

*Though few and evil be our days
As "Jacob" sadly said;
Down by the wayside seed may fall
To mark the way we tread:—
In coming time a fragrant flow'r
In tinted beauty glow;
And ripening fruit to weary souls,
Its grateful aid bestow.*

THE SOWER.

DEVELOPMENT.

EQUALITY.

FRATERNITY.

OLD SERIES,
VOL. III. No. 9.

JANUARY, N. D. C. YEAR 8. (1892.)

NEW SERIES,
VOL. II. No. 1.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

The ceaseless march of the rolling spheres
Moves on and on past the ending years,
And the seasons come, and seasons go—
As the sparkling rivers, constant flow:—
The song of the stars that in Eden rang,
Blends with the one which the angels sang;
And the dear old year its journey through,
A greeting extends to ninety-two.

The yeoman has sown the precious grain,
The earth has given its increase again;
While homes with peace and plenty are blest,
And farm and farmer alike have rest:—
And yet—from our midst through all the land
We miss the clasp of many a hand,
That with royal trust our friendship won,
Ere we stood at the portals of ninety-one.

The winds have scattered the autumn leaves,
The reapers above have gathered their sheaves;
From cribs of childhood—from chairs of state,
From humble homes and halls of the great:—
But time moves on and the vacant space,
Is soon closed up by the bustling race;
While those beyond are waiting for more,
Each year shall call to that other shore.

And so the seasons will come and go,
Bringing summers heat and winters snow,
With their mirth and joy—sorrow and tears.
To fill the record of passing years:—
Crystalized thought new truths shall evolve,
New triumphs achieve—new problems solve;
Till field and forest—mountain and plain,
Progressive wisdom and skill proclaim.

“VERDE MONTE.”

THE HOME.

A LECTURE (THE FIRST IN A SERIES ENTITLED “THE HOME,” “THE CHURCH” AND “THE STATE,”) GIVEN BY SPIRIT MARGARET FULLER THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. H. S. LAKE, BEFORE THE SPIRITUAL FRATERNITY SOCIETY, IN THE FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, BOSTON.

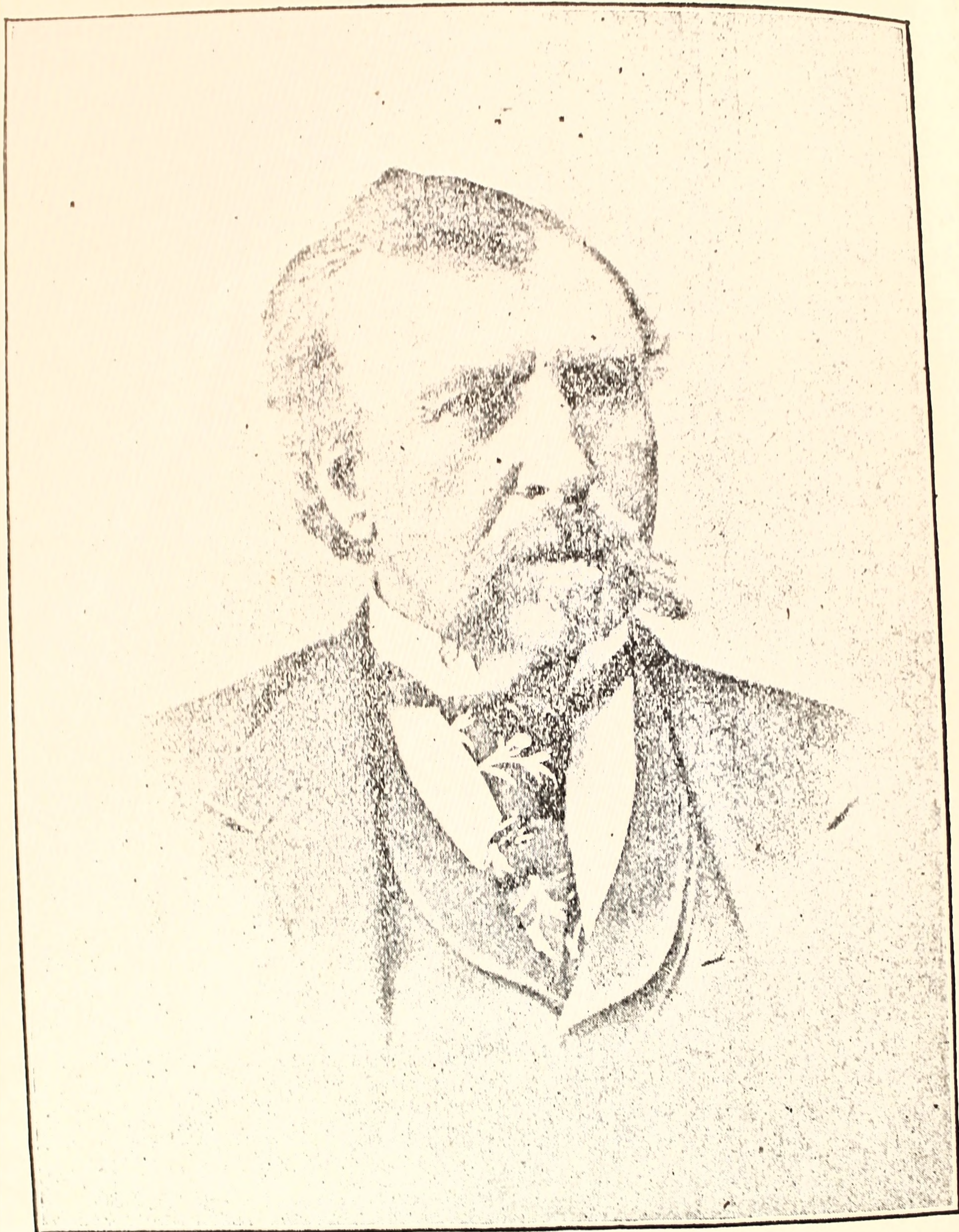
INVOCATION.

OUR guardian spirits! your presence we now invoke. May we feel, both in the inward and the outward being, your nearness! May we be stimulated by your thought, and inspired by the energy of your spiritual life! Bring us into harmony with ourselves, and thus into harmony with others. May we, through your experience, learn wisdom! May we constantly aspire to greater good! May we, this afternoon, receive new and true impressions of the topic chosen for our consideration; and as our thought shall travel through the mazes of spiritual life, may we gather here and there many things which will be of service to us in the incessant toil and struggle of this

mundane world. May we feel always, as at the present time, the consolation and strength imparted by you our guardian spirits, so that the tangled threads of life may be straightened out, and our pathway made more clear by our endeavors and by your assistance. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I have selected the subject which has been announced, “The Home,” because it is the first thought of the child and the last reflection of the adult as he leaves this earthly stage of human endeavor and is translated into the realities of our inner world. If there are any assembled here who have an idea that this topic is not of supreme



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importance, I trust that their minds may be disabused of that thought before I have finished what I have to say.

I look upon the home as the central point in human destiny; as the pivot around which all aspiration and all energy cluster; and I perceive that if the conditions which surround the child when it is ushered into this sphere of life are not what they should be, there is for all time, yea, for all eternity, a consequence entailed thereby. This fact alone makes the home an object of special solicitude to all advanced, progressive and benevolent minds. It is so to many embodied in the earth-form, but it is particularly so to us who have arisen from your plane of life, and can perceive more clearly both cause and effect.

If you, in accepting your individual mortal destiny and coming here as a child, find yourself embowered, as it were, in conditions which tend to draw forth the higher and better faculties, you start that much in advance of those whose conditions are the reverse. Therefore, it seems to me, I need not be exceedingly explicit when I state that it is the duty of all men and women to pay especial attention to the home: to cultivate those faculties and feelings which tend to give it joy and light. A home in which love is not is a dungeon to the spirit; and thrust into conditions of that kind no human being, however gifted, can begin his earthly pilgrimage with the aspiration which should be the common lot of all.

I thereby emphasize, as my central thought, the statement that love is of supreme importance in the establishment of home; and when I speak of love, I wish you to understand I use that term in the sense in which any person disconnected from the mortal, and moderately endowed with the spiritual would use it. I know there are a variety of emotions originating upon your plane, or springing therefrom, in the nature of the animal state, in which the human race is at present involved, which, to our thinking, are not properly denominated love; they are, however, a species of attraction between persons of opposite sex, which draws them together in a union harmonious, or otherwise, as the case may be.

This last statement is almost a paradox, however, inasmuch as there can be no union without harmony. A union of the external, merely, is an expression of that which is false, and like all other expressions which do not correspond with the spiritual, it lasts but a brief period of time.

I catch now the thought of many who have looked to us for information regarding the association, in spirit, of those related by what you call "ties of blood." There are many upon our plane who, coming from homes of inharmony and injustice in mortal life, are to-day endeavoring to straighten out those tangled conditions which were generated by the improper association of those who begot them; and there are many others in spirit-life who not only make no effort to change the conditions by which they are environed, but who are fairly content, so to speak, with the imperfect states in which they find themselves, as a consequence of the home-life they lived on the earth-plane—just as there are multitudes of people to-day living in earth-conditions ("homes," they call them) who accept—because they believe that all things mortal must be imperfect—the imperfections of that life in which they find themselves involved, without making the effort which the spirit would prompt them to make, to produce harmony out of the discord surrounding them.

Now let me say to you in advance, that there can be nothing of a spiritual character evolved in the world, unless there be a condition which will tend to *draw people together in spirit, rather than to drive them by the letter of the law*; and that the homes which to-day are established upon your earthly plane are not ideal homes, as we view them in spirit, but only suggestions of that which is to be in the hereafter, when men and women learn the law of love, and, having learned it, apply the same. You might ask me: "Are not *all* things in the material world suggestions of what is yet to be?" and I would answer; "Most assuredly they are." But you will certainly agree with me that no subject can be more important than that upon which so much depends in the development of the individual

soul, namely, the home, and that it should receive the special attention of men and women everywhere. I know that such is the condition of home-life at present, that men are unduly involved in the outward affairs of life—in war, in commerce, in government. The thought of mankind is to-day largely forced into those channels, because home-life is so imperfect; because it so little answers the needs and necessities of the inner being, and because the dreams which all men have dreamed in their youth have not come to full fruition in the earthly state. As was said in the little poem just repeated, "All men and all women are dreamers." There are few men who enter upon your earth-plane who do not have their dreams, their pictures of the possible, in the external plane whereon they are placed. Great achievements loom before them in the future. Sweet visions of happiness float athwart the day-dreams of this life. Success means, in those early and poetic times, not merely material gain, but the grasping and holding of those subtle principles which give to the heart happiness and to the mind content. If at last the dream proves illusive; if by-and-bye, in the turmoil of earthly states, it is set aside as something that can never be realized, the memory of the sweet vision that brightened those early years will linger to the close of the twilight of this life.

If this is true of men, it is even more true of women. Women, like men, have their dreams, and they are embodiments of the possible in spirit-life. Your dreams of home presage the realities of our spiritual plane; and what I desire to impress upon your minds as you listen to me, and I look into your several states of life, is this: *Never give up your dreams!* No matter how unreal they may appear, viewed in the light of your present every-day experience, remember that your dreams spring from the activity of your spirit. If you fail to realize them in your outward life it is simply because your spirit has not yet gained sufficient control over the material, and it is only biding its time to make the supreme effort to embody your ideal—to make your home the center of your love and thought, that there you may draw to

yourself all that shall minister to your needs.

I suppose most of you recall the conditions by which you were surrounded when you were children. You think of the states of your parents, and of your environment in consequence. You remember whether love and harmony were yours, as a result of the blending of the lives of your father and mother, or whether storms and tempests shook your inner being, because storms and tempests had shaken theirs. With this heritage of weal or woe, you started on life's pilgrimage. If of woe, you did not know, perchance, what had burdened you. You had not become, as yet, sufficiently developed mentally to weigh, measure, criticize, investigate, and experiment. Many of you, it is true, knew that you seemed to be weighted in the race of life; that the purposes which you planned did not perfect themselves. You were weak in body, or feeble in spirit, or both. You saw the great world lying before you, and you wanted to conquer it; for no man or woman ever comes upon this earthly plane without the desire to master the outward states that hamper him or her. In the mad rush to carry out this spirit impression, many things occur which produce crime, disease and disorder. Philanthropists, and benevolent-minded people, who are endeavoring to eliminate from society those persons who fill your asylums, penitentiaries and houses of reformation, are working at cross-purposes. When the germ is planted in the home in the soil of inharmony, it cannot, in all the eternities, blossom into perfection. It will only struggle through the material to accomplish that for which it was designed; and it may return many and many a time to earth, to gain an outward expression, and repeat the experiences by which it strives to become a perfected spirit.

Therefore I say to all: Think less of the concerns of government. think less of the cares and responsibilities of your outward, temporal existence, and turn your attention more especially to the home, the central, pivotal point of human individual being. See to it first that love is the presiding genius there. "But," you exclaim, "can you manufacture love to order?" Not at all; but you

may so order yourselves as to make it possible for a species of affection to be developed thereby, which will bring you nearer together in the relationship of the spirit. What I wish to impress upon you in this discourse, as in all my utterance upon the outward plane, is this: Learn to live in the spirit! Young men and young women who are thinking of the establishment of a home, do not regard, I entreat you, with such excessive care the appointments of the external—what shall be the building, what be the interior decorations, what shall be the furnishings, but think, first and foremost, what shall be the spirit reigning there?—whether the woman shall be the queen, because she controls by the right of *love*, instead of by right of *law*; and whether he who presides over the outward or external states shall do so because she generously accords to him the hospitality of the sovereign, or because the world endows him with the powers of dictatorship.

I need not say to you, intelligent men and women sitting before me, that the conditions which obtain in this, as in many other directions in your world to-day, are false ones. It is not necessary, even, that I should say to you that most of the homes in which little children are brought upon the outward plane of life are inharmonious. You are cognizant of this fact, just as much as you are of the fact that the adverse conditions in your industrial, religious and governmental spheres are assuming alarming proportions. Everywhere unrest and inharmony presage the advent of a new order of things, and it is partly to assist in bringing this about, that I speak to you this afternoon. We would co-operate with you in working out the problem by which happy homes may be founded, wherein human spirits may be generated in that condition which will enable them to set out upon the journey of mortal life under the most favorable auspices. You are so overburdened and overwhelmed by the outward conditions which have been entailed upon you by your forefathers, that you are not half the way along the road of human progress that you should be. You are fettered, bound, cramped and hampered in all your movements, because it

has been thought that the letter, instead of the spirit, of the law must be obeyed. I bespeak not those conditions which will give men and women larger liberty to do wrong, but I bespeak those conditions which will give them *larger liberty to do right*, and to make the best of themselves possible. I would that all human spirits should be enabled to so enter this world that it would not be necessary for them to go through hell in order to attain heaven. I would that the advent of every child upon the earth-plane should be welcomed with smiles of joy and happiness. No sadder spectacle presents itself to spirits, watching over the destiny of the race, than that of millions of human souls entering your world unwelcomed, unloved, and uncared for, except in so far as society enjoins. When they attain to manhood and womanhood they are careless of obligations, because those who begot them were careless of theirs; they have no regard for duty, because those who brought them into external being neglected to perform theirs. The first duty which every individual owes is, I repeat, to make of himself the very best possible in every way. This is the first and fundamental law and gospel of human endeavor everywhere, in earth and in spirit-life. Your homes are what you make them, it is true, but they are what you make them *by what you yourselves have been made*.

When I speak of love as the foundation of home, I use the word in the sense in which a spirit may be supposed to use it, namely; as that which draws the inner nature of man and woman together, irrespective of the obligations which society enjoins. I do not mean those sentiments denominated affection, which draw the outward into a temporary union, for that we would regard more as a coalescing of material elements, which, when the body crumbles to dust and the spirit escapes from its bondage, no longer obtains.

There are few homes in the spirit-world that were homes here. In our spheres homes are made up of those who are spiritually drawn together. In many households, on the earth plane, there is no spirit relationship, and the members are united by ties of blood alone. There is an antagonism between fa-

ther and child, brother and sister, concealed, it is true, by the mandate of society, but working, fermenting, in the spirit, and laying up its treasure in heaven, so to speak, where it finally confronts these individuals. They find there that the divergence of the spirit upon the outward plane, between members of one family, manifests itself in our spheres as a condition which cannot be overcome, and those persons who were united in family bonds in earth-life may be sundered as wide as the poles in spirit-life.

This ought not to be. It is a source of sorrow to the spirit, because, for a long period, you retain the effects of your earthly conditions, which have been engrafted upon your interior being. Recollection is a potent factor in spirit-life. If you can remember here with accuracy and in detail those things which transpired in your childhood, in your youth, and in later life, and you recollect them with pangs of sorrow, or with thrills of joy, as the case may be, just imagine yourselves divested of your outward being, with everything which has occurred throughout your earth-history flashing instantaneously before the eye of the spirit! the associations that you have formed, correct or otherwise; the conditions under which you labored as a child, the struggle, the effort, with falls here and there from those higher states of the spirit! In that picture you see, perhaps, your mother, who was not your mother in spirit, but only in the outward, and, thrust into the world by accident, as it would seem, you find, on recollection, that those things which should have given you pleasure cause you pain, because there was inharmony between the mother and the child. You grieve as you recall these things; and you wish it had been otherwise. Let me tell you that a spirit thus endowed, and seeing that which caused inharmony in his own home, will make every effort to produce newer and better states here on the material plane; and wherever he finds an organism through which he can express his thought relative to these things, he will make use of it to stimulate you into seeking to produce those conditions in home life which are the birth-right of every child.

There are multitudes of spirits lingering in the atmosphere of your earth-world, striving to give men and women a diviner idea of home and its responsibilities. Reviewing their pilgrimage of life, they see where your earth states are imperfect and seek to correct them. Now and then, here and there, they find those through whom they can express themselves, and if those who adhere to the old customs of thought rebel when we tell them that their homes are imperfect, and their laws the same, we only pour more spiritual force and life, if possible, into the channels through which we communicate with the outward plane of being and endow our instruments with yet greater energy to disseminate this vital truth.

When you rightly seek to eradicate crime you will begin with the conditions, spiritually, which surround the mother in the home. You will not wait until the child has received its impress and its outward expression of being in your earth-world, and then place it in a house of refuge or a reformatory institution. You will then understand that all children must be welcome, because welcome is harmony and harmony is invitation. Before the true home can be externalized it must be *built in spirit*. There are millions of structures in your world to-day—houses with walls and doors and windows, and they are called homes; but they are tombs, lying tombs, to the human spirit, where the sunlight of love never penetrates, and where men and women grow up criminals in consequence of this fact.

Such being the case, is it not essential that you should begin to understand the first and foremost duty of spirits incarnate and spirits excarnate is to evolve harmony out of discord? We know that we shall encounter obstacles in our work. There never yet was a reform introduced upon your earth-plane that was welcomed as it should be. Everywhere there has been the antagonism of preconceived opinions. Everywhere men and women have said, "Let well enough alone! We are living comparatively free and easy in our present conditions; *do not disturb us with a new thought.*"

Such are the ideas prevalent in the world at

large to-day. A new thought creates commotion, because it has entered a condition which is not in keeping with it, and all ideas, whether of a religious, social, or industrial nature, which are not in common with the preconceived opinions of the people, cause a ferment in human society, which engenders antagonism and ridicule. In consequence of this fact independent-minded men and women are misunderstood. There rises from the brains of the people a fog, which clouds the spirit and prevents it from following logical conclusions.

When we speak of the sanctity of the home, and of that love-element upon which it should be founded, and when we say that walls do not create homes, nor appointments make the spirit thereof, those who say, "Let well enough alone," cry out against us, declaring that the world is not ready to receive ideas concerning the new order of things. But we affirm that just as fast as the people can comprehend these truths, it is our duty, as guardian spirits, to enunciate them, and if it be possible, to stimulate every individual to rebel against all false conditions, whether industrial, social, or religious. The antagonisms which to-day are fermenting in all human society are the work of the spirit, compelling man to give expression to the higher possibilities within. I am stating only the exact truth when I say that your homes, your social arrangements, your governments—all things by which you have lived, are insecure, because, in the light of the spirit their partial or entire falsity is revealed. You are dimly conscious of this fact, yet you do not know what has made you cognizant of it, and I repeat, it is the light of the spirit.

In addressing you upon this subject, I desire to speak even a little more plainly than I have already done—as plainly, indeed, as you can understand and bear with me. I do not emphasize appointments, they are material things; I do not emphasize interest in relationships which produce the home, the union of men and women in the bonds of marriage; I do not emphasize any one of those things which the world in general considers so important; but I *do* emphasize that divine har-

mony between men and women which is of the spirit; and when this exists it is of little consequence to the incoming soul whether he be born in a hovel or in a palace: whether he be clad in fine raiment or in homespun linen; whether he receive the advantages of a liberal education, that his mind may be cultivated to the highest degree of intelligence, or only the rudiments of learning. The power of the spirit of harmony existing between those who brought him externally into being will give his spirit an impetus toward divine light and truth which he never could receive in the world's ways of training. I see the confusion and sorrow engendered in your earth-sphere because your homes are not spiritual ones, and I emphasize these things. You are looking forward to homes of bliss in the Summer Land—in the "sweet by-and-bye"—because you have not received here that for which your spirit cries. Let me say to you that when, as human beings environed by the flesh, your homes are built where light and love and harmony prevail; where morning, noon and night the song of thanksgiving that you have been born shall arise, you will think far less of the glories of paradise than you now do; you will understand what a heritage of love means.

I cannot use fine phrases and weave beautiful theories when I see before me this afternoon, in spirit, those who have been driven to take their own lives, materially speaking, because they were not welcomed upon their advent into the earth-sphere, and the burden placed upon their spirits then had grown too heavy to bear; neither can I remain silent when I see the numberless wrecks upon the highway of your human experience, because your homes are false and are not built upon the everlasting foundation of right. Wherefore should I withhold the truth? These things are serious and affect mankind immeasurably. Why should I not speak of the heritage of immortal life, when immortal life is only had because of the harmony existing between the spirit and its outward expression? That is all immortal life means. No man or woman ever becomes immortal until the soul is anchored in harmony with that which is objective; consequently, let me add here, those feelings

which we, as spirits, denominate love, *are simply the heralds of immortal life.*

Perhaps you ask me, as I am about to close this discourse, to explain to you in some practical way what we, as spirits, would have done to bring about a reformation in the homes in human life. I reply: We would have, first and foremost, *more regard for the spirit, and less for the letter of the law.* We would have men and women so educated *that the sanction of society would be to them no excuse for acting alie.* We would have men and women so brave and so pure in their own lives, that they would never present a false front to the world. We would have men and women so devoted to the interests of posterity that no child should be introduced into the earth-sphere who is not wanted there. We would have all these things so clearly understood, and so perfectly carried out, that home should become not merely the ideal of that divine sentiment which obtains in the race to-day, but we would have it practically a rest for the spirit. Home means to cover, to conceal, to keep, to hold fast. We would have every home, built within your earth-world, a cover for the

spirit, where it may rest and receive the heritage of its immortal life by natural spiritual evolution upon your outward plane.

There are many children to-day who have plenty to eat, to drink and to wear, yet are starving in their affectional nature. The inhospitable spirit in the home is dwarfing that part of their being which is the best; and they are growing up to be cold, careless, indifferent, hard exacting men and women, immersed in trade, art, society, and interests of an external character wholly. There cannot be too much love in the home; too much sympathy, consideration, and all those tender little things that go to make up the most beautiful part of human life. You want to educate your children. But what is education? It does not consist simply in sending the child to school to be taught from books, but it is a drawing out of the spirit of the child. Nowhere can that work be done so well as in the home; and home should mean a place where men and women in embryo may be launched harmoniously upon the sea of life, to prosecute their voyage, wafted on by the fair winds of love to the beatitudes of our world of spirit-life.

BITTERSWEET.

Within the heart that feels the deepest sorrow,
 The sweetest notes of joy are often stirred;
 And lips that tremble with the keenest anguish
 Are sometimes parted with the brightest word.
 Only in souls most sensitive to feeling
 Can the extremes of joy and sorrow meet:
 For them life's bitter cup is more than bitter,
 And life's delights are very, very sweet.

Those suffer most who give no outward token,
 But every heart pang struggle to repress;
 Who smother in their own unhappy bosoms
 All mem'ries filling them with wretchedness.
 Oh brave, brave souls, that faint not with their bur-
 thens,
 Aut with each trial stronger, purer grow—
 'T is sweet to hope the compensation 'waits them,
 Of heavenly balm for every earthly blow.

—[J. MARTIN, in The Index, Boston.

REMINISCENCES.

Down in the depths of three score years
Lie treasured mem'ries dear,
And oft they come in shadowy form
My silent hours to cheer:—
I see again, or seem to see,
The farm house bleached and gray,
The "sweep and bucket" at the well;
The lambkins at their play.

The buds and blossoms on the trees—
The waving corn and grain;
The gathered autumn fruits in store—
The winter sports again:—
The dear "old school-house" on the hill—
The royal noontide glee;
Methinks the echoes still resound,
At least 'tis so for me.

The Girls and Boys were brave and true—
They came of goodly stock;
And in life's battle all have been
Prepared to meet the shock:—
Firm for the right—firm for the truth—
Firm for their countries cause;
And loyally have each upheld
Its banner and the laws.

With arms of granate nerved with steel,
They bore the "Old Flag" on—
As Pioneers—in many lands
For all to gaze upon,
Ah me! the ranks are sadly thinned,
I seem almost alone;
Yet names and features glad recall,
And cherish as my own.

Then on life's route the Teachers task,
When school-days all were o'er—
The launching of an untried boat,
Timid—from off youth's shore,
Successive terms through many years,
As Pedagogue were filled;
And mem'ry of those halcyon days,
Has oft my being thrilled.

In them I find my bravest work,
Bringing a self control—
A consciousness of innate strength,
Expanding mind and soul:—
Thank God for this—no vain regret,
Hangs o'er the retrospect;
No shrinking from the work assumed,
On which to now reflect.

But as I trace the lives of some—
Pupils, in days of yore;
I find the hopes then entertained,
Are realized and more:—
Sometimes I dare to hope and think,
Good seed was then well sown;
Which borne along will multiply,
And Heav'n at last will crown.

And then there came—as come there will—
Life's battle with the world;
When envy and her cackling brood,
Their darts around me hurled:—
For what—or why? would even now,
Quite puzzle me to tell;
While striving how the best to do,
And how to do it well.

Lut sure it is--there came a time,
When clouds formed thick and dark;
And for the venomed bolts they shed,
I seemed a welcome mark:—
But this was learned--I know it true;
A consciousness of right;
Will buoy one o'er the wildest flood,
Triumphant from its blight.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again—
Eternal years of God are hers"
Time rights the venomed wrongs of earth,
Eternity itself concurs,
"Into all lives some rain must fall"
Perchance 'tis not in vain;
Though chilled—the sunshine from above
Will cheer the heart again.

Will teach it how for others ills,
True sympathy to feel;
And how the wronged and wounded heart,
With purest balm to heal,
Though "Few and Evil" be our days—
As Jacob sadly said;
Down by the wayside seed may fall,
To mark the way we tread:—

In coming time a fragrant flow'r—
In tinted beauty glow;
And ripe'ning fruit to weary souls
Its grateful aid bestow.
I would not grumble or rebel,
At what the years have brought;
Nor grieve that life has not attained,
The good in early sought:—

The curtain soon will upward roll,
That screens the world beyond;
And on the mystic ills of earth,
A clearing light respond:—
The dross will then be left behind.
The "dust to dust" return;
The selfhood only gathered up,
Within the spirits urn:—

And if perchance some golden grains,
Are in it safely stored;
Let him who leadeth through the mist,
Be evermore adored,
Till then my soul move on in trust,
Thy quiet way pursue;
Cherish the good—forget the ill,
And to the right be true.

"VERDE MONTE."

THE MISSION OF NATIONALISM.

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

WHY are the great majority of Spiritualists so uninterested in Nationalism—when they of all others should be the first to welcome and advocate it—why are they idle lookers on instead of earnest workers in a movement that means so much to humanity?

I can but think the indifference manifested is due to a lack of understanding regarding its grand and sublime principles and purposes, were they clearly and plainly comprehended I am certain there is not a Spiritualist in the whole world but would be an ardent Nationalist. Nationalism is *applied* Spiritualism. The teachings of the spirit world applied to the affairs of men—the Golden Rule put in practice. Nationalism points to a peaceful evolution in our civilization thus averting a bloody revolution which is sure to come unless the signs of the times are heeded.

It is the way with many people to cry down a new thing without troubling themselves to investigate and see what its merits are; it has been so thus far with Nationalism, and there are some (we are sorry to say) in our own ranks before the spiritualistic public as teachers, who have hurt the cause in this way.

The readers of "Looking Backward" as a rule were charmed with the state of society, industrial and social as depicted within its pages. Nationalism is here to bring about in a peaceful and legitimate way as desirable a condition of things as that pictured by Bellamy in his wonderful book.

Nationalism would forever remove poverty, misery and degradation. Were it established there would be no anxious and harassed men—no over worked and underfed women and children. No children in mines, factories and workshops—no alms houses and few prisons; for with an abundance where with to procure the necessities of life the incentive to most every crime would be done away with. The greed of gold will disappear (since gold will be valueless) and the nobler qualities of

the heart will then come to the surface. Selfishness will die since it will have nothing to feed upon.

In nearly every issue of the daily papers is found the account of some one's defaulted, or of some other crime committed for money and many times by men who had been honored and respected citizens, but who, when the opportunity came, could not resist the temptation to secure themselves and their families from the chance of possible poverty. These things could not happen under Nationalism since every man, woman and child in the country would be assured against want.

To be sure there would be no idlers—everyone would be obliged to work a certain number of hours a day at some congenial employment. Children would attend school until the age of twenty-one. Thus we should become a nation of educated people. The arts and sciences would flourish; inventions would increase for inventors would have time and opportunity to perfect and carry out their ideas. Men could not be bought for money in our halls of legislature as money would be of no use to them—honesty and uprightness would be the only passport to advancement or position of responsibility or honor. This is the work of Nationalism—its mission on earth. As the spirit world continually teaches that justice and equality should be established among men, that the principle of the "Brotherhood of Humanity" upon which Nationalism is founded is the principle which should govern the world. Is it not the duty of every Spiritualist to do all within their power to hasten the reign of Nationalism?

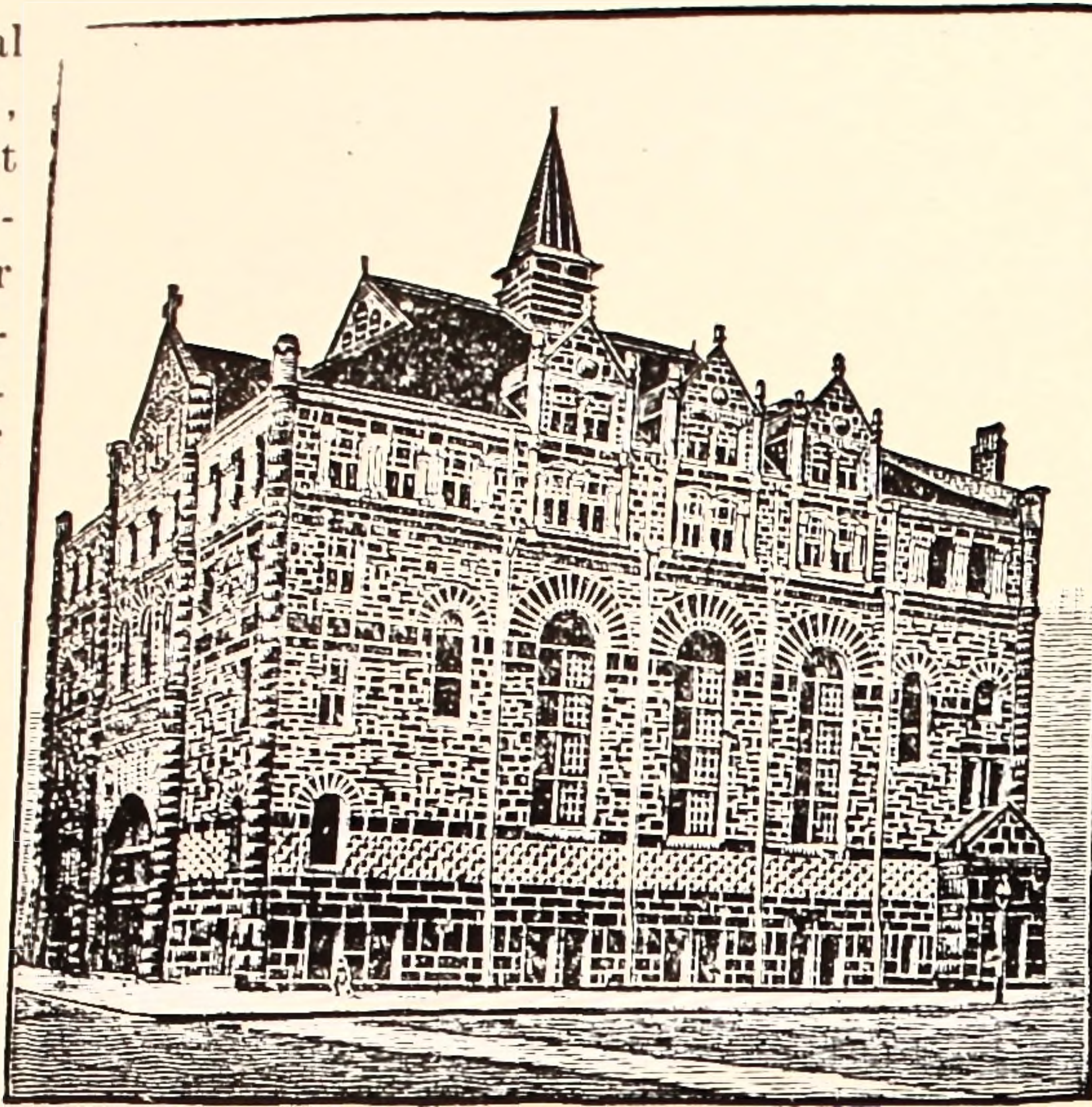
I have been able to give in this article, but a faint idea of what Nationalism contemplates doing for humanity. If any of the readers of THE SOWER would know more of it, or would like sample copies of Mr. Bellamy's paper *The New Nation*, which is the exponent of Nationalism they may send to my address, 7 Lambert Ave., North Cambridge, Mass.

The First Spiritual Temple, Boston, Mass., is located at the corner of Newbury and Exeter Streets. It is of romanesque architecture, composed of Brown stone and Bragville Granite, 110 feet in length, 84 feet in width, and 125 feet in height. It is heated by steam. It contains ten public rooms, with a seating capacity varying from 100 to 1300. These are used for library, lecture, school and seance purposes. There are also several office, class and reception rooms. It was erected by Marcellus S. Ayer, of Boston, at a cost of about \$250,000, and was formally dedicated in Sept., 1885.

The Society owning and occupying this Temple is "The Spiritual Fraternity." Its objects are:

FIRST. To furnish satisfactory evidence of man's continued existence after death, by means of mediumship, the successful exercise of which depends largely upon conditions of appreciation and encouragement, amid proper material surroundings.

SECOND. To maintain a public platform, upon which all questions relative to the physi-



THE FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

cal, mental, and spiritual needs of the race may be fully and freely presented by both mortals and spirits.

THIRD. To conduct a School for children, wherein they may be made acquainted with the facts of Spiritualism, and learn how to discharge, intelligently, the duties which life imposes upon them.

FOURTH. To furnish entertainment, encouragement, and instruction, by friendly interchange of thought, for all who choose to assemble at the Wednesday Evening Socials.

FIFTH, AND ULTIMATELY. To establish and maintain an organization, each member of which shall obligate himself to a life of integrity, by carefully observing all known physical, mental, and spiritual laws,—assisting others, to the best of his ability, to an understanding and application of the same:—which effort must result in other work, *yet to be begun.*

Services are held as follows: Sunday, 11 A. M., Children's School; 2.45 P. M., Lecture. Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Social. Friday, 2.40 P. M., meeting for women.

MRS. H. S. LAKE, Speaker.

THE TEMPLE MESSENGER DEPARTMENT.

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

MAN AND SPIRIT.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FROM AN INSPIRATIONAL LECTURE,

BY A. M. BRADFORD.

What is man?

The Coronation of Nature, the highest ex-

pression of Nature.

What have been the different affirmations pertaining to man?

That he is the master-piece of Creation, the imperial lord of the several kingdoms of life and activity, an epitome of all known forms and structures, that he is a microcosm of all Nature.

But why is man thus exalted?

Because when from his head, face and structure, departs the indwelling principle which has enlivened the whole tenement and

given to every feature its beauty and expression, the power and perfection of man are gone and the golden flame which causes him to shine superior to all others is extinguished to all outward perception.

What conclusions are you to draw from this fact?

That man is superior to all other developments of nature, as he possesses a greater motive power, deeper source of feeling and a higher mental organization.

What is the mind of man?

The foundation of his supremacy—the source of his *seeming* omnipotence and if man is composed of all substances and principles which exist below him in the constitution of nature, it follows as a consequence that all the powers and principles which live in the vast organism of the objective world are concentrated in him.

What enters in and constitutes the human mind?

That which is grain to-day may to-morrow form a portion of nerve and muscle, on the third day it may become an element of life, on the fourth a sparkling thought.

What farther can we attribute to man?

That he is a great reservoir into which all powers and substance flow and it is therefore true, that he is in his physical and mental constitution the source of great motive power and mental Supremacy.

What is mission of mind?

High and Godlike—standing upon the topmost round, of the visible creation, and being a connecting link between the material and spiritual—but a little lower than the angels—the mind is the master of all beneath, and the certain prophecy of much above.

What is meant by putting all enemies under our feet?

All obstacles and barriers to human progression and happiness.

What mission has the human mind as a motive power?

To subdue the soil, exterminate all unwholesome developments of the vegetable and animal world, and change extensive plains into gardens of health and comfort; it has also chained the lightning and now keeps it im-

prisoned, and when occasion requires permits it to perform the duties of an errand boy.

What is a clearly written fact in human history?

That the ideal begets the actual—the principles of mind incarnate themselves in physical structure that physical science leads to intellectual science and the latter to the science of morals.

Where will this higher knowledge lead us? To universal love and benevolence to a scientific charity, to a compassion for every member of the human family, and eventually mankind will become inspired with the principles of a universal confederation of interests and a community of occupations.

What is the mission of mind?

It scales the mountain, looks into the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, wings its flight into the skies, encircles the vast globe, explores sea and land, contemplates the distance, examines the minute, comprehends the great and ascends the sublime.

What more can we say of the mission of mind?

No place is too remote for its grasp, no heaven too exalted for its touch,—the boundaries of mortality cannot limit the sublime flight of mind—it knows no confinement no restrictions—it ascends high in the firmament, contemplates the causes, laws, and operations of the universe and everywhere shows that power which renders man but little lower than the angels.

What is Reason?

The greatest and highest endowment of the human mind—it is the indwelling light and the power of understanding by which man is enabled to read the book of nature.

What is nature and reasons combined?

They constitute the only time and reliable standard of Judgment upon all subjects—social, political Philosophical and religious which may come within the scope of the human mind.

When will the moral wilderness blossom as the rose?

When man shall convert his physical and social conditions into good and healthy in-

fluences and the lion and the lamb of the interior man will lie down together in peace.

America is based upon a broader and more liberal foundation than any congregation of States in the wide world.

What made our forefathers so free and independent in their views of humanity?

Their intellectual and moral liberty—they were a law unto themselves—the Declaration was in their souls before it was given to the world, and when they felt an internal conviction that all men should be free they proceeded to secure to themselves and to others the enjoyment of that liberty which no nation possessed.

What is the Physical body of God?

The material universe and the many suns, planets satellites are the vital organs of his body—the stomachs, livers, hearts, lungs and brains of his organization—and the law which causes a particle of matter to flow without dependence upon the voluntary exercise of his will through the entire organism of man—from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet—is perfectly identical with that law which causes the planets to roll harmoniously in the heavens.

What answer can we give to this question, what preserves the Sun, the orbs, the comets in their respective positions, and what saves the whole Temple of Nature from destruction?

Would this be a satisfactory answer?

The principle of Justice, which lives in, proceeds from, and flows to the Divine Mind.

Are the views of Shakespeare correct when in speaking of Old Age he says—"The last Stage of all is old age, second childishness and mere oblivion; *sans* teeth *sans* taste, *sans* eyes, *sans*—everything"?

No—this is the error of the world—this is reasoning from the external.

What is this—External?

The human body or physical garment and it is worn out in consequence of long contact and struggle with gross matter.

What then?

Man having a spiritual nature is adapted and ascends to a higher sphere—and man is the connecting link between this life and that which is to be a flower of the physical crea-

tion, the germ of the world of spirits.

How is he the connecting link?

He is temporal and the eternal, the inferior and superior and the material and spiritual meet and centre in him and there is one unbroken chain of being from man down to the smallest animalcule and extending upward through an series of endless links united, of high and glorious beings to the very soul of Deity.

What is the physical structure adapted to?

To the forms and circumstances of the earth.

The Spiritual Constitution?

To the superior possessions and influences of the continued life.

What is the immortal principle?

The invisible spirit that animates the visible temple—and such is man the being of a moment, yet the inheritor of an eternal life—in the lower department of his nature a mere animal, in his higher character a bright and immortal spirit.

What is God?

A being of absolute unchangeableness and his divine essence penetrates everything and imparts to everything light and life, which are the expressions of love order and form, and these the expression of wisdom.

What is man?

The consummation of these divine attributes, he cannot be depraved as he came from nature a child of God and he cannot be entirely contaminated because God is over all and in all things.

What lesson have we learned from Benjamin Franklin?

He extracted from the clouds the knowledge that the electric fire could be of use to the will, purposes and improvement of man.

What fact should we well consider as it lies at the very foundation of individual and social reformation?

Improper alliances between the sexes, as it is exceedingly wrong to bring into existence unsound and unhealthy children.

Is the human mind powerful?

Yes, as a motive power it can shape the physical world and all the external circumstances thereof, to favor the proper develop-

ment of the human character.

How is the moral power considered?

It can ascertain the moral laws, and man's highest moral beauty can be transferred to unborn generations.

What are enemies to our happiness and progression?

Those customs and dogmas which forbid our thoughts to choose the channels wherein they shall run, which arrest the tide of reformatory sentiments, and which impede the currents of free thought.

What do we mean by wisdom?

A strong intuitive understanding of Truth, and truthful discernment will increase in us from the moment we discard all superficial habits of thought, and life becomes perfectly natural.

What is given us as we free our minds of peculiar forms and institutions of theology, of long—fostered household gods and revered personages?

Vaster fields of thought with truths concerning the moral and intellectual nature of man, with attainments in every possible sphere of knowledge, and a new and divine development of the hitherto hidden arcanum of a world beyond the tomb.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ARE FROM AN ORATION, DELIVERED BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL JULY 4, 1876 (CENTENNIAL YEAR.)

What is the Declaration of Independence?

The grandest, bravest and the profoundest political document that was ever signed by the representatives of a people, also the embodiment of physical and moral courage and of political wisdom.

What was that embodiment of physical courage?

It was a declaration of war against the most powerful nation then on the globe, by thirteen weak unorganized colonies by a few people without military stores, without wealth and strength.

What was England at that time?

The most powerful kingdom on the earth and her navy the mistress of all the seas.

How is it considered the bravest political document ever signed by man?

Because it was made when thousands of English soldiers were upon our soil and when the principal cities of America were in the substantial possessions of the enemy.

What moral courage and infinite wisdom did they possess?

To declare that all men are created equal.

What did the representatives of a real living, breathing, hoping people do?

With one blow, with one stroke of the pen they struck down all the cruel, heartless barriers that aristocracy, priestcraft and kingcraft had raised between man and man. They struck down with one immortal blow that infamous spirit of caste that makes a God almost a beast and a beast almost a God. With one word, with one blow, they wiped away and utterly destroyed all that had been done by centuries of war, hypocrisy and injustice.

What more did they do?

They then declared that each man has a right to live.

And what does that mean?

That he has a right to make his living the right to breathe the air, to work the land, that he stands the equal of every other human being beneath the shining stars, entitled to the product of his labor—the labor of his hand, of his brain.

What more?

That every man has the right to pursue his own happiness in his own way.

And what more did these men say?

They laid down the doctrine that governments were instituted among men for the purpose of preserving the rights of the people.

What was the old idea?

That the people were the wards of King and Priest,—that their bodies belonged to one and their souls to the other.

And what more?

That the people are the sources of political power, and it made human beings—men.

What was the old idea?

That no political power came from,

nor in any manner belonged to the people, that it came from the clouds, from heaven, that it came only for Kings, Queens and Robbers.

Our forefathers reversed this state of things and what was the result?

That the people became the sources of political power and the king was made to get off his throne and the people were royally seated thereon,—the people became the sovereigns.

Our forefathers were educated by nature—but how?

Why they grew grand as the continent upon which they landed, the great rivers, the wide plains, the splendid lakes—the lonely forests the sublime mountains—all these things became a part of their nature, and they grew great as the country in which they lived.

What feelings had the Puritans that rises to their eternal honor?

They were in favor of Universal Education and wherever they went they built school-houses, introduced books and ideas of literature, they knew that every man should know how to read and write,

In those days who advocated universal religious liberty and the eternal divorce of church and state.?

Roger Williams.

Why did religion fall into disrepute?

Because so many religions met in the country—so many theories and dogmas came in contact—so many follies, mistakes and stupidities became acquainted with each other.

What question took the precedence of all others?

The question of a new nation and the people were too much interested in *this world* to quarrel about the next—the preacher was lost in the patriot,—the Bible found passages against kings.

Our fathers became tired of being—what?

Colonists, tired of writing, reading and signing petitions and presenting them on their bended knees to an idiot king.

What were their aspirations?

To form a new nation and to be citizens of a new republic and these men knowing that a new nation must be born went on full of cour-

age and hope and nothing could daunt or stop or stay the heroic fearless few.

What did the Colonists pledge to each other?

To forget religious prejudices and agreed that there should only be one religion until they got through.

What was that religion to be?

The Religion of Patriotism, and they solemnly agreed that the new nation should not belong to any particular church but that it should secure the rights of all

And what did our fathers continue to say?

We will form a secular government and under the flag with which we are going to enrich the air we will allow every man to worship God as he thinks best,—they said—religion is an individual thing between each man and his Creator and he can worship as he pleases and as he desires.

And why did they do this?

The history of the world warned them that the liberty of man was not safe in the clutch and grasp of any church—they had read of and seen the thumb-screws, the racks and dungeons of the inquisition.

What did they *know*?

That the church had stood side by side with the throne, that priests were hypocrites and kings were robbers, and they also knew that if they gave to any church power, it would corrupt the best church in the world.

What rights had the King of England in America?

None—as our fathers searched for the charter of his authority, they began to investigate and found not lords, nobles, pulpits or thrones but—humanity and the Rights of men.

What did they say?

We are men and we will be free men, we are weary of being colonists, we are tired of being subjects, these colonies ought to be states and these states ought to be a nation and that nation ought to drive the last British soldier into the sea.

As a nation how should we view their actions?

Thank them for their courage, patriotism, wisdom for the confidence they had in them-

selves and in the human race, thank them for what they were, and for what we are, for what they did, and for what we have received—for what they suffered and for what we enjoy.

What was the effect of signing the Declaration?

A long terrible and bloody war.

Who were these grand men?

Enthusiasts and the world has only been raised by enthusiasts, and in every country a few have given a national aspiration to the people.

What more can we say of them?

They were the builders and framers of this great and splendid government, they were the men who saw the golden fringe of the mantle of glory that will finally cover the world.

Seven long years of war—fighting for what?

For the principle that all men are created equal—a truth nobody ever disputed except a scoundrel.

What else were they fighting for?

Simply that in America every man should have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, nobody ever denied that except a villain—it has been denied by kings—they were thieves—it has been denied by statesmen—they were liars—it has been denied by priests, cardinals—bishops and popes they were hypocrites.

What more can be said?

They fought to build up a new great nation—to establish an asylum—for the oppressed of the world—they knew—the history of this world—also the history of human slavery.

What is the History of Civilization?

The slow and painful enfranchisement of the human race.

How was it in the olden time?

The family was a monarchy, the father being the monarch, the mother and children slaves, the will of the father was the supreme law—he had the power of life and death—it took thousands of years to civilize this father, and make the condition of the wife, mother and child bearable—a few families constituted a tribe, the tribe had a chief, the chief was a tyrant.

A few tribes formed a nation, the nation

was governed by a king who was also a tyrant, a strong nation robbed, plundered and took captive the weaker ones and this was the commencement of human slavery.

Is it possible for the human imagination to conceive of the horrors of slavery?

No, it has left no possible crime uncommitted no possible cruelty unperpetrated,—it has been upheld by all religions, defended by nearly every pulpit and from its profits, churches have been built cathedrals reared and priests paid—sanctioned by statesmen, kings and queens and been defended by throne pulpit and bench.

How was society when, honesty was a vagrant, justice a fugitive and liberty in chains?

A few years ago in England it was a crime for a man to have a Bible in his house, a crime for which men were hanged and their bodies afterwards burned, when fathers could and did sell their children, when one was not allowed to speak or write their thoughts when chains and whips were incentives to labor, and the preventives of thought, when to be respectable man had to believe in the total depravity of the human heart.

How did our fathers devote their lives and fortunes?

To the grand work of founding a government for the protection of the rights of man, and the theological idea as to the source of political power had so poisoned humanity that they banished it forever from this government.

What do we want today?

Not only the independence of a state or the nation but the absolute independence of the individual, all to stand on the same equality, that we can say, this is my air, my sunshine and my earth that I have a right to live, hope, aspire, labor and enjoy the fruit of my labor.

What are the three grandest words in all the languages of the world?

Liberty—Fraternity—Equality.

What of Liberty?

Give to every man the fruit of his own labor—the labor of his hands and brain.

What of Fraternity?

Every man in the right is my brother.

What of Equality?

The rights of all are equal—justice, poised and balanced in eternal calm, will shake from the golden scales, in which are weighed the acts of men, the very dust of prejudice and caste, and no race, color, previous condition, can change the rights of men.

What should we do on Independence day?

Celebrate the courage and wisdom of our fathers, and send the glad shout of a free people, the anthem of a grand nation, commencing at the Atlantic and following the Sun to the Pacific across a continent of happy homes.

How are we a great people?

We have increased from three millions to sixty millions from thirteen states to forty-four states and we have better homes, better clothes, better food and more of it, and more conveniences of life, than any other people on the globe.

Conductor. Our country is founded on the dignity of labor upon the equality of man. Ours is the first real republic in the history of the world. Beneath our flag the people are free. We have retired the Gods from politics. We have found that man is the only source of political power and that the governed should govern. We have disfranchised the aristocrats of the air and have given one country to mankind.

RESPONSES.

Our fathers founded the first secular government that was ever founded in this world.

The first government that said every church has exactly the same rights and no more, every religion has the same rights and no more.

Our fathers were the first men who had the sense and genius to know that no church should be allowed to have a sword, that it should be allowed only to exert its moral influence.

Religion should have the influence upon mankind that its goodness, morality, justice, charity, reason and argument give it and no more.

The religion that has to be supported by law is without value.

The religious argument that has to be sup-

ported by a musket is hardly worth making.

A prayer that must have a cannon behind it, better never be uttered.

Forgiveness ought not to go in partnership with shot and shell.

Power must not reside in any church or sect, but power must be wherever humanity is—in the great body of the people.

We should derive all authority from the people and do away forever with the theological idea of government.

The soldier of Freedom was poor and pure—brave and good, and so he went to the fields of death to fight for the rights of man.

Think of the women, of the sweet children who listened for the footsteps of the dead—who waited through the sad and desolate years for the dear ones who never came.

The greatest test of courage on the earth is to bear defeat without losing heart.

And so our fathers went through the gloom of that terrible time and still fought on.

Brave men wrote grand words, cheering the despondent, brave men did brave deeds, the rich man gave his wealth, the poor man gave his life until at last by the victory at Yorktown the old Banner won its place in the air and became glorious forever.

REMARKS ON THE LESSON GIVEN.

The men who signed the Declaration of Independence were no fiery revolutionists, seeking to found a new political society, but men who loved England, eight of them as the land of their birth, most of them as the land of their fathers.

These men realized the significance of their final vote upon the document as shown by the remark of John Hancock "We must be unanimous, there must be no pulling different ways, we must all hang together" to which Benjamin Franklin replied "Yes—we must all hang together, or we shall all hang separately."

Richard Henry Lee, a Virginia delegate first moved for a declaration of independence.

The first anniversary of the Declaration was celebrated in Boston July 4th 1777 with great parade a sermon by Dr. Gordon before the Legislature, a public dinner, and booming of cannon.

The Declaration was written in a house on the north side of Chestnut street between Third and Fourth sts. in Philadelphia. —he says—

The original draft of the proclamation is in the office of the Librarian of State in the Capitol at Washington.

Thomas Jefferson said of our form of government "may it be to the world the signal of arousing men to burst the chains under which monkish ignorance and superstition had persuaded men to bind themselves and to assume the blessings and security of self-government, the form which we have substituted restores the free right the unbounded exercise of reason and freedom of opinion."

An essay read by Rev. W. E. Griffis in Boston—the subject being "The influence of the Netherlands in the making of the English

commonwealth and the American Republic"

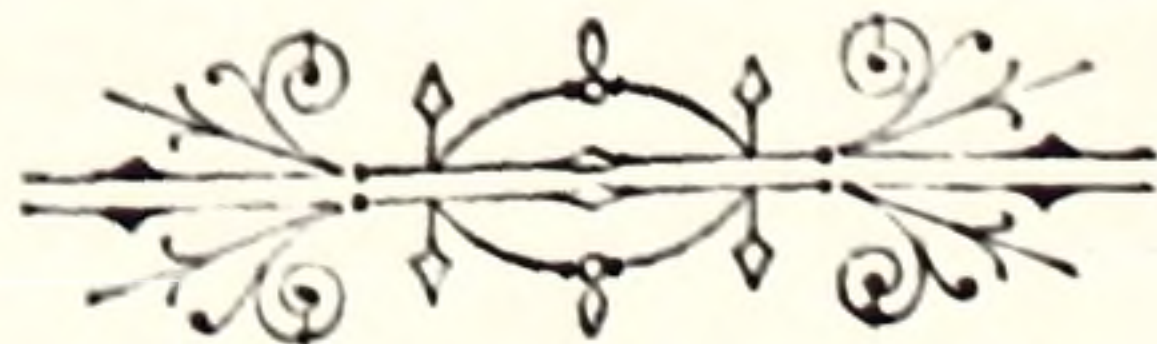
The first protest against human slavery was made in Holland; there was printed the first book; there the science of teaching was first developed. Of the political principles recognized here he found the following to the credit of the Dutch Republic: That all men were created equal: separation of Church and State, system of land registration, local self-government, a written constitution, the executive system, the senate, the supreme court, the common school system, freedom of religion, freedom of the press; the secret, written ballot; reform of the criminal law, reform of prisons, the district attorney, counsel for the defence, the amalgamation of law and equity, and reform in the laws concerning married women.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

G. P. B.

Could we see the inward anguish,
 In the hearts of those around;
 Could we from their standpoint reason,
 Where, I ask, would hate be found?
 Foolish actions foolish motives,
 All are weighed in Justices' scales;
 Punishments, rewards, like given,
 By Wisdom just that never fails.

Could we see the untold hardships,
 Of the souls that struggle on,
 Burdened with their grave misfortunes.
 Around us, with us, in the throng;
 Could we see the hearts of many
 That we haste to call our foes,
 Surely, hate would change to pity,
 And all other thoughts depose.



FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

BY A. CHESBORD.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

IT cannot truly be said that any portion of the Bible or any other sacred book is binding upon the soul of man merely because it is found in that particular place.

We may readily concede that a revelation might be made to men which should be so full, so complete and withal so well adapted to the condition of men at the time, that they might follow its teachings in regard to things beyond their ken with a reasonable degree of safety: The fact remains however, that we are not in possession of such a revelation, nor has such a one been given in any degree of fulness for centuries. We must therefore examine, try, and test every Bible utterance with the full strength of our powers being fully persuaded that we are dealing with a bundle of relics valuable certainly for its antiquity, and containing many a jewel and rich mosaic whose marvelous coloring and mystic brilliance, tell of their heavenly origin, yet as a whole showing unmistakably the work of false Gods and priestly invention.

Years ago, when I listened to some of those brilliant orators who, inspired by a love of truth, boldly attack this stronghold of superstition, the popular belief in the purity of the Bible revelation, I felt like crying out, "your blows are well-aimed O orator, but do you realize what you are doing? Do you not forget that round these walls your catapult makes to tremble, cling a thousand ivies of trusting love? These know not nor care that the once stately building is no longer stately. What is it to them that the hand of time has destroyed the beauty of the architecture, and made of the once strong castle, a mouldering ruin? And with these thoughts in mind I said: Let those who are inspired to this destructive work, go on, if they must. I can never join their number. My heart is too weak. But to-day the conditions are changed, and I say: Wait a little and I will aid you. These clinging ivies must first receive attention. They are still clinging to the old walls,

though they feel them totter. Millions there are who say, "if these old battlements that have repelled a thousand attacks of atheism, are destined to fall, let me go down with them. My faith in all that is good is inseparably associated with this venerable pile, and what is life without faith? I believe it will be saved by a miracle if necessary."

Listen, O my friend, the miracle has been accomplished, yet the venerable pile must go. The first chapters of the Book of Genesis were given to Egypt, to India and to China three thousand years ago, given through the oracles, given by angels high in rank, four of them confederated together to build up a heavenly kingdom for their own honor and glory, their leader assuming the title of Lord God, and aspiring to rule the whole earth.

There had been previous revelations given to men, not like this one, the fruit of scheming ambition, but pure resonant, divine. Such was that through Zarathustra, now known as Zoroaster of Persia, also those given through Abraham and Brahma, Eawalta and others of which a few fragments only remain, and all there is of value in the spurious revelation was taken from these.

As a result of this revolt of which I speak, the true God who had been appointed by the Creator through beings of a rank higher than God, to guide the children of earth in ways of gentleness, wisdom and love, was left comparatively helpless, and these rebels against the order and harmony of the heavens spread out their domain over the larger part of the habitable globe. It was not the first time that ambitious angels had been permitted to set up Lorddoms for themselves, but previous attempts had been more circumscribed.

This embraced the known world of that day and when the full history of our earth and her heavens is given to men, the story of these self-Gods will occupy large space, and if it shall include the reason why such angels were permitted to set themselves up for worship, and show the work they unwittingly did for the benefit of the race, that will be a revelation indeed.

As I have said, the story of the creation in its present form or forms, for there are two,

given, in the first and second chapters of Genesis, emanated from these proud spirits. Had their mortal career been humble? Had they been bound down by circumstance driven in narrow rut, till they passed out without ever grasping the thought that round all the turmoil and strife, the oppressions and the pains of earth there reigns a perfect peace, that the Soul of things is Order, is Wisdom Love and Power? Perhaps, but we may be sure the schools of heaven were opened as freely to them as to all who enter the spirit-world and that every opportunity was given them to acquire useful knowledge, and they appear to have acquired great powers, but never to have comprehended the greatest truth of all, the existence of an all-embracing Spirit, Ever-Present, infinite in all His attributes, unattainable by man or angel, yet accessible to all who are willing to learn the way.

(To be continued.)

Written for THE SOWER.

REVOLUTION OR EVOLUTION? WHICH?

BY HAMILTON DE GRAW.

IN the vision of the night when my spirit was drawn from earthly things, a gleam of light from the heavenly shore revealed to my soul the grand coming time, when the harvest home shall be sounded and all the false conditions of human society shall perish and none shall be without the means of both spiritual and physical support. When the brotherhood of man shall be established throughout the universe of mind.

But watchmen what of the night? Do the faint star gleams that our vision behold betoken a bright and glorious dawning of the sun of righteousness? Or is it to rise through the dark clouds of revolution? As effects follow cause, so must the result of humanities acts effect the condition of thousands yet unborn, for their weal or woe.

The golden age is yet to come. Are we to realize it through the peaceful evolution of the race from the false systems of the past gradually and beautifully unfolding through the ministry of angels? or as the revelator

saw when entranced in vision, the vials of wrath poured out upon the children of men for disobedience to the laws of God as revealed to them. Let us hope for the better, even tho' we hear the murmur of discontent from the oppressed of all lands growing louder and more determined as the years roll on.

The American people look with horror upon the scents enacted by the French Revolution. But do we realize that we are living in glass houses? that the social and economic system of life that culminated in the French Revolution is finding its counterpart in the monopolistic tendencies of the day.

Land monopoly, trusts and combinations that is putting weights on the safety valve of human thoughts and action, and creating class distinction, until there is an upheaval, nay an explosion.

The words of Thomas Jefferson are applicable to present conditions, when alluding to chattel slavery. "I tremble, for my country when I think that God is just."

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away." Prophets have prophesied, poets have sung, and Martyrs have laid down their lives for consumation of that long wished for time, "when each shall sit under their own vine and fig tree, and nothing shall harm in all God's holy mountain." An unrest and feverish condition of societies pulse-beat indicates momentous changes, may the divine ministry of angels guide the footsteps of man in the paths of wisdom and peace.

MRS. H. S. LAKE AT NEW BEDFORD.

During November, Mrs. Lake filled an engagement at New Bedford, Mass., where she met with a warm reception and made many friends. Much good work was done in many directions during her stay.

This earnest worker is the zealous champion of all genuine reforms and where ever she goes scatters the seeds of Truth and Progress with liberal and unsparing hand. Would there were more such spiritually illuminated and advanced workers in the spiritual field.

J. D. C.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

"Let us give a woman a chance."

Written for THE SOWER.

NEW YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

The waters smile soft in the moonlight,
As it falls on the glimmering sea:
And the winds are softly sighing
In whisperings tenderly.

The flowers in the garden are sleeping,
And all nature is hushed in repose!
No sound save the stars are just peeping
Into the heart of a rose.

The old year is calmly dying,
Mid' the flowers birds and trees,
Where the dew on the grass is sighing:
And kissing the daisies leaves.

Only the watchers and warders—yes,
True lovers this beauty can know—
Of the moonlight and dreaming flowers,
As the old year is preparing to go!

Away just over the "Rockies,"
Where the snow has covered the earth;
The old year sighs and says good-by,
Wrapped in the mantle of death!

In the dreamless sleep of snow,
He ends his fitful reign;
He steps aside and is seen no more;
For "New Year" has come again!

Ah! surely the angels in heaven,
Are watching close by the gate!
For moonlight on flowers in winter;
Only smiles on the Golden State.

ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

THOUGHTS.

ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

AN angel came to me aiding me to pen words of comfort for a sorrowing but esteemed friend. So beautiful they are that I must copy and hold them as cherished thoughts. Publicity will not mar their beauty, nor betray my friends confidence. I was inspired to write:—

O yes, love is the pearl of price that naught can harm. Love comes but once in all eternity—the love that *never* dies. Do you think, to such a soul as yours, could come, at your age of sense and reason, a love pure and perfect save as a true blessing? As such receive

it, as such cherish it in thy bosom; and guided and guarded by its holy presence walk with elastic step and eyes aloft, seeing the good and beautiful everywhere. Thy life is now crowned; thy soul endowed with its birth-right; thy womanhood perfected.

Bid love remain nor try to banish from its sacred resting place. As a nestling cherish it most tenderly. Daily thy duties will call thee into busy life; let ever the nestling sweetly sleep, lulled by thy inner soul-songs: at night and in thy calmest, least disturbed hours 'twill waken and whisper thee sweet tales of joy and peace, and heaven. Weep not, sigh not, regret not o'er the inevitable. Cherish, yet be brave to endure. Look not upon thy sweet visitor as a regret or sorrow, but as thy *first, greatest blessing*. To each soul a day of love shall dawn. That day is the brightest day of existence. It will come to be known as such to thee. This is the side of life to which you must now turn your eyes, this brightest side. See it thus.

Reader, glean the pearls here presented if your soul has also formed this perfect love. Adorn your soul with these comforting thoughts. Are you severed by fate from loves companionship? Fate will not sever when deaths change comes later on.

She to whom I penned those words, whispered me by some loving angel friend of her own, is as pure as any lily-of-the-valley. Do you affirm that she is in error because, though wedded for years, her heart has found one to love? I answer, permission is not a part of love: love is destiny. She has ever done her duty; ever will.

Many mistaken fancy for love, in fact nine tenths who suppose they love in youth do this. Soul love will come to all—sometime. Duty and honor will not be set aside by any pure souled person. This theme of love is ever attractive to me. Intuition leads many to reveal the inner life to me—perhaps because I, too, have loved.

O let this binding up of sad and breaking hearts be my mission in life, I cry in the depth of my soul! Each effort thus returns a new blessing to me. Confidence and esteem I covet: they are my riches.

THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE.

YESTERDAY (4th of Dec.) to us, was one of those balmy autumnal days when in all the conditions of life all that is buoyant within us harmonizes with nature's smiles.

The Autumn of life is fleeting.

The pulsations are slow in the beating.

The glorious strife for an external stay

To prepare for that final day.

What a change this morning!

Mother Earth attired in all her winter apparel, white, cold and cheerless: Sleet, hail and rain, enough to terrorize the stalwart brave. By these changes we will let science explain nature's laws of the elements; and we will ponder on the spiritual changes.

Last Winter the absorbing topic discussed was "God", a proof of his existence and attributes: This Winter opens with his opponent the "Devil". It was suggested by a daily that two celebrated divines have a public debate to prove who is the Devil, as it was time to have it settled. I suppose the journal's force have been so long under his influence criticizing Spiritualism, that now as phenomena are presented beyond a doubt they would like to withdraw from his satanic influence and don't know how to do it.

The divines may debate, but there will always be an intelligent spiritual force assisting them to display their theological views to entertain their audience; but they will know no more of the subject than when they began.

My views are, there is but one God—a being spiritual—none other like Him because He has all power—all have had—and are still receiving power from Him. I know there is not another opposite in attributes to Him known as the devil. The term devil is applied to anything or everything that is contrary and opposite to God (the good.) We hear it said, he is of the devil his actions represent depravity: Suppose a person wishes to do a wrong act small or great—he thinks—wishes it to be. We all know there is not a mortal alive, (whether they are aware of it or not) the spirit present catches the idea, if a good spirit, and tried to change the purpose of the mortal and if cannot they may assist him. But, alas, be the means of allowing them to be

caught for punishment in not obeying their guidance; while assisting to do evil that spirit is that person's devil. Often the good spirit will draw (after having tried to turn mortal) a more congenial spirit to the mortal to assist or control and the subject is drawn deeper down. Again, an evil spirit may from different motives (one may be in carrying out the wishes of a person to injure another,) control a very good man or woman and completely ruin them; that spirit is their devil. Not long since an otherwise intelligent person, said: You can do nothing with your spiritual powers while the devil is here opposing you, which was none other of course than her own evil skeptical thoughts.

The silvery drops as they flow

Deepen many a rivulet

Passing on again, speed as they go

Unmeasured by the minute.

So each, as the hours pass away

Recall not the lost treasure,

'Till the mortal begins to decay

And no gain from earth's pleasure.

I hope, as it were, for a bright morrow

One wrought with pleasure and not with sorrow,

It is for a smile of one who would not defile

The mind, which has God's graces so sweetly
compiled.

A FRIEND.

 CHARACTER BUILDING IN THE
PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

THIS is a subject that should be agitated and constantly brought before the educators of the young in the public schools; until more time and attention is given to the formation of character in the children than to cramming their brains with mathematics and kindred studies.

What the state needs are men and women of honesty and integrity of character for its future citizens. If the formation of a noble and upright character was considered of as much importance to a child as a knowledge of mathematics and grammar, or one half the time given for its culture that is given to any other study, the daily papers would not teem as they now do with embezzlements, forgeries

and such like in so called high life, and thefts, murders and all sorts of petty crimes in the lower strata of society.

That character building schools is as much a necessity of the rich as the poor is very plain as there is quite as much wrong doing among this class as the other, and doubtless there is more, for "money covers a multitude of sins." Some will say, home is the place in which to form character; very true; but is it found there? We see plainly that it is not.

The wealthy as a rule, leave their children to the care of nurses and hirelings—fashion and society claiming all their time and attention.

The children of the middle class are also "turned off" all that is possible, there are too many demands upon their time; so much to be done to keep up appearances that little time is left to give to the proper training and character education of the children.

Then with the very poor every moment must be given to the struggle for bread and shelter, so their little ones are turned loose into the streets as soon as they are old enough to toddle about.

Therefore, we must look to our public schools to mould the character of the children; have it made an important branch of education—the foundation of an upright honest and straight forward character the first consideration.

Every child in the whole community should have the opportunity of character education. Where parents are unable the state should assume the burden of their support during school age (which should be several years higher than it is now.) No doubt some will say the expense to the state would be very great if it should do this. Instead of being an added expense to the state, it would save money by it, for the expenses incident on punishing crime would be largely done away with.

We allow the children to grow up without any character education and then through own folly they become criminals, spend the money in punishing them which our might have been more profitably invested in making them honest and worthy citizens.

In this, the state is not only unjust to her future citizens, but unwise and shortsighted as well—crime is perpetuated and enormous sums of money uselessly expended. Then for the sake of economy if not for higher principles of justice and wisdom let us have character building in the public schools.

PERSEVERANCE WINS.

PROF. W. J. WOOLSEY.

Mrs. Editor:—Your little gem, *THE SOWER*, is very persistent in its monthly efforts to reach me for several months past. The wrapper bears the red cross mark (not the Greek) but with you the mathematicians symbol of multiplication means financial accumulations. I recognized (the fact that) it takes money to buy seed for *THE SOWER* and as yet I do not consider myself an object of charity, so I will enclose you one dollar for past favors conferred. Like many other editors you seem to have inherited the prevalent disease for pecuniary embarrassments, or you may be one of those who put no value in money except for what good it may do others, and the beneficial results derived from its proper application. At first I thought I could not find time to read, inwardly digest, and assimilate such a cross multiplication of variety matter contained within its fold. Nor did I ever expect to partake of, or sup the spiritual food served out to the public by that little benevolent pioneer. So I thought I would keep silent and not respond to the symbolic appeals for contributions and thereby it would drop off and die a natural death from neglect, starvation, and isolation?

Or it would entirely cease to periodically materialize, but to my surprise it keeps on its monthly mission and each Gregman callender month it arrives at our door laden with new and advanced ideas fresh from the Temple of Wisdom; this methodical determination on the part of its parents to make me a subscriber or put me on a par with the parson who is always ready to receive perquisites in the name of the Lord.

And who accepts all donations of public benevolence baptizing them as giftsof charity

bestowed upon his orthodox Deity (Santa your valuable journal. "That Divine Spark" (Claus) but this presistence on the part of the that has been thrown off from the Great Central Sun of Light and is now encased in the seed-sower further suggests that I must finally human form whose chief end in life is not to surrender and yield through the laws of attraction for the subject matter thereof, and in glorify man or God but that pure and refined particular to the liberality of abstract of ideas light called Woman to illuminate her future portrayed and subscribed to by its numerous pathway as she emerges from behind the contributors, especially the Inspired Partisans strong walls that her brother man has built of the woman's sufferage fraternity. I must around her, and enclosed her from the Sunlight confess to having in my nature a great of Freedom that beautiful beacon light. I think amount of sympathy for the finer elements of Mary A. Livermore is doing a good human nature for the down trodden and oppressed work through the voice of her sympathetic of every grade and shade of society, and thereby assisting her in the culmination and possessing kindred affinity of ideas to those of her own virtues and inherent powers. noble and besnign writers, who occasionally contribute their effervescence to the pages of

(To be continued.)

LITTLE FLO'S LETTER.

SHE WANTED THE ALL-FATHER TO REMEDY AN INFANTILE DEFICIENCY.

A sweet little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo,
And she wanted it brought to the table
That it might eat and grow.
"It must wait for awhile," said grandma
In answer to her plea,
"For a little thing that hasn't teeth
Can't eat like you and me."

"Why hasn't it got teeth, grandma?"
Asked Flo in great surprise.
"Oh, my! but isn't it funny?
No teeth—but nose and eyes?
I guess [after thinking gravely]
They must have been fordot.
Can't we buy him some, like grandpa?
I'd like to know why not!"

That afternoon to the corner,
With paper and pen and ink,
Went Flo, saying: "Don't talk to me;
If you do it'll stop my think!
I'm writing a letter, grandma,
To send away tonight;
And 'cause it's very portant
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished—
A wonderful thing to see—
And directed to "God in heaven,"
"Please read it over to me,"
Said little Flo to her grandma,
"To see if it's right, you know."
And here is the letter written
To God by little Flo;

"Dear God—The baby you brought us
Is awful nice and sweet,
Eut 'cause you forgot his toofles
The poor little thing can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter
A purpose to let you know.
Please come and finish the baby.
That's all. From LITTLE FLO.

—Anonymous.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LAST CIRCLE BEFORE THE FINAL CHANGE OF DR. JAMES A. BLISS AND ITS RESULTS WITH HIS UNPUBLISHED EDITORIAL.

"WE ARE WATCHING FOR DAYLIGHT."

AS the old year is drawing to a close, and we stand on the threshold of the new, our mind naturally reverts back to the work of the past year. We sadly pause as we see again the first volume of *the* little magazine and realize the last work ever done by Dr. Bliss, our loved companion, was to edit that number of *THE SOWER*. But before it was completed the same magazine bore the sad announcement that the Editor—National Developing Medium-friend had passed from this life into the next.

The work was taken up by new and inexperienced hands and with sorrow, discouragements and obstacles too numerous to mention it has completed its 12th volume in some way and some how. And now, it launches forth on its second voyage, knowing full well that much "bread must be cast upon the waters" which will not return to gladden the hearts of the weary sowers but they must be content to know in time to come the reapers will reap of the good seed sown by *THE SOWER*'s craft.

That thought alone must inspire us on to work and duty. We cannot know what heights of glory and grand possibilities await our spirit "over there" if we are faithful to our trust in this life.

If He bids us to sow the seeds in weakness and pain, we have but to ask for the strength to be patient and some day it will all be made plain.

We find an editorial written in those last days by Dr. Bliss, when all hope had fled in expectation of recovery. But you can see the mind was still upon the work. He manifested impatience if the work did not progress on *THE SOWER* as fast as it should, and said to Mr. Burose to urge him on, "Keep up your end of the work and I will mine, we have promised to have this out in October and must keep our word," Mr. Burose, however, believed that he must be getting better to talk

so encouragingly about the work and therefore was not prepared for the shock which soon awaited him. Dr. Bliss was in the habit of doing all the proof-reading and correcting of *THE SOWER*. Mr. Burose brought proofs for Dr. Bliss to read after his eyes were set:—Mrs. Robinson, of Port Huron, said to him, "He can never read any more proof, his eyes are set, he cannot see." The sudden palor of Mr. Burose's countenance showed too well how great was the surprise. Dr. B. continued to breathe two days after this, but never more to see or speak on this side of life.

Nearly a week before the last on earth the spirit controls made themselves known through their true and faithful instrument.

As the events of that memorable evening brought one soul into the glorious brightness of the reality of Spiritualism we deem it best to tell our dear members of this loved movement and especially the friends of Dr. Bliss the records of that evening.

It was on Thursday night—Mrs. Robinson was here, also a little sympathetic lady who called for the evening, and who knew nothing of Spiritualism or spirit control.

We were all in the sick room in silence when "Star Light" Mrs. R.'s Indian maiden control, came in and tried to be cheerful and interesting. Dr. B. smiled (as he was a great lover of our Indian friends.) The little lady looked perplexed, but we readily divined that she did not know what to think, so we said to her: "Mrs. Robinson is a medium and that is a spirit talking through her," she simply nodded assent but her face looked quite mystified still.

After this spirit had taken her departure Dr. Bliss was controlled by the little German Dr. (the mouth piece of the N. D. C.)

As Dr. Bliss was too weak to hold a connected conversation we were very much surprised that a spirit could control him. The little

German Dr. remained for full 20 minutes and delivered a little discourse on *Unselfishness*. We would that we could have had the words taken down, but as it was not possible can only recall some of the leading thoughts.

He referred to the times in nearly every human life when *for a little while*, at least, self is sunk out of sight and 'tis then we prove our kinship with the Father. One illustration was: that a mother in caring for her sick child would forget her own comfort and situation, the one thought uppermost in her mind to care for the little one and save its life if possible. He referred to the great Christmas time when everyone seemed better and happier, giving their friends unsolicited presents and exerting themselves to give and make happy those less fortunate than themselves. We interrupted him however, in his discourse by asking the question of questions with us "Oh, Dr. will your medium get well?"

With a quick gesture of the hand he said: "what is life?" as though it were only of the slightest account from a spirit's standpoint and then proceeded to say: That the good a man did would live long after him and that the good deeds never die.

He spoke very kindly to the little lady and told her she would soon know far more of this grand philosophy and would do much good in the world. Then he bid us good by. Almost immediately following, our dear old Blackfoot came in and seemed so cheery and natural that we ventured to ask the same question "Blackfoot, will your medium get well?" His only reply was: "Don't ask me!" which he said very kindly. We knew then there was no hope. Blackfoot was able to hold control for some minutes and directed his conversation mostly to this lady whom have before mentioned; and explained to her about the laws of mediumship saying, she would make a very good medium as she was very finely organized and that Mrs Bliss would explain to her about these things if she cared to know more about them. Then with a kind leave taking he left us.

Mrs. Robinson was again controlled and this time by a Mexican lady, who is very remarkable in her test giving. She gave this lady

test after test, which made her say, that she was thoroughly convinced that it was the truth.

This lady afterwards told us that she went home that night and told her husband, who was a nonbeliever, that from this on she was a Spiritualist. She says; "to hear a dying man talk like that, what greater evidence do I want?" She said she had never heard such beautiful talking as was given by the one called German Dr.

Thus the last circle held on earth through Dr. James A. Bliss was the means of bringing light and happiness to one soul—the seed fell on good ground and like the seed in the parable will "Spring up and bear fruit an hundred fold."

The name of this lady is Mrs. Lillie Farnieau, now of Grand Rapids. She heeded Blackfoot's advice and joined the N. D. C. and is now giving private sittings for the public as Test, Business and Developing medium. She has too a Branch N. D. C. circle at her home and is the regular Developing medium of that Branch.

We will now append the last editorial of my Albert's, when the handsome face had received the seal from the death angel and was waiting only for the last seeming tragedy in human life—to stop breathing.

WE ARE WATCHING FOR DAYLIGHT.

For *many* years we have been under the dark clouds. We have been in conditions where we have felt there was not the slightest possible ray of light in stove for us and if it had not been for the perfect abiding faith we had in our loved N. D. C. Guides, we should have fainted by the wayside.

We have seen the days when we have cried out "Oh, Lord, how long? and when we have appealed to those we have had every reason to believe were our own *personal*, also, friends to truth we have heard only the echo of our own words in reply.

Why, *why!* WHY!! we ask a thousand times, Are we on the right side? Are we laboring to advance mankind? Are we striving to make the world better? Are we working as we should do to open the eyes of mortals to the

fact that death is not the end of life? Are we willing to make any and every sacrifice to accomplish the best results?

All these questions naturally arise and we have done and are still willing to do all mortal man can do for the enlightenment of the world, but we cannot do this unless we are sustained financially. It is impossible to pay bills upon promises, and while "money is king," we *must* have it. We are willing to admit the times are "hard"; that *all* have a hard time to live; that life after all, with its terrible struggles in "the battle for bread" is hardly worth its living, but if we are to better things in our day and generation, we must stand by our exponent. "Our exponent" is THE SOWER and it has an honest right to ask the support of every human being who can appreciate its important work. It has a *right* to demand of you a part of your last crust of bread. Shall it starve?

JAMES A. BLISS.

Those words are tinged with sadness and an earnest appeal to the human heart to stand by a work which has for its aim, the spiritualization of earth's people into a perfect brotherhood of righteousness.

In conclusion we would say: Kind, noble soul, you had not long to wait, the "Day-light" was almost there, and you found it in a brighter and better world the sweet Morning Land of the soul "where dear eyes do not turn to ashes, nor sweet lips to dust."

What tribute shall we pay to the arisen spirit of one we so truly loved? That you were in our eyes the embodiment of honor, of excellence, loyalty itself to truth and right: Our ideal, lover-husband who called his own home the dearest place on earth. Time weaves a halo of brightness around those sunny years and we *know* that you are with us still, for God would not hold us far apart.

"And so, when evening shadows creep,
And night falls softly o'er the lea,
You touch my eyelids and I sleep,
And, sleeping, dream of Heaven and thee.
And when some summer morn shall break
That finds me chilled by Death's cold dew,
You need but kiss me, I shall wake.
And, waking, be in heaven with you."

TALKS ON SPIRITUALISM.

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

BENNETT.—Good morning, brother Brown. Have come to have a talk with you on a matter of great importance, and will at once waive all preliminaries and talk with you as one who has your soul's eternal welfare at heart and who cannot see you going the downward road without raising a warning cry.

BROWN.—Why, friend, you surprise me, — have you heard of my committing a forgery— eloping with another man's wife or daughter or doing any other unlawful act?

BENNETT.—No, Brother Brown, have no fault to find with you in a moral sense. But, I fear, you have changed ships on this earthly voyage and, as the land is almost in sight, you leave the tried and true and board a new and larger cargo, freighted with souls of every class and description, many who are vile and ungodly mingled with the would-be-good but strangely deluded like yourself, Brown.

BROWN.—My friend, if I find I have been taking a long voyage in a ship that is time worn and in danger of sinking, is it not wisdom to seek refuge in a strong and well built vessel where there is no danger of shipwreck or any other calamity than to cling to one that has been condemned simply because my father and grandfather sailed in the same ship?

BENNETT.—Then, what was good enough for your father and grandfather is not good enough for you?

BROWN.—Yankee than I am, I will ask you a question rather than to answer your own.

Are you willing your children should study from the same books that your forefathers did because you revere their memory?

BENNETT.—Certainly not. There have been many improvements and new discoveries since their day.

BROWN.—Why not be as liberal in spiritual things as in secular matters?

BENNETT.—But this matter I am conversing

with you is of a different nature entirely. The blessed Bible and loving Savior is the same now that God intended them to be before the foundation of the world.

BROWN.—My friend, did it ever occur to you that God gave us our reason for use and we have the same right to exercise it that the Priest and Clergyman have, and that it is not making the most of our privileges to hire men to think for us?

BENNETT.—That is a scheme of his Satanship to make God's people believe they have been duped and fooled—in fact that they are not *liberal*. *Liberalism* is the word given to try and shame God's chosen people from the straight and narrow way that leads to heaven to follow the mockers, revilers, Tom. Paine's, Ingersollites, Liberal Churches, Spiritualists and any new "Will o The wisp" that the inventive genius of Satan can conceive to attain his desired ends—to destroy the soul.

BROWN.—Then you class the atheist (who believes in no God or hereafter) with the Spiritualist, who not only believes in the immortality of the soul but has the actual evidence that it is true?

BENNETT.—I dare say they may disagree on some minor points, but they are *all* under one generalship—Satan himself—all are bound for one place where there is darkness, weeping and gnashing of teeth. Brown, must *we* part company here when we have know each other so many years and have always hung together more closely than most brothers?

BROWN.—No, brother—not without you desire it and will it so to be. I intend to get you to join with me and add to your faith knowledge, and together we will sail down the river of life and meet on the bright shores beyond, to further perfect our soul's destiny—to become one with the Father.

BENNETT.—I supposed that was your object in the past to live the true Christian life, that you might inherit a home in heaven and meet the many loved ones there.—Now, you talk as though you were still going there, yet you have left the good old orthodox ship, and without you return, before you have grieved the holy spirit, you forfeit the right

to enter that "Bulah land" where God reigns!

BROWN.—Do you expect to meet all your loved friends there, are there not some dear ones who have just as kind hearts and are just as sincere in their beliefs as you are that you do not expect to meet?

BENNETT.—There has been a sacrifice made "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believed in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

If people are so stubborn that they will not accept of His mercy, there is the one alternative—"Those who are not for me are against me."

"As a tree falleth so it lieth."

BROWN.—Well, well! I see myself as in a mirror. During 40 years of my earthly pilgrimage I should have answered anyone in almost those self same words on this subject. What faithful imitators we have been? We have those stereotyped phrases committed to memory as a school boy connes his lesson—as a parrot repeats what it hears!

BENNETT.—I get my authority from the Holy Bible, God's word. If you deem it best to have a popular attack of heresy you do so at your own risk.

BROWN.—In all kindness I wish to ask you a question: If it were in your power, would you condemn any one on earth for disdeeds or mistakes in this life to a life of endless misery and torture throughout all the ceaseless ages of Eternity?—As a father would you inflict for disobedience a punishment upon any one or your children which object could not be reformatory, but an exhibition of your unsatisfied revenge and hatred as the punishment was to continue forever?

BENNETT.—No. Brother Brown, you well know I could not be so severe—but—the justice of God who cannot bear sin—

BROWN.—Allow me to interrupt you please—Is it possible Bennett, you can be conceited enough to imagine that you, even you! are more loving, kind and good than the Great Infinite?

BENNETT.—The fact is I have never been called conceited before—I realize that you are trying to lead me out into deep waters and if

possible throw discredit on our religion—but you can't do it—I am here to reclaim you, not for you to take from me my hope—my Heaven—my all!

It is not wise to argue on religious matters—it gives Satan a better chance to do his work—weaken the faith and often makes unkind feelings between otherwise good friends.

BROWN.—Yes. I understand, but you must remember that I am on the defensive in this argument. You have sought me out—not I you. You are right. It is the safest way not to argue on these questions, because one might become convinced that there were other minds capable of giving a more humane interpretation of the scriptures that would conflict with Calvin's theology: Then you must either separate from old associations or feel that you are a first class hypocrite to pretend to believe what you know you do not.

BENNETT.—To be sure. I have never allowed myself to become involved in argument or debate on these questions, and if it were not that you are one of my most valued friends and have-been-co-workers, I would not waste one word with you.

In the first place I am sure that you are sincere and I know some thing extraordinary has occurred to change your opinions.

BROWN.—Thank you for your good opinion of my honesty in this matter—I assure you I have no other motive in view but to get down to the solid bed-rock of facts.

BENNETT.—May I ask you where and when your faith and hope (that had survived many a terrific storm in a Christian's life) foundered?

BROWN.—I will tell you where my poor heart was first made to bleed with an anguish that could not be healed. You remember my dear boy Tom., who was the pride of my life. Yet, I shed more tears and offered more prayers for his "conversion" than I ever did for my own soul's safety. You well know that every one said he had but one fault and that was: he would not come to Christ and be saved. You remember that he died as the revival meetings were at their height. The last time he attended the meeting great power

and prayer was 'concentrated upon his case and finally the revivalist pointing to where he sat said: "This is the last call that young man will ever have. If he refuses the offer of salvation his soul will be utterly lost." This had a magical effect upon the audience—several of our members had been talking and pleading with him, but at this stage of the meeting I went over to speak to him and said: "Tom, you can't know how anxious your father is about you, Don't you want to meet in Heaven as one unbroken family?" He said, looking with his handsome brown eyes into my own

"Father, you have taught me from a child this motto (which you have put into practice yourself and I have tried to) that "Honesty is the best policy". Your Bible condemns hypocrites more than sinners—Do you wish me to be hypocrite Father? "No, my boy," says I—"I am afraid you have thought too much—read too much—reasoned too much. If you could just let every thing go and hang on to the promises you would lose your skepticism and doubt."

But I could see he did not look at the matter with my reason.

A few days after this he became sick, and died, and his refusing to accept the way of salvation as given by church and creed was held up as an example of the wrath of God and the utter foolishness of expecting to merit heaven on good deeds alone. Such talk was familiar to me, but I found it was far easier to contemplate the loss of a neighbor's son or daughter—the loss of the ungodly everywhere than to calmly consider the loss of one of my own family. That was a different thing.

At the beginning of those special revival meetings of last winter I was actually shocked at a remark a lady made to our earnest Christians who were urging and pleading with her to come forward, give her heart to Christ and &c., she was very much interested (apparently) and was "almost persuaded" but she finally said in answer to the earnest importunings of friends: "No, I cannot go, I cannot persuade my husband to come with me and your creed says that 'There is no other way under heaven whereby a man can be

saved but by the blood of Christ.' I have reasoned and implored him to come here with me, but I am sure he never will, therefore, I rather go even to hell—with my husband than to go to heaven without him."

That remark was believed to be a wicked one, and proved "the heart deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." I thought the same; but those words sank deep into my heart and were resurrected after my Tom left this world. The thought would force itself upon me at all times and all places.

"But the thoughts we cannot bridle, force their way without the will." I began to feel guilty and selfish at my daily devotions and would seem to hear these words: "God bless me, bless ME! never mind about poor Tom, let him suffer on!" I became almost desperate and wished I could only be a Catholic for then I could have the consolation of praying for his soul and hire masses but that poor comfort was not mine, as I did not believe that way. I sought relief by talking with several clergymen on the matter. One said that: "The joys of heaven did not consist in the associations of our friends. That the light of God's love would made us forget all unpleasant memories, that an eternity with Jesus and the angels would make us oblivious to the woes of those in perdition.

If we had set a good example and warned the sinners to repent before the hour of doom that we need have no fears—our consciences were clear." Another one said: "Perhaps he was your idol and God has given you this bereavement to remind you of His commandment 'Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.' He has given you this sorrow for a wise purpose, perhaps to make you more fully consecrate your life to His service. "But" says I to this Reverend sir: "How am I to live or how am to die (even if I am saved) and know that my dear boy is in excruciating torture—do you not think that he may be saved after all? He was a good boy." "Good deeds alone are in the sight of God only as filthy rags—or festering sores" further said my comforting teacher. "But, you have other children and friends who are not in the 'ark of safety.' Is it not your duty to be warn-

ed in time and use the remaining years of your life to battle for the Lord." "How about the 40 years of active Christian service, does that not count" says I. "To be sure" says my Reverend friend. "But God may have a greater work for you to do in the future and this is a preparation for your soul's benefit."

BENNETT.—I know that you have suffered and have never been the same since your loss. Why, we used to call you our Methodist Presbyterian. In fact we all looked to you for encouragement and inspiration as much, if not more, than to our Clergyman,

BROWN.—Inspiration. Yes. I am aware where that blessed inspiration came from! It made even the fragmentary gleams of the All Fathers love illuminated, and I believed that was confirmation that I was accepted and would be with the saved.

BENNETT.—I wondered if you had forgotten all of those glorious meetings, when the spirit of God was with us and we felt that Heaven had descended upon earth.

My dear Brother, we all miss you more than you can understand, and have special prayer meeting to pray that you may return.

BROWN.—If I could follow my inclination, I would go to the meetings as of old and tell the old friends of the wonderful revelations I have received and that I *know* this is but the beginning of a higher and better life. But, knowing our church is so prejudiced that they cannot even tolerate a Universalist they certainly could not have one of their number become an out spoken Spiritualist. I am aware that while they miss my presence and work, they miss 100 dollars per month that was always forthcoming in solid cash. It takes money to run churches the same as any thing else.

BENNETT.—As I have been especially deputized to confer with you, and if possible, lead you back to "Zion" shall be obliged to ask for another interview with you at some future time.

BROWN.—Very well. Shall be happy to meet you at any time we can decide upon. I will tell you of my eastern journey, the camp-meeting—joining a movement to enable me to develop my own mediumship and &c. at our next conference. Good Bye.

OUR usual N. D. C. Conference will be carried over to the February Number of THE SOWER for lack of space. We publish one letter as it bears on Vegetarianism. We are happy to know a goodly member of our little "craft" are regular Vegetarians.

As our bodies are the "Temples of the living God" we should not defile them by impure food, nor by continuing to be a kind of cannibalistic animal. Let us hear from more of our members on this subject. (ED. SOWER.)

Dear friends; How time flies. Before I was aware, the thought has just struck me that perhaps I am not in "good standing in the order" (of the N. D. C., and with THE SOWER.)

I have had time to watch for the "red cross," but as I do not see all the wrappers, perhaps I have missed it. I would like to say to the Sisters and Brothers, that I often wish to do something to help along THE SOWER and advance the principles of the N. D. C. It is through the medium of our dear little magazine that we keep posted, and I may say even hold together, to say nothing of the continual feast its monthly visits bring us.

My sentiments of appreciation, are often expressed in its columns, and I think it the duty of each member to contribute something, occasionally. It will not do, friends, to be in arrears, and let THE SOWER go down, as long as there is a "shot in the locker,"—God thoughts, and good money.

The Aze done its work well, and when THE SOWER was launched, I embarked, and somehow feel it a duty to stand by the little craft to the end of the voyage. There is hope of much good being done when public speakers and writers engage in any good work of reform. So it interested me much to read sister Churchill's article in Dec. No., on the "Hygienic supper" &c., and know she has taken an interest in vegetarianism. In her quotation from *Food, Home and Garden*, with regard to the vegetarian's taste perceptions &c., as compared with that of the meat eater, I was forcibly reminded of my happy experience on two meals a day, at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, twenty-one years ago.

The enjoyment of our natural taste of the

natural food we eat,—unadulterated by condiments, spices &c., is far beyond and above that of the most indulgent, carnivorous epicure. Over (40) forty years ago, I became a convert to the vegetarian system of eating (to live, and enjoy.) The change at first seemed to weaken me, but I soon got over that, and felt much better physically, mentally, and everyway. Since that time, I have never seen the time that my convictions have been the least shaken in the better way. I could allude to many human specimens of good health and "heart," and clear head, robust and strong muscled, who eat "nothing but a vegetable diet," and "drink nothing but water" and get along without that one curse of the earth—(if there is any such things as curse,)—tobacco. If had time to write oftener, I might give you some of my interesting experiences with the weed, and also compare notes with the "regulars"—the Allopathic, poisonopathic M. D. drug doctors in treating cases of Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Typhoid fever &c. &c.

Also experiences in spiritual manifestations in my own family, and "alone" in my own soul, but I would be cautious about intruding on your precious time and columns.

Inclosed is a postal note for 75 cents—.60 for dues (for the "good of the order.)

With much love, good-will, and holiday greetings to one and all of our loved band I remain as ever.

R. B. DICKIE.

Bay City, Mich.

Neue Spiritualistische Blaetter have been received regularly at this office. They are full of interesting matters, and published weekly at Berlin, Germany, \$2.00 per annum. Address, Dr. B. Cyriax, Nostitzstr. No. 26, S. W. Berlin, Germany.

Deaf-Mute Mirror, issued every Friday at Flint, Mich., is always a welcome visitor, and we read it with interest. The type composition of the *Mirror* is entirely the work of deaf mute pupils, who are under instructions in the art of printing. That paper is devoted to deaf-mute people. Subscription price, 75 cts. per year. Address, *Deaf-Mute Mirror*, Flint, Mich.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

REVISED.

Tell us not in mournful numbers,
 We are but a feeble band.
 For our Circle is a power
 That will reach throughout the land.
 Life is real, life is earnest,
 Then why should we despair?
 For our spirit lives forever,
 In a land that's bright and fair.
 To fill our lives with good intentions,
 Is not our destined end or way;
 But to act—that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day.
 Time is long, and we are keeping,
 All our best for other days,
 While with thousands, we are making
 Onward marches to the grave.
 In the world's broad field of battle
 We should take an active part,

Be not like dumb driven cattle!
 Be are a hero* at the start.
 There is no future like the present,
 Let the past be dead and gone.
 Round out our lives with fullest measure
 We may lose it e're the dawn.
 Lives of good ones all remind us,
 We can make our lives the same,
 And departing leave behind us
 A record without shame.
 A record, that perhaps some other,
 Sailing o'er life's troubled main;
 A forlorn, or fallen brother
 Seeing may take heart again.
 Let us then be up and doing
 For the cause we all should love,
 Still achewing, still pursuing,
 Till we all shall meet above.

*By a Hero, we do not mean one who has over come some great temptation, all in a moment, as it were.

By a Hero we mean anyone who daily and hourly live down all the petty trials, and temptations that comes in their pathway whose heart is above malice, hatred, or jealousy, whose daily life is constant struggle for the right, against the condition that surround them.

That is what we call a Hero.

MARIA C. HOLMES.

ON account of the letters of inquiry we 50 cents per annum. We will offer *Food*, have received in regard to Vegetarian living *Home and Garden* with THE SOWER for \$1.25. since Mrs. Churchill's article in December Much could be said in justice to the merits SOWER we have made special arrangements to of this magazine, but space forbids us to enter furnish *Food, Home and Garden*, a monthly into details. The valuable Recipes for cook- magazine published in the interst of the ing found in each number are well worth the Vegetarian Society of America at club rates price of the little book—while the reading with THE SOWER. matter is most interesting and instructive.

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