her as fair

and tall, and sweetly loving. My Alice! Others have been loved, but none so dearly as thee. Others of thy sex are loved truly, but thou art queen still—now may angel guide.

Remembrance brings back the forms and faces of youthful friends of the other sex, vivid and real I seem to catch glances and smiles long departed. Sweet memory! second best gift to mankind love is first! There were loves in those early days, fond then, dead or known as friendship now. Perfect love changes not nor abates. Perfect love came at last, came to last, one may laugh if I give *these* thoughts.

Why should any laugh at avowed love? In the heavens nor "under them" there is naught so pure. The remembrance of a tone of love; of a tender kiss; of yearning, lingering glances, is of more value than riches. Peace in the heart is more than expensive living and fine raiment. One love and many warm friends constitute's a wealth far surpassing gold and lands. I am rich in sweet memories. With pleasant thoughts I am never lonely. Would that less pleasant one could ne'er intrude.

"Into each life some clouds must come,
Some days be dark and dreary."

TOO CHEAP.

My dear madam, you have just been down to the great Bargain Store, and your ponderous package has been delivered at your door. It was so large that your woman servant could not lift it, and a burly footman had to be called to carry it up stairs. You told Mrs. Goldbug with delighted eyes and flushing cheek, what excellent garments, well-made and of good quality, you had bought for a song. This was ten cents; and that fifteen cents; and so it went. And Mrs. Goldbug said that she would go down town at once and secure a supply.

Yourself and Mrs. Goldbug are Christian women, at least your names are on the list of members of St Stephen's Church, where the stained glass is of Tiffany's choicest, and the ceiling and the columns, the grand nave and the quiet aisles, are in pure Gothic. You attend service regularly—bad weather need

not detain you, for your close, comfortable carriage always waits your call. Your æsthetic taste is satisfied, as the exquisitely chanted anthem thrills the holy air—your devout hearts are uplifted—you enjoy a devotion which any humble, self-convicted sinner might envy. And when your rector, Rev. Chrysostom Golden-Lips intones the service and pronounces the sermon for the day, you can fervently say—a day in thy courts is better than a thousand, and Rev. Golden-Lips says nothing to comfort you; his oily words are always in good taste, fitting his environment.

Do you know, my dear madam, does Mrs. Goldbug know, how it was that you could buy such garments at such low prices? Do you know that famished women made them, rising before the dawn had fairly stained the morning sky, and stitching on and on until St. Stephen's golden bells tolled out the small hours of the night? Stitching—stitching—with no food but mouldy bread and a sip of strong tea, stitching while little children, pinched and pallid with hunger, hung about their knees and begged for what they could not give? Do you know that freezing women, with stiffened fingers, sewed on these button's and sewed in that thread, saving, the bits of coal picked up in the street, heaped yonder in the corner, for a cup of coffee to help them through the work of the coming night? Do you know that these button-holes are a rosary to number prayers, and each prayer is a petition for death? Do you know that when these flimsy robes were finished, despairing women—some young and tender—some worn almost to death—some in the frenzy of starvation, some hating some scorning, all desperate and defiant, rushed into the street and sold themselves to the Fiend for warmth, for food, for shelter, that their children might drag on a poor senseless existence that helpless age and defrauded youth might be a little comforted?

O, dear madam! yourself and Mrs Goldbug did not know all this, or, with such pictures in the haunted back-ground, you must have spurned all such cheap goods—all such rare bargains! Cheap? They are saturated with

wrong—with agony—with undesired and deadly shames; with a sacrifice of self, to which you have never been summoned, from St. Stephen's altar!

And Rev. Chrysostom Golden-Lips, why has he not told you of all these things? Why has he not held up humanity before you, as that sacred wonderful thing which Christ came to heal and save? Did that son of God come that sweetly and æsthetically, and the favored fews the elect—you and Mrs. Goldbug and Rev. Chrysostom Golden-Lips—might be borne easily, but ignominiously, to heights of spiritual glory? Nay! nay! not thus are heights achieved!

O, woman! do not thus betray womanhood, for five cent and ten-cent bargains. Let the "sweaters" load the market with them—do you refuse to buy them. Too cheap! Away with them! They are devilish—not christian! They are not white, pure, spotless,—they are crimson with the life-blood of your dying sisters.

MARY A. RIPLEY, in Union Worker.

[A friendly criticism on the above we think, will not be out of place.

This lady, like thousands of others, can readily detect an evil, but does not think deeply enough to offer the correct remedy for said evil.

To cease to patronize all *Special sales*, goods sold from bankrupt firms, private bargains &c! would not in the least remedy this evil. Without doubt the poor sewing women and half grown children receive the same compensation for their labor from the goods sold at a sacrifice as those sold at their full market value.

In this complicated ever restless sea of humanity there must be a radical change at the fountain, for the stream cannot rise above its source. ED. SOWER.]

HYGIENIC SUPPER AT THE TEMPLE.

I wish all readers of THE SOWER could have attended the hygienic supper given a short time ago at the First Spiritual Temple of Boston under the auspices of Mrs. Lake and the ladies connected with the Temple Frater-

nity Society. It was my first attendance at one of those suppers which are given annually. I confess I was surprised to see the array of tempting and palatable dishes that could be gotten upon the hygienic plan. I am sure the most inveterate beef eater would be tempted to turn vegetarian had he been present and partaken of the supper given at *The Temple*. The first course was soup, and most delicious it was—made I afterward learned of potatoes. Then came baked beans with whole wheat, bread and gems: bread made from ruten wheat, and corn meal gems. There was apple sauce, pudding and cake of different kinds—fruit in abundance beside many other good things that I might mention. Every body appeared to enjoy the supper immensely, expressions of satisfaction mingled with the wish that the supper be given oftener were heard on all sides. The suppers involve a great amount of work for the ladies who have them in charge and therefore cannot be given as often as many would wish.

After justice had been done the good things with which the tables were laden, all adjourned to the lower audience room and were entertained for a time by bright little Topsy Mrs. Nibbertons little colored contrall who sang negro melodies or flitted around talking to the company in true negro style. Her quaint, wise and comical sayings, causing no end of merriment. Later in the evening Mrs. H. S. Lake addressed the audience on the subject of vegetarian diet; having been a vegetarian for thirteen years she was able to speak with authority as to its benefit. Others who had been converted to this mode of living through hearing the Hygienic Gospel preached at the *Temple* added their testimony in favor of vegetarianism. Gen. Dunham, Secretary of the *Temple Fraternity Society*, gave a diverting description of a dinner that he attended at the Union League Club of New York, where among all the choice and costly viants he could find nothing that as a vegetarian he cared to eat.

The subject of right living is attracting the attention of thinking people more and more. It is an important one that it is well for spiritualists to take into consideration. The food

we eat should be such as will best build up the physical body, keep it in good condition and prolong life to its utmost limit. That is the sole purpose of eating, but many fail to realize this fact, and cram the system with food that has an opposite—tendency; and consequently we have sickness, and debility where we should have health and strength. Much unnecessary work is also made by living on a meat diet; while a vegetarian diet is more healthful, it does not necessitate half the labor. It is a pleasure to prepare a vegetarian meal; not so when there is meat to be cooked with its accompaniment of greasy pans and dishes. I have been a vegetarian something less than two years; my short experience has been most satisfactory. My health has improved and have gained in strength, endurance and weight.

In changing from a meat to a vegetarian diet, it is necessary to substitute some article of food that shall take the place of meat. This is found in whole wheat meal which contains all the elements found in the human system and in about the same proportion; consequently, it should occupy an important place and be used freely in vegetarian living. It makes very nice bread and unleavened gems. Cooked as a porridge it makes a palatable and healthful breakfast dish. Entire wheat can also be used with good results, combined with the white wheat meal in equal proportion or alone it makes delicious bread.

I hope some of the readers of *THE SOWER* will feel impressed to try a vegetarian diet. I would like every one who reads this to stop then, and there, meat eating and begin to eat to live. If they will only give hygienic living a faithful trial they would never wish to return to flesh foods I am sure. I would like to copy right here from "Farm, Home and Garden." A little magazine published by the Vegetarian Society of America. It says "the vegetarian society strongly recommend at least a trial of a vegetarian diet. Try it for six weeks, give it a full and fair trial—no matter if you do feel weak at first for want of flesh, fish or fowl. So does the drunkard or opine-eater feel weak for want of his lost sustainer."

Determine that you will not weaken.—Demand and get newer and better strength from vegetable and fruit foods. You can do it, and will very soon find you like your food better than you did. Your taste will be keener and cleaner and so will your perceptions. Animal food surely blunts the taste. This is scientifically demonstrated repeatedly, and I think there is no possible need of our nature which may not be better supplied by vegetables, than by animal food, but a second handed way to vegetarianism.”

JANE D. CHURCHILL,

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to our readers!

SOME changes will be made in the dress and general appearance of THE SOWER beginning on the first of the New Year, which will enhance its intrinsic worth without doubt.

MR. DANFORTH informs us that the subjects for two of the lessons for January will be The Declaration of Independence (with the questions and answers taken from an oration delivered by R. G. Ingersoll) and Man and Spirit.

SPIRITUAL meetings have been held this month every Sunday morning and evening at the Progressive Spiritualist Society with a fairly good attendants. Mrs. Lena Bible occupying the rostrum. Her lectures are very fine and have been duly appreciated.

IF any of you are in doubt in regard to selecting a Christmas present for your friends, we would mildly suggest the propriety of making them a present that will last the year around: THE SOWER. One of our gold badges would be really an elegant gift do not forget.

THE article entitled From Darkness to Light in this number of THE SOWER is the beginning of a series of interesting articles from the pen of A. Chesbord, whom many of you will remember from the grand writings that continued for sometime on the Proposed Spiritual Creed in the winter of 1889.

MR. ORMROD has held public meetings at the

Fraternity Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening of this month. His lectures are rather brief, but his tests are considered simply wonderful and many would-be-spiritualists are seeking proof absolute through this instrumentality. So the good work goes on.

WE can hardly call this issue of our magazine a specimen copy, as we usually have a lengthy discourse through the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond or Mrs. H. S. Lake. The one from the latter was not received in time for this month's publication. Perhaps we shall appreciate it all the better when it adorns our New Year's pages.

WE hope to give each month a photographic engraving of one of our staff of co-workers in the spiritual vineyard.

For January we will have the likeness of our poet and writer "Verde Monte" with Reminiscences from his own pen which are of a personal nature when arriving at the milestone of three score, and ten. That the production is fine no one acquainted with his eloquent flow of words and ideas can doubt.

A 48 PAGE PAMPHLET, entitled: *Der Heil-Magnetismus* by WILLY REICHEL, Magnetopath, Berlin, Germany, was received at this office some time ago. It contains an account of animal magnetism and a defence of it against its opponents. It is an intuitive picture and explains what the magnetism is and what it can perform in healing the sick. Price Sechzig Pfennig (Deutsche Waehrung,) or about 15 cts. Address, Willy Reichel, Kronprinzen Ufer 29, Berlin, Germany.

HERMAN BUROSE.

THE engraving of the FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE of Boston with a description of the same will add another special attraction to the New Year's SOWER.

Friends of humanity everywhere should know that in the "Athens of America" (Boston) the First Spiritual Temple was erected.

In this day of mammon worship there was found one man (God's nobleman) M. S. Ayer, who gave from his own means the money to build that grand and costly edifice. A noble

example for other wealthy Spiritualists to follow. May his name grow brighter and brighter as time advances.

MRS. CHURCHILL from time to time has been made to write in symbolic form, what purported to be from her ancient spirit guides the hieroglyphics of which she could not decipher.

She has, however, had them translated by a reliable and remarkable interpreter and the result proves the production, given through her mediumship, is most interesting and instructive. Sister Churchill has kindly offered to give them to the readers of THE SOWER which we gratefully accept.

They will commence in the next number of THE SOWER and continue in serial form for some time.

PLEASE notice Mrs. Clayton's advertisement in advertizing column. As we are personally acquainted with Sister and Brother Clayton we can say to any or all parties who would like to avail themselves of the opportunity she has offered: They will find conditions most harmonious and conducive to best results in developing medial gifts.

In Summer their home is one bower of beauty; and in winter the rare and exotic house plants, birds, spiritual literature of great extent, and most of all, two souls whose faces glow with the impress of God that the constant communion of angels have wrought, make the favorable conditions all that one could desire.

REMINISCENCES of the last editorial "*We are watching for Daylight*" and the record of the last circle of J. Albert Bliss is prepared and was intended for this number of THE SOWER. But for lack of space must be carried over to the next month.

His dear friends will be interested and glad to know that the last time his mediumship was used (even on the last sick bed) that one soul was made a life long Spiritualist and an active worker for the cause of truth.

Surely that life was not in vain! God and angels only know of the number of souls who were spiritually deaf, dumb and blind who

were brought into the knowledge of spiritual truths because Dr. Bliss lived.

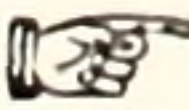

SKEPTICS, would-be-believers, and sad and weary ones, would you like to know for your own peace of mind that the soul survives the dissolution of the body—would you like to be satisfied that your friends whom you so dearly loved are still living, watch over you and love you?

We ask you to seek for that "pearl of great price" not "afar off"—not among the worldly wise and scientific, but within your own family circle. If we believed this was only a fraud that had been kept up for traffic would we advise you to seek for this spiritual knowledge within the sacredness of your own home where you know there can be no object for deception with its inmates or yourself?

HOW I MADE MY START.

You must have lots of boy readers who would like to hear of my experience and how I started in business. I am 14 years old, and my father is dead and my mother is an invalid, so I had to leave school and earn some money. I saw in your paper the experience of William Evans, and how he made money plating knives forks and spoons, and I thought I would try the plating business, so I sent to H. F. DELNO & Co., Columbus, Ohio, and got a \$5 Lightning Plater. It came by express and is a beautiful machine. In one week I did \$13 worth of work and last week I was sick and only made \$11. The price received for plating is nearly all profit and the work is very nice. Every person has gold, silver or nickel plating to do and I hope to start a little store soon. If any of your boy readers will benefit by my experience in starting in business I shall be very glad.

JAMES ANDERSON.

 SUBSCRIBE for THE SOWER, \$1.00 per Annum. 

MEDIUMS! try our advertising columns and we will then help each other.

THE HOW TO BECOME A MEDIUM pamphlet has been revised and improved. Send for it.

