

THE SUNFLOWER

AN EXPONENT OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY: ITS SCIENCE, AND ALLIED SUBJECTS

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PRESIDENT GEORGE P. YOUNG

Of the Spiritualists' National Union and of the
Glasgow Association of Spiritualists.

The life experiences of a person are often of much interest. Believing that our readers would like to become acquainted with some of the workers for Spiritualism in other lands we herewith present a sketch of Mr. George P. Young, the president of the British Spiritualists' National Union, and also of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, taken from the Two Worlds, of Manchester, Eng. The editor of the Two Worlds says, "That many were asking 'what manner of a man is the new president?'" and "To a naturally retiring Scotchman the task of revealing himself is not congenial, but in the hope that one's life experiences may be of interest and encouragement to others these glimpses are offered."

Evidently Mr. Young is well fitted to occupy the position to which he has been chosen, and it is hoped that America may be favored some time with a visit from him, that by closer view and association the Spiritualists here may have, not only the pleasure of meeting and welcoming him to this country, thereby becoming better acquainted, thus forming another tie to unite the Spiritualists of both continents, but that we may be privileged to listen to him in addresses that, no doubt, he would give if such a visit were made.

The following is in Mr. Young's own words:

Just over three decades ago I entered this vale of woe, hard work, and amusement, in the ancient city of Edinburgh. Shortly afterwards my father received an appointment in the Midlands of England, and I was compelled to journey thither. According to family accounts I protested vigorously either at the forcible removal or at the long periods of hunger and discomfort the journey entailed. But that family scandal has no evidential value. Unlike my Theosophical friends I have never had sufficient leisure or ability to exercise in profound contemplation the faculty of retrocognition. So that history of that nebulous period remains in profound obscurity.

My boyhood and youth were spent in England with my Scottish parents. This and subsequent experience has given me an insight into English life and character, and the varied genius of the two races. Our impulsive, frank, and affable English friends with their generous kindness of heart think that Scotch people are cold, calculating, proud, unemotional. But the Celtic temperament so prevalent in Scotland is warm, imaginative, enterprising, and strongly psychic, though controlled and restrained. Watch two Scotch friends saying "Farewell" before parting to distant corners of the earth. At first glimpse it seems a matter-of-fact occurrence, but to a deeper insight, the brightening of the eyes, the winsome pleading looks, and the softened tones of the voice, reveal the tearing of the heart strings.

Spiritualists know the value of struggle in developing faculty. In ages past the Scotch ancestry had a grim fight to wrest from Nature the necessities of existence. With an impoverished soil and a severe climate the contest was keen and relentless. This developed in the race that hardiness of constitution, that sternness of character, and that proud independence of spirit so characteristic of the race to-day. The closeness of the links with Nature was mainly responsible for the inherent religious tendencies and the strongly-marked psychic faculties. Religion has been truly defined as "an attitude of seriousness towards the great questions of life." This seriousness, akin often to severity, is reflected in Scottish life and thought. The sanctimonious nature of some Scotch people, parodied often in humorous literature, is perhaps a by-

product of these tendencies to solemnity. But the true religious spirit of the Scottish race is represented in the Psalms, those grand old Nature-hymns. With what reverence, dignity, and sublime confidence have I heard aged Scottish people sing "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," or "Oh! send Thy light forth and Thy truth, let them be guides to me." As a lad I remember vividly a stalwart Highlander, who had journeyed far in foreign lands, recite with deep emotion, Confide ye, aye, in Providence, for Providence is kind:

And bear ye all life's changes with a calm and tranquil mind.

This is, indeed, the highest philosophy of life. Frederick Myers said that the loftiest teachings from spirit life proclaimed that the universe was good and that there was a Great Power before whom all spirits bow. These are only re-statements of the Spiritualist teaching that the discipline of life is salutary or beneficial, and calculated to unfold the character to greater perfection, and draw out those faculties which enable us to function in a higher condition of existence when our earthly course has been run.

Revivalism and the "fire" of Methodist enthusiasm are at a discount with such people. Nor need we deplore it. In many large industrial towns, especially south of the Border, overwork, improper nourishment, unhealthy surroundings, and more particularly, imperfect education, are the lot of the industrial members of the community. This induces a kind of neurotic condition to which the glorified nigger minstrelsy of Moody and Sankey forms a spiritual intoxicant and chloroform. Cheap thinking and cheap emotion are the essence of evangelism. Many times have I observed with amusement a fervent evangelist endeavoring in a futile way to kindle "enthusiasm" in a Scotch audience. Their unspoken opinions and comments on the performance would form rich reading. Such crudities are to be deplored and deplored. Scottish enthusiasm is restrained, but of a permanent, continuous, and unfluctuating nature. Pride of race does not make me mention these matters, but more serious reasons.

The proper way to reach an audience—Scotch or English—of any stability or depth of character is to get at the intellect first and base the conclusions and emotional appeals on what has been assented to by the reason. Spiritualism can satisfy the strongest cravings and necessities of the intellect, and conform also the most profound intuitions of the heart. Emotional appeals, unsupported by a foundation of demonstrated conclusions, are too exhausting, and a revulsion and reaction is apt to be set up in the minds of an audience before an emotional address is concluded. This simple guide might assist societies in the choice of platform workers.

Continually are the members in the National Executive receiving communications about the "piffle" emanating from our platforms. From my personal experience as the most responsible member of the large Glasgow Association, and an influential helper of five or six allied societies, I say emphatically, good workers are abundant and can be obtained. Committees only need to exercise courage, enterprise, and discrimination. Many splendid men and women are allowed to lie fallow who would be of untold value to the propaganda of the movement. But this is a digression, except that I might remark that Scotch societies would be ruined in a month did they not exercise care in the choice of workers. And knowing the contents of the Spiritualist teachings and the peculiar genius of the Scotch people, I can readily foresee the grand field of

future influence modern Spiritualism has in our northern land.

The Scotch are a well-educated race. John Knox, though in many ways a bigot, was a far-sighted reformer when he made provision for the education of the young. As a social worker, one maintains that starving the body by lack of nourishment and fresh air is deplorable; but as an educationist and Spiritualist, one is compelled to maintain that starving the mind, or preferably starving the immortal soul, is infinitely worse. Our educational system in Scotland has been long established and all grades are admirably dovetailed, so that it is possible, in large measure, for children of ability from the humblest ranks to secure the highest education afforded today, a Scottish father rightly holding that a good education is the best legacy to bequeath to his offspring.

Coming thus from such a stock, where the natural strength and decisiveness of character has been reinforced by the moulding and nurturing influences of education, makes one truly grateful. Another advantage possessed has been that for years I have worked and accompanied with men and women of ability and scholarship, and still greater modesty. This has important influences, for the excitement of public life is apt to obscure and limit the outlook and perspective, and make many consciously and unconsciously egotistical.

Brought up in a Presbyterian family, from an early age I was interested in theology, and a most obscure student study this was. My father possessed a rich library of theological literature, and I did my best to understand the heavy reading. Such works as those of Prof. Bruce, Neander, and Drummond I enjoyed in a large measure, and I could repeat the Bible almost from cover to cover. The old Presbyterian sermons were long and severely intellectual. Well do I remember wrestling with a treatise by J. B. Heard on "The Tripartite Nature of Man." This subject was then to me profoundly mystical, and never could I grasp the ideas till brought into touch with the experimental facts of mediumship. Although with growing knowledge and increasing experience I had to surrender the old orthodox Christian conceptions as too unsustaining, and based on inadequate evidence, I felt much of the higher happiness at this period.

For some years I underwent the usual period of training for my profession, and after a year at Stockton-on-Tees I returned to Edinburgh as a student. The work of teaching, though strenuous and exhausting, has its benefits. One is removed from sordid, soul-harrowing work in the commercial world, and can be altruistic. Teachers can realize the truth in the old saying, "He that loseth his life (in the service of others) shall save it (for the enjoyment of the highest pleasures of life)." It is remarkable, but to Spiritualists not strange, how the effort of imparting knowledge and training the faculties of others strengthens the conceptions and illuminates the vision. Professor Huxley confessed that the giving of simple, popular, science lectures developed his scientific insight and philosophic perspective. There can be no hoarding and no exclusiveness in intellectual and spiritual matters; the natural law seems "Give freely and ye shall receive freely."

The unconventional life of a student has in itself an education. In addition to being brought in touch with many new subjects of study under capable lecturers, I was introduced to keen thinkers and debaters. Calvinist though I was, I imbibed broader views of life. My first contested argument with an agnostic—an old soldier of wide reading, culture, independence, and courage—was severe and painful. Remorselessly he held me to the point, and battered me hip and thigh with his incisive logic and criticism and his profound knowledge. Poor me! My orthodox citadel could not withstand the assaults, and at 8 a. m., when the session concluded, I returned to my lodgings rather bewildered, but

(Continued on page 5.)

MAN'S OTHER LOBE

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Science, in the discovery and organizing of facts, is adding truth to truth, till many a mystery is being solved that to our ancestors seemed hidden in divinity. The greatest mystery of all is man himself, and here, too, the scientist is not only convincing himself that man lives after death, but is beginning to accept spirit return as a natural fact. It seems to the writer that the recent discoveries in brain functions really teach something more than science claims for them. The student reader will recall that in recent articles we have sought to follow the scientific lead, and learn the lessons now taught as to the relation between man and his mortal brain. While this article is to be an attempt to advance another step, we must first recall some of the facts and inferences upon which our present belief is founded.

Every planetary form is built up from planetary material. Nothing will be found in any form that is not derived from the mother planet. We briefly sum this up when we assert that every unit has a threefold nature. Its energy, its intelligence and its substance are planetary. And since units, atoms and molecules are each planetary forms, and every form is alive, that is to say, has its own expression of life, we may fearlessly assert that Mother Earth can claim every form as her own planetary expression of life. That every form, whether mineral, vegetable or animal, contains energy, intelligence and substance, and is thus an expression of life, has been asserted and proved by the present writer in many previous articles. Many scientists are now acknowledging this truth. But to this statement of fact there is one most notable exception, to which the present writer will now call attention, and, by learning its lesson, try to advance another step in our comprehension of manhood as distinct from other forms of planetary life.

It was a memorable advance when Dr. Broca discovered that one little spot in the human brain had speech for its function. Many another function has since been located with such accuracy that the skilled surgeon knows where he must operate to aid a patient suffering from brain injury, or disease of which there is no outward sign. But the remarkable fact, of startling import, was the further discovery that most all these special functions through which manhood expresses itself are located in but one of the two lobes of the brain. The particular lobe so used is apparently determined by the almost accidental use of the right or the left hand of the little infant. And as a consequence the right-handed child uses its left lobe, and the left-handed child finds its expression through the functions of the right lobe. If by accident or disease that lobe is injured, and its expression lost in any particular function, a child can usually begin, as it were, all over again, and learn to express itself through the other and uninjured lobe. This becomes impossible to mature manhood. It is at this point we meet what seems a most remarkable departure from the usual custom of nature.

Man is provided with two lobes to his brain, yet almost throughout his whole life one of these lobes is, in most of its functions, to remain absolutely unused, and indeed incapable of use by the mortal who owns it. There are certain organs in the human frame that are now disappearing, because no longer of service, such, for instance, as the appendix, and several others, but most certainly the unused lobe of the brain is as much alive as in days of yore. There are certain other organs that are dual. But man uses both his eyes, his ears, etc., though one may have to do double duty, in case of injury to the other. This is not the case with the second lobe of the brain, which, as we have seen, remains unused throughout the man's life, although it shows no sign of loss through its prolonged in-

activity. And when we recall the further fact that nature does nothing without some good reason, if it be only by way of experiment, we may rest assured this unused lobe is as active in her service as any other portion of the human anatomy.

We will now for a few moments turn back to Mother Earth, to try and discover if she has any special use for this brain lobe which man carries round with him during his mortal life. We know that planetary intelligence peeps out through planetary substance and energy in every mortal form, and every form is mortal in the sense that some day it will disappear as a form, so far, at least, as mortal sense can follow it. But that qualification is all-important as a limitation. For mortals sense but a small portion of any form, including that of our Mother Earth. Everything solid and tangible to our sense soon becomes both invisible and intangible to the mortal. But the fact that it is presently outside our limitation does not affect its relation to our earth. If the substance of the planet becomes more and more refined the intelligence and energy inhering to every unit will still continue its manifestation. And this will last as long as the planet itself. So everything composed of planetary material will remain planetary, no matter what may be the change. Everything on this planet thus belongs to the planet. It may and will change, for that is nature's law, but only into another form of planetary expression. We may thus say of every unit that it is immortal as the planet. Beyond that science and reason will not permit us to go.

But there is something more than planetary units in mortal man, and possibly also in the higher forms most closely associated with man. Those who read my recent articles on Identity and Personality will recognize that the self in man is not a child of the planet, but comes and goes independent of every known law. It uses a certain personality for a few hours every day, after which it retires and the form rests. Since this self is thus no fragment of Mother Earth we can only think of it as cosmic. It undoubtedly has cosmic limitations, but they are not those of the planet. Everything of planetary origin will remain planetary, so far as the planet itself out-reaches. But here we come in contact with something that is not planetary, but is, notwithstanding, manifesting in earth life.

Now let us remember that animal life consists of animal intelligence manifesting through animal energy. How that intelligence impresses itself upon matter remains an unsolved mystery. But we discern its method, and have discovered some of the locations on the brain through which this intelligence talks and acts. So much is just the manifestation of planetary intelligence through planetary substance. But the self is also breaking its way into earth life, coming as a cosmic force, that surely demands organs of its own for expression.

I would emphasize this distinction. I do not for a moment assert that cosmic intelligence could not use the same lobe as planetary intelligence. But science has already taught us that the use of the brain lobe by planetary intelligence increases its convolutions. Elmer Gates has proved this by educating puppies. A further fact is that as we advance from solid up to invisibility the vibrations of matter continue to increase. Beyond a certain point they no longer impress planetary substance, at least within our sense limit. Cosmic vibrations will thus be still more intangible when impressed on mortal brain. I mean intangible to mortal man's sense and instruments.

We all know that a well-developed lobe will have more and greater expressions of planetary intelligence than

(Continued on page 4.)

LILY DALE NEWS.

I. G. Turner and family spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cardot of Arkwright.

Mr. C. D. Greenamyer is spending a few days with friends in Jamestown.

Mrs. Hattie Stone and son, Lawrel, spent Thanksgiving day with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Riley Johnson.

George Smith and two young friends of Olean are here on a hunting expedition. They are stopping on First street.

Mr. Avery Cardot spent Thanksgiving with I. G. Turner and family.

Several went from here to the Thanksgiving dance at Cassadaga. A good time is reported.

The marriage of Mr. Fay Johnson of Lily Dale and Miss Christina Miller of Cassadaga has been announced.

Our teacher, Miss Mildred Fox, gave her pupils a Thanksgiving spread Wednesday afternoon, which was enjoyed very much by all.

Have you Read Dr. Bland's Book? In the World Celestial.

If not, there is a great treat before you. It is a realistic revelation of the spirit spheres, and a charming romance of two worlds; being the story of a man whose angel sweet-heart had him put into a trance by spirit scientists and visit her in her celestial home. That man gave Dr. Bland permission to put his story into a book, and the heroine gave the doctor the title through a medium—Edgar W. Emerson—and assured him that the book contains a true revelation of scenes and conditions in the celestial realms. It is a charming book and its popularity is so great that edition after edition has been printed and the demand for it continues unabated.

In elegant binding with gold title and a full page photo of Pearl, the heroine, from a spirit painting. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office.

MACBETH.

A Famous Actor's Views on the Sleep-walking Scene.

The first time I read this tragedy I expected to see the sleepwalking scene played by Macbeth instead of his wife. This scene occurs at the beginning of the fifth act, and not until the gentle woman and the doctor converse together are we aware of the change in Lady Macbeth's character and of the illness that has made her weak. A woman so brutal in her conception and so resolute in her projects—how could she at once lose steadfastness, she who was capable of saying:

I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums And dashed the brains out.

Such a woman is capable of committing any crime without losing her impassiveness. I should have preferred not to see her, even in sleep, wash her hands of the murder of Duncan. Her wicked personality would have appeared still greater.

I do not believe that Shakespeare meant the sleepwalking scene for Lady Macbeth. Have you not noticed how precise the famous writer was in drawing his characters? He always tried to keep them in the same light from beginning to end. To my mind it seems impossible that Lady Macbeth should collapse like that. Instead it would be more natural in Macbeth. I found this scene so unnatural that I cut it out in my version.

The explanation may be something like this: In Shakespeare's day there were no women players. Perhaps some of the actors were not satisfied with the length of their respective parts. Shakespeare, to keep the peace, may have shortened Macbeth's speeches and given them to somebody else.

The tragedy of Macbeth is a sublime display of tragic passion, a pathetic picture of fate and evil conquering good. There is no moral, but without doubt this play may be regarded as the greatest work of dramatic literature.—Tommaso Salvini in Putnam's Monthly.

Snakes With Toothache.

The snake tore about its cage in a frenzy. It lashed the glass viciously with its tail.

"That's Joe's way o' swearin'," said the keeper. "He's got toothache."

"Toothache?"

"Sure. Snakes suffer terrible from toothache. They're so reckless, ye see, with their fangs. They jab 'em into anything—shoe leather, wood, iron bars. They take no care of their fangs at all. In fact, there had ought to be a snake dentist to give his mates lectures on fang hygiene. Monkeys suffer from consumption. Consumption, too, carries off lots of our deer and antelope. Camels in captivity are subject to the asthma, elephants to rheumatism, tigers to indigestion and eagles and vultures to melancholia."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DIDN'T FEAR BULLETS

A Sheriff Who Was as Brave as He Was Tender Hearted.

HOW HE COLLECTED A DEBT.

The Man Who Owed the Money Was Well Able to Pay, and the Grim, Determined Old Sheriff Made Him Realize That It Was Time to Pay.

There is a spot in the memory of Greene county, Pa., sacred to Jim Cosgray, one time sheriff, whose heart was as tender as his courage was stout. As he came down the steps of the courthouse one day in Waynesburg a white haired old man near at hand who had been waiting for him fired at him three times from a revolver. Cosgray quickly walked over to him, took his gun away and said:

"Now, look here, daddy, if you do that again I'll prosecute you."

It had fallen to Cosgray in the line of duty to serve an execution on the old man, who, worried by financial difficulties, had got lopsided mentally and conceived the idea that Cosgray was personally responsible for his troubles. The late Judge A. E. Wilson of Uniontown was at that time holding court in Waynesburg and had witnessed the shooting from the window of his hotel. Many others had seen it too.

"Now," remarked the judge to his stenographer, L. L. Minor, at his side, "when that shooting comes up for investigation in court we'll learn how many different stories the witnesses will tell about it."

The judge knew from long experience how many viewpoints there are to such episodes, but this case never came up to trial.

In 1876 a Greene county man who had become bankrupt—at least to the extent of inability or unwillingness to pay his debts in Greene county—went to Philadelphia, where he secured a valuable concession in connection with the Centennial exposition. Reports were brought back to Waynesburg during the summer by visitors that he was making barrels of money. Cosgray listened with much interest, but without comment, to all these stories, because this man had left Greene county owing him \$5,000. Finally Cosgray one day packed his grip and left town. Next day he turned up in Philadelphia at the hotel where his prosperous debtor was stopping and was shown by request to the latter's room. His reception was noisily hilarious.

"Why, hello, Jim! Glad to see you, old boy. What in the world brings you to the city?" He shook Jim's hand with every external appearance of great joy. But the sentiment was all one way.

"I come to git that \$5,000 ye owe me," Jim's eyes reflected no feelings of esteem. He was simply out for his stuff.

"Sorry, Jim, very sorry, indeed I am, but I haven't got it and therefore can't pay ye. I would if I could."

"Well, I rather guess ye'll have to git it somehow or other. I came here from Waynesburg especially for what ye owe me, and I'm not goin' back without it."

Cosgray got up, walked to the door, locked it and put the key in his pocket. Then he said:

"It's just this way, my friend. Waynesburg people have been coming home from Philadelphia all summer telling how much money you've been makin' here, and I think they've been tellin' the truth, for I've been very careful in my inquiries about you. Now, I want that money."

Here he took a revolver from his pocket and ominously tapped on the table with the muzzle.

"I'm an old man, with but a few more years to live, and I'm not a bit partickler whether I live 'em at all or not. That \$5,000 'll make 'em pass a sight easier. I don't intend to live without the money, and I don't intend you shall live with it."

The man knew Cosgray meant every word he said. He fenced and fumed, threatened and sputtered, but there sat the silent, grim old ex-sheriff, gun in hand, ready to touch it off any instant. His determination never wavered. He was a man of few words, and the outcome was exactly as he had resolved it should be. The man went to a corner of his room, opened a satchel and counted out \$5,000 to Cosgray. The sheriff returned to Waynesburg and put it in the bank, and no one ever knew how he came by it until the victim himself finally disburdened his heart of its weight of woe.—Uniontown Cor. Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

How to Mend an Oriental Rug.

First get yarns of the various shades found in the rug, examining it carefully to become familiar with the stitch and shades. If the piece to be mended is only slightly frayed or worn, work over it with a stitch corresponding to that in which the rug is woven. If there is a large hole, baste a piece of fine canvas on the underside and work into this the colors and designs which are used in the rug.

THE COAL SACK IN THE SKY.

It Is Visible Because It Contains Nothing That Is Visible.

Immediately below the lower stars of the group which forms the Southern Cross there is a black patch in the sky, dark, sack shaped and mysterious. Scientifically accurate astronomers explain that it is not a patch, but rather something which becomes visible by reason of the anomaly that it contains nothing that is visible.

The lay mind, preferring bald reality to abstract truth, is somewhat startled to learn that an object is seen because there is nothing in it to see, but no one can dispute the fact. The coal sack is visible because it contains nothing that is visible.

In other words, it is a vast hole in the stellar system in which there is not even a pinch of stellar dust to shed a flicker of luminosity. It is typically and absolutely the quintessence of blackness.

Because it is so, and in contradiction of all preconceived notions, the human eye can see it without the aid of a telescope or other instrument.

Between the stars of the Milky Way there are many little holes in the stellar system—little by comparison, that is to say—but one must have telescopes and patience to find them. One need only cross the line to the southern hemisphere and locate the Southern Cross in order to see the coal sack.

With the wealth of legendary tale and fable woven around the northern stars by the highly gifted races gazing on them through the ages that are gone one is tempted to speculate what tales would not have been constructed around that fathomless mystery had it appeared north instead of south of the equator.

When it rouses the poetical impulse within the brain of aboriginal Australians, what might it not have done with the ancient Greeks or still more ancient Egyptians? But they were denied it. The aboriginal uses it as he uses most things, in a topsy turvy fashion. To him the world is a flat plain crowned with a dome shaped roof.

When a man dies he has to go up to the roof and slowly journey over it until he can clamber down to the flat again and squeeze through, once more a man. The coal sack is the hole he goes through to get on to the roof, and to get up to it is a very long climb.

The journey over the roof is also very long, and it is hard to squeeze through when he reaches the flat again. So long does it take that by the time a man has completed the journey not only his hair, but his skin, has grown white with age.

Wherefore the black fellow who has made the journey rejoins his tribe as a white fellow. Thus it was that when the white man first came to the land the aborigines regarded him as a long lost comrade.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Biggest of All Animals.

The sulphur bottom—or blue whale, as it is better called by the Norwegians—is not only the largest living animal, but the largest that has ever lived, reaching a length of eighty feet or very rarely a little more. Whales grow much larger than this in books and newspapers, but in actual life not one in a dozen even of this species attains a length of eighty feet. The popular idea of a whale is that it is a clumsy animal, but, as shown by models, it has the graceful lines of a yacht. The total weight of a whale is about sixty tons, and unusually large and fat individuals must reach at least sixty-five tons. The largest animal of the past so far discovered is the great Dinosaur brontosaurus, and this big reptile weighed about thirty-eight tons.—Museum News.

Why He Never Married.

A matinee girl from Chicago looked up from a long and painful study of one of Clyde Fitch's autographed sentiments into that author's face.

"Mr. Fitch," she began mournfully, "I know why you have not married."

"Tell me, I would like to know."

"Certainly. It must have happened this way: You wrote a proposal of marriage to a beautiful leading woman in one of your companies. You should have proposed in person. But you wrote. She couldn't read your writing and thought it was a dismissal from the company. She drowned herself, and you are still unmarried."

The dramatic author thoughtfully rolled a cigarette.

"It is as good a reason as I know," he responded.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Painter Man.

Mark Twain at a dinner at New York once talked about the troubles of housekeepers at the painting season. He said, "If you are a housekeeper, I don't need to tell you that when a painter has taken up the parlor carpet, removed the furniture from the dining room, leaned two ladders against the hall mantel and stacked a half dozen variegated cans of paint on the sideboard it means he is now ready to paint the outside shutters and the back fence."

None are secure from desperation, few from subtlety.—Byron.

THE HUMAN SACRIFICE

Part of the Rites of the West Indian Cult of Obeah.

WORSHIP OF THE SNAKE GOD.

That Is the Root Idea of the Peculiar Religion of the Negro Natives. Dread of the Obeahman and the Superstition of the Snake Stick.

Readers of the late Sir Walter Besant's novel "The World Went Very Well Then" may remember the sinister old medicine man, Mr. Brinjes, and the snake stick, by means of which he compelled every negro he met to do his bidding. If Mr. Brinjes were alive today and living in the West Indies he would be a very great obeah man—the prophet, priest and king of our colored brethren.

During five years spent in Jamaica, Haiti and other West Indian islands I found that Obeah and Vaudoux—both derivations of the west African fetishism brought over generations ago in the slave ships—are the real beliefs of the great majority of the blacks, veneered by Christianity or even grafted on to that faith. In a Jamaican village the dirty, one eyed, diseased obeah man has usually more power than the parson. I saw this proved once in a very striking manner. It was on a Sunday morning, and the people were trooping out of chapel with their colored minister. The local obeah man was passing by and mocked them. The parson nervously attempted to rebuke him, but he threw his snake stick on the ground and cried defiantly:

"You no go fe D'Veve Obeah, yah! Den pick up me stick. I say him turn into snake if you touch him."

The stick was left lying on the ground. Not even the colored minister dared to touch it. He had been educated in a theological college, but he had not quite outgrown the superstitions that were inculcated in his youth.

The root idea of Obeahism and Vaudoux is the worship and propitiation of the snake god Obi, a west African word typifying the spirit of evil. Vaudoux is the more extreme form of Obeah practiced in Haiti, Santo Domingo and the French West Indies. Its rites are always accompanied by the sacrifice of fowls and goats and in only too many cases by the offering up of the "goat without horns"—the human sacrifice, usually a young girl or boy. Several cases were officially proved when I was in Haiti. How many more never came to light can only be guessed. The lonely groves and mountain caves where the devotees of Vaudoux enjoy the orgies of a Walpurgis night seldom give up their secrets.

There are two sects of Vaudoux, the white and the red. The former, which only believes in the sacrifice of white fowls and goats, is tolerated by the laws of Haiti, and its rites are as commonly practiced as those of the church. But even the red sect, which openly stands for human sacrifice, is seldom interfered with. The authorities dare not suppress it, for their own policemen and soldiers stand in awe of the "papaloi" and "mamaloi"—the priest and priestess of the snake god.

More than that, there have been presidents of Haiti in recent years who believe in Vaudoux. Hippolyte was even a "papaloi" himself. He beat the black goatskin drum in the streets of the capital to call the faithful together to see him kill the sen-sel fowl. Another president, Geffard, tried to do his duty and stamp out the cult. A terrible revenge was taken upon him: His young daughter, Cora, was shot dead as she knelt in prayer before the altar of a church in Port au Prince. Today there is a temple of the red sect in the Haitian capital, near by a triumphal arch which is inscribed with the unctuous words, "Liberty—Education—Progress."

Under British government Obeahism perforce takes forms less dangerous to the social order than it does in Haiti, but it is none the less a constant public peril in Jamaica and the other British West Indian islands. It is the bitter foe of religion, education and social advancement. In olden days it worked by means of wholesale poisoning, and in quite recent days there have been not a few cases of obeah men seeking to do murder in the old way.

When I lived in Jamaica, an old villain made an offer to a black man, whom he thought I had offended, to poison me by mixing ground glass with my food. Unfortunately for him, the negro gave him away, and he got twelve months' hard labor and a sound flogging. Not long before an entire family at Montego Bay was poisoned by the same method. Another favorite trick of the obeah man, both in Jamaica and Haiti, is to mix the infinitesimal hairs of the bamboo in the food of persons who refuse to bow the knee to them. This finally sets up malignant dysentery. If the afflicted one remains contumacious, he dies; if he makes his peace with the obeah man and gives him a handsome present, the

slow process of poisoning ceases, and he lives.

In all crises and troubles of life the negro flies to the obeah man. If he has to appear at the police court to answer for his sins, he pays the obeah man to go there also and "fix de eye" of the magistrate so that he will be discharged. Perhaps he has been turned out of his office of deacon in the Baptist chapel for immorality by a white minister. In that case the obeah man will arrange for a choice collection of the most powerful spells—such as dried lizards, fowls' bones and graveyard earth—to be placed in the minister's Bible for him to stare upon when he looks up the text of his sermon. Then, if the obeah works properly, the erring deacon will be received back to office without abandoning his career as the village Don Juan.

Does chocolate colored Romeo want a love philter to make dusky Juliet kind? The obeah man will oblige him. Has a man a quarrel with his neighbor? He can buy a vial of some filthy mixture, and if he sprinkles but a few drops of it on his enemy's banana "piece" or yam patch the crop will wither and shrivel up. If you have to discharge a colored servant, beware of Obeah! He probably will not try to poison you, but it is certainly annoying to find dried cockroaches and lizards in your whisky and a miniature coffin placed prominently on your pillow when you go to bed at night.

Even colored men of education and official position are often tainted with Obeahism. They often make use of it for profit and to increase their power over the ignorant negroes. The mulatto chairman of a parochial board—the Jamaican equivalent of our county council—was sent to jail for practicing Obeah only a few years ago. A prominent member of the Kingston city council was the leading obeah man in the island, the pontiff of the cult. He was so clever that the police could never catch him, although he was supposed to make over £3,000 a year by his nefarious practices. Once some detectives raided his place, but he received timely warning and fled, leaving his harem of strapping negroes to deal with the intruders. They beat them within an inch of their lives and then fung them into a slimy pond.

Obeahism is kept in check as sternly as possible in the British West Indies. If it were not those colonies would soon revert to the condition of Haiti—essential savagery ornamented by gold lace.—London Globe.

THE SHOE RASP.

Once Familiar, It Took Its Departure With the Pegged Shoe.

"How many of the familiarly used things of the present day that we now consider as indispensable," said the middle aged man, "will in due time be supplanted by still better means, just as so many once familiar things of the past have been?"

"You take, for instance, the shoe rasp. There was a time when no shoe store could have got along without a shoe rasp. But in what shoe store would you find a shoe rasp in use now?"

"The shoe rasp was commonly attached to one end of a short counter that in most shoe stores stood at the front end of the store, the counter upon which shoes were done up. It was cast in the form of an insole of a shoe, slightly curved and having the rasp grooves cut on its convex side. Attached to this rasp on its concave side was a stout steel rod about a foot in length which was set upright in a stout wooden block firmly attached to the counter.

"So here we had a stoutly anchored rasp in a nearly horizontal position and with its cutting face up, a rasp over which you could draw a shoe in such a manner as to bring the inside of the sole in contact with it and with which you could rasp thoroughly every part of the inside of the sole of the shoe.

"But what did you want to rasp the inside of the shoe for? Why, to clear it of pegs that might be and probably were sticking up there, for in those days practically all the shoes made were pegged. The soles were pegged on to the uppers with wooden pegs which were of about the shape and size of oats, except that the shoe peg was pointed at only one end.

"In those days sewed shoes, which were then all sewed by hand, were rather expensive, and they were considered as more or less of a luxury to be worn only by people of very comfortable means or for best or Sunday wear.

"In the pegged shoes there were always more or less pegs sticking up inside, and the use of the shoe rasp was to file these off so that the shoe would be comfortable to wear.

"A father would come in with his young son to buy a pair of shoes for him, and perhaps the boy was too young to be able to tell exactly where the pegs were. And when a pair of shoes had been selected for him the father was always certain to say to the shoe dealer, 'You'll be sure to get out all the pegs, won't you?' and the shoe dealer would say: 'Certainly. Sure.' And in whatever case always the last thing done by the shoe man before he wrapped up a pair of shoes would be to get out the pegs."—New York Sun.

A VISION OF PARADISE.

Paradise!—most aptly termed "the garden of the gods," where all things are perfect and all beings pure; where all and everything is spiritual, it being the very quintessence of purified, ethereal, and spiritualized ideas, forms, and souls. In Paradise, the home of the immortals, life is one continued experience of the joy of being, the harmonious felicity of congenial companionship, occupations, and surroundings, and the unique pleasure of creating, anticipating, and enjoying at the one time. For in that true garden of the soul, with its purely spiritual atmosphere, the ideas, conceptions, and aspirations take tangible and visible form almost simultaneously with the thought that created them. Thus there is no monotony in Paradise, as all things there are either the immediate result of the soul's aspirations, or they are the effect of long-continued mental effort and spiritual ideals in the lower spheres, but which have now reached their beautiful harvest field.

Sublime thoughts, noble aspirations, and unselfish deeds, which long since were sown in the valleys of darkness, have arrived at fruition and maturity upon the mountains of light, for everything here, whether flowers or trees, birds or animals, beings or buildings, sounds or perfumes, and colours or forms, yea, even the very sensations, as the evervarying streams of inspiration pour through the soul, are all the manifestation of definite cause, and all have an infinite variety of meanings.

In the garden of Paradise is realized to the uttermost the wonderful fact and beautiful truth that "love is God, and God is love;" for there no selfish thought can enter, nor one single sin-stained soul remain.

No, not one discordant note can ever vex the sensitive mind, nor one dark cloud e're dim the pearly lustre of its ethereal sky. But all is one harmonious unity of color, form, and sound, and all things, whether seen, heard, or felt, are in themselves only different aspects of the one manifestation of the boundless love of God. Thus all the beings who dwell amid the gardens of sweet delight are as it were spiritual flowers, living eternal flowers, whose fragrance of soul-perfume is so exquisite that even otar of roses or the essence of violets would seem rank and noxious in comparison, for their souls have been transplanted from the cold, hard and barren grounds of earthly gardens to the warm and fruitful soil of Paradise, where, nurtured by angels, and watered by the crystal streams flowing forth from the river of life, and warmed by the boundless love of God, they one and all express a portion of that love according unto their particular nature. Thus some look gentle, sweet, and small, while round each tiny little form doth shine a silvery halo, and so delicate and ethereal are they that their lovely forms seem lighter than the very air itself, amid which they float or fly like fish in ocean's depth or swallow on the wing.

Some wear forms of lightest blue, transparent as though made of glass, and clear as any crystal e're yet seen by mortal man. Flawless, clear, and most ethereal are their shapes, to harmonize with their most pure and sinless souls. For in Paradise this law holds good in everything, as within, so without, for there the outer form is simply the garment of the soul within, or an external reflection of the interior self.

I noted well that all seemed young, and none looked old; indeed most beautiful did all appear, for unto them both time and age hath passed away and eternal youth in their face doth reign; thus in their forms' reflection see all that's beautiful above, for each soul there, just like a mirror true portrays a portion of the love our Heavenly Father bears to all his creatures. Some did walk with stately silent tread the paths of golden sand, or swiftly glide among the countless flowers of varied hues that dotted all the bright green grassy banks which lined the many silvery streams, that pouring down the mountains of God, did serve to enhance the beauty of this celestial region.

Oh, how shall I describe the elegance, symmetry, and beauty of these truly God-like beings, far, far whiter than the whitest cloud or freshly fallen snow; more graceful than the whitest swan e're seen on distant placid lake, and fairer far than any poet's dream, and more perfect in every shape and form than even any ancient Grecian sculptor could create from flawless, whitest stone.

Oh, the glory of those supernal ones. Truly are they majestic souls, enrobed

in flames of radiant light, and vibrating forth where'er they go an indescribable dazzling silvery radiance, which shines and looks from afar even as a shield of burnished silver. For just as the sun is the light and glory of the physical universe, so is the all-embracing love of God the light of these celestial realms, and just as the stars of Heaven reflect a little of the sun's light, so do these purified souls, each and everyone, reflect a little of that One Light, which is the sole light of the spiritual universe. Thus in proportion to their spiritual power and wisdom, their souls' unfoldment and consequent purity and transparency of form, so do they one and all become living torch-bearers of heavenly light, or vibrant spiritual lamps, even like unto stars and suns, and in their every movement, all constantly radiating outwardly—but from within themselves—countless, flashing, scintillating, dazzling, and penetrating beams of light, life, and love.

So, continually drawing sustenance from the one Supreme Source of all things, their natures in perfect harmony with all that is divine, their will power is always working in complete unity with the one Absolute Will, and their individual soul's consciousness ever extending, and always becoming more completely at one with the Father, until eventually they appear as it were his direct agents, servitors, and creators in the projecting and sending forth of sublime ideals for noble lives to follow, or else as inspirers of those sweet, pictured harmonies of color and form, in which the artist-soul delights, or those rare musical melodies and love-inspiring sounds that thrill the true musician's soul. For every soul in Paradise is a medium or musical instrument for expressing the joys of Heaven and the love of God. Yes, each soul there is singing its own sweet song, and singing just as the birds sing—singing from ecstasy and sheer delight. Some souls give forth a gentle, soft, and sweetly rippling melody, while others chant one loud outburst of grand triumphant sound, like silvered cornet's piercing strains, or brazen trumpet played both loud and long. While other souls again vibrate just like the strings of harp or violin when played upon by the magic touch of a master hand; and some send out a tinkling sound, just like the musical jingle of little silver bells. Oh, these little silvery bell-like tones, how my soul doth love to hear them. And yet again some souls emit such plaintive, weird, and love-enchanted strains; no tongue could sing such notes, no mortal hand could play, or any human brain compose them.

For music—music most divine of all the arts—is in Paradise the tongue by which the soul doth voice its joy: thus soul to soul when far apart often doth vibrate its own peculiar note, and cry aloud its own sweet song; and though a myriad world divide, its own soul mate will swift reply, and oft complete the note ere yet the echo of the first hath died away. For neither time, space, height, or depth, can keep apart the twain whom God makes one.

But space is small, so much I do desire to tell must be omitted now. Still I must speak of those angels who appear in everchanging colors bright, tall and graceful as the palm, and garbed in raiment more like peacocks' plumes than anything else of which I know on earth. Decked as it were in silken robes of texture both soft and fine, and changing its color all the while from pearly blue to crimson gold, and from emerald green to rosy pink. Even while their soul is singing its lovely song their thoughts are flashing forth all the time like fiery flames of every shape and color, and in never-ending variety, yet the spectacular effect is always both beautiful and harmonious.

Because, just as each soul has its own separate musical note, so has every one its own distinct color, and thus the song, color, and form of each soul plainly shows its present spiritual status, and its special sphere of use in the celestial hierarchy. For, remember, that in the heavenly regions deception is impossible, as each soul there is just like a looking-glass, and all can see and know each other exactly as they really are; and all do love each other even as they would themselves be loved, and one and all do live, breathe, and move as it were in one vast and limitless ocean of the boundless love of God, who is in Himself the very foundation, essence, and expression of love.

As regards the scenery and picturesque aspects of this veritable garden of Eden, all the vocabulary of the united tongues of mortals combined would ut-

terly fail to give a correct mental picture of its super-physical loveliness, its exquisite perfection, and its harmonious yet kaleidoscopic variety, as all things are eternally changing, or evolving from one form to another. For the garden of Paradise is, as it were, a natural mirror which is continually reflecting the thoughts of God in all their inconceivable purity and perennial glory, even as they first come into visible and objective manifestation from out of the eternal and all-creative mind of the first and last direct Cause of All.

Thus even the clear, pure and ethereal atmosphere is always changing in the nature of its vibrations, and so the sky itself in these heavenly regions doth seem to alter its dimensions by sometimes contracting or coming closer, and at others expanding or opening wider and wider again, and changing color all the time in ever-varying rainbow tints, from brightest hue to softest shade. No sun is seen, but all and everything seemed bathed in an enchanting, mystic light ne'er seen on earth by night or day, and which I can only compare to many colors intermixed and blended in one soft moonbeam.

In the gardens themselves are to be seen every variety of landscape and every kind of vegetation known to the mind of man, from the luxuriant flora of the tropics to the tall and stately pines of the northern regions; and side by side are to be seen the banana and the oak; also the spiked cactus of the desert serves but to enhance the beautiful symmetry of the mystic lotus. Yet all is harmonious, being a visible expression of unity in diversity, and in its general aspect all things there unitedly combine to produce one absolutely perfect scheme of form and color, truly a garden of immortal living flowers, and the chief gardener and master of the garden is God himself. Looking at the far-distant background it appears like a gigantic living and ever-moving panorama in which the scenery of all earthly times, both past ages and eras yet to come, doth slowly pass before you, and the manifold terrestrial changes that took vast geologic periods to come about are plainly to be seen in their actual formative processes. Great continents appear and disappear, mountain ranges rise and sink again, while tablelands do swiftly rear themselves, and oft volcanic cones project. The snow and ice-clad peaks of Arctic regions cold, give place to scorching, burning desert sands, thus lands and seas, hills and plains, gardens fair and forests wild, do come and go and pass away, just like the faces that may reflect themselves a little while upon a looking-glass; but going, they leave no trace at all behind.

Added to the beauty of this enchanting realm were here and there to be seen buildings of such picturesque and artistic outlines, symmetrical proportions, and combining such strength and also beauty of architectural design, that no human builder's mind could ever have conceived, planned, or constructed them. Like everything else in these mysterious gardens, the shape, form, style of architecture and color of these buildings was constantly changing for the processes of pulling down and rebuilding the same structure at the one time seemed a natural and harmonious arrangement, and merely two different aspects of the one creative principle.

Oriental minarets and Roman towers, Grecian marble columns, and Egyptian pyramids, Babylonian massive walls, and graceful Moorish colonnades, all appeared most wondrous fair; but chief of all and largest, too, and standing by itself alone was one vast, stupendous, and colossal structure, and on either side of it was a tall and most imposing tower, and both the building and the towers seemed made of clear transparent glass, most beautiful to see, and far more wonderful to understand its symbolic meaning; for these wondrous fair and mysterious towers and buildings grand are even like unto the city "not made by hands."—H. M. Boucher, in *The Message of Life*.

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MAN'S OTHER LOBE.

(Continued from page 1.)

one dwarfed by ignorance and neglect. But those added cells may be of no service to cosmic intelligence which works amid higher vibrations, and would thus add cells invisible to normal human ken. It would thus be most convenient for the cosmic self to use the lobe that was least used by the mortal man. At the same time such use would remain invisible to the scientific student. This seems to the writer a most natural explanation of the service to which our unused lobe can be put by our Mother Nature. But, of course, the method by which any intelligence, whether cosmic or planetary, can mould or impress matter remains as much of a mystery as ever. All we claim is that if planetary intelligence makes use of planetary matter, cosmic intelligence with its cosmic energy may do the same, but it will necessarily have a more delicate manifestation.

When we study the manifestation of intelligence through medium brains we find that almost always it is planetary. It belongs to the sphere existing within the aura of the planet, although beyond the scope of our sense and instrument. This is the mediumship that exhibits tests and physical phenomena, and is the foundation of Modern Spiritualism. Such vibrations will be quite at home in the brain lobe that is in every-day use. Being planetary they will help it to add cell to cell, up to a certain limit. Beyond that it seems evident that an unused lobe will offer less impediments to the use of intelligence that has become cosmic.

We all recognize occasional communications and inspirations that are far above our normal level. Such would find easier entrance through the unused lobe. We may take it as a probable fact that every sensitive has hours, or, perhaps, only minutes, when his little-used lobe is voicing a thought that is not born of planetary limitations. But, of course, if the sensitive live almost altogether on the planetary animal level his unused lobe will have small use by the advanced spirit. The broken-up personalities, such as that of Mollie Fancher, Miss Beauchamp, and the many others now recorded, seem to be just fractures of the planetary intelligence whereby new personalities claim recognition. But it is in the higher manifestations that we realize something of what we may ourselves one day become under cosmic progression. And just as we shall then have finer vibrations for our selfhood, so, if we return at all to earth life, we shall need the least-used lobe for our expression.

This is, we admit, merely deduction from established facts. Those facts have been established largely from the result of physical injuries that have been traced as cause of brain lesion. Centers of speech, hearing, and many a detailed function, have thus been already located, each in its own nerve center, in the active region of the brain. And when some day such accidents to mortals who rise above planetary limitations in their lives, studies and teachings, are treated by psychical anatomists it seems probable that such accident or disease will be found affecting chiefly the unused lobe of that mortal's brain. For any proof of this we must wait until the scientific anatomist has at last accepted the possibility of spirit return. But that such use of our other brain lobe is at least a probability may be safely assumed in the present state of our knowledge.

We recognize that almost every public sensitive has been working under planetary influence and conditions. Few, indeed, have had any advanced education or intellectual development. Imagination is the cause of such mediumship, and aspiration for a higher and more spiritual life is usually conspicuous by its absence. The writer, in his thirty-five years' experience, does not recall half a dozen exceptions where there has been true spiritual growth, such as would, if our theory is correct, demand the service of the medium's unused lobe. As we have said, there may have been many a flash of supernal wisdom using for a brief moment this special instrument. But as a whole, individual mediumship has been unprogressive. Almost the same phenomena, with their limitations year after year, tell the tale that there has been little demand for any intelligence beyond the planetary. But it is the belief of the present writer that whenever there is a real advance and growth leaving out and beyond the mere planetary influence it will express itself by the use of the psychic lobe of the mortal brain.

Spirits seem so largely unconscious of the method by which they reach mortals that we cannot hope for much enlightenment from that source. But as

a point of interest to the psychic student this suggestive thought, that the so-called "unused lobe" is really a natural link between the higher and lower levels of human life, is worthy of careful examination. At least it seems such to the present writer.

San Leandro, Cal.

THE HALL OF FAME.

Richard Mansfield had long cherished a plan of establishing a chain of English inns throughout this country, with plain furnishings and good plain food.

Henry Graves, who died the other day in Chicago, was the oldest settler in the city. He arrived at Chicago from Ashtabula, O., on July 15, 1831. No resident of Chicago now living was there then.

Deacon Daniel S. Cooper of the First Baptist church, New Haven, Conn., was presented with a purse of \$100 recently in honor of his eighty-eighth birthday and fifty-first year as a deacon of the church.

Mark Twain was among the many thousands who visited the Lusitania at New York. In bidding adieu to the officer who showed him over the ship he observed, "I'll have to tell Noah all about this when I meet him."

Mr. E. J. Lupson, parish clerk of Yarmouth, England, who has completed forty-four years' service, has attended 12,000 weddings at the parish church and has been absent from church only three times out of nearly 2,300 Sundays. He has given away more than 1,200 brides.

Iowa's millionaire philanthropist, Abraham Sillmer of Waverly, who has given more than \$500,000 to benevolent institutions and also large sums to needy individuals, recently toured the state incognito, distributing money among persons in want and seeking institutions worthy of aid.

The Marquis of Stafford, who recently celebrated his nineteenth birthday, is heir to the most extensive domain, if not the largest rent roll, enjoyed by any subject of King Edward. More than a million acres in England and Scotland are under the lordship of his father, the Duke of Sutherland.

Dr. Allan Ross Diefendorf, an alienist who testified in the Harry Thaw trial, has resigned from the medical staff of the Connecticut Hospital for the Insane at Middletown, Conn., and has accepted a position as lecturer on insanity at Yale and hereafter will make his residence in New Haven.

Thomas Hill, a Lawrenceville (N. J.) farmer, has trained a bull to run a treadmill that pumps water, churns butter and does all of that kind of work. The bull, Hill says, beats a windmill or gasoline engine "all to pieces," and the work prevents him from doing damage with his horns.

At Rock Island, Ill., recently Frederick Weyerhaeuser, the St. Paul lumber merchant, celebrated with his wife their golden wedding in the presence of 100 descendants. When Weyerhaeuser married he was a day laborer. Now he is the largest individual owner of standing timber in the United States. He is supposed to be worth over \$100,000,000.

He Was Not Discharged.

This incident happened several years ago: One of the big national banks in New York was clearing for a certain other bank that was in trouble, and every day the president of the clearing house bank would certify a couple of million dollars' worth of checks for the other. Finally the paying teller called his attention to the fact that he was taking a mighty long chance, but the president paid no attention to the hint. Then the teller informed the clearing house of the situation, and the president was called to book.

"Did my paying teller tell you that?" demanded the president.

"He did," replied the chairman of the clearing house committee.

"I shall discharge him at once," declared the president, bristling up with indignation.

"You do and we'll close your bank tomorrow," calmly replied the chairman.

Needless to say, the teller was not discharged.—*New York Globe*.

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(Continued from page 1.)

At this time an amusing and inexplicable incident occurred in my career. To waken up public opinion, we ran several candidates for the Parish Council and the Town Council. The Town Hall was packed with an eager and excited audience at the final meeting, and we anticipated the proceedings terminating, as usual, in a free fight. On entering the building the election committee approached me and said, "George, we cannot get an elector to preside for fear of being victimized. Will you take the chair?" "All right," I responded, "go ahead!" I introduced the first "candidate." He tried to read a speech written by his wife, and broke down. The next can-

A few weeks after a clairvoyant description was given to me by a perfect stranger of one who had been wound around my heart. The vivid description was unique—the details perfect in every particular of one whose great sensitiveness and sweetness was combined with enormous physical strength. What could I do but come out on the side of truth and investigate? I had always fearlessly followed the truth, and here I am. My space is exhausted, and a volume could not set forth the evidence nor

Asthabula, O., Nov. 26, 1907.

We might give some of the ideas as presented in the address but we are conscious, Mr. Editor, that our sketch

Faithfully, for humanity,
MARY C. WARD.

Pittsburg, Nov. 27, 1997.

One and all must recognize the fact there is need enough of a spiritual uplift, and of teaching people the great truths of Spiritualism, and I feel this will be the means of helping more than one to the light. Rev. G. C. Day has connected with his society in Allegheny a German society, which recently held a series of meetings and sent for Mrs. Snyder of Philadelphia to come and assist them, and I learn there were grand results. There are a goodly number of meetings held in Allegheny, but most of them are strangers to me. Mrs. McFarlin holds meetings Sunday afternoon and evening, and is meeting with good success.

Send all mail and telegrams to my Pittsburg address for the month of December. When I get to Columbus will send my address there. I hope the many friends of Lily Dale are looking forward with pleasure to the work of Lily Dale which, without doubt, will go on far ahead of what it has done in years. Let us all work for the advancement of our great truth, for in it is to be found the help that will bless mankind. The friend and well wisher of all.

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Born on Dec. 17, 1807,
and Died on Sept.
7, 1892.

Celebrations in New England
In Honor of the Author of
"Snow - Bound" and
"Barbara Frietchie."



THE centenary of the birth of John Greenleaf Whittier on Dec. 17 recalls the fact that New England has great reason to be proud of the men of literary genius she has produced. Whittier, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell—not to go farther down the list—such names make one wonder what it was that caused such remarkable literary fertility in the New England of 100 years ago.

The old farmhouse in the town of East Haverhill, Mass., where Whittier was born 100 years ago, is still standing, and this and the modest but dignified house in Amesbury, Mass., so long his home, are now preserved in affectionate remembrance of the poet. The latter has been gone a little more than fifteen years, as his death occurred in Hampton Falls, N. H., on Sept. 7, 1892. All over the land the day of his birth will be remembered, and in New England, especially in the towns associated with his career, there will be exercises appropriate to the anniversary, among them a memorial meeting at the place of his birth under the auspices of the Whittier club of Haverhill, with addresses by Professor Bliss Perry, Frank B. Sanborn and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Whittier was a true poet of the people, and the anniversary appeals not only to the literary critics, but to young and old of every class wherever the English language is read and spoken.

There are some facts about the career of the gentle poet that indicate that even a bard of his unusual lyrical powers must often concern himself with things that are extremely prosaic. For instance, when he was studying at the academy at Haverhill he supported himself by making slippers, and he did not indulge in any poetic fancies on the subject of finance, for he calculated his expenses so closely that he knew at the beginning of the term that he would have 25 cents to spare at its close, and he actually had just this sum in his pocket when his half year of study was over. He was then about twenty, and the first of his poems to appear in print, "The Exile's Departure," had just been published in William Lloyd Garrison's Newburyport Free Press. Garrison did much to aid Whittier to live while making his way

upward in the literary world. It has always been hard for a poet to earn his bread and butter simply by the sale of his rhymes, and in the days of Whittier's early manhood the fruits of literary toil of this kind were meager indeed. Thus we find him at one period of his early career engaged in the unpoetic task of editing the American Manufacturer and poring over reports of crops and statistics of industries. His participation in the controversy over slavery aroused his enthusiasm for what he believed to be the right and entailed great labor in the writing of pamphlets and other contributions to the antislavery cause, but this was not a cause in which there was much money for anybody, not excepting the New England Quaker, who did such valiant work in its behalf, although of course in later years the sale of works in which such productions appeared



WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE AT EAST HAVERHILL, MASS.

brought him some pecuniary reward. But the poet's income was small and uncertain until he was past middle life. Yet he was never in debt, and he made it a rule of his life never to buy a thing until he had the money in hand to pay for it.

It seems strange now that there could ever have been anything but love and veneration for so kindly and noble a character as Whittier. But it cannot be forgotten that even in New England, where his name is so much revered today, he was once mobbed and on another occasion his office was sacked and burned by opponents of the abolitionists. Feeling ran high over the issues of those times, and the man who was more than any other the poet of the abolitionist cause suffered along with other early exponents of these ideas. In these days there is general acceptance of the view expressed by George D. Prentice when he introduced to readers of the New England Review the poet he had engaged as its editor, "No rational man can ever be the enemy of Mr. Whittier."

ENGLISH GHOST STORY.

A Vision That Saved a Life on the Yorkshire Dales.

It is not often that we hear of a ghost saving a man's life. There is, however, an instance, and it seems to be tolerably well authenticated, and materialists will hardly know how to account for it. Here is the story. It is of the Yorkshire dales and of a good many years ago. A clergyman whose duty lay in that wild country, where a strong race of men and women lived principally on bacon and oatake and knew not save rarely butcher's meat, used to ride or walk to visit the people. He had been raising a subscription in a time of scarcity and had to be out late at night. One evening on his outward journey he suddenly became aware of a figure moving beside him, and in the gloaming he recognized his brother, who had died some time before. He was too awestruck for words, and after keeping by his side for some distance over the lonely moor the figure disappeared. He noted the time and the vision, but nothing occurred to throw any light upon it. However, some years after he had taken the duty at a jail in another part of the country one of the prisoners lying under sentence desired to make a confession. After telling him of a lot of crimes he said: "I wor very near once taking your life, sir. It was in that bad year, and I heerd as how you went carrying money about in those lonesome dales. I hid behind the big bowlders of the brown moor. I saw you coming up and waited till you should be near enough, but that night you were not alone." This is a startling tale and the stronger because the vision or whatever it was was seen by two people. The anecdote occurs in an article twenty years ago in Macmillan's Magazine by Lady Verney.

LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS

Weird Vigils of the Men in the French Service.

TOIL THAT BREEDS MADNESS.

The Only Wonder Is That Any of These Lonely Workers Escape Insanity—Pitiful Plight of the Isolated Keeper at Four en Finisterre.

A French writer, telling of the life of the lighthouse keepers along the coast of Brittany, thinks it strange that any of them escape insanity.

The system of relief that prevails in this country has no equivalent in the French service, and, with short intervals, months apart, a French lighthouse keeper may spend forty years of his life tending the lamps in one station, with a single companion, and that station may be on a rock out in the channel or the bay of Biscay, which boats can approach only in fine weather.

As a matter of fact, the men often do become insane or at least develop monomania. Sometimes it takes the form of hatred of each other.

In one case, at Terencec, one of two men was found by a party who came off from the shore in response to signals lying dead in his bed with a long keen bladed knife through his heart.

His companion's story was that he had committed suicide after a long period of melancholia. There was no proof to the contrary, but after examining the wound the authorities doubted the truth of the story.

On another occasion, where father and son tended an isolated beacon together, the young man was seized with an attack of acute mania. When the time came to light up he planted himself in front of the stairway to the lantern and refused to allow his father to ascend.

The old man attacked his son and, finding he could subdue him in no other way, so that the lights on which so many lives depended might be kindled, strangled him to death. The next day he signaled to the shore for help and gave himself up to the police, telling what he had done.

Sickness and death are no strangers in the lighthouses. There is ninety-nine times out of a hundred no chance of medical aid, and the well man prescribes from the medicine chest for the sick one as best he can. He also does double duty until his partner recovers or relief comes.

There are not infrequent cases when the survivor has to sew up his dead comrade in a hammock and launch his weighted body from the rocks into the sea. Then come long nights of lonely watching.

In winter time the lamps must be tended and the clockwork kept going for fourteen to fifteen hours. The lantern is unheated except for the glow of the lamps up in its ceiling, and the government allows the watcher no chair lest he fall asleep.

It is no wonder that weird fancies come to the men. They hear voices calling from the sea and see drowned men and women looking up at them from the breakers. One of their horrors is of the birds that beat against the windows of the lantern at night, attracted by the glare.

Just as is the case with American lighthouses, the feathered armies that migrate at night beat against the walls and balconies of the beacons with their wings and dash against the panes of the lantern, sometimes breaking the glass with their beaks. As their eyes shine in the glare they seem to express anger or bloodthirstiness to the men within.

One of the most pitiful stories of lighthouse life is told of the keeper at Four en Finisterre, who kept all alone a station on an isolated rock a couple of miles out from the shore, but so surf beaten that only once a month or so was a boat sent out to it with supplies.

The cabin in which the keeper made his home was on the shore opposite his lighthouse, and the recreation he most enjoyed was watching it through his telescope. He could see the people go in and out and the children playing in front of it.

One day he saw something fluttering from the door jamb. He was puzzled. Then it flashed on him that it was a crane and that some one had died in the house.

Was it his mother, he wondered, or his wife or one of his brothers? He counted the children later in the day, and they were all right.

The wind blew, and the water raged. No boat could come near him, and he watched the crowd of sympathizing friends come and go. Then he saw the funeral.

He recognized the cure at the head of the procession by his white surplice and the altar boys walking beside him. Then came the coffin, carried by six men.

As the mourners walked after it he strained and strained his eyes trying to identify each and thus determine the missing one. But in vain. All

walked with bowed head. The women's faces were buried in their handkerchiefs; the men held their hats before theirs. He could make out nothing characteristic.

The men who eight days later risked their lives to row out to him and break the news of his wife's death found him a physical and mental wreck from sleepless anxiety. But he had kept the light burning faithfully all the time.

The French lighthouse keepers receive from 700 to 950 francs a year—\$140 to \$190. When they are worn out they retire on a pension of \$6.80 a month.—Chicago Record-Herald.

PRIDE OF HOUSEKEEPERS.

How to Care for the Linen Press and Its Contents.

No good housekeeper neglects the linen press, and the care of it is one of the most important of housewifely duties. The best form of linen press is a narrow one from front to back, so that when opened all the contents are exposed to view, with no second row of things hidden away behind. It is a serious mistake to keep linen constantly in a hot air cupboard, for, though it is thus always aired and ready for use, yet it will become discolored and the edges turn brown if so kept.

Many people nowadays discard linen sheets altogether, preferring cotton ones, while others keep them only for the summer months, using cotton in winter, as being warmer.

In mending household linen the most satisfactory way to do is to mend it before it is sent to the laundry, not when it returns starched and ready for use once more, says the Philadelphia Press.

If a thin piece or hole is observed while the article is in use it should be put aside and either darned or patched at the first opportunity.

Tablecloths invariably begin to wear at the middle and in the side creases in which they are folded. When this is the case the edges of one side of the cloth should be turned in and neatly stitched to form a hem about an inch in width. By this means the folds in the cloth will come in fresh linen and the place of the old crease will have a new lease of life.

When a cloth is removed from the table it should be put into a press and tightly screwed down until wanted.

If a sheet is hemstitched it should be done at both ends. If only one end is so worked the wear and tear will come always in the same place, as the sheet can only be used one way, with the hemstitching at the top.

Once a year it is a very good plan to devote a whole day to going over the linen stock and to make renewals where necessary.

It is a mistake to allow the supply of any one article to run too low, for the replenishing of the entire stock at one time means a somewhat heavy item of expense. It is much better to make periodical additions.

When new pillowslips with buttons are bought, the buttons should be examined. If these are of metal covered with linen, remove them at once. Use those made by folds of linen only.

Stores which are not in current use may be wrapped in cloth and placed on the upper shelves of the press. The German "hausfrau" keeps broad embroidered bands, which she slips around her spare sets of linen.

How to Rid the House of Insects.

A kind of black beetle gets into old houses from time to time. To get rid of them mix up some sugar and plaster of paris and place it in little heaps about the floor and shelves, wherever the insects congregate, says the Spokane Spokesman-Review. In a little while they disappear. This also is an excellent way to get rid of cockroaches and other bugs. Tanned paper is another remedy for bugs of all kinds, since they object to the odor. If one does not object to sticky fly paper, it will be found excellent for ants and fleas and other small insects besides flies. Sprinkle a little sugar over the paper to make it more enticing and burn the sheet as soon as it is fairly filled. A sheet of this sticky fly paper placed in a nest of fleas or in a place where they seem to gather will catch a number of them. Place a piece of raw meat in the middle of the fly paper, and the fleas will be attracted by it. As fast as the paper is full burn it and put a fresh sheet in the same place.

Cheap Cures.

A charitable man dropped a nickel in a blind beggar's hat and exclaimed in a benevolent voice, "There, my poor fellow, is a quarter for you."

"Why on earth," said the man's companion, "did you give him a nickel and say it was a quarter?"

"Oh, was the reply, 'I wanted to cheer him up.'—Argonaut.

The Long Conflict.

Little Sally (reading)—What is a prolonged conflict, Harry? Small Harry—I don't know. I asked papa this morning what it was, and he said it was something I couldn't understand until I grew up and got married.—Chicago News.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

New York's zoological park has 2,243 birds.

A butcher in New York paid a fine of \$1,100 for substituting veal for chicken.

The decrease to the world's shipping by wreck and breaking up averages 725,000 tons yearly.

Italian goods to the value of \$50,445,199 were sold in the United States in the fiscal year ended June 30 last.

The first state monument to be erected at Valley Forge is that to the memory of the 400 Maine men who wintered there under Washington.

There are now 79,000 cocaine users in New York city, according to figures compiled by a physician who makes a specialty of treating persons addicted to the habit.

After three robberies of mail bags gold is now transported from Alaska to Seattle in four pound cans. The dust is weighed, tagged, sealed and stamps worth \$1.36 put on each can.

The teredo, or shipworm, which in the days when vessels were made of timber was responsible for more disasters than any other cause, is now threatening the Canadian timber trade.

Korea promises to become a great cotton country when it is properly developed. It is estimated that there is enough good cotton land there to raise 130,000,000 pounds of ginned cotton a year.

The agricultural department has made a shipment of bumblebees to Manila for purposes of experiment. The bees will be kept on ice on the transport in an inert state during the sea voyage.

Burglars recently entered the West Swanzy (N. H.) postoffice for the fifth time in ten years. They obtained nothing of value. The safe had not been repaired since it was blown open two years ago.

The old headgear which Geronimo, the Indian chief, wore in his last battle with General Miles has been bought by Robert W. Wells of Washington and will be given to the Smithsonian institution.

An interesting relic of early times that may still be seen in the Berkshire hills is a wolf trap built by Israel Root, son of one of the very early settlers of Great Barrington, which was in use as early as the latter part of the eighteenth century.

The French West Indian islanders, who heretofore have had only a home market for bananas and pineapples, will soon have a chance to get rich in supplying France, a new line of fruit steamers having been provided by the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique.

Stuart H. Calkins of Baltimore has received \$16,000 for a vitrified ceramic mosaic picture, which contains 23,000 pieces of mosaic and 2,000 varicolored tints. It required seven years to do the work, and it is the first ceramic mosaic specimen of art ever attempted in America.

Professor Eugene Klenemann of Germany, who has passed two years in Harvard as exchange professor, in an article in a German publication praises American home life, saying he has been surprised at the comfort and beauty of our houses and the culture of the people.

The state treasury of Saxony places the income from governmental forests as its highest revenue producer after the state railways. After deducting costs, including salaries and wages of employees, amounting to \$1,357,580, the net profit of \$2,126,037 was added to the state treasury in 1906.

There are 1,319 savings banks in this country, with 8,027,192 depositors, and the average amount due each depositor is \$433.79. Iowa, with 494 of these institutions, leads the list, but the number of patrons is only 335,527, while New York, with 134 savings banks, has 2,637,235 depositors.

New York city surface car conductors, says the New York Herald, have their own code of morals and do not hesitate to say that their low wages, hard work and the methods of the managers justify them in getting their "perquisites" when they can, and they fix a reasonable amount at \$2 daily.

Dr. John Quincy Adams has been appointed assistant secretary of the New York municipal art commission. He is well known in this line of work. In 1899 he went abroad to study art in its relation to cities and people, and since 1901 he has lectured extensively throughout the United States on art in its relation to daily life.

Lace dressing has been considered a necessarily unhealthy occupation because the workers have to live in an atmosphere the temperature of which may exceed 100 degrees F. A medical officer at Nottingham, England, has, however, shown that many lace dressers now enjoy vigorous old age after doing this work from childhood and that the death rate is below the average.

Three Wars.

An old Georgia negro having told a judge that he had "been in three wars" was asked to name them, when he replied, "I wuz a cook in de Confederat war, an' after freedom broke out I wuz married two times!"

Sense of Smell.

The olfactory nerves are wonderfully sensitive. Much has yet to be investigated with regard to the differentiation of the points in these nerves so that they may discriminate with such apparently miraculous accuracy, yet even the results in the scent of dogs show how wonderfully fine is their discriminating power. Our sense of smell, unless in the trained chemist, is not even so acute as that of the semi-savage. Much have we gained by civilization, but not without some loss to our bodily energies and senses. Man's recuperative power after an injury is said frequently to be in inverse ratio to his social advancement. Similarly he seems to become less acute and delicate in the sense of smell as he fares better and lives more comfortably.—St. Louis Republic.

Houses and Homes.

There have been and there are today in the various lands of the earth many people who have no houses and nothing that you could call furniture even of the antique variety. But there can be no doubt that they are far happier than many who are comfortably housed in mansions which contain everything that money can buy.—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Talking and Thinking.

The Man—A learned scientist advances the theory that a severed head is capable of thinking, although it is unable to speak. The Woman—That's queer. It is so much easier to talk than it is to think!

Call Money.

Nell—What is call money, dear? Belle—I guess it's the kind you call up your husband on the telephone for to tell him you must have it right away.—Baltimore American.

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JESUS!

His Character, Life and the Object He had in View.

It would be a great eye-opener to Christians if they could get a real and full view of their Jesus. It is true, the religion they believe in and practice is so far removed from what their teacher promulgated that if he should come back and take a view of it he would see no resemblance. They know this, intellectually, but they do not realize it in any heart-felt way, and they realize his real character even less. What we have learned we have got from the evangelists, and what they got was from effete hearsay. Probably none of them ever saw him, and what they wrote was penned long years after he had passed away. Stories frequently become greatly exaggerated in a short time by passing through a few hands, and we cannot presume the writers were free from prejudice. Besides they are so contradictory in statement that they cannot be taken as authoritative.

He could not have been very noted personage in his day, for if he had been or if he had cut any such figure as is represented, he would have been written up by other historians.

We have four writers to select from in trying to understand Jesus, as he was understood and regarded by his friends. My effort will be to gather from all the items that seem the most reasonable, and come as near to weaving them into a harmonious whole as is possible. I regard the narrative of Luke as decidedly the best, and he makes a distinct statement that he writes from hearsay.

We want to know who the father of Jesus was. Was he man-begotten? or was he God-begotten? Matthew and Luke attempt to give the genealogy of Jesus. They are so different in statement that one must be nearly all wrong, and we do not know but they both are. Luke says Joseph was supposed to be the father of Jesus, and he leaves it as if he took that view himself. He traces the line of descent in a rational way, and he leaves it as one might be supposed to leave it if he supposed the readers had some sense, too. Matthew is irrational, not only in that, but in other things, and rants on like one bereft of reason, or who is unmindful of truth, and who does not think his readers will have sense enough to do the least criticism. He begins with the statement that Jesus was the son of David, and ends by declaring he was not. He pretends to trace the line of descent from Abraham to Jesus, and when he gets to Joseph, the reputed father of Jesus Christ, he flies the track and declares he was not the father, thus asserting that his pretended genealogy of Jesus was no more a genealogy of him than it was of Judas, or any other traitor.

He says Jesus had no human father, but that the Holy Ghost begot the virgin Mary with child, a thing that did not please her betrothed lover, and tempted him to break his engagement; but before he put his plan into execution the angel of the Lord talked him into reconciliation. In such a transaction as this, if it were possible, which every thinking person must decline to believe, there is nothing to any one's credit, except to the angel, who saved the maid from a disgraceful scandal. The angel caused Joseph to believe that the coming child would be one worth caring for, and so there was a wedding in due form.

Matthew follows with this foolishness: "Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by his prophet, saying, Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emanuel, which being interpreted is God with us." It seems that it would not have been done if the prophet had not foretold it. It makes a difference whether an event takes place for the purpose of saving the reputation of the one who predicted it, or whether the prediction was made because the prophet announced what he sensed was coming. The former idea makes God the tool of petty man, and the latter makes man take the rank of having foreknowledge. Those who read with any care will perceive that the passage referred to could not have had any reference to Jesus. The name of the one foretold was to have been Emanuel, the promise was made to Abaz, the king of Judah, and was to be fulfilled during his life. These reasons, or either one of them, make it impossible that the prophet could have been referring to Jesus; and the

writer shows a great lack of discrimination in himself, or a lack of belief in the discrimination of the readers. In any event, the attempt to hitch the prophecy to Jesus was ridiculously foolish.

The story of Joseph fleeing into Egypt because of a dream that he had, and the murdering of all the children in Bethlehem, shows how devoted the writer was to dealing in mysterious sayings, for arousing superstitious credulity. It must take a good deal of this mental quality to suppose it possible that such wholesale slaughter of infants could have taken place without being a matter of contemporaneous history. The most charitable view is to suppose Matthew in such an unbalanced state of mind as to be irresponsible.

The saying quoted from the Old Testament, "Out of Egypt have I called my son," is another instance of rattle-brained use of Bible statements. This was not a prophecy, but a statement of what had taken place, so could not have reference to something in the future; and it was the nation Israel that was designated as son; not a person.

It is true that the Jews were looking for a savior at the time Jesus was born, but the savior that was anticipated, and that was promised, was a temporal one that would relieve them from a foreign bondage, and Jesus did not fill the bill. They knew he did not, and have known so ever since. The promise given to them has not been fulfilled, and there is no prospect that it ever will be. But the friends of Jesus laid out this work for him in his childhood, as we shall see.

SAMUEL BLODGETT.

She Believed in Presents.

An old woman in Orkney was noted for selling whisky on the sly. Her house was a few miles from the town, and the excise officers had often tried, but in vain, to get her convicted. A young officer was appointed to the place, who said, on being told about her, that he would soon secure her conviction. Early one morning he left home and arrived at the old woman's house at 7 o'clock. Walking in, he saw no one. Noticing a bell on the table, he rang it. The old woman appeared, and he asked for a glass of milk. After a little he rang again, and the old woman appeared. He asked if she had any whisky. "Aye, sir," she said, "we aye have some in the bottle," setting it down before him. Then, thanking her, he laid down a sovereign, which she took and walked out. After helping himself he rang and asked for the change. "Change, sir?" said the old woman. "There's nae change. We hae nae license. Fat we gie we gie in presents; fat we tak we tak in presents, so good day, sir." The excise man left the house a sadder but wiser personage.—Strand Magazine.

Professorial Standing.

A professor of English literature in one of our universities once brought to me to publish in this magazine a learned piece of writing. It seemed to me a pretty dull thing and not important, according to my judgment, to anybody and not possibly interesting to more than a mere handful of special students. I told him this as politely as I could. He soon came to me again and smilingly took me into his confidence. "I hardly expected," he said, "that you would publish that 'study' that I offered you—in fact, I care little about it myself. I wrote it because my professional standing demands that I shall produce something at certain intervals, but now I have a piece of writing that I do take great pride in, and I want you to publish it without betraying the authorship to any living being. It would hurt my professional standing if it became known that I wrote this." It was a novel!—Walter H. Page in Atlantic.

Hard to Please.

"George, dear," said the newly married wife, "if you became a Mormon or a sultan and were allowed six wives, whom would you choose for the other five?"

George was diplomatic. "I'd select," he replied, "five duplicates of your own pretty self."

"Oh, you nasty thing!" she sobbed. "When we were engaged you often said there wasn't another girl in the world like me!"

"But, my dear Gertrude," he replied, "it was you who suggested the problem, and, anyhow, I should never become a Mormon or a sultan."

"Oh, you wretch!" she shrieked. "You mean that if you found any others like me you wouldn't marry them! I'll pack my trunk now and go home to mother!"

It was the first tiff.—London Answers.

No Such Luck.

"And do you sell these beautiful thoughts of your soul for mere dollars?" she exclaimed.

"Nope," said the poet sorrowfully, "I seldom get more than 50 cents for 'em."—Cleveland Leader.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

(Written for the Sunflower.)

Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, has many times been accused of borrowing much of her doctrine from Spiritualism. This she most emphatically denies. In her book, Miscellaneous Writings, page 34, she declares: "Spiritualism and mesmerism are wholly apart from Christian Science."

If she understood Spiritualism better perhaps she would not say this. That she does not understand the teachings of Spiritualism is evident, for in the text-book of the church, Science and Health, page 75, she says: "Spiritualism would transfer men from the spiritual sense of existence back into its material sense." Now let us enquire of some of our best known Spiritualist whether they would do this or not. Going back to Paschal Randolph, that pioneer worker in Spiritualism, we find him in the year 1860 penning these lines: "Spirit is not matter. . . . The terrestrial world itself is really spiritual, could mankind but perceive it. . . . Thoughts are living things, endowed with a being in and of themselves." Now, if there is one man more than another that Spiritualists look up to for guidance it is their "veteran pilgrim," the "old man eloquent," Dr. Peabody, and he tells us: "Spiritualism is naturalism on the plane of conscious activities—matter being only a shadow, an appearance, a symbol of the reality—the imperishable substance." Where is there a more widely-known or successful teacher in Spiritualism than J. C. F. Grumbine? and he tells us "There is no such thing as matter existing by itself—matter is created—a product of life from within spirit. Matter and force are but the hand-maids of spirit. Spirit is a priori reality."

W. J. Colville has this to say of matter: "Man, as a spiritual entity, is now and always in the spiritual world. Strictly speaking, we never are embodied, we live now and ever in the spiritual state, but the soul gives forth various impulses, which produce forms and endows them with more or less perfection."

S. Weil has this to say of matter: "The spirit presides over the formation of the body. The spirit is the man or woman, not the body. As has been said: 'Nothing on earth is great but man and nothing in man is great but mind.' If we substitute for the word mind here spirit, the saying is more correct. Our material organism is but an instrument formed and controlled by the ego."

F. E. Mason has this to say of matter: "Thoughts are the world's dynamic forces which crystallize into things that make up our external lives. The world is not all physical, to say the least."

L. E. Whipple has this to say of matter: "If matter is in reality an illusion, a form or appearance only, conditioned by mind, and through which the mind operates, health being the normal action of mind in synchronous vibration with the needs of the organism, then to hold strongly to the positive affirmation and realization that I am conscious life, not only in mind but in body, is to allow no room for disease to occupy the body and prey upon the harmonies of the system."

Spiritualism versus materialism—thus it is now, ever has been, and ever shall be. If Spiritualism stands for anything, it reveals the potency of mind over matter, as the foregoing quotations have shown. Mrs. Eddy says: "The physical is simply thought made manifest."—Miscellaneous Writings, page 34. If any Spiritualist claims that that is a teaching wholly apart from Spiritualism he asserts something that cannot be demonstrated. If Mrs. Eddy would say of Spiritualism: "It is a teaching that would transfer men from the material sense of existence forward into the spiritual sense," she would come nearer, much nearer telling the facts in the case.

We regret that she and her followers do not better understand the objects and aims of pure Spiritualism. If they would look into the subject and study its standard works they would find that it points back to the Hindoo philosophy and teaches that, while to the natural man immured in the senses matter seems to be reality, to the spiritual man freed from the limitation of the sense, matter is an illusion, spirit is the only reality. We stoutly maintain that it is not the office of Spiritualism to transfer men

from the spiritual sense of existence back into the material, but quite the reverse.

Mrs. Eddy must have been wrongly informed. She may have met with so-called Spiritualists having no understanding of the fundamental principles, and incompetent to explain.

PATRICK HENRY.

His Pale Face and Glaring Eyes During His Great Oration.

The most overwhelming of Patrick Henry's great orations is that which he pronounced before the convention which met in St. John's church at Richmond March 23, 1775. Already the mutterings of war were so distinct that Henry, instead of concealing the facts, declared that war was even then on foot.

"We must fight!" he said. "An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us!"

Curiously enough, even of this oration there is no authentic record. Certain sentences, certain stirring phrases were remembered by many who were there, but the speech as we have it is almost surely a restoration by William Wirt, himself an eloquent and brilliant orator. He supplied the gaps in what his informants repeated to him, piecing out their recollections with his own vivid fancy. But the spirit of Henry flames all through it, and to Henry may be safely ascribed such burning sentences as these:

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future but by the past."

"Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty and in such a country as that which we possess are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us."

"Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace!"

"Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

As in the case of all orators of the very first rank, the physical impression made by Henry was as strong as the intellectual. There exists a description of his appearance while delivering this last great speech—a description that came from one who was present at the time. It tells how, when Henry rose and claimed the floor, there was an "unearthly fire burning in his eyes. He commenced somewhat calmly, but his smothered excitement began more and more to play upon his features and thrill in the tones of his voice. The tendons of his neck stood out white and rigid like whiplashes. Finally his pale face and glaring eyes became terrible to look upon." The witness of the scene who gave this vivid picture said that he himself "felt sick with excitement." When the orator had finished his speech "it seemed as if a word from him would have led to any wild explosion of violence. Men looked beside themselves."—Lyndon Orr in Munsey's.

Discreet Silence.

An excellent piece of advice was that once given to George Gray, a young Methodist preacher, who was a mere boy when he began his work. Within a few days of the time he was fifteen and a half years old his name was on the records of an annual conference as a traveling preacher—the youngest candidate ever received in the Methodist Episcopal church. He was sent to the Barre circuit in Vermont. As he mounted his horse to set out for his appointed field of labor, a jaunt of more than 200 miles, his uncle, a Methodist of much shrewdness and humor, gave him a parting address which he never forgot and to which he often referred in later years.

"Never pretend that you know much, George," said he, looking up at the youthful rider from under his shaggy eyebrows, "for if you do so pretend the people will soon find out that you are sadly mistaken, but neither," he added after a moment's pause, "need you tell them how little you know, for this they will find out soon enough."

Strainers Made of Men's Hair.

The barber as his patron rose shook from the apron to the floor the short locks that he had clipped from the man's head, and at the same time a boy appeared, swept up the hair and placed it carefully in a large bag.

"Has it got any use?" asked the patron, with an interested and pleased smile.

"Of course it has," said the barber "Would I save it otherwise?"

"But it is so short."

"No matter. It has its uses."

"What is it used for?" said the man.

"What will become of that short hair which I have been carrying about so long under my hat?"

"Well," said the barber, "some of it will go into mortar, some of it will stuff furniture, but most of it will be made into those fine strainers which are used to clarify the best sirups. There are no strainers equal to those woven of short human hair, and for all the hair that we barbers can supply the strainer makers keep up a steady demand."—Los Angeles Times.

KEPT HER PROMISE.

She Wasn't Much of a Politician, but She Was Truthful.

Mrs. Elliot sighed so deeply as she took out her hatpins that her husband looked up from the evening paper. "I don't believe I've any bent for politics," she said in response to his inquiring glance. "Every time there's an election of officers of the club I get into some kind of mess, try as I may to avoid it."

"You see, Harry," she continued confidently, "I don't really care a fig who is in office so long as I'm not. I like all the members very well, and I'd as lief have one as another president or secretary or on committees."

"I have no favorites. I'm truly impartial. But that won't work. If you belong to a woman's club you are forced to sweat and agonize over candidates. You must be partisan or be out with both sides."

"You know Mrs. George has been president for four years, and every year Mrs. Tufts has tried to get Mrs. George out and herself in. About a week ago she came to me and said she was sure of the nomination if I would vote for her. Would I? I thought it over and said I would, for I admire Mrs. Tufts immensely, she is so lovely and charitable."

"Today, just before balloting, Edith Reynolds came to me and said I must vote for Mrs. George. Edith said I owed it to her—you know she helped me make over my blue foulard and canned all those peaches for me when cook burned her hand."

"Everybody wanted Mrs. George, Edith said, and if I voted for her she would get the nomination. I thought it over and said I would vote for her. I admire and respect her very much. She is so witty and forcible when she presides, and she speaks French beautifully, and I thought if everybody wanted her it was only proper that—"

"Do you mean that you promised to vote for both?" interrupted Mr. Elliot.

"Yes; I promised Mrs. Tufts, as I have just said, and I promised Edith because—"

"But you didn't actually vote for both?"

"Why, of course I did, Harry. I may not be much of a politician, but I was brought up to keep my word," said Mrs. Elliot, with dignity.—Youth's Companion.

QUEER BEQUESTS.

Odd Notions That Are Aired in Last Wills and Testaments.

Duchess Dudley, dying in 1655, left \$500 per annum for the redemption of poor English Christian slaves from the hands of "the barbarous Turk," and in the year 1725 Thomas Belton of Hoxton proved his enmity toward his own kith and kin by cutting off his three sons and his brother Timothy with a shilling apiece, while he showed his sympathy for his distressed countrymen by leaving the bulk of his property, about \$125,000, in trust to the Ironmongers' company. One-half of the interest of this large amount he directed should be expended in ransoming British subjects from slavery in Turkey or Barbary.

An old lady of Barton, Lincolnshire, being once benighted on the Lincolnshire wolds, was able to direct her steps by the sound of the curfew bell from St. Peter's church. In grateful remembrance she conveyed a piece of land of thirteen acres to the parish clerk and his successors on condition that they and he ring the bell from 7 to 8 p. m. daily, Sunday excepted, from the carrying of the first load of barley until Shrove Tuesday. The curfew bell is still rung in England in some places in accordance with old bequests.

Some persons had a curious predilection for their own names—a predilection which found vent occasionally in a puerile manner. Thus one Henry Green left his estates to his sister, with the proviso that she should give four green vests lined with green galloon to four poor men every Christmas, and his fellow townsman Gray directed that six "nobles" should be spent annually in providing six old women with vests of gray cloth and 40 shillings in providing three old men with coats of the same material.—London Globe.

Something More Interesting.

The old dorky was having his eyes tested for glasses. After the oculist had put up several cards of Roman letters, which the negro vainly endeavored to call off correctly, he looked over at the oculist and asked, with some disgust:

"Whar's de use in lookin' at dem fings?"

"With them I'm trying to find out how far you can see distinctly," returned the eye specialist.

"Waal," declared the old dorky, unsatisfied, "dey ain't wuth tryin' t' make out. Put up er watermillion!"—Bohemian.

Seasoned.

Auntie—I notice your dolly doesn't cry "Mamma" when she is squeezed now. She did when I bought her for you.

Niece—No, auntie; but you forget this is her second season out.—London Opinion.