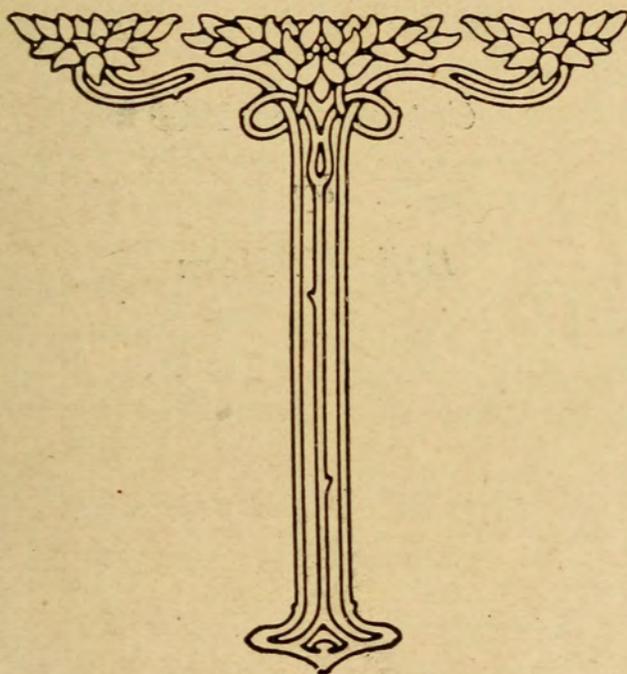


# TIMELY AID

BY

DELIA H. HORN



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MRS. DELIA H. HORN

## PREFACE

This book briefly tells its office, or mission, in the following lines:

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,  
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,  
To Misery's moaning cries yield relief,  
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

It would keep before the mind of the reader these words of St. James; "Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

This book is most hopefully addressed to the reader who will say:

Let me be free to scan the universe of life;  
*Free from all creeds, church rules and strife;*  
Free to seek in nature's realms of light,  
For truth to guide my wandering steps aright.



## FOREWORD

IF THE READER of this book is searching only for the loftiest thought and noblest sentiment, expressed in faultless diction and colored by the artistic play of the imagination, he will be disappointed in the work. There is little or no attempt on the part of the author to display her descriptive powers, indulge in word-painting, or rise into lofty themes of philosophy and speculation.

The story is a plain narrative taken from the "short and simple annals of the poor"; but it is permeated throughout with human interest, disclosing, as it does, the ever-recurring struggle of human minds and hearts against adverse conditions, and weaving into the thread of the narration, with deftness and skill, the Charm of Romance, the Pathos of Sorrow, the Tragedy of Death, the Problem of the After-Life, the Intercommunion of mortals and spirits, and the subject of magnetic and spiritual healing, as re-discovered, practised and proclaimed by modern Spiritualism.

On the historic and logical relations between modern Spiritualism and Christian Science, the discussions between the leading characters of the book are very full, interesting and instructive. In fact, in the whole realm of present-day literature the writer knows no other work which contains so much of real instructive fact and argument on the relations between Christian Science and Spiritualism as is presented in this story.

The narrative is a most valuable one in that it is descriptive of the mental evolution through which all thinkers of to-day are passing—the slow but sure

emergence of the human mind to-day from Tradition-  
alism into the wider thought and hope of our times.

This change from the old-time conceptions of life,  
death and the future state to the clearer, wider and  
more scientific views of to-day—from Faith to Knowl-  
edge—is here witnessed in the principal characters of  
the story.

This book will stimulate thought, promote investi-  
gation and prove, indeed, a “Timely Aid” to multitudes  
in this age of mental unrest.

Its testimony to the fact and power of metaphysical  
healing is strong and convincing.

B. F. AUSTIN.





# TIMELY AID

## CHAPTER I.

“THERE IS NO DEATH.”

All that's bright must fade,  
The brightest still the fleetest:  
All that's sweet was made  
To be lost when sweetest.

THESE were the words most bitterly murmured by the Rev. John Bell as he stood looking out on the fading day. The young man's pale face and trembling, clenched hands told plainly that something very precious indeed had gone out of his life.

On this damp, cold, dark day his beautiful accomplished and Christian wife had been carried to the cemetery on the hill, not far away, and there, by the side of father and mother, consigned to her last, long resting place. Their many friends had stood sympathetically and helpfully by in this hour of trial, regardless of creed.

John Bell was a Methodist clergyman, and his wife had acted as organist and was one of the shining lights in the Church. A brother minister had addressed them from the text, “The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away;” often repeating, “Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.” And the white casket bearing within God's beautiful, spotless lily had been lowered, never more to be seen by those who had adored the still, cold, white form within.

Our young friend had returned, with a few of the loving floral gifts, to his desolate home where for two happy, cloudless years his girl wife had ever met him with sunny smiles.

His tears ceased to flow, but oh, the pain of that heart!

“Home! must I call this home?” he resentfully moaned. “Everything here speaks of Alice.”

He ceased pacing the floor, and stepped to the piano—a reminder of her pretty hand and her bird-like voice. Then he gently closed the instrument, thinking “O My God! I cannot get away from Alice. I do not know that I want to. Here upon my feet are the slippers her little white hands embroidered for me. Kind Clara—God bless the child—sees that I prefer to be alone; so she has placed my supper upon this stand. But it’s all Alice’s hand-painted china and hemstitched linen. Even these preserves were prepared by her.”

With the lump in his throat, tea must remain untouched. He turned to the sofa and reverently took in his hands the satin pillow with its wreath of blue forget-me-nots—so delicate, so characteristic, of the wife now sleeping up there in the churchyard.

“Forget-me-nots! Sweet Alice, I need no such reminder—never, never can I forget you, dear, though I live to be three-score and ten. You were my first love—my all. I don’t know how I am going to live without you.

“They tell me my loss is your gain. Yes; you have gone to be with Jesus—you are now with those many dear ones who came beckoning to you in your last, hours promising to accompany and to row your frail bark over Jordan. But, O Alice, you have left me!

Those who have passed through similar experiences try to assure me that Time will heal. I wish I could believe it.”

Thousands have gone through the same heart-breaking that John Bell was suffering. How long, O my Heavenly Father,—how long e're this prophecy shall be fulfilled: "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

When may we look for the Millennial Dawn, when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things have passed away."

Rev. John Bell had preached to others and had quoted the words, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Now he realized the truth of the maxim, "It is easier to preach than to practice." Could he in this hour say, "God's will be done"?

Grief had spent itself somewhat and the pastor felt it his duty, as had been his custom, to read a passage of Scripture and kneel in prayer.

His head ached. The weary man faintly hoped that he might realize the promise, "God giveth His beloved sleep," and he opened the Book at random, trusting to meet with something comforting and fitting to the occasion.

Then his eyes fell upon these strange words—and they were new to him—"God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." They were to turn the reader's thoughts into a new channel.

John had always supposed that one must die in order to reach God and Heaven. Yet here it sounded as though He were not the God of those who passed through death's gateway, but the God of the living.

It was now morning, and John, in the grip of that depression that follows acute suffering, felt too depressed to reason the point. He rested his aching head

upon his hands, closed his eyes and seemingly fell asleep.

Was he asleep? How vivid, how real was his dream!

He seemed to hear gentle footsteps. Then some one came near and bent over him. A sweet, low voice—strangely familiar—said, "John, you need not be so heavy laden. I have this message for you. A little while ago you were somewhat puzzled over a verse of Scripture. Dear, it has been demonstrated to me that these words of Longfellow are true: 'There is no death.'

"It is just as the Bible declares: 'All live unto Him;' and the words we heard at the grave this afternoon are indeed true—'Death is swallowed up in victory.' "

Then there was the rustle of a dress, the door closed, and John was alone.

He opened his eyes and looked about him. Had he heard a 'ghost'? How preposterous! But the voice he had heard; it was a familiar voice—very familiar; but it was not, he decided, that of his wife or any other departed loved one.

He knew, of course, that all the dead were silent. Yet he could not consider the experience a dream. His sister-in-law must have been in the room, essaying to comfort him. The voice was, somehow, much like hers.

Whether real or imaginary, something had exerted its consoling, quieting influence upon him; and for this John gave thanks. "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth," he murmured; and he no longer mourned as one without hope. Timely aid had lifted him where he could say and feel, "The kingdom of Heaven is neither lo here nor lo there; the kingdom of Heaven is within you."

But who could have been his consoler? On second thought he knew that it could not have been Edward's

wife he had heard quoting Scripture; for according to report, Anna was not a Christian but a woman of the world—a skeptic—as was his poor unsaved brother!

Brief had been his acquaintance with Anna. Edward and she had come from their distant home in Rochester, N. Y., to attend the funeral of John's wife, whom they had never seen in life. Over the form of this faded flower they had offered the bereaved brother and his motherless babe a home with them.

The welcome was so earnest and genuine that he had accepted it. There seemed to be no alternative. Brother Edward was his only near relative. Alone he might have fought life's battles without a place to call home; but Alice had left this charge—the baby that had been the pride and joy of their young lives. The baby must have a home; and so it was decided that Anna should be its foster mother.

Tears of joy and grief had saddened her eyes as, clasping the little girl to her heart, she looked back to her own home, where she had left a little empty cradle and a drawer of carefully folded, dainty garments that were once worn by her own baby now dwelling in the Summer Land. She lifted her heart in thankfulness to God that He had so ordained that supply and demand ever wait upon each other.

Could our young clergyman have read the thoughts of his guest, as even his Master read the thoughts of the woman he met at the well, his verdict would not have been, "She is not a Christian." On the contrary, he would have esteemed her as "One who possesses a comforting, satisfying religion; one who continually walks out on the promises and sees a silver lining to every cloud."

But John Bell was in great ignorance. He was reluctant to acknowledge, even to himself, that his brother and sister were Atheists, and yet he felt that

they were. As is often the case, he was entertaining angels unawares.

Was the voice he had heard only a dream? If so, from whence had come the clipping he found lying on the table? He had never seen it before. It contained these words, written by Margaret Richard:

Two cold hands folded on a breast;  
A silent form laid away to rest;  
A sob, a prayer; God, is it best?  
This is not death.

A heart toward things it loved grown cold;  
A soul with not the faith of old;  
A life with worthiness all told.  
This I count death.

Now did John begin to understand the sense of the words—"God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." It came to him as a new thought, that it was not the death of organic matter that was precious in the sight of the Lord; but that when a man obeyed the Scriptural admonition and was found "Dead unto sin and alive unto righteousness," there was the one who had experienced a death precious in God's sight. And "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," was not, when taken figuratively, a direct contradiction to that other verse, "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God. Wherefore turn yourselves and live ye."

Not one hour ago we found John wishing that he might die and take his place by the side of the dear companion. But timely aid has wrought a change; and now he is repeating, in the words of a prophet of old, "I shall not die, but live to declare the works of the Lord."

Feeling that his was not a life with the worthiness all told, but that God still had a work for him to do,

he carefully moved toward the cradle where lay innocently and peacefully sleeping the motherless child; and there he tenderly whispered, "Baby, I fancy I hear your mamma singing, as I so often have in time past, her favorite lullaby:

Hush, my babe. Lie still and slumber;  
Holy angels guard thy bed.

Yes; someone had sung this little one to sleep that very night, not looking upon the words of the song as mere sentiment, or as having therein more than a blind faith: but trusting with absolute certainty born of knowledge and understanding, that holy angels did guard that bed.

The singer had pressed the child to her heart and whispered, in accents vibrating with peace, "Little one, your Mamma sleeps. But have no fear; she will—she *has* awakened—from out that strange, deep sleep called death. Spirit—the all of man—is immortal; it can never be blotted out of being, or taste one drop of bitter death.

"And, Little Girl, heed what Auntie now tells you. Do not grow up repeating the story of life-everlasting, simply because others, those in whom you have confidence—no wiser, perhaps, than yourself on the subject—have told it. But '*Prove* all things; hold fast that which is good.' Many are ready to say, 'Man lives after death,' but few can do as the Bible admonishes: 'Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a *reason* of the hope that is in you.'

"We may say we believe in everlasting life; but how are we to know? 'Seeing is believing'; there is no other way.

"There is no death; what is so called is but an event in our eternal life. Some day all the world will know this blessed truth."

## CHAPTER II.

## BEREFT OF HOME.

ABOUT twenty years before this story opens William Bell, an educated and good though not a pious man, and the father of the brothers, John and Edward, had seen the advantage of possessing timber land in northern Michigan, where resided his only sister and her family.

Accordingly, with his wife and two sons, Edward, the black-eyed picture of his father, and John, the blue-eyed picture of his mother, aged respectively ten and fourteen years, Mr. Bell left his home, near Rochester, N. Y., for what was then considered "out west."

One evening the two lads were sitting outside the door of their rude home. It was a hot, smoky, breezy night; no pan of coals was needed to keep away the tormenting mosquitoes, for the woods were on fire, furnishing plenty of smoke.

The boys had been assured that the clearing surrounding them was so large that, with the river between, no immediate danger from the raging flames need be anticipated. Naturally sympathetic, they felt the troubles of others; and their little hearts weighed heavily.

It was something more to-night than the song of the frog or the after-effects of ague, that made them feel so sad and homesick. At first the burning forest had impressed them as something most beautiful to gaze upon; but now, for days the sun had been darkened, almost hidden, and the blood-red glare of the moon seemed to tell a pitiful story of the destruction being wrought about them.

The whole neighborhood was in excitement. Within a few miles, men, women and children were perishing, and whole families were being swept off the earth; nothing could be done to save them. A few of the settlers were fortunate enough to escape through the blinding smoke and over the blistering earth, to find refuge in the lakes; and blood-curdling were the stories told of the fate of thousands of animals which had been left disfigured and maimed, suffering agonies worse than death. To-night the boys were more than ever impressed with the unhappiness so near them, for they had attended a funeral that afternoon.

Homes were few and far between, and people living five, eight, and even ten miles away were considered neighbors.

One of these neighbors had brought the bones of his family in a little box, all that remained of his wife and four children, to the church down at the "Corners." And the boys had listened to a sermon from the text: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." They could not drive the man's sad, tearless face from their thoughts.

Although their parents had many times reassured them with the words, "There is no danger here," the father and mother thought well to take precautions, and the observing children could see they were always busy doing something that might act as a preventive; such as tearing down fences and covering the haystack with wet blankets.

After a long time of silent meditation, Edward broke the spell by saying something that was not intended to sound irreverent or funny. It came out in his quick, impulsive manner: "I believe God is an Indian!" Then John, astounded at his brother's ignorance, thought he would enlighten him, and he replied:

"Why, you know the Bible says God was a 'Sheeny.'"

"Do you mean a Jew?" questioned Edward.

"Yes."

"That was Jesus—a man of Jerusalem," Edward asserted.

"Well he was God, was'nt he?"

"Ma thinks so, but Pa says he was'nt," Edward replied. "He didn't claim to be; but told the people not to bow down to him: 'Why call ye me good? there is none good but one, and that is God.' He often spoke of himself as 'The son of man.' Pa says he certainly was a good example of perfect manhood. Yet when men pray to him and say, 'Dear Lord Jesus, do this, and do that for us,' they forget that he told us, 'When ye pray say: Our Father which art in Heaven.' He says they are no nearer right than the Catholics are when they pray to the Virgin Mary and the other saints. And say! while we're talking; now maybe the Catholics do give this woman an awful lot of adoration. Probably it is'nt right to worship her; but on the other hand, while Protestants seem to have nothing against her, when do we ever go into a Protestant church and hear her spoken of? How many of their books refer to her? They are all carried away with her son—I often think of how the angels came to Mary and foretold his birth. God must have deemed her most worthy. And it may be, if she and Joseph had'nt set a good example, and brought him up in the way he should go, that boy would'nt have been quite so perfect; though he was without sin, it is written. 'He was tempted like as we are.' I love the holy mother of Jesus; but I'll never worship either.

"Pa says he rather admires the Jews for their obedience to the first command: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.'"

"That's all right," agreed John. "But we can pray

to Jesus. He tells us, 'Whatsoever things ye ask in my name, that shall ye receive.' "

"Yes ;" said Edward. "One of the names Jesus took upon himself was the 'Son of God ;' but he always declared he was our elder brother, and that we were joint-heirs with him. So I, too, am a child of a King. Jesus seemed even to have come back from the grave to repeat the fact that he was just a man among men, that all men were God's children. Telling Mary Magdalene, 'Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father ; and to my God and your God.'

"If you and I were to approach God in the name of sons of God, naturally we should expect to receive because of this very relationship and 'According to your faith be it unto you.' "

John could see no way of arguing against his brother's points, and so, wisely, did not try.

Then changing the tenor of the conversation, John went back, and asked him what he meant by likening God to an Indian.

"Well," said Edward, "I thought of it all the while the preacher was talking. You remember that squaw that came here, and after mother had given her dinner, and purchased some of her bead-work, she held out a pretty basket and said: 'Here take this, pale face squaw, always good and kind to redman's tribe.'

"Mother was delighted and filled it with her needle-work ; but the next time the old woman called, right before her face and eyes she deliberately emptied that basket and took it away.

"Hannah Bailey was there at the time, and how she laughed at poor mother's chagrin ! I remember she said: 'Well, Susan Bell, when you have lived among the Indians as long as we have you will know their ways better. They think nothing of taking back a gift.

One of these good redmen gave my husband a pony last summer; but it was only a brief time until the giver came and took it away.' "

Johnny's thoughtful face looked away at the burning timber; he did not like this comparison, and felt it imperative to say something in defense of his God. Suddenly his face brightened, and with a quick note of delight in his voice he exclaimed:

"I have it! We would get the exact meaning if it read: 'God gave the good and took away the evil.' Was'nt it St. James who said, 'Every good and perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of Lights with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning.' God gave that poor man life and happiness. He did not take away his treasures; but will take from him the sting of death. If God is love, He must be ever ready to take sin and suffering out of our lives; but nothing else."

Compared with that of a child, man's philosophy is often very lame. "Verily, a little child shall lead them."

While Edward never forgot John Bell in after years, we regret that he lost sight of the fact that God was the author of peace only.

"If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." The church has blinded many.

Our little boys were at last weary enough to accept of their bed and sleep. Early next morning they heard their mother's cheerful voice calling, "Wake up, children, and see it rain. God has answered our prayers at last; and if only this rain keeps on pouring, this fearful destruction of life and property will soon end."

A few minutes later they were blinded by a chain of lightning and deafened by a clap of most terrific thunder.

The father was out attending to the chores, and when the first awful shock was over and they found

voice, some one tremblingly exclaimed, "Oh, we must look and see if the barn was struck!"

The mother sprang through the door, only to fall by the side of her husband's prostrate form at the foot of the steps.

The lightning had not harmed either the house or barn, but it had done its deadly work on the mortal form of this most kind and indulgent father.

Whether it was lightning which also killed the mother, or whether the sudden shock of her loss caused the frail, delicate woman's heart to cease beating, no one ever knew.

As no answer came from either and both were deaf to the appeals of their crying children, hope left them at last and the bitter fact dawned upon them that their parents were dead.

The children's fears were confirmed; the hearts had ceased their beating, and the forms were growing cold.

For days they had prayed for rain. Tell us, was this answer to prayer? The rainbow with its seven beautiful colors spanned the sky; but it seemed only to mock them. They could not accept it as the "bow of promise."

Never was there a truer saying, "We do not miss the water until the well runs dry." These thoughtless boys, who, like other children, had at times shown dispositions headstrong, selfish and quarrelsome, never until this hour had realized how much their parents were to them. To say which was the dearer to them would have been impossible—the father, to whom they had looked up with feelings of admiration and pride—and he merited it—or the precious mother at whose knee they had been taught to repeat the psalms, prayers and hymns.

This mother who had kissed away all their little hurts and cared for their every want so uncomplain-

ingly, was soon to be put out of their sight where they could never see her again. What a dreadful thought.

As they sat on the ground by their dead, the old black cat came and rubbed against them, and mournfully purred as though she would speak her sympathy.

At last the boys bethought themselves to arise, go through the wood-path, to the nearest neighbor's, a mile away, and inform these kind people of what had happened.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE FUNERAL.

THE greenhouse carnations, ferns and roses that in later years adorned the white velvet, satin-lined casket of John Bell's wife were no more beautiful, nor did they voice one particle more of heart-felt love than did the wildflowers and wood-ferns gathered and arranged by the women and children of that wild country for the plain black coffin of John Bell's mother. Every flower was wet with tears.

A neighbor's wagon, drawn by oxen, carried the rough-boxes made by loving hands, over the corduroy road to the new church three miles away, at Stafford's Corners, where there was a community that could not boast of an undertaker, a doctor or a lawyer.

There were just two men of importance living at the Corners—the minister and the storekeeper.

The storekeeper, Joe Stafford, was the children's uncle by marriage. He was the superintendent of the Sunday-school, the class-leader, and had great influence in any thing pertaining to the church or to the Corners.

Uncle Joe, either for his own comfort or for that of some one present, kept quoting Scripture: "All his righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned: in his trespass that he hath trespassed, and in his sin that he hath sinned, and in them shall he die." And then he would comment, "This man's sudden call should be a warning to the unsaved in this community." And when the church was reached, the minister seemed to take up the refrain. Every word of the long sermon was lost to the ears of John, who sat through-

out the service bitterly weeping; and had it been likewise unheeded by the elder brother, who sat so still, cold and motionless, perhaps it would have been better. But down throughout all the coming years, there came resounding, whenever Edward would allow it, the thundering voice of the preacher of that day as he stood and expounded the awful doctrine of an endless punishment and a burning hell.

“Although,” said the man of God, “this is the sad occasion of a double funeral, as the paths of this father and mother now lead in separate directions it is but fitting that we should choose two texts—one applying to the sister whose loss we all deplore, and the other to the man to whom she was united. Every Christian here hopes and prays that these children will ever remember the precepts and example of their saintly mother, who, we are proud to say, was a member of our church.

“We hope that in this case ‘the sins of the father will not be visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation.’

“As said before, the Lord directs me to the choosing of two texts. Why? Sister Bell was a member of our church, and had accepted Jesus; while her companion, we are grieved to say, rejected Him who had died upon the Cross.”

This so-called man of God was so eager to proceed with the text and the two-hour sermon he had prepared in memory of this unsaved man, that he forgot entirely to announce the other text or to spend any further time in paying tribute to the children’s Christian mother. After the preliminaries had been said, he proceeded to speak, exemplifying the text, “The Lord cometh as a thief in the night.”

The whole sermon consisted of warnings to be saved just now; not to indulge in procrastination; not to fol-

low in the footsteps of this wicked man, etc. The sermonizer lacked anything like an extensive vocabulary, or a knowledge of the laws of rhetoric and composition; but that would have counted as nothing had he not also lacked the three graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity, and especially Charity.

Edward longed to silence him—to get up and tell the people what a good man his father had always been; but he knew he would not be granted a hearing, so all he could do was to sit in his seat, bite his lips and press his finger nails into his flesh. The preacher had declared that their father denounced the Bible. What a libel! He had heard his father say in the presence of Elder Smith, that in his opinion there was nothing to be produced, either in ancient or in modern literature, that could excell a few of the Psalms of David or Christ's Sermon on the Mount, the latter of which was a good enough creed for him. He had declared that their father rejected Jesus, when to this very speaker, he had heard his father express himself as follows: "Undoubtedly Jesus was the very best man that ever lived." Now, what more could one man say of another?

It was really more than the child could bear to sit and quietly listen to this leader of the people standing over the remains of his dead father and sending him directly down to the infernal regions, and he hoped, in his youthful wrath and indignation, that if there was such a place, the speaker might very soon find it. But gradually the fierce bitterness left his heart, as he seemed to hear the gentle voice of his mother reading, in accents low, the story of the martyred Stephen, and his last, his dying words.

Oh, the example of this holy man of whom it is written, when the people were stoning him to death because his beliefs differed from theirs: "He kneeled

down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge, and when he had said this he fell asleep!"

This example of apostolic forgiveness came as timely aid, and quieted the raging tempest within; but there were many tempests yet to follow.

The angel mother would guard him through all; for it is written, "He shall give his angels to keep thee in all thy ways." St. Paul, speaking of the angels in Heaven said: "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation."

As Edward followed the loved ones to the grave, he could plainly hear the spirit's ministering voice whispering, "Weep not, my child; father and mother are not there."

Her mother heart is warm as yore  
When dwelling on the old earth shore;  
Yes, stronger still appears her love  
Since she has passed to spheres above.

And mother's heart, with love so warm,  
Will fly to you in life's cold storm;  
And as she watched in days of yore,  
She'll watch your progress ever more.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A PLACE CALLED HOME.

**A**FTER the funeral the children's uncle informed them that henceforth they were to make their home with him.

He had a family of his own, and with this added expense to him they must not expect to live in idleness. John was so small he might attend school for a while yet, but Ed was of proper age to go to work.

Without further delay, he secured a place for this boy down at the sawmill, and kept him employed during the evenings, chopping firewood or waiting on customers in the store. Up at five, and to bed at ten, was indeed quite a change for this frail boy, who never before had been called upon to tax his strength or to shoulder a single responsibility.

The children's Aunt Kate was naturally most kind and sympathetic; but she was one of those good wives who never venture to say that their soul is their own, but are entirely under subjection. She was never allowed to forget such verses of Scripture as, "Let the women keep silence in the churches, and if they would know any thing, let them ask of their husbands at home," and "Let her adorning not be that outward adorning, of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel."

Kate since her marriage had never been adorned with jewels, ribbons, flowers or independence.

Her husband could always meet you with the Bible text. Once, when he had been cruelly beating one of the children with the stove poker, she ventured to

remonstrate, but he replied, "Thou shalt rule with a rod of iron."

To-night they were having a husking-bee over at Spencer's, and Aunt Kate innocently dropped in and watched the young people dance to the tune of the fiddle playing "The Irish Jig" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." This was a form of amusement in which she had indulged during earlier years. Her pleasant evening terminated with a strong reprimand from her husband, who demanded, "Would you run the risk of losing your chances of Heaven?"

Edward thought the proper time had come to quote Scripture, and he repeated, "There is a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance."

"Who told you to speak?" shouted his uncle. "Go on to bed—without your supper!"

When he found there his little brother in tears, and learned that he, too, had been sent to bed without a mouthful, simply because he had played ball instead of hastening to John Snyder's grass-widow with one of those intrusted notes, he just felt that it was more than he could stand; and he resolved that some day he would get even.

The next evening at the church social, as Mrs. Stafford jealously watched her husband finding so many precious opportunities to kiss and embrace pretty Myrtle Snyder and the other girls, while playing such harmless games as the "needle's eye" and "blind-man's buff," she could not help questioning whether the dance had been a thing any worse. Think not that all these little things were lost to the bright eye of Edward Bell.

They always had "family worship" at Uncle Joe's, and never did he hear him praying for the poor and needy that he did not remember the shortage of weight

in the farmer's wife's butter, and the sand so slyly mixed into the brown sugar that was to be weighed and given in return—a thing his father, bad as he was, would have blushed to have done.

Edward's first great offense was to stay away from church and Sunday-school; and when he was questioned as to the reason, he promptly replied, "Went fishing." This, of course, was unpardonable; and figuratively speaking, our bad boy was given a good shaking-up over the red-hot coals.

His griefs were making him rebellious, and he said in answer to his uncle's questioning: "I might be more particular, perhaps, about keeping the Sabbath if I only knew which was the right day—the seventh day of the week or the first day. Adventists tell us that Saturday is the Lord's Day, and that the Catholics had no right to change it."

Then his uncle in reply thundered, "Don't talk to me about the Adventists. They are not even law-abiding citizens, and it would serve them right if they were driven out of every town, tarred and feathered."

"But," he proceeded, "I know something more about you, young man. I came across some dime novels, a pack of cards, and a package of tobacco hidden in the hay; and Will tells me they are yours. I believe more in persuasion than in prohibition; but if that won't do the work, we have to try the next best thing. I have destroyed them."

"Sir," exclaimed Edward, indignantly, "Will knows who those things belong to; they were never mine."

"Don't you dare to insinuate," cried his uncle, "that my boy lies. And if he did become intoxicated on the jug of communion wine, you led him into it. No; my boy did not lie about this. He is a Christian."

"Ha, ha! a chip of the old block," said Edward;

and for this jibe the impudent boy received a staggering blow that made him see stars.

The following Sunday found him obediently in his place in the Sunday-school class. With bitterness in his heart he listened to the cottage organ. Once it had belonged to his mother; she was one of the few in that community who had possessed indications of better days—such as silverware, easy rockers, a sewing machine and this organ. How did the church come by the organ? His uncle had presented it and received a vote of thanks for the gift. But then, even the church itself was stolen property. Had he not heard his father tell how this church was erected? It had been contributed to by people coming from various and numerous organizations, with the understanding that it was to be in effect a Union church. But when the day of dedication had come the presiding elder was there, and the building was dedicated in the name of Methodism. If some of its most liberal donators had desired a speaker of their own denominations there, the Methodists would have locked the doors. As for the rest of William Bell's personal and real estate, whatever their uncle did not desire to keep, he had sold at auction; and Edward had faintly hoped that the stock and other things would bring enough so that he might take his little brother and return to their eastern home, feeling confident that he would there find friends and employment.

Edward looked forward to growing tall and strong, able to care for and educate John. But he was doomed to disappointment. Uncle Joe deposited the proceeds into the depths of his own pocket, and also the proceeds from the lumber, as it was taken from their father's acres. He explained to his wife that now he was the boy's guardian; later, when they should become of age, of course they would have it all back.

On this particular Sunday, Edward discussed the lesson more thoroughly than usual. He commented on the verse: "I form the light and create darkness, I make peace and create evil; I, the Lord, do all these things."

"It doesn't seem to me," said the boy, "that God would boast of having created evil, and to claim that He did create it, is to go back on the first chapter of Genesis, where it is written: 'God looked upon all that He had made, and behold it was very good, and His work was finished.'

"Now this is the way I look at it," continued the boy. "We know that the good in Christianity will set households at variance; for Jesus said, 'Think not that I have come to bring peace on the earth, but a sword'; and nevertheless He deserves the title 'Prince of Peace.' When the Wesleys and other circuit riders, for example, went into a community and preached, the good aroused the antagonistic spirit, and they were stoned, rotten-egged, etc.; as were also Luther and his followers, and the peaceful Quakers and others. But I must say I do not believe that God ever created evil."

"God certainly created all things," replied his teacher. "And I must reprove you for not taking the Bible as it reads. I would rather never exercise my reasoning powers, than to be guilty of doubting one word contained in that blessed Book. We have no right to place our own interpretation upon this divinely inspired work. Some things we cannot quite understand, but they belong to the mysteries of godliness."

"Well, it is my desire to understand the Scriptures," asserted our young philosopher; and then he propounded another question: "Now I cannot understand why, if Jesus was God come down to earth, He reproved the people by saying: 'Why call ye me good? there is but one good and that is God.'"

The teacher explained, to his own satisfaction if not to the boy's, "Jesus answered his own question: 'Because there is but one good, and that is God.'" How inconsistent! Doing just what he had a moment before condemned in his pupil.

Before the discussions were finished, Edward made an unwise announcement.

Their father had now been dead more than a year, and the boy could speak of him without blinding tears.

"I believe," he said, "as my father used to say: 'While the Bible contains much truth, it is possible that it also contains some error.'"

At this the teacher turned upon him: "Never mention to me again your father's infidel beliefs—especially not in the presence of my young class. Evidently you are inclined to tread in his footsteps; and unless you accept of a change of heart, and receive the new birth, I fear you will go to that same place."

The boy, in his injured rage, would have struck his teacher, but there came to him timely aid; he seemed to feel the gentle but firm clasp of his mother's hand and to hear her sweet voice remonstrating. "My child, remember the time and place. Remember your good teacher's honorable gray hairs, and have respect for old age, at least."

During the long winter evenings there were held revival or protracted meetings. Will and other "backsliders" made a fresh start in religion, renewing their vows; and little John went forward with the other converts, influenced by the shouting, moaning, clapping of hands and earnest pleading to "come and be washed in the blood of the Lamb." The congregation made the meeting-house ring, as midst "Amens" and "Hallelujas" they joyously sang:

Oh, I feel so happy I would like to shout;  
Religion has turned me inside out.  
There's a long white robe on the golden strand—  
Lord, I'll be there when the great day comes.

But our young, hardened sinner was not hypnotized into seeking God's pardon at the anxious seat and the mourner's bench. Nor was he influenced by the singing of such beautiful and inspiring hymns as:

Stop, poor sinner, stop and think  
Before you farther go.  
Can you sport upon the brink  
Of everlasting woe?  
Hell beneath is gaping wide,  
Vengeance waits the dread command,  
Soon to stop your sport and pride,  
And sink you with the damned.

CHORUS.

Then be entreated now to stop,  
For unless you warning take,  
E're you are aware, you'll drop  
Into a burning lake.

Uncle Joe always made the longest speeches and repeated the loudest prayers. Usually his talks were on such topics as, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God"; and Edward felt like putting the satirical question, "Why then are you so anxious to become rich, even at the expense of your own soul?"

The boy felt proud that his deceased father was, educationally, ahead of the community in which he lived, and that he could have told these people that in

the days when this saying originated, the people used a kind of rope called camel, which was so large that it was difficult to thread it; and that they also had a gateway in the walls of Jerusalem called the "Needle's Eye," through which a camel could, by kneeling, pass, though it was done with difficulty. Jesus' comparison then, meant no impossible thing; simply that a rich man did not find it easy to enter Heaven.

This bright son of William Bell had been a regular church attendant; but he began to grow sick, tired and disgusted with it all. His new home was becoming more and more disagreeable and unbearable. Had it not been for little Johnny, he would have contemplated running away.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE PARTING.

THE Universalists in and near Stafford's Corners having been once refused the use of the "Union church" as a place for worship, made another start, raised money and erected the second church; taking precaution this time not to lose their edifice.

The activity of this body had the effect of making Uncle Joe very angry. Edward, more to annoy his uncle than for any other reason, one Sunday evening attended the service at the new church.

The speaker chose his text from the Book of Psalms: "The desire of the wicked shall perish." He told his hearers that the history of his church dated back to a sermon preached by the Rev. John Murray, in the state of New Jersey, in the year 1770, and that the first society was organized in the state of Massachusetts, in the year 1779. Originally, explained the minister, it was maintained that all punishments inflicted upon sinful men were confined to this life. This was not believed in these days. The speaker continued:

"On the contrary, it is now admitted that the consequences of sin unrepented and unforsaken will—must—follow man into the future world; and that not until the desire of the wicked perisheth and he maketh compliance with the terms of salvation, can he hope to escape the consequences. Therefore, Orthodoxy is not justified in asserting that Universalism is a license to sin.

"It certainly is not necessary that the man should be doomed to annihilation and perish with his sin. In

God's all-wise plan, all that is necessary is that the desire of the wicked should perish.

"Even here upon earth we may experience hell, and we may escape therefrom, too, if we so desire. The Psalmist had not died and left this world when he said, 'I cried from the depths of hell and God heard me.'

"We have the assurance, 'Before God every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess.' This universal salvation necessitates probation after the change called death.

"There is a glorious gospel of joy and Heaven for all, and sorrow and hell for none; and such is the one we here present. It would not be the gospel if it taught anything else; for the meaning of the word is goodspell. We are free moral agents, and sometime, somewhere, we will choose to turn from our sins. If there is a hell, according to the Revelator's vision, it is not to be of eternal duration: 'And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire.'

"God is Love. It is not His purpose that one should be lost—and there is no power able to thwart the Omnipotent in His purpose.

"People talk of eternal damnation. Time is against it. God and the Divine law are against it. As our text declares, the desire of the wicked shall perish. Now, it may be that with some of us, that desire for the so-called pleasures of sin will not be given up until after we have reached the Great Beyond. But even there 'God's hand is not shortened that it cannot save.' That parable where the Heavenly Father is likened to a good shepherd who, though he had ninety-and-nine safe and secure, would not rest until he had brought the last one safely into the fold, belongs to those religionists who teach universal salvation."

For the first time in his life Edward had listened to preaching with which he could agree.

In spite of the "better bringing up" his Uncle Joe gave him, these liberal views followed him; and in after years when the brothers had grown to manhood and drifted apart, he wrote the following letter to his ministerial brother:

You know my views on religion. You know that ever since I was a boy, I have declared that, taking the Bible as a whole, it could not be what you pronounce it to be—the inspired Word of God.

No; I cannot regard the Bible as being infallible, though I will not say but that the greater portion of this Book of Books is God-inspired.

I believe that those parts thereof that inspire the reader and are found demonstrable, were written by inspiration. But the whole book does not stand this test. The man who wrote, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee" was undoubtedly God-inspired, or inspired by good.

Now, my wife, Anna, and I have no conflicting theories. We are agreed in all things; our views are very harmonious. Do not misunderstand, dear brother; we have faith in God and a hereafter. We do not ignore Jesus as a brother, friend, leader, but we do classify among the greatest humbugs, this belief in a personal devil, a literal hell, the fall of man in the Garden of Eden, and redemption through the vicarious atonement; and we cannot feel at home in any church that teaches otherwise.

I sincerely hope, my dear, conscientious Christian brother, that the day will soon come when your spiritual eyes will open and you will see these things in their true light.

When he read this, poor John was affected as he would have been had a piece of ice been applied to his spine.

Surely, he thought, something must be done or his brother would be eternally lost. And he groaned aloud with mingled feelings of horror and pity, as he thought of him being united to a woman believing in a doctrine such as that. He threw this epistle into the fireplace, for his good wife, Alice, must remain in ignorance of this awful fact; and then he prayed, loud, long and earnestly, for this man and woman so far from Christ:

“God, wilt Thou not in mercy save them from the wrath to come, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.”

And that his brother's terrible wish should ever be fulfilled, that he, too, should likewise lose faith in the Adamic pollution and the redeeming blood of Jesus—God forbid!

Having no faith in a personal devil and a literal hell, was not this equivalent to having no belief at all? This must ever be the burden of his prayer, he decided.

The brothers' ways were far apart.

Here we are reminded of that good, old-time minister's preaching in denunciation of Universalism.

“O my brethren,” said he, “Beware! Beware of wolves in sheeps' clothing.

“There has sprung up amongst us in these latter days an unbelieving sect known as Universalists. They teach that all men will eventually be saved and get into Heaven; but blessed be the name of the Lord, dear brethren, we hope for better things.”

When Edward and John were left orphans, among the few things they were allowed to keep from home was their mother's Bible and the books belonging to their father. Paine's and Ingersoll's works were among them. John had carefully treasured the Bible and Edward had taken the other books.

One Sunday evening Edward exasperated his uncle by allowing him to see him reading these “works of

the devil." When reprimanded, the boy was so fearlessly outspoken and sarcastic that the man shook him roughly and shouted, "I will soon put an end to your poisoning your brain with such as this. Nice things for your father to leave you!" And then, suiting the action to the word, he quickly snatched the books, ran out to an old, abandoned well, and flung them in, as he said, "so deep they could never be resurrected."

Edward, picking up his uncle's wellworn Bible, followed and flung it in after his own books, crying, "You old hypocrite! You can have no less respect for my book that I entertain for yours."

Joe Stafford then commanded him to leave the house and never to darken his door again, calling him "an ungrateful wretch," and using language very profane.

Edward went to the attic, awoke John and told him of the quarrel and of how he had been driven from home.

"O Johnny," he said, "I would be glad to go; I would not care, if only I might take you with me. But I do not see how I can. Don't cry, Johnny, I can't bear it. We'll soon be together again. I am almost sixteen now. If they are ever unkind to you and you need me, you know I would wade through fire and deep water to help you. Cheer up! I shall write often, in care of some of the boys, so that he cannot keep news of me from you. Be good, and believe in God—if you find it any comfort. I only believe in the Mighty Atom."

Edward had somewhere heard the term "Mighty Atom," applied to the First Great Cause, and as he felt just now as if he wanted to give up God, he thought he would make use of it.

He left his brother with a parting embrace. His Aunt Kate cautiously met him at the corner of the

house, and slipped into his hands a package of appetizing food and all her money—a fifty-cent piece. Then with tears in her voice, she gave him a parting kiss, sobbing, “My brother’s boy! God be with you till we meet again.”

And covering her face with her apron, the good woman wept bitterly.

## CHAPTER VI.

## OUT ON THE COLD WORLD.

THERE had been a week of weary tramping and sleeping in barns. It was in the latter part of winter—a cold and stormy day. The snow was deep in drifts. Eddie's feet were sore from walking. His money was gone; and faint and hungry, too proud to beg, he was physically exhausted as he sat by the road.

His body grew gradually insensible to pain, as he sank easily to sleep. And as he slept, he seemed to hear the words: "God will give his angels charge over thee lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Then it was as though he were picked up and carried on in his father's strong arms, while just ahead, leading the way, he could see his mother's well remembered form—not speaking a word, but gliding over the sparkling snow to a light flickering in a farm house window.

When he awoke, he discovered himself lying on a comfortable bed, and he could hear the gentle voice of a woman saying to some one, "Husband, I believe he will live; and I am glad we were privileged to open our door and take him in. I have often wondered whether any one watched over my young soldier brother when he lay dying of fever in the South; and every time I have looked at this poor boy, I have thought of that soldier song, 'Somebody's Darling.'"

When Edward was convalescent, one Sunday morning, they announced that they would leave him in care of their little daughter, and drive to church.

After they had gone, he turned to Amy and asked, "What church do your people belong to?"

He had made up his mind that these good Samaritans were not Methodists. He thought they obeyed the Scriptures: "Let your light so shine before men that seeing your good works they may glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

But Amy replied, with pride in her voice, "Why, we are Methodists. To what church do you belong?"

Edward felt rebellious, and, never lacking for answer, he told her he belonged to "the rebels." And as soon as he had said he was a "rebel," he relieved his feelings by repeating some very harsh things about Methodism and Methodists in general.

Amy listened; then she replied: "You know there was a Judas even among the Master's immediate followers; and you musn't keep watching the church members. Keep your eye more steadfastly fixed on Jesus—that's the way to do!"

"Once I brought my writing book home, and mamma criticised it. We found the writing at the bottom of the page far from good.

"When beginning to write the page, I had looked closely at my perfect copy; but I grew away from it and was guided more by imperfect work.

"Mamma used it as an illustration. She said we are all writers in the Book of Life.

"But in our journey we are prone to wander from God; and because we make the mistake of looking away from the perfect guide, our pages become disfigured and blotted. Have you never met any good Methodists?"

Edward feared he had incurred her displeasure, and he felt very much ashamed of himself.

"Yes," he quickly replied. "My mother was a Methodist, and so was grandfather. And Aunt Kate—as good a woman as ever lived—is a Methodist."

He tried to make amends by assuring Amy that he

would always entertain the greatest respect for her parents.

His friends always held family prayer. But what a difference there was between their sincere hearts and the hypocrisy he had known! They selected such comforting psalms as the one beginning, "Fret not thyself because of evildoers."

Under tender nursing Edward rapidly gained health and strength.

His benefactor had offered him a home and said that he might, after thorough recovery, help on the farm. But the boy had now suffered nearly three years of homesickness and did so long for a sight of the York state hills that, as soon as he felt able to travel, he prepared to continue his journey. It troubled him that he had no money with which to pay these kind people for board, nursing and clothing; but he gratefully volunteered to send to them the full amount due, as soon as he could get to the city and earn it. They smiled cheerily and assured him that they considered they had only done their duty.

As he was about to leave, Edward took something wrapped in a piece of red flannel out of his pocket, tenderly caressed it, and then offered it to Mrs. Foote, as payment, in part, at least, for what she had done for him. He told her that this beautiful gold watch and chain had belonged to his mother; but that as she certainly had been a second mother to him he wished her to have it. Seeing her hesitation, for she realized that it must be a dear keepsake, he put his arm around her neck—big boy though he was—and urged and insisted that she accept it.

Charles Foote was a poor, hard working farmer, but with his goodby he placed in Edward's hands, three silver dollars. They were accepted as a loan. His benefactors told him that he was now only fifteen miles

north of Detroit, and advised him to take passage by boat, as it would be cheaper than traveling by rail. Like Aunt Kate, Mrs. Foote remembered to furnish him with a package of edibles.

As one of the neighbors was driving into Detroit with produce that night, Edward was furnished a ride. As far as he could see, he watched little Amy waving her handkerchief, and a feeling of loneliness crept over him as he realized that he was again out upon the cold world.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE WELCOME.

AS our boy sat on the dock waiting for the steamer to move out, he tried to forget the parting from brother, aunt and kind friends in looking forward to the near future, when he should meet old neighbors. There was his especial chum, Homer Elliott; and Anna Lee—the little fairy—how often he had thought of her! She had cried when he went to Michigan, and they had promised each other their photos as soon as they should have them taken. But her mamma was a dressmaker, and a widow, so probably Anna hadn't yet seen the money with which to fulfill her promise. He wondered whether she still lived on their street, and would she be delighted over his return? And there was his old dog Fido—Homer was keeping him for him—here was one, at least, that he felt very confident would welcome him joyfully.

And the boy soliloquised "What though I haven't any relatives there? I wouldn't trade my playmate Fido, for a dozen cousins like Will.

"I have quite a few second cousins right there in Buffalo, but I don't believe I'll stop over to hunt them up.

"A fellow hain't alone in the world when he owns a dog like Fido—the dear old shepherd! We never ought to have left him. Didn't he save me from drowning once? Oh, but won't he jump and bark and kiss me! I wish I had my arms around his neck now."

And then, recollecting how very little currency he possessed, he began to have misgivings whether he had sufficient to purchase a ticket, even at half fare; and if

not, what should he do? Perhaps it would be wise to postpone his journey to Rochester, find employment in Detroit, and remain there for a time.

But when it suddenly occurred to him that Detroit was in Michigan, he refused to contemplate even a brief sojourn there; and he shook his head decidedly, saying:

“There are no self-made men in Michigan, I don’t believe. I’ll not stay over night in this state even if I have to swim the river over into Canada. What though that country is under despotic government, and filled mostly with French, Irish and Scotch Catholics? I’ll bet its preferable to Michigan. I know of only one thing worse than a Michigander, and that’s a Methodist.”

The poor boy put Methodism and Michigan down as being closely related; he had seen so much trouble in both. “Yes,” said he, “they must be at least half-brothers.”

He had learned from experience, that traveling without money was far from pleasant, and he found himself wishing that he possessed that undoubting faith of his mother, let it be Methodism or whatever it was. In every emergency, she always hopefully said, “The Lord will provide.”

While he sat there among strangers, lost in thought, some one tapped him on the shoulder, saying: “Excuse me, lad, but yer face is strangely fermilier. Begorry! I do believe ye are that boy of William Bell’s and no mistake!

“Didn’t ye used to live in Rochester, or thereabouts, and wasn’t your father a contractor and builder?”

Edward’s face lightened with happiness.

“Yes,” he said, “did you know my father?” He doubted not that he had found a friend—some one from York state.

"Know yer father? Bless yer heart, I should say I did! Never knew a man better. I am Tom Gorman, and used to lay all the chimneys for that fine fellow. Never have had such a boss before nor since. Where is your pa now?"

"We moved to northern Michigan and I am sorry to tell you my father is dead—so is mother—and I am now on my way home," said Edward.

"Dead? Oh, ye don't say so? Poor soul! Indade, but Tom knows how to pity ye. I lost me own father and mother and all me blood and kin, when I was a little shaver, no bigger than ye be, lad."

Edward did not just relish being addressed thus, for he had thought himself a man.

"Well, well, so yer father is dead? May the good saints save us, but if iver a Protestant has gone to Heaven, that man has. And ye just wants to walk in the footsteps of yer noble father, me lad, and—mind what I tell ye ter yer dying day—ye'll come to no bad end."

Our boy felt like grasping this kind bricklayer's hand in grateful appreciation of these words of praise. Then he suddenly remembered the Irishman is possessed of two failings at least, quick temper, and a love for bestowing superfluous flattery.

Tom Gorman proceeded: "There is one thing I can't forgit, try as I will, and that is I owed your father tin dollars."

Edward was suddenly interested. Would this man consider he owed it now to him, and pay the bill, or would he show no more sense of honor than his uncle had?

"Ye see, I niver could pay it back to him, as I didn't know where he was, and besides I have niver had that many dollars together at any one time since."

Edward's hopes began to fall a little, but he felt that

he could be thankful for only some small portion of the original debt.

“I came by that money in this way,” continued Tom. “I went to yer father, dead broke, and told him that me poor, dear mother was very, very sick and I hadn’t a rid cint to take me down to Buffalo and see her in her dying hour. ’Twas breaking me heart. Then yer father, the good soul, give me the money. Say, boy, I had told a black, wicked lie, and I have niver slept a night since without thinking of it. Tell the truth, I was borrowing that money so as ter bale me brother Patsy—the darty scoundral—out of jail. But the devil got the best of me, lad. I have one failing—jist one—I am altogether too fond of whisky. I have confessed me sin time and time agin. Well, the ind of it was I spent me every penny for strong drink and landed up in jail me-self. When I sobered up and went back to yer pa for a job, the good builder had gone and I’ve niver hern from him from that day ter this.

“And so he is dead, ye tell me. Well, well, niver can I furgit his good, kind advice to let drink alone and I will. So help me Holy Mother! I will niver touch another drop of that accussed stuff agin. But here, what am I doing, confessing ter ye as if ye were Father O’Brien himself. Somehow me and the praste can niver git along together. I am always saying something that he don’t like. He give me a calling down one day for using some big words, and I said, ‘Never mind, dear Father, my swaring and yer praching and praying is justifiable—nather one of us mane enything by it.’

“And would ye belave it, I had to do penance for a week jist fur saying that. Now did yer iver hear the likes?”

Edward was beginning to fear that his friend had

entirely forgotten about the ten dollars he had admitted owing, when Tom again spoke of the matter.

"Well," he said, "I suppose ye are left alone now, cast adrift upon the cold world, and I'd better pay ye that tin dollars than confess, in the last hour, to the praste, when I'll have to give it all, and more too, just to be prayed through pergatory."

Edward's heart now gave a happy bound.

"Let me see," said the good fellow. "I am an honest man ivery inch of me, if I am an Irishman and a Roman Catholic at that. But let me see, have I got tin dollars about me. Yes," pulling out a roll of bills, "that and more too. I sold poor Mollie's sewing machine and some other things her father give her, sold them this morning. Did intend to buy a horse and dray. But I belave I'll pay that old debt instid."

Edward was very scrupulous about taking anything belonging to another, and so he ventured to remark, "If that was your wife's machine, the money isn't yours to give me, is it?"

"Well now, I suppose that is jist the way a person looks at it," said Tom. "Me wife and me are one, and I am the one; or at laste that is the way it used to be."

Then Tom came to Edward's relief, by taking out his red bandanna, wiping his tearful eyes and mournfully announcing, "Poor Mollie, I buried her only a week ago last Friday. She was all the wife I had"; and by this time he was ready to hand the boy thirteen dollars, saying he wanted to pay that debt and with interest. As Edward hesitated about the overplus, Tom pushed it into his hand and said: "I suppose ye think thirteen an unlucky number. They tell us Friday is not a lucky day; but didn't Columbus discover this grand America on Friday, and didn't I bury me Mollie on Friday? There, boy, goes yer boat, the captain is calling 'All aboard!' for the third time. Now if ye intend to go,

ye better fly to the cathole and git yer ticket, or I'll have ter take ye in as a boarder, with nobody and nothing to keep house with. If anybody iver hated to say goodby to ye, it's meself, but goodby, good luck ter ye, and God bless ye."

Edward hurriedly gave his new found friend a hearty handshake and told him how glad he was he had met him.

While sitting on deck that evening he about made up his mind that if he ever should take it into his head to join any church, it would be the Roman Catholic; and then he thought:

"It is not the church that makes the Christian. A heart can be kept right anywhere, whether in or out of the church. My father was not an avowed member of any denomination, still I haven't the least doubt but that he is in Heaven with mother. I care not for the preacher's, or any other man's opinion. My angel mother is not so entirely devoid of feeling that she could be happy even in the seventh heaven knowing that our kind father had been consigned to the pangs of endless torment; and I can't remember ever hearing her say that she believed in this terrible place called hades. No; I cannot, I will not, believe such a false doctrine, though all the world might proclaim it.

"Did I not receive evidence that my dear parents were together, that last night I was out in that winter's storm?"

How Edward did enjoy the beautiful moonlight on the lake. He no longer felt friendless and alone; he had met a friend already and believed in his heart that the mind of an Infinite Father—he now clung to something more than a Mighty Atom—had intercepted and sent him timely aid in the form of this big, kind, generous hearted Irishman. Surely his meeting with this stranger, who had so suddenly made him comparatively

rich, was something more than merely a strange coincidence.

The stars above all seemed to be singing together, "God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," and all of their reflections in the blue expanse of water beneath took up and echoed the glad refrain.

As the boat moved on, rocking against the waves and billows, our little man fell asleep, to dream of home and mother and to hear a throng of angels, lead by his father's fine bass voice, singing:

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,  
I lay me down in peace to sleep;  
Secure I rest upon the wave,  
For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.  
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,  
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall.  
And calm and peaceful is **my** sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the **deep**.

When he awoke it was morning, and they were in sight of Buffalo. And when he arrived in the suburbs of Rochester, where he formerly lived, many and hearty were the welcomes; but of all who expressed affection and showed rejoicing over the meeting, none excelled his shepherd dog Fido. Together they went out in search of employment, and here we will leave them for a time.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE MINISTER'S CHILD.

THE little Michigan town has grown up with the boys. It has its high schools, churches, banks and factories. Its first storekeeper and his wife have both met with the transition called death. They lived to see the forest give way to extensive fields of grain, macadamized roads take the place of the old corduroy, and almost every improvement conceivable. Their son had run away from home in disgrace. The obedient and promising nephew, John, had sought and obtained a college education, assisted by his brother Edward's hard earned dollars.

This brother, now visiting in Michigan, has risen from a successful contractor and builder to a wealthy, real estate dealer.

John has been ordained to the ministry, and is taking, as his first pastorate, the church of his childhood, which is very much enlarged both in size and numbers. We know that if anything has ever thrived better than Canada thistles, it is Methodism.

Owing to his depressed spirit, another divine has been provided to fill his place; and on the morrow, he is to take his little baby, and board the train for Rochester in company with his brother and his brother's wife.

This being the last evening at the parsonage, callers were continually coming to bid farewell.

It is less than two weeks since Alice passed on, but it seemed like months, even years, to her husband.

Rev. John Bell is reclining upon the couch, in what has been the library. He hears the doorbell ring, and

Clara, the maid, ushers into the adjoining parlor their family physician, Dr. Strong. Although he knew the good old man had come to say goodby, he made no move, for he felt too indifferent and downhearted to entertain no matter who might call. He had instructed Clara not to disturb his rest, and had extinguished the light, and no one knew of his presence there.

Edward, Anna and the baby were in the parlor, and Clara remained to finish her careful packing of bric-a-brac, pictures, books, etc.

It had been decided that this faithful girl, who had no other home and who was looked upon here more as an adopted child than servant, was to accompany them and be given a place in the home of Mrs. Edward Bell. She could have chosen nothing better; this world held nothing so dear to her as this motherless baby.

The evening's conversation had turned on several topics. At last, clearing his throat and speaking as if with difficulty, the doctor inquired of Mrs. Bell: "Aren't you afraid you are allowing the bright light to shine too directly into baby's eyes? They have never been very strong."

"Why, she doesn't seem to mind it in the least," she smilingly replied.

"Does the baby seem to notice anything yet?" asked the doctor.

Auntie shook the rattle to give evidence how quickly Hazel would "reach," and show other signs of delight; and then she held before her the gayest, prettiest doll; but Hazel only looked away into vacant space.

"See, see the pretty dollie," she coaxed.

Then the doctor, who had previously planned how he would make a speech, and break the news most gently to the unsuspecting family, forgot everything and abruptly announced:

"She can't see. She was born blind!"

“Blind!” They all exclaimed, “Oh, doctor, it can’t be—you must be mistaken.”

“It is only too true, he sadly replied. “Those eyes are a beautiful violet blue; but that far-away sightless look has never escaped me. I have made examination and I have quietly held consultation; and I know the poor child is totally blind.

“Let us be thankful the mother was spared from the torture of hearing this statement. But it’s best that some one should enlighten the child’s father.”

At that moment John Bell entered the room and fairly staggered to his baby. He did not need to speak; that awful look of agony, that colorless face, told plainly that he had heard. Was his child to go through life groping in total darkness? Finally his trembling voice broke forth and he said: “I thought my heart was broken before; but this is worse than death.”

The repressed sobs of the two women could be heard. The uncle paced the floor, went to the window and looked out on the starlight night. The kind doctor, with tears in his eyes, grasped in farewell the hand of each and departed. He could not find voice to say even so much as the word Goodby. There was no hope; there was no physician on earth, no great oculist, who could heal this child.

## CHAPTER IX.

## REJECTING HELP.

A HALF hour had been past in silence since this sad household had been told, by good authority, that the eyes of little Hazel were sightless. The grief-stricken parent had by this time made himself believe that he was calm and reconciled to what must be looked upon as the inevitable. He had repeated over and over again, "What can't be helped, must be endured."

But entirely other thoughts were in the mind of Clara, and after she had several times repeated to herself: "Fear hath torment. Perfect love casteth out fear. There is nothing to fear," she became brave enough to speak, though well knowing that what she had to say was very liable to incur the minister's displeasure. She went over to where Mr. Bell was sitting and addressed him as follows:

"We must not forget that all things are possible with God, with the great Physician; while there is life, there is hope; and Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Undoubtedly, you know what I would suggest for baby."

The hot blood suddenly rushed into the pale face of the man thus addressed. He forgot for a time that his wife was dead, his child was blind, and he had nothing to live for; and remembering only the sermon the early part of the month, he would now relieve himself by delivering a few of those sentences in denunciation of what Clara had to offer.

"Yes, girl," said he; "I know what you would like to suggest. I have not been blind to the fact that

you have not attended our church for the last six months or more. I am aware that this so-called Christian Science has fastened its hold upon you. They tell me you have been healed of spinal trouble through these people. Clara, you are too good a girl—too intelligent—to hear them deny the existence of matter, of sin and of sickness, and then to believe their healing comes from God. Why, even the Spiritualists heal without the use of medicine. Very little God has to do with it, however.”

“Has it not been prophesied that in these latter days, there will rise up a people showing great signs and wonders, who will, if possible, deceive the very elect?” Clara replied. “We should never condemn a thing unheard, and if you would only, without prejudice, investigate, I believe—”

“You can’t tell me anything I don’t know about Christian Science,” retorted the minister. “I have just finished reading two books, one entitled ‘Christian Science Neither Christian nor Scientific,’ and the other ‘Christian Science Unmasked.’ These are sent out with ‘Prayer Union’ on the cover; and God grant they may do the much needed work! A warning voice needs to be raised. It is appalling the way Christian Science is spreading; see their magnificent and costly churches, and the thousands who throng to Boston at each communion service.

“Tell me, are they worshipping God or that personality known as the Christian Science leader—Mary Baker G. Eddy?”

“Christian Science is a dangerous teaching. It is constantly taking from us—and taking the best. Many of the noblest, brightest and most cultured are being led astray.

“I wish, Clara, you would read these little books I have referred to. Then, I think, you would change

your mind and see the falsity in Mrs. Eddy's teachings."

"I am what you may call only an investigator," Clara replied. "I am not competent to explain Christian Science. But one thing I do know—I was weak and sick. Now I am strong and well.

"Not only has Christian Science done much for me, but if only you would listen, I could point you to hundreds of well authenticated healings—many of them marvelous."

"Clara," replied John Bell, "I will not dispute you there. I entertain no doubt but that many have been healed. It is their method I combat. There is nothing Christ-like about it; and I do not feel that I am pronouncing too harshly when I denounce it as simply Demonism. I had written a sermon aiming to show my people the unscripturalness of this new theology; and to point those who hunger and thirst for truth in the direction of God's Word. And now, though their testimonies of healing may be indisputable, and dearly as I love my child, and glad as I would be to see her healed, depend upon it I shall wait a long, long time before trying such a means for her restoration.

"I believe God is as able to heal now as He was in the days of old. 'He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.' I prayed for the recovery of my Alice. But then, I no doubt lacked faith; or, perhaps, her time to go had come. I did not want to give her up. But God knew best. God is my healer. Yes, I do believe in faith cure pure and simple—if not in the healings of Alexander Dowie and Mary Baker G. Eddy. These impostors with the self-imposed titles, 'Elijah the Third,' and 'The Second Mary' or 'Mother in Israel,' I denounce. You know how I feel about Spiritualism? I have respect for you, Clara, and do

not desire to hurt your feelings. But really, I cannot tolerate your foolish belief. I do not think our Christian churches should bestow upon Christian Science scarcely, if any, higher favor than they do upon Spiritualism."

John had said that he did not like to hurt Clara's feelings. She had come to him, offering a greater blessing than gold—sight for the darling baby; and she felt as Jesus did when he wept over Jerusalem: "I would have gathered my children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not." She felt as did St. Paul when he said: "The heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed, lest they should hear and see and understand and be converted, and I should heal them." The minister had said he did not desire to hurt her feelings by his harsh denunciations, but the poor girl was trying to hold the tears back while declaring silently, "There are no such things as hurt feelings."

## CHAPTER X.

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

THE minister was not addressing Mrs. Bell, but she did not enjoy listening to his tirade of abuse and seeing those beautiful, downcast eyes of the orphan girl filling with tears; and she felt called upon to speak.

“Brother John, pardon me for entering into this conversation. But I have been thinking of a verse I once read, which is a good motto for us all when tempted to speak ill of others:

There is so much good in the worst of us,  
And so much bad in the best of us,  
That it ill becomes any of us  
To talk about the rest of us.

“I am not a Christian Scientist, never have been, and never expect to be. But I want to tell you, there is some—yes, much—truth taught therein. We need to accept only what seems demonstrable to our reason, and let the rest go. If our eyes were not so holden we would see good Christians everywhere, even among the Scientists. I find in Christian Science much to admire; and you yourself do not dispute their healings.”

Clara felt that this good woman had come to her with timely aid, and she beamed upon her a look of grateful appreciation.

“Science,” said John, in answer, “as they choose to name it, might appeal to you when it would not to a Christian. Are you well enough posted on the subject to tell me whether or not these people we are

discussing deny the vicarious atonement, the Adamic pollution, a personal devil and a literal hell?"

"I believe they do," she replied.

"Well, then," declared John, "it is as I have always claimed: they are infidels, passing themselves off as Christians."

"Brother," said Anna, "your definition of what constitutes infidelity, and mine, likely, would not agree. Dispensing with hell doesn't make an infidel. If you must have your hell—why, I suppose we will have to let you have it. But we want none of it; and why can't you let us have our Heaven in peace, and without calling names? I have never met an infidel, though there are a few who, for some reason, loudly proclaim themselves such. Nevertheless, I have my doubts whether this world ever has contained such a *rara-avis* as a genuine atheist."

"Yes, I see that you lean toward Christian Science," said John.

"I do, and I do not," she replied. "I believe in perfect God and perfect man. I believe that all men will eventually have worked out their own salvation. I believe in divine healing; and while there are a few truths taught in Christian Science, I will see them. Paschal Randolph spoke truly nearly a half century ago, when he penned in his book these lines: 'Church-anity to a great extent has usurped the office and functions of Christianity.' The world needs to be saved from this disease. And though I myself have a church preference, may God ever keep me from narrow sectarianism! is my prayer. You see now how it is; I lean and I do not lean towards Christian Science. I see some good there.

"I believe in Divine Healing. We see it all around us to-day. We can go back to the Bible and read of the nine spiritual gifts that never should have been

lost sight of; namely, 'The word of wisdom; the word of knowledge; faith; gifts of healing; the working of miracles; the gift of prophecy; the discerning of spirits; divers kinds of tongues; the interpretation of tongues.' I am not a Christian Scientist; but I have accepted for my motto:

Seize on truth wherever found,  
On Christian or on pagan ground.

"Those very books that you recommended as unmasking Christian Science, I happen to have read. And in my opinion, instead of doing what they claim, they unconsciously unveil their own skeleton theology.

"I could not but take notice of how you said you had investigated Christian Science. Would you go to a blacksmith if you wished to learn the jeweler's trade? Now I have read 'Science and Health.' I make it a point, as far as time will permit, to investigate all subjects; and those very same little books you referred to were the cause of it. They, as if by chance, fell into my hands. Now I would not investigate one side of the question and not the other. This led to my going to our city library and bringing home a copy 'Science and Health.' In one of these books—I think it was called 'Christian Science Neither Christian nor Scientific,' there were no arguments used. It simply consisted of, first, a statement from 'Science and Health' and then a verse of Scripture directly contradicting it. This method was continued for several pages; and the book closed with the words: 'What part hath a believer with an infidel; wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate.'

"Although at first reading this little pamphlet seemed as convincing as anything could be—and I was almost carried away with the tide denouncing Christian Science as wholly wrong—yet I knew that it was my

duty to 'prove all things and hold fast that which is good.' My investigation must be unprejudiced and unbiased.

"These are my precepts: Read not to believe and take for granted, nor yet to condemn and confute; but to weigh and consider.

"I never like to see, as we so often do, one church pelting stones at another.

"You say, that the Christian churches should not bestow upon Christian Science and Spiritualism as much respect as they do. I disagree with you. I think that what you designate as the Christian churches, if they were really Christian, would bestow upon both of these churches more respect than they do. You look upon a few denominations as 'sister churches.' There are others that you will not even recognize as being 'distant relation.' Let us not be forgetful of the Scriptural advice: 'Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm.'

"God has no use for Churchanity—I care not under what name it comes. As sure as there is to be a Church of the Millennium, sectarianism is doomed.

"My mother was a Protestant and my father a Catholic; and my grandparents on both sides, prompted by sectarian bitterness, denounced their children. They lost track' of them. Father died when I was a baby. Mother, poor, patient, frail little mother, with wealthy parents disowning her, was obliged to sew day and night that she might provide the necessaries. At last she wearied and died, and I, a young girl, was left alone in the world. I am alone to-day, save for Edward and his people. Differences in religion caused this family separation, and my case has more than one parallel. I would not tear down the churches; I would not put my foot upon them. It is their self-

assertiveness, their 'I-am-better-than-thou' spirit that I combat.

"The attitude of the churches reminds me of the Quaker who said to his wife: 'Hannah, everybody in this world is a little queer but thee and me—and Hannah, thee is a little queer.'

"Yes, John; this is too prevalent. I see how it is. If healing could come to you through the Methodist church you would most gladly accept it.

"But we will return to our subject, Christian Science. I repeat, this teaching is neither as foolish nor as bad as you picture it. You fancy that you have investigated the subject, that you know all about it. When the fact is, that you have never looked into it at all.

"Now, when I had finished reading those same little books against Christian Science—that furnished you so much enlightenment—I said, I will take the stand we read of in the Crown's First Part of Henry VI., and to the warning ones reply: 'Tis not enough to say in such a bush there lies a thief, in such a cave a beast; but you must show him to me ere I shoot, else I may kill one of my straggling sheep.' These—your writers—have made zealous, vehement acclamations of the many errors to be found in Christian Science. Mere austere assertion and bitter denunciation is not argument. I had their charges—but where were their proofs. Knowing that a judge or jury can never sum up a case until both sides have been heard, I then turned and read 'Science and Health.' To say that I agreed with everything in that book would be saying too much in its praise. But I found that Christian Science was not half as black as it was pictured.

"It was very much like the teaching I was receiving then, and which I am still accepting;—though differing greatly on a few points. Well, I took this little

book denouncing Christian Science and weighed it in the balance. I assure you it was found wanting. This Scripture would here apply: 'This man began to build and was not able to finish.' The little book, supposed to unmask, was worthless after all. They had attempted something and failed. Here was a line from 'Science and Health': 'Harmony is the way to Heaven.' Then a line from the Bible: 'Jesus said, I am the way.' Here the writer was insinuating that Scientists rejected Jesus. I reasoned that there was nothing wrong in Mrs. Eddy's saying, 'Harmony is the way to Heaven.' Who can hope to live a life of discord, and in so living reach that destination? Does not the Bible say: 'My paths are paths of peace.' I was not long in learning that the Scientists did not reject Jesus. I had but to open at the first page, the first paragraph in the preface of the harshly criticised book, and there I found these words, speaking of the Star of Bethlehem: 'So shone the pale star, yet it traversed the night, and came where in cradled obscurity lay the young child who should redeem mortals, and make plain to human understanding the way of salvation.' Then, turning to another page, I read: 'There is but one way to Heaven, and harmony and Christ shows us the way.'

"Now, who will say that that little book you are recommending to Clara and others is not misleading? Does the author thereof manifest a disposition fair and honest towards Mrs. Eddy? Or does he love to persecute her? There was one comment, however, that I thought about right. It referred to the place where Mrs. Eddy defines angels as not being messengers; but messages—simply pure, high, exalted thoughts. Then the writer of your book gave examples of where the Bible used the words 'man' and 'angel' interchangeably. One of the gospel writers

tells us that at the sepulchre, an angel told the women that Jesus had risen; another, that a young man clothed in white, delivered this message. I remember that Simon Peter, in rehearsing the story of the trance, said that Cornelius informed him that an angel had told him to send for him, that he was called to go to the house of Simon at Jappa. It is recorded in Scripture that Peter obeyed the voice of the spirit that sent him on this journey.

“Cornelius made answer to his inquiry how he came to be sent for, ‘I was in prayer and a man stood before me in bright clothing.’ Now, in the opinion of Peter, angels must have been spirits or men, as each of these names are applied to the one message-bearer. The angel St. John met on the Isle of Patmos said: ‘I am thy fellow-man. I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore.’ In this I criticise Mrs. Eddy. This woman of world-wide renown has now passed her eighty-sixth milestone; and for that, if for no other reason, people should refrain from unkind, unjust criticism. No matter how many errors her doctrine may contain, nothing calls for abuse.”

The minister by this time had made up his mind that his brother's wife did possess something that she called religion. Perhaps she belonged to the Swedenborgians, or to some of those branches of Divine Science; and looking at his watch, he said: “It is very late now, we shall have to be early risers here to-morrow morning, if we would be in time for our train. I believe it would be wise to retire.”

He bent over the cradle and kissed his sleeping child good-night, and went to his room feeling a little more lenient toward Christian Science than he did before his sister began talking. Perhaps he will yet be persuaded to turn in its direction for help.

In the words of Jeremiah we question: "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?" and in the words of the Psalmist we answer: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction."

## CHAPTER XI.

## A RAY OF HOPE.

IT is the last night in the parsonage, and the father, having kissed his treasure good-night, remembers her in his prayer.

“Almighty God,” he prayed, “thou hast healed the blind in times passed, and now I ask to see the Son of Righteousness arise with healing in His wing. Amen.”

Clara tried to come to the realization that no matter what the seeming, Hazel’s eyes were perfect symbols of the All-Seeing Eye; that her sight was not dim, and she could see perfectly at this time.

Young as she was, Clara had always felt a motherly responsibility; and now, from this time on, she was to act only as nurse and seamstress. Hazel was really her charge. The girl took the tiny one from its cradle and carried it away to her room, keeping up her hopes and courage by denying the evil and affirming the good.

It may be admisable to insert here a commentary on the servant-girl question. In nine out of every ten homes where one or more girls are kept, everything that passes between employer and employee seems to bespeak that matter of distinction. No girl knows her place who does not always wait until she has been spoken to before she speaks; who is not content to clear away the oranges and olives from her mistress’ table and partake of the plainest, in the kitchen; who does not, when work is done, remain in the kitchen or ascend the back stairs to her little seven-by-nine room, with its one low window under the eaves look-

ing down into the back alley. No working girl ought to indulge in singing "Climbing Up the Golden Stairs." Ah, yes! they should—for in heaven, "The first shall be last and the last shall be first."

Clara was never in the least obtrusive; she was not at all ignorant. She was neither contented nor discontented with her humble lot, but did with goodwill what her hands found to do.

At the early age of ten, she and her little brother had been left suddenly orphaned; alone and in a strange city. Kind neighbors had seen them safely placed in an orphan's home. Her baby had been spared to her only a little while, when some one came, adopted, and took him away, she knew not where. And during all these years, she had hoped and prayed that these foster parents were kind. Nothing but the restoration of him could ever alleviate the pain tugging at her young heart. Nothing could ever banish that desire to see and be with her own. But how could she ever find him? She had remained in the Home until the age of sixteen, showing herself an apt pupil in all the common branches of learning, and in the various kinds of work taught there. But after all, this has been Clara's first and only real home.

The parlor lights have been extinguished and every member of our little family has departed to his room.

Clara realized that in rescuing her from the minister's tongue, Mrs. Bell had proven herself a friend in need.

But in recommending Christian Science, she had a feeling that she had done her duty, and that she could stand any amount of rebuff if only little Hazel could be brought to see. Was this a less favored child than blind Bartimeus? The girl found comfort in reading the following lines in an old Christian Science Journal.

In these lines what should be the mission of Christian Science is well set forth:

“GO.”

G. V. S.

Go list to the voice that is calling to action,  
 Go sit at His feet, and humility feel—  
 Go drink at the fountain of Life Everlasting;  
 Go carry the tidings, 'Tis Christ that doth heal.

Go visit thy neighbor, his bondage enduring;  
 Go bear ye his burden, and show him the way—  
 Go speak to him kindly, and carry the message,  
 'Tis Christ that can heal thee, if thou wilt obey.

Go tell to the traveler out on life's highway,  
 All footsore and weary, his searching is vain—  
 Go tell him to turn from vain searching and wandering:  
 That Christ has appeared and is healing again.

Go sit at the Gate of the Beautiful, waiting,  
 And give to the poor, when for alms they appeal—  
 Not gold, but the light of His kingdom stand telling;  
 Go give them the touch of the Christ that doth heal.

Go tell to the whole world this beautiful story,  
 Go stand in your purity Christ manifest—  
 Go tell them to look, reach forth, touch His garment;  
 To know of His healing, and knowing, find rest.

During the whole evening, Edward Bell, who was never in any other than a talkative mood, had kept perfectly silent. Alone with his wife he began to speak.

“Well, I never!” he said. “I have always wondered what you were good for. I have now decided to send

you out and let you take your place on the platform as a speaker and lecturer. Indeed, I am proud of you; such talent ought not to remain hidden. Can't you study law—or something, and make your mark in the world? This is the time for the new-woman."

"Oh, don't be foolish to-night, Edward," she replied. "I can't bear joking."

And she could not; for all the time, underneath, there was a sad current. She could not forget how they had this night been told that baby was blind.

"Little wife, don't worry," comforted the husband. "The child will be brought out of this all right." Then he continued, "To hear you talk to-night—save for one or two remarks—any person would have pronounced you a genuine, full-fledged Eddyite. You defended their cause most ably. They sometimes speak well of other churches; but did they ever of yours? I did not expect to hear you pronounce any very harsh judgment, or say one thing they did not deserve; for that would not be according to your principles. Yet I confess I did expect to hear you tell your hearers what you did believe, and announce the church of your choice."

"Edward," she replied, "I was on the verge of confessing several times. I came very near telling of my experience in metaphysical healing. But then, what would have been the use?"

"Really the way my healer brought me out from under the pangs of rheumatism, and other healers we have seen, are marvellous. How far superior to the work of *materia medica*! Had we not turned to a spiritual healer for help, I have not a doubt but that quick consumption would have taken you from me. To-day you are a picture of health and strength.

"No, I did not make direct reference to my church. I was about to speak of it when I seemed to hear

Jesus giving the advice: 'Cast not your pearls before swine lest they turn and rend you.'

"Well, now, that is complimentary, I must say!" exclaimed Mr. Bell. "Who are you likening to swine—all three of us? You certainly can't mean me! You know you would have but to say the word and I would even join the Mormons. I would never turn and rend you. My saintly brother never would. He is a Methodist, and they are the people of all people who make it a point to always keep the Golden Rule. You can't mean that girl—she belongs to the Christian Scientists, and they, you know, are God's chosen people—the people who are to usher in the Millennium."

"Edward," said Mrs. Bell, in tones of decision and severity, "you have said quite enough for to-night."

And her grown-up boy was silenced.

While Clara, in her room, was repeating these words of Mary Eddy, "Divine love always has met and always will meet every human need," Mrs. Bell was thinking of the child, and finding equal comfort in meditating the words of another writer, Paschal Randolph; words having practically the same meaning: "For every ill there is a remedy, God-sanctioned and provided." And she felt that even in this affliction of blindness, God would send them timely aid and they would be delivered from the dark, overhanging cloud.

Edward, too, had a ray of hope.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE DEAR OLD BIBLE.

ONE of the first things Rev. John Bell noticed in his brother's elegant home was a neat little Bible on the drawing-room stand.

"Only for show; probably never read," was his silent comment.

One evening not long after their arrival, the minister pointed to this book, saying: "Brother, I am glad you give God's Word a place in your house; and it is my prayer that you will also give it a place in your heart."

"John Bell, I do—though you and I accept it in a different light. I cannot place explicit confidence in that book from cover to cover, as I find so many seeming contradictions therein.

"If it is an all-sufficient chart and compass, why have we to-day nearly two hundred different denominations, all taking this for their guide, yet drawing conclusions therefrom as diversified and numerous as the sands of the sea?

"We have a minister here in Rochester that I enjoy hearing. He often tells us: 'The Bible is not a book, but a library; and the term "book" applied to it is misleading; as it implies unity of authorship and unity of teaching—neither of which can be affirmed of the Bible.'"

"I do not know," exclaimed John with spirit, "what kind of a church would pay for such infidel teaching as that; but the world is fast filling up with this dangerous New Thought. These people are no better

than agnostics. Old Theology is having a battle to fight; but she must protect herself against these so-called religions that would overthrow the Bible."

"Do you object," said Edward, "to the New Theology because it differs from that of our father's, in that it is a religion of the head as well as the heart? We advance in the material way. Why not keep pace in the spiritual?"

"Brother, you do not understand, if you think this minister I referred to denounces the Bible. He accepts it, but not in its entirety."

"Edward, that is a book that cannot be taken fragmentarily."

"Listen, John. This minister says the fault lies in the wrong use of the Bible. I would like to read from his article in a little magazine of which he is the editor: 'The Bible rightly interpreted and applied, we have always contended, is a work of great value in spiritual education; while where it is regarded as absolute authority, or falsely labeled "God's Word"—a claim it never makes for itself—or where it is set up as the one standard of human thought and action through the ages, or made to annul the teachings of science and common sense, it becomes a stumbling-block to human progress and a hindrance rather than a help. So the Bible has brought peace to the world, and it has incited war; it has fostered slavery and destroyed slavery; it has elevated woman and degraded woman, according to the parts of the Bible quoted and applied.'"

"That preacher is wrong," declared John, with great vigor. "The Bible has never brought anything but peace to the world."

"Well, perhaps you think so; but when I remember the poundings Uncle Joe gave me, while quoting:

'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' it doesn't strike me that it brought peace in that case. How much more the good man might have done for me if he had only held to the text: 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' It seems to me that the Bible Uncle Joe used to read and ponder, and the Bible I love to read, are two entirely different books; but then, I suppose you think he being a Methodist, has gone to Heaven, while I am, unfortunately, headed for the other place?"

"That is something we will not discuss," said John. "I am not your judge."

"True, some passages of the Scripture are more applicable to our needs than others; but I do want to impress upon you this fact: spiritually interpreted, the Bible never contradicts."

"No, I suppose not," replied Edward with a twinkle in his eye. "But for example, let us suppose: Here is a young man anxious to get away from the farm and out where we can see something of the world. Would you think the farm the place for him, and quote Scripture: 'The rolling stone gathers no moss?' I am of a different opinion; I would like to see him move on; so I quote from the same good book: 'A setting hen never gets fat.' What are we to do in such a case?"

"Oh, Edward!" exclaimed the brother in possession of a scholastic theology; "neither of those sayings are in the Bible. You had better read it."

"Edward knows better," put in Mrs. Bell.

"Well, perhaps I have misquoted," admitted Edward; "but considering that I never read the Bible, I hope you will make allowances."

"Come to think, I guess I did read those maxims in the almanac instead. However, they correspond

with two that I know are in the Bible—and which are side by side: ‘Answer not a fool according to his folly lest thou also be like unto him,’ and ‘Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.’ I believe Solomon must have been the wisest man that ever lived, if he understood his own proverbs. Tell me, which of these commands are we to obey? You may not call them contradictions, but there are too many Scriptural difficulties for me. I have paid, my dear boy, for your theological training, in hope that sometime I may be enlightened by a thorough Bible student.”

A silence reigned, embarrassing for one at least, until Mrs. Bell came with timely aid and answered the conundrum.

“It seems to me,” she said, “we were well advised by this same writer how to meet antagonistic, unreasonable opponents: ‘Go from the presence of the foolish man when thou perceivest not in him the lips of knowledge.’ Argument to the point of strong contention never did any one any good. ‘There are none so blind as those that will not see,’ and ‘Convince a man against his will and he is of the same opinion still.’ As a rule, it is better not to argue religion—even the one in the right may become overheated in the excitement of the debate, and by answering a fool according to his folly ‘be also like unto him.’ ‘But a soft answer turneth away wrath.’ The wise man shows his colors, though he may say no more than, ‘I do not agree with you.’ He must let his opponent know where he stands, lest the man ‘be wise in his own conceit.’ There is one way to answer and one way not to answer.”

“True,” said the minister. “You see how it is, Edward—the Bible does not contradict itself, after all. It is well that we should obey the poet’s injunction:

Study it carefully,  
 Think of it prayerfully.  
 Deep in thy heart, let its pure precepts dwell.  
 Slight not its history,  
 Ponder its mystery;  
 None can e'er prize it too fondly or well.

Accept the glad tidings,  
 The warnings and chidings,  
 Found in this volume of heavenly lore;  
 With faith that's unfailing  
 And love all-prevailing,  
 Trust in its promise of life evermore.

“Very true,” replied Edward. “But when we do study its history and ponder its mystery, then it is that our eyes are opened to the fact that it contains seeming contradiction. It seems that we enlightened people of this day and age cannot be blind to the fact that it has between its covers—particularly in the Old Testament, many absurd and obscene passages, the songs of Solomon, for example. We know the Bible was written by men, some of them more righteous and enlightened than others. We know that many times since the original manuscripts were compiled, men have translated, revised and condensed them. And while we may hold the book in great reverence, I think we should be reasonable on this subject, as well as on any other, and not over-estimate its value.

“Let us study with our eyes open to the God in Nature, employing free thought, reason and common sense, as we read. Take, for instance, that little story about the disciples having not the wherewith to pay their taxes. They caught a fish, and so found the silver. Such a thing may actually have occurred—I do not dispute the story. But much of the Bible I

look upon as figurative: Jesus said, 'Follow me and I will make you fishers of men.' Those fishers of men may have found a man, ministered unto his needs and received from him silver in recompense.

"Now, to illustrate: Clara here may be a love-sick, disappointed maiden, and I try to comfort her with the assurance, 'There are just as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught.' You know, and she knows, that it is men I am talking about. The disciples may have caught a man.

"You are mistaken, John, if you think I discard the Bible. It is a dear old book; a most interesting and fascinating study. But I must be off to my lodge. I shall be glad to 'talk Bible' with you some other time. Let me leave one question with you before I go. Do you regard this testimony of St. Augustine as unquestionable: 'I was already Bishop of Hippo, when I went into Ethiopia with some servants of Christ there to preach the Gospel. In this country we saw many men and women without heads, who had two great eyes in their breasts, and in countries still more southerly we saw people who had but one eye in their forehead?'"

"Edward Bell, God pity your ignorance!" exclaimed John. "That is not in the Bible. It is only a hand-down from ecclesiastical history, and not to be accepted."

"Well, perhaps I have quoted from some other book than the Bible," said Edward. "But I accept it just as I do many things in your most sacred Book. The Primitive Christians found it necessary, for their own safety, to speak and write mystically. It was a customary style in that country and in those days; hence our Bible is an esoteric study.

"No doubt St. Augustine preached to just such people as we meet now. Preached to men without

heads—that is, devoid of anything like deep intellects; preached to men with eyes in their breasts—to those who had a religion of the heart, but not of the head. There is a vast difference between people who hear and feel and people who hear and think.

“But worst of all, this poor, working saint of early days came upon a people who had but one eye in their foreheads. No doubt they already possessed a creed in which they were absolutely satisfied. I have preached to people myself, so set in their creedal beliefs, so steeped in their old, preconceived notions, that they had no eye for anything new—but just a one-sided viewpoint.

“Well, the time is short, and I must go,” said Edward, in conclusion; “but as I said, I shall be glad to discuss the Bible with you some other time, providing you will throw aside prejudice—lay away your Methodism just for a little while, and come to me in the attitude of a little child. I can’t preach to a man with but one eye in his forehead. Good-by.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

## WHO HEALED THE CHILD?

THE REV. JOHN BELL rather prided himself on not being the least bit sectarian.

While he attended the Methodist church more frequently than any other, he visited the numerous sister churches, the Salvation Army meetings and those of the Faith Cure Mission.

In the latter place, he loved to sit and listen to the Bible stories of healing, and to similar testimonies of present-day deliverance from sickness and disease.

The man who healed all manner of diseases left this as his last message: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. \* \* \* And these signs shall follow them that believe: in My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; \* \* \* they shall lay their hands on the sick and they shall recover."

Although John had prayed for the recovery of the sick, and God had seemingly been deaf to his call, yet his faith in the Bible did not waver; for there it was written: "The prayer of faith shall save the sick."

During these weeks of darkest hours, since the minister had learned that his child was blind, the good man had prayed continuously; yet no change was perceptible. But, he thought, "Let patience have its perfect work." Jesus healed the blind. He would have left no uncertain promise; and He said, "The works that I do ye shall do also." He must be accepted at His word.

How the minister clung to that promise! How willingly would he have given all that he possessed to

save his only child from passing through life in darkness.

With trembling voice, one night he arose and told these kind, good brothers and sisters of his little girl's affliction, and requested, in her behalf, an interest in his prayers. They prayed with him.

Would it avail? We will wait and see.

Faith cures, though not frequent, occasionally occur. Blind faith, not combined with understanding, occasionally will reach the throne of grace, and meet with reward. There are two kinds of hearers: those who understand the theory—the fundamental principles underlying the work—and those who do not.

There are two kinds of musicians: those who have made a study of the laws of harmony, and those whom we term natural-born musicians. The latter strike chords and play sweet melodies in spite of their ignorance.

According to history, there were at least three hundred years of frequent healings, after Jesus was crucified.

To-day primitive Christianity is being restored, and with it the Christ method of healing.

Clara attended without variation the Christian Science services, and at the earliest opportunity went through class with one of Mrs. Eddy's loyal students; paying one hundred dollars for ten days of instruction.

She told her teacher of the little motherless, blind charge entrusted to her, and offered to pay for the treatments herself, if only she would take such a difficult case. And the teacher said in reply to her request:

"There is nothing difficult with God. But first, I make the request that you obtain the consent of the child's father. If he is willing to purchase a copy of 'Science and Health,' and to study it daily, come to me and I will do all I can."

It seemed to Clara that she had a hopeless task before her. The healing of the blind child was as nothing compared to the securing of the father's willing consent. But the girl was very much in earnest.

She went to Mr. Bell and asked if he would allow Hazel to be treated by Christian Science.

"If you have any faith," replied he, "you may do, yourself, what you can, for baby, as long as you refrain from calling it Christian Science. I want none of those people here. I would give no other healer but you a chance; you are an exception. I will let you work for the child. But mind, you are not to keep talking to me about Christian Science and the 'Star-crowned Woman.'"

Clara rejoiced. This concession was a little start in the right direction, and gave hope that John would fully accept Christian Science in its entirety, in the future. She felt at liberty to realize the Truth. She ran away to the baby, repeating to herself the "Scientific Statement of Being," as given by Mrs. Eddy in "Science and Health."

Now Uncle Edward had never missed a single day that he had not lovingly, earnestly placed his hands upon the sightless eyes and held thoughts like these: "Hazel, God never created you blind. The Bible declares 'The hearing ear and the seeing eye behold the Lord hath made both of them.' Yes, dear, He gave you perfect sight.

"You are walking in the light, not in darkness. Listen to me: Those eyes were made to see!"

Gradually it became quite apparent to the watchful uncle and aunt that the child's eyes were gaining in brightness; that already she distinguished light from darkness, and was taking notice of large objects. Her healing was coming gradually.

The Great Physician had a blind patient who re-

turned, saying: "I see men as trees walking." He went away from the Master, the second time, declaring: "I see clearly." He had not realized instantaneous healing.

One evening the uncle of the blind child, after having just given her a treatment, came leading her into the parlor where the family were assembled.

She held in her hands a bright-hued picture book. Breaking away from her uncle, she ran straight to her Papa, trying to call his attention to her book, and manifesting the greatest delight, as she turned its pages. Nothing could be more convincing; her every action indicated that she could see.

As it dawned upon them, that her blue eyes were bright and no longer closed to the things of this world, each heart was rejoiced beyond measure. Her father shouted for joy, "O, glory to God! I have prayed for this." The nurse exclaimed, "I have treated many days for this; but Christian Science, rightly applied, never fails." And the uncle, with notes of happiness and confidence in his voice, said, at the same time, "I have worked for this." Pretty Polly, the talkative parrot, who thus far had been a quiet observer, in solemn tone announced, "I have done what I could." Everybody laughed.

Polly, like her master, would always have something to say, wise or otherwise, in season or out of season. No one was ever surprised at anything this uncommonly bright bird might say or do. She would pray and swear all in the same minute. Polly was noted for her erratic behaviour.

Mrs. Bell had known all the time that three somewhat different kinds of mental work were being used with this child. She, it must be confessed, had more confidence in her husband's work than that of the others, and was looking forward to the time when

she might be able to point in triumph to the same as a demonstration of the power of suggestion, as they practiced it. Now she wondered how they were ever to know for a certainty who did heal the child.

The nurse entertained not the least doubt in her mind, but that it was just one more wonderful proof of the power of Christian Science to heal; and she felt more grateful than ever to Mrs. Eddy, the discoverer and founder of all this.

Be it said to the credit of the minister, that he did think that perhaps Clara's treatment might have assisted him in his prayers.

As if reading their questioning minds, wise Polly thought it time to speak again. In a solemn voice, emphasizing the first word, she repeated, "Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory. Amen." Then she sang one line of a hymn: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

"The dear bird," said Mrs. Bell, "is teaching a lesson. We should not care to say, with sectarian pride, that the child was healed through Christian Science, or through any other denomination.

"She was healed through the Christ method. She was rescued through Divine Power. It is enough for us to know that we have done our part faithfully and well, and to the best of our understanding and ability; for men and women are but channels through which God works. There is but one way of accounting for this wonderful thing. Heaven came to us with timely aid. As it is written: 'Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but it is God that giveth the increase.'"

Clara wondered if it were possible for such a grand demonstration as this to come under their immediate observation without making Christian Scientists of them all. Surely this must open their eyes.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE NEW THOUGHT.

THE morning following the day on which the pet of the household had been discovered to be healed, dawned a most glorious Easter Sunday.

Mrs. Bell, at the breakfast table, suggested that they vary the rule and all attend the same church, announcing that Sarah, the cook, had willingly announced to care for the baby during the morning hours of service. She turned to Clara, who stood by Hazel's chair attending to her wants, and sweetly invited her to accompany them.

John naturally made inquiry what church they preferred to attend.

His brother replied, "Well, if you will allow it, I believe I had better take you where you can get some new thoughts. I assure you the preacher won't carry you into Hell; nor will you find the Devil there. We usually attend what is called the Plymouth Church. In my opinion, it is founded on the rock; as solid and safe a one as that upon which our Pilgrim Fathers landed."

Asking no questions, but presuming they were going to the Unitarian Church, or some other liberal church, they wended their way to that beautiful edifice on Plymouth Avenue. As they entered, hundreds of voices, accompanied by the tones of a great organ, were united in singing "Heavenly Comfort." This hymn was followed by the pastor, requesting the congregation to unite in silent prayer, remembering their veteran pilgrim, the "old man eloquent"—Dr. J. M. Peebles, who was at this time on the ocean deep, re-

turning once again from missionary work in India and other foreign lands. "God bring him safely home," he prayed.

Wherever Spiritualism goes, the name of Dr. Peebles, who now styles himself as "eight-seven years young," accompanies it.

The reverent heads, bowed in silence, cast a spell of deeper peace over the audience than any audible prayer could have done.

Then the pastor's rich and earnest voice was heard in the following invocation:

"With the glorious sunshine all about us, the joy of life in our hearts, the knowledge of the truth making us free from the fear of death and separation, we come into this little circle this morning, to give something of the abundant joy that is ours, to those who are seeking the light. These dear spirits who yearn to give expression of their love; who are seeking to make known their identity to their friends; who wait and listen and watch for their coming, are our friends, and gladly we take them by the hand and would give them of our strength and our confidences, that they may make their messages intelligible and their personal presence clearly manifest. May such a wealth of love and confidence be ours. May so much of power come through us that the whole world shall feel that the sunlight of truth is a-dancing to the darkest corners and the remotest conditions.

"We lift our hearts to those who understand. We raise our voices in prayer to the Spirit of All Good, all life, all truth, and would have our hearts open to the inflowing of all possible good that may come to us. Amen."

Our visitors trembled! What trap was this they had been led into? Could this be a Spiritualist prayer?

Could this be a Spiritualist Church? What else could such statements as they had just heard mean?

Once more the people were singing. Oh, the sweetness and feeling expressed in that hymn, "Beautiful Beckoning Hands"!

Call it Spiritualism or what he would, John Bell felt that it was good for him to be there. It seemed that his Alice had never been so near him since the day of her death.

Edward Bell saw clearly the spirit form of his dear grandfather, who for many years had been in spirit-life. And during the singing of this hymn, he held sweet communion; and he wondered if his brother were seeing and hearing what he was witnessing; it was all so real to him.

During the singing Mrs. Bell was comforted by the touch of her own baby's hand. But poor Clara saw and heard nothing, so earnest was she in her "treating" against malicious animal magnetism—the only attitude to assume when in the presence of Spiritualists. From the beginning to the end of that service, she silently repeated over and over these words of Mrs. Eddy: "The erroneous beliefs know as hypnotism, mesmerism, Spiritualism, mediumship, clairvoyance, theosophy, mental-telepathy, esoteric-magic, black art, psychology, demonology, astrology, oriental witch-craft, palmistry, mental-science, etc., are fabrications of mortal mind, products of human belief, dream-shadows, falsities of the sinful senses, which have no relation to Truth. They cannot formulate, project or in any manner put into human consciousness any law, or claim of law, which will operate to cure sickness, disease and discord. These beliefs cannot produce fear, reaction, relaxation, discouragement, death or the reversal of God's law, because they have no force and are annulled by the Divine law of Spirit."

The pastor of the church had a glad message this Easter morn, and it sank deep into the hearts of those in the audience prepared to receive it. But his message neither helped nor harmed Clara.

The minister of the Plymouth Church was a man well versed in all branches of learning. But his only desire seemed to be to present the truths of Spiritualism. His discourse this morning was very sweet and simple, not an effort to exhibit his great scholarly attainments.

As is customary in all churches on Easter Sunday, he read a chapter on the resurrection of Jesus; choosing for his text, "If the dead rise not then is not Christ risen," and again, "If Christ be not risen then is our preaching vain."

He showed his hearers how much more Easter Sunday meant to them than to people of other denominations. Continuing, he said, in part:

"All religionists believe that the dead rise—not here and now, but in that far-away future. No one doubts the story of Jesus' resurrection. But these orthodox philosophers tell us that Jesus had a resurrection here to prove that beyond the grave, in the unseen world, there is to be a resurrection for all. To me, that is like attempting to prove the existence of fruit-bearing orange trees in Iceland, by pointing them out in Florida.

"The Bible is filled with accounts of the angels coming.

"In the vision of Jacob's ladder, angels were not only seen ascending heavenward but they were seen descending.

"We have good authority for asserting that Jesus was a Spiritualist.

"Moses and Elias appeared to him on the Mount of Transfiguration. And nothing could be more easily

understood that his answer to those who came questioning the resurrection. It does seem to me that that alone ought to convince our opponents: 'That the dead do rise even Moses showed in the bush.'

"If the angel that John saw in Patmos and conversed with, had once been an inhabitant of earth, no doubt those angels—those two young men who came and rolled away the stone from Jesus' sepulchre—were likewise from among the millions who have departed from this earth. All the churches are a unit to-day in confidently repeating: 'The graves were opened and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, came forth, went into the holy city and appeared unto many' \* \* \* 'And when the women saw not his body they came saying that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive.'

"But should we go forth among all those who profess to believe the sweet story of old, throughout this broad land, preaching that we this day have seen a vision of angels and received messages, I venture to assert that not one out of a hundred would believe our story.

"Yet how many such occurrences happened two and three thousand years ago!

"It is Spiritualism that brings answer to the question: 'Man giveth up the ghost and where is he?'"

Then the choir sang these beautiful words of Sarah Whittlesey:

#### THE ANSWER.

They are safe in the harbor, the white sails are furled:

The anchor is cast by the evergreen shore.

They are living together, in God's lovely world—

Our loved one, our lost ones, they sorrow no more.

Away, far away in the violet glow,  
Across the wide waste of a fathomless sea,  
Unthinking of us, are they resting? No! No!  
Our loved ones, our lost ones, are with you and me.

Yes, here by the home hearth, with love-lighted eyes,  
A breath of their presence drifts through our dim days.  
They come swift as thought, from their home in the skies—  
Our loved ones, our lost ones, they guard us always.

Our friends walked home in silence. They found little Hazel chasing her pet kitten around chairs and under tables.

Her father inquired of Edward, "Do you claim to have treated this child as a Spiritualist?"

"Yes; I gave the child the help I have learned to give in Spiritualism," said Edward.

No more was said; but a little later Edward gave the minister a religious story to read entitled "Words That Burn," written by Lida Briggs Browne. And John went to the privacy of his own room, and there studied the last lesson he had received from an author and lecturer of Massachusetts, who was favorably known to all students of the truths of Spiritualism.

Clara spent the busiest day of her life treating against Spiritualism, and those other "erroneous beliefs, dream-shadows, falsities of the sinful senses," etc. They must not be given power to injure her or her friends, she determined.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE MINISTER IN DANGER.

THE Easter service had made a strong impression upon our Methodist brother. The story "Words That Burn," had also added to that favorable impression and Edward remarked to his wife: "We didn't know what easy game we had here. Perhaps if we had hurried him to our church when he first came, we would have had a full-fledged Spiritualist by this time."

When John's eyes began to open, and he saw how wrongfully he had misjudged, he came to Edward in a willing questioning spirit and asked, "How long since your first investigation of this subject?"

"Ever since I returned to Rochester. I have reason to love this religion that has done so much for me. Modern Spiritualism had its birth in the little village of Hydesville, near this city, in the year 1848, when the Fox sisters and their mother heard the rappings, We may say we have been to the 'Mother Church' this day. Do you remember, John, before we removed to Michigan, that family living next door by the name of Elliott? We left old Fido with them. Never can I forget the home welcome these people gave me. Their son Homer, who had been my most intimate friend, was not there to greet me. He had passed on to the Summer Land. And his parents spoke of my coming to them as a God-send. You had all this in a letter. They called me their adopted son, and no child of their own could have been treated better than I was. When the Angel of Death took them away from me I did not mourn as one without hope. They were Spiritual-

ists and taught me that true spiritualization was the growing up out of the merely physical into the spiritual selfhood. They taught me that true spiritualization would bring peace on earth and good will to men. One of the first Spiritualist writers the world ever had was Paschal Randolph, and in his book 'Dealings with the Dead', he said: 'A man is no more a Spiritualist simply because he believes in physically demonstrated immortality than a child is a horse because born in a stable.' It means much to be a Spiritualist. We have not always met here in this fine church. When I was a child we met in parlors and in halls. When I first began to investigate I thought, and I do still, that much which goes by the name of Spiritualism, was such as would shock a conscientious Christian. But in Jesus' time, those who turned away saying: 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' missed what I consider the grandest teaching that was ever presented to mankind. Well, I attended lectures and seances, I found both ignorant workers and impostors, found men no better than many of your Methodists. One fakir, I remember, nearly drove all my confidence and hopes away. O, he was a wonderful medium, and the dollars just rolled into his pocket, until found out, and the good Spiritualists drove him away. One phenomenon we got through him was 'spirit music' on a violin. All his work was done in the dark as 'conditions were better,' he said. Well, one skeptical person in the audience thought he would expose his fakery, and he did. He suddenly threw a light upon the scene. Our 'heavenly music' came from that instrument, placed out of reach of the medium or any other person, but yet it was being played upon. How? By the use of a whip in the hand of the medium. And you will find to this day others no better than he, working solely for dollars and cents.

"The first message I ever received was given through a rapping medium, spelling by means of the repeated alphabet, one rap meaning no; two raps, uncertain; and three raps, yes. I asked the name of my visitor. 'T. G.' was the rapping response. This I knew must be Thomas Gorman.

" 'How long since your death?' I inquired.

" 'Three months.'

" 'Where?'

" 'Railroad accident.'

"Now Tom was an Irishman who had once worked for our father, and whom I had met by chance when passing through Detroit on my home journey. Judge of my surprise a few days later, when I met on the streets of Rochester this same Tom Gorman. When I expressed astonishment he said: "There is no place in the world like old Rochester for me.' But, said I, I thought you were dead. 'Dead! well if I was dead, I'd come to life agin for the sight of you.' I met this man, whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell. But I have my doubts about his ever having died, and think my message was but an example of the medium's mindreading or something else.

"Some of my Spiritualist friends assured me that I was mediumistic and that if I would comply with the requirements I would receive direct messages. In my room alone I was suddenly surprised by the vision of a beautiful ball of light, apparently not of this world. Twice, three times it came to me and vanished. I was sure it was an occult sign until chancing to look out of the window, there across the street I discovered some boys playing at the sun with a looking glass. I tell you, my brother, I have been up and down through the whole gamut and I find that all that is passing current for psychic science is not genuine. They call them spirit messages often, when in reality their origin is in

the sub-conscious mind of the supposed seer. I can recommend no better book on this subject than 'The Widow's Mite' by Dr. I. K. Funk. Say, John, did you ever pass a lonely cemetery in the middle of the night? I did. I was alone, and just ahead of me at the top of the hill in front of the burial ground, I could plainly distinguish the motionless form of a woman, standing directly in my path, one arm uplifted toward Heaven. Should I turn and run, or go on and meet her fearlessly? For a little while I stood undecided. My greatest fear was that this apparition might prove to be a Methodist come back to tell me what she knew of the wrath to come.

"But then it might be a friend anxious to deliver a true message. I approached nearer. The moon went under a cloud. I fearlessly reached out my hand and touched, not a ghost, but a shock of corn stalks, that some farmer had dropped off his wagon. But, John, it has taken only a little while to tell of the few disappointments and to uncover mistakes I have made since coming into Spiritualism. I have not the time to tell you of all the genuine demonstrations that it has been my good fortune to see.

"Among them I have received slate-written messages from both father and mother. The medium was a stranger to us all. Mr. Elliott's people compared them with letters they had received and the writing was identical with that penned in earth life. I have had one actual proof after another that human personality does survive the shock of bodily death. As you come into Spiritualism, the true, the genuine kind, you will be filled with awe, with joy, with reverence, and exclaim, 'I have found the pearl of great price.' You can't help it.

"In the year 1852 Beales E. Litchfield, one of our old-time mediums and lecturers, learned of this won-

derful, satisfying truth. In his book, 'Forty Years' Intercourse with the Spirit World,' he says: 'I used to tell my Christian friends that unless some one who had crossed the dark valley could return and manifest his presence, I could see no evidence of continued life.

"These friends would tell me that before the Christian dispensation and at the beginning of that dispensation, occasionally some spirit had returned to bring to mankind the knowledge of the future life, referring me to Moses, Elias and others; but they would conclude by saying: 'That dispensation is passed. God has closed that intercourse, but has given us His holy word, the Bible. But the Bible record could not supply my need. I was like a hungry traveler calling for food, and these Christian teachers were like the master of a mansion who invites a famishing traveler in to view tables spread with linen and dishes but no food and assures this guest that the day before, many hungry ones had been fed, and gives him a book telling all about the preparation of the feast and who were there to partake. Can his hunger thus be satisfied? - Can the hunger and thirst for a ray of light from the world beyond be satisfied by reading the Bible? I agree with our writer, J. K. Wilson, 'Men come and go having various ideas on the subject of death, its meaning and result. It strikes me that the only possible way to become enlightened on this subject, is to consult someone who has experienced it. I think all thinking men will agree with me on this point.' Can you think of any thing that could make a person happier than the positive assurance that his departed loved ones could return to him? Can you think of any thing that would have a greater influence over men to inspire them to better, higher and nobler conduct? If spirit return is true, if words of advice, comfort and cheer from the Summer Land can enter desolate homes, we

can trust to the angelic hosts to verify the saying: 'The refulgent ray of Truth is all piercing, it can never be quenched, its light shall yet illumine the world.' We will never know real happiness here until we have gained the understanding that 'the grave has no victory.'

"The Spiritualists are a peculiar people—they believe that this prayer which has been ascending for two thousand years, 'Thy kingdom come,' was intended to be answered. The Bible informs us: 'Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.' And a Spiritualist believes that one has just as much liberty to return as he has to depart. Some claim that this is too sinful a world for angel visitants; but remember 'the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.' It may be that our departed still have a work here to do. Men and angels both find their greatest happiness in helping others. There is a saying familiar among Spiritualists, 'Love is the bridge that leads from earth to heaven.' If we are on this bridge, what can hinder our meeting?

"I do not like to hear: 'He has gone to that bourne from which no traveler returns.'"

Then going to a drawer Edward took out two photos, saying as he handed them to his brother: "Do you remember how father and mother looked?"

"O, they are perfect!" exclaimed John. "Where did you get them? I did not know we had their pictures."

"These, my dear brother, are spirit photos. I sent my picture to a spirit-artist, a perfect stranger, and these are what he returned. O, its wonderful, it is grand. I can't find words to tell you all."

If silence gives consent, then John Bell was not objecting. Clara had overheard much. She could see that apparently he did not oppose, and she re-

solved that if it was within her power to prevent it, he should not be led astray. He must read "Science and Health." If there was any danger of his turning Spiritualist, God helping her, she would come to him with "timely aid" and *make* him see the errors therein.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A WARNING VOICE.

ONE beautiful morning, John Bell made the announcement that he would take the 10 o'clock train and go out to Niagara Falls. Accordingly he departed.

The family, an hour later, was surprised at his return. He simply told them that he had changed his mind and would visit the Falls some other day.

That evening he and Clara were alone, Edward and Anna having gone to a party. He looked up from the daily paper and exclaimed: "That was a timely warning indeed."

"Do tell us, Mr. Bell, what you are referring to."

"This paper tells of another sad railroad accident; trains collided between here and Buffalo. There were many injured and a few lost their lives. And it is the very train I would have taken if I had not had a presentment or warning. I was in the depot awaiting my turn at the ticket window, when suddenly my Aunt Kate appeared to materialize and I never heard anything plainer than those words: 'Don't go to-day, there's danger.' And then she as quickly vanished.

"Why, Mr. Bell, you are not leaning toward Spiritualism are you?"

"Well, what objection have you to it?"

"I have this objection to it," said she. "It is not only foolish but it is wrong. Mrs. Eddy says in 'Science and Health': 'When the science of mind is understood, Spiritualism will be found mainly erroneous.'"

"Strange she should say that. I have'nt investigated either belief to any great extent, but from the little I

have read if you leave out the doctrine of spirit return, I should say those two churches are as near alike as two peas in one pod. I would call them twin sisters. Now, Clara, I have seen strange and wonderful phenomena and unless it does come from the Spirit World how to account for it is beyond me."

"You ought to read 'Science and Health,' and then you would see whence come all phases of manifestation," said Clara.

"Mrs. Eddy says: 'It should not seem mysterious that mind, without hands can move a table, when we already know that it is mind power which moves both table and hands. Apparently you saw your aunt. You are living under mesmeric influence. Yes, you thought you saw her, but it was all in mortal mind.'"

"No doubt you are right," said Mr. Bell. "Jesus thought he saw Moses and Elias, but it was all in his mind—it must have been. Say, Clara, if seeing tables tip and hearing rappings was all, then Mrs. Eddy's explanation might satisfy me. But when questions are answered and names and information are given, it would almost seem as though there must be an intelligence back of it. Just see what the *Psychical Research Society* is uncovering. And do not the brightest minds, some of our greatest scholars and scientists, look for the explanation in Spiritualism? Now I have been told, I can't say how true it is, that there was a time when Mrs. Eddy was a Spiritualist, or at least investigated Spiritualism."

"It is false," cried Clara. "She answers that charge herself. Here, let me read to you from her book 'Miscellaneous Writings': 'I am not a Spiritualist and never was. I understand the impossibility of intercommunion between the so-called dead and living. There have always attended my life phenomena of an uncommon order, which Spiritualists have miscalled

mediumship.' Now, Mr. Bell, isn't that plain enough? Aren't you reading these continued articles, slandering Mrs. Eddy, in 'McClure's Magazine'? I wish you would read the answers thereto in the paper called 'Human Life.' "

"I am reading both papers, are you?" said Mr. Bell.

"I am reading the articles in 'Human Life,' replied Clara.

"Do you mean to tell me, Clara, that Mrs. Eddy has never made any investigation of Spiritualism and yet condemns it?"

"She knows something about it. Between the years 1860 and 1875, she associated with and even lived in the homes of two Spiritualists, a Mrs. Clark and a Mrs. Crosby. She never disputes having taken treatments from the magnetic doctor, P. P. Quimby. But he did not help her, neither did he teach her anything new. She could see no glorious truth, no great mission in Spiritualism."

"Well, it seems to me there must be some truth in the statement somewhere or we wouldn't hear so many speaking about it," said John. "I have heard somewhere, that Christian Scientists are mind-readers. Is that true?"

"I will answer your question by reading from 'Science and Health.' Said Clara. 'The greater or less ability of a Christian Scientist, to discern thought scientifically, depends on his genuine spirituality. This kind of mind-reading is not clairvoyance; but it is important to our success in healing, and is one of the special characteristics thereof.' You see, Mr. Bell, it differs from clairvoyance."

"Yes, said the blind man, I see," replied Mr. Bell.

Then stepping to the book case he took from the shelf a book entitled "Spiritual Law in the Natural World," by Eleve, saying, "Please read this. I like it.

It is one of the books Mrs. Bell uses when treating the sick."

Clara inquired if this book contained formulas. And when informed that it did she did not believe she cared to study the book, for, said she, "Mrs. Eddy, in the Church Manual, forbids her practitioners resorting to written formulas, and now as to the book you have there teaching how to heal the sick through the potent power of thought, read it, and what ever truth you may gain there, comes indirectly from Mrs. Eddy, and no credit is given the discoverer. Is that honesty? I believe they present it to the world under the name 'Divine Science' giving Christian Science none of the honor, thus showing no sense of justice."

"Clara, that reminds me of what my brother said of Christian Scientists," said John. "And as I look at it, it does seem to me Spiritualists are justified in taking the position that the truths Mrs. Eddy is promulgating have long been their own, and that her church is but a counterfeit. Nothing more than Spiritualism under another name."

"O Mr. Bell, how little you know about it. Why, we are no more alike than black and white," said Clara.

"Can you tell me, Clara, what great objections you have to the use of formulas? I know that Spiritualists are doing some fine work, even if they do employ them. As an outline of work what harm can formulas do? Have we not in the Lord's prayer a given formula? Why I used to be so narrow that when I saw an Episcopalian priest reading a prayer, I thought the prayer could never ascend any higher than the church ceiling, seeing it was read from a prayer book. Now about the use of formulas when treating the sick, it is true that taking the letter without the spirit, repeating words like the repeating of a graphophone, of

course we could not expect to reap grand results from such a treatment. It is not the use of them but their misuse that one needs to object to."

"It may be that Spiritualists sometimes heal," said she, "but the healings are never permanent like those in Christian Science. They manipulate their patients. Laying hands on the sick they are in error. Are they not thereby employing material means to assist them? and Mrs. Eddy denounces magnetism and electricity as the most subtle of all evils."

"Clara, it is obvious that you have never heard of, or else you are forgetting, the many cases where Spiritualists have healed through absent treatment, thereby vindicating their claim to be able to heal through the power of mind alone. My sister tells me that the laying on of hands is only symbolic of God's powerful hand at work. Now, why do you say that electricity is a subtle evil always to be shunned and avoided?"

"Because Mrs. Eddy has called attention to the fact that hypnotism may work either good or evil, that is why. We know that mental science can lead one down as well as up, while Christian Science can never work harm. Any thing that can work both good and evil needs to be let alone."

"Now, Clara, a good rule applies both ways. Objecting to mesmerism on that ground does not satisfy me. The same rule might be applied to all other things. I build a fire in this grate and it warms the house on a cold day and thereby comfort is obtained. My neighbor builds a fire that plays havoc and burns his home. Now should the people dispense with fire because it has done this harm? Again, you and I read our Bible, our minds unfold and we profit by it. Our neighbor studies the Bible, gets wrought up and excited, goes insane over the subject of religion, kills his family to send them to Heaven, and is chained up

in some asylum and there ends his days. I have heard of cases where people have gone insane over reading the Bible. Now don't you think it would be better if people would take warning and leave the Bible entirely alone? That would be like your other philosophy. Magnetism in the hands of the right person is an agency for good. No true Spiritualist will control a sober man until he fancies himself drunk. But, on the contrary, he will use his mental power to make the inebriate sober, and the wicked man better. Spiritualism holds up the hands of any man that would reform. Let me read to you a few words from 'The Sunflower', one of the foremost papers of that denomination. Here are a few extracts from a little article in it by Eliza Calvert Hall, under the heading, 'Negative and Positive:' 'The negative person is always looking for God and longing for a manifestation of God. The positive person knows that in God he lives and moves and has his being, and that he himself is or may be the highest manifestation of God in all this universe. The negative person looks back to his ancestors to see what manner of man he is destined to be. The positive person looks upward and forward to his own ideal and makes himself accordingly. The negative person looks at heredity and sinks into despair. The positive person fights heredity with environment and lives in the Eternal Hope. The negative person thinks he is *made*, and that's an end of it. The positive person believes he is in process of making, and it doth not yet appear what he shall be. The negative person looks forward to a heaven beyond the grave. The positive person says: 'The kingdom of heaven is within me,' and goes to heaven every day of his life without waiting for death to take him there. The kingdom of heaven is at hand. The negative person is afraid of draughts, of heat, of cold, of dampness. The positive person be-

believes that a creature made in the image of God cannot be harmed by heat, or cold, or moisture, and he goes about his daily work without consulting the thermometer. The negative person boils his water and dreams of microbes. The positive person drinks from the hydrant or cistern when he is thirsty, and smiles at the idea of a microbe killing a man. In a word you are positive to a thing when you control it; you are negative to it when it controls you.' ”

John laid down the paper and commented: “I have just read from a copy of ‘The Sunflower’ and ‘The Sunflower’ is my brother’s denominational paper. You say that Spiritualism is wholly apart from Christian Science. He says that Christian Scientists have appropriated the teachings of Spiritualism unto themselves. Well, I don’t know what to think!”

“I see,” retorted Clara, “you are trying, in a round-about way, to accuse Mrs. Eddy of parading in Spiritualist garments. But, be that as it may, on other points there is one thing sure: She will be much older than she is to-day before she accepts of their hobby ‘spirit return.’ ”

“You are right, Clara, I guess, when it comes to that point they are wholly apart.” But his voice took on a longing tone. He was thinking of Alice and other departed loved ones.

Said he: “It seems to me it must be a comforting religion, this Spiritualism. Perhaps now they have an important truth that your church does not teach.”

“No, indeed, my church does not teach it. Mrs. Eddy condemns it above all things. She says: ‘Spiritualism would transfer men from the spiritual sense of existence back into the material sense.’ ”

“Clara, I sometimes think that your leader is ignorant as to the teachings of Spiritualists. Certainly she cannot understand their teaching as I understand it.

Either she has jumped at conclusions or has received her information from so-called Spiritualists who are ignorant as to their true philosophy. As I understand her, Mrs. Eddy never either here or hereafter gives to man material existence. In 'Miscellaneous Writings' she says: 'The physique is simply thought made manifest.' Now if Spiritualists look up to one man more than another for instruction and guidance I think I can safely say it is their 'Pilgrim,' Dr. J. M. Peebles. So let us hear how he defines matter: 'Spiritualism is naturalism on the plane of conscious activities, matter being only a shadow, an appearance, a symbol of the reality, the imperishable substance.' "

"Does he say that? What right have people to make use of Mrs. Eddy's teaching without giving her credit?"

"Well, Spiritualists claim that this was taught before a line of 'Science and Health' was written," said he. "Clara, to thinking people, it is becoming exceedingly common whenever Evangelical Christian Science, Divine Science or any other branch of the New Thought is mentioned, to hear her loyal followers repeat: 'Stolen from Mrs. Eddy! It is only a dangerous counterfeit of the genuine coin.' You know it is only of late that I have taken up this line of reading, but the Spiritualist books I have read and the Spiritualists with whom I have consulted, teach me that they do not have to call the spirits back. They come back, or more correctly speaking, they are here, and that it is the mission of Spiritualism to 'transfer' men clairvoyantly, from the material sense of existence forward into the spiritual sense, where the inhabitants of the two worlds may meet. Now, if this is the way it is, then Mrs. Eddy is a poor critic. Spiritualists declare that the exalted ones cling to earth with their lofty endeavor to regenerate and uplift humanity, with

their hope of being able to reveal to man his glorious destiny. And there is many a doubting man when it comes to the question of continued existence. You ask for no proof that personality survives bodily decomposition, but I would like to see this thing demonstrated. I would, indeed. It is not enough for me that Mrs. Eddy says: 'Any evidence of death is unreal, it contradicts the facts of being.' It is not enough for me that the great evangelist Moody, left this assurance: 'Some day you will read in the papers that D. L. Moody of East Northfield, Mass., is dead. Don't you believe a word of it! At that moment I shall be more alive than I am now. I shall have gone up higher, that is all; out of this old clay tenement into a house that is immortal, a body that death cannot touch, that sin cannot taint, a body fashioned like unto His glorious body. I was born in the flesh in 1837; I was born in the spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die. That which is born of the spirit will live forever.' No, that is not enough. Though all of our religious reformers proclaim 'no death,' the weight of their testimony is as nothing to me compared with the assurance of one individual who has passed through the dream called death. Paschal Randolph in his book 'Dealings with the Dead,' claims to have received from his dear girl friend, Cynthia, these words: 'Dead! this it is to be dead! thought I. How blind, how deaf we are not to see and hear and know that all things tell of life, life, life, being real and true; while nothing, nothing in the great domain of our God, speaks one word of absolute death, of a blotting out of soul.' Now, I say, Clara, if such a thing is possible, let me receive my assurance of the existence of the Great Beyond from those who know, for until I do receive such assurance, I have none at all."

Clara looked at him pityingly and reproachfully.

“Mr. Bell, I am very sorry to hear you speak like this. Do not let surrounding influence get the best of you. Do please listen to my warning voice and steer clear of all this occultism. There are mediums on every hand subverting and perverting their powers to commercial and selfish uses. These Spiritualists would deceive, if possible, the very elect. I admire your brother and his wife, but they have been deluded. I am holding the thought that some day they will denounce it and accept the truth. The loss of your dear wife has made your feelings the more easily worked upon, and people here are trying hard to influence, even to mesmerize you, but soon, I think, you will see the folly of it all, and Spiritualism will cease to have any attraction. Heed my warning, read no more on that line, but leave the dangerous subject entirely alone.”

What more she would have said we know not, for just at this juncture Mr. and Mrs. Bell returned.

His cheery voice greeted them:

“Well, children, how has the time passed with you? I have no doubt Miss Clara has been preaching Christian Science. It’s a great doctrine; I can’t dispute that. Let me tell you a story I heard to-night. Two serpents lay by the roadside; seeing a man approaching, one said to the other, ‘Let us bite that man,’ but the other replied, ‘No, I wouldn’t if I were you. That man is a Christian Scientist. He will say, ‘No hurt, no bite, no snake,’ then where will you be?’”

All laughed at this joke except Clara. She retorted: “Very good. Your story goes to prove that the denial of the existence and power of evil, is the warning voice that keeps evil at its proper distance. I am glad that I ever accepted such a religion.”

Mrs. Bell and the minister clapped their hands and laughed still more heartily. And Edward, meeting

the directed glance from Clara's snapping eyes, noting her flushed cheeks and the indignant expression on her rosy lips, thus apologized: "I regret having repeated such a silly story. Something warns me, henceforth to keep silent, to wait until I can say something sensible and impressive."

"My brother," said the minister, "as that is something you have never done from your youth up, if you heed this warning, we may expect never to hear your voice again."

Edward left the room making use of the deaf and dumb alphabet, but no one understood his meaning.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE FOUNDER OF MENTAL HEALING.

WHAT a beautiful place!" said Clara Vader to herself, as she walked out into the garden and grounds and looked back at the large white house with green blinds, nestling among the trees "The Home on the Hillside."

"In the laying out of the grounds and in the choice and cultivation of the flowers, nothing more perfect could be desired. It is an ideal morning, the dew is on the flowers, the rays of the newly risen sun are just glinting through the trees, the birds are fluttering and singing in their gladness, but I am not happy, though I am made to feel at home here." Then came a deep sigh, "But they are Spiritualists."

She chose a rustic seat in a shady nook.

Mrs. Bell was also taking an early morning walk and came unexpectedly upon her. At the first glance she noticed the troubled look on the girl's face and asked for the meaning.

"Well, seeing you have asked the question, I do not like to be told as I am by your husband quite frequently, that Mrs. Eddy in his opinion, is not the discoverer and founder of metaphysical healing, and that Spiritualists have always understood it. Mr. Bell is either mistaken, or he takes pleasure in trying to rob Mrs. Eddy of her just deserts."

Mrs. Bell smiled sweetly and answered in gentle tones:

"You must not mind what my husband says. He does not always choose his words wisely. He loves his church dearly, and that is all right, but I often

tell him, that there is a little too much sectarianism about him. He is right; Spiritualists do heal through the power of suggestion. He has experienced the healing.

“And we have several old books telling of Divine Healing among the Spiritualists away back in the sixties. Spiritualism gives the broadest freedom of thought. A few of its members trust to *materia medica*. Others lay more stress upon hygiene. Others trust to magnetic treatments. But mental healing is the rule among them.”

“Yes, Mrs. Bell, but let me read to you from my ‘Sentinel’ here, the difference between Christian Science treatment and your ‘suggestive mental therapeutics’: These things do not come under the same classification, for Christian Science healing is not accomplished on the same basis. The suggestions of the hypnotist emanate from the mortal mind, whose concepts are a mixture of good and evil beliefs, and do not involve spiritual ideas, which are the emanation of divine principle; hence the effect of such suggestions could not be uplifting and spiritualizing, although the suggestion of physical health might produce in the subject a temporary relief from his ailments. To the uninformed the results of suggestive mental therapeutics and Christian Science may seem to be identical, but the fact remains that there is but one right method of healing, namely the one followed by Christ Jesus, which is accepted and employed by Christian Scientists to-day.”

“Clara, they are criticizing the method by which I was healed, after the doctors had pronounced my case incurable,” said Mrs. Bell. “My healing proved to be something more than temporary relief. It occurred several years ago. My cure is permanent. It is a mistaken belief you hold that the ‘Mental Scientists,’

would leave God out of the question. Not so in the books and papers I have studied. They teach that to be healed physically we must be healed morally, that the recreative work must be commenced and carried on from within or not at all. Now who is the founder of Mind Cure? The Scriptures teach the power of mind over matter, but for many centuries, this method of healing was lost or nearly so; the Christian Scientists, students of Mrs. Eddy, would give her credit for all the enlightenment we have on this subject. We meet Spiritualists who feel equally certain that the re-discovery of the potent powers of thought came through their channel and as proof they point to the teaching of Andrew Jackson Davis and other great seers.

“Clara, I would like to point out some of the ideas that were in the air at the time Mrs. Eddy was penning ‘Science and Health.’ Spiritualists, without the use of medicines were then healing the sick. There is no use of any one’s trying to dispute it. In their books and in their lectures the truth was being proclaimed. Yes, the very same truths that your church advocates were being given to the world. I am not making an arbitrary assertion, but stand ready to prove this any time that you will permit. These ideas, I say, were in the air and Mrs. Eddy imbibed them, perhaps insensibly imbibed them—just how it happened I cannot say.

“In an old Spiritualist book ‘Dealings with the Dead’ by Paschal Randolph, we are told: ‘The bad passions, as envy, strife, anger, lust and revenge, not only destroy the body, but also mar the spirit.’ This book was copyrighted in the year 1861. Mrs. Eddy copyrighted Science and Health in the year 1875 and in her book we read: ‘Lurking error, envy, revenge, malice or hate, will perpetuate or even create disease.’

"This man tells that he saw two men in warm disputation. They lost their temper, and he learned this lesson, that mental excitement would react physically, and in running its course, bring on inflammation of the brain, a positive fever.

"Now, in your text book Mrs. Eddy says: 'Inflammation is an excited state of mortal mind that is not normal.'"

"I know she does, but the knowledge came to her without consulting Spiritualism," said Clara.

"That may be true, as in the case of the invention of the telephone. Alexander Bell and Elisha Gray, unacquainted with each other, unacquainted with each others works, entered their discoveries at the patent office on the same day. Mr. Bell has the name of being the inventor. Mrs. Eddy may be justified in saying that she has borrowed nothing from Spiritualism. But it is another thing when, in the spirit of criticism, she declares 'Spiritualism is wholly apart from Christian Science.' On another page of 'Dealings with the Dead,' we find these words: 'The will is Lord of man's accidents and incidents, and if his reason guide it well nothing can withstand its force. So far can this power be carried and exerted that pain may be overcome and even death itself be kept at bay.'"

"There, Mrs. Bell," said Clara, "is where you see a resemblance between the teachings. I do not. Mrs. Eddy denounces the exercise of human will. Be it understood that will-power is not a factor in our healing."

"Really, Clara, I cannot grasp Mrs. Eddy's meaning," said Mrs. Bell.

"The will is not a dangerous agency, if reason guide it well, that is toward God—Good. And there is a place in the book where Mrs. Eddy says: 'Instead of blind and calm submission to the incipient or ad-

vanced stages of disease, rise in rebellion against them.' What objection can a person have to a man's willing to be good or willing to be well? Who can show me the harm in it?

"Mrs. Eddy seems to have a diction all her own and her followers will take you up on many points. For example, if you say 'I am spirit,' they will tell you that is not correct. We should say 'man is spiritual.' Ask them if they do not look upon man as being immaterial substance, they will answer yes. Inform them that Mr. Webster defines spirit as immaterial substance and their reply will be 'Mrs. Eddy says man is not spirit, man is spiritual.'

"To all our teachings they make objections. Clara, I am one among thousands who have received benefit through Spiritualism. I say nothing against your way of healing, you should say nothing against mine. The disciple John came to Jesus complaining, 'Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us; and we forbid him because he followeth not us.' Jesus replied, 'Forbid him not; for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part.' Clara, if you can testify that there is healing efficacy in Christian Science, I can testify to the same for Spiritualism. I might turn to some of my old books and read you dozens of cases of healing independent of drugs or surgery, that Spiritualists claim to have experienced in days before Mrs. Eddy was healed or taught the rule of healing. I might take you to hundreds of living witnesses who have relied upon Spiritualism and have received all they could ask or hope for; but what good would it do? My stories would have no charm for you. In the end you would say: 'That is not Christian Science.' It is an undisputed fact, even by the woman herself,

that before 'Science and Health' was written, Mrs. Eddy went to P. P. Quimby, in Portland, Me., and asked for treatment. *Materia Medica* had failed her and here apparently she was receiving help. I cannot say whether C. R. Edwards was familiar with facts in the case, and so competent to speak with authority; but he tells us in his book 'Chris-To-Lu-Tion:' P. P. Quimby, for many years prior to 1863, practiced 'Mental Healing' with marvelous success. He did not believe in church creeds, but was noted for his efforts to do good, and his faith in some invisible power to heal the sick in answer to his earnest desire. Quimby's treatment was first an explanation of what he believed then, not audible prayer, but silent mental work. Quimby thought that his success demonstrated the correctness of all his theories and his opinions; especially his notion that disease was not a reality, only a belief.'"

"Well," retorted Clara, "that is what this man says, but if you will read what Mrs. Eddy has to say on the subject, when accused of having taken many of her ideas from Quimby's conversations and manuscripts, you will find that the man had no definite idea of how his healings were accomplished, simply called it 'electricity' and had no truths to impart to her."

"Then," said Mrs. Bell, "we will not argue longer."

"Let them acknowledge this good woman as being the discoverer and founder of Christian Science."

"I am not saying, nor insinuating that Mrs. Eddy is not original in any way, that her writings are in every instance borrowed. You undoubtedly think I am trying to claim all the credit for Spiritualism. I am not."

"Now let me point to the teachings of a man of the medical profession, whose religious views no one can tell us to-day. Recently I enjoyed the privilege of looking through some very old volumes owned by a lady whose name and address I am unable to give."

These books had been in her family for more than one hundred years.

“‘Domestic Medicine’ by Dr. Buchan of London, England, bore the date of 1785, but was written sixteen years previous thereto. This book claimed my attention and caused me to exclaim: ‘There is no new thing under the sun.’ Dr. Buchan, one hundred and thirty-nine years ago voiced my sentiments: ‘I think the administration of drugs always doubtful and often harmful and would much rather teach how to avoid the necessity of them than how they should be used. The influence of fear.’ This much I had copied when in order to catch my train, I had to drop the book and run. But I do remember reading that the influence of fear was to bring on disease, that all pain and disease could be attributed to inharmonious states of mind. He had found cancers prevalent among Sisters of Charity and in his opinion these good women were suffering from the effects of religious melancholy. He traced all physical effects to mental causes. Just as mental healers, under their various names, are doing to-day. On several pages of the book he cautioned his readers to guard against fear and all evil thoughts; and he recommended cheerfulness and like attributes as the very best remedies.

“Have I answered the question ‘Who is the re-discoverer of Mental Healing?’ I do not claim that I have. I simply have this to say: Let us not forget the name of Dr. Buchan, but remember him as a man ahead of the age in which he lived.

“Now, if our doctors had but taken up these few seeds of truth, planted so long ago, and elaborated upon the subject, they might have arrived at something more deserving the name of science than that which they now offer. ‘He came unto His own and His own received him not.’

“‘The light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not.’ Looking for those who have taught and practiced Mental Healing, we can go back farther than the much talked of Dr. Quimby of a half century ago or that great spiritual healer, Dr. Newton. We can go back farther than Dr. Buchan of a century and a half ago.

“He who has a knowledge of the wonderful Yoga teachings has broadened out and knows that no individual of this age or any other is entitled to monopoly or a corner on truth. The Orientals possessed a knowledge of the power of mind over matter.

“The study of occultism as taught by select teachers, most of them advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy, is not only very interesting but very helpful. When a man has never given Spiritualism an hour’s study he should be silent as to its errors and deficiencies. It may appear to you that I am claiming that Mrs. Eddy’s teachings are stolen from Buchan, Davis, Quimby, Randolph, Berkeley or from some one else. But that is not the point I wish to make. You have just made the assertion that people everywhere are appropriating Mrs. Eddy’s truth to themselves. Clara, remember this, if you wear away Mrs. Eddy’s dress she is left without that garment; but truth cannot be stolen. You can put on her spiritual garment and she is still in possession of the same she had before. We have been trying to answer the question ‘Who is the founder of Mind Cure. The more enlightened we become upon this subject the more it looks like an act of presumption to point and say with unrestricted admiration: ‘Here is the discoverer and founder.’ It is not for me to say that Mrs. Eddy had ever read one line in Spiritualism before she penned her books and established her church. Here is how brother John expressed himself: ‘As an unprejudiced outsider I look

upon Christian Science and Spiritualism as twin-sisters, but not very loving ones.

“Sad that that last clause has to be added.

“Mrs. Eddy says that she has never dabbled in Spiritualism. Therefore, I cannot accuse her of borrowing from us. She says that the Bible was her only textbook, that she had no other guide, that to her, Christian Science has been a direct revelation. Surely she ought to know if any one, so there let it rest.”

“Yes, I think we had better,” said Clara. “It is time now for me to return to the house and look after Hazel.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND  
SPIRITUALISM.

**I**NCREDULOUS as it may seem, the Rev. John Bell from his first day's lesson in Spiritualism, hungered and thirsted for more light on the subject. He attended all the services and eagerly drank in every word. He devoured his brother's books, thought of this glorious truth by day and dreamed of it by night.

He sought its every phenomena. He was surprised at finding himself so receptive, but then Spiritualism, Mental Science, The New Thought, and all these things were so very different from what he had ever imagined them to be. He could see now that sectarianism had blinded him. Unbridled criticism against Spiritualism is almost everywhere indulged in, but there is encouragement in the prophecy of the poet Sickles:

“After a while the clashing creeds  
That lead to strife and hate with men,  
Will yield to our superior needs  
And love will prompt the lip and pen.”

Not another word did the Rev. John Bell have to say against it. The pregnant truth, “Perfect God and perfect man,” now appealed to him as a beautiful thought, where once such a teaching had horrified him, as well as all the other teachings contained in this new doctrine.

Clara was not so easily converted. She could not

forget that Mrs. Eddy had given warning against Spiritualism and that should be sufficient reason why any good Scientist should steer clear of the cult.

They were all together one evening. Edward Bell was pointing out the merits of Spiritualism, John Bell not referring to its demerits, but quietly listening with a look of interest and credulity upon his face. Clara, being in fear lest her beloved minister would be over influenced and would put confidence therein, assayed to speak. "Excuse me, Mr. Bell, but as to the things you are telling about seeing and hearing from those who have departed, I must speak my mind freely, these things cannot be. Mortal sense bears false testimony; it is always deceiving us. Things that appear to be are not. Mrs. Eddy has given us, in our text book 'Science and Health,' one whole chapter of warnings against Spiritualism. Now to prove the impossibility of spirit return, she gives this illustration: 'The caterpillar transformed into a beautiful insect, is no longer a worm, nor does it return to fraternize with or control the worm. Such a backward transformation is impossible in science.'

"Very true," replied Edward Bell. "Logical reasoning so far as it goes; but let us look at this both pro and con, as there are always two sides to every question, two ways of looking at things. Rev. S. Weil, a Spiritualist, in his book entitled the 'Religion of the Future,' says: 'The transformed caterpillar, now a winged butterfly, soaring freely in its new element, the air, in which as a caterpillar, it could not soar, can certainly visit the old cabbage field; and if it were endowed with intelligence enough, and its mortal friends were susceptible, might be conceived as being even anxious to reveal its presence.' Clara, no amount of arguing on your part, or even Mrs. Eddy's saying that 'When the Science of Mind is better understood,

Spiritualism will be found mainly erroneous, can convince me that our departed friends now invested with a spirit-body or thought-body, like the one worn by Jesus when he passed through closed doors, cannot return and converse with their friends still in earth-life. Leaving out angelic forms and voices, and one or two minor things, why, my dear girl, the beliefs of your church and those of mine are almost identically the same. And if you have a text-book replete with spiritual instruction, I say you are getting it, not directly but indirectly from Spiritualism. As I have heard Mr. Austin, our pastor, say: 'Christian Scientists and Theosophists, all children of the Spiritual philosophy, sometimes, like naughty children, abuse their mother.

"Mrs. Eddy never could believe in Spiritualism, and she has borrowed nothing," retorted Miss Clara.

"I am not accusing Mrs. Eddy of having stolen any of her ideas, but I stick to the assertion that her ideas are not so new as they might be. Let Spiritualists branch out under new names if they must. If Spiritualism is the mother and she gets abuse, well what of it? It is the nature of all true mothers to deeply love the aggressive child. And I, as a Spiritualist, can say I love the Scientists—you especially. If people are climbing heavenward it is foolish for us to care what path they may choose to take. Any way to get there. The principles of the negro Sam, in Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' suit me. He believed in flopping some times. He had talked first on the side of the Master Shelby, and then on the side of the mistress, and excused himself by saying: 'It was conscience that sent me after Lizzy. I really 'spected Mas'r was sot on my bringing her back. When I found misses was sot the contrar, dat ar was conscience more yet. So, yer see, I's persistent either way I think is right. I sticks up to con-

science and holds on to principles. Dis yer 'sistency's a thing what ain't seed into very clar, by most anybody. Now, yer see, when a fellar stands up for a thing one day and night, de contrar de next, folks ses (and nat'rally enough dey ses), why he ain't persistent. But let's look into it. I hopes the gen'lmen and der fair sex will 'scuse my usin' an or'nary sort o' parison. Here! I'm a tryin' to get top o' der hay. Wal, I puts up my larder dis yer side; 'tan't no go;—den, cause I don't try dere no more, I'm persistent in wantin' to get up which ary side my larder is; don't you see?"

"But now, Clara, I think if the Christian Scientists had left the ladder in its first position they would have been just as sure of getting to Heaven. I am afraid that you and brother will have to change the position of your ladders, and I guess that I can be persistent in lettin' mine remain where it is and climb to Heaven by the Spiritualist route."

"If I may be allowed to speak plainly," retorted the girl, "you are always more persistent than consistent." "Just what you seem to be, Clara, so it's six to one and a half dozen to the other, isn't it?"

"Well I am both persistent and consistent in saying, that the man who understands Christian Science will find there almost nothing in common with Spiritualism. But if he should, let him remember Mrs. Eddy's advice in her chapter on Christian Science and Spiritualism. The more closely error simulates truth, the more impotent it becomes as a belief. The nearer a false belief approaches truth, without passing the boundary where, having been destroyed by divine Love, it ceases to be an illusion, the riper it becomes for destruction." "Well, Clara, I have met some Spiritualists who wouln't speak a good word for Christian Science, nor do they like it when people tell them their doctrines are very much alike, I never could see that I resemble my

brother John, although I have often been told that I did; some one met us today, and remarked that he could hardly tell one from the other. If I could judge by the expression of John's countenance, he felt very much offended, and I am sure I did."

There was a tendency with Clara, every time she thought of Spiritualism, to look for imperfection; it was the same with Edward Bell every time he thought of Christian Science. Man usually finds what he looks for. Mr. Bell picked up the little magazine, "Reason" and read a paragraph from a contribution by Rev. F. A. Wiggin. "Mankind is often found playing Spiritualism in the back yards of metaphysical schools of science, mental healing and Christian Science, with a lot of other children, but the fact will ever remain that all these are but borrowed phases of Spiritualism, and that sooner or later the loan will have to be cancelled, and that, too, to the powers that hold the note; and that power will be found to be none other than Spiritualism," He looked at Clara to see how she took it. Her face crimsoned, and her voice trembled with suppressed emotion.

"How abusive! Poor Mrs. Eddy," she said. "Let them say what they will, had it not been for this woman's spiritual illumination and her courage to give it to an unbelieving world we would be in darkness today. Truth has come to the world through Mrs. Eddy, and others try to claim the honor."

"I notice, Clara, every time I speak of there being any resemblance between Christian Science and Spiritualism, it seems to nettle you. Our churches differ somewhat, that is true, and if it will please you better to hear of their differences, I will talk on that line. Clara, I can love the fundamental doctrines of your church for the reason, pardon me for saying it, they are so much like ours. But I am sure I could not

easily or even conscientiously fall in love with, or subscribe to many of your by-laws. Why do your members refuse to read our books and periodicals, or anything going by the name of "Mental Science," "Divine Science," "New Thought," etc?

"A Spiritualist will read any doctrine. "It is one of our by-laws that no member of the Mother Church shall study mesmerism" said Clara. We have something higher and farther advanced and have no desire to go back into the old thought. Scientists do not care to study and circulate these things, simply because they have gotten above them. An advanced pupil has no desire to go back into the primary department." "You think then," replied Edward, "that to be broad-minded would cause confusion of thought? Is this bouquet any the less attractive because it consists of a variety of flowers, sweet-peas, nasturtiums and pinks? Is the treble of a song, marred by having the lower melodies join in? And so I say that a church, by looking for and accepting the good in all may add to its harmony rather than destroy it. Taking you at your own word, I see that, like other loyal Scientists you are of the opinion that what Mary Baker G. Eddy can't teach you is not worth knowing. Now you may give me Mrs. Eddy, if you like for one meal a day; but I cannot take her for breakfast, dinner and supper. I would not if I could, and could not if I would take away from her, her just deserts; but if I may be allowed to criticise, I should say her church looks up to her too highly, even to the point of worship. They use her name too frequently, and I would like to see her followers a little more moderate, that is all. Christian Scientists, by their sectarianism, are injuring themselves and their cause more than they know. Now I would like to question the why and wherefore of some of the by-laws I find in your manual:—"Members of the Church

of Christ Scientists, shall not belong to any secret societies or clubs, where either sex is excluded, except the Free Masons." "Why do they make an exception of the Masonic order, the father of all lodges?" "That is not for us to question; undoubtedly Mrs. Eddy knows best," replied Clara. "O, I didn't know! I have heard blood-curling yarns about the dangers one may incur if he does ought to offend the Masons. I thought perhaps the Scientists felt as I do when I meet a ferocious dog; I pat him on the head and say, "good-fellow." "Why this law: 'Christian Science shall not be taught to a Catholic without the consent of his priest?' It seems to me that if it's right to proselyte among Methodists, Baptists and other people, no exceptions should be made. Do they fear Roman Catholicism?"

"We are given this by-law and no doubt Mrs. Eddy had some good reason for making it."

"Let me speak of one other. They must refuse admittance to the Sunday School service all except the officers, teachers and children under the age of fifteen, None first admitted above the age of twelve. Why have you such a by-law as this?"

"Mrs. Eddy stands upon a higher pinnacle than do any of us, and we are willing to follow her instructions and trust to her safe guidance; she knows better than any one else what is good for the cause."

"Just the answer I expected and a very satisfactory one indeed," said Mr. Bell. "Of course this is none of my business and it is not for me to dictate what others should or should not do, but I certainly would protest, were I one of them, against some things in Christian Science. I say let each and every man think for himself and when it comes to separating the chaff from the wheat do his own work. As it looks to me your Leader has always been able to enclose her fol-

lowers behind a barbed wire fence, tie them like calves to a stake, and say, "Thus far and no farther—Here in my books is all the food you need or should have." "

"Mr. Bell, we are furnished with all the food we need and such as satisfies and he who refrains from partaking of both good and evil stands in no danger of being poisoned."

"Now, Clara we will go back to that Sunday School by-law. The gospel of Jesus was for all nations, rich and poor, white and black, young and old, and none other satisfies me. Now if what is taught in their schools is good for a child to learn, it must also be good for those farther advanced in years, and if erroneous teaching is creeping into the Sunday Schools, then be careful of the children; for it is the mind of the little one that grasps most quickly and longest retains. Looking at this matter candidly, what could have prompted the passing of such a by-law? I fancy I am able to read between the lines and discover the one word, avarice. I may err in judgment, but was not this Sunday School law passed to promote Class instruction? Considering that your Leader plainly tells you in your text book:—'Never record ages,' the passing of such a By-law appears to me inconsistent. That tight-fisted copy-right is another thing I do not like about Christian Science. What attraction have green fields, luscious fruits and fragrant, beautiful flowers, all fenced in and signs up, 'Personal Property,' 'Keep off the Grass,' 'No Trespassing,?' "Science and Health" may be an extraordinary work, a most helpful book for a person to own and have. Its author may excel all others, past, present and future, she may even be, what I believe she claims, that woman prophesied in Scripture as hiding leaven [Truth] in three measures of meal [Three modes of moral thought, science, theology, and medicine], until the whole was leavened

[made light.] But admitting all this, see how far, how very far your people go. Let me quote the exact words of one of your Christian Science lecturers, we have them in a "Sentinel" you loaned us: 'We confine ourselves to the Bible, to the works of our beloved Leader, and to the authorized literature of our dear church. Have we time for aught else? Is there, really, aught else? These are the words of Sue Mims. So you see according to your denominational paper, and authorized lecturer, Christian Science would push into the background, out of sight, out of hearing, all good from any other source, having no time for it. Now, Clara, if that is not narrow sectarianism of the deepest dye, please name it?' Clara thought it time for the discussion to end and saying, "Let us agree to disagree," she sought the quiet and privacy of her room, where she earnestly declared against all the errors connected with Spiritualism. She felt the necessity of being protected from the surrounding evil in her otherwise pleasant, new home. As she was leaving the room, with her dignified, self-assured air, Edward Bell pronounced hers a hopeless case and believed he might as well give up any further attempts at her conversion. But wait, perhaps Mrs. Bell will yet be able to show the girl that there are worse things in this world than Spiritualism, even though Mrs. Eddy does say in Miscellaneous Writings, 'Spiritualism and Mesmerism are wholly apart from Christian Science.'

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE LIKENESS BETWEEN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND  
SPIRITUALISM.

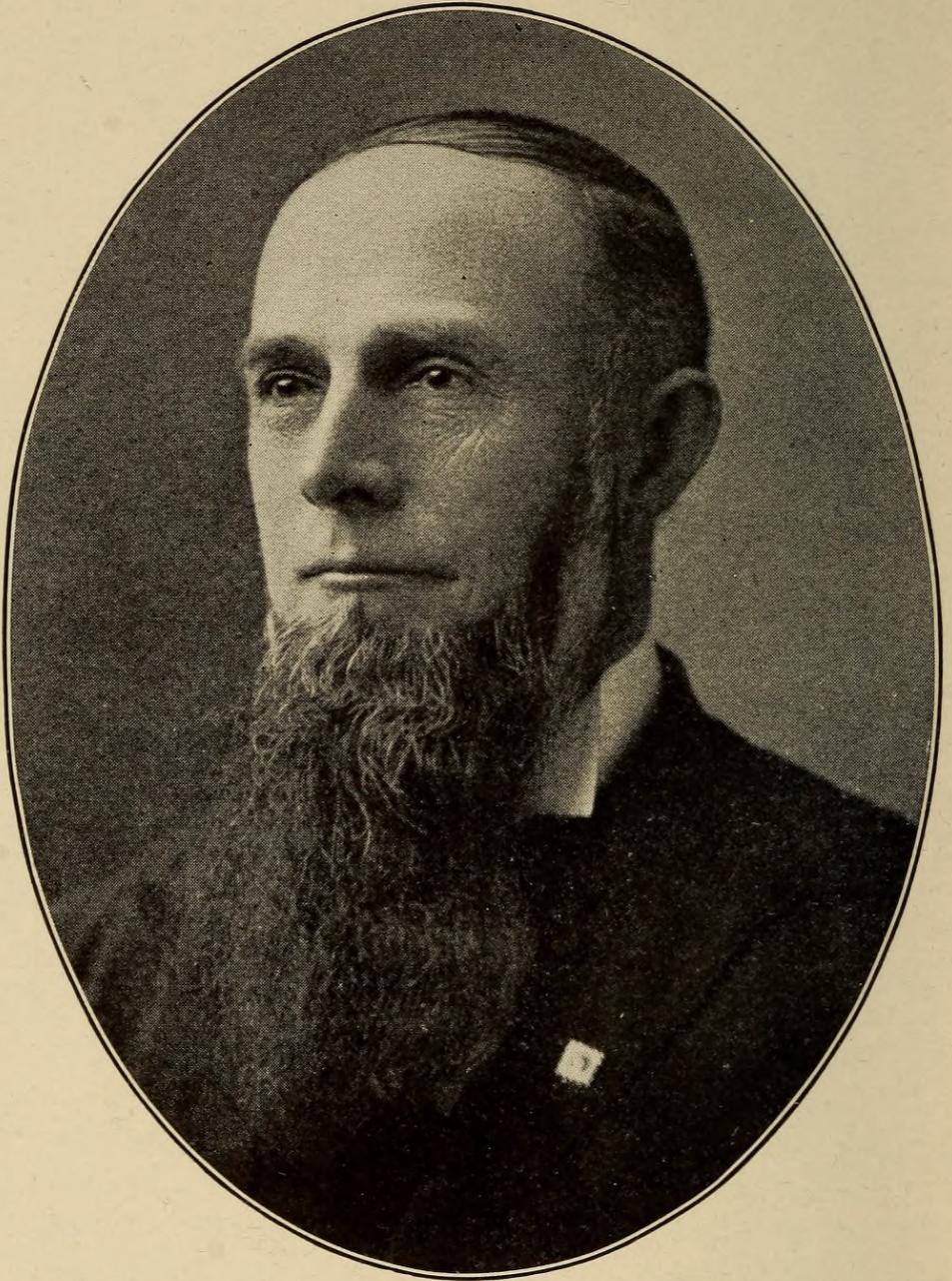
CLARA had won the name of Miss Persistent; so obstinate was she that it was not often anyone attempted to talk to her on religious matters. Polly was her tormentor; everytime she came within sight of the bird's cage, she would cry out, "Mrs. Eddy says." One day the girl freely spoke her mind to Edward Bell: "Sir, I do not think you have done anything to be proud of; is it not enough that pulpit and press should slander Mrs. Eddy? that her son should sue for what he does not deserve? that persecution should be heaped upon her from every hand? that heretics should rise up in her church and follow after other teachings, but you must needs teach a bird to speak disrespectfully and irreverently of a dear old lady past eighty-six years of age? Mrs. Eddy has done more for humanity than any other man or woman, and who has ever been so persecuted? Edward turned to his parrot and demanded: "I want you to tell me all the mean things you have ever said about Mrs. Eddy." And the bird replied: "Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Eddy, says." "Upon my word and honor, Clara, I have never taught her to say one thing."

It was a beautiful afternoon in summer, Mrs. Bell and Clara were seated beneath the grape-arbor and little Hazel was trying to catch the pretty birds flying among the branches. Clara had been studying her daily companion, "Science and Health" when observ-

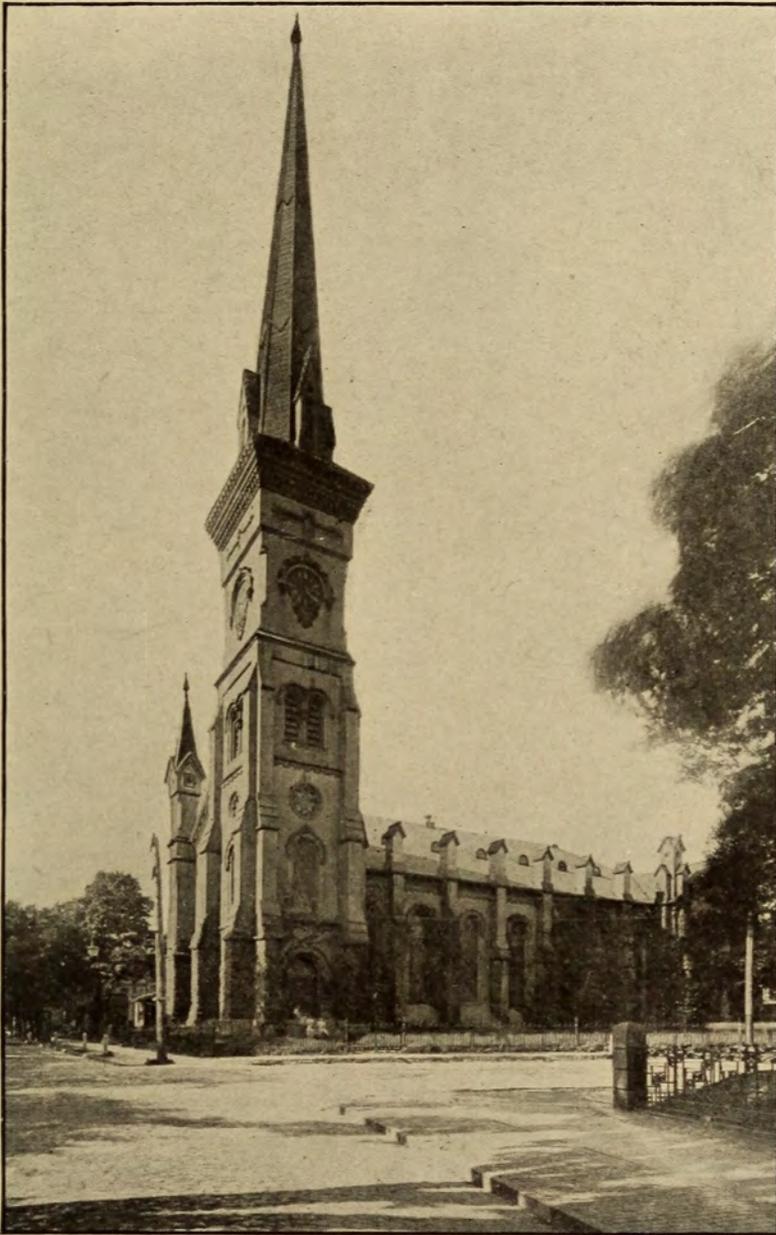
ing Mrs. Bell in a dreamy, listless mood she embraced the opportunity and handed her a Christian Science "Sentinel." After a time Mrs. Bell broke the stillness by saying: "I find some very truthful and good reading in this paper; but here is one statement with which I cannot agree: 'No one on earth today, aside from Mrs. Eddy knows anything about Christian Science except as he has learned it from her or from her writings and Christian Scientists are honest only as they give her full credit for this extraordinary work.' Now, Clara, dear, I have analyzed this and it seems to me that this little word "full" is a very big word after all. Would it not be better to say give her much credit, in place of full credit? While Christian Science is an advanced teaching, while as our pastor Mr. Austin says: 'There is a wonderful unlocking of human energies in the optimistic ideas taught by Christian Science, New Thought, Metaphysical Healing and the Spiritual Philosophy. Through them a wave of religious activity is now passing over the world, analogous in some respect to the spread of early Christianity. There is a common feature about them all—their suppression of the "fear-thought." The Mind Cure movement is essentially a religious movement, and no unprejudiced observer can fail to recognize its importance.' While I'll willingly admit all this and much more for Christian Science, still I feel called upon to say there are a few things taught there that I do disapprove, such as the proclaiming of what I have actually seen in your papers. 'We know that in Christian Science we have the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.' That is too broad a statement, one that will clog the gospel wheels and leave them standing in the narrow rut of sectarianism. My husband tells me that I make narrow sectarianism my hobby, that I am always and forever preaching against

it, but I can't help it. I wish creedism to keep entirely out of my life; I would not have it keep me from recognizing and accepting the good Christian Scientists may have to offer or the good in any sect. And I think it would hinder my progress should I say, 'My church is in possession of the *whole* truth.' Yes, my dear, there are one or two things in your church that I cannot pronounce good. When it comes to adoring Mrs. Eddy, as many of them very evidently do, I am not with them. Let them give this good and remarkable woman her due amount of love, gratitude and respect. Her people should love her to a certain extent, not forgetting the Apostle's advice: 'Let your moderation be known unto all men.' Clara, one should never throw himself unquestioningly and unreservedly into any leaders hands. Christian Scientists do not hesitate to speak of their Text-book as 'our all-sufficient guide.' I have seen it in print more than once. I have in my home a Christian Science "Sentinel" in which Mrs. Eddy is referred to as 'Our wise and unerring Leader'; wise she may be and we hope she is both wise and good. Who but the all-wise could be an 'all-sufficient guide?' I would not dare make so broad a statement, as to speak of anyone as being unerring. When I find a book saying in its Introductory, 'In no sense should this book be regarded as exhaustive,' I expect to find more in said book than in the one claiming to be the sum-total of all knowledge and wisdom. Excelsior must ever be my motto. We read that concerning the things of God even the angels in Heaven desire to look into them. I have not yet found the book or books written by man or woman that I would dare say contained the whole truth. Mrs. Eddy has improved, enlarged and gone far beyond old theology in many things. Christian Scientists heal the sick, that no enlightened person will dispute. But it seems to





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me that often while they are healing the patient physically, they are unconsciously afflicting with a still worse disease, and a lingering one, which for the want of a better name we will call churchianity. It is as plain as anything can be that the Christian Scientists are not willing to grant the Spiritualists, Mental Scientists, etc, a square deal and a fair hearing. They should, for the day of the bigot has passed. I suppose we Spiritualists are so bad and our teaching so entirely wrong that they fear being contaminated if they come in contact with us. Ebenezer Wilson, the "Seer," became a Spiritualist in the year 1853. In his book "The Truths of Spiritualism" he says, 'We hold that there is no personal devil, no local Hell, or Heaven, but that the Star of Progression hovers over the future world as well as this.' Was this erroneous? Then it was equally erroneous for Mrs. Eddy to insert in the book "Science and Health," copyrighted in the year 1875: 'Mortals need not fancy that belief in the experience of death will awaken them to glorified being. Universal salvation rests on progression and probation, and is unattainable without them.'

Beals Litchfield accepted of Spiritualism in the year 1852. In his book "Forty Years Intercourse with the Spirit World," he says: 'Our spirit friends tell us that passing through death does not change the mind, that the mind starts in spirit life just as it was when it left the earth form, and unfolds through the same process of growth that it did in earth life. Was this erroneous? Then it was equally erroneous for Mrs. Eddy to place in "Science and Health":—'In the place where the tree falleth there it shall be;' so we read in Ecclesiastes: 'As man falleth asleep so shall he awake, as death findeth mortal man, so shall he be after death, until probation and growth shall effect the needful changes.' So you see, Clara, we teach very

much the same on the doctrine of universal progression. Was it wrong for this old-time Spiritualist, Mr. Wilson, to say: 'We take no stock whatever in the mutilated body of Jesus or in his wasted blood, but do in his philosophy and his great humanity? We love him as our elder brother. We do not worship him as a God. There was no more saving power in Jesus' blood, than there was in that of Judas.' Then it was equally wrong for Mrs. Eddy, a few years later, to say 'The material blood of Jesus was no more efficacious to cleanse from sin when it was shed upon the accursed tree, than when it was flowing in his veins as he went daily about his Father's business.'

"Beals Litchfield says:—'I cannot find language strong enough to express my abhorrence of that heathen doctrine of the forgiveness of sin through the atoning blood of Jesus. The doctrines of blood atonement originated among the ancient heathen nations; it has been handed down as truth, though nature and reason proclaim its falsity. Yes, the fact remains, man must work out his own salvation.' Was this erroneous teaching? Then it was equally wrong for Mrs. Eddy to follow him with this teaching:—'If truth is overcoming error in our daily walk, this is having our part in the at-one-ment. Jesus did life's work aright, not only in justice to himself, but in mercy to mortals, to show them how to do theirs, but not to do it for them or relieve them of a single responsibility.' So you see, Clara, we are also agreed on the atonement question. On the subject of man's inherent divinity and perfection how do we stand? Turning to my old book "Dealings with the Dead," penned by Paschal Randolph, we find:—'God who made us well knows that there is more of good than evil in our hearts, by virtue of our ancestry—Nature and Himself.' Again he says:—'Be it remembered that beauty and sym-

metry is natural to trees, even though storms, snow and fierce winds dismember and render them hideous; so also goodness and virtue is natural to the human soul while vice and deformity are artificial and conditional acquisitions.' And again:-' We forget that society gains nothing by making a man think less of himself.' This was penned in 1860. Now turning to your " Science and Health" we read:-'The great truth in the Science of being that the real man was, is, and ever shall be perfect, is incontrovertible; for if man is the image, the reflection of God, he is upright and God-like.' So you see, Spiritualists and Scientists are a unit in this that neither holds to the belittling thought: 'I am a poor, unworthy worm of the dust, as prone to sin as the sparks are to fly upward.' We are not braggadocios, simply because we declare, 'Man is perfect even as his Father in Heaven is perfect.' When a person washes dirt from his body he is not doing away with a part of himself, and likewise when we throw off sin and its effects we deal not with any part of our real being, just with the artificial and conditional acquisitions. as this old-time Spiritualist writer puts it. In this again we are a unit, for you do not find either Scientists or Spiritualists forever harping upon the fall of man."

"Mrs. Bell, there is no religious teaching but what has a little truth woven in among the errors. But, Mrs. Eddy tells us in our text-book 'When the Science of Mind is understood Spiritualism will be found *mainly* erroneous."

"I cannot help what Mrs. Eddy says, I know that for sixty years Spiritualists have held to many, very many of the same thoughts that she expresses. Let me read from 'The Truths of Spiritualism,' a portion of E. V. Wilson's reply to a Presbyterian minister in the year 1870:-'You say there is no uniformity in our

creeds—we have none.’ I can’t now read it all, but among the things that he mentioned on which Spiritualists were a unit, I give you these:—‘God is spirit in whom we live, move and have our being. The only true way to worship Him is in spirit and in truth. We hold to one God and no more, infinite in matter and space, seen in the sunshine, felt in the storm and on this side the blue as well as beyond it,—His kingdom is within us. Hence He is ever with us. Your God is a great big man, a creature full of short comings and has to keep a great big burning hell always on hand to make His followers obey Him. Your God declares that He has anger, hate, revenge and scorn. Sometimes He is mighty, and sometimes He cannot prevail. You teach the Heaven and the mercy of God and His power to save—and yet concede the tremendous truth that your God is not able to cope with the Devil—and that the Devil gets the great majority of mankind, and God gets but a miserable minority of His own children.’ ‘And God saw everything that He had made and behold it was very good.’ ‘His mercy endureth forever.’ Our God is love intensified and is always our friend and father. The Orthodox God is love, whose creed is revenge and hate. He gets his Ebenezer up, and burns and blows down temples dedicated to his name, knocks his minister’s eyes out, kills little babies, and has just lately killed many thousand Americans to get rid of one of his own institutions, human slavery.’ Now, my dear Clara, remember Mrs. Eddy did not obtain her copy-right on “Science and Health,” until the year 1875. And as she and this man, as well as many other oldtime Spiritualist writers, stand in such close proximity in teaching it seems to me I have a right to take issue against your paper--and declare that one can be honest without giving her *full* credit for this extraordinary work.” “O, Mrs. Bell,

if, as you say, you have read our text-book, I do not see how you can pronounce this dear, wonderful woman's teaching a counterfeit. But as Mrs. Eddy says:—Criticism on her work are usually based on 'detached sentences or clauses, separated from their context.' You liken her works to this man's, but see how much more genteel and refined she is in manner of expression."

"Well what of that, if she has expressed practically the same ideas? Mr. Wilson said to the Christians:—'Your God is a great big man.' Mrs. Eddy would say:—'You worship an anthropomorphic God.' and she says 'That God is a corporeal being nobody can truly affirm—He is Mind, Spirit, Soul, Truth, Life and Love, and fills all space.' Mr. Wilson says:—'The Spiritualist's God is love intensified—He is our friend and father. Your God is love whose creed is revenge and hate.' Mrs. Eddy says:—'The Jewish tribal Jehovah was a man projected God, liable to wrath, repentance and human changableness. The Christian Science God is universal, eternal, divine Love, which changeth not and sendeth no evil and no sin upon man.' Turning to Mr. Wilson's book again, he mentions among the lessons that Spiritualism teaches—this:—'There is no forgiveness in this life or the after life, every penalty must be paid, there is no escape. Sins thought and committed bind us in chains, until the law of development and progression unfolds and relieves.' Mrs. Eddy says:—'The supposition that sin is pardoned while unforsaken, that happiness can be genuine in the midst of the sin, that the so called death of the body frees from sin, and that God's pardon is aught but the destruction of sin,—these are grave mistakes.' You see, Clara, Spiritualists and Scientists are worshiping the same, loving, just, incorporeal God. Neither of us deify Jesus nor trust in his cleansing

blood, but we accept him as the mediator who voiced truth to that age. You will agree with this Spiritualist writer Mr. Wilson, when he says: 'We hold that there is a spirit inspiration in the Bible; but that it is not plenary inspiration.'"

"Mrs. Bell, I can see and am willing to admit, that there possibly may be a *few* truths, which these two churches hold in common; but not the things most essential. Those belong to Mrs. Eddy, and to her alone. To her and to her alone are we indebted for the revelation of the all-power of God and the powerlessness of Satan. This; 'Evil calls itself something when it is nothing.' is the grand truth that came to her. Hear this quotation from Science and Health: There is no power apart from God. Omnipotence is all-powerful, and to acknowledge any other power is to dishonor God.' So there is one point on which we differ from you and all other churches. You *do* recognize a power apart from God."

"Well Clara, I believe some Spiritualists do, but some do not."

"Then tell me what your platform is? You cannot know where you stand, one believing one way and another some other."

"To tell you exactly where we stand and always will stand, I cannot. It is to be hoped we will walk in the light.' There is no unfolding so long as one stands. Truth never changes; but our conceptions of truth often change. One thing about Spiritualism that appeals to me is this, it refrains from impeding its adherents with fixed beliefs. In this church we have a right to free-thought; the one thing required is to '*grow* in grace and in a knowledge of the truth.' If Robert Ingersoll went astray in all else that he proclaimed, I will agree with this: 'The clergy's pledge of fidelity to the creeds, is in effect an oath: 'So help me

God that I will never mentally advance.' In our church we are pledged to no belief or no text-book. And when you say that we do not attribute all power to God, I answer, many of our people do, and I consider them the most advanced. In the year 1860, Paschal Randolph penned in his book "Dealings with the Dead," this sentence. 'Hell is experience with the unfit, improper and untrue.' Notice the last word 'untrue'. There we have it in a nut shell. Did Jesus have any other definition for the Devil than this: 'He is a liar,' i. e., there is no truth in him. Let me read to you from "Forty Years Intercourse with the Spirit Spheres," by Beals Litchfield, one of Spiritualism's first mediums and lecturers. He relates a debate he held with some well meaning Methodist friends in the year 1872. (Mr. Litchfield accepted Spiritualism in 1852) He says:- 'In trying to convert me from the errors of this doctrine, their fiery missiles (Satan and the battlements of Hell) fell harmless at my feet and were picked up without gloves and handled reasonably and logically, and in accordance with their Bible doctrine until they were cooled, and the brimstone had disappeared. I said 'You believe God to be infinite in power, do you not?' 'Certainly we do.' was their reply. 'Do you believe the Devil has power to thwart the will and designs of God?' 'Certainly not; if the Devil had that power God would not be infinite in power.' I referred to the parable of the wheat and tares and asked them who was the enemy that sowed the tares? They replied: 'The Devil.' I told them 'It was the Devil of ignorance. Ignorance is the only Devil I know anything about, and all evil deeds are the children of the Devil of ignorance.' Did not Mr. Litchfield give to the prince of evils an appropriate name? Ignorance is the root of superstition, distrust, fear and the whole list. Heaven's children are children

of wisdom. Every man must grow out of his ignorance. Only a knowledge of the truth can ever lift us above false claims and illusions. Listen to the words of our pastor, Mr. Austin:—‘Man needs deliverance from ignorance. This is his greatest foe, man’s real devil. The old devil of orthodoxy is fiction, a tale of humanity’s childhood. It is to be reckoned with the story of Blue Beard and Santa Claus, and other fictions. But the devil of ignorance is a real devil to be fought. Ignorance enslaves the mind, begets superstition, makes men cower before kings, and racks the soul with fear.’ Truth, emancipates, inspires, encourages.’ There are many Spiritualists who will agree with Mrs. Eddy more or less even when it comes to her definition of evil. Yes, Clara, I know that when it comes to the allness of good and the nothingness of evil, Christian Scientists never fail to claim that as Mrs. Eddy’s own discovery and are very conservative. Nevertheless it is an *old* truth in Spiritualism, and my assertion can be based on facts and data accessible to all. Never have Spiritualists believed in a personal devil. Rev. S. Weil, pastor of the Spiritualist Church in Bradford, Pa., says in his book “The Religion of the Future,” ‘Evil is not an entity, is not something positive and enduring; but is destined to be utterly expunged.’ That great medium, healer and lecturer, Cora L. V. Richmond, pastor of the “Church of the Soul,” in Chicago, says:—‘Evil did not originate. The necessity of naming the night darkness and the day light is a necessity that is relative and does not pertain to the absolute state. We are perfectly well aware that there is no absolute darkness: Evil is the absence of manifest good; the negative, the night.’ And I might go on quoting almost indefinitely, showing that Spiritualism teaches that Spirit, not matter, is *a priori* reality, that evil is not entity, etc. Yet

Scientists proclaim:-'If we would be honest we must give Mrs. Eddy, *full credit* for all we know.' But, Clara, would still have it that Mrs. Eddy was entirely original, at least in one thing presented, and she met Mrs. Bell with the positive assurance that where this greatest of religious reformers came saying:-'Man is spiritual and not material.' she was presenting a discovery all her own. Mrs. Bell replied, "I can even take you upon your leading factor, namely 'All is Mind and Matter is naught.'" According to this Paschal Randolph, whose book, "Dealings with the Dead," Alexander Brady copyrighted in the year 1861., matter is nothing, *per se* spirit is a *priori* reality, and organism finds its definition in spirit. He declared that every existence was an out-sphering or an out-creation of mind. Spiritualism ever has taught and undoubtedly ever will teach the potent power of mind. It assures us, not that we are bodiless, but that these earthly tenements and the world in which we dwell are tributary to mind, or plainly speaking, thought-bodies. My dictionary defines Spiritualism in part as follows:- 'That belief or doctrine, according to which all that is real is spirit, soul or mind.' Our church declares in effect:- 'There is nothing on earth great but man, and in man, there is nothing great but mind.' In Paschal Randolph's book, written when Spiritualism was in its infancy, and before Christian Science had had its birth, I find this definition of man, It is terse, but I believe true:- 'All there is of man is his thought-power, the *think* is himself.' Let us select quotations from the two authors Paschal Randolph, and Mary Eddy, confining ourselves to the subject of mind over matter. How very similar are their definitions of Heaven. He says, 'I discovered that "up" was a condition of soul and spirit, and that to both time and space do not exist. She says, *fourteen years later*:- 'Heaven is not a local-

ity, but a divine state of mind, in which all the manifestations of mind are harmonious and immortal.' There seems to be no end of the resemblance in their teachings though not exactly alike. He says:- 'What constitutes the ego? What is the man? The answer is, soul is a thing *sui generis* and unique.' She says: 'What is the Ego, whence its origin? The *ego* man is the reflection of the Ego God, the image and likeness of perfect mind, spirit, soul, principle.' He says:- 'Soul, the thinking principle, is larger, deeper, greater than this whole material globe.' She says:- 'Soul is spirit and spirit is greater than body; if spirit, mind, were within the body it would be smaller.' He says:- 'All there is of man is mind, all there is of Deity is the same.' She says:- 'God is mind and God is all, hence all is mind.' He says:- 'Whoever looks for a man must go below and above skin, flesh, muscles and bones to find him.' She says:- 'Man is not matter, made up of brains, blood, bones and other material elements.'

He says:- 'Thou and thy kind are active, self-moving thoughts of one great, eternal Thinker.' She says: 'Man is the compound idea of infinite spirit, the spiritual image and likeness of God, the full representation of mind.' He says:- 'I think that nature is a system of active forces, even radiating from God, as beams from a star.' She says:- 'Man reflects and expresses the divine substance, or mind; but, God, is not *in* His reflection any more than the sun is in the ray of light which goes out from it.' He says:- 'I discovered that thoughts were living things endowed with a being in themselves.' She says:- 'Metaphysics resolves things into thoughts, and exchanges the objects of sense for the ideas of soul.'

He says:- 'The terrestrial world itself, is really spiritual, could mankind but perceive it.' She says:- 'The spirituality of the universe, including man is the

only fact of creation.' He says :- 'Spirit is not matter.' She says :- 'Spirit is not physical.' Clara began to fear that, Mrs. Bell would never cease showing up the likeness in this respect so she thought she would play another card. She now told her friend that it didn't matter much about the rest, Mrs. Eddy had re-discovered the Christ method of healing. But, Mrs. Bell, reminded her that they had discussed this subject quite thoroughly, not many days before. Clara, did not express it in words, but she put Mrs. Bell down as being a very stubborn and unreasonable person and one that would be hard to convert. They had been forgetful of the little child in charge, and now suddenly discovered that she had gone away. So the conversation was brought to an end, and a search in every direction was commenced. Hazel was found and kisses followed. Apparently there are times when evil works for good. If the child had not been lost who knows but that they might have been arguing yet?

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE CONVERSION.

THAT evening, following Mrs. Bell's plain talk with Clara, after Hazel had been cozily tucked in bed and her tongue had ceased its prattle, Clara, as was her custom, went out and seated herself in the hammock, under the trees, there to enjoy the cool air and beauty of the summer eve.

For some reason she did not find it easy longer to oppose Spiritualism and denounce it all as mortal mind error. Could it be she was "almost persuaded?"

In spite of herself these thoughts would come up: There are so many truths we hold in common, and Spiritualism is the forerunner of Christian Science, and Mr. Bell's people are so intelligent and good.

While thus meditating she heard footsteps, and looking up she recognized in the dim light Hazel's papa.

He inquired if he were intruding, and asked permission to sit by her. No objections being made to his company he remained. He placed in her lap "Miscellaneous Writings," by Mrs. Eddy, saying as he did so, "My experience may differ from that of others, but for me these works do not contain the milk of the word, but rather the meat. I dug deep and believe I have discovered much of value. I pronounce her books good, but I find them, in the main, weighty as Greek, filled with wordy-words and disconnected subjects. Even at the Church the truth seemed hidden. There was no sermon, only a read service from the Text-Book. But though it may be difficult to grasp the understanding, nevertheless Christian Science has found its way into thousands of homes; satisfied many a questioning

mind, hungry heart and suffering body. Clara, I ask your pardon for the many unkind things I have said of your church in the past and now would make amends by pronouncing it—the most of it—a pregnant truth, an admirable teaching. Today I see Christian Science as one of the most beautiful and satisfying religions extant.”

Clara had longed for such a confession and now that he really was accepting the Truth, it seemed almost too good to be true. But as he proceeded her hopes fell.

“I never can pronounce myself a Methodist again,” said he. “Now while I like much that is in your religion, Clara, Spiritualism, which is very much the same thing, appeals to me still more, and I confess that if I am not already a Spiritualist the indications are I very soon will be. Please read some of these books and papers I have brought you and see if you cannot find a close resemblance to your teachings.”

Clara accepted the loan, thinking “No one need know I am reading it. I have kept my ears and eyes closed so far, and I am not yet a member of the Mother Church at Boston, and hence under no restrictions.” Mr. Bell continued—“Yes, I find much in Spiritualism to admire, and I am beginning to have great confidence therein. My faith has been strengthened very much during the past week, and I do not believe I shall have much trouble in convincing you that there is something in it.

There has been a wonderful medium in this city, Mrs. Tillie Reynolds, the New York State Missionary. I was advised to go to her for a reading and I did so—A happy day for me—the day I saw Mrs. Reynolds.”

“O, horrors;” thought Clara. “Visiting mediums! What would not this good but deluded man confess to next? Surely he needed protection.”

"Well," he continued, "I did not receive a message from my wife, or from anyone I had ever known in earth life. This woman told me she saw by my side a man, who said he wished, through her, to thank me for my kindness to and interest in his daughter knowing that his dear child would be to me a good and affectionate wife, and that with her my remaining years would be less lonely, he wished to encourage the union. Clara, are you willing?"

"O, what was he saying?" Clara asked herself. He would marry again. She suddenly felt weak and faint. Mr. Bell was about to marry and perhaps her little Hazel, her all, would be taken from her. She thought he must have reference to that beautiful friend of Mrs. Bell's who was spending so many hours there discussing and explaining Spiritualism to the minister.

Surely Spiritualism is the root of all evil! Her companion's voice sounded far away and she could just faintly hear him repeating, "Clara, tell me, are you willing?"

Why was he asking her consent? If he wished to enter again into the bonds of matrimony, of course it was his privilege to do as he liked.

But he had asked if she were willing and politeness called for an answer. Why was her voice so unsteady as she replied, "Yes, but I shall hate to part with baby," and still more falteringly, "and with you."

Then trying to force a tone of interest in her voice: "Who, may I ask, is to be your future wife? Have I ever met her?"

"God bless you, child! Haven't you understood me? Who in this world could I want but you? O, Clara dear, it's your heart and hand I am seeking. I love no one else."

The next she knew she was weeping; whether tears were of joy or sorrow she could not tell, and the

minister held her in fond embrace with her head resting upon his shoulder.

He told her that while she could not fill the vacancy in his heart, could not take the place of dear Alice, yet she would always have her own place in his affections. And he knew that it would not be her desire, even, if such a thing were possible, that he should forget his angel wife. "But," he continued, "why do you still keep silent? Why do you keep me in suspense so long? Can't you return my ardent affection, or love me at least just a little? Will you, can you not promise to become my wife?"

At last she replied: "I think a great deal of you, and let me assure you I appreciate your offer; but please do not repeat it, for Mr. Bell, I do not see how our marriage could be harmonious. You are a Spiritualist and I am a Christian Scientist. No, my dear, kind friend, I fear this union can never be."

"So my admiration for Spiritualism would cause this rejection?" said he. "Clara, I could love and wed you even if you were a heathen. When will the time come that Christians shall cease to manifest this antagonistic spirit? When they shall say as they did in the days of the Apostles: 'We are all one in Christ Jesus.' A few take that stand now, and as we grow in grace we will be like the early disciples: 'Standing fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the gospel.' And, Clara, please don't reject me. I love you. As for religion, you can go your way. I will go mine. I can not accept this excuse. But tell me, have you any other?"

"Mr. Bell, only one. I cannot forget our different stations in life."

"I, too, think of that," said he. "Little girl, while you are rich, I am comparatively poor."

What could Mr. Bell mean by such unreasonable

talk? It must be Spiritualism was turning his head. She had been told that it was an error causing much insanity. But her persevering lover soon made this clear to her.

“Clara, it was your father that conversed with me through that clairvoyant. No, Clara, not that incredulous shake of the head. Let me prove my claim. In ancient times Moses saw an angel in the bush. This was his angel visitant’s message: ‘I have heard their groanings and I have come down to deliver them. God’s laws are immutable, and if comforters ever were sent from above to mortals they can be sent again. Your father, who is not in reality dead, naturally would be watching over you. If the kingdom of God is at hand, as the Scriptures declare, then our deceased friends cannot be far away. Yes, I believe he has been watching and waiting for a chance whereby communication would be made possible and he could make his presence known to his children. Through this medium your long lost brother was located. I was assured that if I would write to a certain address in Detroit there we would find him. I have not been hasty in coming to you with this. I waited. I had sufficient confidence in the communication to investigate. And to-night, sweet Clara, I hold a letter in my pocket actually coming from your lost relative. In this letter he informs me that he has long wished he might find his sister, and that his foster parents advertised through the press to find you. It was answered by a New York lawyer who held in trust property to the amount of several thousand dollars, willed to you by your mother’s father. Your brother has his share and is anxiously looking forward to a meeting with you.”

They then went into the house and together they read the letter.

Overjoyed, the orphan girl kissed her brother's hand writing, saying: "Ever since I came into Christian Science I have tried to realize that there is no separation, nothing lost in God's kingdom, and now I shall soon see my brother."

"Yes, and Clara, I would call this a proof that God does employ more than one agent to voice His truth. No one leader, no one church has a corner on the good, the beautiful and the true. Christian Science might have worked out your problem alone, as to that I cannot say. But I do think that the Scientists hold a wrong belief when they affirm: 'Christian Science and Spiritualism can no more mix than oil and water.'"

The next morning, while the family were alone in the dining room, John Bell proudly announced the engagement, saying: "Our little girl here is no longer to act as Hazel's nurse, she takes the more responsible position, that of the child's second mother."

"O," exclaimed his sister-in-law, "this is so very sudden! But you both have my congratulations."

"That's the woman of it," said her husband. "I had courted Anna for five years, never looking at any other girl, supposing of course, she must know that I was most desperately in love, but when at last I rose above my timidity and mustered courage to propose, her reply was, 'O, Edward, this is so sudden.' But children, your confession is no surprise to me. Anyone with eyes in his head could have seen that you were both in love."

"Anybody'd know you was in love," echoed Polly.

"Well," continued Edward, "I will give my consent under one condition. That you are married at my house and by the Spiritualist minister."

"My consent, my consent," again echoed the saucy Polly.

"Well, I think we can agree to my brother's terms, can't we Clara?"

"When Spiritualism has done so much for a person it would be the height of ingratitude to refuse that much," she replied.

"Good girl!" said a voice from the cage in the corner.

"Polly," said her mistress, "will you please be quiet."

"Can't keep still," the bird responded.

"Yes, you can, too."

"Not only am I perfectly willing to be married by a Spiritualist minister," continued Clara, "I feel now as though I would like to join heart and hand with a Spiritualist minister."

"Hallelujah!" and up to the ceiling went Uncle Ed's teaspoon. "So we're all Spiritualists at last! Well that's the only thing to be and this is just what I have long been looking for."

Hazel, seated upon her uncle's lap, looked inquiringly up into his face and asked. "Is me one too?"

"Well, yes, I guess you are, dear, do you want to be one?"

"Yes, me like to be one."

Polly, just as though she had understood hollowing out the oft spoken name: "Doctor Peebles, Doctor Peebles."

"Polly," commanded her mistress, "did you not hear what I said, be quiet."

"Polly can't keep still, can't keep still."

"That girl has the zeal and shout of a Methodist, if only she had been brought up that way," was the proud and laughing comment of her master. Polly took offence in an instant. Dancing about her cage with feathers straight out, she shrilly shrieked: "Shut up, you old fool."

"Polly you act to me like a Methodist," continued her tormenting master. "Don't you like the Methodists, Polly?"

"No use for Methodists, shut up. Fool. Fool!"

"O, Edward Bell, you ought to be ashamed," said his wife. "Just see what wicked nonsense you have taught that poor, innocent bird."

"Shame on you. Shame on you," repeated the parrot.

They were leaving the breakfast room and she called after them: "Mamma, come back. I'll be good, I'll be good."

But they went away and were soon discussing plans for the future. The world looked very bright before them just then.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## OPPOSITION AS A FLINT.

THERE is an old saying "The course of true love never runs smooth," but this seemed to be an exceptional case.

There was no one who opposed this union and as far as their love affairs were concerned everything went smoothly. Our young friends were quite as ardent in their love making as most others when courting, yet they found a little time left for religion.

The Rev. John Bell soon notified the Conference of his newly accepted views.

He was not granted a kind letter of dismissal, but was straightway accounted a heretic and his name was dropped as unworthy a place on the roll.

Many an uncalled-for austere assertion fell from the ministerial lips, but the denounced clergyman introspected himself as a Methodist and realized that he was only being paid back in his own coin. The truth of this saying came forcibly upon him: "As ye sow so shall ye also reap."

Said he to himself: "I, like the Apostle Paul, am accepting the religion that I once despised. Once I was its unkind, unjust foe; to-day I would proclaim this religion of the angels upon the house tops." However, the attitude of his former brethren touched his keen sensibility and it was well that Clara was there to cheer and comfort him.

Opposition confronted her also. Her church had never bridged the Great Divide, had never given her any tests of the supernatural world and now that she felt a longing to be convinced that communication be-

tween the excarnate and incarnate world of spirits was possible, she found that she must take a firm stand and not allow the "Church of Christ Scientists" to head off investigation. . Previous to this time, she had always been pointed to as one having "a splendid understanding." Now they were looking at her with pitying eyes and saying: "She never had a very clear understanding of Science. If she had understood the truth better, these things would have held no attraction for her."

Well-meaning friends came to labor with her. They begged of her not to give up Mrs. Eddy's teaching, "Truth unmixed with error." They quoted this verse in Ephesians: "Be not tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive."

"Ah, yes," thought she, "the very same Scripture that Orthodoxy quoted to me when I first began to investigate Christian Science, and should the time ever come when a doctrine, under some other name, appeals to me and I turn again to study that which seems to be farther in advance, I'll wager there will be Spiritualists coming forward and trying to head me off with this same Scripture, for history repeats itself."

Her Christian Science friends reminded her that according to Mrs. Eddy's teachings there was but one Spirit, one Soul, even God, hence Spiritualism was in error in teaching there were spirits many. The definitions found in Spiritualism seemed plainer and easier to grasp, namely: "I am a soul with a body. I can not predicate ownership of a soul. The soul is I. Each personal spirit lives, moves and has its being in the universal Spirit. Even as the many sun-beams are nothing but emanations from the sun, so the germ-souls are but parts of the Great Over Soul." When

she repeated this to her Christian Science friends, they shook their heads and replied: "Mrs. Eddy says there is but one Spirit, not spirits many. She tells us that no human pen or tongue taught her the Science contained in our Text Book, and no pen or tongue can ever overthrow it. She is, in truth, the first person who ever interpreted the Scriptures in their true sense, and when she says this, she is not claiming too much."

Clara gently informed them that the beautiful chapter Mrs. Eddy had written on prayer was almost, word for word, like the teaching on that subject in a book copyrighted in the year 1840 "Practical Hints to Universalists." By John G. Adams. One would think the same hand had penned them both. And she also informed them that Mrs. Eddy's writings very closely resembled those of the beloved and honored veteran Spiritualist, Andrew Jackson Davis, who copyrighted books in 1850. She was then in conversation with a room full of Christian Scientists. With united voice they denied the charge, disputed her point blank, yet not one among them had ever read a page of any of the books written by Andrew Jackson Davis.

Clara had not accused Mrs. Eddy of being guilty of plagiarism, only plainly intimated that Mrs. Eddy's teachings, in many respects, closely resembled those of Spiritualism, and in claiming a thing like this she had committed an unpardonable offence. She meekly took her lecture for her ingratitude and injustice toward the discoverer of Christian Science.

When it was over, she left the Christian Science reading room, where she had spent many happy and profitable hours, knowing that she would never again be made to feel at home there, or be recognized as one of them, her eyes filled with tears.

Rev. John Bell was at this time attending the Michigan Conference, and was not expected home for sev-

eral days, but on her return, there he was with open arms to meet her. She was quick to observe the sad and hurt expression on his face and she inquired if they had treated him very badly. "I had expected opposition," said he, "but I was not looking for them to come down quite so heavily upon me. Every man of them believes it to be a Christian duty to crush out Spiritualism. They would do well to heed the Bible: 'Let lying lips be put to silence which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous.'"

"Yes, John, but they have undoubtedly jumped to the erroneous conclusion that among the Spiritualists there is not one righteous, no not one. Few have heeded this wonderful statement given by Gamaliel: 'If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.' Looking the question squarely in the face and answering it candidly, did either of us obey St. Paul's admonition, 'Be kindly affectioned one to another,' so long as we remained steeped in our creeds? Volumes might be written on the subject "Christianity versus Churchianity.' Christian Science claims to possess no creed, but it certainly has quite a summary of fixed articles of faith, and let a differing thought, be it ever so good, try to gain a hearing, and every loyal Scientist feels in duty bound to reject it. The differing thought that I have added is that the continuity of life, after so-called death, may be *proven* to us while here. Aside from this, I am almost as much of a Christian Scientist as I ever was. True, there was a time when I unconsciously deified Mrs. Eddy. I no longer do that, but I have no unkind thoughts of her. In the presence of some of my Christian Science friends, I dared to say that Ella Wheeler Wilcox, (although I did not always agree

with her), was one of the foremost women of America, and that in her life work, her poems and other writings, she was accomplishing much for humankind. I dared to say that I had received periodicals such as 'Weltmer's Magazine,' 'Eleanor Kirk's Idea,' 'The Balance,' and many others. And they felt called upon to tell me that I was ungrateful to Mrs. Eddy, and many other things like that. When I departed even this little way from the beaten path, I believe I had to stand and take as much cautioning and reprimanding as has ever been your lot to take. But can we not say 'Father forgive them for they know not what they do.' Once, we did not fail to attack other peoples' opinions or to assert our own as though they were invincible. How true this saying of Alice Cary's: 'Prejudice is the acid that curdles the cream of human wisdom.' We have left our churches for what seems to us to be a higher thought. We ought to be willing to suffer a little comment or even opposition for a righteous cause. Let us remember the Scriptural assurance 'No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper and every tongue that shall rise against thee thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord.' I have just been reading the 'History of Arctic Heroes,' by J. A. Mudge in which it is written: 'Fifteen years Frobisher went about preaching Cathia as the promised land and the Northwest as the way to it. Men's ears were dull and their shoulders cold toward him; but his zeal did not abate. Opposition is the flint which strikes fire from some men. The sparks of enthusiasm which the smitten Frobisher emitted soon set the nation on fire.' Now the thought comes to me, if this was the case with Frobisher, how much more ought we, who have the promised land, heaven and harmony, in view, whose feet have already touched its borders, without having tasted death, abound in zeal, until we shall have

set the world on fire and burned up its dross and stubble! Others may and do hold different opinions concerning our promised land and the way to it. We will not let opposition turn us away from our heavenly pursuit; but may it act as a flint to strike fire from each and every one of us, not in the way of bitter controversy, but in the practice of truth. Our enthusiasm in this line must sooner or later induce our opponents to try the journey with us. What care we for loud clamor, for objections quite devoid of clear, forceful logic. We can use the prayer of the Psalmist and God will answer: 'Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies; for false witnesses are risen up against me and such as breath out cruelty. Deliver me, O Lord! from the evil men who imagine mischief in their hearts. Continually are they gathered together against me.' Dear John, we do not have to avenge our accusers. Our prayer is already answered if in faith we walk out upon the promises: 'They that hate thee shall be clothed with shame.' 'A wicked messenger falleth into mischief, but for a faithful ambassador is health.' Most of our opponents are but loud clamorers. Let us carefully consider whether or not a man is resorting to untruths and misrepresentation of facts in order that he may carry his point. We can usually detect when a man is trying to make that appear argument which is nothing more than mere passionate, vehement assertion. Religious persecution is not to be compared with that of a century and more ago. To receive the cold shoulder from those we once classed among our dearest friends is not pleasant, but even if they be so inclined, you know they dare not go so far as to burn us at the stake, or torture us at the whipping post. They may succeed in getting us imprisoned, for practicing our healing art or for our 'fortune telling', as it is called. If we are adherents of truth and realize our Divinity,

we may rest secure and press forward under any amount of undeserved censure, knowing that 'right will triumph.'

"We, in a higher sense than Frobisher, have set out to reach the promised land and we need not mind the obstacles. 'Where there's a will there's a way.' Working for the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, we have a mission destructive to sectarian bitterness. It is foolish to be disheartened, but rather let this opposition be the flint which sets us all on fire."

John thanked her for what she had said: "Your words are encouraging and inspiring, my dear, I believe I will continue to sing the hymn: 'They are slaves who dare not be, In the right with two or three.' For you to accept of Spiritualism was a greater struggle than for me, but now, of the two, I am seemingly the wavering one. I seem to find it harder to steadfastly stand against all of this opposition. My plan now is to preach for Spiritualism. I hope also to become a healer, a prophet, and a seer. But, Clara, when it comes to sermonizing, I will act as your mouth piece. I will leave it to your superior wisdom to construct and write all that I am to say. I have always considered Edward's wife uncommonly bright. She's no comparison to you, dear. Uncle Joe would have brought me up to look upon woman as man's inferior, and woman's worth as amounting to but very little. But the prophet Jeremiah, I believe, was right. 'A woman shall compass a man.' Mrs. Reynolds led me to you and I suppose you will lead me all the rest of my days. Sweetheart, I do not know as I can do better than to allow you to point out the way in all things. I am yours eternally. God knew what was best when He made man a helpmate."

Here the conversation drifted away from religion to the small talk usually indulged in by lovers.

This we will omit, for it would not be interesting to our readers, who, it is to be hoped, are from among the class so advanced in years and in wisdom's ways, that they are without a trace of sentimentality but vested with common sense. We have no more desire to write a love story than our readers have to peruse one.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

THERE is no sorrow so great, but that time, in a measure, heals it.

It is now nearly three years since we left John Bell, so hopelessly sad in his Michigan home and now again we find him in this town where so many years of his life have been spent. He is accompanied by his happy, pretty bride, Clara, and his little daughter of three. They had visited Clara's brother on the way. They found him a promising young man of whom they might well be proud. He was studying law in the office of his foster father. The brother and sister so long separated, were attached to each other from the first moment, and so much of their time and attention was given to each other that the bride-groom said he felt inclined to be jealous. We are happy to say that there was no religious clash here, for the brother leaned somewhat toward Spiritualism. He was very much interested in what is called Divine Science or The New Thought. I do not claim that this is Spiritualism, exactly, but this I do aver, there is about as much difference between them as between grandmother's "posy-beds" and our "flower-beds," raised from the same seed.

There is much in a name. When our friends reached the old home they found there a surprise in store. John's cousin, William Stafford, like the prodigal son, had returned.

The town could not point to a better or more industrious citizen than he. And on inquiry they learned that he was leading an upright life, not for a few weeks only, as a result of the latest revival meeting, for it will be remembered he was always inclined to be spasmodically religious, but, much to the surprise of every one who knew him, his good character now seemed to be established. There was a mutual attachment between the cousins never felt before. William told John what had made this transformation in a life once given up wholly to selfishness and dissipation: "In a spirit of levity I consulted a medium; but she was an honest medium, and while in her presence I became convinced of 'the communion of saints.' I left her in tears, determined to find out more about this religion called Spiritualism, and I am now a firm believer. All that I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother. I cannot now do wrong knowing that it will grieve the dear ones over there."

And to this, John fervently said, "Amen."

The first to welcome them at home was the pastor of the Spiritualist Church, who seemed to have entirely forgotten that two or three years ago this same Rev. John Bell had preached a most radical sermon on the subject of Spiritualism, and written the same style of denunciations for their town paper. The young man received from his entertainer an earnest invitation to fill the pulpit on the following Sunday night. You may know that his former acquaintances held up their hands in holy horror when it was noised about that he had changed his principles and was taking this stand. Some deemed it a duty, they owed to themselves, to hold him at arms' length and to avoid meeting him. So they hugged their garments about them and crossed over to the other side of the street. Cold disdain was marked on nearly every face. But in the heart of the good

John Bell charity dominated over all other feeling. When the night came on which he was to speak a few of the Orthodox, prompted by curiosity, decided to attend this despised church and hear what he might have to say.

Each took care that none of the church people should see them enter. They really felt as much ashamed of themselves as though they were about to enter some down town saloon.

The service opened with the old familiar hymn, "Nearer, My God to Thee." Then this earnest invocation, which we have all read in the "Banner of Light" was offered.

"O Spirit of Infinite Tenderness, whose pulsating heart beats ever outward until the farthest corners of the earth feel the influence of Thy care, we turn to Thee this hour. So often in the midst of distress and trouble we yearn to lean our aching hearts on the heart of Infinite Love; so often in the midst of the tumult of life we yearn to rest in the quiet and peace of Love. And we come again to Thee and ask that all hearts that ache, all souls that yearn may find that same peace, that same answer to their yearnings which has been our own. The blessed assurance of life after death, the overflowing joy that comes bounding up through our consciousness when we realize that those we love can never die, we would pass along to those who suffer and mourn and walk in the darkness and the distress of misunderstanding. We are Thine to be used as channels of expression. So shall the world be made brighter and happier for our effort. Amen."

This was followed by the singing of "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

The pastor then offered a few introductory remarks in which he welcomed the strangers within their gates.

"Rev. John Bell, the speaker of the evening, needs

no formal introduction, being well known to nearly all present. Do not imagine, my dear Christian friends, that Brother Bell is not still a worker in God's vineyard, though some of his religious opinions have changed.

“He willingly stands with outstretched hand  
To relieve his weary brothers,  
And the store he has, be it ever so small,  
It's his joy to share with others.”

“Though Brother Bell may be said to have branched out into another path since we knew him as one of our respected townsmen, still let us remember, no matter to what church we belong, we are all heavenward bound. To all those differing in opinions I am sure he would say, in the words of Abraham when he parted from Lot, ‘Let there be no strife I pray thee between thee and me, between thy herdsmen and my herdsmen, for we are brethren.’”

As our John came forward to address the people, his manly face beamed with a happiness not born of this world. Whether the sermon was written by his wife, or came to him through spirit inspiration, we are not prepared to say.

He chose for the Scripture lesson the twelfth chapter of 1st Corinthians, and his text we find in St. Matthew: “Ye shall know them by their fruits.”

“It had been many years since the close of the Civil War. There was a reunion of soldiers. They were few and scattering and bent with age, but all came together that possibly could. These G. A. R. boys love to meet. It was Decoration Day and I had been invited to address them. What a shaking of hands! What astonishment they feel as they see how time with its toil, anxiety and sorrow, has altered them.

They meet as strangers not knowing one another at first. Then the look of recognition lights up their faces. Each seems amazed to see the wrinkles, and the old look which the other face bears. Poor old comrades!

"At first they appear to feel sad to think how greatly they have changed since they marched side by side in the buoyancy of youth. But they soon get over this as they laugh and chat and go over both funny and thrilling reminiscences of war. The dinner hour comes and they all assemble in a long hall where they are to dine together. Another veteran, with snowy locks and bent shoulders enters. They bid him welcome with a bow, but gave no hearty hand shake of recognition. With trembling voice the old man said:

"Boys, don't you know me?"

"No one gave an answer."

"He left the hall with tears in his eyes. 'Who could it be?' they said one to another. Presently, the old man returns leaning upon the arm of a young man—his son. With one united voice they shouted: 'O, we do know you! You were our captain.' How did they know him? They knew him because the father was reproduced in the son.

"This story illustrates the great truth our Master expressed: 'He who hath seen the Son hath seen the Father also.' 'God is Spirit.' To many this conveys but a vague idea of what the eternal Father really is. Not the body of Jesus, but the Christed life of that man, was the Father reproduced. And among his recorded sayings we have this: 'Ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.'

"Those who were with Jesus during his ministry were undoubtedly highly favored yet they found it as difficult to believe in the miracles of the carpenter

Jesus as you do to-day to believe in the seemingly miraculous manifestations of spirit power around you. In ten thousand ways to-day the ever-living spirit of All Good is manifesting the divine power, wisdom and truth yet our eyes are largely holden that we see it not or, if we see it, in part, we doubt.

“One thing I wish to call attention to and it is this: The very close and striking resemblance between true primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism. Read over the account St. Paul gives of the Nine Spiritual Gifts (1 Cor. xii ch) which lay at the foundation of all that was called miraculous in early Christianity—and then study the authentic and carefully recorded instances of similar spirit power to-day in Spiritualism, and see if these ‘gifts’ (we prefer the term endowments) are not in the world to-day and exercised even in greater power, and on a wider scale, than ever before.

“When a child of 11 years of age, like Cora Scott (Now Mrs. Cora Richmond) gives discourses worthy the profoundest philosopher, has she not the ‘word of wisdom?’ Hundreds of similar cases are recorded in Spiritualism’s short history. When uneducated men are caught by the power of an entrancing spirit and discourse to us about the spirit realms and the material universe in truths not learned in the schools, or gained by experience, are not these present-day proofs of the ‘word of knowledge?’ When the psychic relates facts of your life hidden in the secret chambers of your heart, is not this a demonstration of the same power?

“Similarly we might go through the category and show how the endowment of ‘faith,’ ‘healing,’ ‘miracles,’ ‘prophecy,’ ‘discernment of spirits,’ ‘divers kinds of tongues,’ ‘interpretation of tongues,’ are all in the world, exemplified in our very midst and with great variety and power of expression to-day. Oh, my

friends, open your blind eyes, unstop your deaf ears, use your benumbed intellects, and consider the marvelous manifestations of spirit power about you.

“Remember that Spiritualism is not so much a religion as the fruitful Mother of all religions, the great fountain whence religious light, life and inspiration have been imparted to men. And the Bible and true Christianity are no exceptions. Spiritualism did not spring from the Bible—the Bible grew out of Spiritualism in its ancient manifestations. That the Bible is a Spiritualist text book is capable of easy demonstration—the angels and spirits appearing in ancient times with warnings, counsel, comfort, help and messages for men, being in truth our departed brothers, ministering unto those who shall be heirs of salvation.

“Listen to the claims of Spiritualism as set forth by B. F. Austin, pastor of the Plymouth Church, Rochester :

“The challenge of Spiritualism has gone forth and is especially directed to three classes—to thinkers, to doubters and to religionists.

“It claims to be a demonstration of the soul’s survival of the shock of death, a proof of the essential spirituality of man’s nature, a vindication of man’s inherent greatness and divinity, a duplication of the miracles of early Christianity and the miracles of other religions, a system of ethics of a loftier standard than orthodoxy can present and with stronger motives to good conduct, a religion offering the nectar of divine consolation to men through its wireless telegraphy between the mortal and the spirit spheres, and a religion furnishing the loftiest and purest inspiration and help in the unfolding of man’s own soul powers.”

Can you afford, as a truth-seeker, to be ignorant of the truth or falsity of these claims?

To show you how replete the Bible is with phe-

nomena similar to that of Spiritualism I desire to call attention to a little tract entitled "The Spiritual Phenomena of the Bible" by Dr. Austin and classifying the various manifestations as follows:

*Materialization*—Gen. III, 8; XVIII, 1; XXXII, 24; Exodus XXIV, 10-11; Ezek, II, 9; Dan. V, 5; Luke XXIV, 15, 16, 29, 30, 31; John XX, 19-30.

*Spirit Writing*—IIChron. XXI, 12-15; Dan. V, 5.

*Independent Spirit Writing*—Exodus XXIV, 12; XXXII, 16; XXXIV, 1; Deut. V, 24.

*Trumpet Speaking*—Ex. XIX, 13, 16, 19; XX, 18; Rev. I, 10.

*Trance*—Gen. XV, 12-17; Dan. VIII, 18; X, 9; Acts IX, 3-9; XXXII, 17; II Cor. XII, 2.

*Healing (Old Testament)*—Num. XXI, 8-9; II Kings, V, 1-14; I Kings, XVII, 17-24; II kings, IV, 18-37.

*Healing (New Testament)*—Matt. VIII, 5-13; XII, 10-13; Luke XIV, 2-4; Mark III, 2-5; Luke V, 17-25; John IV, 47-54; Luke IX, 11.

*Disciples Commanded to Heal*—Acts XIV, 8-10; Acts III, 1-8.

*Gifts of Healing*—I Cor. XII, 9-28.

*Healing by Magnetized Articles*—II Kings IV, 29; Acts XIX, 11, 12.

*Independent Spirit Voices*—Deut. IX, 12, 13; Ezek. I, 28; Matt. XVII, 5; John XII, 28, 29, 30; Acts VII, 30, 31; IX, 4, 7; XI, 7, 8, 9.

*Spirit Levitation*—I Kings XVIII, 12; II Kings II, 16; Ezek. III, 12, 13, 14; VIII, 3; Acts VIII, 39, 40; possibly Matt. IV, 1.

*Spirit Tests*—Gen. XXIV, 14-19; Exod. IV, 14-31; Judges VI, 36, 40; I Sam. I, 10, 11, 17, 26, 27; I Sam. X, 2, 6, 9, 10.

*Spirit Communication in Dreams*—Job XXXIII, 15; Joel II, 28; Gen. XXVIII, 12; XXX, 24; XXXVII,

5; XLI chapter; Judges VII, 13; I Kings III, 5; Dan. II, 4; Matt. I, 20; II, 13; XXVII, 19.

“Now no doubt every one present feels that he would not only like to see these miracles performed, but he would like to perform them. For his encouragement I will say, what we call occult and supernatural is really natural. So-called miracles occur to-day even as they did in Bible times. It is written ‘God will not cast off nor forsake his people.’ \* \* \* ‘That which hath been is now and that which is to be hath already been.’

“When we see matter passing through matter, spirit photos appearing upon canvas, with no object before the camera, slate-written messages coming where no visible hand has touched the pencil, the sick man lifted from his couch of pain perfectly healed, and like phenomena, we call it a miracle and the man through whom such manifestations are given we pronounce an adept. But there is really nothing new or miraculous about it.

“God through the angel world is still man’s benefactor, his preserver and his safety when in imminent danger. I will recite a poem that to me is very beautiful and full of meaning. I am unable to give the author’s name.

#### MIRACLES.

“Bind your Isaac to the altar,  
 Bind him there with many a cord;  
 O, my brother, do not falter.  
 Can’t you fully trust your Lord?  
 He it is who watches o’er you,  
 Though your path may oft be dim,  
 He will bring new life to Isaac  
 Leave the miracle to Him.

Note that scene on plains of Dura,  
See the Hebrew martyr band  
Firmly standing for Jehovah,  
Trusting in His hidden hand.  
He is mighty to deliver  
From the power of death so grim;  
Fiery furnace cannot harm thee,  
Leave the miracle to Him.

Bring to Christ your loaves and fishes  
Though they be both few and small  
He will use the weakest vessels,  
Give to Him your little all.  
Do you ask how many thousands  
Can be fed with food so slim?  
Listen to the Master's blessing,  
Leave the miracle to Him.

Christian workers looking forward  
To the ripened harvest field,  
Does the task seem great before you,  
Think you scant will be the yield?  
Bravely enter with your Master  
Though the prospect may seem dim,  
Preach the word with holy fervor  
Leave the miracle to Him.

O, ye Christians, learn the lesson,  
Are you struggling all the way?  
Cease your trying, change to trusting,  
Then you'll triumph every day.  
Whatso'er he bids you do it,  
Fill the water pots to brim,  
And remember 'tis His battle,  
Leave the miracle to Him."

A few convincing "tests" were given by Mrs. Bell, the congregation sang the doxology, the benediction was pronounced and they separated to their places of abode.

Some of the strangers to Spiritualism went away, wondering greatly at the things they had seen and heard through the medium. They went away almost persuaded and pronounced his a most excellent sermon. There were others who left the service pronouncing it both ridiculous and unchristian from beginning to end. Even among the Spiritualists themselves there were a few who did not quite agree with the speaker, but there were more who were satisfied with the subject he had chosen and the liberal way in which it had been handled.

Regardless of what the world thinks and says of him our young minister continues to preach the religion of the angels, and his wife is working with him, delivering messages of comfort and cheer to those who mourn, and healing those who are sick with no less success than when she read the works of Mary Baker G. Eddy only. The study of the books penned by S. A. Weltmer, Melinda Cramer and others does not seem to have hurt her or her work in the least. She is still a Christian, we mean by that word, she lives, not for self, but for the good of mankind.

How true these words of Olive Rich in the magazine called "New Thought." "If we spent as much time studying points of similarity as we do in studying differences we would shortly discover that we could all stand on the same platform even if we don't wear the same kind of shoes."

If we are shod with the gospel of Jesus the Christ, let it be labeled "New Thought," "Christian Science," "Methodism" or what it will, God's platform is big enough to hold us all. No sect should claim monopoly

nor attempt to crowd another off. Let him who believes he is shod with the gospel keep his shoes so clean and bright that through the law of attraction others will be led to don the same kind. If we claim Jesus was a Spiritualist, let our lives attest our sincerity by walking in his footsteps.

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace and salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth.”

“So many ways, so many creeds,  
So many paths that wind and wind,  
While all the art this sad world needs  
Is just the art of being kind.”

THE END.



# CONCORDANCE

1874

## FRUITAGE.

AND there appeared unto Jesus an angel from Heaven, strengthening him. St. Luke 22:43. The religion of the future will be one that practices the Christ method of healing. "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." With the advent of Spiritualism, earth received the second coming of the royal beauties of the old gospel.

It has ever been the mission of true Spiritualism to bring "Peace on earth and good will to men." to "Preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bound." It certainly did this for Phineas Eames whose testimony of healing found in the "Truths of Spiritualism," by E. V. Willson, we here copy in part, For three years following his wonderful healing he remained well and performed manual labor on the farm of the brother-in-law to whom his letter is addressed. E. V. Willson describes his brother's transition as follows: "On June 7th, 1873, the anniversary of his fifty-fifth birthday, Phineas Eames was gently born into spirit-life, entering upon his journey over the river without a struggle or a groan and while we were singing a favorite piece of his:

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move, Bound for the land of bright spirits above."

"The angel friends who stood around him joined in with us, and we heard their voices of praise distinctly, and while singing, the last breath here was drawn, his spirit was born into the higher life beyond the river.

"Was this death? Call it not death! but life continued. We obtained the services of Sister Julia Severance of Milwaukee, to speak words of cheer to the liv-

ing. Many kind friends came together on this occasion, listening for the first time to a Spiritualist burial service.

“Wreaths of white flowers were lovingly laid upon the casket, by his children and our family as we tenderly lowered it to its last resting place all realizing fully that he was not in the casket; but standing with us, our spirit brother, and henceforth would become the angel guardian of his children assisting us in their culture and development into womanhood.”

Shortly after Phineas Eames, had lost his home, his wife and two children, a boy of seven and baby girl, in the Michigan forest fire of the fall of 1871, and he with his two daughters, aged twelve and fourteen, had reached Mr. Willson's home he dictated the letter to this brother, here given in its essential parts:

Lombard, Ill., Nov., 1871.

Dear Brother: Here I am at home with the remnant of my family the two oldest girls, in answer to your kind letter asking us to come. God and the angels be with you to reward you and yours.

In less than one hour after the fire came upon us, my wife and two children were dead by my side. Can you imagine my feelings, brother, as, with my girls now motherless, myself still burning we lay there?

God grant that you may never pass through such a night.

Soon the wind decreased in violence, and the force of the tempest of fire and wind had passed on; we could hear its terrible roar and we were in its awful trail. We now began to fully realize our condition. All of us cold and nearly naked. I fearfully burned, from the top of my head down to the soles of my feet, suffering the most intense pain.

I felt that I could not endure and live; my face one

mass of burns ; my body burned deep in many places ; my hands, legs, and feet fairly roasted. I had on two pairs of pants, they were tucked inside my boots, leaving the leather, burned to a crisp, on my roasted feet. Can you realize what I passed through and suffered, suffering ten thousand deaths, and could not die as I had desired to with my wife and babies ?

I then called on the little group, six of us in all, and said to them : "Here is all that is left of our two families, so far as we know. We know not where your husband and the other children are ; my wife, baby and son are dead. Now, in this hour of sorrow, let us all, with one accord and united voices, pray earnestly to Almighty God, our Father, as we never did before, that we may have grace and strength to endure this terrible affliction and that in this fearful pain I am now suffering I may be sustained and strengthened."

And as our voices mingled, ascending in prayer, all at once I felt surrounded with a host of angelic beings ; they were on my right and on my left, before me and behind me ; I felt their presence so clearly, that I thought, if I moved either way, I should touch them. And we prayed on without ceasing, until in a moment, I felt my pain had left me entirely, and from that moment I have never felt the least pain from my burns ; and all who were with me, and have nursed me for the last thirty days, can testify to my condition.

And I call upon my God to witness that this is the truth, and that I am this day a living demonstration of His power to heal through ministering spirits. Although, brother, you know I have never professed to be a Spiritualist, neither have I been a member of the church for years.

I recognized none of these angel visitants. It mattered little to me who they were. When they came my pain left me, and more they lifted from me the great

weight of sorrow. They bid me look up not down, on those lifeless forms; they are not there in those charred and marred bodies; they have passed on, are now resting in the Summerland above, and will be with you soon; they suffered not as you think, but in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, they were born into immortal life. Turn now to the living; there is your duty. Mourn not for those who have passed on; you are to live and go from here. From that prayer I rose up free from pain, and strengthened to endure my loss. We remained there until near daylight. Then we turned from our dead in silence and from the ashes of our home, we started for Menominee, seven miles away. Fire had passed over the ground, leaving its traces all around, the State road was almost impassable. Every house was burned between ours and the town but one, and this was five miles away; we reached it about seven o'clock in the evening. All that day I was led by my girls, and our neighbors, over and under trees, groping in darkness. My face was so swollen and blistered that I could not see only as I opened my eyes by force. We were all hungry, thirsty and nearly naked. It was very cold. Glad were we when we reached Judge Ingalls' farm. We found an old Frenchman in charge who welcomed us and supplied our pressing needs. Just then Dr. Sherman met us, having come down as quickly as possible after getting word from my neighbor, who had gone in ahead. The doctor, seeing how tired I was, thought best to have me rest until morning. Then I was carried on a bed, in a wagon, to Menominee, two miles, and found friends, who kindly welcomed me and dressed my wounds. I remained with them for thirty days, until able to accept your invitation to come to the home of my wife's sister where I and my motherless girls were welcomed—God bless you—my brother! I have told

you I reached Menominee, Tuesday morning, October 10, and while there was cared for by Dr. Sherman, who, after cutting off the rags, remnants of my clothes, proceeded to dress my burns, roasted feet and hands, and swollen eyes. I cannot tell you how bad I was. To any who may doubt my word, let them write to Dr. Sherman as to my condition, and then they will realize fully what the Lord has done for me through His angels. Drs. Shepard and Dodge took charge of me after the first few days. I was tenderly cared for and nursed with brotherly and sisterly love. Many will testify that when I reached Menominee, my condition was such that none thought I could live; and all who came in contact with me, will testify to the truth of my statements that they have heard no complaints or groans, or flinching when my burns were being dressed.

On Tuesday night, the 10th, while lying at the Taylor House, I saw my wife in a vision; others came with her; and it was said to me, from these spirits—I could not distinguish whose voice—“You will live and go to Illinois.” I awoke and felt refreshed, and have ever since been surrounded by unseen friends helping me all the time. I could not at the time comprehend how I was to go to Illinois in my present condition. Then came Mary’s letter; and at the end of thirty days the promise of these heavenly visitors was fulfilled.

When I left, kind friends procured me a pass to Chicago; accompanied by your friends that met us, we went to the Mayor, who kindly greeted us, then countersigned our passes and bid me God-speed.

All the way conductors and passengers seemingly vied with each other to help us on our way. It was only necessary for me to mention the Peshtigo and Menominee fires, and point to my burns, for they were my witnesses. On my way, I met many who knew

you, and to mention your name to them was to win, at once, their sympathy and help. And now, here I am in your home, all there is left of my once happy family, being tenderly cared for—and after five weeks I find myself quite helpless, but I can see, thank God. My hands and feet are slowly improving; I am gaining strength and can move about the house—I feel confident that I will regain the use of my hands in time; the nails are all coming off, but new ones will come in their place; I trust to retain all my fingers, and the use of them; I suffer no pain. I thank God for allowing me to testify that I have been healed of pain through the minstering of angel friends; and I here desire to add my testimony to thousands of other witnesses, that I know our loved ones do return to us, and that men and women are prompted by these. our spirit friends, and theirs also, to help their brothers and sisters in the earth life.

And now, dear brother, this is the way I have been led to your home, and am made welcome by your family, as well as by many angel friends; I can feel their presence here, but cannot always see them. I have felt them working over my crippled hands and feet, and believe they will restore to me the use of them in good time.

Brother, I am a living demonstration of spirit power, through the laws of God, who came to my help in the hour of trouble and relieved me of all my pain. I am now a Spiritualist: What else could I be, after seeing, hearing and feeling their presence, and witnessing their power to remove pain and restore one back to life who was so near the grave as I was? And you are at liberty to make use of these facts as it seems good to you. All I have stated can be proved, by writing to any of the parties mentioned above, or to the Relief Committee, at Menominee, Mich., they

will all remember me, as the only one so badly burned, that lived. God and angels be with you—and bless you in your work—in the cause of spiritual freedom.

I hope soon to see you. Accept love and heartfelt thanks from myself and children.

PHINEAS EAMES.

From the "Truths of Spiritualism."

#### HEALING IN THE YEAR 1868.

Wm. P. Parker, of Yates City, Ill., says: "About twelve years ago, my wife, Julia, was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism of a malignant type, and for twelve weeks was entirely helpless, being under the care of Dr. Gregory of Farmington, Ill., he had given her up, and publicly stated that she could not get well. On a certain day, the Rev. Mr. McGee, a Methodist, carrying on a revival meeting in Livola Center, Ill., called at my home, saw my wife, examined her (he having studied medicine), and said: 'She will not live beyond this o'clock this P. M. for mortification has already taken place, and she is now dying,' and he in public made statement to that effect. This examination by the Rev. McGee, was made on Monday morning at ten o'clock."

My wife said: "If spirits can come back and assist those who suffer, I would be pleased if they could, or would come and help me." At this time her limbs were very much swollen, and, of herself, she could not move them, and when moved by others suffered terribly. She had but finished the words, when she was seized by some invisible power, and without the help of others, exercised for the space of thirty minutes, when to our great surprise, the swollen condition disappeared, her limbs became natural and limber, and all pain was gone. Soon after this phenomenon,

Dr. Gregory called. We told him what had taken place. He was very much surprised—examined his patient very carefully, asked us many questions, but left no medicine, simply saying, when he left: “You will request the phenomenon to occur again tomorrow, at the same time it did today.”

On the next day, a little before the time for the phenomenon to repeat itself, Dr. G. came, and the same thing occurred again in his presence. The Doctor was not fully satisfied of the cause, but very much surprised at the results. When we had seen the phenomenon for the third time my wife was cured, and that, too, without any medicine being given. Dr. G. wrote an account of the whole transaction, making a clear statement of the case, and sent it to the medical faculty, at Chicago, with whom it remained for some time, and then was returned to him with this reply: “It is beyond our knowledge and we have no precedent to which we can refer you.”

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NOTE.—How strange it is that so wonderful a phenomenon should take place, and known to the medical faculty, and not have publicity. Are not the blind leading the blind leading the blind? And yet the case of Mrs. Wm. Parker is as well established as the fact that U. S. Grant is president of the United States, and, no doubt, by and by, when another such case occurs, and it is placed in the hands of the medical faculty, they will shake their heads very wisely and return it to the sender, saying: “We have no precedent, hence it is not worthy of our notice.” But how different it would have been had this occurred to the wife of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob or Solomon. We are, as Christians, willing to believe the story of Samson and his foxes; of Elisha and his ax-pole; of Jonah and his great fish; but doubt this phenomenon at our door, and with any number of witnesses living who saw it and are willing to testify thereto.

E. V. WILSON.

## HEALING IN 1869.

From the "Truth of Spiritualism."

In Council Bluffs, Iowa, dwells Dr. ——— and his lady, old residents of the place. The doctor is an Atheist; his wife a Catholic. They are considered rich, They have five children, four with them, one in the Summerland.

Some four years ago Jesse, their first born son, now thirteen years old, had an attack of fever which ended in hip disease, contracting the cords of the leg, drawing the foot up to the back of the thigh, causing the thigh to shrink and wither and the leg to be useless, and obliging him to walk with crutches for over three years. Last winter and spring the hip became very troublesome and painful, pus in considerable quantities forming along the bone from the thigh joint nearly to the knee, and in such quantities that by placing the fingers on the thigh, pressing hard, and moving the hand down to the knee, the pus would accumulate before the finger as it approached the end of the sack, when the pressure would become so great that the pus would force itself back and gurgle as it flowed back to its place. Early last summer, the doctor called a counsel of physicians. Their conclusions were:

*First.* Amputation.

*Second.* Make an incision, opening the flesh from joint to joint, extract the sack and pus, clean the bone, and heal by slow process.

*Third.* To absorb the pus by scientific applications, sever the cords at the knee joint, straighten the leg by force, leaving the boy to pass through life with a stiff knee—"and I accepted the third proposition," said the father, "and offered ten thousand dollars to anyone who could cure my son, and make his leg whole and perfect as the other."

This much the father of Jesse told me. Said the mother:

“With a sad and sorrowful heart I took Jesse up to his bed on the evening of the day this council took place, trembling with fear in view of the trial my boy was soon to pass through. While undressing him and preparing for bed, I felt a strange influence come over me. My hand was strangely moved out and toward the thigh of my boy, and the voice of my father, who was in his day a good physician, but who has been many years in the Spirit World, said to me, ‘Daughter, heal your son Jesse,’ and then my hand went out to the thigh of my boy, making several passes over it; after which I was told to take the boy out of bed and stand him up against the wall. I obeyed; and then I noticed that the leg was straight. I stepped a little back from him, and bade him come to me. He did so. The next morning he came down stairs without his crutches. The leg was well, full and sound; the gurgling pus gone, the stiffened cords limber and straight. My boy is healed—is sound and well.”

“Come hither Jesse,” I requested. And the lad came to us in the perfect use of his limbs. The crooked leg is straight; the withered and shrunken thigh is full, round and plump as the well one. There he stood before me, the personification of health. We examined the boy carefully; we saw him walk, run, work, play. There was no halt or limp, no complaint, and no effects of the old disease left. There is no difference in the size, shape, form or appearance of the legs.

We turned to the doctor, and said: “Are these statements of yourself and wife true, and may we use them?”

“Yes.”

“What say you Madam?”

“Yes.”

"Doctor," we asked, "Did you or the physicians in council have any thing to do with the case?"

"No, sir."

"Who cured this son of yours, Doctor?"

"My wife, sir, not I."

"What say you to the Spiritual part in this case?"

"I have only this to say. I did not see the spirit. My wife says she sees, hears and feels, at times, what you call spirits. I know the child was a helpless invalid, when he went to bed with his mother, I know he came down healed, sound and well. You see him as I see him. I did not heal him, nor did any living physician have any thing to do with his case. My wife healed him."

"Madam, did you heal this boy in and of yourself?"

"No, sir, my father, now a spirit, through me, healed this my son."

"Have you ever seen or felt the influence of your father on any other occasion than this?"

"Yes, several times. Once he came to me and told me to take my sister out of the Convent, and I did so, and I attribute, through God, the healing of my son to the Spirit World, and myself as the vital or living agent used by them."

"Are there other cases in which you have felt this power, and healed the sick?"

"Yes, I was in Missouri this summer, after the healing of my son, and there was in the family with whom I was visiting, a child who had falling fits, and had had them for several years. While there, this child had one of these terrible fits. I felt this wonderful power with me; took the child in my lap, passing my hand over its head and face, and from that time to this, the child has had no return of the fits. So writes one of his parents."

"What do your priests say to these things?"

“They say it is the work of the Devil, and that he does these things to deceive me and cause the loss of my soul.”

“Do you believe them or the spirits—which?”

“I believe the spirits and shall continue to believe them.” And in my soul I rejoiced and thanked God that I am free and not a Christian, and that I had lived to see these things.

We are prepared to prove the statements in this communication.

E. V. WILSON, “The Seer.”

From the “Truths of Spiritualism.”

#### CURED OF A TUMOR.

We clip the following testimonial from the Magazine in which it was printed:—

Dear Magazine of Mysteries:

When I first began to read your paper, and the Hindu Book of Astrology, one year ago I was sick in bed with what my doctor called a tumorous growth. He said I must go to a hospital and have it cut out if I ever expected to get well, and that I would have to act quickly, for the more the fibres grew the more dangerous the operation would be. Not feeling inclined to go to the hospital, I resolved to try the Mystic Success Club, for which I now thank God. I am nearly well without the use of the knife. God, through the Holy Mystics, is healing me. Since I went through the Four Degrees of the Mystic Scroll I can truly say that my health is much better and that my financial condition is much improved.

SAMANTHA PALMER, Woodlawn, Ore.

## A REMARKABLE CURE BY SPIRITS.

I know of one lady who does not call herself a Spiritualist, giving spirits the credit of restoring her sight. She was nearly blind when she heard of a healer who told her to sit at a certain time holding a glass of pure water in her hands. This may look incredible to others as it did to her son who made light of her faith. She asked him to taste the water, and he was astonished to find it was as bitter as gall.

Now, what changed the water? If something had been put into it, she would have known it, as she only handled the glass.

Spirits certainly restored her sight. Her son has told me of the wonderful cure.

MRS. C. W. HAY.

## HEALING THROUGH SPIRIT POWER.

The following, taken from a recent number of "Le Messenger," is interesting. It was clipped from the Paris daily "Le Soir," on the 26th of January last (1905):

"Mr. Boucard, an examining magistrate of Paris, today examined an old tailor of Cardinal Lemoine St., Pradier, who was arrested upon complaint of a syndicate of doctors, for the illegal practice of medicine.

"Here is the explanation Mr. Pradier gave: 'You cannot reproach me with having practised medicine. I have never written a prescription, I have never told a remedy. Then no one can say I have swindled my patients; I have never asked a cent from them, and, when once healed, I have refused when they have insisted upon my taking a present.

"I have treated them by calling upon the spirits and by placing my hands upon the spot where the pain was. The mission of curing my friends was given me by

God. When I was forty, I was about to die from cancer of the stomach. The doctors had given me up. The spirits saved my life. From this I learned that within me lay a mysterious force. This force I have given to the service of my friends and I can rejoice, not without reason, for I know of no more remarkable cures than those I have made.'

"In support of this statement, Mr. Pradier sent the magistrate a bundle of documents attesting the cures he had made.

"As the magistrate showed an intention to have Mr. Pradier examined mentally, his counsel demanded that this duty should be given to a professor of the school of Nancy (where hypnotism has been so long studied and used)." —Translated by Mime Inness.

"Banner of Light."

#### REMARKABLE CURE.

The many friends of Miss Abbie Fadden will be pleased to know that she has fully recovered her health and strength. Five years ago this month, Miss Fadden was taken ill with typhoid fever, and after an illness of ten weeks found that she was unable to walk without the aid of crutches. In October, 1900, she was taken to the "Mary Fletcher Hospital" in Burlington, where she remained some two weeks. Again in February, 1901, she was taken to the hospital, this time remaining four months but received very little benefit from her treatment there, as she was obliged to resort to the use of her crutches upon her return. Some time since her attention was called to Dr. James W. Withell, a magnetic specialist of Montreal, who was stopping with Dr. E. A. Smith. Miss Fadden was prevailed upon to try Dr. Withell's treatment, and at the end of five treatments she was able to throw away her crutches.

She has since been gaining rapidly until at the present time she considers herself entirely cured.

From "Reason" Magazine.

### THE GOD-ORDAINED PHYSICIAN.

(We clip the following interesting communication from the "*Sunflower*.")

"Now there are diversities of Gifts, but the same Spirit. \* \* \* And there are diversities of workings, but the same God, who worketh all things in all. But to each one is given the manifestation of the Spirit to profit withal. For to one is given through the Spirit the word of wisdom; and to another the word of knowledge, according to the same Spirit; to another faith, in the same Spirit; and to another gifts of healing, in the same Spirit. \* \* \* But all these worketh the one and the same Spirit, dividing to each one severally even as he will."—(New Test. R. V.)

It is evident from these words that Paul was familiar with quite a number of phases of mediumship and that he regarded the marked endowments of men for service to their kind, as the special gifts or manifestations in them of the One Omnipresent Spirit in all, over all, and through all, even "God who worketh all things in all."

Among the "gifts" or "workings" of the Spirit specified is "Healing," thus implying that the healing of the sick, or the cure of disease, is a divine ordinance, and universal in its scope; and that the means of cure are spiritual in character and origin, God working in and through the human spirit, or the human spirit working in and through God to this end.

Jesus, the Great Physician, announced this as the divine means and method of healing as He went about

doing good, teaching the laws of health, "healing all manner of diseases," and even raising the so-called dead to life. He directed his followers to "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to the whole creation, saying: "And these signs shall follow them that believe: in My name shall they cast out demons; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall in no wise hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. \* \* \* And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word by the signs that followed."—Mark, R. V.

This Christ-established method of healing "all manner of disease," casting out the demons of lust, intemperance and every "unclean spirit," and attaining that perfection of health which stands secure above the power of any contagion, and the most deadly poisons, was successfully carried out in the primitive church, and has been also to a great degree by a faithful few who, in all the centuries from that day to this, have been true to the teachings of the Spirit. Time and again I have been assured by Roman Catholic clergymen that the power of healing by prayer was thoroughly understood in the church, but that it was only on very rare occasions it was used, and even through the mediumship of the officiating clergyman. What they attributed to the religion was simply the Spirit working through an organism that could be used for the purpose of healing. In Boston a number of Protestant clergymen have taken up the subject and according to newspaper reports they are meeting with considerable success; so it looks as if Mrs. Eddy and her "Science" will not be permitted to enjoy a monopoly of healing the body by manipulating the soul.

Spiritualists have in their ranks more successful

healers than can be found in any of the other religions, due in great measure to the thorough rapport they establish with the spirit world. Among those gifted with the power of curing all manner of diseases I will only mention a few, among them being the late Doctor J. R. Newton, who even now is aiding humanity through the instrumentality of his good wife. Doctor W. C. Crockett of Boston and Abby Cutter of Onset, who did so much to cure and relieve the sufferings of her fellow creatures during her sojourn on earth, and like Doctor Newton is at the present time continuing her good work with the aid of mediumistic healers on the plane of mortal existence.

It must not be inferred that the world of today is without healing mediums as gifted as any of those who have gone before, and if proof of this statement is demanded I can point to Mme. Susse, of 161 West 80th Street, New York City, who has effected as many cures and under as difficult conditions as did any of her more famous predecessors. Mme. Susse is a most devoted Spiritualist and is in almost continuous communion with the heavenly hosts. Among her controls are Doctors Newton, Rush, Hanneman and Abby Cutter. I need hardly inform you that it is only in the last extremity spirit doctors are called in and then as a last resource, regular practitioners having abandoned the case as hopeless. Well, even under those adverse circumstances, Mme. Susse has performed wonderful cures and one that came under my immediate notice is worth recording. A certain lady, a dear friend of mine, was about to undergo an operation which would entail a great deal of suffering and possibly be attended by fatal results. Being a Spiritualist she consulted her disembodied friends as to what she should do and they unhesitatingly instructed her to submit her case to Mme. Susse, who would relieve her from all pain and

danger and that without the aid of drugs or scalpel. This she did and now she is a perfectly healthy woman whose cure was brought about entirely by spirit power under the auspices of Mme. Susse's guides.

Flesh and sense, when subordinated to the Spirit within, become amenable to the developed soul of a medium such as is Mme. Susse, and already her fame as a healer is spreading rapidly throughout the country, and justly so; for in addition to the curative qualities of her mediumship she is a lady of refinement and worth and stands for all that is best, purest and most advanced in genuine spiritual science.

MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS.

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