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Hudson Little Emma Good Little

SUBSCRIBERS' EDITION

A GOLDEN SHEAF



BY

HUDSON AND EMMA ROOD TUTTLE

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FOREWORD.

In the first years of our united lives we published "Blossoms of Our Spring," thinking when the autumn came we would have another volume fitting the closing years of fruitage.

A half century has gone by since those halcyon days and the declining sun is casting lengthening shadows.

We have prepared the volume and send it with our greetings, to the friends who have assured us of its welcome.

The horizon of our lives has constantly broadened, and a wide segment now reaches into the purple clouds and gray mists of infinitude, which lift more and more, revealing the reaches of awakened activity beyond the sunset.

Yet do we feel the consciousness of incompleted tasks, and no desire from weariness, to rest from doing, or surcease from striving to brighten the light of our own torches and kindle the flame of others.

Berlin Heights, Ohio, October 11, 1907.

Hudson Tuttle

Emma Wood Tuttle

Number 1382

a.m.s., Nov. 3, 1930.

(1) ^{next} The same day in the evening after noon

On ~~the~~ ^{the} day after we have

2 to Channing the thought it must have been

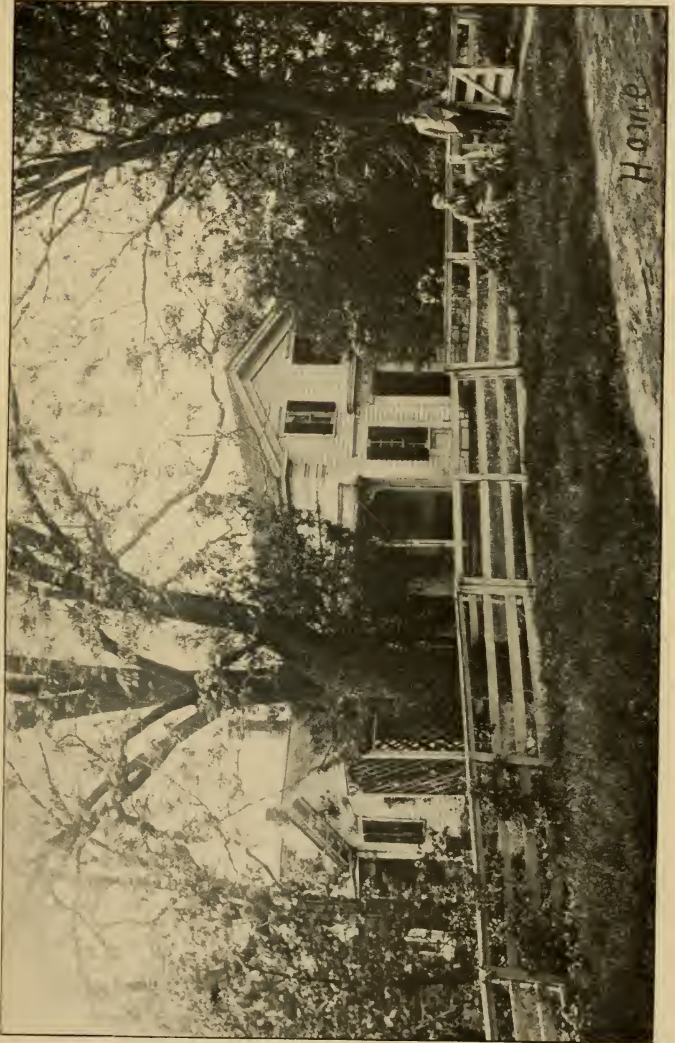
3 The gods are dead! Their eyes

are never more to return, but

4 Light the shadows are falling
That the world is one sleeping

5 I will sing this Christmas Morning
^{sleep-~~body~~ sleep}

Handwriting of various MSS.



Home



ROSE.



CLAIR.



CARL.

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A GOLDEN SHEAF

OURSELVES

A journey of fifty years! How interminable it seems looking ahead, how short looking pastward! It would have been wearisome, objectless, selfish and disappointing, had it been taken alone. With companionship, support, sympathy and mutual trust, its cares are lightened, the weary days shortened, the flinty paths softened with the flowers of loving kindness. Now we have reached the western slope of the Great Divide, and in quiet I ask my companion: Had you known, that lovely morning we first met, all that fate had stored for our united lives, all the dark hours of pain, choking grief, disappointment, exacting tasks, would you have answered yes?

I know you would affirm as unreservedly as would I, for, after all, the days of sunshine have been many and the dark days exceptional. They have come into our lives, not by our own seeking, but by the force of circumstances, and we have mastered them, nor have they made the waters of life bitter, or broken its current. In the main they have been such as come to the lot of all, and we, standing together, have been stronger to meet and dare, than we could have been alone.

We thought our home, with the precious three children, ideal, and their going out into the world was hard to bear. Yet we could not always have them in the nest. The fledgling bird must fly, for the air is its element and it can be happy only when exercising its freedom. Nor could we hold our eldest with earthly ties, and must solace our aching hearts with the reflection that she gained a purer sphere by her emancipation from mortal life.

They are all ours still, two on earth, one in heaven, and

the heavenly one is nearer and visits us oftener; is the most intimately ours, though our mortal senses fail to reveal her shadowy form.

The kindest manifestation of overbrooding love is the thick and impenetrable veil that shuts the future from us. Our strength is not wasted in vain fear of the inevitable, and when we meet tomorrow's message, we can bravely respond. Day by day it comes, and for the requirements made on us we have strength.

All our children were born in the old farm homestead. Here they were reared. They have left souvenirs in the trees and shrubbery planted; the arbors they built, and pictures they sketched on the walls. The great elm was planted by our boy, Carl, when five years old. It was a tiny seedling with only three leaves when he brought it from the woodland. The tree with crimson foliage, our eldest daughter planted and like everything she touched, responded with vigorous growth. The wauhoo which all winter enlivens with its red fruitage, Clair, our youngest, brought from the woods when in leaf and made it live and grow by constant attention. The tall, ambitious lombardy which flaunts its aspiring coronal, like a gigantic plume, was set by Madge, our grand-daughter, as she said, "to keep my memory green."

And well do I remember, it is more than sixty years ago, my mother planted a walnut by the gate, saying that she wanted a shade tree there. Father gloomily said no one would live to see her tree cast a shadow. Now it spreads out its great limbs and the first frost covers the ground with its fruitage. The long row of beautiful maples, which flame in the autumn days, well do I remember when my father transplanted them, and I with childish strength held them up while he sighted them into line.

Under the cedars is the grave of Trouper, our beloved St. Bernard, most human of all animals, most devoted and sympathetic.

The rooms of the house which for half a century have been gathering bric-a-brac, books, pictures, and nameless gifts of friends, vibrate with influences which awaken a thousand memories—pleasing memories—with shadows here and there.

Of the earliest guest that memory recalls (of my parents) was Prof. O. S. Fowler, then in the floodtide of his efforts to bring phrenology before the world, and make it a factor

of education. He had utilized the theoretical teachings of Dr. Gall, and his lectures captivated a public which was just awakening from the lethargy of religious domination and craving to be led to new fields. Phrenology did not prove itself a "science," nor establish the great claims he made for it, but he carried with it a tide of common sense in hygiene, self-culture, social relations, and liberal thought, and represented the most advanced ideas of the time—and far ahead of the time. Phrenology has passed, but the liberal ideas, religious, social and domestic, have displaced the old, and few there are who give this early pioneer the credit he deserves.

Mr. Datus Kelly, half owner of Kelly's Island, one of the largest of the islands in the western portion of Lake Erie, was a constant visitor, attending seances. He gave us invaluable assistance in many ways.

Seldon J. Finney, an ardent disciple of Andrew Jackson Davis, and an inspirational speaker of the first order, gave us many an hour of sunshine. He was iconoclastic, but the torrent of his eloquence carried his audience away from their prejudices.

Henry C. Wright, who was altruistic before that word came to its present signification, argued in the parlor that a kiss should be given for a blow.

Mr. Everett, who with unbounded faith in the new cause, began the publication of the *Spiritual Universe*, in Cleveland, came for spiritual instruction.

William White, one of the original founders of the *Banner of Light*, sat here and discussed with angelic sweetness, always saying the best of friend or foe, and passing their failings by. That was the policy which controlled the management of the journal while he was connected with it. He had perfect trust in spirit guidance and was so pure and spiritual that he was safe in so doing.

M. Schlarbaum, engaging Dr. Ashenbrenner to translate the *Arcana of Nature*, which had been recently published by the *Banner of Light* Publishing house, made a journey from New York to bring a copy of the translation and congratulate over his success in bringing the book to the attention of German students.

Hon. A. E. Giles, after acquiring position and wealth by practice in the courts in Boston, retired to Hyde Park, and devoted himself to the study of psychic phenomena. A graduate of Harvard, sensitive to a most remarkable

degree, continued a student to his latest hour. One evening coming in from a long drive we found him at home in the parlor. It was a most pleasant surprise, for he was, we rejoice to say, one of our dearest friends, with his constant sympathy and alert helpfulness.

Rev. J. O. Barrett, uncle of Harrison D. Barrett, president of the N. S. A., came overflowing with enthusiasm and ready for any work which would enlighten the world.

Dr. J. M. Peables was a frequent visitor, as he flitted to and fro filling his lecture engagements. After his first journey around the world he sat in the armed chair and talked of his adventures in foreign lands. The Turkish fez which adorns the top of the easel he brought from Constantinople, and the chain of beads wrought from sacred olive wood from the banks of the Jordan.

Ada Ballou, who has made a name on the Pacific Coast, by her self-devotion, for a too brief time was a cheery guest.

Hon. O. P. Kellog, one of the earliest trance speakers in Northern Ohio, enlivened by his quaint wit and keen repartee. In later years he removed to Wyoming and was elected representative by unanimous voice of men and women, as can be happily said of that state. Here also discoursed the Sage of Summerland, J. S. Loveland, and the stalwart R. P. Wilson dominating and bearing down opposition by resistless force.

Frank L. Wadsworth was an early visitor, when he was young in the lecture field, before he found his place at the Chicago bar.

Cephas B. Lynn came often when he was a favorite on the platform, before he attached himself to the liberal wing of the church.

Prof. S. P. Leland was another welcome guest, when he first came before the public as a lecturer on geology and astronomy, and won enviable distinction.

There is a beautiful branch of coral on the mantle white as marble and fragile as frost crystals. It was brought from Samoa by W. H. Terry, editor of the *Harbinger of Light*, Australia, when he came to the World's Exposition at Chicago. He returned from the fair with us and remained for two weeks as had been arranged. Of him it may be truly said his is the Spiritualism which spiritualizes. His pure and noble mind is clear and certain in its reception and expression of inspired thoughts. Out in the



Scene on the Farm

See

lane, leading to the pasture, is a granite boulder where I met him while he was taking his "constitutional"—morning walk. We sat there and talked of pleasing things and let the world go by. I pass it almost every day and never without a thought of my dear friend on the other side of the world, beneath the Southern Cross.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown made us frequent calls. She attempted to do, what others under far more favorable circumstances have failed to do, maintain a paper for the children of liberalists and spiritualists. She was a pleasing speaker and helpful friend.

That photograph on the wall is of E. W. Wallis, the English lecturer, psychic, author, and on the editorial staff of *Light*. He came from Cleveland where he was engaged for the anniversary, to bid us goodby before his return to England.

The Bible of the Ages is on the center table, left by Giles B. Stebbins, who labored by the side of Garrison and Wendell Phillips in anti-slavery times, and when the cause was won across smoking battlefields, he turned his attention to liberal thought, and reforms in general. He was able, scholarly, of profound erudition, and a delightful conversationalist. The fastidiousness of his speech may be learned by a remark of his wife, who apologized for him on his return from a western tour. She said: "Giles has fallen into the use of slang. He said 'lots'."

Her engagement by our Lyceum, brought Emma Hardinge, who had promised for a long time to pass a week with us. An immense audience greeted her and was enthralled by her magnificent eloquence. It also brought Mr. and Mrs. Whelock, then missionaries for the Ohio State Association which was more vigorous than any similar organization which has since existed.

The inkstand into which our pens have dipped for the past twenty-five years, was a gift from Col. John C. Bundy and Mrs. Bundy on our Silver Wedding. Many times he came to us for a day of rest, while editing the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* and to consult on the best policy to make it successful.

There is a volume of ballads on the shelf of the library set apart for choice books. It is by James G. Clark, who gave helpful aid in preparation of the music for the Lyceum Guide. He was a true poet and unequalled ballad singer.

How many pleasant hours we have enjoyed with Thomas Lees, who for twenty-five years managed the Cleveland Progressive Lyceum, and was the active force of the connected society. Once he came with Mr. Clegg Wright, a psychic wonder, and able teacher. And again with Mr. and Mrs. Clifford who were engaged in publishing *The Lyceum*, which in every way deserved success.

The Hon. A. B. French, who partially retired from the lecture field on account of his health to the control of an extensive nursery at Clyde, O., was always a welcome visitor.

Pleasant are the recollections of the enthusiastic Geo. E. Weiss, translator into German of *The Philosophy of Spirit* and *The Arcana of Spiritualism*. Most admirably did he perform this task.

Dr. and Mrs. Cyriax, he enthusiastic, she devoted and guiding, the influence they imparted comes as a refreshing memory.

There are sheets of music left by Anna Herbert, her exquisite songs, which have sung their way to countless hearts, "When the Mists Have Cleared Away" and "Stand by the Guards."

That photograph is of J. R. Francis. When he came we sat down for a review of the whole field of the present, the past and prophetically the future. Countless attempts to make a journal expressive of the advanced thoughts of the time have been made and ended in humiliating failures. He alone has brought the *Progressive Thinker* to success as a power for shaping thought and its dissemination. He has been more than a friend.

We have not space to mention the names of those less known to the public but retained fresh in memory. And there are photographs and gifts from those we have never had the pleasure of meeting face to face, who yet in spirit are here, and our spheres touch and blend.

And there are recollections not as pleasing, of tramps sent on missions, self-hypnotized, or by some obsessing power. They were the driftwood on the great current.

Three distinct classes of visitors come and are welcomed: Mortal guests, letters and the friends who part the veiling shadows of death.

When we sit in the silent rooms, these influences come and bring visions of other days; the coming of this or that friend; the prattle of our children on the floor; their sharp

questioning and bids for play. And again the gates swing wide revealing forms of light and beauty on the other side of the veil drawn before the mortal senses.

My father traced his lineage to John Tuthill, who came from England in 1640 to Orient, Long Island; my mother was of the widely dispersed Leland family of New England. They came soon after their marriage to Berlin, Ohio, and began the task of carving a home out of the wilderness. As I have heard the story of their lives, their sufferings from deprivations, malaria, and the hardships of a new country, were almost to the limit of endurance. The companionable, vivacious disposition of my mother; her exceedingly sensitive temperament, made her a victim of incurable homesickness. The pioneers were kind and generous, for this part of Ohio—the Western Reserve—was settled by New England people, and the hardships of pioneer life knit them together; but they were not to her like the old friends she had left in the East. She had the gift of magnetic healing, unrecognized at that time. Her presence in the sick room brought relief and hope to the sufferers in the distant homes to which she went to cheer and heal. Seeing the necessity, in the want of medical skill, she acquired knowledge of the properties of the drugs then in use and of the treatment of the prevalent diseases, and many a fever tortured sufferer in lonely cabin was relieved by her attention, which was given without the expectation of other reward than the blessedness of giving.

A clearing was made in the forest, that the immense oaks and walnuts might not fall on the log cabin built in the open space by the assistance of the neighbors. It was there I first opened my eyes on the scenes of this beautiful world, October 4, 1836.

The country rapidly improved, yet at my earliest recollections, the forest was no more than broken here and there by a stump-covered field. The school house was two miles away; a log house, and when it rained, the children had to gather under such places as protected from the drip of the water. The teachers would not pass an examination now. Their main qualification was ability to "govern" the overgrown and rebellious pupils, whose ages ranged from five to twenty-five years, and were always ready to spring a surprise on the teacher. There were many rough boys, whom I detested and feared, and my few school days were not happy ones.

In this school house every summer, a Sunday school was held under the auspices of the Methodists. People came from considerable distance, so that quite a large society was formed. I attended as truantly as I did the school and when it was announced that the society would hold a picnic on the lake shore, the coming Fourth of July, and that each teacher would take his or her class in a wagon, carriages were not then common, excitement prevailed. It was further stated that the member who had recited the largest number of verses from the Bible from the commencement of the school to that day, would have the honor of riding in the front wagon and carrying the flag. I sighed for the honor, which seemed hopeless, for the verses I had recited at the few meetings I had attended would make a poor showing with those who had attended every session. There was one Sunday remaining, and I made the most of the intervening week in study of the lesson. An uncle was teacher of the class to which I belonged, and when my turn came to recite, called on me. I began with the lesson and continued until the time had expired. "How much more can you repeat?" he asked. "I do not know how many chapters," I replied. "Well, you have already twice as many verses as any one else in the school, and there is no need of your going on."

As discussions on dogmatic theology had been my spiritual diet, and some way the Unitarians to which my people belonged were second in popular favor to the Trinitarians, who were true blue orthodox, the carrying of that flag at the head of the procession, filled my soul with joy, so much so, that through all the clouds of years and things forgotten, it is as clear as though of yesterday.

And this brings me to notice of influences which bent the current of my life. Circuit preachers came to the school-house at appointed times. There was no church building or place for meeting. There were Methodist and Christian (Unitarian) circuit riders, and the Christian made his stopping place at my father's. He came on horseback, green leggings strapped around his legs, and leather saddle-bags thrown behind his saddle. After an early supper all walked the two miles to the school-house, carrying tallow candles for lights. The sermon was always "doctrinal," the Christian showing the absurdity of the three-in-one God and trinitarianism in general, and when the Methodist rider came he of course took up the gauntlet.

We all went to hear what he had to say. The preacher's words were quoted as the quintessence of wisdom and eloquence, yet their knowledge was confined to the Bible, and their discourses were pitiable verbiage. As I had been trained to look up to the ministers with reverent awe, their pointed language and antagonism produced a strange revulsion.

When we came from meeting doctrines were discussed. They were the subject when we reached home. They were brought to the breakfast table and the preacher when he mounted his horse to leave gave a parting shot. The sermon was talked over until the next meeting, and the Bible ransacked for texts for and against. My whole child-life was darkened, oppressed and filled with gloom by that blasting theology. Dependent for social life on those who thought of little else, and that it was a sin to have laughter in the heart, there was gloom and doubt over the whole world. As my mind strengthened, these doubts grew and at twelve I did not believe and detested the whole cruel and senseless scheme. I could see no reason for accepting the doctrines of one sect more than the other, and as they were antagonistic they were mutually destructive. I was more infidel than Paine, for I doubted everything.

My father was wrapped and overwhelmed by the doctrines he had been taught to be vital for salvation. Until I was sixteen years old, I never saw him smile. He was constantly brooding over the fate of sinners and the fear that he and his friends would be among the lost. Then he came to a knowledge of the Spiritual philosophy, and was one of the happiest, always smiling for the great joy in his heart. I recollect once the circuit preacher reproved him. Father thought the devil constantly tempted him. "Brother Tuttle," said the preacher, "I do think you lay too heavy a load on the devil!"

A destitute woman called at the gate asking for a gift of corn for her family in need. There was a scarcity of corn that year and she asked for only a bushel. Father filled the box of the one-horse wagon full and heaped. "Why did you give her so much?" asked mother. Father triumphantly replied, "The devil kept telling me, 'enough, enough,' and I piled on till he stopped."

With all these discouragements, I was possessed with an intense desire for knowledge, for its own sake; because it was a delight to know. I thirsted for it as a famishing

traveler on desert waste. Yet there appeared no possible way of my gratification. It came in a strange and unexpected manner. In the introduction to *The Arcana of Spiritualism* I have given the psychic experience which led up to that state wherein invisible teachers came to my aid. The knowledge they could impart was only limited by my capability to receive. This inspiration I received as a means of culture, not as a mere instrument. The teachers said that this was wise—I must assist myself.

My first volume was *Life in Two Spheres, or Scenes in the Summerland*. There was, to me, no possibility of its publication, yet the writers assured me that it would be brought out. Mr. Datus Kelly, who was a constant caller, desired me to read portions of it to him. When I had finished, he said, "You will publish the book?"

"The authors say that it will be, but I do not know how it will be possible, for I have not the means nor influential friends."

"I will publish it myself," he sententiously replied. It was among the earliest books on the subject and had a satisfactory sale. It was republished in England.

I then began the *Arcana of Nature*, and when I had, as I supposed, finished it, I found that it had been written for my own instruction, and not for the public, and the writers desired the manuscript destroyed, promising to rewrite the book. Again I began the task, I confess with a feeling of discouragement, yet was I cheered by the certainty and precision with which the work proceeded. When finished it was pronounced correct and Mr. Kelly, who had read the MS, as it proceeded, again came to the rescue and placed the work in the hands of the *Banner of Light Publishing House*.

It was soon translated into German, and received with favor. Its recognition was greatly due to the praise of Dr. Büchner, leader of the materialistic school. He had overlooked the translator's appendix in which the manner of the writing of the work was clearly stated, and somehow became possessed with the idea that the author was professor in a college in Cleveland. He used its contents freely in the composition of his renowned book on *Matter and Force (Kraft und Stoff)*. He selected passages for mottoes to head his chapters, quoted largely and embodied paragraphs without giving credit.

He was engaged by the Turnverein to give one hundred lectures in the principal cities of this country.

Dr. Cyriax, an ardent and aggressive Spiritualist, was secretary of the Cleveland Turnverein, and to him was assigned the care of the lecturer. The Doctor had been exiled because of his activity in the revolution of '48, and like most agitators was at the time materialistic. He had become a Spiritualist by means of his own mediumship, and in after years returned to the Fatherland, and published a delightful spiritual journal until he passed over the border.

When Dr. Büchner found that he was to visit Cleveland, he wrote Dr. Cyriax, saying that he had learned that I resided there, and that he wanted to meet and become acquainted with one who had given him so much assistance.

Dr. Cyriax invited me to a banquet given in honor of the lecturer and the exiles of '48, and perhaps twenty-five responded.

After the introduction, Dr. Cyriax said in substance: "My dear doctor, you have spoken in highest praise of the 'Arcana of Nature,' you have said it was far in advance of the profoundest scientist of the day; you have quoted it largely and followed its lead. Now, do you know who wrote it?"

"I suppose this young gentleman, though I confess disappointment in his years, and I had taken him for a professor in your college."

"No," replied Dr. Cyriax, "he did not write it. He was a boy at the time, uneducated, working hard on a farm, and when weary from labor, at night, the power I call spirits, and you scoff at, came and wrote it through him. He had no library, no books even, nor access to any."

"With a great 'ha! ha' Büchner said that was 'too good a joke!'"

"Oh, no" said Mr. Teime, editor of the German paper, "it is every word true, and you must tell us how it is." Teime was a man of remarkable character, a materialist because circumstances held him there, but kindly to Spiritualism.

Dr. Büchner made no attempt at explanation, for he evidently preferred to think it a joke, but, during the dinner he turned to me and said: "If spirits do all this, what is spirit?"

I replied: "You claim matter is the foundation of everything and has within itself all possibilities, hence you should first tell us what matter is, then will I define spirit."

As no one can define matter, as its ultimate component atoms exist by hypothesis, utterly unrecognized and unrecognizable by any of the senses, the listeners at once appreciated the dilemma of the Doctor and a broad German laugh followed by which he was greatly disconcerted. At the close of the banquet, he came behind my chair, and began a phrenological examination. He claimed to be an adept in the school of phrenology. He closed by curtly saying, "It is all here, right in his head, and there is no occasion for calling in the spirits."

I began to feel the assurance of strength: The Spiritual side of my double life gained ascendancy, and there was no longer doubt and uncertainty. Although I was constantly engaged in exacting labor and business, I wrote during my spare hours, which are usually given to social recreation and repose. The second volume of the *Arcana* was my next volume, under the title of *The Philosophy of Spirit and the Spirit World*. Then followed *Origin and Antiquity of Man*, giving the latest results of Science. Two volumes followed, *Career of the God-Idea*, and *Career of the Christ-Idea*. Only a few copies were saved from the fire which destroyed the printing house with the books and plates. After more than thirty years these volumes, revised and enlarged, have been recently published under the title of *Evolution of the God, and Christ-Ideas*. *Career of Religious Ideas* and *Ethics of Spiritualism* were at first issued separately, and now in one volume entitled *Religion of Man and Ethics of Science*, makes one of the premium books offered by the *Progressive Thinker*. The *Arcana of Spiritualism*, unfortunately, was scarcely through the press when the half-finished volumes and the plates were destroyed by fire. It was re-published in England, and in 1904 the generous subscription of friends desiring copies enabled me to bring out a revised and almost re-written edition. *Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science, and Mediumship, and Its Laws*, completes this series, which together form a presentation of the *New Science of Spirit*.

In the meantime by different authors many tracts and stories were written. Among the stories may be mentioned *Helloise: Was It Religion or Love?* *The People Who*

Are Damned; The Secrets of the Convent; Heresy, or Led to the Light; and The Log-Book of the Lucy Ann. Among the tracts, Revivals, Their Cause and Cure; The Tiger-Claws of Theological Despotism, Spiritualism of the Bible; What is Spiritualism?

The contributions to the liberal and spiritual press far exceeds in number of pages all of these books.

Mine has been the task of an Amanuensis, writing that which has been given to me. I claim no honor except honestly and faithfully attempting to perform my part of the task. The field of inquiry is as vast as space and time, and often there are no words to describe the Spiritual realities and relations which hitherto have not been unfolded to mortal understanding.

I have written in hours of pleasure and of pain; when life was a joy and when it was a weariness; but I have ever been cheered and sustained by the consciousness of the presence of the inspiring writers.

Regarding the biography of Mrs. Tuttle, we cannot do better than copy a sketch written some years ago by that accomplished literary woman, Mrs. Hester M. Poole, long connected with the Religio-Philosophical Journal, and contributor to many reform periodicals of the time. She is a personal friend, and unsolicited, obtained data from which she wrote the following pen picture, to which will be added the record of subsequent years.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

The life of Emma Rood Tuttle is an excellent example of the laws of heredity and environment. Her maternal grandparents were sterling New Englanders of mobile French and solid Welsh stock, who were founders of a sensitive and impressible, yet hardy race. They removed to Braceville, Trumbull County, Ohio, early in the century, soon after their marriage, when such a journey was more formidable than circumnavigating the globe is at the present day. Here on the very farm where a happy childhood was spent, her mother was married, and here Emma

was born. Here, also, she, a happy child, grew up to beautiful, healthy and rounded womanhood.

The recollection of those early days are a "joy forever" to one reared as she was, in the noble, simple and affectionate atmosphere of home. Just across the street lived her grandparents, who made another home for the warm-hearted girl. Here the child nourished that love of nature which sings through all her poems.

Happy the organization nourished amid such wholesome influences!

The grandmother, tall, precise, intellectual, but loving; the grandfather, hearty, impulsive and cheery,—from both as well as from parents, were derived staunch and noble traits of character. The grandfather was a singer of songs, many of which were his own composition, and none who ever heard his magnetic voice can forget that music which was born in his very soul and which greatly aided to develop the love of it in Emma. He first inspired her with a taste for lyric poetry, and taught her to sing and play. She says: "No prima donna ever felt better satisfied with herself than did I, when grandfather had taught me to sing and play, 'The Frog Who Would a Courting Go,' standing between his knees." Her mother was also a natural musician.

Her earliest religious recollections are of going to church at Newton Falls, three miles distant, with these same grandparents. The church was built in a grove through which ran a bright river, with banks green to the water's edge, and here the earliest blue-bells and anemones of spring peeped up to smile at her who smiled back her love into their faces. They taught her lessons of natural poesy, which welled and throbbled in her gentle bosom. She can remember not a word or thought of the lesson taught inside the building, but in hours of weariness, memory flies back to those quiet hours spent between sermons, on that bright river brink.

Her first impressions of religion were linked with nature's peace and beauty. This lesson has deepened with years, until God and His workers are indeed one, and worshiped together with far holier zeal than by those who cry for the crucifixion of all earthly pleasures, and regard with contempt all mundane loveliness.

Her father was a naturally progressive man. He welcomed with faith in the light of reason the "Divine Reve-

lations" of the young Poughkeepsie seer, and was ready to listen to the first rappings at Rochester, which were reveille to the dawning of a new day. The daughter remembers his talking about the "knockings" with enthusiastic interest, though to her they were full of ghostly interest. Shortly after she was sent to her first boarding school, at Twinsburg, Ohio. While there she heard a lecture on "spirit rappings," in which Professor White declared them to be the work of the toe joints of mediums, but her dearly loved father only laughed at this explanation. At this period Mr. and Mrs. Rood were members of the Methodist church, in which the mother was renowned for zeal and good works. Mr. Rood, from his progressive tendencies, became naturally a patron of the first lectures and circles held in the interests of Spiritualism. Fearing for the welfare of his soul, the devoted wife made a compact that if he would continue attending church with her half the time, she would go with him to lectures and circles the remaining half. But the household soon again became united. The sensitive, impressional woman, always open to the truth, after going with her husband a half dozen times, not only became a convert to his belief, but an excellent medium, and a happier soul never dwelt in mortal garb. Her pure, unselfish and devotional nature attracted the communion of similar spirits, and as long as she remained on earth, these were her closest and dearest companions.

While these changes were occurring at home, Emma was at the Western Reserve Seminary, where, on account of her studious habits and early piety, she was considered a most promising pupil. But alas the new belief had crept into her father's family, and of course the maiden's soul must be jeopardized. Consequently not only the church, but the school faculty, began their labors for her welfare. But with all her gentle traits, Emma had inherited moral courage in a rare degree. Disgusted by their assertion that only a low class of people accepted the new light, and keenly feeling the insult offered her revered parents, she shortly after withdrew with them from the church. Its members seemed to regard her as a lamb gone astray from the fold, and after the first shock was over treated her kindly. But the lamb never returned. She found sweeter pastures and clearer waters in the new and broader fields. The school girl, now a matron, says; "I see a

great change in that church. Last season, the same old building, elegantly refitted, was opened for my husband and myself to give an evening entertainment. He lectured and I assisted with dramatic readings, and dear old friends filled every seat from gallery to desk. During the evening I sang one of my inspirational songs, which was received with great applause. Twenty years ago they would have feared it, imagining a ghost behind every bar of music."

Out of theological thralldom her soul swiftly expanded. At that time she received valuable assistance from a French lady, Madam Angelique Martin, the mother of the celebrated artist, Lily Martin Spenser. Madam Martin resided in Braceville, and was known as an infidel, and a believer in "the rights of woman," both terms of abhorrence. Emma had always desired to enter the delightful home of this brave woman, but hitherto the atmosphere had been considered dangerous by Mrs. Rood. Now, however, the character of Mrs. Martin was estimated at its true value, and Emma began taking lessons in French, painting, and sketching from Nature, but she learned much more than these. With contagious enthusiasm, her teacher whirled the young girl over all the radical issues of the day, and the latter looks back with gratitude to the impressions then made in those long hours of converse, as well as for an insight into the laws of art, which has been a growing joy all her life. By its means through pencil and brush, she has been able to gladden friends and make home attractive.

Those were days of great mental activity. At the age of seventeen she began writing for the press; among other things she contributed a series of articles for the *Universe*, published at Cleveland, Ohio, and also her first poems: for, all her life this imaginative, vivid soul had sung songs and dreamed dreams, and Nature was welling, pure and clear, with rhythmical impulse in her brain; some of these productions were afterward included in "Blossoms of Our Spring," jointly with those of Mr. Tuttle.

Meanwhile she was called from school where her studies would soon have terminated, by the illness of her mother, who shortly after passed from this life, gently and beautifully as daylight fades away. It shows how steadfast and reliable was this eldest daughter, for the mother confided the care of the three younger children entirely to her, and

one was but an infant. During several weeks Mrs. Rood seemed to dwell in the next sphere more than this; she saw beautiful landscapes in the Summerland; she was daily visited by friends who had ascended there and discoursed with joy of the change awaiting her. Fully realizing that she was not to enter the grave, that the next life was real home where the dear one dwelt; only the separation from her family, a brief separation, gave her grief. Anxious to spare them from shock, she gently prepared them for the inevitable parting, telling of the bright home prepared for her, and assuring all of her guardianship and affection, and her certainty of helping them to lead pure, true and noble lives. What words can paint the preciousness of Spiritualism in the face of such a separation? The dear Madonna of the household, so lovely in character that every one, far and near, looked upon her almost with a feeling of veneration, lay upon her death bed, and lo! the very heavens were opened and exalted intelligences annointed her eyes that they might see the glories of that radiant land, where there are no partings, while she translated the consolations into our poor, common words! Her dear spirit gently breathed itself out of its wasted tenement without a sigh or flutter of an eyelid.

At the funeral the daughter experienced her first positive spirit control. As she was about to take a last look at the dear form, soon to be laid away forever, a terrible sinking faintness came over her which alarmed the friends. Out of this she was lifted by a strong magnetic influence of disembodied spirits, into an atmosphere of peace and strength, wherein she lived for two weeks; a period of exaltation, in which she was the comforter and supporter of the sorely stricken father who mourned inconsolably. Daily this young girl went about her duties with the light of the upper world crowning her brow,—a light which sanctified and deepened her consecrated nature. It stamped her as one enlisted in the ministry of duty, and she wears its signet still. Talk not to her of idle luxury and self-gratification; the pathway she entered then at seventeen is pressed unflinching by her footsteps, untempted by shining ambition, undismayed by obstacles. Bravely her unaccustomed fingers took up the threads of life dropped from the deft, cold hands which had guided them all these years and "sister Emma" became the

oracle of the saddened household. The sterling truthfulness and conscientiousness of the mother became even deepened in the daughter who still continues "to guide, to comfort, to command" another household. Here began those lessons of self-help, which blossomed afterward in these lines:

Blow back the veil from my face, oh, winds of the turbulent present!

I wish it aside though soft and protecting its tissues.

'Tis best to see clear, if the weather be stormy or pleasant,

Wide-eyed to face Life as she faces the soul with her issues.

Ah! I have passed on from the days when in weakness I trembled,
And drew close my veil, when I knew that grim Danger was coming,

Till through it mad fires only rose-colored blossoms resembled,
And lulled, I walked onward, my gladsoonest melodies humming.

He only is brave, who is brave with an eye on his peril;

And Ignorance knows not the meaning of victor or coward;

She plays with red poppies, and circles her forehead so sterile;

Albeit her couch with the poisonest night-shade is bowered.

The years have gone by when the sweetness of weakness was sounded,

When innocent Ignorance played with her sleepy white fingers,
While Wisdom, star-crowned, lay neglected, unhonored and wounded,

And Bigotry plaited the thorns for the world's knowledge bringers.

We sense the salvation, at length, which is gained by compliance

With reason and truth—never once by their dire crucifixion;

They sanctify souls by a wise and devout self-reliance,

Which springs up from growth and is fed by the dews of affliction.

Today is not good for long dreams among myrtles and roses!

Mad vipers slip 'round where the fair blossoms smile in the grasses!

Some time will come safety and days of delicious repose,

When up all the future roll blisses in opulent masses.

Her publications called out many letters from various sources, one of which was destined to mark an era in her life. She had heard of the author but supposed that he was an elderly man instead of being a little her senior. I cannot refrain from giving this characteristic letter in full:

BERLIN HEIGHTS, O., Feb. 11, 1857.

MISS EMMA ROOD.

Esteemed Friend—Excuse the liberty I take in addressing this note to you, but I do so to excuse myself for sending you a copy of “Life in the Spheres,” which will reach you about the same time. I send it as a slight recompense for the pleasure your poetry in the “Universe” has given me, and if you have not already perused it, some pleasure may come back to you. Here on the farm my friends are few, though my acquaintances are many, and my pen supplies the place of tongue in conversing with those who are congenial. I often lecture in neighboring towns, but always return home with pleasure; it is so quiet and places one in such close contact with nature. Although there are many reformers here, they are as in most places, afraid of conservatism and can boast of little manly independence. But we can bear slight persecutions when we know what the end will be.

I know reform is sometimes destructive in its awakening hours. It is like the avalanche rushing down the mountain side sweeping everything away in promiscuous ruin. It then slowly melts sending a crystal stream meandering to the ocean, nourishing the flowers blushing on its banks, the strong trees, and countless forms of life. Though the commencement is rough and terrible, the end is peaceful and lovely.

But I have written, instead of an excuse, a little letter, spun out much longer than I intended.

A letter from you would be acceptable. Truly,
HUDSON TUTTLE.

So auspicious a beginning could have but one ending. On the 11th of the ensuing October Hudson Tuttle and Emma Rood were married and their united lives began on the farm where he was born, and which is still their pleasant home. How delightful to chronicle a union like this, where the family circle is the repository of the best elements of the coming civilization; whose broad sympathies ramify toward every righteous effort to benefit humanity; where inspiration, reverently recognized, is subject to the inspection of virtue and truth, and where husband and wife are peers in all good works of hand and brain. Such as they live not according to the laws of conformity, but to those divine ideas which are the

only masters recognized by loyal souls. May many more nuptial torches, so faithfully upborne, help to usher in the morning of a brighter day than this.

A great shadow darkened the hearthstone. Mrs. Tuttle's sister, a member of the household, a beautiful girl of nineteen, loved by all who knew her, while away from home was stricken with fierce disease, and in a few hours passed to the "Land of sunshine and eternal spring." Out of this great grief crystallized the song set to music by the eminent Felix Schelling, which is included in this volume, "My Lost Darling."

The circumstances of Augusta's translation almost crushed the tender heart which had been as a mother to her, but angels became comforters. Day after day they gave personal consolation, whispering messages of holy affection, directly to the sorely smitten soul, until its equilibrium was restored. Until now, that dear love and companionship continue to be little less real and palpable than before she passed from earth. Generally, however, Mrs. Tuttle relies on her own unaided powers and believes in reason as well as intuition. The exquisitely sensitive and musical temperament which "bends under the weary and unimaginable weight of woe," that embitters existence and finds expression in minor strains, is yet capable of wholesome reaction as will be seen by contrasting her poems.

With a strong sense of justice which is at the very root of conscientiousness, Mrs. Tuttle has a charity wide and deep as the sea, for the weak and erring. I wish there was space for some of her passionate expressions against wrong. In kindness to animals she is an ally of Mr. Angell. She says: "I will keep no help who will indulge in abuse to our dependents, and I have no faith in any professed religion which does not make people kind to the helpless. I do not wish to take the hand of any man or woman who will not be kind and tender to children and animals, and I should want a moderate purgatory made for such sinners, where they may be subject to such treatment as they have dealt."

Many of Mrs. Tuttle's friends think her dramatic power exceeds any of her other attainments. She studied elocution under the instructions of Prof. Leonard, of Boston, and distinguished herself in her elocutionary entertainments by rendition of Shakespeare and Macaulay,

her presentation of Virginia being pronounced by critics to be one of the finest ever given to the public. She gives the poem, *en custome*, as if recited by a Roman matron in the Forum at a celebration there, seventy years after the tragic event. On the stage her commanding presence and fluent voice become merged in the character she takes, often one of her own creation. She has played star engagements through the West, and is frequently induced to give entertainments in her own and neighboring states, sometimes as accompaniment to her husband's lectures. But she repels all allurements which would take her from that home of which she is the cynosure.

For many years both Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle took an active part in the work of the Grange, with the idea that the building up of such societies was of great benefit to the farming community. They were constant contributors to the agricultural press, especially to the Grange Bulletin.

MRS. TUTTLE ADDS TO MRS. POOL'S VERY GENEROUS SKETCH.

In matters social, religious and educational, I have ever been an eclectic, my ideal being to survey with toleration and without prejudice, all accessible systems and modes of thought, selecting and choosing to be a part of practical life, what is wholesome, broadening, elevating and capable of making good men and women on earth, as well as good spirits in Heaven. I have not been exclusively devoted to any one reform. I have aspired to be a light-bringer, believing wisdom and justice are the most important factors in making the world more comfortable and its inhabitants more happy. The one church, one ism, one club, one society, one hobby people have never been perfectly satisfied with me. But they will know by this souvenir of our fiftieth marriage anniversary that I have had concentration, continuity and fidelity enough to suit the most exacting.

Hygiene, Humane Education, the Progressive Lyceum system put out by Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, have been my most engaging fields of work. You will find my ideas presented in this volume.

I was always a worshiper of the goddess Hygeia and

put my fervor into practice. When a child, "Emma is taking her air bath" would laughingly say my father, when I was rioting about clad with little drapery and a fresh breeze blowing through the open windows. I have specialized teaching the laws of health in family, school and with my pen.

I was born a humanitarian in touch with every life about me, and was ready for the work when I found where to locate myself. I became interested in the American Humane Education Society, of which Mr. George T. Angell is president, and found it vast in scope and mighty in its influence. I quickly set to work and have had the honor to be one of the vice-presidents of that organization for several years. I am proud of the association and the work is dear to my heart. My book, Angell Prize Contest Recitations, and the prize medal which I designed, are advertised in every issue of Mr. Angell's paper and the society has distributed thousands of copies of the recitations. In this field I have met soul to soul some of the rarest philanthropists on earth. I have introduced humane work into our Lyceums and it has been cordially taken up.

We were among the first to recognize the great excellence of Dr. A. J. Davis' plan for liberal, broad and harmonious juvenile education as presented in The Children's Progressive Lyceum. We had children of our own, and we saw the benefit to them and to all others who could avail themselves of the grand revelation. Assisted by some friend in Milan, Ohio, a town six miles distant from our home, we organized a Lyceum with about thirty members. For six years we were Conductor and Guardian, and were in attendance every session except two, during that time. The organization was very successful and reached a membership of over four hundred. It was while engaged in this work that the need of the Lyceum Guide was apparent and many of its songs, lessons and suggestions were composed expressly for use in the Milan Lyceum. This led to the production of the book, with the aid of which any one of ordinary intelligence can organize and conduct a Lyceum. It has passed through many editions. It is well adapted for the use of any liberal organization of adults and children, and is a text-book for individual development on all practical lines, and not for the narrower aim of making allies to any ism or sect. Self-development

is the aim, and good men, women, and citizens the best result.

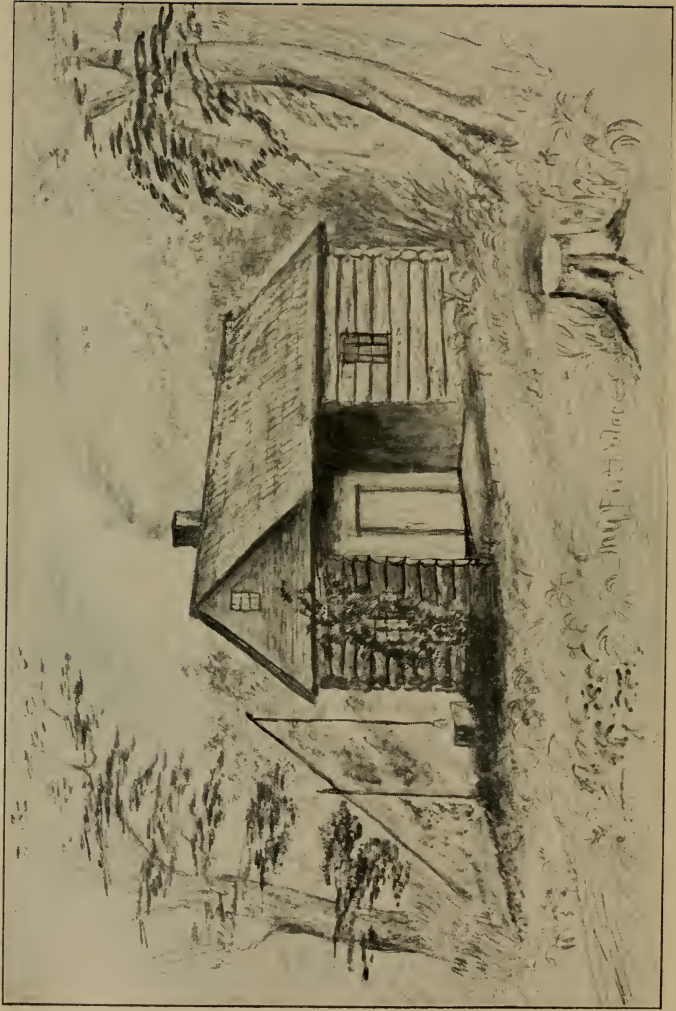
My ideal for free thought Sunday meetings is societies on the Lyceum plan, where all members can take part in the exercises, learn to express themselves and make the meetings as improving intellectually, morally and spiritually as the capabilities of the members warrant, inviting outside talent if necessary. Such meetings are not a financial burden on the members but are stimulating, improving and enjoyable. The English Lyceums have shown what can be done on this plan of society work. These are not the kind of meetings for lazy brains but those who would grow fast and strong; who would be lifters instead of learners will find nothing better.

It is said that those writers are most pleasing who have no secrets. This book is a soul welcome to our friends, far and near, to come into our hearts and to read our lives as they have been and are. We have nothing to conceal and nothing dazzling to show you. We have lived as you have lived, joys and sorrows, victories and defeats, hopes and disappointments, gains and losses have made up the variations of these fifty years. So many things have happened in the old home.

Here it was that the Milan Lyceum Society came one Christmas eve to surprise us and give us a Christmas present. They came in with heaped baskets, pails of oysters and one big box the contents of which we did not see until later in the evening. We made them welcome and they took possession of the place. Oh the skill with which they kept us out of the way until they had placed on the table the best double dinner set of gold banded china. Then they escorted us in and awaited our surprise. They were more than rewarded. Hudson, in silence and expressionless, looked from one to the other. Then arousing to the occasion, he grasped my arm and whirling me around, exclaimed, "Emma, something must be said!"

In the parlor, Rose, our first fledgling, was married with gay festivity, in the midst of two hundred congratulating friends. The Norwalk band came nine miles to bring her a present and to be sure she had good music. Merry hearted Rose—she always had a large affair when she did anything, for every one was ready to help her.

In the same room two years after, our first grandchild, Emma Clair Crocker, who came with her parents to visit



for the general good, of that which we receive from the common source."

In looking over the record of that red-letter day, we note the presence and congratulations of many friends who have left us for a higher sphere. They were dearest friends and stronger brothers. Judge Davidson said: "My congratulations and the hope alike for you and your many friends, many happy days." James G. Clark, the poet and ballad-singer: "I find it impossible for me to attend, but I assure you I have few friends in this world of mortals as near to me as you." The lamented Stainton-Moses wrote: "I shall be with you in spirit. May you live long to continue in the sphere of usefulness you have made specially your own." Hon. A. E. Giles, true and gentle, said: "May this day be so warm and bright that its sunbeams will brighten and cheer the remainder of your lives." The eminent jurist, G. W. Park, wrote: "Dear Tuttles, can it be possible a quarter of a century has gone by? Business holds me but we are with you as ever."

The sadness of a long life is to remain on the shore when so many dear to us sail away into the mists and disappear beyond the horizon.

My literary work is as versatile as is my life. I name what is in book form: Blossoms of Our Spring; Gazelle: A Tale of the Rebellion; Stories for Our Children; How Elvie Saved the Baby; The Lyceum Guide; Angell Prize Contest Recitations; From Soul to Soul; Asphodel Blooms, and uncollected are lectures, essays, poems and contributions to the journals advocating all wholesome advances. You may have heard some of them and some time you may see them.

Fifty years! How fair and far
 In the past the earliest are!
 Two youths with a sheaf of dreams,
 Guessing what a long life means,
 Knowing little, fearing naught,
 Taking what each new day brought,
 Eager for ideals sought.

There were tangled, complex ways
 Running through the many days;
Eighteen thousand, summing over
Into hundreds,—Sometimes clover,
 Nettle-patches, thistles rough,
 Stress of storms, browbeaters tough,
 But for all courage enough!

A GOLDEN SHEAF

Fifty years! We say, "So long!"
 When we note the human throng;
 But how short a time it is
 For creative mysteries.
 Worlds are born, grow, die, renew,
 Comets grandly sweep in view,
 None may watch their circuit through.

Fifty years were almost nought
 When world-systems are outwrought.
 We, like worlds, shall forge ahead
 When our outer selves are dead.
 Linked unto all life are we
 Past, now, and eternally;—
 Unbooked possibility!

We need neither reckon years,
 Putting limitations, fears,
 Beckoning catastrophies,
 Half dead to the good that is,
 Nor be wholly sensual,
 Keeping angelhood in thrall
 'Til we answer Death's last call.

From the starting, in life's spring,
 To the gorgeous yellowing
 Of the Golden Wedding day
 Blessings hover all the way!
 We may take them from the clouds,
 They may rise from Hopes in shrouds;
 Things which gladden or distress
 May yield golden happiness.

A CONJUGAL PHENOMENON.

A lady and a gentleman among the upper ten
 Formed a conjugal attachment seeming utterly complete
 For the holy bonds of wedlock, They announced it to all men
 By a brilliant Boston wedding, where were bidden the elite.

They were both most highly cultured, and their heads completely
 crammed

With æsthetic education, such as may be gathered there.
 Ere the honeymoon was over they were properly programmed
 For the most unruffled voyage that had happened anywhere.

He was strong as polished iron, she was strong as polished steel;
 Both were cargoed with opinions not to be infringed upon;
 Each was bound to give the other an entirely honest deal,
 And be buried close together when the days of life were gone.

He, a Liberal and Free Thinker, pledged to progress and the New;
 She, a Baptist, staunch and loyal to the creed subscribed unto.

Two flags flew upon their frigate, ever equally in view,
 His read "Progress," upon yellow, hers "Conservatism," on
 blue.

How they ever could have done it I will not essay to tell,
 But both held to their opinions, never giving up a point;
 It may seem truth warped to tell it, but they did not make a hell,
 Nor did love, their little Cupid, suffer, and get out of joint.

When they died, the Baptist lady, robed for resurrection day,
 Was interred in formal fashion, in a lot all fair and wide;
 When he died he was cremated, floating in blue smoke away,
 Save an urn of sacred ashes, which is buried by her side.

Don't you think, if it should happen that the resurrection morn
 Were a thousand years in coming, with its dead-awakening cry,
 There would be as much confusion, when great Gabriel blows his
 horn,

To collect the lady's body as her husband's? So think I.

E. R. T.

FORGETTING SELF.

The Golden Rule, of doing to others as you would have others do to you, has been said to be impractical, why, then, give a new and higher rule, Do all for others?

Because man is a spirit, and as such has infinite possibilities, and should constantly keep before him the highest ideal. He should endeavor to become as nearly as possible the ideal angel.

Should an angel come to earth in spotless robes of purity, would it manifest supreme love for itself, placing itself first and claiming that it best served others, by gratifying its own selfish desires? Would you not emphatically say such is not an angel of light, but of darkness? For angels of light think not of themselves but of others. Their pleasure in this high walk of moral perfectness is assisting others.

They would seek those who mourn, the fallen and sinning. No wretchedness too squalid, no villainy too foul, that the angels would not bend to offer consolation and extend a helping hand. They would comprehend the causes which led to shame and wretchedness. Would condemn the sin but not the sinner.

Here is our ideal: Inasmuch as we help others we grow strong. When we bend to give a helping hand to the fallen we are ennobled. We have individual needs and must meet

them for ourselves, but we should meet them as spiritual beings. Every one moves in his limited sphere; has his inheritance of accumulated ancestral wrongs, misdeeds and errors; his motives, his reasons and causes for his actions, known only to himself, which none other can know. We think, unknowing these causes, motives and reasons, that were we thus placed we should do differently, when a moment's reflection will assure us we would do exactly the same. Hence to judge rightly we must know all that lies back of those we judge; the hereditary history of their race and environments.

By every judgment we make are we judged; every severity we inflict is returned to us; for scorn we receive scorn; for vengeance, vengeance; for hatred, hate. Throw out these influences and like the boomerang they return to strike you; not only return, but make you a target for others.

There is only one attribute which goes forth always to return, bearing rich reward, and that is love. It is yielding as thinnest air, yet firm as adamant; it is gentle as the breath of the south wind, yet the strongest force in the universe; it looks backward as well as forward; reaches down to draw those below up to its vantage ground; reaches upward in its aspirations. It is like the sun, which constantly pours out its flood of light and energy, giving all without expectancy of return. This is the power which shall redeem the world. We all have need of it; we all stumble and fall at times, and are torn by thorns, and our feet bleed, pierced by the flinty pathway. We all need the charity of sympathizing angels and of our fellows; as in our strength we reach those beneath, in our weakness we pray for those above to extend from their sphere of light assistance to us.

As we help, so shall we be helped; as we draw others up, shall we ascend; *as we do all for others, shall all be done for us.*

Is this practical? Practicability is not a measure of truth. No one will dispute its practicability in a pure and unselfish condition of life, as among angels. How is this better state to be attained unless the principles which lie at its foundation are adopted? There is no impracticable truth, and the hero worship for those who lived for its highest interpretation shows the appreciation of mankind.

One of the most ancient of Chinese sages, Lautsze, ut-

tered this doctrine: "The sage does not lay up treasures. The more he does for others the more he has of his own. The more he gives to others, the more he is increased." These are words of wisdom, for the more the sage teaches the more perfectly he understands his own doctrine and his own torch is not dimmed, though it light ten thousand others.

Again, if you would know the real source of the mighty power exerted by the Christian Jesus in its last analysis, it is the ideal sacrifice made by him for the good of others! It was far beyond the golden rule, and in the spirit of his saying: Forgive and ye shall be forgiven; give and it shall be given unto you.

And this spirit of self-sacrifice is not a peculiar trait of an incarnate God; a hero, a martyr, a sage, but common to humanity. It is because it is a common heritage that self-sacrifice meets response in every heart. Even the brutes of the field and birds of the air give us lessons in heroic devotion. The tiger will defend its young till death. The robin patiently receives the storm while brooding its young and the lapwing risks its life leading the intruder away from its nest. The sympathetic dog dies in rescuing his master or follows to the grave to remain till dead.

How many thousands of patient toilers are at this present hour performing heroic deeds as great as were ever sung in song or told in story, whose names even will never be known! Ten thousand sailors keep watch on heaving swells of ocean and guide the gigantic shuttles which weave the web of commerce around the world, with storm and cloud above and darkness around and beneath, through which the winds shriek and the wild waters rage. They go to their duty without a thought of heroism, when greater courage is required than to face the belching cannon, and when great occasion comes, in time of wreck or dire disaster, they rise to its supreme requirements, even to yielding life to rescue others. Such earnest souls watch from every life-saving station, ready at a moment's signal to wage unequal combat with wind and sea, forgetting everything in the overmastery of devotion and duty.

It is not expected of the soldier in the weary day's march to give his canteen to those who have been improvident, yet the soldier wounded on the field of battle who gives his canteen to a suffering foeman while athirst him-

self is idealized as a hero and eulogized in history. It is not expected that he who earns his bread shall give it to every passing beggar, but he who shares his crust with one in greater need, even if it be a hungry dog, at once awakens our sympathy and calls forth our praise.

THOUGHTS ABOUT MY BODY.

This body which my spirit wears,
Expressing pleasures, tugging cares,
Was brought together just for me—
One atom of immensity.

How variedly, and many times,
In other lives, in other climes,
On other worlds, far out in space,
This matter may have had a place.

It may have bloomed in unknown flowers,
Or in some brain expressed man's powers;
It may have planned and ordered wars,
Or shone in undiscovered stars:

Æons of years it may have wheeled
From blooming climes to lands congealed,
Living in structures manifold—
Too many to be guessed or told.

Each atom bounden in this frame,
If it could tell from whence it came,
And its strange history impart,
Would shock the stoutest stoic's heart.

When did its life and work begin?
Where, all these ages, has it been?
Cycling and changing, and will be
Throughout matter's eternity.

No rest—no locking it away
From use—from action! Mortals play
At such attempts—embalm, stone-seal,
But strong law smites their puny zeal.

What are a thousand, thousand years?
What count our evanescent tears?
We live, we grow, we die, we part—
The world-old story of the heart.

If stars sang words, that very song
Would ring out as they wheel along,
"We are evolved, we glow, we bloom,
Grow old and die, disperse, resume;

But never idly hang in space.
 We ne'er have found a resting place
 Within this throbbing universe,
 We see the Now, we fear no worse.

No discontentment ever stings;
 We do the work the Now-time brings;
 There is no better and no worse,
 In all the shifting universe."

Think you the powers of Nature say,
 "A world is dead—lock it away!—
 Erect a monument to it,
 And mourn because it was unfit?"

Not for one moment! It is changed.
 No law of progress is deranged.
 Slowly the ages push ahead
 To reconstruct the planets dead!

So when our partnership is done,
 And we no longer work as one,
 My body, you must fall in line
 And carry on the vast design.

But while in comradeship we stay,
 My body, give my soul fair play!
 Perfect thyself, and be complete,
 From brain-stocked head to willing feet.

But when you die, and I swing free,
 A fraction of infinity,
 I *know* the things awaiting you;
 My soul's path lies not flush in view.

Wisdom and will and power exist,
 And God is an economist.
 He must have ways I have not read
 How quickened souls survive the dead.

E. R. T.

THE OLD PIANO.

I sit by the old piano,
 Petting its yellow keys,
 Hungry for soulful music,—
 Life's morning melodies.
 Skylarks, robins and thrushes,
 Out of the dreamy Junes,
 Fly, and 'light on my fingers
 Till the keys respond in tunes.

I see, near the old piano,
 Sights from the yesterdays,
 My laddie is at his practice,
 His blonde head half a-craze.

A GOLDEN SHEAF

Although he relinquished music,
 Seizing life's sterner things,
 Years since, he returns in fancy,
 On childhood's gauzy wings.

Pit-pat, 'round the old piano,
 A blue-eyed toddler goes,
 Trying to "mate some moosic,"
 Stretching up on her toes.
 Dear little lily blossom!
 Her feet did not journey far;
 She went to the Dream-Deer Country
 Where loving angels are.

The old piano aided
 The ones who sang that day
 When baby took her journey
 To Paradise to stay.
 When Grandfather, and Grandma,
 Who cleared the woods away,
 And built the house it stands in,
 Had reached their burial day.

The old piano trembled
 With every singer's tone,
 Regretting that the aged ones
 Must seek the vast Unknown;
 Pre-empt another homestead,
 Begin another life,
 Forever leal and faithful,
 Still husband and still wife.

It played the wedding marches
 When fledglings flew away,
 And quite enjoyed the "Two Steps"
 And waltzes any day.
 I see the children whirling,
 In dreams, around the room;
 They romp, and dance, and kiss me,
 And vanish in the gloom!

One fine composer used it
 In making songs galore;
 They hung about it, growing,
 Ere strong enough to soar.
 Then on the winds went charming
 The music-loving world,
 Who learn love's holy gospels
 From truths by song unfurled.

Dear relic of the household,
 I could not from you part,
 The ones who have caressed you
 Were idols of my heart.
 The tendrils of affection

Bind closely you and me,—
Now, let us play a welcome
To angel company!

E. R. T.

DO ANGELS HAVE SORROWS.

It was rose time; the hour twilight. I was out in the old-fashioned dooryard, sitting under my pet tree, a beautiful elm which my little boy had planted. My day had been a busy one. The world was full of beauty, but I had scarcely had time to look at it. Over by the arbor the old hundred-leaved rose bush swayed just then, and oh, the sweetness which came over to me!

"Another day gone and I haven't done half I intended to," I said.

"Nor we," said the roses. "You are the first person we've been sure we blessed today. We did send you a gust of perfume."

From the parlor came the soft tones of the piano, in response to the touch of a young dreamer; her name was Angela. I thought of Heaven—and then I shut my eyes to dream clearer about it—and then—I seemed to be there—among the angels, in the Land of Souls. "I wonder if they have sorrows," I said to myself.

A group of immortals were talking together. They heard my words. They gave me welcome to join them—to rest, to exchange thoughts with them. How glad was I to do so, especially as I saw one most dear to me—lately gone from earth. Her eyes filled with tears, for at sight of me the memories of and longings for the old life came fresh upon her. She smiled through her grief and eagerly asked: "How fares my husband?—and my boy?" I told her all I could of them.

"Do angels have sorrows?" you ask. "Let us exchange our thoughts frankly, as is our wont here. Then your query will have been answered." One, tall and intellectually beautiful, spoke tenderly and reflectively. Her voice was full of tears.

When I had my body, the angel said,
Who dwelt in the land of the so-called dead,
I should have done much that I did not do
Ere the old, sweet life on the earth was through.

There is so much now I would like to say
 To those below in the sweet old way:
 There is so much sorrow and so much gloom
 Since they laid my body in the tomb.

When I had my body, I counted not
 How intricate is transmitting thought
 Without the service of that true friend
 Which did my bidding its aid to lend.

But now I wander unseen around,
 Unable to utter a single sound:
 I cannot say to the ones most dear,
 "I yet can love you, and I am here."

When I had my body, my hands could balm
 The pains and bruises to restful calm;
 My lips could warn, or give words of cheer,
 To guard and strengthen the friends most near.

Long weeks go by, and I watch and wait
 To impart a thought of my changed estate.
 They turn to my portrait upon the wall,
 But they give no heed to my spirit call.

They cannot hear, and they cannot see,
 And it seems so long ere they'll come to me.
 When I had my body, I counted not
 How intricate is transmitting thought.

I long to speak them a word of cheer!
 I long to be seen by my loved ones dear;
 But their doubts shut down like a curtain black,
 And their hopeless grief bars my sad soul back.

I knew she endured real sorrow, but I knew, too, it would vanish and "her own" would not always doubt; some quiet hour she would stand revealed to them in the fullness of angelhood.

I heard another voice; one who had been a money gatherer on earth. He had lived a long life—had amassed a fortune. His heart, when it ceased to beat, was almost as hard as a huge garnet. "I wish I had cared less for wealth," he said. "I am burdened with the memory of a sad tragedy; one word from me would have prevented it. I did not say it. I constantly hear children crying and a woman in rags weeping. I caused the death of the husband and father because I would not give him one more chance.

"He was in my employ. He got drunk one night. I heard of it. I discharged him. It was in midwinter. He

begged my forgiveness—said he would not drink again. His family must suffer if he was refused work. I said, 'Go! Starve! The world will be better off without you!'

"Did he believe it? He shrank away, feeling himself a worthless creature, and to save the expense of a rope to hang himself, or of a pistol to shoot himself, he jumped from the pier into the waters of Lake Erie. He left a note telling his wife what he was about to do, and telling her why. 'Don't try to recover my body. I've no clothes fit for the funeral. Good-by, Mary!'

"Oh, if I could only handle the money I left! Mary would have a share. I saw the poor fellow once since I came. I wanted to tell him how I regret my cruelty, but he fled from me in wild speed. I felt his hate. That is one of my sorrows. It bites hard, and I fear it will bite long."

A beautiful girl, whose blond hair rippled to her knees and whose eyes were wells of affectionate intensity, threw from her hands the violets she had been caressing, clasped them in fervor against her heart and sighed, "Oh, if my heart-broken, crazy mother would only cease hunting the world for me and come here where I am! I am living every hour in sorrow! I can not die! I am an immortal! No balm can come except when mother dies and comes here to find me. I can not make her know," said angel Bessie.

What was her sorrow? It was the old, old story of misplaced love, away back on earth. She had trusted too much. She was in deep trouble. She stole from her little room one night and went away secretly, hoping when she was out of her distracting complications she could come back to her home and mother. But she never emerged from the dark shadows of her love's inquisition except through death. Her sickness, her death, her extinction from mortal life were secrets which never escaped through the double brick walls of her death chamber. All the town of her birth and her mother ever knew was that Bessie was missing. No trace of her was ever found. Her mother hoped she would return. She watched for a letter, but nothing came. Finally she lost her reason and went searching the world for her lost girl. On foot she traveled, halting often and calling, "Bessie! Bessie! Where are you, Bessie?" Then after listening she would move on, soon repeating her calls: "Bessie! Where are you, Bessie?"

Could an angel in the heart of Paradise hear that plead-

ing voice, see that grief-tortured, loving mother plodding through storm and shine in search of her invisible daughter and not feel the keenest sorrow? This is a true story. Only two years ago the aged mother went to the land of souls, where, I trust, the mystery is solved and the long torture ended. All the incidents were told so naturally in that conference of angels—no fear of censure—no effort to conceal—the immortals spoke soul to soul.

Do angels have sorrows? said one to the others listening. Let me recount a chapter in my experience.

“I came up from merrie England. I was killed in a mine. Not very distant was a large estate, and the aristocrat who owned it kept up an orphanage on it. Into this was taken my young son Willie. At the time I will tell you about he was 11 years old—a bright, loving lad; comely, too, with bright eyes and bright English roses on his cheeks. I had worked hard and fed him well.

“One Sunday about twenty of the orphans were out in the sunshine and one espied a football lying on the grass. They all set to kicking it and bounced it about a little. For this violation of the holy Sabbath the lady of the hall, the wife of the squire who owned the orphanage, decided the children should all be whipped. So Sir Bouton Knight set out to see who should do the beating. His men refused, but there was one great fellow who was underwitted and was deaf and dumb. So he was ordered to flog the twenty orphans. He was made to know that he would be turned out of a home if he refused. He was ordered to bare the children to the flesh and give each one fourteen blows with a thorny whip. It was done, every stroke drawing blood, and the big brute who whipped could hear no cry—understood not a word of the children’s appeals for mercy. Oh, then I longed for my body—for my strong arms, dead—but I could not protect my boy. I was only a spirit. The lady who ordered this thought she was serving God. God who puts frolic and buoyancy into children’s hearts, Sundays and all days.”

Years came and went; nine of them. Two weeks ago orphan Willie landed on the shores of America. A week ago he told me, with mortal lips, the story which his angel father had told when I visited Heaven’s highlands.

Yes, angels have their sorrows—and we may lighten them. We may help to do so by developing the goodness, the intelligence, the mercy, the forbearance, the justice of

which mortals are susceptible, before they pass to the unseen land. We may do it now—every day.

Dickens, who was altruistic and a broad humanitarian, says: "Any Christian spirit, working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Business! Mankind is my business. The common welfare is my business."

To enlighten—to disenfranchise is our business, friends. There is a mountain of moral work to be done. It is our business to help do it. Unchaining and uplifting men and women is our business, and we have faith in our system of ethics.

E. R. T.

A HOMESICK ANGEL.

She is harking on the highlands for a waft of news from home;

For the voices of her children, romping with their dogs and toys,
And the new dolls she dressed for them just before she slept to
come

To the heavenly, unseen country, with its sometimes lonesome
joys.

She is just a junior angel, crowded up before 'twas time,

And she longed to stay and finish what her blessed head had
planned.

"Oh," she said, "for me to leave them would be almost like a
crime;

I must live to love and lead them!—God, oh, He must under-
stand!"

She was talking of a dream-god, not a God of changeless laws,

Who is stable and unshifting, for His wisdom does not grow,
And effects are sure to follow from each seen or unseen cause,

Sometimes breaking human idols, sometimes laying mountains
low.

My soul telegraphs a message to her soul, unfleshed, who longs,

For the old loves and expressions, used here, in her yesterdays;
She would catch responsive talking, and would hear the oft-sung
songs

She took part in when a mortal, tripping through earth's weed-
edged ways.

Darling, darling! hear my message! In your white home on the
hill.

All is well! vex not your spirit! We are doing as you would;
We are loving you each moment, and are working out your will
With devotion; this unchains you as no other labor could.

Thus, dear homesick soul, we balm you: thus we free you from
despair.

You have had your time of serving and may enter into peace;

Take your rights to joys celestial! Leave to us your weight of
 care,
 Trust us, dearest, still one with us; let your futile worrying
 cease.

When you come to us, dear angel, you will often hear your name
 Woven in our conversation, for we never count you out,
 Just because we cannot see you; you are living on the same,
 Watchful, tender, interested, knowing all we set about.

On the home wall hangs your portrait; in the album hides your
 face;
 All about are gifts you gave us, wrapped in fragrant memories;
 What you said, the way you said it; oh, you always keep your
 place!
 And our holiest inspiration is your love, which was and is.
E. R. T.

LOST PERSONALITY.

Some pilgrims lose themselves on the blind journey
 All mortals undertake while flesh enthralled,
 And so completely seem they to have vanished
 We say, "A dead soul!" looking on appalled.

We cannot find the treasures birth bequeathed them,
 The reasoning brain, the tender, loving heart,
 The well-planned methods, the successful struggles
 We call life's victories—head, tact, and art.

Some, still, masked robber held up and demanded
 The personality, the mind, the whole;
 And human courage weakened, to deny him,
 But yielded mutely what the brigand stole.

And none could find him; none could ask him questions,
 Nor challenge him to give the treasures back;
 He left his writhing victim changed, defrauded,
 And no sleuth hound could scent his hidden track.

No law of nature had the brigand broken;
 In seeing one unfortunate, he saw
 A weakening, over-straining, unprotected,
 Well-minded man, who had not fathomed law.

But, all unwittingly, had failed in guarding
 His own soul's temple—life unlocked the door,
 And in walked that masked robber to destroy it
 And vanish, with the sad word "Nevermore."

Ah no, destroyer! Death thy power has broken;
 Thou only wrecked the body, not the soul.
 Death is a liberator and a healer
 Who rives our chains, restores and makes us whole.

Tell the glad tidings! make the fettered feel it,
 No matter what the chains which cut and gall.
 Death is the friend who cries, "Renew their chances,
 Try life in Heaven! The Earth-life is not all!"

E. R. T.

HAS SPIRITUALISM GIVEN A NEW THOUGHT TO THE WORLD?

The opponents of Spiritualism constantly reiterate that Spiritualism has not, since its advent, given a single new idea to the world. It is probable that were it proven that it had given a new Bible the same assertion would be continued with undiminished audacity. While it does not make the least difference as to the genuineness of the philosophy whether it be new or ancient, it may be well to show how utterly untrue the objection really is.

The principles taught by modern Spiritualism as to the nature and power of spiritual beings is so distinct from those the world entertained before its advent that the entire system of psychology then taught has become obsolete.

The old religion and psychology regarded spirits as unsubject to law, and their abode—heaven, hell, purgatory or paradise—as dreamland or a fog bank. There was no reality, no certainty. The best that could be said of spirits was that they were ghosts, coming and going like shadows, and haunting the scenes of their earth life, or like ghouls lingering in churchyards.

In all the literature of the world, all profane, or the many sacred bibles, there is not one word of certainty or of law controlling the realm of spirit. Absolutely not one word. It was the domain of miracles and the setting aside of law and order.

That spiritual beings are subject to law was first published in "The Philosophy of Spirit and the Spirit World," issued in 1860, claiming to have been written by spirits. The principle was clearly stated that spiritual beings hold the same relation to spiritual things that man holds to

*It appears that the difference between the new conceptions of the character of spiritual beings and the old is not fully comprehended, even by those who have given the subject the most thought. The difference is so great that one who has believed, or been educated in the old, must be brave, indeed, to advocate the new.

physical; that law fixed and unchangeable rules in the spirit realm as it does in the world of matter.

It marked the clearly defined distinction between the New and the Old. "Modern Spiritualism is distinguished from that of the past by the acceptance of the doctrine of law; that the spirit realm is governed by laws as fixed and determinable as those which rule physical matter."

Again, as to the origin of spiritual beings: The Bible is silent and speculation has been rife. Pre-existence has been a philosophical speculation, and miraculous creation the resort of religionists. The body went down to the grave, the spirit went into non-existence or "slept," and at the judgment day divine fiat brought the dust together and revived the spirit. Or the spirit lingered in paradise or purgatory awaiting this great event, or wandered in the region of "outer darkness." Some speculators taught the basic statement that God made in the beginning a fixed number of spirits and these took on mortal bodies. They were reincarnated over and over. Their number never increased. One branch of the doctrine taught the yet more horrible transmigration through the forms of beasts.

Spiritualism came with the fundamental statement that all spiritual beings had human origin, and that while evolution brought the lower forms of life up to man the wonderful process must not be thought to terminate with this high form. If so the whole process is purposeless and fails. While the aim of all the vast series of changes from low to higher throughout the countless ages has been to perfect a human being, the process has yet a higher purpose, for through man a spiritual entity is evolved, capable of carrying the cumulated attainments into a higher sphere of activity as an individualized being. Material evolution, with this added, has a purpose, and infinite continuance.

Is not this thought, theory, as a statement of fact, new?

Again, as to heaven or hell, the abode of spirits: The only authoritative description is the New Jerusalem of the Bible; a golden, bejeweled affair that would not hold the arisen people of one small town! There was no location for the world of spirits. It was a fancy and a dream; a veritable shadow world at space's uttermost confines.

Spiritualism came with its statement, that as the worlds provided the homes for physical existence the spiritual was also provided for by vast zones or rings which enveloped

them, formed of sublimated matter (substance) adapted to the nature of that spiritual existence.

Recently it has been heralded, with great praise for the scientists who claim the discovery, that there is no distinction between the cells of plants and animals. This discovery is said to rank next to evolution in its application. The *Arcana of Nature* was published in 1860, and written some time before. In it is the following passage: "The cell combines the essence of all forms. Great are the distinctions between the oak and the bird caroling amidst the branches, the bee and the flower from which it sips nectar, but when we trace the widely separated chain of beings—vegetable and animal—downward, they meet and inextricably blend (in the cell)." It is there contended that the first distinction made by evolution was in the starting of these cell-growths in various directions, but they all combined the characteristics of plant and animal, which were not clearly separated until far more complex beings came into existence. The *Arcana* unreservedly claimed to be the utterance of spirit intelligences. It was published before the work of Darwin on evolution, yet it makes that theory the foundation, nor pauses with that great naturalist at the coming of man, but continues on to the evolution of spirit through human development. As man is the crowning glory of nature, his spirit is the fruitage. All this interminable process has for its purpose the perfection of human beings, and, through them, evolving spiritual entities.

In the beginning, when we lay down the fundamental statement that individualized spirits are creatures of law, originated and sustained by law, special creation by an outside power or miracle becomes obsolete. Acceptance of the theory of advancement from the lowest to the highest; from the cell to man; from savage man to civilized, carries with it as an axiomatic corollary that all the dogmas founded on the opposite belief in man's creation in a perfect state, his fall and the scheme of his redemption, are fairy tales.

With the ground thus swept clear of every vestige of past beliefs, we must lay the cornerstone of Spiritual Science on the known, and if we can not build the temple with the material furnished by science we can not build at all.

In this manner it was proposed in the *Arcana of Nature* to build the New Spiritualism. To quote: "As we have endeavored to prove with the physical, the higher or spirit world must be based on and maintained by fixed,

immutable laws; hence the patient tracing of the material is but half the story, for the spirit animates the physical, leaves it, and continues its evolution in the sphere of infinite progress."

These views of the origin, nature and destiny of spirits is as new and distinct from the old as the views of material scientists are different from the discarded theories of the alchemists and astrologers.

The theory of vibration of thought is now received with increasing enthusiasm by scientific men. Thought transference, hypnotism and nearly all psychic phenomena are explained by its aid. Sir William Crookes claims its discovery, on first presentation. It is a basic principle and holds the same relation to spiritual phenomena that gravitation does to material. In the above-mentioned book, *The Philosophy of Spirit*, the theory is fully stated and illustrated by diagrams. It is further stated that there is a "thought ether," a spiritual atmosphere, which is termed by the spirit author "zoe-ether," as most distinctive, corresponding to the space ether of material science. In this zoe-ether a thinking mind sends out waves, as the transmitting instrument in wireless telegraphy does in the electric ether, and these waves are received by mind attuned and transmuted into thought. Distance is not a factor in this process. This theory, published in 1860, and written some years before, is the source of all that has been since written on this subject, but the reader of the publications of the Psychic Research Society and of those which embody it into psychological science, will find no mention of its spirit origin, it is an achievement of very distinguished scientists!

Of that infinite, never-solved question of God, his existence and attributes, I think the enunciation of Spiritualism is clear and satisfactory. In the first volume of the book from which I have quoted matter was stated to be living. Reviewers at the time held it up to ridicule. Especially do I remember the sneer of the sapient editor of the Independent, a paper supposed to be edited in Heaven. That idea of matter being "living" is now received by the ablest scientists. It is enlarged and developed in the recent work "The Evolution of the God and Christ Ideas," leading to the following conclusion:

"The universe, or, to use a more comprehensive term of the great Humboldt, the cosmos, is alive. It is more

than a physical creation, it is a living organism. It is more, it is an embodiment of intelligent being. It is more than cosmic matter, it is cosmic matter vitalized by cosmic mind."

I am by no means nearing the end of what Spiritualism has presented, unquestionably new, yet one thing remains which, while not of such high moment in science, appeals with a thousand times greater force to every person who has a kindred soul over the Great Divide.

Where in all the literature of the world will you find the statement that if the right conditions are furnished we can converse with our dead? You may instance the oracles, the prophets, the occasional appearance of ghostly visitors; when on great occasions the god spoke or hero spirits returned, but the coming of our spirit-friends when bidden by the intensity of our thoughts for them; their response because they carry into their new life all that made them what they were in this—into a future a continuance of this life—that they love, cherish, care for and return to us, is not this all absolutely of the new philosophy of spirit?

Of all these principles some struggling thoughts and foregleams may be found in the past, but as a whole, as a system of philosophy of life, here and hereafter, they make Spiritualism so absolutely a new creation that the old systems of psychology and ideas of spirit are obsolete.

GIVE A PUSH.

Herbert Spencer once made the remark to his friend Huxley: "One can not hope for much more than to make one's mark and die." Whereupon Huxley, with greater self-abnegation, responded: "Never mind about the mark; it is enough if one can give a push."

Oil the wheels, and give a push!
Send Truth's chariot ahead;
Do not think about reward
While you live, or when you're dead.
Bravely abnegate yourself
For the weal of all the rest;
Be content to push and go,
Having done your very best.

A GOLDEN SHEAF

Push! and when the end comes, go,
 Though you exit, yet unknown,
 Satisfied you wrought for good
 If you only pushed alone.
 Though your dust repose unmarked;
 Though unglorified your deeds,
 Be self-pleased to have advanced
 Measures which the world most needs.

There is always something good
 To be thankful for each day;
 We should not o'erlook our lamps
 Hunting great stars, far away.
 Natural, well-rounded lives,
 Radiating happiness,
 Ought to be more coveted
 Than unrestful ones of stress.

Many die in morning time,
 When ambition blooms the cheek,
 Fading, like a rootless flower,
 Useless, beautiful and weak.
 Oh, be thankful for the chance
 Which is yours to try your might;
 If you work to benefit
 You shall surely walk in light!

Satisfying recompense,
 Broadening to head and soul,
 Is the will and power to push
 Onward to a holy goal.
 All the honor-marks of fame
 Years will soon eradicate,
 But the ones who give a push
 Onward, are the truly great.

E. R. T.

 HIS LAST SONG.

During the last illness of the actor and manager Frank L. Yerance, husband of Clair Tuttle Yerance, which terminated in death after a surgical operation at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, his mother made inquiry as to how he had passed the day. "Well," they said, "he sang a song."

Stricken with fatal illness,
 Forced to retire at last,
 In the hospital's soul-sad chillness
 He lay and dreamed of the past.

He thought of his high ambitions;
 His struggles to reach their goal,
 Of triumphs and sweet fruitions
 Till hope flamed up in his soul.

His black eyes flashed from the pillow
 As the old dreams floated by;
 Like a songbird perched on a willow,
 He rocked 'neath a sullen sky.
 Hope's blossoms, which glowed to languish,
 Bloomed flush as in days of yore;
 His thin lips, pallid from anguish,
 Parted to sing once more.

A song, all a-tremble with feeling,
 Arose from the actor's bed,
 And on through the ward went pealing,
 Baptizing each weary head.
 A song all a-lilt with action,
 Catchy and full of fire,
 Rousing from base distraction,
 Floating the soul up higher.

He finished and whispered, saying,
 "O mother! O brother! O wife!
 Far off in Ohio, praying
 Each hour that God spare my life;
 I never—" The surgeons waiting
 Were ready with drug and thong,
 For the knife test,—not belating,
 He died, like his last sad song.

E. R. T.

MONTEZUMA.

History records few names which combine with more touching experiences than that of Montezuma Emperor of the Aztecs. He was a strange union of strength and weakness, generosity and selfishness, beauty and deformity. An arrogant and exacting monarch, and yet a slave to his own hopeless fancies.

In the year 1502 we see him a priest, engaged in the service of the national gods, meek and distrustful of his own abilities. From performing the bloody rite of human sacrifice he was placed upon the jeweled throne of the nation, which his father occupied before him; full of zeal for the good of his people and the favor of his gods. He worked and planned for the improvement of the city and the temples; ornamented and rendered more comfortable a

hospital for wounded soldiers; caused water for the public use to be brought through a larger and better channel from the hill of Chapultepec and remunerated with liberality all who served him.

Such acts of generosity began the career of the young Emperor. But they were followed by arrogance and splendor which seem almost fabulous.

Not content with the palace of his father, he erected another more spacious. This building occupied an extent so great that a historian tells us there was ample room on its terraced roofs for thirty knights to run their coursers in a tourney. The interior was fitted up in a style of superlative magnificence. It abounded with splendid draperies, tapestries of feather work, rivaling the art of the East; odorous wood, ingeniously carved, and the frequent glitter of gold, silver and jewels of monstrous size and curious shape. The air in the principal apartments was dense with delicate and voluptuous perfumes.

To the audience room none except Montezuma's own family were allowed to enter without first taking off their shoes and covering their rich clothes with a very coarse garment, such as was worn by the poorest subject. Here, with downcast eyes and menial air, they received the wishes of the prince.

Adjoining the principal edifice were numerous others devoted to the amusement of the court. A menagerie, a collection of human monstrosities, an armory, a granary and an aviary filled with all the most beautiful birds of that tropical realm. The last alone was under the care of three hundred persons. Beautiful gardens spread around this pile of architecture, thickly planted with medicinal plants, shrubs and flowers. Crystal fountains bedewed the blossoms and moistened the fragrant air. Fishes sported in marble basins, and everything which ingenuity could devise conduced to the sensual enjoyment of the Aztec king.

It was summer. The royal train were in that most luxurious residence on the hill of Chapultepec. It stood in a westerly way from the capital and was laved by the lake of Tezcuco. Montezuma was self-reliant and haughty. He stood by a window, looking out on the finest landscape all Mexico could boast. Rich harvests stretched away to the horizon, speaking of plenty for his subjects, and rich tribute. His gardens extended far around, shaded by cypress

and the glossy dark foliage of the myrtle, beneath which were here and there seen the Indian beauties which were attached to his harem—which numbered a thousand.

Surely, he thought, as he contemplated his splendid palace, numerous retinue and broad empire, there is none greater than I. Numberless warriors rally at my word. Cities and villages all over the land, from the Gulf of Mexico to Honduras, are proud to pour gifts and captives into my treasury. Even the gods love Montezuma, for do not fifty thousand human hearts smoke on their golden salvers annually.

As he looked he saw a fleet messenger coming. Strange news he bears. Woe is upon the Montezumas!

The messenger bears news of the arrival of strange white-faced men, who are gods in wisdom and power; who hold the thunder and the lightnings and have instruments of death more terrible than aught the Indian ever saw. Men who never grow tired—who ride upon terrific animals and know all things.

The Emperor listened and said little, but his head bowed and his eyes grew mournful, as an old tale, handed down from many generations of the Aztecs, flashed across his mind: "The children of the gods had come to resume the government of their children—his people. Who else could they be?"

He talked not, but went to his solitary meal. The matted floor was covered with hundreds of dishes, the finest ware of Cholulu. He seated himself on a cushion and the dishes he preferred were brought before him. The torches of resinous wood diffused sweet odor as his nobles served the meats, but they were not pleasing. Then came the sweetmeats and pastry, served by two graceful girls; but he ate little and, causing the exquisite screen which shielded him from the public gaze to be removed, he passed out from a banquet more varied than any king of the East could boast.

He determined to send gifts to the strange men, to impress them with his wealth and consequence, and, if possible, to prevent them from visiting his capital. Splendid robes of feather work, jewels, clothes, grain and the famous dials of gold and silver which so astonished the avaricious Spaniards were dispatched to them.

Anxiously he awaited the return of his embassy—the superstitious king. They came in due time, bearing pres-

ents and thanks for his magnificent gifts, and a word that the strange men could not forbear from paying so powerful a prince a visit at his capital. It seems that Montezuma had an intuitive knowledge of their superiority of race and feared to meet them. He was peerless—could he help wishing to remain so?

When they came, with as much pomp as the band of bold adventurers could command, Cortez, dressed with much taste and riding a furious warhorse, an animal which Montezuma had never seen before, he, as most became him, acted the part of a generous host, and went out to meet the sons of the gods, as he deemed them.

The morning broke with all the luster of tropical grandeur. The perpetual flames on the altars of the countless *trocullis* had burned with unwonted brightness through the gray mist of the dawning. Many sacrifices had been made of late. The priests were very devout and victims abundant. Today the guests are expected and Montezuma and his retinue are departing to meet and welcome them. Look through the dust and decay of four hundred years at the barbaric pomp! The train winds its way along the principal streets of Mexico. Officers of state, holding golden wands, are followed by a crowd of nobles, amidst which the palanquin of Montezuma blazed like a golden sunset. Over it was a canopy of feather work which had robbed the brightest birds of their plumage and employed the fingers of the monarch's many wives to perfect it. It was powdered with jewels and frosted with silver. The bearers of this precious freight walked slow and reverently, as mortals do in waiting on the most high.

See! The train has stopped. Montezuma is descending from the palanquin, leaning on his attendants. He advances. He wears a cloak and girdle bright with exquisite embroidery. Even his sandals are glittering with precious stones, and his cloak looks as if it had been cut from the shining *Cygni*. In his under lip is a strange jewel. It is in the form of a bell, of emerald, with a tiny pearl attached to a gold chain for a tongue and a rim of gold around its base. It is one of the five jewels which Cortez gave to his young wife after the conquest and which caused jealousy in the bosom of the wife of the King because they were not presented to her. Upon his head a crest of green plumes, falling gracefully down his back, is waving in the breeze.

"Halt!" runs along the lines of the Spanish army. Cor-

tez gives his rein to a page and dismounts. In a moment the great prince and the man which his oracles so long had foretold, stood face to face. Emotions do not always array themselves on the face. It is well they do not. Montezuma's appearance would scarcely have been regal if all his fears and anxieties had been seen in his features.

He expressed his pleasure at seeing the children of the great Emperor, of whom they all were subjects, and at welcoming them to his capital. He would have them conducted to his father's palace for their barracks and they should have everything the land offered for their comfort. The monarch's whole brain seemed to center on benevolence, and the Spaniards were receptivity personated. Montezuma was a princely host.

He entered his litter and was again borne off amidst prostrate crowds, and soon followed by the Spaniards, with colors flying and music playing, past comfortable dwellings, palaces, parterres of flowers, markets, temples, back to the palace.

Again we see him in his nobleness. In the courtyard of his father's palace, solicitous for the comfort of the men—men who awed but to subdue, and won his confidence but to plunder him of his kingdom. His delicate consideration inspires with admiration. He furnished dresses for every one of them, even the six thousand Thuscalan allies, who were the deadly enemies of the Aztecs; sent servants to wait on them and did everything which a spirit of kindness could devise. The visitors not only grew more audacious in their designs, but professed unbounded admiration for Montezuma and his city. They wished to visit him in his own palace. He gives a ready consent.

Cortez, attended by some of his cavaliers, goes to the palace, and after an interview returns with Montezuma!

What miracle has been wrought now? A monarch, mighty, austere, exacting, is going from the seat of his splendor to be a hostage for a small band of foreign soldiers in their barracks.

A fair speech fell on the ears of Montezuma through the beautiful lips of Marina, Cortez's interpreter, but a crushing sense of a foul reality fell on his soul and began to show itself on his face, as we see it in his pictures. He felt the wrong, but was mute. His people murmured:

"Why this insult? Where is our Emperor?"

He exerted his power to quiet them; told them he was

only visiting at his pleasure. He should return again to his palace as soon as his guests went.

Never, great Montezuma! The day of thy greatness is sinking into the black night. Though the bells in every trocullis ring out in the gathering darkness and the altar fires glow bright, and unblemished victims groan and writhe on the rock of porphyry, all can not save thee. Thy gods can not cope with the strategy of the Spaniard.

What horror is being enacted beneath this warm sky? Fagots, cords, victims!

All are to be etherealized—made up into a cloud to grace yon azure!

Those men are thy friends, Montezuma—thy *friends!* and *thou* hast sealed their terrible fate. While they burn thou art in chains. Chains above those jeweled sandals! Chains under thy regal vest around thy soul! How fast they tighten! “What is this strange drama?”

These men have obeyed Montezuma’s orders, but in doing so have displeased the banditti Spaniards. Hence he is made to sentence them to burning for executing the orders, and the prince is put in irons for having given it.

Weeks and months passed. The proud Aztecs were not suited to bear so much outrage. They had placed another king on the vacant throne, and were rising to avenge themselves and to rescue Montezuma the Second.

The captive sits where he can look out on the tumult. He is sullen and sad. All around his father’s palace a sea of painted warriors and waving plumes meets his eyes. What unconquerable earnestness in their uncouth gestures. The battle commences. The thunders of cannon and musketry reply to showers of stones and arrows. All day they fight, until night comes down and broods all under her maternal wing. With the dawn again commences the struggle. Will they never cease or the Spanish never yield?

Hush! A calm broods over the wild tide of rage; brandishing arms fall. All eyes are turned toward a sightly place on the palace.

There stands Montezuma—arrayed in his royal robes, his blue and white cloak clasped with an emerald and his crest of green plumes sweeping down on the disturbed air. All his wonted self-respect has come back to him. He feels himself a king again, as he sees the awe-struck faces of his devoted subjects looking so confidently at him. The golden

wand is swayed and the voice of Montezuma goes forth for the last time to his people.

“Why are my people here in arms against the palace of my father? Do you think me captive, and so have come to rescue me? If so, you do right. But you are mistaken. I only stay with my friends because I wish to stay. They are not hostile, but wish to depart, if you will allow them to, and then I shall return to my palace. Go home and lay down your arms.”

The grim visages grow terrible with rage. They hiss, taunt and scorn him, and in their fury a shower of missiles fly at him. He falls senseless and is borne away.

When his consciousness returns a full sense of his disgrace and misery bursts upon him. There is no more but death! His wounds were distressing, but he tore his bandages off and would not let them heal. He would not live robbed of all but mere animal existence. He talked little, except to beseech his destroyers, in remembrance of his kindness to them, to shield his children from cruelty and death.

He died unreproachful—grand, among those who had so cruelly destroyed him, and now even the race of Montezuma has long since departed.

E. R. T.

FLORIDA VIOLETS.

Christmas, among the gifts sent us were five little blue violets in a letter by Miss Lue Ott, who has made a home for herself in Florida. We wrapped them in some bits of rhyme, and here they are:

Five blue little blossoms have come from the South!
 From their frail paper-car I remove them.
 Because 'twas for me that they died in their youth,
 I take them, and kiss them, and love them.

I am glad the sweet things did not travel awake,
 But came through in a little white “sleeper.”
 Locked in from the sight of a single snowflake,
 By one who was once their fond keeper.

She watched them push up from the soil to the sun,
 With pretty green mantles about them.
 Ah! they were as joys in her life, every one,
 And what were her garden without them?

How heavenly they grew, and how spirituelle,
 In the shade where the love-dreamers sought them,
 Whene'er they had something exquisite to tell,
 After Cupid had meshed them, and caught them.

'Tis a sad thing to think of, my Florida flowers,
 That for me your slim stems were love-broken,
 And you exiled far from your own leafy bowers
 To be to me Friendship's fair token.

You lie on the top of your little white car,
 As still as dead beauties e'er could be!
 I'll twine you so gently my touch cannot mar,
 And lay you in rhymes, where you should be.

E. R. T.

A LITTLE DRESSED-UP LIE.

"This one went out for Truth, like a hero, and at last he secured a little Dressed-up Lie. He called it his marriage."—
 Nietzsche.

Young Fitzhugh had grown up to manhood,
 Had passed through two sunny decades,
 Evolving his physique and manners,
 Assisted by all modern aids.
 No blemish on mind or on body,
 No vices to tarnish his life,
 But ready to live and be useful,
 Provided he found the right wife.

O, where might he find the rich treasure?
 Ideally noble and rare—
 A bundle of feminine virtues,
 Responsive and loving and fair.
 Where? Many were listlessly waiting,
 Gowned and booted to suit the Queen's taste,
 On tip-toe to see some one coming,
 With good time and money to waste!

"To the opera, Fitzhugh?" "Why, surely!"
 "O, dear, I am just music-mad!"
 Her big hat was heavy with songbirds,
 Shot dead, for Dame Fashion's rude fad.
 "O, Fitzhugh, I'm so tender hearted,
 I scarcely can live on at all!—
 That man in the play did shoot wicked!—
 That's good, when somebody must fall."

"O, look at that shivering newsboy,
 The poor little product of sin!
 My, oh! but it's nice to have money
 And warm furs to snuggle up in!
 I wish one need never see poor folk,

It sort of rebukes rich ones so!—
 But one can't be giving and giving
 And keep up our style—don't you know?"

"I pity the needy, but, oh! dear,
 They're used to their hard lives, I guess.
 Of course they don't care to look lovely,
 For they can't go to places to dress.
 I couldn't live so. I'm so tender;
 I guess I should curl up and die.
 Now, isn't it dreadful to be so?—
 There, there, dear, you needn't reply."

"Fitzhugh, if I ever should marry
 I wouldn't flirt ever again!
 I know I should worship my husband
 And hate all the rest of the men—
 I'm just that sincere!" And he thought so.
 Alas! she was made of poor paste!
 Just a little dressed lie of a woman—
 A sample of matter misplaced.

E. R. T.

LIFE AND DEATH—AN ALLEGORY.

I.

Life sat by the shore of an infinite sea.

Beautiful as a dream, her veins pulsating with power, her cheeks flushed as with sunset and her eyes dark as the midnight sky lit by beaming stars.

She had paused from her labor, having wrought with the elements and peopled the earth and sea with living beings, and with satisfaction she viewed the result.

"What a world is this!" she exclaimed, "to which I came in its primeval time! Bare and blasted rocks laved by dark waves and overspread with a threatening sky. The wailing winds, the moaning sea, the rolling thunder, the rumbling jar of the earthquake were the sullen language of the elements. It was an earth in black and gray, and the only color was that of the rainbow when it hung like a gigantic blossom on the brow of the storm.

"Behold the change!" She extended her arms toward the sea and the land, with undulating grace of freedom and energy. "The change! In every wave which sparkles in the light are creatures I have fashioned into form in

accord with the wave lines of motion, and endowed with an individuality which makes them in their spheres creators of their own destiny. From the monad which floats invisible in a fleck of spray, to the leviathan that stretches his huge length from wave to wave I have by my mysterious alchemy conferred the power of individual sustenance, of motion, of consciousness.

"All the coasts I have by the shower and the sunshine carpeted with exuberant vegetation, which extends down beneath the seas, and he who can count the endless forms of being I have wrought, feeding on the herbage, could as well count the stars. The tiny insect, the mastodon and the bird whom I gave form in harmony with the atmosphere, and wings, every feather beaten into form and fitness by the air itself, are incidents of my labor.

"Out of all and above all, the crowning glory of my work, in which I concentrated all that had gone before, I created a race more richly endowed and admirably equipped, for I profited by experience, and as I gathered the forces of the elements into the living individuality, so in this last effort I concentrated intelligence, the manifestation of which in Nature is called God. Hence this race more than any other portion of my work is endowed with conscious purpose and independence which makes them creators."

As she paused there came hand-in-hand, walking along the shore, smooth with the receding tide, two beings of the highest type, their beauty even exceeding her own, for there was a touch of materiality which she had not; of brawn and strength in the man, of grace and wave-like symmetry in the woman.

They sat down by the side of Life, and the man crowned the woman with a chaplet he wove from the amethyst moss of the sea, and she sang a song of joy to which the waves beating at their feet kept time in a droning monody.

And as they thus engaged Life laid her hands with proud benediction on their heads and said softly: "I will give you each a name by which you shall be known to all time. I will call you, my son, Manu, for it is your high privilege to know, and my daughter will I call Mai, for she shall be my royal handmaid."

"Thy handmaid?" responded Mai in tones of doubt, mingled with gladness. "Is it for me to assist you, infinite mother?"

"Even to do more than I, for without you the plan of creation would miserably fail."

"I do not understand."

"Nay! It is better you do not, but the time will come when it will be made plain. Wisely the future is impene- trable, else you would grow weak in expectation of its bur- dens."

There fell a dark shadow and out of it appeared a spec- ter such as Life had not created, endowed with equal ener- gies apparently superior to hers. His visage was relent- less and there was no love in his cold gray eyes.

Life shrank from the specter, so unlike herself, and with repellent gesture sought to screen her children.

"Why come you, infernal shadow, between me and the light?" she exclaimed.

Then the ogre spoke in tones hard and monotonous: "I alone am not of your creation. I am your equal. You are the positive force of creation, I the negative; you are the light, I the darkness; you the day, I the night; you the creator, I the destroyer; you breathe the breath of joy into nature, I the blight of decay. Whatever you build up it is mine to tear down. Your monads I will rend with other monads. Your leviathan, stretching from wave to wave, I will disintegrate and resolve to elemental dust. The forms you have wrought to glide through the flood I will feed to the maw of other forms; the birds wrought out of the forces of the air I will destroy with stronger wings, which, in turn, will melt not into the distant sky but into the dissolving waves. Nothing you have created shall remain, for as your name is Life mine is Death!"

Life smiled on this vain boast and said: "My work is better than you list, for though the individual falls by your shafts the race lives on, and the more you overthrow the more will spring into existence, and though you mercilessly slay they will increase, for they are my children, a part of me and indestructible as the attraction of worlds."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the ogre, "we shall see! we shall see! Was there ever a mountain not leveled? Ever a sea not filled up? Ever a force not expended? I, too, am a being wrought from infinite forces, and know you that nothing can be created that can not be destroyed. So, my dear Sister Life, my twin sister, do your best, for your best will be as pleasant pastime for my destruction."

With that he extended his vampire wings and flew over the sea, away to the purple rim of the horizon.

When he had vanished from sight Mai, pale and breathless, looked up appealingly to the face of Life and cried: "Oh, mother, why shrink you from that being? Is he stronger than you? Can he destroy all you can create?"

Then Manu, with a great fear in his voice, said: "Can he destroy this dear creature by my side? How, oh, how, will he do this? I will defend her with my strength. I will hold him away as I would a strong beast."

Life knew that the words of the ogre were true and that he had power over all physical creations, and not a word of comfort could she give her sad children, until it came to her as an inspiration that over individualized spiritual existence death had no power. Had she reached that crowning glory? Had her labor brought this fruition? Was the arch of life and consciousness completed, that it would not fall in ruin at the dissolution of the elemental body which evolved and gave it expression? Her children did not know; they could not know until the crucial test.

She knew, and with a brightness born of knowledge she replied to the supplication of the woman and defiance of the man:

"Sip the nectar of the flowers today, laugh with joy in its sunshine and abide in faith that tomorrow will bring the same."

II.

Manu and Mai dwelt in a beautiful grove by the shore of the sea. The perfect climate gave a constant June. Flowers everywhere festooned bush and tree, burdening the air with fragrance. Luscious fruits blushed on low-bending boughs. They made long excursions up the mountain sides, listened to the song birds; and along the shore, filled with wonder and constant surprise at the strange forms thrown up in the wrack of the sea. They waded, sporting like children that they were, calling each other sweet epithets, and he repeated to her, each time, as though he had made a discovery, that her laugh was more musical than the sweetest note of the song birds.

Thus passed days and days, without change, except from joy to joy; the full possession of each other; the being of all in all to each other, yet there came an unrest; a crying of their hearts for something more. The most delicate

twilight on the restful waters and the droning of the waves no longer brought sleep and rest. They had companionship of animals which knew no fear of them. The deer came bounding to their call and ate from their hands, and the apes, fantastic caricatures of humanity, gathered around them in chattering groups. Even the mastodon crushing through the tangled herbage stretched out his trunk for the proffered fruit.

Can days in human life be too bright and thus surfeit with their joy? Is it necessary that there be tornadoes that we appreciate the sunshine? Can the stream of life run so smoothly that it palls? They wandered aimlessly along the shore or sat on the drift in discontented silence.

On the infinite expanse nothing had ever appeared to them but the white crests of waves, which oftentimes converted the emerald meadows into banks of snowy flowers, and hence their interest was awakened by an object which rapidly approached them. As it drew near they saw it was a tiny boat, shaped like a shell, white as pearl, and at its helm, holding its silken sail was Love.

They met it as it was driven high on the strand and Love sprang lightly to their side. He parted the soft canopy, and there, nestling in a bed of snowy down was an infant which opened its wondering eyes and stretched its hands to Mai. Her heart beat fast and her being thrilled with unknown delight as Love placed the tiny form in her arms. She pressed it to her bosom murmuring sweet words, and gave it many a dainty kiss.

"Oh, that it were mine!" she cried, "for this is the treasure that I have longed for!"

"It is yours," replied Love. "I bring it to you at the command of Life, who knows the wants of her children better than they know themselves."

"It is sweeter than a dream! Out of the depths of the infinite sea she has come to us, and hence will I name her Pearl."

"That shall be her name," replied Manu, "yet better were your own, for she resembles you."

"I see only resemblance to you," she responded.

"The mouth is yours."

"And yours the eyes, which seem to look beyond into unseen things."

"A blending of us both! We could not wish for more!" she laughingly exclaimed.

Then Manu took up the shell-like boat, saying: "In this silken couch we can place her and when we rock her to sleep it will be as the motion of the waves."

Mai held close the babe and sang lullaby songs, nor could she take her eyes away from feasting on its loveliness. When it awoke she would have it quickly sleep, and when it slept she was seized with fear lest it would not awake. She gently laid it in the sea-cradle and rocked it as she sang:

Softly the shadows are falling,
Gently the wavelets are calling;
Sleep, babe, sleep!

As she grew day by day, from the helplessness which could only smile and stretch its hands, to the child with strength of body and will to think and do, her unfoldment was a constant series of surprises. How wonderful the rosebud expands into the full-blown flower! More wonderful the development of the child. They were startled by her first articulated work, expressive of thought awakening and striving for expression. The touch of her velvet hands was magnetic, her slightest wish was an imperative demand. She learned to walk, and her feet seemed never weary. They led her to the shore, as she was delighted with the scene, and would sit as one entranced, expectant of the coming of a holy messenger. Her eyes would follow wistfully the white gulls on their tireless wings, spirits of the waves, and she would answer their shrill cries coming from afar.

One evening as the moon arose out of the sparkling waves, and a path of light lay undulating far to the horizon, she eagerly stretched out her arms and cried: "Oo give it to me?"

"I would give you the moon and the world with it," replied Manu, taking her in his arms and holding her up as though she could take hold of it, "but I can not."

She reached as far as she could and cried: "I will have it!" and, not being gratified, began to sob.

Years thereafter they recalled the scene and the words she said with a sad pleasure that cut their hearts with pain.

"It is a hard lesson," said Mai, "we have given her everything, and now we are helpless to satisfy her. The more we have the more we want, and we swiftly reach the limits where our desires are attainable."

How by her coming had she molded them into perfect oneness, and changed their selfishness into helpfulness for others. Although no wish was ungratified, they did not find the highest happiness in the self-absorbing state. The purest pleasure comes from assisting others, even to doing all for others, which is the highest rule of righteousness.

Pearl became more and more in appearance suggestive of her name, translucently fair, and her dreamy eyes more expectant.

"I am in constant fear," said Mai, as they sat one day in the porch hung with trailing vines.

"Why, and what fear you," asked Manu.

"That the Messenger come for her. You well know that she may be demanded of us, and if she were my heart would break."

"You are becoming too much absorbed, my Mai. Pearl was brought to us by Love, who can not, if he would, take her away. He abides with us, and would not cause us a single pang. For love is like the sun, it gives all and receives no return. It throws out its flood of warmth and is warmed thereby."

"I know not why it is," replied Mai, "yet there is a shadow between me and the sun."

Pearl came and begged to lie in her arms. Her brow was paler than usual, and a bright flush tinged her cheeks. Once in that haven she closed her eyes and said, "I's so tired!"

What smote the heart of Mai until it fluttered as a frightened bird? Instinctively she saw a change—the shadow of danger to the child. She whispered her name without gaining response. She caressed her shining hair. So still Pearl lay in sleep! Oh, was it sleep? If so, such sleep she never had before. She called Manu and asked him why this silence and continued sleep from which there was not the usual awakening. In comforting assurance he laughed at her fears. "She had a busy day, culling sea moss and gathering shells; by morn she will be ready for her play."

The morn! All that night Mai sat daring not to place her darling in the cradle. The gray East blushed with light, when a weird wail came up from the sea. The child quivered, awoke and, opening wide her eyes, looked up to Mai's. Looked up, but away and beyond, as seeing through earthly things to the beyond.

"They have come with the boat," she whispered. "Please

place me carefully in the nest and spread the covering close to keep me warm. I have a long, long way to go? You will go? Ah, no! It was so dark? It is lighter now, and I must go before—it—gets night again.”

Her eyes closed. Mai bent her face against that of the child. She was surprised at its coldness, and that she no longer heard the rhythmic breathing. When Manu came she implored him to explain the mystery.

“I do not know,” he said hesitatingly. “Once in the forest I saw a fawn a wolf had bitten. It ran to me, and as I stroked its glossy neck it uttered a plaintive cry and fell motionless. Nor could I again restore it to activity. It was as Pearl now is in your arms. I know not; I can not explain. Perhaps it is a deeper sleep, and she will awake when the day brightens.”

As they thus conversed they were made conscious of a presence, and the presence said, in solemn, yet inexorable tones: “You desire to know what has happened? You remember me? I am Death. Did I not declare to Life that whatever she could create I could and would destroy? And here is my witness. Pearl was the best Life could create, and I have taken this best, and nothing can restore her.”

“No being can be so merciless, so cruel, as to take my darling!” cried Mai. “I will hold her so fast you can not tear her away.”

“She has already perished. The flower has shed its bloom. The body will go quickly to dust.”

Slowly Mai grasped the ideas of death and awoke to the dreadful knowledge of her irreparable loss. It came not as it has to countless mothers with their full knowledge, but as the shadow of the unknown. How many a mother has pressed close her child with protecting arms, and prayed as only a mother can pray to have the bitter cup turned aside, and then realized that her prayers met no answer, for the breath passed she knew not where, and only a clod of clay, the broken cage which confined her bird of song, remained?

Then it seemed a sin for the sun to shine in the heavens, for one to laugh or a bird to sing when the light and joy of life had vanished!

She bathed and dressed the inanimate shard, with mingled hope and fear, twined blossoms in her golden hair, and by every gentle persuasive sought to make those drowsy

lids again open, that she might see the soul within. As she watched a change slowly came. The waxen features, wondrous fair in angelic sweetness, darkened, became distorted and repellent; so horrible that she turned away with the agony of despair. Manu not only suffered from his anxiety for the child, but double more from the agony of Mai, whom he held in his arms and sought to console by words which were to both as empty phrases.

They were silent for a time, when Manu exclaimed: "Why have we not called on Life, who brought us into being and gave us the child? She surely can restore what she has power to create."

With clasped hands they invoked the Great Mother of all Being, and as they finished she stood in regal strength and beauty before them.

"What is the demand of my children?" she asked.

Mai pointed to the shell-like cradle where Pearl lay in ghastly satire of her living self.

Life, startled by the revelation, for a moment was appalled. "Ah, the Destroyer has blighted my fairest work! It is sacred because it was her garment and you will embower it with lilies and roses and give it back reverently to the bosom of Nature, from which it came."

Even as she spoke there came out of the air the cruel voice of the Destroyer, in exultant tones:

"Reverently place her in the bosom of her mother Nature and bid good-by forever! forever! My slaves shall snatch the atoms of her form so dear to you and dissolve them into the chaos of the elements."

"Why, oh Death," said Mai, "did you not spare her until, like us, she became matured and tasted the delights of this fair world? Why snatch her away as a bud broken from its stem before scarcely a petal had expanded?"

"And is your petty life of so much consequence? Is it so essential that every bud expand to fullness? Not one in a thousand blossoms bear fruitage, not one in a million beings come to maturity. Most of your race do not find it agreeable. You have not tasted the bitterness of age, which balances the pleasures of youth. I am not terrible to all, for many court and gladly hail my coming. Even do they rush to my embrace. If I take the child I save it a life of disappointments, of regrets and pain. It loses nothing, it gains repose. Repose is the condition to which all things

converge; the nirvana of forgetfulness, where as there is no sensation there is no desire."

"Are you certain that my designs have failed and you are triumphant?" asked Life.

"What do you expect of the future of any of your beings, even the most perfect? Out of this dust will you resurrect another form? It will not be the same. You may go on and on in your seething caldron, but only to reform, renew, remodel."

"I have not so blundered, nor failed in my plan," replied Life calmly. "I have a realm over which you have no power. All my forces have been laboring by evolution to this perfect fruitage. In these highest beings I have completed the arch even to the keystone, and you can not crush it. After you tear away the scaffolding of the physical body it will remain."

"You would have us take this by faith!" said Death, with gleeful laughter. "Faith is belief in things you do not know. What we do know is the disappearance of your vitalized forms. They are gone, as the hum of the bee after the insect has passed; as the warmth of the fire when the fuel is consumed! Faith may soothe the pangs of grief, but it offers no solution acceptable to the understanding."

"Now will I for the moment lift the veil which shuts from mortal view my crowning creation." With an imperious gesture Life lifted the curtain between this world and the world of spirits, and then their tearful eyes beheld the darling Pearl, held in the arms of an angel and surrounded by beings of exquisite beauty.

"My lost darling!" cried Mai. "May I go to her? Can I bring her back with me?"

"Nay," Life sadly replied, "for in my cycles there is never a downward step. The angel can not return to become a human being; the human being must become an angel."

"May I, then, go to her?" asked Mai.

"Not now. When this transition comes to you, then, leaving your body here, your celestial being will pass through the veil and greet her."

"Am I to be like those I now see around her?"

"Even like them, and like them you are now, for in you have I solved the problem of continuous existence. The body may perish, but the celestial being outwrought by evolu-

tion, as its final expression, is my triumph over all the opposing forces of decay."

"Why should this veil close between this higher and lower world?" asked Manu.

"It has no reality. It is an illusion of the senses. To the blind a wall of darkness extends before them, and because your eyes, unless changed as I have changed them, can not see, you think there is an impenetrable veil before you."

While they conversed, the angel brought Pearl to Mai. With a cry of joy she nestled against the fond bosom, and kissed the lips that always spoke sweet words for her. She did not understand why she was not caressed, or that Mai did not know she was there. When she found that she received no response, she began to grieve, and the attending angel folded her in his arm, and with many a caress, bore her away.

"How will she be in the future years?" asked Mai. "When I go to her, will she be as the child, or maturely grown? Will I know her if there comes to her such change?"

Life replied: "She will change from the child to the likeness of the angels, and you will know her, for love never forgets." Stretching forth her hand, she said: "I will give you power to see through the shadows and a glimpse of that life which is continuous with this."

They seemed to stand on a summit of a promontory, and a sea wrapped in clouds extended beneath them. As the great cloud curtain parted, they saw beyond, a country so exceeding fair that no words could describe its loveliness. There were many people there, and through the archway they saw a multitude passing in, some led by those who had come to guide them, and others met at the entrance. There were glad recognitions; weeping for joy, and surprises no words can express. Burdens and cares and sorrows, disappointments and regrets were left at the gateway. The child was borne by angel guides; age threw off its decrepitude and passed in youthful strength; husband met wife, wife husband, and children came to welcome parents. It was a glorious vision and Life turned in triumph, to her antagonist and said: "This after countless defeats, is my final triumph. This is the perfect fruitage of the tree I planted when the earth first emerging from fire-mist, swung in the murky atmosphere

of chaotic elements. Its roots run down to the foundation of things, and its branches reach into the heavens. As all living forms ascend to man, so through man is evolved an immortal spirit. My task has succeeded, and know, oh, Death, that you are not my enemy, but my friend; not my antagonist, but my most tireless slave, for without your dissolving power my processes could not succeed, and did you not at my summons throw open the portal, my perfected spirits could not pass through. You are the Angel of the Resurrection!"

A MAN'S A MAN, FOR A' THAT!

(A recitation.)

I speak to those who were born at the base of Mount Use. My words are to encourage the ones who feel that there is enough in them to achieve some of life's desirable victories—and who does not feel so?—but who are so hedged with environments that the struggles of the climb up the mountain, to the sunlight which floods its top, seem at times overpowering, and the soul too often crouches, face to face with the skeleton of Defeat, instead of looking hopefully into the dream-face of a well-rounded life—a life full of usefulness, beauty, truth—sometimes crowned with the blossom-wreath of a world's appreciation. As an inspiration I will paint a few word pictures of some of the royal human products of this world, who cleared their way to the top of the mountain:

"A man's a man for a' that!" I seem to hear a voice—a weird voice, uttering a truth which should be written in letters of gold. It breathes the hope and triumph of a burdened, but not crushed soul.

It is tender with love and musical with the rhythm of poetry, seeming to come from a spirit endowed with rare gifts, but struggling in the bonds of unremunerative labor.

It is the voice of a soul walking on the wings of the wind, while the body to which it is chained must wrestle with material things for bread. Sometimes it is "jolly-ing" humanity; giving it a song and dance tonic to brighten up its face, and again it bursts into the tremulous pathos of sorrow which only heaven can cure. Listen to the voice!

“No fear more, no tear more
To stain my vanished face.”

Again the dream of early death departs and the external part of the young Scotchman again turns to the material part of life; to bread-winning—to the muck of soil, tools and weariness.

“A man’s a man for a’ that.”

Hark to the voice! You are charmed with the sweet Scotch idiom. It comes winding down the years of more than a century, warming our hearts with its resonant sublimity and making our eyes rain tears for the singer whose name is now fondly cherished in all lands.

It is the voice of Burns—the poet of Ayr. We hear it afar off, faintly mingling with the singing river in the land of bluebells and heather. It swells in volume as its notes roll into the present new century; we hear, clear and distinct, as if trumpeted by an angel, for the encouragement of the oppressed, these words:

“What tho’ on homely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a’ that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man’s a man for a’ that,—
For a’ that, and a’ that,
Their tinsel shows and a’ that;—
The honest man, though e’er sae poor,
Is king of men for a’ that.”

Not always was the voice of hope a buoy to the spirit. At one time, before this great Scottish singer had published a volume of poems he gave expression to despondency in a letter to his father. It was when he was learning the business of flax dresser. He says: “I am quite transported with the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasiness, and disquietude of this weary life, for I assure you I am heartily tired of it. . . . I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes. I foresee that poverty and obscurity, probably, await me and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing, to meet them.”

He adds, in a postscript: “My meal is nearly out, but I shall borrow till I get more.” He had not yet discovered himself. But he sang on at his work. A genius, with

thousands of unsung songs thrilling his whole being!—one destined to voice them, and set them flying adown the years, singing to millions of hungry hearts, so cruelly chained to the wheels of poverty and want, yet demonstrating the golden thought which afterwards fell from his lips, "A man's a man for a' that!"

What genius, struggling against the barriers of unfavorable environments, has not felt the truth that the man is the gold, externals are but tinsel.

Washington Irving—what a beautiful name our literary bachelor was graced with, once visited Stratford-on-Avon on a poetical pilgrimage. He writes, "My first visit was to the house where Shakspeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster—a true nesting place of Genius, who seems to delight in hatching her offspring in by-corners."

We can imagine the pretty little Willie emerging from the unpretending dwelling in common garb, frolicking with the other lads in the meadows bordering the Avon, with no indication of the intellectual god, growing in the start, like the common run. An oak is not larger than a violet when it is a few weeks old, and who could guess, seeing them for the first time, that one would bloom for a few days and then disappear, while the other would grow for centuries, towering an hundred feet above the sweet blue blossom.

Did not Franklin feel the supremacy of man over externals in his early struggles to free the intellectual giant within him? The fifteenth child in a family of seventeen! What chance could there be for him in such a nestfull?

There was the chance which is given by nature that superiority will assert itself. And it did assert itself magnificently from the time he, at the age of seventeen, ran away from his brother's printing office to escape his tyranny, going first to New York, and thence to Philadelphia, where the lad made a comic show of himself trying to appease hunger, and lose no time, by eating from a loaf in hand and carrying two more—one under each arm for another meal! He was climbing up Mount Use. He could not go ahead hungry. He knew his own business at that tender age. There is not one within the sound of my voice whose heart will not say, "Three cheers for the brave

young giant! Never mind his poverty! Never mind his oddity! 'A man's a man for a' that!'"

When the child-laborer, who grew into the English poet Gerald Massey, was in his poverty-steeped childhood, what but faith in the prevailing power of good could have kept him up? At eight years of age he worked in a factory; it was destroyed by fire and that threw the little fellow out of a job. Then he tried to earn his living by straw plaiting. After that he was errand boy in London, and when out of a situation often went without a meal to buy something good to read.

He knew, even then, that the great city was teeming with an aristocracy brutalized by opulence. The poor starved that the rich might surfeit, and yet, with his face sunward, he sang in after years:

"Hope on, hope ever; yet the time shall come
When man to man shall be a friend and brother,
And this old world shall be a happy home
Where all earth's family love one another;
Hope on, hope ever."

Nothing but the consciousness of the truth which the bard of Ayr uttered could have floated him triumphantly over the sloughy lowlands to a sure footing on the sunlit heights of Mount Use.

He knew full well—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold, for a' that."

In truth, we are born to our destinies, and when nature plans a genius she will not be repressed. Poverty cannot thwart her more than the mud around the lily bulb can stain its starry blossom when it hangs high above it on its strong stem.

The chances, to human eyes, were against young Abraham Lincoln, when, in the log cabin he laid himself down to rest on the pole bed, built in the corner of the room, to sleep, and dream, and wonder how he could ever be anybody—a man among men. Poor? Yes! Awkward? Yes! But there was royal material in the lad. We query if the spirit of the poet of Ayr ever whispered in his ear, "Keep heart, laddie! A man's a man for a' that! An honest man's the king of men, laddie! Work away! work away!"

When Garfield was struggling out of his somber boyhood, half orphaned, willing to do anything to help his mother along with the family, what could have kept the heart of the child-man buoyant? What kept up his courage when trudging on the tow-path? When doing chores for his board?

He wanted better clothes, and better food; but he did not have them because he wanted an education more. He, too, caught the winged hope which the poet of Ayr set flying among the echoing hills of Scotland more than a century ago, "A man's a man for a' that!" It grows sweeter with age and will continue to cheer the strugglers against cruel odds as long as human souls aspire to climb sunward and Godward.

The world wheels onward with its freight of souls. Some are oppressors—some are oppressed. Some are brutalized by want. Some are cruel and miserly—some are kind and just. We catch the gleam of weapons and the groans of the dying while we hear, almost in the same breath, the shouts of victory, and the clanging bells of joy. We wonder if all worlds roll onward with such a pandemonium on their surfaces.

Is there any one within the sound of my voice who feels that the world is against him? Any one who says, "If I had been born with better chances I might have been somebody; but it is no use struggling against such odds!"

Listen! I hear the voice of our poet ringing down from the highlands of heaven with a message to every doubting heart: "Keep heart, laddie!—lady, keep heart! A man's a man for a' that, laddie, and an honest man's the king of men, now and forever!"

E. R. T.

THE HOLY HEIGHTS.

I am tired today—o'erclouded,
 As the world goes weltering on;
 Let my soul fly up to the summits
 Of the best days lived and gone.
 I would not throw off my burdens,—
 Not even the ones which smite,
 But I must rest, so let me dream
 In Memory's holiest light.


There are sacred days in all lives,
 No matter how low they run,
 Rich in the impresses which last
 Longer than earth or sun;

Little actions which intertwine
 Around the immortal part
 As well as its temple, wherein plays
 The blood of the mystic heart.

The days when we loved our best loves;
 The days when some unseen law
 Smote us prone as we clashed with it,
 Weak as if "men of straw,"
 But arose from our quick prostration
 Wiser and humbler, too,
 Ready to say "there are many things
 To learn, to avoid, to do."

All human lives are such brief things,
 If they had not our souls in thrall
 It would seem but a silly waste of time
 That we mention them at all.
 For in all the whirling and rushing
 Of a restless universe,
 The ephemeral factors which make up men
 Are the easiest to disperse.

Light, heat and life are so shifting,
 And their products change so soon!
 The finest brain, in a little while
 Lies deader than the moon.
 The heart which is supersensitive
 To Life, with its stabs and shocks,
 Throbs, hurts and burns for a little space,
 But soon with the years deadlocks.



Two factors abide eternally,
 Outworking all things there be;—
 Matter and Gravity,—they are the gods
 Laboring creatively.
 Filling the boundless universe
 With nebulæ, planets, stars,
 Whirling them onward through vasty space,
 Wondrous flaming cars.

Light, heat and life! They are all afloat,
 Scene-shifting things everywhere,
 Save on the dead worlds,—they roll on
 In blackness, blank and bare.
 Did you ever think of a dead world
 Traveling through the sky?
 And feel that your body may ride on one
 Ages after you die?

They carry no freight of aching hearts,
 No tortured sub-human lives;
 No light, no life, no stir, no pain,
 In those black cars survives.

The ashes of the struggling things
 Which lived, and loved, and died,
 Will whirl around a rayless sun,
 Taking a long death ride.

So when I tire of fret and shock,
 And cannot see the gain
 Of life's close struggle, that black dream
 Stalks in to kill the pain.
 I know, in ages yet to come,
 The old dead world will seize
 All sacred matter I have loved
 With human ecstasies,

And bar it, for a space at least,
 From sentient torturings;—
 But it will take its place, sometime,
 Where fresh creations spring;
 So let me climb the holy heights,
 While earth goes weltering on,
 And waste an hour in looking back
 On good days, lived and gone.

E. R. T.

WILL GOD GIVE US ANOTHER CHANCE?

When we contemplate the deficiencies in human nature, the failures in many of the most noble lives, the defeats where victory should have been achieved, we pathetically ask: "Will God give us another chance?" Will it be worth while to Him? or will He leave us with the flower dust, the ashes of dead song-birds, the leaf-mold, which once living, beautified the trees above our heads, but in autumn floated down to earth for disintegration, that it might be ready to feed new life expressed in fresh organizations of tomorrow?

We might have done so much better! or we could do so much better if we could have another chance! So we all think—so we all hope—not quite losing faith in ourselves, no matter what blunders we have made.

While we are garmented in our bodies we may take chance after chance to improve our past work. But when, either from disease or age, we feel our time for going out of this life approaches, we ask with all the earnestness of a last earthly hope, "Will God give us another chance?"

In "Ships which Pass in the Night," there is a touching conversation between Mr. Reffold, a dying consumptive who

had sought Petershof, that Mecca of invalids, hoping for benefit which he did not receive, and Bernardine, a clever young woman, broken down with over-work, who was there recuperating. The voice was gentle and her manner quiet. She was a comfort to the hopeless invalid.

Indifference to the needs of those around us, whether human or dumb creature, is paralysis of the soul. Bernardine was not afflicted with the disease of indifference. She was sympathetic, brave and true.

Mr. Reffold called her Little Brick. To her it was sad to see him passing away, so lonely, so uncomplainingly.

"I'm a chap who wants very little," he said one day. "Those who want little get nothing." And he turned his face to the wall.

The sound of sledge bells, of the pleasure-seekers at sad Petershof, went jingling by. His gay wife was in one of the loads. Then Bernardine knew he thought how little his own sensed his fading out of life. But that was all he said.

At last he said, after the long silence, in a weak, low voice, "Little Brick, I have something on my mind. You won't laugh, I know; you're not the sort. I know you're clever and thoughtful, and all that; you could tell me more than all the parsons put together. I know you're clever; my wife says so. She says only a very clever woman would wear such boots and hats."

Bernardine smiled.

"Well," she said kindly, "tell me."

"You must have thought a good deal, I suppose," he continued, "about life and death, and that sort of thing.

"I've never thought at all—does it matter, Little Brick? It's too late now. I can't begin to think, but speak to me. Tell me what you think. Do you believe we get another chance?—and are glad to behave less like curs and brutes? Or is it all ended in that lonely little churchyard here? I've never troubled about these things, but now I know I'm so near to the sad little place it makes me wonder. As for the bible, I never cared to read it much; I was never much of a reader, though I did get through two or three fire-work novels and sporting stories. Does it matter, Little Brick?"

"How do I know?" she said gently. "How does anyone know? People say they know, but it is all a mystery. Everything we say can be but a gloss. People have gone

mad over their guessing; so have they broken their hearts. But still the mystery remains and we cannot solve it."

"If you don't know anything, Little Brick, tell me what you think. Don't be too learned—remember I'm only a brainless fellow."

"If I were you," she said, "I should not worry. Just make up your mind to do better when you get another chance. One can't do better than that."

"That is what I shall think of; that God will give each of us another chance, and that each one of us shall take it, and do better, I and you, and everyone."

"So there is no need to fret over failure when one hopes one may be allowed to redeem that failure later on. Besides which, life is very hard. Why, we ourselves recognize that. If there be a God, some intelligence greater than human intelligence, He will understand better than ourselves that life is very hard and difficult, and He will be astonished, not because we are not better, but because we are not worse. At least, that would be my notion of a God. I would not worry. Just make up your mind to do better if you get the chance and be content with that."

"Is that what you think, Little Brick? That is good enough for me! and it does not matter about prayers, and the bible, and all that sort of thing?"

"I don't think it matters. I never thought such things mattered. What does matter is to judge gently and not come down like a sledge hammer on other people's failings. Who are we, any of us, that we should be hard on others?"

"A little kindness does away with a great deal of bitterness."

He turned wearily on his side.

"I think I could sleep, Little Brick. I want to dream about your sermon; and I'm not to worry, am I?"

"No," she said, as she glided out of the room—"you are not to worry."

And he slept into the tomorrow to try another chance.

Hope! beautiful rose-wreathed Hope! Holding up before our dying eyes the golden dream of another chance in the sweet Beyond. We all need it. We all want to try again. We hope to do better. Shall we? Yes, if we remember our mistakes there, and the pain of them; we shall do better when our souls, disentangled, take the other chance in the country which mortals have never yet traveled.

Has your life been all you planned it?

Have your high hopes been fulfilled?

Have you courage to say that, after the cup of mortal life is drained, and empty, sparkling elixir from immortal fountains, sweetened with infinite possibilities, and satisfying progress, you will gladly take?

I say it not for myself, but for all I love.

Each soul speaks back to my soul:

“Aye! aye! we would gladly try!

We would balm the pain of our blunders

With achievements pure and high!

We shall know the rocks we broke on

In earth's shadow-locked advance,

And the blinding mists will have lifted

When we measure our other chance.”

E. R. T.

THE GREAT ETERNAL PITY.

In the days of our rejoicing and the nights of our despair,
When life's music is triumphant or a harsh, discordant din,
If we strive, by self-uplifting, to advance right everywhere,
There's a great Eternal Pity for all failure and all sin.

For the splendid programs shortened till they disappointed us;
For the Hate, Disease and Envy, snatching wreaths we hoped
to win;

For the cannibal destroyers who for feasts anointed us,
There's a great Eternal Pity for all sorrow and all sin.

O, the warring, murderous nations, fighting on the lands and seas,
Mastering intricate inventions, which 'twere better had not
been.

Fighting from ignoble motives, scheming how to kill and seize,
Come, oh great Eternal Pity for all sorrow and all sin.

There's a great Eternal Pity! Brothers! Sisters! Angels come,
Bringing penetrating forces that our souls may take it in!
Let us gird ourselves with patience, knowing, though our tongues
grow dumb,

There's a great Eternal Pity for all sorrow and all sin.

E. R. T.

SHE HAS ARISEN.

Rosa Bonheur Tuttle entered the higher life, Dec. 31, 1905.

"Is death the final sleep? No, it is the last awakening."

To us the old year went out in darkness and the new year dawned with sky overcast with clouds.

After months of suffering the inevitable had come. Our daughter had borne all patiently, hopefully, bravely, for she wanted to live, for her own sake and those dear to her. No one ever enjoyed life more. She loved its strenuous duties, and never shrank from or set aside its obligations. As friend, wife, mother, she gave her best with self-sacrifice and devotion, and with a care for others more than for herself.

In the evening, her sister Clair, who all the weary time had been her constant attendant, asked: "Are you in pain?"

"No, dear," she whispered, "I am going home at twelve." After a while she said, "I am happy, but hate to go!"

As the midnight hour approached, her dear ones gathered around, saw the unmistakable shadow of the messenger whose task is to break asunder the cord of life. The lines of pain disappeared; her eyes looked from one to the other, questioningly, and then into the vacant air above her with an eager joy. She was seeing through the veil, what mortal eyes have never seen. A smile came over her face, from her lips a whisper not audible, and her spirit escaped the bars of its bondage and left with us only the broken cage.

And she passed through the gateway of the resurrection into the angel land.

Did you ever hope against hope, hope with your heart when reason all the time told you it was folly? Have you had a dear one bound to the torturing rack of disease, and prayed with shifting prayer that the inevitable could be turned aside? So had we prayed, and with our prayers went every effort that skill and love could suggest. Her room was decked with flowers sent by thoughtful friends; her whimsish appetite enticed by dainties; every symptom noted and provided for, and her least wish answered. Had

her disease not been mortal, her tenacious vitality would have been victorious. She fought a brave battle against fate.

When she returned from the hospital, she thought the operation had been successful, and always buoyed up by hope, she expected to be soon well. We dared not deceive her, and while she planned pleasures for the coming season—visits to friends, receptions for them, outings here and there, what she would do for her children, and ornamentation of the home and grounds, we knew all to be a dream that never would be realized.

And so she drifted on till Christmas time. There was a slight improvement, so much, her brother, her physician, said there would be hope, did we not absolutely know the incurable cause. She gained in strength to walk around the room, and take her place at the table. On that blessed Christmas day she was bright and cheerful. How many kind and thoughtful friends she had! A table was placed in view of her easy chair, on which was placed her gifts that she might enjoy them. Friends near and far remembered her. The morning mail brought many tokens with accompanying notes. Some of the writers, not knowing her condition, wished a Merry Christmas, which sounded like mockery. Others expressed prayers for her speedy recovery. How much she enjoyed these symbols of regard. There never lived one who more devotedly loved her friends, or more appreciated their kindness.

Nor had she been forgetful with all her suffering, and unable to do anything for herself. She sent souvenirs to all members of her family and nearest friends—last tribute of friendship already half transplanted to the realm of souls!

Oh! that Christmas day! We all made merry for her sake, and she concealed her mortal hurt with smiles and bantering words.

You come today to pay your last tribute; you who always met the glad smile, the hospitable recognition, the heartfelt voice of welcome, find no greeting. The mistress who loved home more than any place on earth, and in every sense was a home-maker, greets you not. The rooms are silent. Her favorite pictures on the walls are dumb. The body she possessed while here lies on a couch in unpitiful mockery of life. The departing spirit left a smile on her dead face when it caught a glimpse of the heavenly glory.

It is human to regret and weep; not one who has not felt the shaft of bereavement strike deeply into his heart. The happiest lives are prolonged to see the nearest and dearest depart. The grand majority are on the other side of the river.

Can we see across to the other side? Do the fogs never lift, or is it forever shrouded with dense clouds and brooded over by darkness? When we sit down by the ashes of our hopes, our heart bleeding with wounds and every sense benumbed, justice, affection, mercy, pity, fade from view, and the God of love seems afar off! A wall juts between us and heaven.

And yet we know the sun is shining above the murky clouds, shining serene, bright and beautiful as on creation's morn. Through the darkness and doubt of the senses, shines the glory of the future life. We may not comprehend; we may not know its sublime possibilities; we must be content!

Must we be content? Nay, we have knowledge! We may have visions of the glories of the Spiritual Kingdom!

Our dear one believed this with a knowledge that bridged the gulf between life and death, and made it a triumphal pathway for her discarnate spirit. From her childhood she had never doubted. She constantly saw spirit friends and conversed with them. Her daughter, Emma Clair, who died in infancy, was constantly present. Toward the last, she said to her little children who came to kiss her: "I have been with you a long time, and now I am going to visit Emma Clair, who has come for me." Was this a delirious dream of fever, or a ministering spirit? Can there be doubt?

We cry out in the blindness of our grief. We are selfish, and want our friends to stay, and that there will be no change. But is it not more, even to our selfish desires, to have an angel enthroned as a guardian above us.

If we could by our prayers recall her to the full flood and joy of life, on bended knees we would pray without ceasing till the answer came; but if it must be to this worn body, which she has deserted because a burden, how supremely selfish to recall her!

Rather will we pray that we may approach her devoted life. The angel world may bend low over us in infinite love; ours is to ascend to them.

Grief brings suffering hearts into sympathy. It shows

human weakness and need of dependency. We are strengthened by sympathetic tears, and adversity, disappointment and loss are not the worst that can befall us. They chasten and free us from egotism. While they show our weakness, they develop our strength.

We come together and bear and share each other's burdens, and thereby brighten the golden links of fraternity which bind us together.

We cannot expect this world to remain under a clear sky with gentle winds; so in every life some rain must fall, some blasting lightning stroke be received.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no household, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

We think there is little left of joy when such disasters come, and yet if we survey what is left to us, we will see how much worse our condition might be. How many ties yet bind us! How many duties to be performed! How much joy in life if we grasp what is presented! We make the mistake of thinking that as there is no happiness for us today, there will be none tomorrow. No day so dark but joy comes into it, and whatever comes to us we should make the most of.

Enjoy the living! Grief chastens and makes us more gentle and careful of others. There are times when we would give all we possess, the whole world, were it ours to receive "The touch of a vanished hand," and hear the sound "of a voice that is still!" And yet when that hand was grasped in life, we gave not the greeting it craved!

Sorrow has its lesson: It is to gentleness of spirit, tenderness of feeling, and loving kindness; all the care, thoughtfulness and interests we had for our departed ones, we transfer to the living. What the departed would have done, is for us to do. If we love them, we shall finish their tasks, as we hope others will complete ours that remain unfinished.

"I am going home at twelve!" Home! Is the soul conscious that this world is not its home? How it longs for greater opportunities and dreams of happiness never gained in this life. Countless generations have repeated the saying of the ancient prophet: "Arise and depart for this is not your rest."

Six hours before, the angel flashed his message, "Coming home at twelve." Father, mother, husband, children, friends, may unite in prayer to hold back the going, but when the fateful hour tolls from the tower, the command, "Arise!" will be obeyed.

All are going home. Going to the home of the soul, the kingdom so glorious that it has been pictured as of gold and all precious gems, because nothing on earth can represent it. All going home in endless procession! Rest for the weary toiler in new activity. Rest for the sorrowing in meeting those gone before. Rest in doing the things undone in this life, and no longer bowed by repulsive burdens. The weary toiler feels that this life is not his home; that there is a place of rest whither he is going. The stricken-hearted have reliance on the promise: "You are going home! When the hour strikes you will go."

Spiritualism gives knowledge which is a higher faith to the questioning soul. There is a higher life where the injustice of this will be righted; its pain repaid by joy; its losses with gain; its deprivations compensated, its fetters broken! There the tangled skein of life will be made straight; its broken threads united. There the separated will be joined together; friendships renewed, and the emancipated soul unpinioned, arise to its destiny.

Our narrow lives feel the loss, the disappointment, the regret, the ruin of our dream-castles, all builded on this side. Though the departed come through the mist-curtain shutting down between our mortal lives and theirs, and give us assurance, all is so changed and different, our senses are unappeased.

Even in the clouds of our grief, our dear one has come like a star of hope, and already our dream-castles arise on the other shore. We will not grieve, for it reflects on her. "Ministering spirits," remember us, and bend low in brooding care, and as a beacon-light on some jutting headland guides the storm-tossed mariner through gathering fogs, from reefs and treacherous bars and wreck-strewn coasts, may their influence guide until the morning's call, "COME HOME!"

A STORY ABOUT A POEM.

Forty years ago, one summer Sunday, we had a carriage load of unexpected visitors from a near by city. They were wealthy people, who never had a want long which money could supply. But that day they were seeking spiritual food and consolation.

They felt satisfied with the cream of life, and were not sensitive enough to be even pained by the wants of those who try to live on skimmed milk and whey. They had no realization of the unsatisfying diet. They never had tried it. They were beautiful, agreeable, and we had a pleasant day, for no disagreeable subject was talked about.

We dined them, wined them, and gave them the best spiritual refreshment in our various lines.

Near twilight their fine horses and beautiful carriage, gay with decorations of silks and silver, were brought out to convey them to their palatial city home. After cordial invitations and good-byes they sped away.

An hour later I was sitting on the porch, with our two children, Rose and Carl,—little tots then,—when coming wearily up the road, from the north, on foot, appeared a poor family; father, mother, and four children, the youngest a babe in arms. They halted under the walnut trees in front of the house and asked if they might rest a bit. "Would it be possible for you to let us stay all night?" asked the mother.

"Of course, mamma," said little Rose, "*keep them!* that baby *must* stay!"

"We'll not make much trouble," said the father. "We have some bread and young onions for our supper."

"Ma'll fix you up," said Carl. "That ain't enough!"

It was the old story of effort, failure and a sad march back to old friends.

I thought I *couldn't*, but I did put them all into a large room, gave them food, drink, lodging, and in the morning they went on refreshed.

I thought that day of little else except the sad social situation. At night I wrote the first three stanzas of the following poem and laid it by, intending to finish it soon. It lay forty years! A few days ago I found it and finished it. How little years count to the spirit! It seems but yesterday since I wrote the first lines. But it is forty long years!

YOUR LIFE OR YOUR LABOR.

[Commenced 1867, finished 1907.]

A beautiful robber is walking the earth,
 With garments magnificent trailing about her;
 Songs rill from her mouth, and her eyes flash with mirth,
 Though holy Saint Agnes talked more devouter.
 Her fingers are white as a calla in bloom,
 But grasping the hilt of a gem-gleaming saber,
 And this is the cry which in sunshine or gloom
 Her rose lips are voicing, "Your life or your labor!"

I think you must know who this fair robber is,
 Who walks like a princess with slaves all about her.
 She flings to the crowd sheaves of sweet sophistries,
 And, deluded, they say, "What would life be without her?"
 Her royalest purples are handsome to see;
 Her diamonds illumine the night with their shining;
 Her fingers are sleepy and soft as can be.
 And who does not long for the sweets she is twining?

She reigns upon earth, and the millions bow down,
 All servile and slave-like, to hear her dictations;
 She knows it is Labor which purchased her crown
 And offers to her all its choicest libations.
 She knows not of weariness, thinks not of toil,
 And looks upon Want as a phantom unreal,
 Which vulgar ones prate of with noisy turmoil,
 And rattle her bones through the beauteous ideal.

This merciless tyrant is comely and sleek,
 Her well-rounded body is draped to perfection;
 But those who best serve her are scrawny and meek,
 Toiling year after year, feeling only dejection.
 Men, women and children are under her lash;
 All strangers to justice, or comfort, or leisure;
 They must gather their earnings and pay her their cash,
 Or Death will arrest, making unexplained seizure.

Oh, the toilers must eat, and the toilers must sleep;
 They must rent them a place to be able to do it,
 When the winter is on and the chill snow lies deep,
 How they shiver and say "Can we ever get through it?"
 There is scarcity of fuel and scarcity of food,
 And the feet must be shod and the blue hands protected.
 It is hard to be poverty-stricken and good
 When the affluent sinners seem those most respected.

The workers must rise from their sleep in the dark,
 And must breakfast in haste on the cheapest of rations.
 They must strain every nerve to come up to the mark
 Of the tyrant, who dictates the pace of the nation.
 Want lashes the underworld on to its tasks,

And sad lives wear away with the grinding and aching.
 Still the robbers are out in their finery and masks,
 Demanding, oppressing, subduing and taking.

This beautiful robber is conscienceless Wealth,
 Whose bottomless wants are a curse, always pressing
 The ones who must work without comfort and health,
 Until life is disease and its finish a blessing.
 "Your life or your labor!" How long shall she cry
 Her threats to her peers, who are toiling in danger,
 And know any day may be their day to die,
 To appease the demands of a rock-hearted stranger?

"Your life or your labor!" Speak, men from the mines,
 The sweatshops, the ships, and the tunnels and subways!
 Cry back to the robber who laughs o'er her wines,
 Forgetting oppression sometimes ends in blood-craze.
 Cry back, "We are men, if but men in the toils!"
 Shout strong for fraternity! Plead for its blessings;
 Entreat from the souls which are pinched in the coils
 Of the robber who kills and declares it caressing.

Seek out other avenues; build to your dreams;
 Desert the fair syren who, fettered would lead you.
 The hosts of reform are fast kindling love's beams.
 Over hilltops and mountains, they heed you! they need you!
 E. R. T.

ON.

Lead on to the highest action!
 Lead on to the clearest thought!
 The laggards will try to hinder
 And grumble, "It counteth nought."

But on! to the highest viewpoint;
 Press with a winning will.
 Tell to the ones below you
 Truths, with alluring skill.

First they may sneer, unheeding;
 But lo! it will not be long
 Before they are beauty smitten,
 And singing a grand new song.

E. R. T.

THIEVES WHICH THE LAW CANNOT TOUCH.

We are all to a greater or less extent victims of theft. Sometimes children come crying into the world burglarized by their parents,—victims of the most damaging of all robberies.

Strong bodies, fit for the dwelling place of strong souls, are the need of nations as well as individuals, and when parents rob unborn children of vitality and correct moral tendencies and load them with disease, hatred, murder, insanity, in place of what they have stolen from them in an unreasoning and selfish pursuit of pleasure, they are the worst kind of thieves, although not amenable to law.

How many poor, incompetent, if not idiotic child-victims are to be found, whose lives are robbed of value because the father would get drunk, or half drunk. He probably was ignorant of the laws of heredity which were working for his misery and the deterioration of his children as well as the world. It is their right to come so well born that they can bless the world by their presence in it; but they are few who start with all the advantages which might be given them. If any animal should be laced into corsets until its liver be crowded against its hip, as many women compress themselves, some officer of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals would divest it of such an instrument of torture, give a sharp reprimand, and threaten arrest if the offense was repeated; and the *laws* of the *state* would sustain his action.

And yet, if we endeavor to induce study into the laws of health, and special means of promoting it, how little aid we receive. People have their "cut and dried" work and care less about *what* is done than *who* does it. They generalize but do not give special lines of work which bear on every day life and rational home happiness. It makes no difference how brilliant we may be on occasions, if we are not well rounded, every day philosophers in the little things of life we do not amount to much after all. We may be stars, and home-keepers, too, if we can, but do not let us neglect our duties to shine at long intervals.

I think women are the victims of theft more than any other class of individuals. Oh, you say, "I never lost anything to speak of." Did you ever think about time thieves?

You must have suffered at their hands, unless you are indeed favored of the Gods.

The very smart workers, who can do a job in half the ordinary time, are sure to leave much for some one else to do. They dash off their hats to the floor,—never go a step to find a nail or a hat rack—mother's feet can do that, "I am in such a hurry!" It is all very well for one day, but when it foots up for a lifetime, it is a great loss of time, and is stolen from you without even a thank you in return.

A few days ago I was in a great hurry getting on the dinner; one of the smart workers, who steal other people's time, to gain the reputation on, had been tacking down a carpet and in order to pick up nails quicker had emptied the box bottom side up, lost the cover and left them for Slow-poke to pick up after Chain-lightning had finished his job and was cooling off on a glass of ice-cold lemonade.

Men are quite as thievish about the hanging up of boot-jacks as anything. I know a man who has cheated his wife by making her perform that chore for him about three times every day for forty years. Figures, which can't lie, tell a big story of dishonesty. That man has stolen his wife's time to hang up his bootjack 43,200 times and has damaged her temper inestimably, and yet the law can't touch him.

I know another person who, in winter, always draws a chair just as near the stove as is possible and not cook herself when she sits down in it, but when she gets up *never* moves it back, but leaves it so that the chair must either be ruined by the heat or else somebody must go and remove it. In five minutes probably the whole thing must be repeated and so on until spring; now that person would not steal a pinch of snuff, but she really is an unconscious time-thief, who is cultivating the sin of "mental" swearing in the manager of the house.

A man who sows tools all over the place, dropping them just where he uses them so that there is general disturbance every time they are needed, and innocent, unoffending feet must chase off to hunt them up, is an offender who ought to be made to pay fines, but the law overlooks his faults. Usually, instead of owning up to his fault in neglecting to put his tools in their places, he sneakingly lays it to the children.

"Wife, where is my hoe?" "I don't know, dear." "Well I do! Johnnie has had it to play horse with, and lost it

in the weeds. I've a mind to *tan* him! Children ought to be *made to let things alone*. Johnnie! Johnnie! Where is my hoe? Tell me quick—you little rascal!—hunt it up!”

“Why, papa, I didn't have it! I guess you left it up in the lot where you planted pum-k'n seeds.”

“Oh, yes,—guess I did. Well, Johnnie, you run up there and get it—that's pap's good boy!”

So he steals a couple of ounces of growth from Johnnie to run half a mile for his carelessness, besides nearly paralyzing him with the threatened “licking.”

We find theft has not always a physical basis. An old deacon, who would not have stolen a pin, stole the faith of his son by wrong teachings and made him an infidel. He did not mean to do a wrong, but he did not understand all about the matter he was teaching. It was about prayer—teaching a little boy to pray if he got into trouble and God would at once attend to his little business and help him out. If the deacon had told his son that God never answers prayers which are contrary to His eternal laws, the little boy would not have been robbed of his faith by his well-meaning father.

It was in an early day, and in haying time, there was not the opulence of good tools, farmers have nowadays. The deacon had one good steel pitchfork he kept choice; but his little son was in the field and got astride the steel fork to take a ride; he pranced off to a mound where wild strawberries grew, and there on a stone, a little snake lay sunning himself. Possessing the general inherited hatred of snakes, the lad raised the fork to spear it, letting it down with a ring on the stone, snapping off one tine. What an accident! The steel fork broken! A whipping sure to come. The boy felt the need of help; he remembered what his father had told him about God being ever ready to answer prayer. So he concluded to have God come and mend the fork so he could take it back to his father as good as he took it away. He got the tine, put it in place and held it with his little hands while he dropped on his knees.

“Oh, Father in Heaven, I have never bothered you much, and hope I shan't have to, but I want a little help *now*. I've done something I didn't mean to do. *I've broken the steel pitchfork* and I know I shall get an awful

whipping unless you come down and mend it for me, which I *believe you can do*. For Christ's sake. Amen."

He straightened up—let go and the tine dropped from his hands into the grass. From that time prayer was useless—a waste of strength, because the deacon's unwise instruction had stolen the sweet faith of childhood. If we want prayers answered we must pray on the line of law, and should so teach our children.

There is a great amount of "thieving," which is taking things stealthily, as well as "robbing," which is taking things openly by force, that is, not reprimanded, nor even denounced as wrong. The tendency of everything is onward, and God has no especial favorites in His universal plan of progress. Because man is by organization a kind of "boss" among other animals is no reason why he is privileged to trample on all their needs and rights, declaring them only animated machines made expressly for his pleasure and profit.

I wish they had been made machines without sensation or wants, but they are not—they are made on the same sensitive plan of human animals and there is an ethical justice which should be understood between men and animals which is for the good of both. A human can not abuse animals and be unjust to them and be just to his fellow.

The tendency of cruelty, even thoughtless cruelty, is downward and not upward. All our actions in life should tend to "lift up" our souls and not to drag them down.

You can not fail to notice the difference in the expression on the faces of people who are aging; whose actions have been chiseling away at their faces for years. Some seem to have been in company with angels of light, while others have leagued with demons of darkness. Love, kindness, unselfishness are angels, while hate, cruelty, selfishness are demons which work with sure hands on our faces. The heartless men and women who take the services of the animals they own and do not in return give them comfortable lives—the wherewithal to keep up their bodies equal to the drafts made upon them, are not being honest; they are stealing the life of noble creatures by inches and making a record of crime upon their faces.

Put yourselves in their places, for physically you are not so far apart from them. Can you keep warm in winter on ice water and a scant allowance of poor food; not

half enough nor rich enough? No, you want heat-producing food and in plenty if you stand the cold well; so do your dumb friends. They do all for you—you own their lives: make them comfortable, even happy if you can.

I have of late been studying a very disagreeable subject, which seems to be making inroads on our colleges and universities and even an attempt has been made to introduce it into the public schools.

It is the dissection of living animals for what is claimed to be educational purposes. Vivisection is, as I look at it, the most dangerous feature of so-called education. It is brutalizing and almost entirely useless.

Following German and French methods, many colleges devote certain hours each week to this bloody business, allowing the students themselves to operate without limitation as to pain.

The brutality and utter indifference with which vivisectors pursue their experiments and recount them are proof of the dangerous and demoralizing effect they produce. They repeat experiments after what they claim to be investigating is demonstrated. One vivisector, having used one horse to demonstrate, was not satisfied to give up the demonic test until he had thus murdered eighty horses by inches.

Canon Wilberforce, of England, says: "The experiments of certain physiologists are those of *inhuman devils*." In the name of science animals have been burned, baked, frozen, saturated with oil and set on fire, starved, skinned alive, crushed, had their feet larded with nails and every other torture inflicted on them which human ingenuity can invent, and in the majority of cases without the least beneficial results."

Dr. Brackett, of Paris, who by various tortures inspired a dog with anger, says: "When the animal became furious whenever it saw me I put out its eyes." Still, when he spoke, the poor dog knew its tormentor, and was angry at the sound of his voice. Then he says: "I disorganized the internal ear as much as I could, and when intense inflammation made it deaf I could go to its side, speak loud, even caress it without its falling into rage." A defenseless dog and a human—what?

Von Lesser, of Germany, experimented at length in scalding animals to death. He plunged a dog for 30 seconds in boiling water. He scalded another four times, at

intervals. Others which had just passed through the pangs of parturition were tortured.

Dr. Castex, of Paris, fastens a dog to a dissecting table, using no anæsthetics, and beats it with a stone bottle on its thighs—a dozen heavy blows. It cries violently. He with difficulty dislocates the shoulders of another victim. It appears to suffer greatly.

Chauveau used eighty large animals, mostly mules and horses, to see the extremest torture he could produce by irritation of the spinal cord.

Mautegazza of Milan devoted a year to torturing animals. He even invented a machine which he called his "tormentor," to aid him. In it he placed little animals which he had quilted with nails, so that any movement would give agony, and there they were torn and twisted and crushed until death released them. He says he did this "with much delight."

All these experimenters, destitute of sympathy, pity and good sense, have given us a crop of American "imitators," who bid fair to be breeders of vice and crime. Let us endeavor to protect our youth from such dangerous instruction, as well as shield the lower animals from unspeakable suffering.

Who of us would allow our children to be under the influence of such instructors? The psychic influence of such persons could but degrade and would steal away all the gentleness and moral acuteness which ought to be cultivated instead of blunted. Let us express ourselves strongly against it and all forms of injustice. We should put our short lives to brave uses.

We want no educated demons to train American youths into unfeeling monsters who will delight in wars and all evil, but wise instructors who love peace, comfort and justice.

E. R. T.

MY KINGLY ST. BERNARD.

Died, surrounded by his friends, in the family sitting room at the Tuttle homestead, March 26, 1904, the St. Bernard "Trooper."

MY KINGLY ST. BERNARD.

There's a vacant place today,
Where my loved friend used to stay,

On the carpet by my favorite easy chair;
 'Twas his resting place for years,
 And my eyes are full of tears
 When I see he is no longer near me there.

I have wondered, with hushed heart,
 How we two could ever part,
 For I knew the lonesome time was stealing on,
 And that some time it might be
 As today it is with me—
 Sitting here and knowing one I love is gone.

Dead! My St. Bernard is dead!
 Low his massive, silky head,
 Which he laid upon my lap to be caressed,
 While his wondrous, large brown eyes,
 Always true, intense and wise,
 Seemed an anchor to my soul, howe'er distressed.

Words express not my regret
 That I could not hold my pet
 From the grave, so dark and silent, where he lies,
 With his dear head on his paws,
 Chained by Nature's iron laws,
 Unresponding to my human miseries.

Any moment, when alive,
 He had sympathy to give,
 Coming near to learn what troubled, and give aid;
 Offering his massive paw,
 Pressing down his mighty jaw,
 Saying plainly: "I am here, be not afraid!"

Always lovable and grand,
 Quick as thought to understand
 Each expression flitting o'er a human face,
 I have seldom seen outwrought
 Such impressiveness to thought,
 Nor a human friend who more deserved his place.

When I needs must stay alone
 I shall hear his thund'rous tone,
 As I used to in the yesterdays now dead;
 Rolling through the lonesome dark—
 Hear my Guardman's warning bark,
 And reach out my hand to stroke his noble head!

Oh, what would I give to know,
 If to Heaven I ever go,
 I shall meet my dear companion, happy there;
 No harp playing e'er could be
 Welcome as his bark to me
 When I reach that country, fair beyond compare.

E. R. T.

GLEANINGS—PARAGRAPHS.

True government is that which allows the individual the utmost freedom and exercises that power which is necessary to guarantee this freedom and execute those measures which society as a whole can better perform than the individual. The obligations of society end here and the sphere of the individual begins.

The child should be taught as the first moral lesson, that it is a divine and holy being, too good and pure to do wrong. That as physical health is the perfect action and balance of all bodily powers, so spiritual health and happiness depend on the action and balance of all mental faculties. It should be taught that expediency must never influence its choice and that the conscience should rule. For the man and woman there is the same code. The thought or word which causes one to blush should crimson the cheek of the other. Virtue, chastity, fidelity have no limitation of sex.

Love is free to choose, but in man love means more than instinct; it means the affections, and all that vast sphere of unselfish qualities which have been aptly termed benevolence. Having made choice, it incurs the most momentous duties possible for a human being to assume, and rights spring up which can not be set aside. These can be properly met only by a life of mutual devotion between the husband and the wife. The fruit of love is an immortal spirit, coming into this world claiming as a right inalienable the affection and care of its father and mother.

Marriage rests on a more sacred obligation than a divine ordinance—that is, the constitution of man; and yet there are many reasons for granting the right of separation. If a mistake has been made; if the husband and wife grow apart and become hateful to each other; if the old fable of the union of beauty and the beast is repeated; if refinement, purity and spirituality are united to coarseness and brutality, there is no law of right or justice which should keep them together. It is a wrong against not only the suffering individual, but against society; for the latter can not be benefited by the martyrdom and sacrifice of the individual to laws working injustice.

If we conceive of spirit at all it must be through the medium of matter. Something can not originate from

nothing; an infinity of nothing is nothing still. This view may be considered as materialistic, but it is not materialism as commonly understood. By matter is not meant the physical elements exclusively. As there are waves of light and sound which the eye nor ear are organized to take cognizance of, so beyond the limits of the so-called elementary substances others are possible which the physical senses do not recognize.

An immortal being is one in whom the forces of renovation and decay are exactly balanced, and in case there is no expenditure there is no requirement for replenishing. But in case of expenditure there is this necessity, and the principle holds good that spiritual beings have the same relation to the spiritual realm that man has to the physical. This comes with the corollary that, where a spirit uses force it must supply itself therewith, and in this there is a direct correspondence with the methods by which it is supplied in the physical body.

“The only way to govern Nature is to obey her laws.” The forces of the external world move in certain channels in which, if we are placed, we are certainly and directly impelled, but we must not cross the lines. As soon as we depart a hair’s breadth we meet the rude buffet of the elements. We are bound to this rack of existence until death. Until death? We can not die. The soul, like the elements which gave it birth is immortal.

Purity has been sought by renouncing the world and retiring from its allurements. The rocky cavern, the cell of the monastery, the solitude of forest and desert—all have had their fanatical devotees, who, unable to conquer themselves *in* the world, voluntarily banish themselves out of it. An individual may preserve himself unsullied in the darkness of a cavern simply because untempted. He is no better or worse for that. It is not what a man does, but what he is. Doing is only a revelation of the inner life.

If there is an immortal spirit it must be originated and sustained by natural laws. If this be true we are to seek the origin of the individualized spirit with the origin of the physical body. We are to place the growth of one with that of the other. The physical body is the scaffolding by which the spiritual being is sustained, and when matured sufficiently remains after that support is taken away.

He must learn to fulfill the law not because pleasing to

anyone else, but because such obedience is a necessity of his constitution and the supreme good.

Man has no right over his own life, for he is part of the social body, to which he owes allegiance, and he is not to judge when the circumstances environing him warrant the step. True courage meets and grapples with fate, and if defeated dies in harness. The Roman who cast himself on his sword was educated into a wrong conception of life and its duties. That we have life shows that we should maintain it in its integrity. The desire for existence is not only a product of health, but is a leading cause of its maintenance; when we lose the desire to live our earthly bodies are nearly fallen from our spirits and we soon depart.

Things are as they are because they must be, not because right; because such is written in the constitution of the world.

So far as man is a circumstance his will is not free; as a centerstance of force it becomes free.

To decide what are woman's right there is but one question: Is she a human being? If "yes" be the reply, then she has all the rights of a human being. There can be nothing more self-evident. If it be asked: Is she the equal of man? we reply that she is equal in some respects, inferior and superior in others. Her constitution and the sphere it prescribes is different from his in a portion of its arc, but in the main coincides. Her equality or inequality, however, has nothing to do with the question. The highest form of civilization must give woman equal rights and equal opportunities with man. Emancipated from the slavery which from the dawn of the race, has been her lot, and freed from the mental traits this slavery has cultivated, her future will be inconceivably glorious. She is now behind man in the race because she has been retarded. Her future is now opening before her. Everything she may desire to do awaits her hand.

First, then, if we ask: Can sin be pardoned? we answer no; for there is no pardoning power in the universe. To pardon is to set aside the consequences of the laws transgressed, and as laws are unchangeable this is impossible.

If we do what is right, which, as we interpret it, is to do that which brings the greatest sum of happiness, we scarcely know there are laws, for we pass along their fixed grooves so easily. But there are other causes running to

effects quite opposite. In the physical world the effects of these are disease; in the moral, sin, error, crime, as you may please to term it. These laws bring pain or punishment inevitably.

RESULTS FROM DOGMATIC RELIGION.

Superstition; a priesthood; bigotry; persecution; suppression of knowledge; mental darkness and the arrogance of infallibility.

RESULTS FROM A KNOWLEDGE OF THE LAW OF THINGS.

Man, not God the divine center; nobility of life; highest ideal of perfection; calm reliance in the presence of universal and omnipotent forces; all embracing charity and philanthropy; earnest endeavor to actualize the ideal perfect life rendered possible by his organization in this world as the best preparation for the next, and for the religion of Pain, the substitution of the religion of Joy.

Religion, in its highest meaning, is the last term of knowledge and morality: DEVOTION TO THE RIGHT, CONSECRATION TO DUTY, UNSHRINKING SELF-SACRIFICE.

Evil is the friction of Nature's activities working for eternal good.

As man advances, he is torn less and less by the thorns against which he is thrust by ignorance, and realizes that the only divine life is that wherein he comprehends nature and gladly does her bidding, and that Evil can only be overcome by growth.

The human being, physically and mentally matured, is the representative of every law and condition which has ever acted on him or his progenitors, *ad infinitum*. In him they are not only individualized, they are *centrestantialized*. He exists because of their action; he is as they have made him. In this sense man is a creature of circumstances. So far as these forces and conditions

acted previous to his birth he is not a free agent, nor is he in his relation to the fixed action of the great forces of Nature. But on the circumstances which surround his maturity he acts by virtue of his inherent selfhood, the resultant of all previous conditions which make up that selfhood. In this view he may be considered free; for what we call a man is nothing more nor less than the aggregate of forces and conditions, many of which we understand, and many of which we do not understand. He is free, just as his organization, representative of all previous conditions and forces, will allow.

If the universe is a machine which in time will run down and die, all its force being dissipated, does it not follow that in the beginning some superior power united this force with matter? Also does not it follow that if this dead universe again lives, a superior power must draw back the scattered beams of light, heat, magnetism and other forces, and re-endow the dead residuum?

When we consider the reproductive cell, too small to be seen by the unassisted eye, bears the impress of every condition experienced by its ancestors from remotest time, and in the order of its growth will express all these conditions, it is no longer a phenomenon on which we gaze, but a miracle of creative power, and all that has been written since Galen's time as to its cause is as children's prattle. The material side furnished no adequate explanation. Its coarse methods are not adapted to measure the illusive psyche. The balance weighs not, the scalpel dissects not, the retort holds not the elements of the soul.

We do not see through the thin veil which separates the world of spirits from the world of men. We cannot see the air which surges a profound and agitated ocean above and around us. Without physical rays of light we could not see material things and would be practically blind.

If we ascend a mountain in the night, we can only perceive the gray and mossy rocks a few yards ahead of us, beyond which is impenetrable darkness, gloomy abysses seemingly unfathomable, and above, the dark night-clouds without a star. On the summit we rest awaiting the morning, seeing nothing, but scenting the faint odor of pine and the fragrance of flowers borne upward on the soft air.

Patiently we wait till the Lord of day pushes the darkness aside and flashes over the world in triumph. Valleys of Eden loveliness at our feet, and snowy summits above our heads! Grand forests clothing the hillsides; bloom and flowers everywhere; gem-like lakes and flashing torrents, endless prospective of mountain on one side and of plains on the other. All night we were in the presence of this grandeur and beauty, yet saw it not. We seemed suspended between earth and sky, and around us only blackness, yet all this splendor of scenery existed the same before the light made it visible. Thus the world of spirit may exist around us, unseen, because our physical senses are blind to spiritual light.

When the Sun of Knowledge shines from the zenith of the cloudless heavens, and there remains no dark shadow of ignorance behind which superstition may linger, then man will find that restful peace in the certainty of law and order, the devotee now receives from his blind faith in salvation by the cross. Then will have perished the Religion of Pain, which has through past ages held mankind on its rack of torture, and will have dawned in the millennial day, which is not divine, but essentially human, the RELIGION OF JOY.

Now the philosopher has stepped upon this planet, the question is "what we know," not "what we believe."

The intelligence manifested by living beings is the individualization of the intelligence of nature.

The universe is bound together with the same sympathetic relations as the human body. Not an atom moves, but it affects the farthest star. Not a breeze blows, not a wave beats on the shore, but it affects all the orbs of space.

I have mingled tears of pity with those who have been bereft, at the same time knowing that their loss was gain to the departed.

Activity is our happiness, and thinking right and doing our best are the gateways to heaven.

The mass of mankind understand the delicacy of the conditions which go to make up the sensitive subject; of the acuteness with which the nervous system is strung; its keen susceptibility to pain or pleasure, about as well as the illiterate boor comprehends the chemical tension of the plates in the camera, or the subtile ways of electricity. To be sensitive, is to have at times the light of heaven in the heart, and at others the darkness of despair. A thousand influences are always acting, and his brain receiving them all trembles to their vibrations.

If a butterfly, endowed with language to express the beauties of the broad summer landscape, the soft winds, the melting clouds, the fragrance and nectar of flowers, should return to the old bitter herbage, where its bristly relatives were feeding on acrid leaves, and spreading its brilliant wings to catch the sunlight, should attempt to relate the wonders of the life that was its own, how little would they understand, how sadly would they misconstrue his meaning. For them there has been no experience of wafting winds; no sensation of flying; nor of sweet nectar food, or perfume and brilliant color, and of these no words held in common could convey any meaning.

For a full knowledge of the higher life we must wait.

If we would learn of nature we must retire to her solitudes and let no one intrude, the nearest and dearest may draw with well meaning hands a veil between us and the sun. In the solitude of the forest, by the shores of the sullen sea, in the depths of the starlit night, we rest as dwarfs overpowered by the stupendous elements, yet are we the centers of all force and phenomena. We are in the vortex of creative energies, and if we silently question, the answers come as soon as our minds are receptive. In its adoration of the boundless, the soul mirrors its own infinitude. The shoreless expanse of sky and wave blending, lost in mist, in the newer-reaching horizon; the depth of the stars, beyond and beyond, in vistas leading out into absolute void—beyond all created things—to such the soul acknowledges kinship, and in them finds its satisfaction. The thoughts of the stars are untongued, but they vibrate across the limitless ether, and are eloquent to the receptive mind.

The great leaders in statesmanship, war, literature, the arts, the sciences, invention, few in number, are centers on whom the thoughts of their time converge, and find reception. They are moved by forces beyond themselves, and plan wiser than they know. They have no ancestral lineage, they rarely transmit their talents to their offspring. For the brief moment of their great achievement, they gain the heights never before reached, and not again to be reached by their posterity.

Divine motherhood begins with divine fatherhood. The germinal impulse carries with it all that has entered into the lives of remotest parental ancestors.

It is folly to teach that there is no sickness except in the mind; idle to teach faith can cure disease, the seeds of which were planted unnumbered generations ago, and grown rankly from parent to child. It will require righteous living for generations to bring the high estate of physical and spiritual health with its possibilities. Then sickness will be regarded as a mark of ignorance, if not a crime.

If the future life is a continuity of this, then the perfection of religion is the making of this life perfect, not by crucifixion of the body, not by suffering or disappointment, but by complete and harmonious culture.

I sit down with the friend of my heart and neither speak a word; we visit in close communion of souls, in silence. The highest thought, the most profound feelings, are beyond the sphere of spoken words.

Beliefs, dogmas, creeds shall perish, but morality, the growth of the intellect, freed from gross and perverting idolatry, shall achieve a nobility of character unknown before. Faith in the doctrine of vicarious atonement, fear of offending a relentless God, the tortures of hell-fire, the authority of a book or a caste, shall pass away before the certain light of man's true relations and a positive development of morals. You fear the consequences? You fear for morality? Who has the keeping of the world? Is man its guardian? Is it not God, or God manifest in laws unchangeable? Who has had its keeping? Whoever or whatever the power, it has steadily worked for human good,

and amid all our pains, we have been slowly advancing out of the fog of ignorance into the light. Whatever that power may be, we must trust it. Morality! Do you think morality can be assisted by a belief in falsehood and error, arising out of ignorance of the forces which control the physical world and human life? You cannot believe a lie will help the truth, or that good can come from the support of evil!

Now you do not believe in a personal devil or a literal hell of fire. Our fathers were mistaken. Oh! are you not glad they were—glad that your children do not shudder in their little beds at the terrors pictured by the preachers, and when the wind cries at the eaves, cover up their precious heads in wild affright, at the coming of satan? It was the refinement of cruelty to inflict the trusting heart of childhood with the tales of ignorance, and make it shudder at the dark, fearful of the night, distrustful of itself, and dependent on dogmas! We are all glad our children are not tortured by such idle fears.

It is all past. Hell and devil! as taught fifty or twenty-five years ago, never more will disturb the rest of childhood. Our parents were mistaken, yet they thought a belief in these was essential to salvation, and had no fellowship with one who denied them. They would almost have outlawed such a vile heretic. They thought that without fear, morality and religion would perish! The belief has perished, yet men have become more strictly moral and religious. Step by step these dogmas, each one of which was once considered absolutely essential, have been discarded. A revengeful god, predestination, fore-ordination, eternal punishment, a local hell, a personal devil, one by one are pronounced untrue, or else left behind brooded over by unbroken silence. Are you not glad they are? We are getting out of the dark marshlands, and as we climb the mountain summit, it is glorious to breathe full breaths of the pure air of freedom. A subtile inspiration rests on us and we feel new zest and joy in life.

Are you not glad this light dawned on the horizon and burst in full splendor in your day, and that you were not doomed to the homes of darkness? You are not called on to unravel the questions of theology, which engaged the childhood of thought. The great problems of the existence of evil, the fall of man, the tri-unity of God, everlasting punishment, hell, devil and a host of others, have ceased to

be problems,—they are chimeras of ignorance, and as such may be left to moulder in the past. The present is alive, and to hold on to these dogmas is to bring the corpse of the past from its grave. You—if you have just recognized this fact—you have awoke as from a dream, and you have found the belief you fondly cherished which was your comfort and your strength, dead and requiring burial. You gave it what it required, shed warm tears over its grave, and was glad it was dead and buried. All, however, are not so quick to see. Their beliefs die, and they continue to drag the corpses after them, dried to mummies, and by a sort of contagion they, too, become dry and mummified, and dead. This is the saddest sight in the world: the marriage of a live man to a dead belief!

What a God our forefathers believed in? Clothed with darkness terrible to contemplate, omnipotent in wrath, man he created for his own pleasure, and he condemned him to eternal hell for his pleasure. He smiled at the tortures of the damned. He ruled by arbitrary might, and demanded crouching servility and sacrifice.

Men lived troubled lives between two fears—of God and the devil, and of the two, the latter was the less terrible. Who would return to the old-time belief in the nature of God? Who would now wish to believe in a fiery hell and a cloven-footed devil? Who would now wish to believe in total depravity, infant damnation, and eternal punishment? You do not believe in these, nor do you wish to. You say every hour of your lives, I am glad I live in the present time. Despite its infidelity, its skepticism and irreverence, it has freedom, breadth of thought and morality, and it favors love instead of fear.

After the vote, on the revision of the Presbyterian creed, it is reported that a minister said in explanation, that the church had not shifted or changed its foundations; it was the same in belief as it had been since its beginning! It is most advantageous to make one's self believe that defeat is victory!

And now the deed is done, we cannot help thinking what suffering this cruel belief has done in its time. What blight of superstition the belief indicates! What suffering it has caused! Mothers weeping in grief that could not be soothed, because hopeless over the eternal punishment of children dying without baptism! As though the sprinkling

of an unthinking infant by a minister would send it from hell to heaven!

Nor can we help thinking what the result would have been if a majority of these Presbyterian ministers had voted the other way. Have infants been damned up to the moment of this vote? Are they now saved? Or has the creed been wrong, and infants been going to heaven? The church leaders have contended that the Bible proved this part of their creed. Now they say it does not. If this article has been entirely unsupported, and no one discovered it by the Bible; no one discovered it until they were enlightened by knowledge gained outside the Bible, who knows but a little more knowledge will show other articles of the Confession of Faith as unsupportable and false?

The devil has gone to limbo.

Hell vanished like a night-mare dream.

Heaven become more inhabitable.

Cruelty stricken from the creed.

Conduct of life made more than belief.

Impelled by the inevitable spirit of the age the church is pushed onward!

Let us be thankful that the Presbyterian ministers no longer blaspheme the name of God, by claiming to believe He has paved hell with the skulls of infants not a span long!

THE ITEMS OF SPRING.

My head is so full of the items of spring—

Hepaticas, wake-robins, grass leaves upshooting;

A lark song, the flash of a bluejay's bright wing,

A bevy of blackbirds each other disputing;

The caw of the crows and the cackle of hens,

And sweetly the ever-dear robin reds singing;

The little striped snakes crawling out of their dens,

And the slim wasps and hornets out scrapping and stinging;

The honey-bees hunting for something to do;

The apple blooms wearing their hoods closely hugging

Their faces; potatoes to plant, melons, too—

A vision of men Paris-greening and bugging!

The horses and drivers out plowing the fields;

The oat leaves and corn banners soon will be waving.

The mysteries mastered to bring in flush yields

Are all "up the sleeve" of the thorough and saving.

A bunch of chrysanthemum plants one sends in,
 Another a few bulbs to set out, of dahlias,
 The proud flowers which have not to "toil nor to spin,"
 But stand, like flower princes, in royal regalias.

My head is so full of the items of love—
 The little exchanges with dear friends and neighbors;
 I think, too, of those who are living above,
 And of days when they joined us in stress of earth-laborers.

They come, though unseen, and I plant them a flower,
 No matter how distant the land of their dwelling;
 I want them to come any day, any hour,
 And to know in my soul there is no sin repelling.

E. R. T.

TIME AND MATTER FOR LYCEUM LESSONS.

This paper was given at the fourteenth annual convention of the N. S. A. at Chicago, Ill. After its publication I felt highly honored to receive the following endorsement from Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, the founder of The Progressive Lyceum:

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 17, 1906.

INSPIRED, DEAR SISTER EMMA T.

Your lesson for lyceums is worth its weight in diamonds of the first water. The depth and scope of your own mind come forth in what you so eloquently express.

Ever thine,

A. J. D.

The entire session is intended to be a series of educational lessons, in various directions, all converging to the production of a well balanced human individuality.

The object of the Lyceum is to develop the best types of men and women; not to produce Spiritualists merely who will be bigoted supporters of their own ism and society only. The church Sunday-schools are simply feeders for the various isms to which they are auxiliary.

The Progressive Lyceum starts on a broader basis and aims higher than the success of societies merely. It attempts to develop the young into persons who will be capable to take up any good work which will advance the progress of the world. It aims to graduate its pupils in love, will and wisdom. To make them fraternal, strong and intelligent. To make them competent leaders but not unreasoning followers.

A satisfactory lyceum session cannot be held in less time than an hour and a half or two hours, as it is necessary to engage the interested attention and intellectual work of both adults and children. The school is equally beneficial to both.

Societies will grow much more vigorously and be more permanent if the lyceum takes the place of one of the usual Sunday lectures. This gives time for complete work, affords all a chance to take part and although it may not be as financially profitable to the lecturers, it is much more conducive to intellectual growth and independent thought. That is the original lyceum plan, and if carried out it is the grandest part of society work.

This sublime plan was presented to mortals by the great Andrew Jackson Davis. It possesses the wonderful possibilities of cultivating at the roots and producing the blossoms of advanced spirit personalities. Rooted on earth it blossoms in heaven. This should be kept ever in the minds of leaders and pupils.

Long ago, when Dr. Davis was a young man, and the lyceum plan had not yet been given to us, he gave the basis on which it is formed in three propositions, which I give below. They are from the "Present Age and Inner Life," page 268:

First—Nature is designed to develop the body.

Second—The body is designed to develop the mind.

Third—Each mind is designed to develop enough different in structure from every other to establish the individuality and eternal duration.

In these propositions we have the unitemized curriculum of the Progressive Lyceum. Can any school be greater in scope? Is any system more worthy the attention of educators who desire to benefit the young and carry their work into the future? Do not dwarf it. Give it place, time and work. The lessons should bear on its purpose as clearly stated in the first Golden Chain Recitation in the Lyceum Guide:

What is the Lyceum?

The school of liberal and harmonious education.

What is its object?

The unfoldment of all faculties in their due order and degree.

How is this attained?

By first removing all obstacles to self-development and then providing the expanding intelligence with the fitting food, which it can assimilate according to its needs.

What are the two great divisions of this study?

The physical and the mental nature.

How does it accomplish physical education?

By a series of calisthenics arranged so as to exercise every portion of the body.

In what way is mental advancement obtained?

By such instruction as calls forth the reasoning powers of the pupils through judicious information and careful discussion.

How are the artistic sensibilities appealed to?

By the badges, standards and banners with graceful marching and exercises.

Of what use are the recitations and responses?

They embody, in poetry and prose, choice expressions of great minds,—the truths thus impressed upon the memory awakening the understanding and gladdening the heart.

What is the chief principle of our system?

Harmony.

What is its particular manifestation?

Music and singing in which our unity of feeling and purpose is at once symbolized and expressed.

What is the invariable accompaniment of all our exercises?

Pleasure. That which is right is always delightful to the healthy spirit.

Which office is the most important?

That of the Leaders, since upon them devolves the responsibility of directing and encouraging the young whose plastic minds are susceptible to every breath of influence.

Recall the duties of the children.

Punctuality, order, attention, diligence and earnestness, subordination and obedience, kindness and self-restraint.

What distinguishes the lyceum method from other modes of tuition?

Its recognition of the intellectual rights, freedom and conditions of the young; its comprehensiveness, variety and tolerance; the scope it gives to individuality and its perfect accordance with the laws of Nature.

What is its most characteristic quality?

That it teaches a Religion of Reason, a creed without

dogmas in a ritual whose only laws are Beauty and Truth and whose sole end is Goodness.

What is its glorious aim?

The spiritual, moral and intellectual elevation of its members and through them of the world at large.

Let us remember this and each recognizing the lofty standard of our commonwealth fulfill his and her part in faithful devotion. So shall we come to realize its superb ideal.

E. R. T.

LESSON I.

WHAT IS A PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM?

Question.—What is the Children's Progressive Lyceum?

Answer.—A liberal Sunday-school, established by Andrew Jackson Davis, which has proved to be the most complete organization ever used for juvenile Sunday instruction.

Ques.—What is its object?

Ans.—To help boys and girls to grow into useful, wise, and good men and women.

Ques.—How can this be done?

Ans.—By growing a strong, healthy body, an intelligent mind, and an individual spirit which will live forever.

Ques.—If any one of these is neglected what is the result?

Ans.—An inharmonious person—who is unfit for the best work an individual should be able to do.

Ques.—Should this growth of body, mind and spirit all be going on at the same time?

Ans.—Yes, and carefully directed. The Lyceum exercises are planned to produce growth in all these parts which build up exemplary men and women.

Ques.—Should the instructions be practiced week days as well as Sundays?

Ans.—Certainly. Let all truths which you learn become a part of your lives. Practice what you think is good for yourself and others.

Ques.—Is there any difference in nature between Sunday and the other days of the week?

Ans.—No. All the workings of nature go on just the same on all days. But man has endeavored to make it a

day of rest, and that seems to be good for man and beast.

Ques.—Will you try to carry out the plan of the Lyceum and receive the benefit?

Ans.—Yes, we will try to grow into as good and useful people as boys and girls can make. We will help each other, and may angels guide and inspire us.

Ques.—May not societies be organized on the Lyceum plan for the benefit of men and women as well as children, and result in great advancement at small financial cost?

Ans.—Yes, this has been tried with great success.

Ques.—What is the aim of Lyceum teachings?

Ans.—To establish right over wrong, knowledge over ignorance, kindness over cruelty, and justice over all. This will create a moral brotherhood the world needs.

LESSON II.

GROWTH OF THE BODY.

Question.—What must be felt before one will begin to grow?

Answer.—One must feel hunger. The first work any of us did in our lives was to eat. We did not then know why, but it was nature's way to make us grow.

Ques.—But we continue to be hungry after we are grown to be men and women. Is that for growth?

Ans.—Oh yes, we must eat to sustain, to replace the parts of our bodies which we break down by exercise, work, or disease. The broken-down cells are thrown off and must be put in again.

Ques.—How can this be done?

Ans.—By having our bodies in good condition to make use of the food we eat.

Ques.—How can we prepare our bodies for this work?

Ans.—We must breathe pure air, night and day; be clean by taking baths; drink plenty of water; sleep, and be loving and good natured.

Ques.—How can we know we are breathing pure air?

Ans.—We must have the outdoor air coming into the house, and the indoor air going out, all the time, night and day.

Ques.—We call that ventilating a house, and it is just

as necessary in our sleeping rooms as in our parlors and other living rooms. Can you tell us why?

Ans.—Because the air which is breathed over and over again is poisonous. It makes us ill and puts our bodies in bad condition.

Ques.—How does it make us feel?

Ans.—We have headaches, our mouths taste bad, we are ill natured, and cannot digest our food. That prevents healthy growth.

Ques.—Why should we drink plenty of water?

Ans.—The blood needs it, and we should keep our inner bodies washed as well as our faces, hands, and the rest of the outside of our soul-houses.

Ques.—Do anger, selfishness, and ill nature prevent healthy growth?

Ans.—Yes. Hope, love, kindness and good nature help to make healthy, promising boys and girls.

LESSON III.

MENTAL GROWTH.

Question.—What is mind?

Answer.—Mind is the sum of our processes of knowing, our feelings of pleasure and pain, and our voluntary doings.

Ques.—Who so defines mind?

Ans.—Sully, in *Outlines of Psychology*.

Ques.—If this explanation is true is it not important that mind be cultivated in many ways, that it may be used to the best advantage for good results?

Ans.—It is the duty of individuals to the world, to try to grow minds which will safely direct to noble actions.

Ques.—How should we begin?

Ans.—We should first of all try to have good dispositions, wholesome desires, inclinations, thoughts and feelings.

Ques.—Why is this important?

Ans.—These are the natural result of good health, and are steps by which we may advance safely in the path of progress, secure mental growth, and attain mental excellence.

Ques.—Does mind mean spirit?

Ans.—Mind is used to define the intellect chiefly. It is changed and improved when broadened by wisdom, toleration and a sense of justice. It is unreliable when clouded by ignorance.

Ques.—Can you think of any faculty which must be strengthened by cultivation so our minds can make what we learn practical?

Ans.—Yes; one is memory. We must bear in mind what we have worked to learn. We must be ready, by remembering, to put our wisdom and common sense into everyday use.

Ques.—Do you think of anything else which will help on good results?

Ans.—Yes, we should be able to “make up our minds” as to what is the best thing to do when we are about to act. We must learn to decide promptly and courageously.

Ques.—You would not act on a one-sided look at the situation and needs, would you?

Ans.—Oh no, we would look quickly back, now, and ahead.

Ques.—Can people act wisely, and with decision, when unexpected things occur, and there is no time to wait?

Ans.—To know the laws of nature and to be ready to meet changes, accidents, or great good or bad fortune with stability and mental poise is the benefit of mental culture, and the golden fruit of strong and harmonious mental growth.

Ques.—What traits are foes to mental growth?

Ans.—Self-conceit, intolerance, low-mindedness, envy and wasting strength to pay back wrongs.

Ques.—What promotes mental progress and strength?

Ans.—Hunger for truth. To be tolerant, broad-minded, meek, ready to learn and courageous to live our convictions.

LESSON IV.

SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

Question.—What is Spirit?

Answer.—Spirit is an animating and inspiring principle which pervades and directs the thoughts and actions of individuals. In this lesson it applies to moral force and to

spiritual growth as productive of the highest type of human beings.

Ques.—Do you understand that spirit belongs only to people? That all lives below the human are destitute of this fine force?

Ans.—There is difference of opinion on this subject. We find unity, and a kind of brotherhood manifested throughout all conscious life. Man is not the only animal creation which manifests mutual intelligence, reason, and many of the high attributes of human beings.

Ques.—What does this fact teach us?

Ans.—That, although man has egotistically declared he is the only one of God's creatures possessing soul or spirit, his knowledge is limited, and we all have much yet to learn.

Ques.—What then is our best way to be just to sub-humans?

Ans.—We know that they have physical wants, can suffer, be glad, resent abuse, appreciate honesty, be crushed by cruelty, be happy if treated kindly, and that our own spiritual growth is promoted by trying to make all lives happy as far as possible. We should observe, learn by what we see, and try to understand those animals which have feeling, but cannot use human language.

Ques.—You are not to do this from selfish motives, but are you not benefited by so doing?

Ans.—Yes. Spiritual growth will be greater for every manifestation of sympathy and justice. In helping others we help ourselves.

Ques.—What is spiritualization?

Ans.—Spiritualization is the upbuilding of spirit as the supreme culmination of harmonious personal development.

Ques.—Is spiritual growth aided by physical comfort and perfection?

Ans.—Yes. A healthy body is the sound basis for success, although spiritual strength may be attained without it. It may come in beauty through the gates of pain. But that is not the best way.

Ques.—What is the lesson taught by pain?

Ans.—When one is physically uncomfortable something is wrong and should be corrected. Pain and discomfort depress vitality and keep us from doing our best.

Ques.—What is it to be spiritually minded?

Ans.—To have spiritual tendencies and aspirations, not

to be absorbed by physical things; to study philosophical spiritualism as a subject worthy of the spirit and equal to all its capabilities.

Ques.—What characterizes a wise and refined spirit?

Ans.—Depth and largeness of feeling.

Ques.—What is the difference between mental and spiritual growth?

Ans.—Spiritual growth is the possession and understanding of things which have an eternal value.

Ques.—You believe then that spirit may be either embodied or disembodied and retain its individuality?

Ans.—Yes. And as the spirit may grow, and take its qualities into its immortal existence, the most desirable growth is toward characteristics which have eternal relations and uses.

Ques.—These characteristics, you think, will reach beyond the partnership of spirits with their bodies?

Ans.—Yes. We believe that those who try every day to attain the highest spiritual growth make the best people on earth and the brightest angels in heaven.

E. R. T.

A REGION OF CALMS.

What do you think of the chances ahead

For a life of sweet peace?

May we hope there's a region of calms for the dead,

Where the struggling will cease?

What do you think of investments we make

For our good over there?

Don't you feel sure that the roses we break,

Up in heaven bloom more fair?

What do you think of the pain which we cause?

Oft in ignorant ways;

Must we not reap as we sow, by the laws

Which do govern our days?

Maybe it is idle to stop and inquire,

While we're climbing along,

But oh, we so long for a word to inspire,

E'en a snatch of Hope's song!

All things seem as shifting as shadows, a-chase;

Strange blendings we find!

An angel and devil behind the same face

Make us weep ourselves blind!

One day 'tis the saint, and the next day the fiend,

Which assumes full command.

One day we're extolled and the next day demeaned,
Till we doubt where we stand.

One hour we set sail in a cloud for a boat,
With the dreamiest friend,
But anon he turns pirate and clutches our throat—
A most consummate fiend!

Indeed there is little which seems to remain
As we hoped, at its best;
We find talk is cheap and assumption but vain;
There are none wholly blest.

So, just for a pastime, I ask what you think
Of the chances ahead.
This rhyme is but wasting good paper and ink—
Ahead lie the dead! E. R. T.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I will sing this Christmas morn a song of gladness, however black the cloudy sky, biting the blasts, or dismal the snow-clad landscape extending over frozen fields to where the forest moans in the souging wind. The very bleakness of nature has a joy, for it will not last, and the darkest day of winter is a prophecy of spring, with its full tide of awakened life, in song of bird, and bursting bud and bloom. If the heart is full of light, there can be no shadow across its portals, for shadows extend on the side of night and darkness. The world was made for happiness, and the perfection of living is the enjoyment of its full bounties.

Ah! there falls the shadow of the old religion; the religion of pain and self-abnegation, which blotted the light of the sun from the heavens, and made present misery the means of future joy! The founder of that religion was a man of sorrow. He wept, but never smiled. He died on the cross in an agony of spirit, responded to by the throes of nature, which rent the mountains and disturbed the sea.

Our Pilgrim ancestors had this sad view intensely impressed on their minds. They were driven across a stormy ocean, and met a coast, somber in its dense evergreen forests, where the red Indian craftily disputed possession. In the heated imagination of these stern religionists, they

were devils. Evil spirits lurked in the air; Satan was ever present to snatch the soul to perdition; man, at best, was a feeble creature, utterly corrupt, depraved and sinful; God was angry, with an undying anger kindled by Adam when he ate of the forbidden fruit. Happiness here was only an allurements for which tenfold suffering would be demanded in the future. That was a terrible view of life, of nature, and of God, and its shadow reaches across these centuries to our time. It is just beginning to fade. If I had nothing else to be glad for, I would sing a rondeau for the departure of a religion which made life one long moan of pain, and preferred the caw of the raven, to the warble of the full-throated bird of song. The anger of God has gone! The fires of the bottomless pit, over the steep edge of which rolled the endless tide of souls, lost and damned, vast and wide as the Amazon, are quenched, never to be rekindled. Dogmas and beliefs, cruel and remorseless, no more disturb the repose of the weary. All these goblins have had their day. We do not wonder that they who believed them, did not laugh; that they shuddered in fear, and preferred the tonic of pain to the relaxation of mirth. The chief joy the Puritan had was in being miserable, or seeing some one else so. He thought in the next life he would have glory in looking over the battlements of heaven to see the unbeliever writhe in the flames. That was his full conception of heaven! He felt himself so utterly debased, he would be supremely happy in the lowest place in the kingdom.

Why describe that which has passed? Because I wish for a black background to reflect the religion of joy! a religion of joy that no soul is lost, or totally depraved; that in the fullness of time the lowest will be redeemed by the growth and balance of their faculties. There is no atonement, there is no forgiveness, but there is that which is better a thousand-fold—redemption by coming to a knowledge of the true and right, and adjusting the conduct of life to their requirements! An individualized spirit is too precious a product of the great Life Tree to be cast away. It may be dwarfed and distorted by its environments, but it has the latent possibilities of angelic growth.

Nature has no impurities she has not the means of eliminating. See the crystal water! Is there anything more pure, and yet, can anything be made more unclean? The water which ascended in the mists drank by the warm

sky from Pacific seas, reflecting the starry diadem of the heavens, falls in the rain which swells the mountain streams, and fills the reservoirs which slake the city's thirst. It flows down the gutters, and sewers reeking with unmentionable contamination, and rushes in a seething tide to reach the sea. There, with all its foul abomination, the sparkling waves clap their hands to receive it. Ten thousand thousand animalculæ seize on the particles it bears; the tempests lash it with the fierce winds of their wrath, and the impatient sunlight beats down its impurities to the oozy slime of the great sea floor. Again, it is as pure as on creation's morn, reflecting the light of the sun by day as from an emerald mirror, and the silent watchfires of the stars by night, ready to fly away again to the clouds, and paint the radiant bow of promise over the waste of the storm, remaining ever a type of purity, sweetness, nobility and strength.

I heard a story once which thrilled me with the consciousness that it was more than a simple tale, a real revelation of the heritage of the degraded. A little child was lost from a wealthy home, where it was cradled in the arms of affection, and attended by the unwearying feet of love. Like the waters of a cloud, his life was made to flow through the many cesspools of depraved associations. Unfeeling masters forced him to beg bread for himself and for their wants, and at last he became a "sweep," and driven with curses and blows to his disagreeable task. One day, thus descending a tall chimney, he came to an open grate, and passed through into the room. It had a strangely familiar appearance, although the elegant furnishing bewildered him. He was weary, ill and disheartened. On every hand he met abuse, and never a word of encouragement. He threw himself on the snowy bed. The silence, the softness of the air, the agreeable warmth, lulled his senses and he slept. Then the mother came into the room. She saw on the white couch the soot-begrimed boy, in his soiled and ragged dress. There was in that sad face something that reminded her of the child she had lost years before. She bent low, with bated breath, and scarcely beating heart; recognized her own, and kissed the stained cheeks white with the lips of love.

As the lily distils from the reeking slime the marble whiteness of its petals, and the perfume which fills the air around it, so methinks the angels will find, even in the life

that seems most hopeless in the despair of its degradation, that out of which something more white and fragrant than the lily may appear.

Whatever may be our judgment here, when we transport it to the highlands of immortal life, we dare not think otherwise than that there the accidents of time, its scars and stains, and the soil of the years, will disappear. Whether the sun shines today, or the storm prevails, our hearts are glad; for we know that days of sunshine will come at their appointed time.

THE TRUE EDUCATION.

It was Pestalozzi's opinion that education of some sort should begin from the cradle. One of our modern philosophers antedates that and says a child's education should begin one hundred years before it is born. True, we can do nothing for the children now here in the way of prenatal education, but we *can* benefit the children to be born an hundred years hence by educating aright the children of today.

The child is the prime factor in solving many important problems. It is the base of the individual, and individuals are the units which, combined, give us world-conditions. Good individuals give us world-betterment. Bad ones produce world-deterioration. So child study is the great problem of the century. Education should promote *growth*, physically, intellectually and morally; steady growth from the kindergarten on through the university. We want physical growth and instructors who will not do anything to interfere with it. True, they are not *feeding* the students, but they may unwittingly do many things which interfere with the laws of health and thus prevent the best physical development. Some teachers starve the students for fresh, pure air;—some keep them in during recess as a punishment,—or detain them after school. These things may seriously effect health and ability to learn. The mind cannot act clearly when the body is uncomfortable.

The individual well equipped with a strong, normally shaped body has the working basis of a life of usefulness and independence. Exercise, but not exercise full of danger, liable to mar or destroy the body, so valuable to the

home, country, nation, and which has been grown at such cost, should be taken. But the games which annul all moral responsibility, and turn sane lads into temporary lunatics, are too costly, and cultivate in the wrong direction. They are good training for hazing when the boys enter college, if ever. The Catholic institutions do not allow this last named sin;—they can control their students—why cannot the Protestants? Do the college authorities try to repress it? Or do they shut their eyes and say, “Boys will be boys.” I would not send a child to a school where it is allowed, for I should not have confidence in the good sense or moral status of the management.

Intellectual education is the one thing never overlooked in our schools. Too often we see bright minds but weak bodies. We have *straining* as well as *training*, overcrowding and collapses. We want *goodness* as well as brightness. It is just as useful and should be cultivated constantly. Our teachers should be required to be versed in this part of education. Unfortunately, it is not in our curriculum. Spencer says, “Strangely enough the most glaring defect in our program of education is entirely overlooked. . . . *To prepare the young for the duties of life* is tacitly admitted by all to be the end which parents and schoolmasters should have in view.”

Whether as bearing upon the happiness of parents themselves, or whether as affecting the characters and lives of their children and remote descendants, we must admit that a knowledge of the right methods of juvenile culture, physical, intellectual, and moral, is a knowledge second to none in importance. This topic should occupy the highest and last place in the course of instruction passed through by each man and woman, especially those who expect to be professional educators.

Care is taken to fit youth for *society* and *citizenship*, but no care whatever to fit them for the still more responsible position of parents,—the heads of homes. It seems to be the prevailing idea that for this no preparation is needed. They are supposed to be born with all that wisdom in them, which is a great mistake. It is a complex contingency which comes to nine out of every ten and to fill the position well requires that the three lines of education, physical, intellectual and *moral* should be worked together, constantly, through all the years devoted to *learning to live*, which is the true aim of study. The requisite quali-

fication for this, *or the leading up to it*, should be furnished in our schools. How much it is needed is made plain by the great number of divorces and unjustly treated children.

There is plenty of effort to fit the boy to appear like a gentleman; no means spared to adorn girls with the graces and accomplishments which fit them for society, but the genuine character-building which will fit them for half-partner in a home where they can be trusted, and be prime factors in the welfare of the nation, is yet only an ideal in the minds of those who see the need of better methods.

SUPER-SENSITIVE.

When I have gone forward
 To regions unknown,
 Life's panic all over,
 The last blast blown,
 Oh, friends, hold to loving
 The best that I was;
 Remember all failings
 Have adequate cause.

My heart is too large
 For this world I am in;
 If the helpless are borne down
 I battle the sin.
 I can not sit easy,
 With comforts about,
 And know that my fellows
 Are doing without.

I sit by my fire
 While my dumb creatures freeze?
 I feast and grow strong
 While they bellow and teaze?
 Oh, no! I must give
 Of my strength and my store
 Till the thanks in their eyes
 Tell their needs goad no more.

Not egoism for me—
 Everything for the I—
 But each for the others;
 That gospel I cry.
 I am not all there is,
 And I care not to be;
 I can pocket some wants
 To be kind and hand-free.

“Shut your eyes and don't worry,”
 The hardened ones say;

"Your life is immortal,
 They live for a day."
 "So much the more need then,"
 I sharply reply,
 "Their lives be made pleasant:
 Tomorrow they die."

The unsympathetic,
 Incrusted in ice,
 May live undisturbed
 By e'en murderous vice.
 But I am not longing
 To be so complete
 That I heed not the wounded
 Who lie at my feet.

E. R. T.

CONSOLATION AT THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

I come to you in this hour of your profound grief, to give you some words of comfort; some healing balm for your lacerated hearts. It were easy to dilate on your great loss, and strike deeper the fountain of your bitter tears; more difficult to dry your eyes, assuage the anguish of your broken hearts with assurance that there is yet for you light, and joy; that justice and love rule the world.

The child you received as a priceless gift from heaven, whom you had cared for as the most tender flower, guarding from every harm, faded as stricken bud by untimely frost; faded and passed out of your arms. So gently, so peacefully, that you knew not when your bird of song had flown through the broken bars, leaving the waxen form—dead! You cry out against the injustice of giving you such promise of future joy, such high anticipations; such a wealth of expectation, to dash your shrine in ruins, and leave every heart-string quivering from the rude hand of pain.

When I have stood by the grave of one who departed crowned with the fruitage of the fullness of years; who had enjoyed life's cup to full measure and received all the benefits it could give, it has seemed to me that it was a fitting end, and it was right for the ripened sheaf to be garnered; for the fruit of the spring blossom to fall in the maturity of autumn. But now it is the blossom itself which is gathered and all earthly experiences are made impossible. Where can we turn to find comforting assurance, and still the sharp cry of regret?

We can never be comforted if we remain in the valley with our grief. When our view is narrowed to the small circle of ourselves, our present wants and expectations, whatever antagonizes or thwarts our purposes appears unjust and the order of events wrong beyond expression.

If, however, we come up out of the valley to the mountain top, where the boundless arch extends to the infinite horizon, our view broadens and we find that although there are shadows in the valleys, and darkness in deepest gorges, behind jutting rocks and overhanging crags, above all, over all, pours in full tide the unmeasured light. When we learn the full meaning of life and death, we shall find, that whether a spirit departs in childhood or old age, it meets no loss, only gain. Even our regrets pass with the shadow of our ignorance. Regrets we have which sting like the bite of an adder; for we never cease thinking that had this or that been done, or not done, the result would not have been so deplorable. Peace should come to your souls that you did what you at the time thought best, and it could not have been otherwise.

The spirit comes into this existence with a physical body as a necessity of its evolution. That body is the bridge it passes over into the immortal state. What counts the bridge after the spirit is safely over? It may have been a year, ten years, a century in passing, or it may have been an hour, yet it is safely over. Are the experiences of earthly life so advantageous or essential that we sob out our grief that our darling is deprived of them?

Oh, father and mother, as you have looked on your child, and thought of the pathway you have toiled over to gain your present years, and how it must follow, have you not said in your heart, "Oh, little feet, how many, many years you must walk in weariness! What flinty pathways and thorny roads you must traverse, to reach the end! Oh, little hands, with what aching strain you will do your tasks and bear your burdens!"

This life may have great happiness; it may be full of misery. You loved your child and felt assured that it was so sweet and angelic only an angel's enjoyment would follow. You are not sure, and such misfortunes might have befallen, that you would wonder why you desired it to remain. Who can tell us of the future of any child? We know, however, that its life must be one long struggle, and

in the end it will only have crossed over a very narrow stream.

If the blessed child went from this life without its experiences, it also went without tasting the bitterness of the cup pressed to so many lips. It went unburdened, unstained, and if it had learned nothing, it has nothing to unlearn. It has no sodden influences to hold it back and bind it to earth.

So soon meeting the second birth into the higher life! So soon to enter the school of angels!

And you, mother, have asked repeatedly who will receive the darling spirit? Will it not be frightened at the new life and the new faces? "Oh, if I were only there to comfort her," you have repeated from pillow wet with tears. As you received her with loving arms into this life, spirit friends received her into theirs, and their smiling faces gave her peace and rest. In the perfect growth of that higher life, there will be no shadows, or failures. She will be cared for by a love which asks no further recompense than the high privilege of doing, as the sun shines in the dome of the sky giving all and receiving nothing. She will grow tall and beautiful as a dream of loveliness with such associates as earth cannot give.

To leave you? to forget you? never; for to come to you when your hearts call her will be her pleasure.

And the years will go by, even to the end of your earthly lives.

When you meet her will you know her? How and by what sign? Had she left you in this life for some distant country and after years returned, how would you have recognized her? In appearance changed, but held by the same strands of undying affection. You will not have to inquire, for she will stand near, even within the portal to take your hands with the warm pressure of her affection and lead you into the circle of welcoming friends.

THE PASSING OF "OUR FIRST FLEDGLING."

Rose was our first baby. She suited us exactly the first time we looked at her, and there was never a moment when we felt we could do without her. She was so affectionate, so responsive, so capable. But we are living and she is gone. She went to immortal life on the night of December

31st, at a little past twelve o'clock. Her home was "The White House On the Hill," less than half a mile away from the old homestead where she was born, and where her happy childhood and girlhood was spent. Her father was born on the same spot also. She used to say, "I'm never going to live out of sight of the old place! It looks so good to me!"

She came to us almost every day, driving by and always stopping to give a cheery call if business called her further on. I never saw her come that I did not thrill with joy.

The most of her life was spent in Berlin. After her first marriage she lived a few years in Chicago where her first child Emma Clair Crocker was born and died a year later in Berlin while she was visiting her parents at her old home.

The bodies of mother and daughter now rest side by side and their souls are reunited in the land we cannot see. Dear Rose saw Emma Claire many times during her illness, grown up and beautiful. She described her and told what she said.

I wish to say a few things especially to the dear home friends of Berlin, who were so tenderly thoughtful to her after it was known that her stay was uncertain; that the brave, busy little mother and home keeper, was really very ill. Our other close friends, seen and unseen, will read with interest also. She herself never was told that she had been pronounced incurable. She hoped. We wished it so.

Christmas day, after she had passed its pleasant hours in her home surrounded by flowers, and other gifts, every one of which she petted with her dear thin hands, telling about the givers, etc. I said to her as I was going away, "Rose, don't you want me to send a note about your Xmas to our home paper?" "I wish you would, ma," she answered. People have all been so kind to me, I know they'd like to know how I am getting along." So I sent a snap shot of that precious day on which she gave her last little love tokens to her dear ones there with her. She was bright, talkative, happy, and made plans for some visits when she was a little stronger. We hoped she might live her dreams, one of which was to "go down home."

So I know, loving her friends as she did, she will want them to know the particulars of how she made the transit to angel land. That the effort to obtain surgical help in Cleveland was disappointing, and that the learned Dr.

Parker said, after making an incision, "It is useless; all you can do is to make her comfortable while she lives. I cannot tell you how sorry I am to say this." She never knew. She had a strong bent to always hope, and expect good. With her three little ones about her, how could we wish her to know she was doomed to leave them in other hands? As it was, her last days were, most of the time, happy and full of pleasant plans and happy dreams.

We knew the destroyer, hidden although it was, to be still working, and a collapse liable to come at any time in the way of hemorrhage. Oh, how precious every word, every look, every second of time seemed to us. And we must smile, and keep her hopeful and unsuspecting, or break her heart. Yet she made many remarks which told us she was wiser than we knew. She said she had had a presentiment for a year that she was not going to live.

Three days after her last holiday, the disease showed alarming progress and her brother, Dr. Tuttle, knew the collapse was nearing. She chose the bed, did not wish to be carried down stairs. She talked so sweetly of her friends, watched our comfort, but grew much weaker. Friday morning when Madge, her daughter, came she said, "I want you near while I stay." Friday morning she said to her mother, "Nothing can help me; this is fatal." She saw at different times several spirit friends, with great pleasure. As the end was nearing she said she was happy, but hated to go. Dear little mother, why should she not hate to go? She also said, "I am going home a little past twelve." And she did, with a smile on her dear, thin face which we hope deepened by angel welcomes.

Dearest, truest, most loving daughter, wife, mother, friend. Too self-abnegating to bide longer in this world of unequal chances.

The last sad rites were held at the residence January 4th, 1905, and were attended by a large assembly. The occasion was made as beautiful as decorations could cause it to be. The loved lady, whose last reception it was, lay on a white couch casket, robed in the sheerest white silk, with a rose in her hair, a few long stemmed white roses in one hand and a filmy lace handkerchief in the other by her side. The illusion about her neck was fastened at the waist by a beautiful bunch of violets. The couch was wreathed with ropes of roses and smilax and the picture of the sleeping one, and her surroundings, was a dream never to be

forgotten. There was an opulence of floral tributes of great beauty from various sources. Hon. W. D. Johnson gave the address, which was a gem of literary merit full of consolation.

Mrs. A. Husted, of Norfolk, sang to the piano accompaniment of Mrs. Jessie Connor, very artistic and tender selections.

Mrs. Husted and Rose were girlhood friends.

We can but feel that the transition of this dear woman has marked our days for sorrow, which we pray her angel companionship may lighten. She was so responsive in all the relations of life that she was an ideal friend and caught the hearts of all who really knew her, and held them through all vicissitudes. She unconsciously made herself a necessity which could not be relinquished.

She was a lover of home and family, and never sacrificed them to social ambition. She was ranked with the best and truest women of her native town. She, with her husband, took pleasure in making a hospitable, attractive home, where he and the bereft little ones still live, although the mistress of the house has become invisible. She has not deserted it, we fondly believe, nor her mortal friends who love her as of old. Since she went I wrote:

CONFUSED.

I turn to my world as it used to be,
 With you in your buoyant prime.
 O, glow and bloom of the yesterdays
 In their royalist flowering time!
 I grope about for a bunch of words
 To place so your angel eyes
 May read my love when you come to me
 From Violet Vale in the skies.

I long, with almost a frenzied sense,
 For something a part of me,
 Which melted away to a 'shape unseen
 Through a strange, white mystery.
 A longer earth-life was due you, dear,
 But you gave with too free a hand
 Of your own grand self. Justice treated you
 Like a plundering, rough brigand!

And I who love you, and used to prate
 How the well-earned dues will come,
 Stood by and saw it was all a lie,
 And Death strikes my darling dumb.

My dreams about Nature's tenderness,
 And how Goodness is sure to win,
 Were disappointing. I came to know
 Most roses are thrown to Sin.

Like one struck blind in a labyrinth
 Of laws which I cannot trace,
 I feel that a heart, supersensitive,
 Is matter quite out of place.
 Yet, bearing a half-dead hope, I search,
 With a hunger consuming me,
 For a clear-cut proof that our greatest want
 Is God's law—IMMORTALITY!

And there is a world full of folks like me,
 With the same old ache in the heart,
 Who wander about in a tense research
 To find the immortal part.
 And yet, and yet, we can only wait
 For time to reveal the whole
 Of the way God answers the fathomless wants
 Of a hungry human soul.

I fly from my world as it used to be
 To the one which we enter next,
 And I ask, "May my angels comfort me?
 I am lonesome and sore perplexed.
 There is strange confusion of good and bad;
 Of wisdom and ignorance.
 See! the selfish thrive, and the good are crushed,
 But Justice takes no offense!"

In Violet Vale in my world-to-be—
 For I know you are living there—
 How perfect must be the rest to see
 No doubt flying anywhere!
 The soul immortalized, all the dread
 Of death in the world below—
 Now read the words I would have you see—
 "MY DARLING, I LOVE YOU SO!"

E. R. T.

A DEAD WORLD—A PRESCIENT VISION.

On a battlement overlooking an immensity of space,
 two angels sat in converse. Graceful beyond conception
 was their beauty and youth which had been perfected
 by centuries of experience which left not the footprints of
 age. The firmament flashed with stars, among which
 appeared one with ashen light, pale as the phosphorescence
 of a fire-fly.

"The earth grows dim even in its reflected light," exclaimed one of these beings whom we shall know as Aimee.

"Do you remember we once went there on a mission? So long ago, so very long ago, that a new race must have sprung up in the place of the one that made it so beautiful, with cultivated fields and delightful homes."

"It is a dying world, in its last throes," replied Alzar, her companion. "It is a sublime fancy, the birth, maturity and death of worlds."

"Ah, yes, a dead world is a most awful spectacle. So vast the desolation; so inevitable the action of the forces which are employed, one is appalled in its contemplation. Worlds die of one disease, the waste of their forces, and this was accelerated on the earth by the officiousness of its inhabitants."

"Were they of the same race as those we saw there?"

"The same; but they had not then entered on their swift downward career. They were wise, yet they did not forecast the future and guard against the results of their actions."

"Incalculable millions of years were required to perfect the earth for the residence of man. The beginning was fire-mist, out of which the budding planet condensed all the elements in heterogeneous combination. In the seething caldron of the steaming ocean, and heated azoic rocks crystallization went on, and in the ooze of a cooler sea, life came in its lowest form as a fleck of protoplasm."

"As a living being?"

"Oh, no, only as living matter; as a substance capable of entering into living forms; living, but unorganized protoplasm."

"And the spirit of God moved on the face of the great deep, and it swarmed with fishes," said Aimee, solemnly.

"As you please to state it. The breath of infinite purpose went forth and the sea swarmed, but it required time, so long the years fail to measure it, for by the slow work of the pre-silurian ocean, quite ten miles of rocky crust was formed beneath that sea, in which the shell and scale were embalmed, before there came any being higher than fish with plated armor; while yet the black landscape of crumbling rocks was wrapped in blacker clouds.

"That was the beginning, and I care not to relate the history of advance until man came as the perfect fruitage of this tree of life, which, like the fabled ash of Norse

mythology, strikes its roots to the foundation of things and extends its branches to the heavens.

Man came as the last link in this chain of beings; the born heir of the fruitage of the ages. He was the favored child of nature, for she had given him not only a keen intellect which by growth made him as a god, she had evolved by a wondrous process from her creeping, crawling brood, one form, erect, with hands freed from other uses, able to perform the dictates of his will. The adaptability of that hand is of almost equal value to the intellect which controls it. Nature had equipped him physically and mentally as a king and gave him a regal legacy, to be multiplied by his labor. How he destroyed his patrimony and reduced the earth to a desert on which no living thing remained and all forces were expended, is the sad story of a dead world."

"And the story—am I not to hear it?"

"You shall hear it, though not to weary you. I will dwell only on the more salient points. For many ages the clans and tribes in which the wild man associated for protection, smote each other, and with the uncertainty of gaining food and the buffetings of the weather, there was slow increase, for like wild beasts they met their enemies, and the stronger struck down the weaker. But as growing intelligence stimulated the cultivation of the soil and provided better means of protection, the population rapidly increased and had it not been for frequent wars and pestilence the food supply would have been constantly exceeded and famine a continuous attendant. Inventive skill was stimulated to create weapons of offense and defense. The club became a spear, and at length a sword and bayonet; the bow became a rifle; the sling a catapult and cannon; the canoe an armored battleship.

"The means of defense kept pace with those of offense until terrible explosives were discovered, in which the energies of a million genii of destruction were concentrated. War became wholesale murder; valor and courage, foolhardiness, and peace was maintained by arbitration because the nations did not dare engage in conflict which would be sure annihilation and in which bravery received no reward. Then it was that with the arts of peace, the population became crowded and men sought on every side for the wealth stored by preceding ages. They were not content with the power of their own hands, they harnessed

the heat of the sun, which had been stored away in seemingly exhaustless beds of coal, beaten out of the gaseous combinations by the arrows of light. These stores were deeply imbedded under plains, or in the breasts of mountains, and with wondrous skill they ran shafts through flinty rocks into the most concealed recesses and wrenched wealth from the grasp of Nature. The infusoria of some remote time had clothed themselves with iron shells and falling to the oozy bottom of widely extended lakes, were melted into ore and upheaved in mountains by volcanic force. This ore gave the metal by which the solar energy might be retained and made a slave. Mountains of iron and continents of coal the ephemeral man said were sufficient for all time.

“Man found forests forming a home for innumerable animals, which furnished him with food and raiment.

“As the forest interfered with cultivation, he destroyed it; the giant oak and redwood, counting their ages by centuries, were not spared. The forest became a cultivated plain; the wild animals perished and the songs of birds were not heard.

“The restless people were seized with a desire to be somewhere, anywhere else than where they were. They ate not the products of their own, but of foreign countries. To facilitate this transfer, which they called commerce, they connected their towns and cities with roads of steel and ships hammered from that metal sailed in every direction across the seas. They were not satisfied with the existing order of things and like swarming ants fiercely labored to change the face of the earth.

“They turned the course of the rivers; cut passages through mountains for their roads; bored deep for the treasure of gas and oil the great earth-alembic had distilled drop by drop from the remains of primal organisms and stored, hermetically sealed in the bosom of the rocks, unaffected by convulsions which rent the contorted surface.

“They crushed mountains for the fragments of gold and silver and filled the valleys with the debris. No obstacle daunted their courage, no achievement exceeded their ambition. Once they cringed in fear at the angry flash of the lightning, or maddened, shot arrows into the bosom of the tempest; they lost their fear and mocking the storm, caught its hurtling bolt and sent it around the world as messenger, or chained it to menial labor.

“With machines they cultivated the earth and it gave fabulous harvests. For a time the food supply, like the coal and iron, appeared inexhaustible, and the Malthusian law was set at defiance. There was so much grain that it rotted in the fields, or was used for fuel; the cake in the oven was baked by an equal part in the grate, yet greater quantities were transformed into liquor which was like fire to the taste and inflamed the blood. The nervous tension in the mad race for power and preferment was sustained by its use, although millions were goaded to madness and destroyed.

“The earth had been many eons gathering the forces of the sun, but the prodigal race wasted this inheritance so wantonly that the acquisition of a thousand years sufficed not for a single circle of the sun. The surface was denuded of its forests further and further to the North, even to the borders of the northern ice-fields. The coal was mined until the crust fell in on the careless delvers. The narrowest seams were patiently explored and even the refuse assorted. The ores of iron became exhausted and the mines of precious metals gave no returns. The soil which had filled granaries to bursting with its products; the grain which roared in cataracts into waiting ships and endless trains of cars, gave less and less return to the hand of labor. It had been forced to bear a double burden, for by the agency of electric light it had been given no rest by night, and vegetation forced to grow continually, had drained its precious elements to exhaustion and the sewers of the cities had washed them into the sea from which they could not be regained.

“The harvests failed to ripen and the fruits to mature. The climate had been affected by the wrought changes which had reference to the whims of man and not to the order of the earth. As the mineral veins in the rock-crust had been deposited by magnetic currents, their disturbance interrupted the flow of these and the iron roads and innumerable wires changed their course and volume leading to great climatic changes, tornadoes, storms and extreme vicissitudes of weather. The fettered lightning was avenged by its magnetic relative, for the surging, molten center, yet retaining the heat of the fire-cloud, released from the restraining hand of these currents which gave direction to its motions, burst through the ancient volcanic vents and shook the earth until its cities toppled

in ruins and the ocean swept in vast waves far over the land.

"The constant succession of disasters, the decimation of the plague; the ruin wrought by the earthquakes and suffocation by volcanic gases; the increasing scarcity of food from the beggared soil; the feeling that everything had reached senility, was worn out and sick unto death, cast the gloom of despair over the minds of the once gay and opulent people.

"At last the harvests utterly failed and the pitiful cry of hunger was moaned from countless lips, and hands were lifted to a God who was silent. That was a dreadful spectacle of a starving world! No rescue, no relief! Cities desolate and in ruins, their citizens fell exhausted in the streets and there were none to remove them. The streets were strewn with the dead. There were dead families in every house where affection clasped its gaunt arms in last embrace around those it loved."

"Ah, now we come to the highly sensational part of your narrative," said Aimée. "I guess your plot before its denouement, which, you must confess, shows how unskillfully you have woven it. Two romantic young people—in love, of course—emphatically in love, regardless of the discouragements of plague and famine, remain, alone in all the world, and because there was no one to marry them, pledge eternal fidelity and die in each other's embrace."

"No, you have completely failed. The last of all these swarming people was a mother and her babe. She had wandered from the city's streets out into the suburbs, where villas and palaces with grounds on which art had lavished its utmost skill, were on every side. She slowly wended her way into the open country where the gardens were which had supplied the markets. In utter weariness she threw herself under a tree, leafless and dead, for it, too, had starved in the barren soil. The earth trembled as in fear and the brazen heavens mocked the change from beauty, peace and opulence, to death. The mother searched for some herb that might appease her intolerable desire for food; there was not a blade of grass or a weed.

"The babe moaned, and the mother drew its thin lips to her bosom for the last drop of nourishment, and while it nursed, with the coma which gives no sign, she died.

"The babe slept on its dead mother's breast, and when

the chill of evening came with the low sun, it awoke, moaned faintly, and when the stars came in the sky, they looked down pityingly, as its life at the midnight hour went out in a quiver of pain."

"What has it all availed?" queried Aimee; "what good has come of this earth, with its ages of agony and pain? It has reached its end, a barren world swinging in darkness through space and for what object? What end and purpose has been attained?"

"Its cycle is not yet complete. Exhausted of its vital force, it will after a time fall into the sun, into which all planets and comets with the dust-swarms of space will ultimately fall and thereby become again dissipated in fire-mist and a new cycle of change begin."

"Oh, it is wearisome this ceaseless change! I would rather contemplate cessation and rest."

"There is a purpose and an end attained. As the perfume escapes from the flower, so the spirit arises out of the conflict, and while the earth perishes, it is indestructible. After the fruit is gathered would you say the tree has no cause for being? The purpose of creation as expressed by evolution, has for its first term protoplasm, its last, an angel endowed with immortality."

The milky way spanned the sky and before them was a planet glowing with soft light. The earth disappeared behind a cloud of meteors.

They arose and as a thought flashes through space, they went their way.

THE INSTINCT OF LIFE.

Go on with your pleasures, my dear ones,
 The world is as fair to your view
 As when from the hilltops, in Maytime,
 I saw it a-glitter with dew.
 The visions of Hope were resplendent;
 There were dream-crested mountains to climb,
 And valleys a-bloom, far beyond them,
 Where life might be wholly sublime.

The moon sailed the blue in the night time,
 The stars twinkled off in the sky,
 And my head never ached, as it now does,
 With solving the How and the Why.
 Life's keenest delight was in action;
 Results were not planned as exact,
 Nor movements economized strictly
 To bring us the things we most lacked.

The instinct of life is toward motion,
 Not for plans to achieve, nor to shirk,
 Not horror about the two demons,
 Out-of-Work and his twin Overwork.
 So if youth's wild uneasiness frets us,
 Remember 'tis life in full play;
 The birds sing, the leaves dance, the winds laugh,
 And everything has its heyday.

We may not see where the good gain shows,
 But a manifestation it is
 Of the soul of the universe, stirring
 Matter into fine ecstasies.
 "Be quiet!" the mandate of Death is,
 "Be active!" the fiat of Life,
 Let us smile in activity's tumult,
 And step to the drum and the fife. E. R. T.

SELF UNMADE PEOPLE.

There is a prospect of growth in embracing a religion which invites investigation, is ready to answer questions, represents all reforms, and keeps abreast of progress, philosophy and reason: a religion which is not limited, is expansive, tolerant and uplifting.

Our religion began by asking questions: it has grown by keeping them up, and no one of its teachers has ever tried to stop the questioning spirit, nor laid the disposition to doubt what is not proven to the devil. It is a free-for-all gospel, the aim of which is individual perfection.

Its main object is, not to put, after death, beautiful angels into a remote heaven, but to have perfect souls in perfect bodies here on this earth. It is the only insurance policy which can be taken out on angelhood after death. and it is an unfailing insurance; no possibility of bankruptcy and no fraudulent agents between the soul and its God.

While we are singing of lily-crowned angelhood,
 White souled and high in the sweet by-and-by,
 Were it not best that we earnestly work for good
 As the days pass, and not wait till we die?
 Helpful words, noble deeds, tender and dutiful,
 Falling like light where a heart groweth faint,
 Are in a mortal as holy and beautiful
 As in the disenthralled soul of a saint.

Angels are beings more near to perfection
Than idlers, who sing, dress in clouds, and crowns wear;
They have risen to glory through stern self-correction,
Continued in regions past mortal compare.

Do you ask how this religion of science differs from creedal religion?

I answer in its recognition of intellectual rights, the scope it gives to individuality, and its perfect accordance with the laws of nature.

It demands the spiritual, moral and intellectual elevation of its adherents as a sure method of advancing the world at large.

Its believers are expected to make just as great and good men and women of themselves as their size will permit and to be as comfortable and as happy as they can be and not selfishly encroach upon the rights of others.

Last winter I attended a revival meeting in one of our town churches. The evangelist was Rev. —, of Oberlin. He was a mercurial little gentleman with "ginger in his eye." His subject was *Law and Grace*. In applying it to family government he said the most unquestioning obedience should be enforced. "The God of Moses enforced it when He said the man who picked up a few sticks on Sunday should be stoned to death," he argued.

On one occasion his own little 2-year-old baby was toddling across the floor and laid a book down on the carpet. He told the little fellow to pick it up and bring it to him. The baby looked at him, ducked his head, and said "n-yah!"

He could not talk, he did not know what "pick up" and "bring" meant. So he blankly said "n-yah!"

The reverend father took it for sauciness and repeated his command. "N-yah!" said the baby. He could not get it through his little head.

For two long hours the great evangelist punished his baby to make him bring the book, and to get the "n-yah!" out of him. And he said he considered it the most Christian two hours work he ever did.

The religion of science does not recommend whipping the "n-yah" out of children, nor choking it out of grown-ups. It protests against blind obedience.

The safest and most reliable persons are those whose reason precedes action. It follows that if we evolve such

men and women from children we must allow them to reason before acting.

We hear a great deal about self-made men and women. Do we ever think how many self-unmade people there are, and why characters topple easily? It is because they are not builded wisely. They were not thoroughly self-made. They depended on something outside of self to balance them, and it failed.

After we are self-made we have ever to guard against unmaking ourselves. Did you ever feel that you had lost yourself somewhere on life's journey, and that the visible ego, bearing the name your mother gave you in babyhood, is not the person you expected to be? Not the individual you were when you, at the age of twenty perhaps, considered your education finished, your character solidly established, and yourself out of all danger—with nothing in the way of your progress toward "wealth, eminence and influence." You did not see the lions in the path before you. You thought the road would be smooth, and flower-edged, but you have found it stony and bristling with stinging weeds. You thought the battles had been fought, that the road was safe; and advancement easy. But we all travel in chains. The chains of heredity are ever binding us, and the old idea that character is established in the morning of life is erroneous. *Habits* may be, but new manifestations of character are liable to crop out in any year of our lives. Traits which we inherited from some near or remote ancestor may put in an appearance when we least expect it. God did not create *us* out of raw material, as some believe he did father Adam. No, he let his laws work, and we have a little of our father's integrity and grandfather's proclivity for telling big stories, and great-grandfather's combativeness, and uncle John's taste for strong drink, and aunt Mary Jane's vanity, and grandmother's extravagance for spending money, and uncle Reuben's stinginess, and aunt Helena's romance and great-grandmother's poor judgment about getting in love with unsuitable persons, and being such composite creatures, we can never be quite sure what events may call out the uncle Reuben or the aunt Helena, or the grandfather, or the grandmother part of us, backed up by the stubbornness of ancestor Asa, who had a jaw as long as a mule.

It is the assumption of the dead progenitors who ride in our omnibus, as Holmes said, which presents the pitiable

spectacle of so many self-unmade people. I had made up my mind not to state this rational cause when I began, because it places me in a position where I cannot blame them. I cannot say upbraidingly "Why *will* you make such a fool of yourself!" because I feel that an answer which I once heard a school girl give to a petulant professor might be appropriately repeated. My friend Emilie had a bad way of stuttering. It was a great mortification to her but she could not overcome it. The professor asked, "In what state is New Orleans?" "L-l-l-louithiana," said Emilie. "Miss Emilie, why *will* you persist in that stuttering!" Emilie drew herself up proudly, her face flaming with indignation as she retorted: "Becaughte I did not make mythelf, Thir!" She had hit the truth. There was nothing more to say. The list of self-unmade people begins away back with Mother Eve, as the story goes. She was very handsomely located in the garden of Eden and had every prospect of an easy, ignorant, eternal life.

The climate was salubrious. There was no worry about clothes, no dressmakers to pay, no hats to select, no shooting birds to trim them up with, no razor-toed shoes to break, no corset strings to pull on, no washing to do, no ironing—no bosom shirts to do up for Adam, no shirt studs to hunt up, no stockings to darn, no boot-jacks to hang up, no cooking and washing dishes; she did not even do light housekeeping nor get cricket meals. I do not think it was any advantage to her—if she *had* had more housework to do she wouldn't have been fooling with the Devil and have unmade herself.

Be that as it may, she "cooked her goose" in less time than it has taken me to tell it, and cooked goose enough for us all to eat for the last six thousand years.

How many self-unmade people appeal to us as we read the pages of history? How mournfully vivid stands the career of Alexander the Great, who was born 356 years before Christ, and for 32 years, the length of his wonderful life, blazed athwart the cloudy skies of that remote age? The son of a king, he received every aid to bring out his talent. At the age of fifteen he became the pupil of the philosopher Aristotle. His mental resources were vast and he infused into the young prince much of his enthusiasm for poetry and philosophy. He instructed him in all branches of human knowledge. His physical frame was strengthened by systematic gymnastic exercises. His youth-

ful days were brightened by many proofs of manly skill and courage. At sixteen years his father left him in charge of the government while he went on an expedition, and he proved himself efficient. His sense of moral rectitude seems to have been acute, for when his father, Philip of Macedon, repudiated his mother Olympia, young Alexander took the part of his mother, thus bringing on a quarrel with his father, which obliged him to flee to escape his vengeance. His father being assassinated, he became king in his twentieth year. He conquered every thing before him, advancing from one victory to another, until he entered Persepolis triumphant, master of the *greatest empire* in the world. He had then reached the highest pinnacle of military greatness and then began the sad work of unmaking himself. He gave himself up to arrogance and dissipation. Persepolis he burned, in a fit of drunkenness. He became ungrateful and cruel. He shed the blood of his bravest generals and his most loving friends. He killed his dear friend Clitus with his own hand at a banquet,—and to his credit, felt remorse. His ambition was insatiable, but every effort seemed to be working his destruction. At last he was taken suddenly ill after a banquet, and died. He died a self-unmade man, although in memory of what he had been, his remains were put in a golden coffin and the sarcophagus is now in the British museum, his greatness is not there. His young hands unmade it, and left us only a deplorable wreck.

The Egyptian queen Cleopatra has been painted, sung, dramatized, and weakly imitated, until we almost shrink from holding her up again to view; but she and her conquered Roman warrior are two conspicuous examples of self-unmade people. In almost every large theater there is a scene representing her in her barge on the river Cydnus, going to answer Antony's summons. The picture is very beautiful but she should have the little illegitimate Cæsar along on the barge. We never hear much about the twins which were born to her after that ride to conquest although we are told how she suicided by the bite of an asp. This left the twins, little Alexander and Cleopatra, motherless and fatherless, Antony having killed himself by falling on his sword. The task of bringing up these children of the escapading queen and warrior was assumed by Octavia, Antony's noble-hearted wife. That part of the story would spoil the picture, and is wisely not brought

forward. From pinnacles of greatness this conspicuous team of romancers fell to the rank of self-unmade people.

But I must not wander among past things, and people long since dead. I must come down to the present, and to living people, or you will be arousing me by the startling summons which a mother used to wake up her sleepy-headed daughter. It was this: "Get up! Jane! Today is Monday; tomorrow's Tuesday; next day's Wednesday and the week's half gone and nothing done yet!"

We hear much about self-made people:—those who work against adverse circumstances and rise superior to them. Those who are weighted with burdens but win the race and wear victors' crowns. America counts her self-made people by thousands and proudly points to Lincoln and Garfield as splendid examples of what American boys may become by persistent effort. We have many heroic girls who work their way up through poverty and want to well equipped womanhood, and stand ready to do their part in life, well made, well garmented, well educated. They count overwhelmingly against the mamby pamby girls who do little besides eat candy and ask papa for cash; whose muscles are soft as dough, and whose faces have little more expression than a tablespoon. What helpmates to choose for the business of life! Ruskin tells us wife means weaver, and that women are usually *house wives* or *house moths*: they weave fortunes or they gnaw and destroy them. How easy it is for the latter-day young ladies to get married and transform themselves into a house moth. And it takes a strong, brave man to achieve any business success against such odds. The threads of fortune are gnawed off fast as he can spin them. But sometimes it is the man who turns moth while the woman racks her brain to balance up his shortcomings. On whichever side the injustice stands the dishonor of being an ignoble partner is there and shows either a lack in ability or in moral rectitude.

Every unjust act we do is an agent toward unmaking ourselves. I do not suppose many of us will ever go about demolishing a correct individuality in a large, awful way, as did Benedict Arnold, the modern murderer Holmes, or the long list of criminals we may glean from the newspapers every day we choose to hunt for them, but in a *small* way we may effect a wreck of self, if we work at it long enough.

If the tendency of our actions is upward instead of downward there is no danger; but if our lives grow less worthy of imitation day by day, if our family disrespect us, and our friends do not feel the need of us, we may feel pretty sure things are going the wrong way, and it is time to consider the situation. Let us consult our mirrors and see what thoughts are chiseling our faces. Let us study our own visages as critically and as intelligently as we do those of other people. Let us determine whether it is love, kindness, helpfulness, benevolence, charity, spirituality, which are writing so plainly; or is it hatred, cruelty, a disposition to grind down others, selfishness, harsh judgment, sensuality, which are putting their lines deep in the flesh and blood masks which our souls wear. If the latter we are slowly and surely unmaking ourselves and it is time to call a halt. Sometimes in marriage partnerships one of the firm—it may be the man, it may be the woman—sets about unmaking itself, while the other goes on improving and building up a grand, good-dispensing character. Of course they grow apart—their lives diverge—and before they find out what is the matter, John has applied for a divorce or Mary is in love with some other man, or *thinks* she is, who is *not* yet unmaking himself. What a pity! How lamentable it is that people cannot know that if they are hateful they will be disliked, and if they are loving, in the high sense of the word, they will be *loved*. This is just as certain as it is that if you *plant* thistles you will *reap* thistles, and if you plant pansies you will get the sweetest, dearest little velvety flowers in all nature.

Do you know that thoughts are things, and that vicious thoughts, full of malice and hate, when directed towards a person may produce illness, and even death? It is much safer to act so justly and so nobly that you will only call out kindly, loving thoughts from those about you, even from animals. It takes an iron constitution to live LONG and be wicked. Quarrelling is the hardest and most wearing work one can do. Anger generates poison and is self destructive.

Somebody wrongs you or you think you are wronged. You grind your teeth and say "Just wait! I'll show him there is a God in Israel!"

Oh yes! of course you *can*. You can load yourself up with a bushel of mud, if you wish to spare the strength

to do it, and you can throw it, and you can make a sorry looking picture of him. I *know* you can,—I would not say he doesn't deserve it, but it is such an undignified piece of work for *you!* You will need a thorough scrubbing yourself before you will feel natural and angelic again. Economically speaking, one cannot afford to be bad because somebody else is. Protect yourself, be just to yourself, but don't go out of your way to do spite work. If you do back will come flocks of black thoughts which will beat angrily against your spirit until you are agonized and weakened.

Our religion is of the kind which cannot be made available to the fullest extent without the free use of brains. We make our own calculations about the outcome of our actions, and should not shut our eyes and blindly "wade in," expecting Divine Love will reach down and rescue us when the water reaches our noses!

Oh no! that is not the way the God of Nature works. He makes things, sets them on their feet and says, "Now take care of yourself! Keep your eyes open and do your best! I expect much of you." That is as we understand the Father.

But the idea as taught by the churches is very much in contrast. Their God creates human beings, sets them down with a Bible to play with, and says, "Now believe in Me! There is nothing in *you*,—nothing at all!—don't *try* to make anything of yourself, because you cannot. If you need help call on me. Have faith, and pray."

So they move on with eyes skyward. A little while and a voice wails up, "Oh God, I'm in a pitfall! I did not see it! Please deliver Thy servant!" And soon again a prayer goes up from the depths, "Oh Lord, I'm in trouble again! I have trespassed on my neighbor's rights and am sued! I did not recognize the place where *my* rights left off and *his* began. I throw myself upon Thy protection—*save Thou me!*"

Again a despairing voice, tremulous with fright, ascends for help, "Oh God of all nations, take heed of the peril of Thy servant. A missionary, trying to win souls to Thee, is about to be murdered by the heathen Chinese,—yea, *sixteen* are about to be murdered,—help! help! . . ."

They were murdered—no help came. The God of Nature would have said by his laws in language we would

translate thus: "You don't mind what you are about! You *never* will learn to take care of yourself, and,—you will have to go for it! My laws concerning natural selection are unchangeable."

An object lesson illustrating the inadequacy of ordinary Sunday-school teaching in building up rounded characters was brought to my notice last week. The young miss, who was the chief actor, is a member of a church and has for years attended Sunday-school. Instead of being taught kindness, justice and the rights of others she has been wasting time on dead and gone times and people, and has never learned to put herself in another's place.

A young German who had been working out in the cold March weather, in a heavy snow, when he came in to dinner drew off his boots and set them by the stove that they might be warm and dry when he went out again. Little Miss Tickle shoes saw them and thought it would be a cunning thing to do to fill them with snow and set them by the fire. So while he was eating in another room she packed them *full* of damp snow and set them where it would melt and wet the felt lining. When the young man came to put them on you can imagine how dangerously uncomfortable and cold they would be after the snow was dug out.

Miss Tickle shoes was behind the door laughing over her "cunning little joke." She, and all others, who have been trained in the dwarfing process, need the advantages of a well conducted, progressive Lyceum, where reason, sympathy, justice, and mental acuteness are cultivated to the advantage of the present residents of earth, while the old Bible characters take a delightful rest from discussion for at least a hundred years. It would insure solid character building and lessen the number of self-unmade people. It would spread the Religion of Science and redeem humanity from ignorance.

E. R. T.

THERE SHALL BE PEACE.

In remote antiquity, when war was the noblest occupation and the warrior the leader of his people, the bards while singing the praise of glorious deeds of arms, sang also a prophetic strain of peace; the glory of the millennium, when the lion and the lamb would lie down together,

the sword cast aside for the sickle. They foresaw the beatitude of that age when war should cease and the foreigner no longer be regarded as an enemy to be destroyed, but a brother to be fraternally received.

The prophecy is about three thousand years old, yet unfulfilled. It was made amidst the fierce contention of warring tribes when there was not a ray of promise. What a pathway of slaughter the nations have traveled since that first intimation of the coming of a Golden Age. There has been continuous war, and the skill and inventive ingenuity has been expended on instruments of destruction and defense. The rude club became the sword; the bow, the rifle and cannon; the cave, the steel-clad battleship. The fair surface of the earth has been made one wide battlefield, and the sea made red with blood. History is a record of battles fought with the savagery of beasts, for conquest and supremacy. The warrior would fight for the products of labor, which he would not produce by his own efforts. He devoured and destroyed the creations of Peace.

War is the concentration of all crimes and villainies; the Maelstrom swallowing up the arts of peace; the enslaver of mankind. It brings to the front the beast, the demon, and sets a premium on robbery and murder. There may have been a past when nations emerging into civilization were forced to defend themselves against barbarian hordes; times when nations were obliged to strike back at the tyrants who would enslave them, but this has gone by. The civilized nations have no use for the professional soldier; no just occasion for war, and yet they have prepared themselves as never before with all the appliances science, art and inventive genius can bestow for the work of slaughter. Never before in the history of the world were such armies maintained, or supplied with such equipments. Never such navies floated on the seas, or such fabulous treasures expended. The Christian nations of Europe maintain armies of millions of men, who tantalize each other over the borders, but are withheld from actual conflict by the knowledge that the engines of destruction are so perfected that to call them into action is national suicide. The maintenance of this host costs the incomprehensible sum of two billions of dollars a year.

What does this vast outlay yield? What profit does it bring? Nothing. These armies which sap the strength and exhaust the resources of the nations are idlers and

moths devouring the products of other labor and producing nothing. The people are ground into the dust by the arrogant lordlings who are sustained in power by the military by which they first robbed the masses of freedom. And such is the influence of heredity and education, that the latter give loyal adherence to and shout the praise of the bespangled hero whose name and fame came from the butchery of men!

Nor is the present cost of the support of the army all that the laborers of these nations have to bear. There is a debt created mainly by former wars which hangs like an incubus about their necks. That debt for the Christian nations of Europe is more than thirty-one billions of dollars. There are no productive values to represent it. It was borrowed at heavy discount, in times of need, for the purpose of destruction, and is as completely lost as though thrown into the sea. Its obligations are held by the kings of the money mart, who by its means exact a tribute from the people of all nations as remorseless as ever brigands demanded of the passing traveler, and such as no conquered people ever paid to barbarous victorious chieftains.

It is a debt which is constantly augmenting and never will be paid, and never should be, for the present and future generations should not in justice be held for the folly of ancestors. It is a debt which the creditors do not desire paid. All they want is the interest, the tribute, for by its means they hold the people in slavery. To press the payment would overturn every government in Europe, for the stability of these governments, the much-talked-of "balance of power," is maintained really not by the armies, but by the money-power; for war cannot be prosecuted without loans, and the nations have already reached the verge of bankruptcy.

Of war in its blackest garb, stripped of its chivalry and excuses for being, the conflict of England with the Boers is a most conspicuous object lesson. It has cost the former a billion dollars, twenty-two thousand lives and sixty thousand wounded and disabled; and the latter, suffering and disaster, which no statistics can measure. A useless conflict, unjust, uncalled for, which fair dealing and honesty might have avoided; the outcome of selfish greed, with a result of humiliation and demoralization; an example of patriotism and sacrifice for home and country equal to any

Greece furnished in her most glorious era, and a ruined waste for a prosperous country.

Wasteful of wealth, war is yet more wasteful of human life. A human being is a costly target, and can be sacrificed only in supreme moments, when the life of the nation is menaced.

If all these millions of soldiers should return to their homes and engage in the arts of peace would there be overproduction? Is a class of drones and idlers necessary to give work to the laborers?

That kind of political economy has given hovels to the many and palaces to the few. Until there is a comfortable house for every family; until there is sufficient food for every hungry mouth; until there is warm and generous clothing for every one, there is no fear of surplus.

If all labored, the many would not as now break beneath their lengthened hours of toil, but all would share the right to leisure hours. There would be no homeless tramps; no lingering starvation. What might be done with the money and labor extorted from the people to maintain the "war footing" of the armies and navies?

In the United States, where this amount is least of all, think what might be done with the cost of one battleship! Three millions of dollars would build a splendid macadamized road, costing \$3,000 per mile, 1,000 miles long. It would build 2,000 residences for the homeless, costing \$1,500 each. With two billions, 2,000 times more might be accomplished. And the battleship is built because other nations have them and perhaps sometime there will be collision of interests and a chance for their engines to demolish each other.

The age of war has passed for civilized nations. The trade of the warrior has lost its glamour. The courage of the soldier is only foolhardiness. The rewards of the future are not for the destroyer, but for the creator; for him who wrests from nature the command of her forces; who chains and makes the elements obedient to his command.

In this reckless extravagance of constantly augmenting armies the limit must be reached; already some of the nations have become virtually bankrupt, and with others the yoke of slavery presses heavily upon the people. The tension has nearly reached the breaking point. Will the European nations place themselves on a peace basis, as

they can readily do by a convention; or will they wait till by a conflict of these forces, the most terrible the world has ever witnessed, the folly and idiocy of their course is demonstrated?

The day of conquest has passed. The old belief that prosperity could be gained by the ruin of neighboring nations has been replaced by the idea of brotherhood; that real prosperity is reciprocal, and is only gained by the prosperity of all. Let the soldiers go home. A cultured, home-loving people are stronger for self-defense, if it is necessary, than a host of soldiers. The Swiss, the Netherlanders, the Boers, exemplify.

Peace will come. More than all, this country, with an army which was no more than a national police force, in stress of need found its citizen soldiers equal to every demand.

Peace will come, and a high court of arbitration will decide national questions by justice, and the sword shall rust in its scabbard. The soldiers may go to their homes today, or they may remain until the deadly strife with new and as yet untried weapons of destruction shows the folly, the wickedness, the wanton butchery, against which courage and discipline count for nothing.

There shall be peace, for mankind advances, and as in the blackest hours of midnight we may predict the coming day, so by the set of the current of humanity upward we know these fierce contentions of the brute will be passed. The world and all it contains is for the joy and pleasure of its children, and although they may wander far they will continue onward and upward. The spiritual shall replace the brutal, and the ways of angels be the ways of men.

GRANDMOTHER GOES NUTTING.

In the pasture lot stands a hickory,
 Left for shade, and its oily fruit.
 No nut thieves trouble the pretty tree,
 'Though it and the winds sometimes dispute,
 For it just hangs on to its sweet, rich balls,
 And the winds declare it is miserly;
 But it "sauces back" until winter calls,
 Then, dropping them, says, "They're no use to
 me!"

So near to the dwelling house it stands
 That an invalid might a-nutting go;

Just a walk on the close-cropped pasture lands
 Beyond where the tawdry maples glow.
 This afternoon it was bright and warm
 And the hill looked green, as it did in spring;
 Late dandelions of dowdy form
 Laughed up, "Now aren't we the latest thing?"

I looked across to the wind-stripped tree.
 An aged lady was busy there,
 Picking up nuts industriously,
 As if determined to get her share,
 'Twas grandmother—ninety years old is she,
 And resolute as the pioneer
 She was in the year eighteen-thirty-three,
 When she and grandfather settled here.

Her teeth are gone and her eyes are dim,
 And the sound she hears must be very loud,
 But she's there at work, with her old-time vim,
 Though she is ninety and greatly bowed.
 "Ho! Grandmother! what has come over you?
 You can't eat nuts and I'd like to know
 What speculation you have in view!"
 "The great-great-grandchildren love them so!"

"I can make some socks out of pretty stuff
 And send them out in the mail, you know;
 If my dim old eyes let me find enough
 To send the 'shavers' a quart or so—
 George and Emmett and Floyd and Glynn—
 All came four this summer and fall.
 They'll know, when they get them, where I've been,
 And laugh 'Great-grandmother gathered them all!'"

Dear old grandmother! still at work
 For the sturdy youngsters akin to her.
 Her life-long habits about her lurk.
 Yes, for ninety years she has been a-stir.
 When she enters Heaven if the Tree of Life
 Stands all aglow with its apples fine,
 She will bring a "graft," if there's any knife
 To cut it, to us, from the tree divine.

E. R. T.

WHEN RAW WINDS SNARL AND BITE.

The raw winds struck like water cold;
 They almost angered me.
 A mind, rough as a chestnut burr,
 Hurt me distractingly.

* * * * *
 What if I do live in a place where the sharp winds snarl and
 bite?
 Shall I fight them till I fall?

Shall I line up my face with frowns, and hate them with all my
 might
 Till my blood seems as gall?

Oh, no! I'll not strike at the wind, if it gnaws me to the bone—
 I can never conquer it!
 I will meet it, this unseen force, like a piece of smiling stone,
 Wasting good strength no bit.

This rugged sense, which I have learned, applies to human kind;
 Some are worse than snarling winds.
 They bring to duty discontent, and a most unwilling mind,
 Till even Love's labor grinds.

They will curse what they cannot change, till the bad work mars
 and blights;
 Why not be self-absolute?
 It is only weakness to cry and sob through the rayless nights,
 Or eternal law dispute.

It is folly to cry down law because one collides with it,
 Best say, "I was out of place!
 I will learn the law; it is good, and remember where it hit
 By my bruised and blackened face."

I will smilingly keep my strength; not fritter it all away
 On something which wounded me.
 I am not God's pet, who must hedged be that I may not go astray!
 That would not develop me!

The sooner I fall in line and march with the universe,
 Not stopping to catch each lie,
 The richer am I in my gains. It were waste of strength to curse,
 And the sooner one must die.

To love, and to try to help on to the good of the whole is best;
 It metes more to all, and you.
 Sow love, not hate; push! don't pull back! as the world creeps on
 to rest,
 When the farcey show is through.

To rest?—not rest! but dying worlds, except that they still
 revolve,
 Do as human corpses die.
 But Nature holds, and whirls them on, disperses and re-evolves
 New stars in some new sky.

Ah, me! the mote I am today! and yet I am part of all,
 Never dropped out from the plan.
 What countless things I've been, till now, industriously in thrall,
 Would aeons of ages span.

So heart, hope on! my soul, aspire! work true in your place today.
 Good work brings its own rich dues.
 I know that the atoms which make up me only a space will stay,
 But cannot be barred from use.

E. R. T.

HUMANE EDUCATION: ITS SCOPE AND HIGHEST AIM IN CHARACTER BUILDING.

Given June 25, 1907, before the Literary Club at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Madame Chairman and Friends: I was more than glad when the ladies of the T. T. C. programmed this afternoon for the consideration of Humane Education. It is a good subject to be understood, because if it is once comprehended it is never set aside, but is a guide to good actions every day. It civilizes, it refines, it benefits the whole world for it unitizes all sentient life.

The result of humane education is to make us considerate of the sensibilities of others; to feel their needs and try to relieve their sufferings; to be kind, benevolent, and to make all lives happy lives, whether of humans or animals. A good humanitarian is in touch with every creature about him, and tries to get at the understanding of things. He works for a moral brotherhood, and that aim has been growing through all ages.

Whether we wish to or not, we must learn our lessons, and we must put them into practice.

From low to high the notion of eliminating barbarism and cultivating civilization is growing and spreading out.

Just recently our loved President Roosevelt has been taking a strong lesson in humane education from Mr. William J. Long, the nature writer, whose books Mr. Roosevelt, who is a hunter but not a naturalist, took it upon himself to criticise, and to state that Mr. Long is not true to nature. Mr. Long refutes this by giving the way he gets at the hearts of the wild things, and how Mr. Roosevelt gets at their hearts. The latter goes out to hunt, and the only way he gets at their hearts is to put bullets into them. He quotes from Mr. Roosevelt's own books to prove the accusation. Here is one instance of a sportsman's keen enjoyment: A deer and fawn appear. "He bore his antlers aloft; the snow lay thick on his mane; he sniffed the air as he walked. As I drew a bead his bearing of self-confidence changed to one of alarm. My bullet smote through the shoulder blades and he plunged wildly forward and fell full length on the blood-stained snow. I jumped off my horse and covered the fawn. As

I pulled the trigger, down went the deer, the bullet having gone into the back of its head. I felt much pleased with it. My nerves were thrilling and my heart beating with eager, fierce excitement. Drawing a fine bead, I pressed the trigger. He did not reel, but I knew he was mine, for the blood sprang from both his nostrils and he fell, dying on his side before he had gone thirty rods, his hind quarters trailing. Racing forward I broke his neck. Two moose birds followed the wounded bull as he dragged his great carcass down the hill, and pounced with ghoulish bloodthirstiness on the gouts of blood that sprinkled the green herbage."

Was it after such a hunt that Mr. Roosevelt wrote: "No sportsman can ever feel keener pleasure and self-satisfaction than when he walks up to a grand elk lying dead in the cool shade of the evergreen."

It is a barbarous way to take pleasure. It is not the way of the scholar and naturalist.

Looking back we could learn a lesson from Pharaoh, of the twenty-fifth dynasty, who left a sermon in stone which has recently been deciphered and thus brought from ancient Egypt into the present:

In an inscription on an Egyptian memorial stone discovered recently at Mount Barkal, there is evidence that acts of cruelty in high places by educated men were severely punished in the land of the Pharaohs. Dr. Brugsch thus translates the passage to which we refer:

"When his majesty visited the stables and the studs of foals, he observed that they had let them starve. He said, 'I swear, as surely as the youthful Sun-god Ra loves me, as surely as I breathe in life, it is a viler thing to my heart to let the horses starve than all the other faults that thou hast committed. That thou hast laid thy heart bare through this, evidence is furnished me of thy habitual views. Hast thou forgotten that the shadow of God rests upon me? The proof thereof shall not be wanting to Him on my part. Would that another had done such a thing to me, an ignorant man, not a haughty one, as he is. I was born out of my mother's womb, and created out of the egg of a divine essence. I was begotten by a God--by his name; I will not forget Him in what He has commanded me to do.' Then he ordered his (Nimrod's) possessions to be assigned to the treasury, and his granaries to the property of the government. Amen of Apet."

Looking again into the past we find that the ancient Greeks were most merciful to animals, and that it was a part of their religion to be so. Death and torture had no place in their daily pastimes. The laws of justice and mercy were strenuously observed, and the entire scope and bearing of humane education was comprehended by the Greeks as by no other nation in that remote age.

Triptolemus was one of the most learned and cultivated men of his century. One of his three precepts was, "Hurt not animals." He it was whom the people of Attica honored as being chosen by the goddess Ceres to drive her chariot, drawn by two dragons, to distribute corn all over the earth and establish festivals to commemorate the great good of the grain in making bread.

Phocius expatiates with delight on one occurrence which gave an opportunity for a strong expression against cruelty as disqualifying a man for the administration of justice.

The Areopagites of Athens was a society of the highest importance. It looked after the welfare of the nation; its morals, health, the treasury, and idleness—which it regarded as the most dangerous of vices. It aimed to secure the administration of justice. The members were required to lead noble and blameless lives. Their demeanor must be serious. Their meetings were held in the open air, usually at Mars Hill, a short distance from the Acropolis in Athens. It was a Court of Justice.

In an open space were two rough stone seats; one for the defendant and one for his accuser. In trying the cases no blandishments of oratory were used for fear they might bias the judgment. Decisions were rendered in the night, that the eyesight might not divert from justice.

One of these august meetings was convened on Mars Hill one day in old Greece, when it chanced that a tragedy was going on in the air overhead. A sparrow was pursued by a hawk and to escape death the little bird flew down and took refuge in the bosom of one of the members, a man who was naturally of a harsh, cruel disposition. He seized the little trembler and threw it so violently from him that it died instantly.

The whole assemblage was disgusted with his refusal of protection to the helpless sparrow, and declared it showed a lack of principle, which would interfere with the administration of justice.

By the unanimous vote of the society the cruel man was

deprived of his senatorial dignity and barred from membership in the Areopagites.

We hold that a thorough humane education will build up men and women who can be trusted in all positions they qualify to fill.

E. R. T.

THE LADDER OF LOVE.

We come to reach our trembling hands
And hungry hearts toward angelhood;
We come to pray that heavenly light
Baptize us in Truth's whitening flood.

These royal days are set apart
For growth in all things good to know,
Whether pertaining unto earth
Or heaven, where sometime we shall go.

An aureoled angel cannot leap
From a dwarfed mortal to full glow
Of love's supreme intelligence,
For perfect spirits needs must grow.

In all God's universe is not
A better starting place than earth,
Where heaven's great souls once flickered dim,
Uncertain of their own true worth.

Slowly great lives must broaden out
By grasping duties close at hand,
And not by dreaming selfishly
Of heights whereon they long to stand.

Struggle and climb, and fall and rise,
That is the story of the years.
Nil desperandum! Still aspire,
Suppress the groans, dash back the tears!

Climb on and up and swing the light
Of love and faith where'er you go,
Be it along June's bloomy paths,
Or over desolate fields of snow.

There is no joy like dealing good
To every struggling sentient life;
There is no peace so exquisite
As pouring balm on painful strife.

The song-bird with a broken wing,
Soothed in the hollow of your hand,
To songless rest allies your soul
To Mary-mother in God's land.

The goaded horse, in harness down,
 His strength not equal to his load,
 Who finds a friend in you, bestows
 A ticket on the heavenly road.

The homeless dog which by mischance
 Has lost his master, his one love,
 Whom he would die for, and receives
 A meal, and not the order, "Move!"

Has blessed you; for a kindly act
 Builds up and strengthens every man
 And every woman, everywhere;
 Sweet mercy is the angel plan.

Wisdom decrees it, justice, too,
 And greatness must have stepping-stones;
 The grandest hero quickest hears
 The wounded soldier's dying groans.

E. R. T.

A BELIEF THAT SPIRITUALIZES.

Spiritualism absorbs truth from the Zend Avesta, the bible of those whose sacred fires blazed from the watch-towers of Babylon; it has gathered the inspired passages from the Shastra, read by priests in the rock-hewn temples of the Ganges; it has culled texts from the Book of the Dead, chanted by anointed ones when the pyramids were young, and the lips of Memnon welcomed the sun, Lord of Day, rising from the red vapors of the desert; it has drawn deeply from the Hebrew books, as explained by Levites standing in the parted curtains of the Holy of Holies, and from the recorded words of him at whose birth it is said shepherds of the Syrian plains heard the angels of heaven sing wondrous carols of joy. It has taken the words of the humble camel-driver whose soul was filled with angel-presence, and by this power rose to the leadership of the Moslem world. It stretches across the ages and embraces all religions. Even the false which is in them all, it takes as stepping stones, essential in the evolution of the truth.

It is all of these and measurelessly more. These are content with belief; content to stand on this side of the door of spirit-life and conjecture what possibly may be on the other. Spiritualism gives knowledge for belief; opens

wide the door and presents a new and boundless field for investigation.

And what are we who dare to claim the title to this exalted name? Immortal spirits for whom this universe was framed; spirits now in these garments of flesh; setting out on an endless evolution, which when this earth fades away, the sun no longer shines in the heavens, and the stars break in dust on the coast line of time, will have only begun.

What are we? Beings capable of understanding all; having infinite possibilities in our organism. How is the mathematician able to compute the size, relations and revolutions of worlds; the place they should occupy; the velocity of their motions; their weight in the balance swung out from their central suns? How can he analyze the substance of stars across abysses of space so vast that light, swiftest messenger of nature, is ten thousand years in traversing? Because the laws of the universe are expressed in his organization. He comprehends the mysteries of life, the wonders of mind, the subtilty of spirit, because he is a spirit in whom every force and element of the physical and spiritual world are blended.

Immortality is not a reward for belief, but our common heritage. There will be no boasting of the accident which made us Methodists, Presbyterians or Agnostics when we reach the heavenly highlands. All pass through the same gate and come to an understanding of what it means to be immortal.

If religion be aspiration for righteousness, then this is the religion of religions. It uplifts our souls from the darksome bogs of fear and doubt, into the pure atmosphere of the highlands of a more perfect life. We are a part of all, affected by all, and our duty is to assist all. As we pass but once this way, we should not let a chance go by of carrying out the principles of this philosophy.

We are instruments which become transmitters or receivers as we receive or send out thought waves. All the forces of the universe, and the thoughts of other minds impinge on us as on a central vortex. We receive and understand those to which we are attuned. If the chords of our being are made tense by selfishness and passion, they vibrate to corresponding waves in the spirit ether. Thus hate intensifies hate, sensuality is stimulated by sensuality.

If we cultivate our minds in the ways of charity, self-devotion, and the broad and noble fraternity which places the good of others before our own, then we become responsive to all that is uplifting and as harps under the touch of angel hands.

To help ourselves we must help others. We cannot run away from a lagging world; we must carry the world with us. The pain and suffering, the errors and blindness of the world, strike discord on our responsive spirits, nor can we escape, however we may strive, their jarring influence as long as they exist. We cannot so isolate ourselves that the shiverings of the famished, ill-clad, ill-sheltered do not touch us with unrest. We cannot so isolate ourselves that the dark shadows of prison walls do not fall on our innermost spirits.

What are we? Today incarnate spirits with capabilities for the realization of our most ardent dreams of perfection. The silent warder, Death, is the usher to a new state of existence where our present aspirations will be attained.

We face two worlds, the physical and the spiritual, and thus every thought and act has a double relation—to the present and the future—and only as they contribute to the perfection of the latter, are they “treasures laid up in heaven.”

Spiritualism combines science and philosophy in its explanation of the phenomena of the material and spiritual universe. It is the first and only attempt to place all phenomena, even those of moral consciousness, and spiritual life, under the rule of unchanging law.

Those who accept it must be students and not devotees. Simply to believe that spirit friends return and communicate, does not make a Spiritualist, any more than learning the alphabet makes a scholar. It is a short step in that direction. Can we claim to be Spiritualists while our souls are distracted by discords; our minds shadowed by the black clouds of selfishness and torn by the winds of passion? If angelic perfection be our ideal of excellence, can we be Spiritualists without conforming our lives to that exalted ideal?

We may fail; we may stumble and fall. The man who does not, the perfect man, may never be seen in this life, yet is it not an obligation we owe to ourselves and our spirit friends, to make every effort for its attainment?

Oh, Spiritualism, divinely fair and eloquent of speech, you have brought to famished souls the bread of eternal life, and to the thirsty sparkling waters from the fountains of immortality!

You have bound up the broken heart of grief, and restored the lost ones who disappeared in the shadows.

You have made life worth the living, and wreathed the couch of death with immortelles.

You hold aloft the highest ideal and assure us it is attainable by the humblest soul.

You have brought the courts of heaven to earth and shown us the way to eliminate the powers of hell.

You have for the old religion of self-depreciation and of pain, brought the religion of joy. For the rule of miracle, you have given the reign of law.

Man instead of being a "debased worm of the dust," becomes the highest evolutionary product of nature.

You have given us the most exalted views of the conduct of life, and transformed the sepulchre to a glorious archway, leading to immortal life.

WOMEN OF THE GOLDEN CORD.

Sympathy is the lily in the garden of the soul. White, sensitive, respondent, it quivers to the music of the sighing breeze and shakes to the roaring of the rough winds. The humming bird fans it with its dainty wings sometimes and anon a worm gnaws at its golden heart.

Still it holds its white face heavenward and exhales sweet perfume for all within the radius of its influence—for even a flower has influence.

Bend over a bed of pansies—are not your sensations quietly delightful? Blue violets—how cool, wooing, harmonizing! Carnations—you want to touch them! Roses—how they warm you. Flowers seem to exert an individual influence as do different people.

The same is true of animals. Some tire you, some rest you, a songbird is welcome to rock on your choicest rose bush, but a crow's cawing, you prefer to be down over some remote carcass. The world needs the work of the crow as well as that of the liquid-voiced lark. The same mystical cord of sympathy, and similarity seems to run

through all life. This fact is, to the thinking person, an antidote for human arrogance and gentles men and women toward all forms of life below them. They feel a oneness, a unity with whatever God has created.

There is a golden cord which runs
 Through every heart now throbbing,
 It vibrates to the touch of joy
 And moans to sorrow's sobbing.
 It trembles to the notes of song
 In woodland or in city,
 To breaking heart or wounded bird
 It thrills the balm of pity.

No one *can* stand apart, alone,
 In marble isolation;
 The golden cord links every heart,
 In high or lowly station.
 No telegraphic wire can send
 A message onward faster
 Than sympathy, unheard, unseen,
 Speeds progress or disaster.

As every noble thought we think
 Makes all things living better,
 So every vile and vicious thought
 Forges wrongs, galling fetter;
 The golden cord is wiring fast
 To other hearts' emotions,
 It runs where'er are sentient lives,
 Up mountains and o'er oceans!

There is no finite human power
 Can sever its connection,
 So better 'tis we seek to reach
 Love's goodness and perfection.
 Let not the golden cord transmit
 One thought to mar life's beauty,
 But many an one to wavering hearts
 Of love and hope and duty.

Yes, *duty*, that is a homely word, but without it life is abortive and unsatisfactory. It may be a flower bristling with thorns, but the fruit of it is sweet and soul-nourishing. The woman who is dutiful, to herself as well as to others, cannot be other than pleasing and attractive to all with whom she associates. There is a woman's organization called the Golden Cord and it makes five simple rules the basis of membership. These are:

1. I will be loving and lovable.
2. I will be pure in heart, mind and body.

3. I will pity and help the poor and weak.
4. I will be kind to dumb animals.
5. I will avoid all shame.

What do you think of the women of the Golden Cord? Cannot we all pledge ourselves to these five silver rules, mentally, and weave them into our lives if we are not already doing so? But we say of the first one of the number, we can be *loving*; but being *lovable*, that is another consideration; perhaps we cannot be beautiful, nor accomplished, nor rich, nor versed in society ways, so we fear though we should be loving we cannot be lovable.

Did you ever notice that the qualities which make one lovable are *within* and not *exterior* acquisitions. Look among your acquaintances;—is it the one whose wardrobe is the most elegant who is *loved* the most? Or the one who can dance the best, or execute the most difficult music? The one who never looks beyond her own wants and the strategy she can use to attain them?

Is it not rather she who is responsive, generous, true of heart, never treacherous, slow to take affront, looking for *the best* in everybody—quick to see and praise the good and beautiful in her friends, ready to help them in trouble and to share her bounties with them; in short, the soulful woman instead of the soulless one?

So to be lovable we have only to cultivate the higher qualities and not the low and selfish ones. Grow *up* and not *down*.

The second rule, "I will be pure in heart, mind, and body." This is the golden rule of the homekeeper and without it no home can be an Eden—not even a happy resting place on life's wearisome journey.

Mrs. Ellen Henrotine, for four years the leader of American club women, says, "The older I grow and the more I see of the world, the more firmly I am convinced that it is inherent in the divine order of society that the highest intellect among women—*the best she has to offer should be given to the home.*"

She also says, "Beware of three women—the one who does not love children, the one who does not love flowers, and the one who openly declares she does not like other women. There is something wanting in such and in all probability its place is supplied by some unlovely trait." The second rule is good medicine for such and living up to it would make them into something better than they are.

The women of the Golden Cord pledge to pity and help the poor and weak. One æsthetic philosopher says the mere *resolve* not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people will in the quickest, and most delicate way, improve yourself. "I will be kind to dumb animals," the fourth basis of membership, is most worthy, and far-reaching.

The most important lessons in ethical training often begin with the just treatment of our domestic animals, and the great crimes of history may be often traced to the education of youth in the ways of cruelty. If parents could only see this how careful they would be.

One of my neighbors had a boy—the boy by teasing got a toy gun. He was told he might shoot at a mark, but he wanted to shoot to kill something. So he shot, on the sly, at a pet kitten and put out an eye. The poor little thing suffered intensely, and all summer the eye was an object of pity to all who saw the victim.

In Dunkirk, Indiana, on the 7th of this current month a boy of twelve years, Carl Eifler, had the same feeling which possessed my little neighbor and it ended more disastrously. He had a revolver loaded with a leaden pellet. Snapping it around the house carelessly all the morning had not satisfied him. He levelled the weapon on his little sister Blanch, five years old. As he continued his thoughtless play it was discharged and the little girl fell to the floor screaming with pain, the blood gushing from her temple. She lingered three hours and died. The father of the children was so frenzied that the police had to be called in to prevent him from suiciding. A boy with a revolver is matter out of place. Mercy teachings are better for boys than revolvers.

But to return to the women of the Golden Cord. They promise to avoid all shame. Shame is a consciousness of guilt or of doing something derogatory to reputation. It is bringing reproach on one's self. So it is not a desirable result, we all admit. The consequences of small mistakes are just as sure as those of great ones and the sooner we all get quit of the idea that heaven will interfere and tug us out of trouble, the more discreet we shall be and the more happy.

The women who can climb to happiness *stepping on the hearts of other women and of children* are certainly NOT women of the Golden Cord. And may the lily of sympathy

grow in the garden of our souls until it sheds its fragrance
on every being in life's golden circle which can feel and
suffer.

E. R. T.

A QUIET FOURTH OF JULY (1904).

I'll sing on this Fourth of July,
Away from explosions and noise,
On the old farm at home, 'neath the sky's azure dome,
In the heart of the purest of joys.

My band is the wind in the trees,
And the birds which frequent their cool shade;
So I dare sing my song, in a voice brave and strong,
For there's nothing to make me afraid.

I'll twine on the frame of my lyre,
The tenderest flowers in my heart,
Never caring a groat for the cannon's black throat,
Nor man's fireworks of consummate art.

I read of the horrors of war,
I hate them, and wish men were wise;
That the tyrants were good, and the right understood,
And grim Greed not a giant in size.

Could I set the pace to advance
I should first move the heads of mankind;
With Love's music sweet I would "play up the feet
Of the army," to march up Mount Kind.

The great game of murder, named War,
Is hell,—but a pastime for kings;
If her dead could awake, what a host they would make,
To relate diabolical things!

There were millions on millions of horse;
There were billions on trillions of men,
Whom mothers have loved, and their nations approved,
Whose tortures no mortal could pen.

Back! I tire of o'erlooking the world!
Let my thought narrow down to my home,
Where the dead yesterdays, in the jolliest ways,
March in, to a tiny toy drum!

The drummer is my little lad;—
And the fire-crackers snapple about;
My two girls join the fun, papa loads up the gun;
Oh, the noise! what a furious rout!

The dog barks, the cat climbs a tree,
The crackers keep snapping around;
The hens think it strange, and keep out of gun-range,
Too nervous to fancy the sound.

That Fourth was some years back, you know;—
And where are the children today?
Off keeping the Fourth, in the south, and the north,
But loving the old home alway!

E. R. T.

LAUNCHED, BUT WHITHER BOUND?

Commencement day had come, and the class decorated the church for the occasion. A funeral service was to be held earlier, and the class motto inadvertently was not covered. Its effect on the assembly may be imagined when they looked up and saw the casket had been placed directly under "Launched, but Whither Bound?" Could anything have been more appropriate or suggestive?

Launched into the Great Beyond! Unlike the ship which slides down the ways into the sea, the spirit passes beyond the shadows and is seen no more.

Good ship, we know wherefore you were built, and to what distant port you will sail. There are charts and compass to guide, and you will return with freighted riches of Indian seas.

But when death severs the last hold of the spirit on physical things, and it passes into the infinite expanse, we have been taught it cannot return; that not a whisper has come or can come to us from the Land of Silence.

We stand in the gray shadows overhanging the grave. Darkness broods over the illimitable reach of waves, laving the shores beneath our feet, and breaking on other shores no mortal knows.

Launched, the spirit, and the shard, the body, remains as the broken causeway by which it passed beyond mortal recognition.

We question in tears, the physical senses are in evidence, that the light of life's lamp has gone out forever; that we might as well hope to hear again the song of a dead bird, as intelligence after the body returns to elemental form. Was then all its high purposes, its noble aims, its unselfish devotion, its love, its wisdom, reaching out to the comprehension of all things, the resultants of changes in the reactions of atoms we call life? Aye, says the materialist, and to have faith is the weakness of a childish mind.

This cannot be true. There can be no mistake in

nature like this! There must be a spirit, which has carried the personality of this life away with it from the wasted body. Has it passed to the regions of Tartarus to wander sad and shadowy to the time of doom? Has it gone to some remote paradise, where in new found joys it forgets all that was dear to it on earth? Will it wait there for the final trump to return into the resurrected body it has left? To heaven, or the flaming halls of hell, to receive reward or punishment?

Whither bound, oh spirit? The sage, the seer, the visionist, the philosopher have speculated and reasoned and they have not told us.

The way is dark, the night has no morning; we fancy, we hope, we have no evidence.

Thus saith the mind, shrouded by grief, and influenced by material science, but there comes an intelligence out of the concealing mists and lifts the curtain.

Launched! to sail out into the infinitude of possibilities. Whither bound? Over the sea to the shores whose lofty promontories gleam through the shadowing clouds, revealed to clairvoyant eyes.

Its course is not an endless flying away to remote regions, on the border land of outer darkness, the Pit of Torment, or to a Paradise, to forget in new found pleasures the loves of this life. The wide sea is open for the ship that sails to remotest shores, and the way the spirit may go is not bared against its return. For the heaven in the infinitude is here, distance being not entering into spiritual consciousness.

The ship is launched into the sea, from its scaffoldings and ways; the yielding waves support it instead of rude props and braces. The spirit is launched at death into the ether, evolved from the physical body which remains as the broken and torn away scaffolding.

Launched into the spirit world! Grandest thought of human destiny possible for the mind to conceive! There to evolve a realization of being beyond any ideal held by fancy here. There the dark places will be made light; the aspirations realized; the broken strands of endeavors reunited; the character rounded and completed.

There will be unions of family circles, and of friends, and the gray embers of anticipations will glow with the flames of that new existence!

ONE LONELY HOUR.

Thou must go on alone, my soul,
 Thou must go on alone;
 The future,—what it holds, my soul,
 Is, kindly, yet unknown.

Thou knowest all things end, my soul,
 The evil and the good;
 The *way* results will come, my soul,
 Is not yet understood.

Thou canst but do thy best, my soul,
 Thy best and nothing more.
 The things thou failest to gain, my soul,
 'Tis useless to deplore.

Thou must drift on alone, my soul,
 No anchorage for thee!
 Thou sailest soundless seas, my soul,
 Through all eternity.

E. R. T.

WAS IT A SOUL, OR HIS DREAM?

The old, old plan of a chequered life;
 Some joys, some sorrows, some smiles, some tears;
 Fair hopes, defeats, repose and strife,—
 These make the days which make the years.
 A dying man had been through them all,
 But never had soured on the gift of life;
 He had not talked of his cups of gall,
 Nor passed them on to children or wife.

He had loved in youth and the maiden died,
 Her face was a cameo on his heart;
 He most desired that she there abide
 Till the mystic veil for him did part.
 And yet, this was not a narrow love,
 But a fine ideal, a holy dream;
 A silver spray, and a white, white dove,
 Which threw o'er his life a heavenly gleam.

Twice in his life had he wedded been,
 And a helpmate found in his loneliness;
 Good homes, good children, good wives, and e'en
 His love to bless them with sacredness.
 He had done his duty in every place
 Where fate had thrown him, and now had come
 The time for closing the winning race,—
 The hour for the final going home.

He lay on a white bed, roses near;
 His last wife, living, attended him.

His other, an angel, did appear
 Hovering over him, dreamy, dim.
 His daughter quietly watched his needs,
 For life was vanishing. Wan and weak
 He lay with his record of noble deeds
 Death-locked,—never again to speak.

Never? He opens his lips,—he wakes!
 He looks to the open door and, lo!
 "Is that you, Mary?" he joyful speaks,
 "Good-bye, my dear ones, I must go!"
 Was it the soul of the maid who died?
 Or was it the shape of his holy dream?
 We do not know. We are now denied
 The explanation of Heaven's foregleam.

E. R. T.

WEARY WOMEN.

A reader of the *Journal of Hygiene* writes to that magazine: "I wish I could find a place where people don't want things. I have heard there is such a place in some Southern state and I believe I will try and find it and go there to live. This forever being called on to supply some want in the household tires me out and I'm just weary all the time."

I think I hear hundreds of women's voices saying, "I feel that way, too." But we must not go, even if we could find such a place. Because, don't you know, everything we love, all the people and the animals and the flowers would be left to want and languish, and maybe die, if we went far away, where we could not hear the jangling cries of want, nor help to meet the demands. That would be more uncomfortable than our weariness.

I have sometimes thought I would itemize the wants of one day, but I never had time to write so steadily and at the same time attend to them. I did start a list once, but abandoned it long before evening.

It ran thus: "I want to get an early start this morning," said Reuben, as the roosters were crowing at 3 o'clock a. m., "I want breakfast by 5 o'clock."

But the children oughtn't to be called so early—so I must get *two* breakfasts, I said yawning. He did not hear this remark.

"I want three lunches packed—can't come home to din-

ner—want to plow that sod on the Jones farm; want to make a good start today; want a jug of water with vinegar, ginger and sugar in it to carry along, too; want that rip in my straw hat sewed up; want some wagon grease; want hot water and soap.”

By this time an old hen and 10 chickens called at the kitchen door and wanted their breakfasts; men ready and want theirs. After that the dog, Cæsar, was in a dance to get off with the men and wanted his breakfast. Old Mike, the cat, gave several pathetic meows as a reminder of his wants, and by that time the children were up and I had to stop writing to fix them up for school. So I only made a small beginning.

Everything about seems to make a demand on the farmer's wife for *something*; she must chase the hawk away from the hens, watch the vegetables growing, receive calls, plan and probably cook the dinner after the churning is done, or the ironing, or washing. She is emphatically a woman of affairs, and there is no way of getting rid of her duties.

If she can be sufficiently interested so her duties will be pleasures she is happily organized; otherwise she will become embittered and discouraged.

I read of a woman who all her married life, had kept a diary, only writing down the pleasant things which came to her each day; the sad and painful ones she tried to forget. Each year she wrote a book of the blessings which came to her life and called the volumes her “Pleasure Books.” When she was depressed she drove away the “blues” by getting her books and reading from them until she felt that she was one of the most blessed women in the world. I presume it would be a wise plan for all of us.

E. R. T.

A CRUEL OMISSION.

A cold December day one of our neighbors, with a man and team he had hired set out to market some corn. He had a team of his own, which he drove, and the help he had secured drove the one which he owned.

The day was drizzly and the roads bad. They had a special kind of corn and must drive twelve miles to sell it. To save another trip they loaded very heavy, putting on

each wagon 2,250 pounds. I saw the horses struggling past and thought what a hard day they and their drivers would have toiling over the ordinary country roads to their destination. I consoled myself by thinking they would have the best of care, a part of which would be a noon rest and a good dinner before their return.

At night, just before dark, they came back. My husband, who was crossing the street said, "You've had a hard day."

"Yes," said the farmer, "we had to wait two hours to have our loads looked over and weighed."

"That gave you a good chance to feed your horses and rest them before coming back," said my representative.

"Oh, we didn't bother to feed the horses. We gave them an extra feed in the morning before we started, and when we get home they'll have another."

And yet these young men both depended on the health and work of those horses the coming season, and could ill afford to run any risk of having to do without them.

They have yet to learn that animals are not inanimate machines, which may be crowded to the uttermost. They prided themselves on the great feat they had accomplished at so small an outlay, and probably did not stop to consider that when men and horses do such a day's work as they did without fortifying themselves with food, they are over the danger line and in a fair way to lose more than they gain by it.

It is to arouse thought on such subjects, diffuse light and benefit men and animals that reformers are holding Angell prize contests to advance human education.

E. R. T.

AN ESCAPED LIE.

A tiger once escaped from Van Amburg's menagerie, and in an hour's time the whole countryside was armed and in pursuit.

"A tiger prowling in the woods!" cried the trembling women.

"A tiger loose!" shudderingly whispered the children clinging to their mother's skirts.

"A tiger!" screamed the boys in the street.

"The tiger must be secured or destroyed," said the men

to each other, as they met with ready guns. There was no sleep nor rest, while large and closely compacted parties scoured the country in every direction. The next morning the news was brought that the tiger had supped on a child and had breakfasted on a good man, who had started alone to join the chase.

Pale-cheeked mothers drew their children within doors, which they closely barred; the faint-hearted returned home, only the bravest keeping the field. They, in detachments, surrounded a wide district and slowly closing to a common focus, by the waning afternoon heard each other's shouts across the circle. Here, there, by this one and that one, the tawny tiger was seen crouching, gliding among the bushes, confused by the tumult on every side. As they contracted the space the monster was seen more frequently, and at last so fairly, crouching under a shrubby cedar, that the aim of some true eye and steady hand sped a ball directly to his heart.

Then there was great rejoicing. The weak and timorous, who kept on the outer limits of the circle, rushed in vociferously, and, with many a kick and blow displayed their bravery over the fallen brute, and when the brave marksman bore homeward the striped skin, thrown over his shoulder, followed by the gratified crowd, it was certain that these would, to their dying day, recount their exploits in the famous tiger hunt.

It is terrible to have a Bengal tiger loose in the streets, but there are monsters far worse than tigers, many of which are constantly escaping and prowling up and down, entering our houses by the front and by the side door continually. These are lies. They are swifter of foot than the gaunt wolf; more cruel than the tiger; more remorseless than ghouls and as insatiate as destroying flame. They steal joy, happiness and pleasure from the heart; destroy domestic love; stretch the quivering limbs of innocence on a fiery rack; kindle the flames of madness in the brain; blast future prospects and acquired character; turn the springs of love into the bitter waters of hate; breed dissension and crimes unutterable, and, ascending to wider fields in diplomatic deviltry, engender, in one fell stroke all of these by hurling nation against nation in the demoniac madness of war.

The lie is loose; its talons are sharper than an eagle's; its jaws are stronger than a tiger's; its fangs are more

poisonous than a cobra's; its folds are tighter than a boa's; its breath is as blasting as the simoon; loving the darkness of night, yet active by day; sleepless as Argus, strong as Hercules. The lie is at large; yet no one exclaims. No door is barred. No party of excited men sally out to surround and destroy it. Should they not a glimpse of its tawny form would they see. No steady hand and trained eye could secure a deadly aim, for it is as intangible as the wind, though terrible as the hurricane. The lie is loose, and no one can destroy it. So open the doors wide. Go out into the street freely. The risk is great, but all take their chances. We have become indifferent and stolid by familiarity. We hear of a youth destroyed yesterday, of the character of a woman blasted today. We may ourselves be the victims tomorrow, yet we raise no warning cry, and should we our voice would be answered only by its echo.

There are too many loose to be destroyed. Besides, each one has an owner, to whose dark den it may possibly be tracked, and it is not for his interest to have it proven which of these furious beasts he has allowed to escape, else he might be held responsible for damages committed in its desolating course.

Possibly it may be proven that lies did not, like Van Amburg's tiger, break through rusty bars, but through the door of the den, opened by fair hands for their escape!—through the portal of sweet lips, which should be the rose-strewn pathway of soft words, unthinkingly let loose! The temptation may be strong, the occasion great. Hold on to the lie, lest it escape from you, as you would bar the caged tiger, or as a hero holds a rabid dog.

GOING BACK TO GRANDPA'S.

“August 12, 1903, Julia Eliza Burnham entered into rest, aged four years and nine months. August 5 she started with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, on a trip down the St. Lawrence, for health and pleasure, and their tired brains and bodies seemed all responding to the exhilarating change when quite suddenly little Julia become seriously ill, and after four days entered the kindergarten of the Lord.”

She was the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Tillinghast, and Ruth is a daughter of theirs, who passed to immortal life in early young womanhood several years ago. The little one was fond of "going to grandpa's," and while on the St. Lawrence thought she was on Lake Erie, sailing to them, where she longed to go.

I did go back to grandpa's—
 My Aunt Ruth took me there,
 Because I liked it always
 The best of anywhere.
 I thought the big boat, sailing,
 Should get there very quick,
 Where all of us are happy,
 And Julia never sick.

But it was such a long time,
 And we were not there yet;
 Aunt Ruth, she hugged and kissed me,
 And said, "Now, come, my pet."
 Away we went together,
 Not in a boat at all,
 But somehow in a moment
 We were in grandpa's hall.

O, I was glad to be there,
 And cuddle down to rest;
 It seemed so nice to see them;—
 They all love Julia best!
 We went before the others,
 And then we went away,
 For many friends were coming
 To celebrate my day.

Aunt Ruth seems very lovely,—
 Just like my own mamma;
 She talks to me about you,
 And grandpa, and papa.
 She takes me down to see you,
 And lets me kiss you, too,
 We do not cry in heaven,
 We've such nice things to do.

Your little girl still loves you,
 And she will grow to be
 An angel lady sometime;—
 This Aunt Ruth tells to me.
 The little heavenly children
 I play with every day,
 And I am not so sorry
 I had to come away.

For I can go to see you,
 And you are coming on

To where we live, Aunt Ruth says,
 And I'm not truly gone.
 So do not cry about me;
 I am not shut away,
 But still your little Julia,
 And growing every day.

E. R. T.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE ROUT.

I never have been any place on Earth
 That I couldn't pick up some good;—
 Some useful lesson to help me on
 To a nobler womanhood.
 For it works us weal to do others good,
 No matter how small the deed,
 Or word, and we know that like brings like,
 As true as a planted seed.

There's never a time, if we speak at all,
 That we cannot say something true;—
 Something inspiring to wholesome thought,
 More needed, maybe, than we knew.
 It may flash back in an instant speech
 From a half-awakened soul,—
 A first thought-gem, as a little fish
 May tell of a coming shoal.

There's so much brightness scattered about
 In the minds of women and men,
 Which has not a way to express itself
 And so must grow dim again.
 Go! dig in the soil of ignorance,
 Smothering human kind;
 Disturb the dirt with the spade of thought,
 And the palsied souls unbind.

You will see them stretch, arise, and grow,
 Joy-full of a freer life,
 And you can help them by guiding on
 Where thought is with action rife.
 For nothing will help one, body and soul,
 Like using one's latent powers!
 We grow self-centered, and happiness
 And victory are ours.

It isn't much good to go and sit
 Where the others all talk to you.
 Express yourself, in your own best way,
 And gain an extended view.
 Take hold and think when the others think,
 Sift well what they have to say,
 And dare to differ, and tell them why,
 If lions are in the way.

The time is past when the women and men
 Are putting their thinking out
 To jobbers; they do it themselves today,
 And lo! there's a scampering rout
 Of fat old Errors, and crippled Wrongs,
 And pet-poodle Sins, tricked out
 In arms! But nobody lays a hand
 On the Captain of the rout!

“And who is the Captain?” Oh, Free Thought,=
 A giant young and trim:
 His head is like a Grecian god's,
 And he is strong of limb.
 He is calling the undiscovered ones,
 From the debris of the Old,—
 To dust themselves, and follow him
 To the heights their eyes behold.

E. R. T.

HUNGRY PEOPLE.

We are ushered upon the career of an earthly existence with the cry of hunger upon our lips. The first labor of life is to appease the demand of Want. The little human organism cries in imperative tones for the wherewith to grow, and sets at once to work to appropriate the material at its command—to take the first step forward in the shrouded labyrinth of a never-ending life. The ceaseless effort to gain maturity, and comparative perfection, begins with cries and struggles, and so it continues along the snow-frosted and bloom-laden years, until they are lost in the unmeasured life which is no longer mortal.

In the start hunger is generally legitimate in its demands. The appetites are natural and healthy. The child simply claims its right; it does not wish to rob others to feed itself; it does not cry for pernicious indulgences; its hunger is only the demand for healthy growth, and its labor is solely and justly in its own behalf.

If we could only preserve the pure tastes of childhood how much more effective might be our lives. If we were wise enough to guard them, to prevent their becoming vitiated and turned into agents for destruction instead of agents for development, we might indeed ornament this world, and hungry people would cease to be beasts of prey, seeking whom they may devour.

As we commenced life needing food, so we continue to need it all along our journey, and I doubt if ever in the

future which stretches before us we shall reach a time when we shall be absolutely self-contained and self-supporting, needing nothing, asking nothing, receiving nothing. Sure it is, if we ever do reach that Godlike self-sufficiency we shall never more feel the pangs of hunger. Our souls will famish no more for that which nourishes their holy longings, and eyes which plead on earth will no longer pray in silence for something more divine than earth can offer. I know not what satiety that strange, heavenly country may yield us, but I expect to enter it hungry—hungry for the wisdom of the holy angels—hungry for their gentle welcomes and loving words—hungry for the purest friendships and the holiest communion of souls—hungry for heaven's melting music and unpainted beauty—hungry for the things of which I have dreamed but have failed to find on earth—hungry for the rest which cometh after the battle—and I know I shall find it all!

And still I shall want until I know all there is to be learned in the universe of my Father. I shall be hungry while I am imperfect, and the eons of ages which lie before me until I reach the white heights of a perfect soul I cannot count, but of our needs and the Divine Father's ways of answering them when we shall have passed on to the land of sunshine and eternal spring I will not now conjecture. I trust and bide my time, meanwhile reaching up for the guidance and assurance of the lily-handed angels, who have climbed up, treading, as we do, the thorny highways and byways of mortal existence to the country which lies in the blue distance beyond us.

Let us think together of the hunger of our present existence; not alone of that wailing cry which comes from the physical demands of a starving body, but also of that spiritual hunger, which is less discernible but not less demanding. It was the shrieking skeleton of starvation which caused and drove on the French Revolution, with its horrid retinue of terrors. Do you think a well-fed nation could have enacted that tragedy? It is the hunger of Russia's serfs—now technically liberated, but still taxed until with the most meager of diets they are obliged to mix chopped straw to eke it out—whose strongest food is black bread and onions, which is thundered in the desperation of the nihilists. The wrongs of the downtrodden subjects of the most indecent monarchy on the face of the earth are

so great that they have almost driven to madness the would-be savior of the poor. We sometimes shudder at what would seem to an American remorseless atrocity, but we also stand aghast at the wrongs which nurture and feed it. The cold, unobserving selfishness of a lineal aristocracy, with its boundless and bottomless wants, and the squalid poverty of the labor-chained millions to support it! If one word, one thought, uttered or printed, is put out in remonstrance, the old tyrant growls and "Get thou off to my hell—my Siberian prisons—and after George Kennan's disclosures, aided by the entire press of our country, we all of us know what that means. And knowing, is it any wonder that we are disgustingly surprised that our freedom-loving America should have a little squad of United States senators mean enough to meet in secret session and pass an extradition treaty against Russia's political refugees! Must our country be made a hunting ground for the blood-hounds of Russia to chase down free thought? Must we hear her chains clank and her victims moan on American soil? A loud shout goes up to the ear of Columbia thundering "No!" and a protest against the treaty and against the secrecy in which it was passed. It is a shame to the United States Senate, and unworthy of American institutions and methods.

Loose Ireland from the yoke of oppression and starvation and we shall again hear her young men and maidens singing the old songs, "Erin Mavourneen" and "Erin go bragh."

Men can be brutalized by luxury as well as brutalized by want. They will unrelentingly clutch at the meagerest fruits of hungry toil. They may become stunters and deadeners of their fellows who are stived and immured in the bitterest destitution. They look at their own well-limbed bodies and the scantily-fed poor who are toiling to fatten them.

Anyone having eyes and using them may see in all our cities pale, gaunt-faced women with hungry children clinging to their skirts, who sew for scarcely enough to keep soul and body together. In constant fear of sickness, and eviction if the fingers are palsied or stop for rest, they have not even time to join in the chorus singing the doleful "Song of the Shirt" which Tom Hood's sympathetic soul gave to the world.

These poor creatures are too often compelled to brace up

their starving bodies to the sacrifice by the use of narcotics, and then hope is indeed gone and destruction is swift-footed.

I trust that the cry of these hungry women will yet be heard at the bar of justice, and that the many avenues now open to women will decrease their number. I hope, too, in heaven our robes will not need be fashioned by a class of hollow-eyed, white-lipped sewing angels who starved from earth into heaven. I hope jobbers will have done all their scheming here in the lowlands, and hunger have loosed her fangs from the flesh of my sisters.

We do not forget the toilers in mines, buried from the sunlight, always in more or less danger, crouching with aching backs from day-dawn to day-close for scarcely enough to feed and clothe their families, knowing nothing of luxury, elegance or beauty, little of the society of home or family, or of anything which makes life worth living.

This hunger of soul and body sometimes becomes unendurable, and then we see the half-frenzied strikers rushing forth with torch and knife to avenge wrongs almost untraceable. Blindly they fight, recoil, go back to labor and silently hope for a good time coming. May it come soon, and bloodless!

There is a hunger of the spirit which is even more general and more imperative than that of which we have been speaking, and which is not so easily satisfied. It is the hunger of the soul after truth, and beauty, and all excellence. The hunger for the food upon which it may grow to the divine proportions of angelhood. This hunger is the cause of all religious reforms, and the power which moves the world ahead.

So, my friends, you may know when you are wanting nothing you are not likely to advance much, but will float sweetly on the billows, dreaming to their music, as your silken-sailed shallop rocks in the breeze.

It is the ones who want something ahead who make the swiftest and bravest sailors on the ocean of life.

It is the hunger of human souls which brought our new gospel into the world. The mentally starving sent up cries to heaven for more digestible religious food. Souls were dwarfed and starved on a poisonous diet they could not assimilate, so the angels answered the hungry cries of the world.

White angels cleft the airy sea
And said, "O, Earth, we pity thee!"

The ceaseless moaning from thy vales
Has burdened all thy fragrant gales.

The dripping of so many tears
Has saddened heaven these many years.

Then all the air grew strangely sweet
With chiming of the angels' feet.

Homes full of mourning grew more light
With wavering clouds of raiment white,

And all the air was full of songs
Of Earth's redemption from her wrongs.

Jesus the crucified, the good,
Sang the grand song of brotherhood;

While choral bursts of symphony
Proclaimed mankind's divinity.

Earth's fallen angels, sunk so low,
Peered up through smoky clouds of woe,

And having rent their veils away
They ran to greet the songful day.

Those who were slaves to blighting wrong
Cried: "Lo! of Freedom is the song."

The toiler caught the melody
And cried: "They sing equality!"

Woman who sat with bended brows,
By the draped windows of her house,

Arose, and felt the tides of strength
Throb through her languid-heart at length.

And stepping forward, hand in hand,
With man she murmured: "Life grows grand."

The little children jumped in glee
And cried: "The angels sing for me!"

O, Earth was one grand music hall
Ringing some melody for all.

And yet this heaven-sent beneficence made a great disturbance in theological circles, and one witty writer likened the church to the old woman who "didn't" live in a shoe.

She who "didn't" live in a shoe lived in a strange old house lighted only by a skylight, and having but one door. Nobody could open or shut the door but herself, and she claimed she could see through the door as if it were glass. She had a great many children and grandchildren who troubled her greatly to know what was beyond the door. She threatened and scolded, but it did little good. One day a knocking was heard on the other side of the door.

"What is that, Mother, a-knocking?"

"Nothing," said she, crustily.

"But we hear it, Mother."

"Nonsense! I don't hear anything."

"But, Mother, are you not a little deaf?"

"I, deaf? How dare you insult me? I can hear anything there is to hear! Nobody ever knocked on the other side of that door and never will."

"But, Mother, look! the door is opening now—now we can see beyond the door!"

The old lady looked daggers and told them to go away from the door and stop meddling with it.

"But look, Mother, see!"

"I can't see anything and there is nothing to see."

"But, Mother, maybe your eyesight is bad."

"My eyesight bad! That's a pretty speech to make to a woman almost two thousand years old!"

"I tell you," said she, "if you don't come away from that door, children, there is a great monster out there which will eat you all up alive!"

The saucy things laughed and said: "The monsters look like Mother, and sister Mary and baby Bess, and brother John, who died and went to heaven. The monsters are only heavenly visitors, Mother."

The old lady went into a dizzy spell, but declared the door was not open, and never could be opened.

She crossed her feet and took a pinch of snuff, having placed her chair against the door.

"Mother! Move away! The door is opening! You will be hurt!"

"Hurt me? Nobody can hurt a woman two thousand years old!"

But the door opened, upsetting the old woman and spilling her snuff. She had a stroke of paralysis, from which she never recovered, but the angels marched in singing songs of joy!

Thus it came with such power as argument, nor persuasion, nor threats, could master. And it has proved a healthy diet upon which souls have expanded into happy and healthful lives.

Sometimes the hunger becomes abnormal, and there is a craving for impossible things, and things which are harmful and demoralizing. We can all recall instances where mortals have relied too much on the aid of immortals and done too little in their own behalf. But the few sad wrecks have taught the lesson of self-reliance to others, and advancement goes on.

The nobleness of life depends upon its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy. All doubting and repenting, when we come down to the strict analysis, are vice as well as misery. You ask, "Must not one repent and hesitate when one can't see one's way?" I say, with emphasis, we have no business to get into any way we cannot see. Our intelligence should be in advance of our acts. Whenever we do not know, we are liable to do wrong.

"But," you say, "not in the dreadful way."

Yes, many times in the most self-destructive way. Think of those who have put aside reason and walked blindly. Do you not recall a ghostly train of ruined souls which it would almost require a crucified God to redeem!

It is not well to turn the angels into nurses to watch us grown-up babies! We need not burden them with what we shall eat, how we shall sleep, who is our affinity, will we die before or after our companion, should they marry again, etc., etc., etc.

This brings to my mind a credulous old soul in New York State, who formed the habit of consulting a certain medium on everything.

One day he went over hungry—to be crammed. She astonished him by telling him his healthy old wife was about to die and his second wife was already chosen by the spirits.

This was indeed startling! But all-believing, he started home and with a wise look in his eye asked his wife which of two cemeteries she would prefer to be buried in, in case she should die.

She looked up with big eyes. "Why, Asa!" she exclaimed, "what is up? I don't think I shall die as long as I am doing the work of seven in the family—washing and all!"

“Wall, maybe you won’t,” said he, “but Mrs. Little-Brain had a vision and saw you with your hand on the latch of the gate of glory, and she says you said: ‘Tell Asa Widow Little-Brain’s his spirit mate!’”

I am happy to inform you that the smart old wife had sufficient strength to root out all that nonsense and lived to attend Widow Little-Brain’s funeral.

This age is one of unrest. Every day must have its sensation and its excitement. An appalling instance came under general observation within the last decade, and the two principal parties in this “pleasure exertion,” as Samantha Allen would call it, were the two monarchs, William II of Germany and Franz Joseph of Austria. They wanted something sensational and so they planned a long-distance ride from Berlin to Vienna, a distance of four hundred miles, and the conditions of this royal atrocity were that the horses were to be ridden without food or rest the whole four hundred miles, and the winners were to receive prizes from these monarchs.

What was the result?

Nineteen splendid horses lay dead on the road, and as many more died in great agony after making the distance. Count Starhienberg’s splendid bay gelding Athos won the first prize, but he died after intense suffering, and one cannot help feeling it would have been better if the brutal count had died and the noble horse had lived. A hunger for excitement and notoriety which would induce two nineteenth century monarchs to commit such an atrocity makes one cry to God for MEN and not BRUTES to sit in high places.

Another laughable instance of a perverted hunger for excitement manifested itself at Norwich, Conn., one New Year’s eve. One hundred sports of that place concluded they would open up the record for the new year by having a cock-fight in an old hotel three miles out of the city. They procured fifteen game cocks, went up into a third story chamber and, having muffled the windows, felt secure and in for a great time. There was also a Law and Order Society in Norwich, and when the show was well started the officers of said society went to the hotel. The proprietor showed them up, and with a loud rap on the locked door, they demanded admittance in the name of the law. Utter consternation seized the sports and every one of them jumped out of the third story windows—a lusty fellow of

210 pounds leading the procession. He was killed by the fall; others had broken limbs, made bruises, and all of the M. D.'s of the city were kept busy to heal the law-breakers. That shows what cowards men will be when they are committing crime. People always pay dear for satisfying abnormal and sinful hunger.

I do not know that these exhibitions are worse than a case of another kind which I venture to give you, although it is not a pleasant recital. I make an extract from a letter received—it is only one of many—from a person who was hungry for a sensational career. She was uneasy, fault-finding, indolent; a victim hunter; a parasite who would attach herself to whatever and whoever would feed her—a “sponge” which would absorb without benefit, whether filled with water, milk, or soup, but would spoil for all other use the nourishment at hand. But here is the letter:

MR. J. K. B——.

Dear Sir: I am anxious to spend some time in a healthy and cheerful family where I can gather strength and pleasure—I need this and must find it. I am impressed that I have a mission to perform. I do not know what it is to be, but I must change my surroundings. My duties burden me. I shall throw them off at once. My domestic relations are not satisfactory. I am magnetically starved, and would like to go into a family like yours, where I could rest and be developed for my glorious mission. I will say that I have been a lifelong church member—am a Methodist still. But I am not satisfied. I trust, my dear sir, you will answer at once, bidding me come, although I am a stranger to you. If you cannot take me, I will go into any family near you. I will be subject to any dictations you may make to me. If this letter brings no answer I shall keep on writing. Address MRS. E. BLANK,
Lock Box 943. Blanktown, Ind.

This is not a fictitious letter. It is the voice of a hungry woman. A woman who imagines she is magnetically starved, and I have no doubt her husband is leeches until he is as thin as a ghost! I presume he longs to die—and who can blame him? I know, if he is a tender-hearted gentleman, he pities the lady he wooed and, alas, won, and who has eaten him, inch by inch, and is now ready for another victim.

But I hope you do not. I hope you have too much good sense to waste sympathy on anything so utterly futile as trying to appease her. You might throw her the peace of your home, the labor of your wife, the fresh, sweet magnetism of your children, your own soul, and still she would be hungry. She begs to enter with her hungry eyes and ravenous constitution into that inviolable heaven of home-peace—the family circle. She wishes the most cheerful apartment, the easiest chair, the softest couch and the sunniest window. The most desirable food must be served to her by the hands which, by prolonged industry, have built the home, sacred to love and purity. She even asks the husband to become her spiritual dictator, and after housing and feeding her, send her off on a career of sickly sensationalism. Such persons, whether men or women, remind one of that contemptible bundle of feathered meanness—the cuckoo—which will not build for itself, but thieves into a nest already made by some nobler specimen of the feathered creation.

They are unworthy of the place they ask in your home, and you have no right to grant it; no more right than you would have to let a starved wolf in among your rosy children to feed upon their tender flesh and bright blood.

I rejoice that the day for such senseless desecration of rights is almost past. I have seen homes, happy as the fabled Paradise, destroyed by these hungry people. I have seen wives—true, saintly and divine in their devotion, driven out, loveless and homeless, from their places by these hungry women. I have seen children robbed of their parents, and their united protection, and sent out crying and lonesome into the world from a ruined home and divided hearts. Carnivorous human vampires have no right to rob children of their natural inheritances. They are robbers of the darkest dye who despoil homes!

Let them rave about the selfishness of isolated homes, and the lack of sympathy in this cold world. It is no fault of yours that they are cannibal in their constitutions. It does not follow that you must stand still and be eaten! The world would be out another honest man, or woman, and nothing gained.

O, hungry world! I would you could be appeased without devouring the weak and helpless!

But in the forest I see the little carnivorous pitcher

plant, holding up its pretty cup, half filled with rain and dew, for its innocent winged victims, which, after crawling down into its bearded neck, endeavor in vain to get out, and after fruitless efforts to do so, fall back into a watery grave.

In the blue sea above us I often hear the cry of the little songster as the horny spears of the hawk hush his music and tear his flesh.

The beautiful antelope, drinking at some spring in the depths of an Asian forest, moans in helpless pain as the mighty lion pounces upon him to appease his hunger.

Kings hunger for conquest. They marshal their armies; the fame-hungry officers ride on glittering chargers and cry their orders. The men fight, the wounded reel and are vanquished; widows wail, children cry fatherless and the power-loving despot's hunger is regaled.

The religious fanatic hungers for larger numbers and greater power. He writes his creeds, demands that they be accepted, makes ready his instruments of torture—sword, stake, dungeon, wheel—seizes the heretic, and with the shriek of a protesting soul, and the cry of pain-bleached lips in concession, his hunger is satisfied.

The intolerant Rev. and his trained soldiers of the cross, encounter a stalwart foe in the young giant of Free Thought. They hunger for the legions who rally around him; so they hurl at him missiles of slander and untruth; epithets which blight and anathemas which blacken, and if, in weakness, one of his followers is overpowered and falls, be it strong man or defenseless woman, his hunger is quieted.

But the carnivorous hunger which kills to sustain life is not the kind with which we are endowed. All we ask is to thrive naturally and healthfully, preferring a diet of truth to a hash of poisonous falsehoods—mouldy and tainted—which would turn fresh bright blood into that which is blue and stagnant.

Healthy hunger and bright blood build up angels on earth. Stagnant, blue blood produces men and women who worship a carnivorous deity—hungry for praise and abject obedience; who sits enthroned somewhere in the heart of the heavens, awaiting the supreme moment in which to destroy the major portion of his children.

Hunger is the tyrant which makes the world labor and

keeps us all moving. We tire of his orders, but we must obey, for he holds the keys of the vaults of death and oblivion. But we may all be choosers of the viands on which we grow, and may we eschew all that which is poisonous and unclean, eating only the best, until we feast on the bread of divine love in company with the angels in our Father's house, which is eternal in the heavens.

E. R. T.

MORE GENEROUS THAN JUST TO SELF.

Little girl from Summer Land,
 Here we are in wreaths of rue!
 Come and rest your busy hand
 On my hand; the stress is through.
 Rest, rest, rest! my faithful one,
 You who always hurried fast;
 Swift were your light feet to run
 Through the ways where wants were cast.

And you picked them up to aid,
 Giving of your skill and art,
 Never stingy, nor afraid,
 Sweet Rose of the royal heart!
 Friends are quick to learn to lean,
 And you had the will to lift;—
 Dearest, if you *could* have been
 Selfish!—but 'twas not your gift.

Oft I pray to souls who dwell
 With you in the Summer Land:—
 "Breathe upon her life the spell
 Only angels understand.
 Teach her justice to herself!
 Balm her to indifference,
 When the parasites seek pelf,
 And she fails to make defense!"

Oh, if I could wrench your life
 From the past and make it o'er
 You should walk no path where strife
 Clamors "More!"—forever "more!"
 For you could not turn away,
 Sparing self from cannibals,
 "Yes, I'll help you," you would say,
 Heeding all demanding calls.

When the days of sickness came
 And my busy girl lay prone,
 Sad you said, "Is this the same
 Rose as in the dear days gone?"

“So much put upon you, dear!”—
 “Yes, but ’twas my fault, you know;
 I was never checked by fear,
 And my pace was never slow.”

Oh, I hunt about for ways
 To excuse the sad mistake
 Till my mind is in a maze,
 And my poor heart wild awake.
 Such a needless sacrifice
 To unworthier lives than yours!
 Clamorous want forever cries,
 And the cannibal endures!

Ah! the tender, generous ones
 Like you, royal hearted Rose;
 The life-feeding human suns
Give from life’s dawn to life’s close.
 But our world-which-used-to-be
 Is enriched with views of you;
 Baby, toddler, maiden free
 Angel!—always sweet and true.

E. R. T.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Wilcox and read at the funeral rites of their talented son, Robert Perry Wilcox.

When comes the parting of the ways;
 O, day of grief!
 How fleeting seem life’s busy days,
 Golden but brief.

The Morning, glittering, beautiful,
 Soon speeds away.
 The noonday, storm-swept, dutiful,
 That did not stay.

The Afternoon, busy and bright,
 Hurried along;
 The shadows lengthened; sang the Night
 A slumber song.

And so, forgetting all the past,
 He went to sleep,
 His struggling heart grew calm at last,
 Locked still and deep.

And now the parting of the ways
 Has come, alas!
 He goes where summer always stays,
 And angels mass.

A GOLDEN SHEAF

To greet him in the morning land,
 Joyful and true,
 Each offering a helping hand,
 To life renew.

And he, responsive as of yore,
 When living here,
 He met us smiling at his door
 Full of good cheer.

Is brightening to his company,
 Beyond our sight,
 Well, what is our despondency
 Is his delight!

Here, at the parting of the ways,
 Seen and unseen,
 We'll keep, by the dear yesterdays,
 His memory green.

A FAR CALL.

Oh, darlings of mine, in my old world so sunny and bloomy,
 Who live on the highlands whereto I am striving to clamber,
 Remember the old life, and that it is sometimes as gloomy
 As when one is ill, and is locked in the quietest chamber.

Old Days,—how they haunt us!
 Old wrongs,—how they taunt us!
 Dead birds, how they trill to us;
 Dream forms, how they thrill us—
 Far back in the yesterdays, dead.

Oh, darlings of mine, on the hills which rise dreamy and pleasant,
 Farther off than my hopes, or my prayers, or my knowledge can
 seize on,
 I am hungering most for my own to descend and be present
 To harmonize Faith, and to warm intellectual Reason.

A far call, I cry to you!
 A flock of prayers fly to you.
 Bring soul food from heaven!—
 Unless it be given,
 I cannot fare on,—O my dead!

E. R. T.

TO SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

On Her Birthday (And Mine), July 21.

Heaven-made friend, this is your birthday,
 I am glad it is mine, too;
 That July day we arrived here
 This old world got two things new!

We were not then educated,
 Just knew how to squall and eat,
 But I dare say our four parents
 Thought we never could be beat!

Well, I feel great satisfaction
 That July the twenty-first,
 Full of fire, and growth and action,
 Made us two,—well, not the worst;
 And when we were warmly welcomed
 By our kindred, that hot time,
 Not a soul knew we were little
 Peach-pink wads of prose and rhyme.

But we were, and other mixtures,
 Made to bind our winglets down
 Were put in;—a good idea!—
 Give me sense and keep your crown!
 We would not combine ballooning
 With our zig-zag trip on earth;
 Flying's nice for birds and angels;
 Flying women have small worth.

We have had no time for gewgaws
 Climbing up Mount Use. Indeed,
 Our heads have had other business
 Than to magnify our needs.
 Doubtless we've our own opinions,
 And can put our business through,
 Managing our own dominions,—
 That's the way July folks do!

True our friends and plenty of them;
 Finding blessings everywhere,
 We are having a fine journey
 To the Homeland over there.
 Friend, I thank you for your friendship,
 Strengthening my highest thought;
 Reach your hand, beloved soul-sister,
 Take this rhyme. It counteth naught.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

A cruel doctrine, that of heaven and hell, to the sensitive soul, which is filled with a great love for mankind, delights in joy and is repelled with acute pain from suffering! In what nightmare of ignorance was it gestated, to live, stalking like a horrible specter down the ages to the present?

Were this belief not existing in the minds of men would

anyone conceive it in the present age of intelligence, or dare promulgate it? How glad we are that it is not as strongly advocated as formerly; that it is kept in the background and that our children do not tremble with fear at this terrific belief. Changed, toned down to the humanity of the time, yet lingering as an essential element of the Christian religion.

How free, how glad is the mind when liberated from this incubus, which blasts the face of the fairest prospect. Those who have been educated in and by the church, when they escape, and understand the science of spirit and the spirit world alone can comprehend this joy in the fullest measure. The agony and suspense of a sensitive person who believes in the tenets of religion and is in doubt as to the future of those who are loved, words cannot express. Why do not all who believe this doctrine of eternal punishment become insane, knowing as they must that many dearest to them will inevitably suffer eternal torment? They do not—can not believe.

At the beautiful grounds of a camp-meeting, where nature smiled with gratitude in the brilliant sunlight, and all was joy, I met a man who had escaped the prison of beliefs. The children of the lyceum were marching before us, as happy as the birds singing in the branches and as thoughtless of the theology which has tormented untold generations. "What demon ever suggested to man," he said bitterly, "that such were born depraved, and unless regenerated by confessing sins they never committed, are eternally lost? I once believed this; my wife believed it, and because our darling child died unconfessed her reason fled and she is hopelessly insane! Constantly she accuses herself of having neglected her duty, and wails over the tortures she believes our child is enduring. All that I possess, even my life, would I give if she could believe as I now do, in the true life of the spirit!"

Do the teachers of Christianity believe this doctrine? Not as the past believed. It is no longer an active tenet, to reject which is heresy.

In a recent symposium, where ministers of various sects expressed their soul convictions, a learned rabbi said that the Old Testament has nothing definite on the subject, and hence all that can be said must be speculation, and all that is in the New is ecstatic extravagance.

Strange as it may appear, in that book given expressly

to throw light on the great problem of futurity, the most learned students of its pages find nothing giving the least knowledge, and a great many passages which favor annihilation.

A Presbyterian minister thought all depended on belief in Christ, and the unbeliever is sure of eternal punishment. "Hell is where God is not," forgetting that as God, as infinite, is everywhere, even in "the depths of hell," as much as on the throne of heaven, there can be no space in the universe for hell.

A Baptist minister thought that the Bible is not a geography of the future world, and all that it says is typical, and has no objective reality. In other words, there are no such places as heaven and hell. Another minister of that denomination said that he has no more reason to doubt the existence of a place of punishment than that of heaven. He delights to think that the dead are living somewhere; and that death eternally fixes their condition, and that "no hope" will be the one wail of the lost! Yet he does not believe that they suffer in a hell of fire. Why does he pause here? The Bible teaches that, as certainly as it teaches the existence of hell. That an infinite all-wise, all-powerful being created the races of mankind and then shows justice and mercy by damning the larger portion for being as he made them, and doing exactly what he foreknew they would, can only be believed by a mind dwarfed and blighted by the study of theology.

A Congregationalist was sure that heaven and hell are conditions and not places, yet he exults in the thought of "outer darkness," outside the material universe, where no starbeam pierces the cimmerian blackness and the soul dwells alone with remorse and memory through the ages of eternity!

Another did not know; he had no evidence, yet he did not believe in a literal hell or devil, and knew of no minister who did. Henry Ward Beecher was assailed for heresy for utterance no more radical. It is little more than a century since Jonathan Edwards, founder of the orthodox creed, put forth that terrible doctrine that hell was paved with the skulls of infants not a span long! And when his wife, in tears, held their infant before him and asked if that, too, was already damned, replied coldly that it was a "reprobate, viper of vengeance, which Jehovah will hold over

hell in the tongs of his wrath till they turn and spit venom in his face.”

Then it was that the saints sang such delightful songs as this:

“There is a never dying hell,
 And never ending pains,
 Where children will with demons dwell
 In darkness, fire and chains.
 Have faith the same in endless shame,
 For all the human race,
 For hell is crammed with infants damned
 Without a day of grace.”

To believers in this demoniac scheme of creation the brightest sunlight became a gloom, nature was draped with the weeds of despair and not a single star of hope appeared above the black horizon.

The world moves, and even the adamant creeds are being broken. What has wrought this wonderful change, which really having begun must reach perfect mental freedom? What has dispelled the fear which our fathers instilled in our infantile minds and made us shiver when the wind howled in the darkness of the night, at the thoughts of a horned devil, of death and the judgment day? The Bible has remained the same; has added nothing, suppressed nothing. For generations belief in these dogmas was made a test of Christian faith. It is the spirit of the age.

The world moves! We rejoice that the gospel ministry dare not reiterate the old belief; that they have courage to tell the people how far they have drifted, in spite of Bible anchor and the cables of creeds and dogmas. These cables, once strong as steel, have rusted into dust and bind no soul who dares claim its birthright to think.

Let us rejoice at this advance, the more when we compare with the patched and pettifogging views of the future life entertained by the most liberal church members, the beauties of that life as presented by the new philosophy and science of life here and hereafter; that the next life is simply a continuance and extension of this into higher planes of activity. In that future life will be realized the ideals of this, an unfoldment by growth, as the flower expands; in perfection of the sensuous means of acquiring knowledge and its assimilation.

There is no punishment for its own sake, no arbitrary

decree of judgment, no forgiveness or pardon; no savior but the salvation by growth out of false conditions. The spirit at birth sets out for perfection, not for perdition, and it will reach its goal.

The worst use to which an immortal being could be put would be eternal torture; torture inflicted not to reform or with hope or expectation of reform, but for the gratification of demonic vengeance. If a single soul was thus condemned creation would be a failure, and the spasms of hell would eclipse the joy of heaven.

Having the heritage of immortality and endless progress, the burdens, scars, the stains, the earthward inclinations, the fever of passions, all, all, one by one, will be cast aside in the journey. If you gain a resting place for thought by calling suffering, physical or mental, hell, and happiness, heaven, it is well. It is one step onward from believing them to be places, but if you look closer you will see that however used these terms lead to misconception. The whole scheme of thought which they represent has passed away. The God who gave out rewards and punishments, like an Oriental tyrant, has no place in our consciousness. We are not to save our souls by vindicating God, nor cringe like slaves for fear of offending him.

It is ours to be true to the laws of our being, and not to offend ourselves by defying them. *To be "saved" is to become one with nature—that is, in perfect harmony with the laws of physical and spiritual being.*

OUR FELLOW CREATURES, HUMAN AND DUMB.

Carlyle gave a bit of good advice when he said: "Speak not, I entreat thee, till thy thought has matured itself. Hold thy tongue till some meaning lies behind to set it wagging."

Perhaps my thoughts may appear to be "tramp" thoughts coming before you in "rags and tags" and not in the velvet gowns of rare rhetoric, for I have summoned them in haste. Life is so full of duties, and I am one who can not put small things aside for great ones. If the President were coming to dine with me and I had the care of a late brood of chickens I should feed and water the chickens before I planned for the chief magistrate's dinner. I should consider it my *duty* to do so; nobody could laugh me out of

doing it. I practice the golden rule in my dealings with my fellow creatures, as far as possible, and if, in the changing cycles of animated, organized animal life, the particles now bound together in my body should pass into some speechless member of animal life I should not like to have it neglected and forgotten because some important human being was coming to dine. There seems to be a congestion of sympathy in the relation of man to his fellow creatures. There is quite a large amount of *verbal* sympathy, but how little of that soul-connecting article which makes one sensitive being really feel for another. In other words the sympathy which enables us to *put ourselves in another's place*. Every day we have need of it—not a week goes by but the world would be more comfortable if we made use of it. We will not even listen to the tales of wrong and suffering which need our very personal attention. “Oh, don't tell me those harrowing things,” we say. “They make me nervous.” Is self *so dear*? So dear that ignorance must envelop us; that we must shut our eyes to torture and sin because they shock us. Such do little to lessen the misery in the world. They say we might attend a charity ball if the “best people” were managing it—and if we could have a new gown—and fresh roses to wear—but we are formed of such fine stuff we can not personally meddle with rough, brutal sin—talk about the nice, genteel little sins and—we'll think about it. Before we really count much we must get out of ourselves—look beyond our own aggregations and wants and learn what and who are our sharers in this mysterious manifestation called sentient life. Our world is a little world, and we are only a small part of that. But we live, we love, we die. So do all our fellow creatures. We humans are not the only organized members of animal life who live, and love, and die. The beautiful seal-mother, in icy northern waters, who is slain, leaving her young to starve piteously crying on icy rocks that milady may wear her velvety skin for a cloak *lives*, and *loves*, and *dies* to meet unjust human demands. The beautiful heron, whose wedding garment of airy plumage is so coveted by ladies to wear as hat decorations that she is shot just before her nestlings are able to fly, and they are left to starve, calling for the mother bird, in the nests which will be their graves, *lives*, and *loves*, and *dies* to meet unjust human demands. And I have seen many a lady, who would faint at the sight of blood, parading our

churches and streets with the skeleton egrettes, the plumes of the murdered mother bird upon her headgear. I believe it is because she does not know the bare, bad facts in the case. Self has been too dear. Let us grapple with the monster of cruelty regardless of self. Suppose you were enduring torture and those who witnessed it should say, "Oh, my nerves!" and pass by on the other side. Truth would cry back "not *nerves*, but selfishness?" If we turn away from our fellow creatures in their extremity, so *our* cries *in extremis* will go out unheeded. Justice declares it. But let me mention another horrible demand. Since seal skin has gone out the black Persian sheep and Persian baby lamb has come in. Will our ladies decorate themselves with the jetty, curly little skins when they know how they are obtained? Will they *hear* and then say "I will never wear anything so cruelly stolen from even a dumb fellow creature." To obtain this rare and costly fur the unborn lamb is torn from the living mother at the time when the pitiful little skin is most black and curling and she is afterwards killed. Ladies do *you* long for this new fad in fashion? Will you buy Persian baby lamb for your daughters to wear? If so, may your sensibilities be quickened until you scorn to clothe yourselves at the price of such barbarous cruelty.

I think the trouble with most of us is we try to learn about *what pleases us*, but we turn from what *saddens us*. We even turn from our own duties if they are very disagreeable. Shall we let crying wrongs go on and never raise a voice against them? In regard to our superficial dealings with our human fellow creatures Ella Wheeler Wilcox has forcibly expressed my meaning. She says:

"Feast and your halls are crowded,
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give and it helps you live
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on,
Through the narrow aisles of pain."

If we only will consent to undo ourselves from the pink, perfumed cotton in which we as women have been made to believe we must shield ourselves in order to be womanly, we can do a great deal in relieving humanity of its egotism, which has made it bat blind to its true place in nature.

Man is inseparably linked to all sentient life. That life is sacred, and each individual life is a small incident in the universal manifestation of energy. Once realized, this fact helps us off our stilts and we take on a look of humility. We have always acted on the idea that everything was made especially for man and that he is heaven created boss over all the rest of creation. This hallucination of self-satisfied humans has been the root of nearly all the mischief and oppression this world is bothered with. Man has believed that to him is given the measure of right and wrong; and he has been most exacting in the use of it.

How different the results growing out of this inflated self-esteem from the man who sees that he is only a part of a mighty plan which knows and shows no favoritism and condones no injustice! Every sentient creature is struggling—struggling for adaptation—struggling to keep itself in harmony with its environments. Therefore we have moral relations to all members of animal life. All creatures so far as we know are susceptible of happiness and misery. Therefore we have right and wrong. *Right* seems to be the promoter of happiness and wrong the promoter of misery. Now, in the blossoming of the ages there has been a slow widening of the standard measure of right and wrong. All the inhumanity and bloodshedding which have blemished the years have been because of the narrowness of men's vision. The happiness of too few has been considered. The few have said: "I must be happy. I am of consequence. You lower humans and you dumb creatures—it is no matter about you. You are made different from me. You don't feel and suffer as I do—if you did it doesn't matter. You have no *soul*. *I am immortal*. I can put you to *all* uses for my sustenance and well being. You are my slaves; justice and mercy are not to be spoken of in connection with the inferior races."

If we humans only knew *what* we do *not know*! If we would be practical saints *here* instead of theorizing so much about the grand figure we are going to cut in the by-and-by of immortality, the inhabitants of this planet would be better off. If we could get off our overcoats of selfishness and indifference and *think* how we should feel if we had to change places with certain ones of our fellow creatures, we should certainly be more merciful and just.

We could not forget when our fingers are blazing with jewels that around about us are many thin benumbed

fingers without even mittens to keep them warm. We could not eat our hot, nourishing breakfast, get into our warm wraps, set our feet on a hot soapstone and ride to church after a poor horse, which had eaten two nubbins of corn and a little straw for breakfast, been allowed about half what water he wanted to drink, had his tongue skinned by having a frosty bit thrust onto it, and, to cap the list of abuses, been hitched out in the wind with a very small cotton horse blanket thrown over him, while we in warm quarters prepared ourselves for the sweet by-and-by.

We could not pet and rear a dog, one of the most constant and faithful of animals, until his greatest happiness was in his friendship for us, and then give him away to some young "Arab" who wanted to hunt woodchucks or teach him tricks. I know a young woman who was engaged to wed a young man who had a beautiful dog of which he was very fond. She insisted that he should get rid of his dog before they were married and went to keeping house. He should have said: "No, Miss; if you demand such treachery of me I would rather have the dog than you." But he sent his pet adrift, and after receiving all kinds of ill treatment for a few months it died. I was not sorry for her when after a few years he ran away with another gown-wearing specimen of perfidy. She had taught him a lesson of inconstancy and it had widened to wife desertion. While she was weeping over his inconstancy I wonder if she remembered the sorrow of the faithful dumb creature she made him desert and drive away for her sake. Such lessons are unsafe.

A woman who will take the petted family cat and, in some strange mood, tie her into a basket, put her under the buggy seat and carry her off a dozen miles to drop her in a strange, friendless country is an individual I would not dare trust. I am fully convinced that if she could not be true to her dumb friend she would not be to her own kind. One should be careful what lessons are imparted, especially to the young. A great deal of newspaper comment is made on football, for and against. The records of the killed and disabled are read aloud in almost every family circle in the land. The excitement ranks next to the prize fights. Patient mothers make padded suits for their sons who are members of the town teams and wait the finish of the games with anxiety and unstrung nerves. They try to console themselves by thinking they are the mothers

of young Hercules, but they stand a good chance to be the mothers of young cripples. If you wanted to raise a straight lot of young horses would you get them into an inclosure and put them through such a pawing and kicking and stamping régime as our boys undergo at ball games?. Would you think you were improving them by having them come out with broken noses, bulged eyes, sprung joints, jammed faces and broken bones, to say nothing about the vicious habits they would surely contract? A man would be called anything but sensible who would culture horses in that way. It would be bad treatment for even the brayers with long ears. Everybody would say he was trying to make good animals into wild scrub stock, and that their dispositions would be ruined. Football must be one of the devil's invention to break down self-control. At least it is great medicine when that result is desired. It gives nerve when there is a job of hazing to be done and also gives the "me big injun" part of mankind a chance to manifest. It is better than foxhunting and hunting tame deer, for it is human against human and a matter of choice. But I think anything so uselessly dangerous should be prohibited by law. Especially do I think it should be forbidden as a school pastime. It is not in line with the object of education, which is discipline and self-control.

As the crowning success of animal life, man, who certainly has more vices than any other animal, and also greater skill and wisdom, owes certain duties to other members of sensitive life. As far as is possible these lower races, especially our domestic animals, should have pleasant and happy lives. They are entitled to this for the service they do us. You know what aids they are. We should impress these things upon our children at home and in our schools, because it is right and just and because it will make them better in every relation in life which they may be called to fill.

We should set our faces against all cruel methods of education. The object of learning should be to expand and elevate, not to degrade and brutalize. Accenting this, I desire to mention vivisection, which has been so increased by the lavish donations of influential millionaires as tribute to science. But let us understand what this method of instruction employed so largely in medical colleges and universities is and its effect on those who use it.

Vivisection is the cutting up of live animals—also poi-

soning, burning, smothering, freezing, breaking the bones, irritating the bared nerves with electricity, dissecting out the stomach and other organs, etc., etc. It is done in nearly all the universities and medical colleges of the world. I will not, in this place, try to impress more concerning this terrible art than to illustrate by a story what it can do to debase moral perceptions. I hope to make you abhor all which is crime-producing, resolving:

“That for this Goddess, Science hard and stern—
We shall not let her priests torment and burn.
We fought the priests before—and not in vain—
And as we fought before, so will we fight again.”

The Zoöphilist, an English periodical, published a story which shows the depth of moral obtuseness one must sink to in order to be an accomplished vivisectionist. It is not often an operator so simply tells the truth, but we thank the physician for this particular view of nature, which reveals the ins and the outs of this dire art in all its spiritual degradation and physical agony. It is taken from “The Confessions of a Physician,” a book written first in Russian, by V. Veresaëff, and translated into French, German and English, of course attracting wide attention everywhere because of methods disclosed regarding medical education.

The vivisector must be remorseless. Dr. Veresaëff says: “It is necessary to fully grasp the tremendous importance of vivisection to science, to be able to understand there is but one way out of the dilemma—that of stifling the reproaches of conscience, of choking down pity and closing one’s eyes to the living agony of the animals sacrificed.”

When a human being is so educated as to dehumanize him, is he worthy of trust in any position in this world? Read the following true picture and remember it long as an example of the degenerating effect of what Ingersoll called the cruelest cruelty:

“Two monkeys of the *Macacus* species were purchased by our laboratory for inoculation with recurrent typhoid fever. During the three weeks they remained with us, before the commencement of our experiments, I had time to become greatly attached to them, especially to the male specimen, whom we had named ‘Stepka.’

“Whenever I entered the laboratory he used to rush up to the front bars of his roomy cage in expectation of a present

of sugar. After having fed my pets I used to let them out. The female, 'Jilda,' was more timid; she would run about the floor clumsily, looking round at me in fear.

"If I made a slight movement she would turn and fly back to the cage. Stepka, however, treated me quite as a familiar chum. As soon as I sat down he would immediately clamber on my knees and begin to search my pockets, eyebrows lifted and his large close-set eyes peering forth with comical seriousness. Pulling my percussional mallet from my breast pocket he would set up a suppressed cry, his eyes open wide, and then commence to examine the bright instrument with minute curiosity.

"After having gazed his fill Stepka would drop the hammer on the floor, and with the same melancholy seriousness, as if performing a necessary but very tiresome task, proceed with the search of my person.

"Carefully taking me by the beard, he would remove my glasses with his thin brown fingers. But all this soon palls on him. Stepka climbs up on my shoulder, sighs, looks about him, then, espying a corked phial, of a sudden—quick as a dart—springs on the table—his favorite amusement is the uncorking of bottles. Stepka quickly and neatly draws the stopper, stows it away in his cheek pouch and tries to escape to the ceiling, via the blinds. He knows I will deprive him of his prize. I capture him half way. 'Tsi-tsi-tsi!' he chatters with displeasure, drawing in his head, screwing up his eyes and trying to get away. I possess myself of his plaything. Stepka contemplates the scene sorrowfully. Suddenly his eyes brighten; he jumps on to the window sill and begins to chatter excitedly. Outside a cab is drawn in the street. Stepka cranes his neck and stares at the horse with insatiable inquisitiveness. I stroke him, but he removes my hand impatiently with his own little paw, settles down more comfortably and continues to scrutinize the horse. A dog runs across the street. Stepka is alert, the fur on his neck and back bristles up, his eyes become restless and he again commences his chattering, greatly excited, and peers first through one pane, then through another. The dog runs away. Stepka scampers across the long table, upsetting glasses, and follows the dog out of sight from window to window.

"One might have passed whole hours in the rascal's company without being bored. I felt that a bond of common

sympathy united us and that we had arrived at mutual understanding.

"I did not like the idea of cutting out his spleen myself and a comrade performed the task for me. When the wound healed I inoculated Stepka with typhoid. When I entered the laboratory now Stepka no more rushed to the bars as of yore; weak and ruffled, he sat motionless in his cage, staring at me with strange darkened eyes; every day he got worse; when he essayed to climb on to his perch his hands failed him, he lost his hold and fell to the bottom of his dwelling. Finally, he became too weak to rise at all; wasted, he lay still with grinning teeth and moaned hoarsely. And it was before my eyes that Stepka died.

An obscure martyr to science, he lay a corpse before me. I gazed upon that pitiful little body, upon that pretty naive little face, from which the death agony even had been powerless to efface its customary serio-comic expression, and experienced a most unpleasant feeling. To tell the truth, at heart I was a little ashamed of myself. When I recalled all his engaging little tricks and funny ways I could not drive away certain vague misgivings as to whether my crime had been, after all, so very many times less grave than if it had been perpetrated upon a child. Such sentimentality in regard to the lower animals strikes you as ridiculous! But are the criteria of sentimentality so very hard and fast and immutable? Two thousand years ago how loudly would a Roman patrician have laughed at the sentimental person who expressed indignation at his casting a slave guilty of breaking a vase to the murenæ (i. e., the fish ponds). In his eyes a slave was a 'lower animal,' too."

Continuing, the Zoöphilist tells us that:

"Dr. Veresaëff had sensations which he says were very much like pricks of conscience. On entering the laboratory of a colleague one was struck by the din of groans, barking and yelping that filled the room; some of the dogs were in their death throes, others lay still, whining feebly. The eloquent eyes of these dying dogs ennobled by their torments were 'almost human in their expressiveness,' and filled him with shame.

"He records the words of a great surgeon who had vivisected remorselessly; in his latter years he said: 'I would never be able to bring myself to perform the same cruel

experiments upon animals which at one time I carried out so zealously and with such nonchalance.'

"'None of this can be denied,' says Veresaeff. 'Mais que faire?' and declares that 'To renounce vivisection were to place the future of medicine in jeopardy, to condemn us doctors forever to the uncertain and barren paths of clinical observation.'"

If that is the result let the doctors be condemned to the dissection of cadavers and to clinical observations.

E. R. T.

THE TREES ABOUT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

I love the trees, and they talk to me,
 Whether in leaf or bare,
 Of those who planted them carefully,
 And watched their growth with care,
 The walnuts, elms, oaks, and poplar trees,
 Locusts, cedars and firs;
 The basswoods, loved by the honey bees,
 And chestnuts, with savage burs,
 In summer, or winter, have melodies
 Floating among their boughs,
 And blended with wind-sung memories
 Are voices which haunt the house.
 Dear grandma speaks in the walnuts old;
 She planted them for use,
 And many a bushel her thrift has sold,
 When money was her excuse.
 A score of maples line up the street
 Both ways from the farm-house old;
 On frosty mornings they flaunt complete
 Their crimson, and green and gold.
 The tall elm sings of my little boy;
 It grew to its height so soon,
 Just like its planter, a growing joy—
 Both lives a priceless boon!
 It was spit-fire Madge who one day called,
 "I'll plant you a poplar sprout!"
 So there in the Lombardy leaves enthralled
 Her bright young face blooms out.
 Oh, every tree has its history,
 And is rooted in my heart.
 I can not unfold you the mystery
 Of life, and love's tender art!
 I almost see, as the shadows lie
 Soft on the dying grass,
 The souls of the Yesterdays go by
 A-singing as they pass.
 Ah, some are blooming and beautiful;
 There are song-birds on their heads,

And they are singing! How musical
 The ever-dear robin reds!
 But some are creeping along in gyves;
 Dirges they seem to chant.
 They look like witches, or gruesome thieves,
 In raiment dark and gaunt.
 Some stole my hopes, and some stole my time;
 Some numbed me, through and through,
 Till I could not sing a thought in rhyme
 Because I'd so much to do.
 Some seized my pets, and the dear things lie
 Buried about the grounds:—
 I speak their names with a loving sigh
 When I pass their little mounds.
 A cat mews out in the dark tonight,
 But my pets are ever still.
 My St. Bernard, in the soft moonlight,
 Sleeps in his grave so chill.
 So dear, so dear is the homestead soil,
 And the things it holds to keep.
 Let me have the farm with its joy and toil,
 And here let me go to sleep.

HER LAST RECEPTION.

This is her last reception. Dressed with care,
 Adorned with blossoms, smiling in repose,
 The precious lady welcomes us.

We meet
 To do her honor ere her body, used
 By her sweet spirit, serving it so long,
 Is laid away. Its use is ended here.
 A beauteous temple for a royal soul,
 It will not be forgotten.

She has found
 Life can go on without it.

Joy of joys
 Must be the confirmation of this dream—
 Cherished so tenderly by every heart
 Beating around me in this house today!
 We can go on, unfleshed, in fuller life
 Than we have joined in here!

So we believe;
 That is the last white hope which brightens death,
 And lights the Lethean waters!

Safe across,
 Upon Heaven's heights, they signal back to us
 The golden truth of immortality.
 We meet in honor of her victory
 O'er suffering and death. To miss her much—
 Remember her with love, and gratitude,
 Try to grow gentler and more saintly-wise
 From her example—that will be our aim.

Now she is veiled behind the gauze of death,
 And we may praise without offending her
 Rare modesty. Let us in love bestow
 The subtle flowers we saw bloom in her life,
 The while she walked among us in the flesh.
 Truth was her lily; she was true as truth!
 Roses her darlings—she was warm as they;
 Pansies her adoration; like to them,
 Unostentatious, sweet, and beautiful,
 She won us silently. Pinks charmed her, too;
 Their spicy sweetness seemed a part of her!
 So, while her body lies amidst earth's blooms,
 Let us believe her gentle soul is here,
 And bends to take our garlands on her brow—
 Our wreath of honest praise.

Good-bye! God speed,
 Our sister into Heaven's completest rest.

E. R. T.

A BITTERNUT, OR A PEACH?

How are you rating this wild world, my friend?
 How is it meeting your needs?
 Does the old road look pleasant which leads to the end?
 Or gloomy, and bristling with weeds?

We rate things according to taste, don't you know,
 And sometimes by taste of the mouth;
 We see things not always the same; there's a glow
 In the strawberry gardens of youth!

But what do you find in the world, anyway?
 Are the things you desire within reach?
 Do you hunt for the bitternuts growing your way,
 Or declare, "I will find me a peach!"

If so there'll be peaches—yes, peaches and cream,
 For such as demand them, and search;
 And the bitternut ghouls will disparage, and scream,
 To the peach-folk, "Come down from your perch!"

But they'll not be hurrying! shadows and shine
 Alternate, the further we go
 And if June, in her roses, seems wholly divine,
 Why, in winter we tour in the snow.

I am bound to maintain while I stay here at all
 'Tis a peach-of-a-world, don't you know,
 And the ones who sit high on their perches and squall,
 "'Tis a bitternut!" can't make it so.

E. R.

WHEN FRITZIE THINKS OF ME.

“Who’s Fritzie?” He’s our neighbor’s dog,
A bright canine is he,
And there are times, quite frequently,
When Fritzie thinks of me.

It is not when he goes to hunt,
Important as the men,
Finding the little “cotton-tails,”
Or chicken-robber’s den.

But when the hunters all get home,
As hungry as can be,
And gather ’round the smoking meal,
Then Fritzie thinks of me.

For he is driven out of doors,—
The hungriest of the lot,
To wait until the rest are through,
Then probably forgot.

As he lies shivering on the porch,
And nothing comes for him,
That dog remembers I’m his friend
Now, and have ever been.

He starts, and runs a half a mile
To where I live! You see
I’ve always saved a meal for him,
And give it quick and free.

I ask him in to eat and rest,
And we two sympathize,
While Fritzie wags his stumpy tail
And loves me with his eyes.

I keep a water dish for him,
And he drinks lavishly—
Whene’er he’s “up against it hard”
Then Fritzie thinks of me.

E. R. T.

ARE WE WELL SHELTERED.

I look out over the long reach of snow-clad fields, far away to the boundary of forest, which bristles darkly against the darker sky. Night is fast coming, and the rising wind sighs in sounding gusts and seems to penetrate the walls of the room even to the blazing fire. There are

frost needles in the air, and the window panes are gathering strange foliage at their corners. Zero and a blizzard wind cruel, wolfish and merciless, drifting the snow in fantastic forms. Warm, luxurious, comfortable within, the evening lamp is lighted and we may take our ease! Yes, if it were so of all the world; if to the bright gladness within came only waves of gladness from without.

But it is not so. In the wail of the wind I hear strange voices; the moan of herds on the western ranches exposed to the merciless storm; of myriads of birds and beasts, enduring with pitiful patience, and above all, over all, the stifled cry of human wretchedness.

It is a night of pain, and the waves thereof converge on the cozy fireside as voices along innumerable wires to a central office. They can not be cut off. They can not be sent on other connecting wires. All must be heard, and wail their rending tale of despairing hope and utter failure in the struggle for life.

Can we be happy, with every surrounding pleasant, a warm fire, a cozy home and loving company? Not while there is suffering for others. Full fruition comes only when there is not one in all the world to reflect on us, a wave of pain. More emphatic is made our discontent, if we would while away the hours by reading the news of the world. Surely there are magnanimous deeds to record and fraternal thoughtfulness that will brighten the shadows. Read and you will ask, have they forgotten to mention good deeds and noble thoughts, or are there none to record? It would appear that the waves of suffering, despair and crime have broken on the press and crystallized in columns for even the most calloused to see!

“Last night a watchman at the railroad depot heard a stifled cry in a dark corner and, investigating, found wrapped in a bundle of rags an infant almost frozen. He sent it to the Infants’ Rest.”

There is no waste of sentiment in this brief item, yet what hideous pictures it presents! What suffering will a mother endure before her maternal instincts are destroyed and she deserts her child? Was it born in shame, the product of a too trusting heart betrayed? Then think of the long drawn-out agony and fear and helplessness against the censure of the world, and after all the agony, the despair leading to the desertion of the child! Poor mother! Poor child! Despicable, unfeeling society! Or, perhaps, a

child that would have been received with loving caress, but driven by want snarling like a wolf at her footsteps, with tears and an aching heart the mother leaves it, with a prayer that it may receive from charity what she can not give.

The next item is of "an old lady past four score years, once wealthy, reduced to poverty, deserted by friends, was found by a policeman in a room without fire, almost insensible from the cold."

Is there ingratitude comparable with that of the child who, forgetting the years of care and self-sacrifice of his mother, deserts her when she can be of no further use? Poor old mother, in the freezing room, what thoughts must come of the time she gave her life for her children and with patient self-sacrifice clothed, fed and sheltered them; the pride she felt in their success and the fond dreams which filled her soul of their affection for her! Waiting, waiting, year after year, for the steps of sons and daughters who, absorbed in their own pleasures, will never come! They come to their reward, for as you treat your parents shall your children treat you. This is just retribution.

Following these items is a longer narrative of a widow with four children found starving in a room from which, because the owner could not eject them he had removed the windows and door. And for such owners laws are made, and they are protected in their rights to use their own without regard to others. Men claiming to be Christians, to believe in human brotherhood, more cruel in their avarice than wolves.

"The cold weather has caused great suffering east and west because of the scarcity of coal." Thousands and hundreds of thousands of families have no means to keep them warm. Untold wealth of coal, laid in the earth, for the good of all, held by a few, who have made the condition of the human moles who extract it so intolerable that they struck in desperation.

The wife of a mine owner has a diamond-studded collar for her pet poodle, the miner's family is starving on doled charity, and millions of people have fireless homes.

Shall such injustice be? the wrong triumph? the few waste the products of the toil of the many? The people make the laws, and have they so made them as to be bound hand and foot, and made a soul and body sacrifice to the brazen image of avaricious, unscrupulous ownership?

Thus on, for column after column, the dreary pages, till the world appears a stage for the coming and going of crime and wretchedness. It was the same yesterday as today, except the names of the actors were changed; to-morrow the same with new names, as the old are effaced.

And shall we be happy and content because our homes are sheltered? Can we, when the whole world vibrates with deeds of shame and wrong? These four walls shelter me, but not so well that I can not hear the rush and roar of the storm without. Not so well that it insulates me from the currents sent forth from every suffering creature, or from any human being in distress. Nor do I desire the walls should shut me and mine within the pale of ignorance. Of what others bear I would at least in my weak helplessness know, and send out my prayers and sympathy. From the elements I am sheltered. There is tropic warmth in the grate, there is food in store and raiment—from the turbulence of spiritual forces, the quivering of hunger, want and wretchedness of millions worthy as myself I am not sheltered, and am thankful I am not. I would have it as a goad to urge me on to do in the small way that comes to every one something to alleviate and lighten the burdens by generous deed or smile of encouragement.

I am not well sheltered while there are homeless wanderers.

I am not well warmed while there are those shivering with cold.

I am not well fed while hunger stands at the door of those who have patiently given their strength in producing what others have taken.

To be happy the whole world must be happy. There can not be a heaven for angels if there is a hell. Before the angels can go on they must bring up the lower world.

THE CAPTIVE EAGLE.

An eagle had been captured, confined in a cage and placed on exhibition. For a time he struggled and, with angry screams, smote his wings against the confining bars. With defiant eyes he met the gaze of the curious crowd and refused the food thrown before him. His keepers were kind and attentive to all his wants except the one greater than all, his freedom. What were all things else when the

bars kept him from his daring flight over moorland and mountain; kept him from soaring above the storm clouds and defying the arrows of the lightning; kept him from joining his mate, in the nest in the pine rising out of the crag which caught the light of the morning when night lay in the valley? Was not his cry constantly to break the bars? And as his bondage continued day after day and month after month he ceased to beat his wings in useless effort, ceased to cry out in angry defiance. His feathers became ruffled and soiled, his wings drooped and the fire which once lit his eyes faded into a pathetic appeal.

There came in the passing crowd one who had seen the eagle in the glory of his flight and was touched by the mute eloquence of his condition. "For shame," he cried, "to hold the monarch of birds in bondage," and unfastened the door of the cage. The eagle, seeing the opening, cautiously advanced and stepped out on the platform. He had been so long confined he had almost forgotten the use of his freedom. He slowly drew up his drooping wings, several times he raised himself and shook out his pinions. Into his dull eyes came a fierce new light, and with a triumphant scream he rose, soaring into the sky.

How like the caged eagle is the spirit confined in the mortal body! The resemblance was seen in remote ages, and great races of mankind founded their religion thereon, and this early belief is the foundation of Christianity. The vexed problem of good and evil is solved thereby, for the spirit, primarily pure, is contaminated by its confinement in the cage of flesh and should feel like a conqueror when the hour comes which sets it free—free to go to its heavenly home.

And this feeling comes at times to all. Perhaps it is a shadow cast by heredity, the lingering of the beliefs of our ancestors entertained for ten thousand generations. Our spirits are caged by environments, at least so it seems in our despondency, and like the eagle we cease to resist and tamely acquiesce in the misfortune of fate.

Too often we cease when the restraint is all of our fancy and greater courage would bring us success.

Confined the spirit may be, yet it need not wait the coming of pity to break its bars. It is a power unto itself and superior to its surroundings. It can gather power from adversity, grow strong by resisting the shafts of fate and rise triumphant from the most crushing bondage. Did a

dungeon hold the spirit of Galileo? Did not the hemlock free the spirit of Socrates? Did not the fagot's flames illuminate the spirit of Bruno? In lesser spheres of action have not the spirits of countless men and women triumphed over pathways where their feet were bruised by flint and flesh torn by thorns? And these repined not in their toil, nor excused dereliction of duty by opposing conditions, but did their best as they understood what their best should be. And while they toiled the bars of restraint vanished.

We start out in life with high expectation, and boundless ambition. We have determined on certain lines of effort, and if we succeed not in these we feel the limitations of the conditions which bind us as by opposing destiny. Yet may these failures, while showing us our weakness in one direction, call attention to our strength in others, and become the steps by which we escape the fetters of environment.

Our ancestors erred—all religions have erred in their views of the relation of the spirit and body. The latter may be a cage, limiting, holding, fettering, but it is a cage which is, as long as occupied, a part of the spirit. It is the earthly side, the means by which it comes in contact with the physical world, and more, it is the matrix by which it is evolved.

When the body is stricken with disease, or worn out with age it becomes a burden, and pitying Death breaks the cords which bind thereto the spirit. The body may die, broken into elementary atoms, but the spirit rises from its ruins, an individualization of the forces which gave it birth.

THE SYLPH OF THE AIR.

It was a season of drouth. The south wind was like a gust from a furnace, bearing broken leaves and thistle down with clouds of dust. Day after day it came with the rising sun, to fan with hot breath the dewless fields and, like a vampire, drink every drop of moisture from the cracked and flinty earth.

Though it was yet summer, the forest grew brown, the corn rustled and the grassy carpet of the fields became a faded rug. The late violets drooped, the rose withered, the lily was unable to expand its bloom, and even the rough wild sunflower grew still more rough and russet. In the

thickest shade the birds sought refuge, and their parched throats refused to swell with song even in the cool of the evening.

Then the flowers with one voice said to the Air: "Oh, beautiful Sylph, give us rain. We are willing to perish when the legions of the Frost King come down from the North and pitch their white tents on mountain and plain, but let us not perish before our appointed time."

The Sylph of the Air was as beautiful as a dream. Her forehead was as fair as a white cloud; her hair a sheen of gold; her eyes like the deep blue of a starry night; her form slender and elastic as a wreath of smoke.

Her heart was touched by the appeal of the withering flowers. She spoke to them gently and kissed them with her soft lips, and her breath changed their sighs to fragrance. "I will call the Cloud Giant," she said, "and his minions shall work for you."

She stamped the earth with her delicate foot and cried: "Cloud Giant, arise!"

Far beyond the trees in the west, slowly and with awful strength the Cloud Giant lifted up his wrinkled forehead. He shook wildly his massive locks in the wind, and with a hoarse voice called his thunder dogs and thousands and thousands of bucket bearers. He lifted up his gigantic form, obscuring the sun. While his legions poured out their burden he tossed the red lightning from hand to hand and laughed at the havoc below.

Then he strode into the east, and over the gateway through which he passed was flung an arch of purest colors, as though painted by the emanations of the dying flowers.

There, pausing on the horizon for hours, his black locks were seen and his hoarse laugh heard, and long into the night came faint flashes as he still played with the lightnings.

The Giant passed in time to allow the sun to look for an hour on the earth before his departure. He looked out of the clouds of fleecy gold and carmine on a world hung with pearls and diamonds. The flowers stood erect, every petal expanded, and oh, how delicious the fragrance of the gentle west wind, which seemed like wine of the rarest vintage! The birds drank it and became intoxicated. They filled the wood and field with melody. Even the herds of cattle and the snowy sheep, far off on the hillside, were overjoyed,

and with lowing and bleating gave thanks for the kindness
of the Sylph of the Air.

ALAS!

The world is brightening up again,
For the time of the year is spring,
And I 'rouse myself from my dream of pain
To hark while the dear birds sing.
I have hated the sunshine these many weeks,
Because of two sweet blue eyes,
Locked down by a tyrant who never speaks,
No matter who pleads or cries.

O, longing to sing, I can scarcely talk,
But sit as if smitten dumb,
While black regrets, in their mourning stalk,
And shadow the days to come.
"Selfish and senseless?" Yes, I know,
But what can a mortal do
When a blow descends, be it swift or slow,
Unnerving one through and through?

I steal out into the sunshine bright,
And look at the mapled street,
To a pretty home, painted green and white,
Which my own girl made complete.
So homey and pleasant it ever was,
With a welcoming air throughout,
One could not define, but 'twas there, because
My darling was thereabout!

When I looked that way I could often see
The flutter of scarf, or gown,
And my mother-heart would beat out, "Maybe
My good girl is coming down!"
And if she came, then I got my kiss
And a confidential chat;
She told me if anything went amiss,
And if right I rejoiced at that.

The precious small things that make up so much
Of a loving woman's thought,
And our two hearts were in closest touch,—
Oh, the comfort and balm it brought!
I thought she'd be living there after I,
Her mother, had passed away;
For every mother, you know, must die
And make children a lonesome day.

I cannot help feeling all out of place
To be living when she is dead;
Younger, and eager to set her pace
For the thousand things ahead.

I know that three children are motherless
 Playing about on the hill,
 And I know it is nobler to soothe and bless
 Than be mourning dumb and still. E. R. T.

DON'T YOU KNOW?

'Tis not wise, friends, to mourn when our kindred depart,
 For the time comes to all, don't you know;
 We are bound, it is true, by our love, heart to heart,
 But a soul never dies, don't you know.

There are always some left one must help up the hill
 To life's uses, and blooms, don't you know;
 We must do for the hands which are stricken and still;—
 That is wise love, and true, don't you know.

Oh, if wishes could rule fate how much would we change
 Of what looks so mis-wrought, don't you know;
 We imagine ourselves could far better arrange,
 But unread laws clash in, don't you know.

To live on and be brave is the part most noblesse,
 It takes courage to live, don't you know;
 And the truer we stand in the times of great stress
 The diviner we are, don't you know. E. R. T.

AN INVISIBLE FRIEND.

Is there not an invisible friend here?
 I hope there may be!
 Speak low to my soul and speak true, dear;
 Dost thou yet love me?
 The shadows have gone from thine eyes, love;
 The pain is all past.
 In a palace of light in the skies, love,
 Thou dwellest at last.

Maybe thou dost miss the old ways, love,
 Just once in a while,—
 And dream up in heaven of the days, love,
 We gave smile for smile.
 And maybe rich treasures thou'st gained, love,
 Thou fain wouldst impart.
 Enrich me with what thou hast learned, love,
 Refresh my faint heart!

I wait, and I hope,—and feel sure, love,
 That thou art anear,
 As real, responsive, and pure, love,
 As though I saw clear.
 Thy thoughts float like dream-birds above me,
 They light on my head!
 I know thou art here, and dost love me!
 O! Thou art not dead! E. R. T.

WHEN THE LOVING MISTRESS DIES.

Strange how many things will center
 In a loving woman's life,
 And how many hearts cast anchor
 Near a true, home-keeping wife.
 If consuming ills betide her,
 Taking her from life away,
 What a shifting and unchaining,
 All because she could not stay.

First her husband's heart unsettles,
 All his hopes are cast adrift;
 Every plan is like a cobweb
 Which a breath may tear and lift.
 Sad reminders of her face him
 Every moment of each day;
 He can feel one ruling impulse:
 He must change,—must go away!

So, not counting at the outset
 All the harrowing things to do,
 He decides to sell the home-lands
 And go into something new;
 Sever all the old connections
 With the house, the lands, the trees,
 Go to strangers, new employment,
 Fly from Sorrow's fierce disease.

First the faithful horses face him;—
 They were raised upon the farm.
 How she loved them and was watchful
 They should know not want nor harm.
 They, too, miss her, but they know not
 Of the silent mystery
 Which has locked her from their vision,
 And her loving ministry.

He must sell them; how uncertain
 Is the life they then will lead.
 Will they miss the friendly master?
 Want for water? want for feed?
 And the sweet-breathed cows, so gentle,
 They must pass to other hands,
 All because one loving lady
 Died. "Why?"—Oh, God understands!

And the dog, so fond and faithful,
 Her companion and her guard;
 How he lay anear the casket,
 Which his stricken mistress barred,
 Waiting for her hand to feed him,
 She, who never once forgot;
 Since she sleeps so long and stilly
 He must leave the lonesome spot,

Silent sits her buff canary,
 Moping on its unwashed perch,
 It, too, misses its dead mistress,—
 Fain would pass its bars to search.
 Into other hands the birdling
 Must with tearful eyes be given;
 It will sing for list-ning strangers,
 Since its dear one sings in heaven.

Kitty feels the great commotion,
 Shy she hunts outside the house,
 Since her table food is missing,
 For that stingy meal, a mouse!
 Soon the home will be deserted,
 Its belongings scattered wide!
 Things are changed so, and unsettled,
 Since the loving mistress died.

E. R. T.

LITTLE FOOL.

You are living today in Heaven,
 Earth's yesterdays not long past;
 I wonder, sometimes, if you keep your pace,
 And your life goes wild and fast.
 You never were level of head, dear;
 You didn't seem built that way,
 Though you did know right from wrong sometimes,
 But you often went astray.

Ah! you sweet little fool, we loved you,
 And love you the same today
 As when you were flesh-clad, here in our midst,
 Distracting us every way!
 We felt you would get through life early,
 For no one could "slow you up";
 You held the opinion you knew so much,
 You could manage life's full cup.

But, ah, little fool, you upset it!
 You wasted its contents sweet,
 And the Dresden china which held the draught
 Alas, lay spoiled at our feet.
 You'd toyed with the holiest feelings
 And did not know what they were;
 You thought, little fool, it was cunning to be
 A nettle, a thorn, a burr!

And the great heart where you abode, dear,
 Who knew what you did not know,
 And knew that you never could understand,
 He smiled when you fed him woe!—

Was never unkind, nor resented,
 But took you for what you were:—
 And he tried to steady your wayward feet,
 But you ever would demur.

At last when the end of it all came,
 And the last cute "turn" was done,
 You had had your way to the flowery close,
 The flirting, the tears, the fun;
 Then, poor little fool, we pitied you,
 And wished you had had more sense;—
 Enough to have known that the pace you went
 Was a bankrupting expense.

You are living today in Heaven.
 Dear fool, were you leaning out
 Last evening to list to a wedding march?
 "Yes?" "What was it all about?"
 The great heart you had so agonized,
 Little fool, when it held you dear,
 Has met with its peer, and the two are wed.
 You will pay your fool-tax there.

E. R. T.

AN OBJECT LESSON IN BLACK.

Two negroes confined for long terms in the Eastern Penitentiary, Pa., after retiring to their cell, which they jointly occupied, became engaged in religious dispute. They argued till nearly morning, when one fell asleep and the other, remaining enraged, beat in his skull and cut off his head. When the overseer came in the morning bringing their breakfast he found that the murderer had wrapped the body of his victim in a blanket, tied the dis severed head in an old shirt and laid it on a small table.—Exchange.

Horrible! yes, but it is the time-honored way of settling religious questions. In fact, it is the only way, for they cannot be settled by reason. The more reasoning and argumentation from the data at hand, the deeper in the quagmire the contestants sink, and if there is reasoning with a gleam of the light of knowledge, the whole fog-bank disappears as mists clear with the rising sun.

The negro was filled with the same "pious rage" that has made conspicuous for religious zeal, a countless host of kings, popes, priests and saints. There have been long ages, when to brain a heretic, or one who did not believe

with the popular faith, was regarded as a deed acceptable to God.

Constantine the Great, founder of Christianity, was so steeped in crime and blood that no priest of the splendid faith of the old pagan religion would absolve him, but a Christian father was ready to send his polluted soul to heaven!

The sword, the gibbet, the fagot's flame, have been acceptable means of grace, and untold millions of the earth's best and bravest men have perished by the most cruel tortures, because they disagreed in belief from those in power. The same spirit lingers, confined, bound and fettered, it is true, by laws, but always recognizable. It is to be seen in all religious journals—the ugly tiger claws of theocratic despotism. To report falsehoods and slanderous defamation of those who do not agree with them in belief is a too common practice with the zealots of every religious creed.

They invent "death-bed" scenes and "horrible examples," which, though proven false, they go on repeating unabashed. They use the means at hand to rend and tear the heretic: social ostracism, defamation, sneers and public contumely.

The negro murderer silenced his opponent. They may have disputed over the personality of the Holy Ghost, and the victim maintained that the said Ghost "proceeded from the Father," while the murderer had it that the "procedure was from the Son," and that hence as proceeding through the Son, "as an eternal generation of an unbegotten paternity of the Father," the three as "self-proceeding, and mutually begotten, were one and indistinguishable." That is a question which the great minds of the church wrangled and fought over for ages and never settled. It would be a hard nut for two ignorant negroes to settle otherwise than to crack each other's skulls. The only way such divine revelations can be received is through cracked skulls.

They could not settle the dogma any more than councils and popes before them, except in one way. It silenced dispute, and the most ignorant and brutal opponent was victorious.

Horrible! yes, and religious history, since man unfortunately had an incomprehensible religion to craze with the nightmare of the incomprehensible, has been a continuous horror.

GOD.

How many expeditions men have sent
Toward the infinite to find their God
And only found their own transcendent dreams!
These have they deified, and worshiped them,
And sacrificed according to their wealth
Of mind and treasure.

Savage, saint and sage
Have built a dream-God, like unto themselves,
And with their best conceptions trimmed him up
Fit to be Ruler of the Universe.

Man never yet has seen Him face to face,
For He is hidden in a labyrinth
Of His own laws, which He can never break,
Nor set aside for any man's appeal.

E. R. T.

A MODERN TRAGEDY.

A can of nitro-glycerine was lying on the ground,
A full-blown Christian Scientist was promenading 'round.
"Look out!" a little boy cried out, "there's something harmful
there!"

He did not heed, he did not hear, but kept his forward stare.

With lungs inflated, head erect, he said, "All things are mine!
I am a part of God! All Good traces my life's design.
Fearless am I! I dare to do whatever I desire,
For I am life: I choose, I make, suggest, command, aspire."

"I am peace, joy, prosperity, power, wisdom infinite;
I am a soul! I can control matter with subtle might.
A man is what he thinks; I pulse with God's almighty heart!"—
That nitro-glycerine went off and blew him all apart. E. R. T.

Progress is the evolution of inherent qualities. Its source is not external revelation. To understand such a revelation there must be answering faculties in the mind, else the revelation would be unintelligible; a revelation of morals to a totally depraved being would be in an unknown tongue, or as a book given to the blind. Man is organically moral, else he could not have moral ideas, and if he possesses innate moral capacities he has no need of a revelation.

THE SUNBEAM'S TASK.

The sunbeams are nimble folk, the most nimble-footed of all the messengers of Nature. What would you think if you wanted to go to a town fifty miles away and return before breakfast? If you could harness a sunbeam, the moment you mounted it it would get you there, and before you could wink you would be home again. That would be a bicycle worth having. No new-fangled notion could get ahead of it. You could take breakfast at home, pass the day in Australia, and quietly eat supper at home again as though nothing had happened. You could go around the world so quickly that no one would miss you, for while they winked their eyes you would take the journey.

As the sunbeams are the most nimble, so they are the most energetic, and they sally forth, each on errands which they do just for the delight of doing.

Oh, how they rush out from the sun, with dazzling raiment, armed and equipped for their tasks.

"Let us go!" they cry at the gates of the sun. "Let us go, for our tasks are many and our duties are urgent."

They rush through the frosty ether where no ray stops, because there is nothing to stop for, and each is fearful of being left behind. In the dewey morning, when the sun is over the hills and the red mist parts, they come in such host. They fall into the dewdrops, and struggling, half drowned, convert every one into a blazing diamond.

Then thirstily they drink them up and rise it soft vapor and shimmering clouds.

It was April and they sought out the flowers, which had just shaken the snows from their ascending leaves and spread their pale petals in the softening air. Over the blossoms the sunbeams bent gracefully, and with colors gathered from the rainbow, they tinted the petals of the anemone and the clatonia, flecked the corola of the adder-tongue, splashed crimson on the bleeding heart, and to the violet gave exquisite tinting. Every bud of every tree in the vast forest was visited—every blade of grass on hillside and vale, and the brown landscape blushed with vivid green.

That was only the beginning of the day. The sunbeams glanced on the surface of the river, converting it to

silver. "Come up, beauteous one," they cried, "up from the ooze and slime, for we would see you again." Then the broad leaves of the water lily expanded like glossy shields, and a sweet voice was heard calling: "Not even for you, dear sunbeams, can I come before my time."

"True," said they as they hastened on. "We will return when that time comes, and paint you like ivory wax, and perfume you with the mingled fragrance of all flowers."

Then they sprang on the crags of the mountain, and were met by the plaint of a giant pine. "See," it cried, "how this root of mine goes down into the crevice of the rocks, into their very heart, that I may drink at the deep springs. See how this ugly rock presses the life out of me by refusing to yield."

"Then," replied the sunbeam, "I will give you strength," and he struck the root with his javelin, and, with the energy of a giant, it expanded, and the great rock heaved and parted and, jostling over, rolled down the mountain side. Every leaf of the pine murmured applause, but the tree, although thankful, had other grievances. Deeper yet, where, as one would say, its toes penetrated, there was yet uglier pinching, now felt the more because the other was relieved.

"To-day you must rest content," said the sunbeam. "If I pierce into those deep recesses, the very mountain will crumble, and, losing your hold, you will be plunged down into the gulf below."

Yet was the pine discontented because of the very thing that securely held it in place, and were its after history known, no doubt its desires were granted by some less wise sunbeam, and it met this wretched fate.

Then they visited the squalid lanes of the city, and they well knew what was wanted of them. They peeped into the closed room, where the pale invalid lay in the shadow of curtains and the air was laden with poison. "Let us in!" they shouted, and the watcher cautiously drew the curtains and raised the sash, and the host rushed in, and changed the poisoned air to sweetness, and playfully dashed carmine and bronze on the face of the sufferer.

Mighty physicians are the sunbeams. No doctor ever had such success as they, and as for disinfectants, germicides and toxins, why, bless you, a prick from a sunbeam will kill the fiercest bacillus, and disease germs have no

more chance of escape than a hare would from a gatling gun. They are better than all the anti-toxins ever brewed, for instead of putting poison into the blood, they take it out. They cleanse the air, and the sewage of a pestilent city where it runs out into the sunlight, is purified.

The sunbeams went in and the invalid arose. They laughed with surprise, for they had thought her old and ugly, and she became transformed into a beautiful girl. Like to her was a heliotrope in a vase on the window—pale and odorless. They stopped for a moment to refresh it and touch its petals with color. Then they left the town for the wide fields of the country, and, finding a group of children on their way to school, they made the air around them so pure that their appetites sharpened, and every one of the crowd wished it were noon, that they might open their luncheon baskets. How brown they were! How clear their eyes! What a ring of delightful health in their voices!

“We did it,” cried the mighty chorus of sunbeams. “The work is ours. We gave them pure water; we purified the air they breathe; we make the whole world for them a glittering palace of beauty. Our Lord is the son, and he is the great fountain of life.”

AT MOUNT VERNON.

Lovingly inscribed to Louise Lynde Bacon.

The grounds of fair Mount Vernon
Seem good to walk upon;—
Acres which were the homelands
Of noble Washington.
The beautiful Potomac
Has mirrored faces strong,
Which seem to haunt the mansion,
And to the New-Time throng.

They whisper in the foliage
Along the river's edge;
They glide among the box leaves
Which make the vernal hedge;
They loiter in the garden
Where pinks and roses grow;
They wander through the buildings
So stately and so slow.

People of noble purpose,
Who labored heart to heart,
To make this ungrown country
The world's divinest part.

They were not seeking riches,—
 They knew no sordid aim,
 But wrought to make a nation
 Justice might proudly claim.

We hail them and we heed them;
 Their majesty we feel,—
 Those residents of heaven,
 The country of the Leal.
 Earth-bound are they no longer,
 But love their country's good,
 And come to guard its honor,
 And make right understood.

We think of loving Martha,
 Who chose the attic room
 Because its little windows
 O'erlooked his sacred tomb.
 We see her unimprisoned,
 Not waiting Gabriel's horn
 To wake her, and her consort,
 On resurrection morn.

The most attractive features
 About Mount Vernon are
 The unseen fascinations
 Which chain one everywhere.
 One feels the aspirations
 Its noble dwellers felt,
 And wrote in emanations
 On walls wherein they dwelt.

Our reverent souls are viewing,
 While walking here about,
 Glimpses of the departed
 Men have not written out.
 When strolling o'er Mount Vernon
 A charm is felt, unseen;
 We read unpublished chapters
 In lives aye evergreen.

E. R. T.

HOW TO REST.

We all know how tiresome people are who do not know how to rest, nor to let others rest in their presence.

A child, even a dog, or a cat, which is constantly uttering sounds, and is never still, will weary one in a few hours almost past endurance. They are constantly diverting one's attention from consecutive thought, causing blunders in whatever business is claiming present attention. They excite one's sympathy, too, from the fact that they are

breaking down the tissues of their bodies without getting any good out of it, and really wasting strength which ought to be conserved.

We have heard women say with pride, "I never sit still! I am always doing something!" When they sit down to rest their feet and limbs, they take up sewing, tatting, knitting or embroidery, and while the feet rest, hands work. The mind is never free. If you want to age rapidly that is a sure receipt to follow, but it is not the way to keep young, or please husband and children. They do so like to know, sometimes, there is nothing to do but to "think of them." Maybe they are selfish, but it is an excusable selfishness, for it is a mutual benefit and a sweet pastime.

I am acquainted with a woman who is a great worker and who prides herself on never "losing a minute." If you call on her she will at once proceed to tell you what she has done that day and the day before and what she intends to do tomorrow; how lame she is, and how her head aches, and her feet swell, etc., until you mentally exclaim, "Why don't you give yourself a rest, my dear?" and you are so sorry that it would be impolite for you to tell her it is a duty she owes to herself and to her friends.

She is sinning against herself, besides people cannot be agreeable who are so depleted, pre-occupied, devitalized, because they "make one tired;" you, my kind readers, are philosophical enough to explain this without my aid.

It is economy to rest; to pause in the rush of this wild, mad world to take breath and gain strength. It is moreover safe, if we do not desire that our names be added to the long list of loving, but martyred mothers.

Sitting down in a chair and worrying, or trotting the feet, or rocking violently, or talking incessantly, is not resting. To rest is to relax the system from all intensity, giving mind and muscles entire relaxation.

You have heard much, perhaps know much, about Francois Delsarte's system of physical culture. His series of Decomposing Exercises are in no way more useful than in teaching people how to rest. They teach the art of entire relaxation, and I know one lady who has cured herself of showing a violent temper by practicing them. When she feels her temper rising from any cause, even from tongue lashing which she does not deserve, she at once "decomposes" herself—her body becomes limp—and how can an inanimate instrument display a hot temper? See?

But when applied to taking rest they are just what we all need and can make practical. This is the formula:

“When a few moments of leisure can be taken, throw yourself down upon a bed or the floor (an ordinary couch is not wide enough) and let all the limbs drop as lifeless as possible. Then put your attention upon one arm and try to imagine that it is disconnected at the shoulder and is no part of your body. Think of all four limbs in the same manner and also try to think that they are very heavy. Close your eyes softly (do not hold them tightly together) and allow the lower jaw to drop. As you lie there, be careful that your thoughts do not lead you to tightening up any muscle.

“A friend can take hold of your limbs and ‘prove’ them—that is, see that they are relaxed. When perfectly surrendered they will be ‘limp as a rag,’ to use a common expression. Instead of resting in their chairs and on their beds, people are ‘holding themselves on,’ as one writer expressed it. These ideas of surrender, in order to rest the body and furnish free avenues for correct expression, which Francois Delsarte gave to us in his practical teachings, are like a new gospel, and American men and women surely and sorely stand in need of their redeeming power.”

E. R. T.

A MAN IN THE KITCHEN.

During the Woman’s Crusade.

Hello, Jones! Come in for a minute,
 And help me along if you can.
 My wife’s at the temperance crusading,
 And I’m an unfortunate man.
 They are storming that rum shop of Bilkins’;
 No doubt he will hang out a week;
 And then there is Guzzler to tackle,
 And elephant-hided McSqueak.

The emptings are all running over,—
 The dishes are piled in the sink;
 The three-year-old twins are up tooting,
 And baby squalls so I can’t think.
 Kit slipped out and wet both her stockings;
 I can’t find a pair for her feet.
 The last crumb of victuals is eaten,
 And John bawls for something to eat.

It is ten o’clock now; gingeration!—
 And everything up in a stir.

The sweeping, the dishes, the dinner!—
 And six of them coming with her!
 Now, Jones, if you've any compassion
 Just "pitch in" and knead out the bread,
 While I fix the squash and potatoes
 Before I'm tetotally dead.

My wife said she wanted the tea made
 So strong it would steady her up
 As long as the Bilkins siege lasted;—
 Two teaspoons at least to a cup.
 I'll season the dishes with pepper,
 And ginger, whatever I can,
 For such a crusade on the rumshops
 Would be heavy work for a man!

Six boxes of troches a day, sir,
 I've bought since the praying began
 To strengthen her voice, for her aim is
 To stand in the work No. 1.
 She'll not be outdone if assistance
 By tonics will help her at all.
 Jones! catch it! there tumbles the baby!
 Bumped senseless! the camphor!—bawl! bawl!

I'm temperance,—strictly, but 'dang it!'
 Must mortals wake God by a call,
 And put Him on line of His duty?
 The dinner!—All six in the hall!

—E. R. T.

A GOLDEN CHAIN RECITATION.

FOR BANDS OF MERCY.

[The President, or some one chosen, should read or put the questions, and the Band respond by reading or reciting the answers. Read well; bring out the ideas. This exercise is fine to follow the opening music for an Angell Prize Contest Entertainment, before the contestants begin. Have the entire Band, bearing a banner, march to music upon the stage, under orders, and when in proper position respond to the reader of the questions, who should be back in the audience.]

Q. Who are you, little Band, wearing stars?

A. We are "Band of Mercy" Defenders.

Q. Whom do you defend, and what is your aim?

A. We try to be kind to all harmless creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

Q. Whence come you, and whither are you going?

A. From Life's sunny fountains to Love's golden mountains.

Q. Do you love mercy?

A. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Q. Do you speak for those who cannot speak for themselves?

A. The Bible says, "Open thy mouth for the dumb." We plead for the helpless.

Q. How do you know when they suffer?

A. We try to put ourselves in their places. We use the golden key of sympathy.

Q. Why do you try to prevent cruelty?

A. Because cruelty leads to crime, and crime makes misery.

Q. What should you live for?

A. To bless the world. To make all lives happy lives.

Q. How can you do this grand work?

A. "Love is the fulfilling of the law. The Lord delighteth in mercy."
E. R. T.

SOCIETY WORK.

Societies are aggregations of individuals.

Human nature is yet too productive of a flush growth of selfishness.

The leading question in almost all ventures is, "What is there in it for ME?"

This is asked in the hearts of the individual components of societies.

It is asked by those who aspire to act as pastors, lecturers, mediums, teachers, leaders of the brains of organizations.

And it will be asked as long as the road to success is placarded all the way with the motto, "Root, hog, or die."

It is not my ideal. I wish things were different.

I wish people were more far-seeing—could look beyond their own noses, and would take broader views.

I wish they were willing to do some sowing for others to reap.

But we must take humans as we find them. They are bound to look out for themselves and so they will ask the

selfish question concerning societary work, "What is there in it for ME?"

What answer can be given?

"There are bills to pay?" Yes, always bills to meet.

"Guard duty to perform?" Yes, a straight backbone and bang-back gun you must have.

"And the word 'Welcome' over the front door?"

Yes. Hungry souls must be lunched free, and bodies, too.

"Will I have to help oil the machinery?"

Yes, lubricating oil you must keep in stock and apply freely.

"Stand firm and stand fast on all occasions; hold office or not, as the majority decide?"

Yes, do your whole duty on all occasions, willingly.

"Well, I understand what I am to do, but what is there in return for my efforts? Will it pay?"

You will have a place for your family to go on Sundays; a set to affiliate with; you will be located mentally and socially, and you will be harnessed to pull! It will be easier if you pull with the members than if you have a tug by yourself.

"But will it be a proper place for Madam? She is very careful what influences touch the family."

We must see to it that it is a proper place and that our speakers are persons of intelligence, culture and morality. I know many who aspire to be lecturers are woefully deficient in moral acumen. I have seen many things I know to be morally unhealthy and, I doubt not, to which the guardian of the home would object. I know one—(more than one)—pretty, middle-aged lady speaker who makes a business of "mashing," or helping them to a mash, silly old men, who have money. When reprov'd for it by her husband, she says, sweetly: "Why, dear, it is a part of my business; it helps me to get engagements to lecture, and money for private sittings."

I know, too, some veteran lecturers who get camp engagements, etc., by winking at and excusing the moral lapses of susceptible managers. But such characters, who love notoriety and money more than purity and justice, we shall not employ. There will not be pestilence in the society for men or women.

"And what for the children?"

A Progressive Lyceum for the children! One of the

most complete and recreative Sunday schools this side of heaven. It provides for the growth and education of the entire individual. It is sparkling with truth, merry with music, lively with marching, graceful with calisthenics, and full of warmth and color. There is wealth in it for the children—wealth of opportunities. Patriotism, fraternity, kindness to every living creature, human or sub-human; self-respect, fidelity, tolerance, independence are taught and emphasized as qualifications for good citizenship and good home-makers. The children will get good returns, and the adults, too, who work with them. Every society should have a lyceum, whether it has regular speakers or not.

“Well, well; that is a big thing! I guess there is something in it!”

Now if we provide our society with an attractive and respectable place to hold meetings, have good music, and lecturers who can command respect, are worthy of confidence, as well outside of a spiritual society as in it, and who really have something to say and know how to say it well, I think you will feel that there really is something worth a great deal to you in societary co-operation. It is because too narrow motives actuate, and too stingy provisions are made to give satisfaction all around, that societies die. They do not send out roots into the schools, churches, various clubs, everywhere to gain strength and allies. They want to be be-alls and do-alls. They organize to fight, instead of to educate and enlarge. If they are to give an entertainment they want all Spiritualists, and no others in it. They bristle and stand off those who might be won, and would carry progressive ideas into new places.

To conduct societies so they will live, and not be counted among the early dead, requires a great deal of good common sense, unusual tact, inventive talent to devise fresh methods for work which will engage all, and managers who have due regard for the conventional usages of good society and dignified deportment. Free-and-easy innovations on customs founded on good sense should not be encouraged.

E. R. T.

PEACE ON EARTH.

As I sit in the quiet of my home this stormy night and listen to the howling winds, sighing around the eaves and soughing away across the snow-clad fields away, away over the tossing branches of the frozen trees, there comes to my soul a great wave, as though borne by the bitter winds from all the earth, of woe and pain; of grief and despair; of struggling against fate; thirst and hunger. Two thousand years since the angels sang in the bright heavens of Palestine, "Peace on earth and good will to men." Twenty centuries of effort to make practical the divine gospel of love, and still selfishness is triumphant and owns the earth! Still in a world of plenty, with plethoric harvests that burst the granaries, and rot in the field, there is gaunt famine, and millions go to their hard beds tonight hungry for a crust. Little children know not what it is to have enough, and while warehouses are packed high with mouldering garments, their forlorn rags scarce conceal their emaciated bodies. I see them shivering over the bits of coal gathered from garbage heaps, crowded together to give each other warmth.

Then comes, with another gust, the sorrows of grief, the loss of friends, the aching heart that suffers until benumbed by pain, and mechanically gathers itself up to go on, leaving hope and joy behind.

There are tonight ten thousand times ten thousand such, and there is no balm!

There are endless processions marching on of those who have failed and lost their places in the line. Incompetency; rascality of those trusted in affairs; the incalculable interference of the elements; a thousand causes, avoidable or beyond human control, have brought disaster, and ambition once starward has sank into the dull effort to exist. The laborer once proprietor of himself looks over his scanty table, and would feel shame comparing it with other days had not merciful fate calloused his feelings. His cabin is in the shadow of palaces where the sons and daughters of wealth waste in riot in a single night the earnings of his hands for his longest lifetime.

From afar there is reflected a starving people, millions and millions stricken by pestilence, and given over to the merciless hands of Winter; and beyond them on the bor-

ders of the Arctic sea the exiles of Siberia, nobly born and reared, to suffer daily death and show how much agony the human soul can bear.

The penal colonies, the prison-cells, the reeking cages for confinement of human beings, from these come sobs of contrite grief, groans of despair and the snarl of envenomed rage. From thousands of souls in our own bright land, shut behind prison walls, come these mingling notes. Punishment, just in the sight of law and the ethics of Christianity, but who can help pitying? Who with heart help sympathizing with these poor, dwarfed and blighted results of social conditions? To punish! Justice inflicts not punishment, except for reformation; not to avenge, but reform. Oh, divine love! where art thou when these are driven to their cells, with cropped locks and harlequin clothing, that they may feel the bitterness of infamy and disgrace, and be branded with the mark of Cain—branded so deeply that even after the punishment has been inflicted the finger of scorn is constantly pointed and the sneer of mankind follows them to the grave!

It is Christmas tide, and there should flow around us an ocean of love. There should not only be glad hearts, but *all* hearts should be glad. Will it be so in some millennial age?

But now there comes before me a vast army, legion on legion flowing away into the clouds of the distance; the wretched, the despairing, the hungry, and the destitute; the vagabond, and the criminal; the broken-hearted; the hopeless, the sorrowing; oh, what a host swept by the blizzard wind!

The sensitive soul, like a headland jutting into the sea, receives the shock of waves from distant coasts, and the set of currents from unseen and unknown forces. It can find no peace for itself until peace reigns over the entire world. It cannot close its doors and retire within itself, for the stress of suffering cannot be shut out. Like the headland, it must receive and bear the shock.

Is it Christmas tide? Is the day the old day when we gathered our children around us, and the joy at the presents given and received was like the breath of Eden?

They have Christmas trees of their own now on farther shores, and the sigh of the Winter wind replaces their laughter. The old time will return never more.

Is it Christmas tide? Were I the Infinite Power, at least for this one time there should not be one soul cold or

hungry, grieving or despairing. Once in all the wide world should it be true that peace on earth and good will to man had come.

TO OUR DEAR FRANK.

(Our son-in-law, Frank L. Yerance.)

Dear Frank in Heaven! Your thoughts will turn
 This Christmas-tide to us, who fain
 Would clasp your angel hands in love
 And know that you are "home again."

Yes, home again, Frank, home again!
 Home from the land of souls above,
 To mingle with your kindred, left
 With lonesome hearts,—abloom with love.

Only one year ago this time
 Your head was planning gifts for us;—
 So many,—and so nice!—we thought,
 "Dear Frank!—next year will it be thus?"

For Death was looking in your face,
 And hinting of this absence then.
 We prayed that he might turn away,
 And Life bestow her best again.

Alas! it was not so to be;
 Your noon hour struck, "Eternity!"
 This year is dearth of merriness,—
 Our Christmas bells ring mournfully.
 Christmas, 1902.

—E. R. T.

 THE PAST.

"Forget the past?" Oh, no; we are the product of the past, and a part of it. We may be a part of the future when it comes, as we shall be if our lives reach into it, but we are now a portion of the world's past, and should be able to see and remember much to love and enjoy, as well as some things to deplore and improve upon.

We should have philosophy and strength enough to do both, conscious that the struggle of the ages is to attain moral brotherhood, and that every one who comes from the past into the future must try understandingly to take part in it. Forget the past? No, remember and improve upon it. Enjoy its glories, but do not help to repeat its failures.

E. R. T.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Of all the imposing objects furnished by art, perhaps none are comparable with the ocean steamship. The ocean, itself a grand unwritten epic, every line of which is of beauty, and whose waves are the poetry of motion, is complimented with the ship, so like it in its lines of grace and strength, and energy seemingly borrowed from the element on which it floats.

With what throbbing hearts we wave our last farewell to those who stand on her deck, and hear the command to cast off the last line that binds her to our shore. Then with what conscious strength she swings out on the tide, her prow turned dauntlessly oceanward for the other side of the world, black volumes of smoke wreathing over her, and a shining path behind like a bank of snowy daisies on the emerald pastures of the sea.

We wistfully gaze after her retreating form, bearing away our treasures of love, until a cloud of smoke is all that breaks the monotonous water line, and that soon is gone. Then in loneliness we go our way.

Of the steamships sailing from Liverpool none were superior to the Adriatic in strength or beauty. A favorite ship was she, and on that May morning when she left her dock, of the hundreds who shook the friendly hand, or gave the more intimate kiss of love, all congratulated themselves and each other on the felicity of the voyage to New York.

When the passengers had somewhat recovered from sea sickness, and were gathered on deck or in the cabin in social parties, the ocean extended like a gently undulating mirror and a most lovely summer sky bended overhead. The weather was delightful, the captain rejoicing, and the passengers in the best of humor.

Among the latter was a lady and a little girl. The lady was sweetly beautiful and attractive in her manners and soon became endeared to all. She was a pure blonde, with the blue eyes and light golden hair of Germany. Her daughter Mabelle was the image of her mother, with the same clear blue eyes, golden hair and soft complexion.

She was playing on deck one afternoon, when an elderly gentleman with whom she had formed an intimate friendship attracted her attention.

"Oh! when," she exclaimed, "shall we arrive at New York. I am dying to see grandpa."

"You look as much like dying as a rosebud," said the gentleman, laughing, "and if you will call me grandpa, you will not need to go to New York."

"That would not do," she replied, seriously; "we have not seen grandpa in five years. I was only two years old when he left England. Grandpa had a great misfortune; that is, he lost all his fortune. He went to New York to get that fortune again."

"Yes, I dare say, and he will be pleased to see you, little wise woman."

"He has a nice house now, mamma says, and he will be glad, I know, when he meets us."

"Then your grandpa has been prosperous?"

"Of course he has. He always does well. He has a fine house, as I said, and servants and coaches, just as he used to have in dear old England, and he wanted mamma to come and take care of them for him, for grandma went to spirit life a year ago and he is lonesome."

"Ah, ha! now I see how it is; your father is also in spirit life?"

"No, no; he is still in England, attending to grandma's business. In three months he will join us, and then, all together, in grandpa's great house, we shall have a happy time."

"Undoubtedly you will, and because I have no little granddaughter you must tell him that I envy him his happiness."

The sun went down into the ocean, sharp and clear—a most charming sight for the voyagers—and, like the fleecy folds of a garment, the scattered clouds gathered around the portal through which he passed. The moon rose in the east like a queenly sultana on a throne of silver, and her light broke in myriad reflections on the crested waves. With her mother, Mabelle sat on the deck, enjoying the strangely fascinating scene.

"What are the stars?" she asked, interrupting the silence.

"They are suns, my child, like our own, but so far away they appear small."

"No, no; they are not. The moon is their mother, and they are her children."

"Who told you that pretty tale?"

"No one; I always knew it. The sun is an ugly old giant

who every morning makes a breakfast of the moon's children, and that is why there are no stars in the day time."

"Your prattle might be less sensible, but my mood is serious. I am oppressed by a feeling of danger. I should not tell you, yet I would press you close to my breast. If anything should happen, my precious Mabelle, and we should be separated, remember all I have said to you."

Overcome by her feelings, she folded her child in her arms and wept. Mabelle was alarmed by her mother's tears and began to sob. Thus recalled, the mother said:

"I should not alarm you. Perhaps nothing will happen. I am nervous from sea sickness. Let me place this locket on your neck. It contains your father's and mother's miniatures. And now we will forget our unpleasant thoughts and you may call the stars children of the moon, lamps along the streets of heaven, or little lambs pasturing in the meadows of the sky, as you please."

* * * * *

The passengers sought their berths, and at midnight all was still except the measured throbbing of the engine, the tramp of the watch, and the splashing unrest of the waves. Tireless and unswerving as destiny the ship kept on her course through the night, watched by the stars. That day those that were skilled in the art had computed to a second the exact place of the ship on the ocean, and the sleepless eyes that watched the quivering compass directed her course by the knowledge thus afforded. They knew that the Grand Banks of Newfoundland were to the north, and the dense fogs of the gulf stream were the only danger.

The morning came, and for a time the sun shone clear and warm, though the horizon was hazy. About ten o'clock a white cloud, or rather wall, rose out of the water. The ship plunged into it and became enveloped in the thick and blinding mist. One could discern objects only at a few yards distinctly. The engines slackened speed, and the foghorn, deep and mournful, sounded, and was echoed from the enveloping cloud. They feared meeting another ship, and the watch listened attentively to every sound.

It was noon, and the fog seemed constantly thickening. The officers consulted, for well they knew that it might conceal icebergs—mountain masses broken from Arctic cliffs and drifted by currents southward. There was safety only in going ahead and running out of the fog. The

engines, as though instinctively warned of danger, worked slowly and carefully, with deepened breath. Now and then came puffs of frosty air with the chill dampness. The watch on the bow strained their eyes in vain endeavor to pierce the cloud. They did not fear concussion with ships, for the fog-horn warned them away, but the dread iceberg would not turn aside and gave no warning. Hour by hour, as they sailed on, their apprehensions grew less, and the sailors began to jest at each other for their idle fears. The fog would be passed by night, and a star-lit evening was predicted.

Suddenly they were startled by a fearful cry from the watch, too horrified for articulation. It was a shriek of despair. Out of the mist came the murmur of a low surf, and while the watch listened, scarcely realizing what it was, out of the gloom, cold, glittering, phantom-like, projected a precipice of ice not ten fathoms away, coming with the soft, undistinguishable tread of the tiger, yet unyielding as adamant. To cry out was mortal, though to avert the danger was beyond mortal power. The pilot's hand instinctively touched the bell, the engines were reversed, but too late, for the ship and the ice mountain came together with a crash, and, quivering in every beam and plank, the former careened on her side, righted, and, obedient now to her engines, backed away from the foe. The passengers swarmed on deck, terrified beyond expression and ignorant of the danger, the extent of which no one knew. It was quickly seen, however, for the water rushed through the broken bow so rapidly that it was certain the ship could not float an hour. The boats were made ready by the sailors, who, with their officers, at this trying moment were as calm and obedient as on a quiet sea far from danger.

The gentleman who had taken such interest in Mabelle grasped her and her mother by the hand, and hurried them to one of the boats. He placed Mabelle in one of them, when the imperative order came to cut away, as it already had more passengers than safety would allow. The crew stood to their oars, and in a moment were lost in the fog. One other boat was launched, and then there were difficulties in getting the others ready. The stopping of the engine was not noticed. At this most critical time the giant failed. The concussion broke some bolt or stay, and its strength was gone.

The ship paused, and with the pause again out of the

cloud rose the spectral mountain, moving irresistibly upon the defenseless ship. She presented this time, not her strong prow, but her yielding side, and receiving the full force of the blow, arose, and, with the wild wail of despair echoed over the waste, came a sullen plunge, and the Adriatic breasted the waves no more. Numberless arms were tossed above the sparkling surface, and some stout swimmers gave not up without a struggle. They reached the icy wall, and, with desperate endeavor, clutched the smooth surface which gave no hold, no ledge for rest, but overhanging, smoothly perpendicular, the tantalization of hope aggravated the despair of death. One by one these brave men, as their strength failed them, sank into the abyss. The ice mountain plowed on its way, and the ocean gave no trace of the lost ship or her precious freight.

Of the two boats one was never heard from. It was undoubtedly lost in the storm which arose before it was possible for it to have reached the shore. That storm long will the fishermen of the New England coast remember. Those who fished for cod on the banks, or for the rainbow-tinted mackerel far off the coast, if they did not take warning and secure a harbor, were indeed fortunate if they escaped to tell the tale of their perils.

The boat in which Mabelle was placed was a lifeboat of the best pattern, and although the waves broke completely over it, it continued to float, and while the crew could maintain their strength all were safe. In the gray light of the morning they saw a coast before them and a long line of breakers. There was a little fishing village, and to the south the coast swept in a beautiful curve, formed by a low ledge or wall of rocks. The water was deep to the very shore. In one place the ledge was broken and the waves went over and laved a sandy beach. This was noticed by the mate who steered the boat, and he thought he could take advantage of this gap and be driven directly on the beach without harm.

It was a desperate venture, but there was no alternative. The storm was unabated; their strength was failing. They approached the shore, and, at the command, bent to their oars, alas! with insufficient strength. The set of the current bore them to one side, and the boat struck the rocks. Mabelle and some others were thrown instantly overboard by the shock, and, caught by the next wave, were carried high up where they had designed to land the boat, and left

among the sea weed which strewed the beach. The others, with the boat, were drawn back into the hell of waters and dashed again on the cruel rocks. A group of fishermen quickly gathered.

Rough but kind hands raised the apparently lifeless Mabelle and gave her in charge of an old woman who was noted for her motherly kindness. She, poor dame, had lost her father when a child, her husband and her son, all in the storms of the remorseless ocean. Thus schooled by bitter suffering, she was sympathetic with others in their grief, and the many widows and orphans of the village always found her a tender and true friend.

Mabelle, when restored to health, was confused in memory. The terrors of that hour and the suffering in the boat nearly obscured her past. She only remembered her name, and with her mother she was to meet her grandpa—somewhere.

Mabelle's mother had become a spirit, but her love and affection were the same, and with a holy devotion she could not enjoy the delights of the angel spheres until she knew the fate of her loved child. Through the assistance of others she discovered the abode of Mabelle, and often came to her. The sensitive child felt her presence and wept. Then her mother would throw around her a gentle influence which would make her very happy.

The spirit mother sought her husband, and endeavored to impress him with her presence. Her opportunity came in sleep—the negative side of life and twin brother of death. He dreamed that he saw his daughter on an ocean coast. A fishing village was there, with the shore to the south, sweeping in a beautiful curve. She stood on the rocks, extending her arms over the sea, and called to him. He awoke greatly agitated, but recovering himself, he again fell asleep, and had the same dream. This time her mother stood by her side, dim, shadowy, and cloudlike. He awoke still more agitated, and, impelled by an irresistible impulse, the next day secured passage to New York. From there he went to Boston and northward along the coast, constantly inquiring for the nameless village with its sweeping coast, until the fishermen thought him insane. At last he came to the object of his search. He recognized at once the reality of his dream. The village was there, the coast, and on a ledge of rocks, gazing over the sea, was a little girl whom he knew to be his daughter. Oh, what a delight!

Perhaps her mother was also safe! He ran to her and clasped her in his arms. The locket fell from her bosom. He had placed it on the neck of his own Mabelle, with the promise it should never be removed. It spoke, and he knew that she was dead. Dead, but living present with them; ecstatically happy over the union her gentle influence had accomplished.

Then, with many thanks to the generous fishermen, the two visible, and the other one invisible, sought the home of the grandfather, where they were to have enjoyed so much happiness.

As they gathered close, Mabelle, sitting on grandfather's knee, he said in a trembling voice: "Our meeting is not as we planned, but last night my wife and daughter both came to me. I know they are now present with us. They are happy, and if we are not, we may reflect pain on their angel lives. Our family circle of five is not broken; we are all present, and in this reunion we must all be happy."

A FEW LINES FROM EMMA.

A beautiful young wife died of consumption. Her husband, after a time, paid court to another, and placed an engagement diamond ring on her finger. A touch of pain and a desire to be brave and unselfish sent the lovely angel to me, asking me to send a few verses from her to her mother, who was solicitous about the spirit wife's happiness. This was October 20, 1904.

I live in the love of Immortals,
 Unshadowed by hate or despair,
 Above all the pain and the wounding
 I might feel on Earth, were I there.

Time was when I shuddered to sever
 The love-chains, so flowery and sweet,
 And come to this beautiful country
 Where life is more calm and complete.

My life intertwined with my dear ones,
 I loved my fair pictures and flowers;
 I longed to live on and be happy;—
 I tried all hope's mystical powers.

But vain were my efforts to conquer;
 Disease slyly blighted my bloom.

Overcome, when I 'rose from my body,
I left my keen sorrow and gloom.

I cannot be selfish in Heaven
For I was unselfish on Earth!
I must not go back on my record,
And tarnish your dreams of my worth.

I *would* like to plan for my dear ones;
I *would* like to guide and direct,
But that may not be, dearest mother;
Our God will sustain and protect.

I know Love will never discard me
But rise to my soul evermore.
I shall hasten from Heaven to comfort,
And angels will open the door.

Whatever may come, oh, my mother,
Be sure there is fulness for me,
And beauty, and love, and contentment
More perfect than mortals may see.

My life is relieved of vexations
Which Earth-loves forever must know:
So think not I sigh for the rose-thorns
Which pierce, while blooms brighten, below.

Dear mother, I know what you thought of,
I know what you hoped, but alas,
It would not have proved as you dreamed it;—
'Tis better to let the thought pass.

Now let us blend tears for one moment
And kiss, just for love and not grief.
A true mother's heart angels visit
When Heaven can afford no relief!

—E. R. T.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT FROM THE DEAD.

They had been walking across the narrow ridge of land dividing Long Island Sound from Peconic Bay, along the path leading from the fishing hamlet of Orient. It was autumn, and the sound, green as emerald, flashed and sparkled in the soft sunlight, with rifts of spray that looked like banks of daisies twining in endless wreaths. Immense rocks guarded the shore-line from the encroaching sea, and scraggy evergreens showed darkened foliage against the white sands. They walked along the path leading to the

secluded spot where for nearly two centuries the dead had been placed with tender love, and the slabs of black slate, moss grown, bore their names, with quaint verses in their praise, while grewsome sculpturings of skulls and cross-bones, reminded of the terrors of death and dread of the hereafter. The gnarled cedars and dwarfed pines whispered above their heads in prolonged sighs. It was a lovely yet lonely place, and they continued their walk toward the Bay. Now they seated themselves on a moss-grown trunk, without speaking a word—they had scarcely spoken during the long walk. There are times thoughts interchange, and silence is more expressive than speech. There are times when spoken words are tame and weak and a mockery of the burning thoughts of the soul. Before them, beyond the olive-green sedge meadows, bared by the retreating tide, Peconic Bay extended like a silver mirror to the shores of Shelter Island. To the left the view extended out to the broad Atlantic. The land-birds had all sought the South, but over all the waters winged the tireless gulls—like restless spirits with bodies of sea-foam beaten into form by the wind.

They were fair to see—he with his strong frame and erect bearing, as though born to command; dark eyes; dark, curly hair; a mouth soft in expression, yet with lips that were drawn with unchanging decision, and a straight nose that gave strength and force of purpose. He wore a sailor's cap, and on his breast was a medal for life-saving gallantry. She was fair as the wind-flower, with sunny hair, blue eyes, and that ripe tint which comes of health and exercise in the sea air—delicate, yet strong, and able to pull the oar, if need be, with the best. A courage, too, had she, born of a long line of seafarers who loved the sea as a mother and laughed at her wrathful moods, and once it had been tried when one was wanting in the crew pulling through the breakers to the succor of a wrecked ship; she took an oar, and, with encouraging smiles to her comrades, pulled out into the hell of waters.

Mark Trescott, Captain Trescott of the *Albatross*, whaler in the Arctic seas, although but twenty-five years of age, had made his mark among men who valued men by their successful combat with dangers, and who shrank not to grapple with the elements. At sixteen he had gone down to the sea with his father on a whaling voyage, which carried them into the Pacific Ocean, and a year later his father

being thrown from his boat by a sperm whale, and going down into fathomless depths, he assumed command of the ship, and after two years returned with a full cargo. His next and last voyage had been prosperous, and he was regarded by the community, inclined to superstition, as a favorite of fortune and immensely wealthy.

Elsie Harley was the daughter of his partner in the ownership of the *Albatross*, whose dwelling overlooked the little port, and was one of the first objects to meet the eye of the incoming sailor. There was between them the attraction of opposites and of likeness, and they had known each other from childhood, when they had played with the wrack of the shore, built houses of the pretty shells, and wondered at the strange forms thrown up by the waves. Yet he had never spoken, and she had been seemingly unconscious that she was all the world to him.

That Autumn day he had invited her to that walk, resolved to tell her his life's secret. Now the opportunity was his, his tongue refused to speak, and the boon he desired seemed so great, his audacity in the asking was overwhelming. She, with a woman's tact, first broke the embarrassing silence:

"I love the shore and the sea. The gulls are as friends, for when they come in from the waste, they bring our fishing boats. Our sailor lads are as wise as the birds, and know equally well when a storm is brewing. Oh! there is your ship! When did she come in?"

"Last night, from New London, where she had repairs. I had her come over the Sound, as I want to ship some old comrades here."

"Oh, are you to go very soon?" she asked, with suppressed emotion. "Four years you were away the last time, and only two months at home!"

"I have consulted your father, and we decided that I sail with the tide to-morrow morning."

"So soon?" The tears starting to her eyes would have told the story to one less blind, and yet honest Captain Mark saw it not. In her presence he was of so little moment that the smallest request he might make appeared insufferable arrogance.

"It is so decided," he replied, not looking at her upturned, earnest face, fearing he would read her indifference.

"Why must you go like a Viking, seeking dangers, when

you might stay at home and give to others the spoils of the sea?"

"Really I do not know; I do not amount to much here on land, and there is something for me on shipboard. But if I am fortunate, this shall be my last voyage."

"Fortunate! You mean if you gather a full cargo you will then be so wealthy you will not go again?"

"That would be fortunate, yet not the fortune I seek. If that were all, I would keep right on, and my home would be my ship to life's end."

"There is but one fortune, is there?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes, there is a greater fortune, and that is to have a loving wife who will put a cable around the heart and be a sheet anchor holding one at home. And now I have said this much, I will say more, and that is, if you consent to thus hold me, the fortune I shall make is yours, and I go no more."

"Oh, how at random you talk! You would weary of a quiet life, and away you would go. I should redden my eyes with weeping and watching, and grow weary with waiting for a ship that returned not, and would sink into the nonentity of a sailor's widow—scarcely knowing if I were one or not."

He grasped her hand, and said earnestly: "Oh, you are cruel to jest! Answer me, do you love me?"

She turned her blue eyes to his, and with frank honesty replied: "Yes, truly I do; but you do not love me, or you would not go."

"I go because I love you. I want to give you a home as good as the one you have; and I assure you that you will not wait too long for my coming."

"Only four years, or at least three, for that is the usual time for a whaler."

"No, not four years; not three; I'll be home next Christmas time."

"That is half the time I would have imposed," she said banteringly, "but you have set the month and the day, and, further, if you do not return on that day I shall consider myself free."

"Ay, free. Have the wedding guests invited, and, if I come not, count me dead, and marry another."

The next morning the wharf was crowded by the villagers, for it was an event in that hamlet when a ship de-

parted. It carried away sons, husbands and fathers, and only by chance would they again be heard from until their return.

The *Albatross* lay at anchor off the harbor, and Captain Mark, with many a hearty handshake, stepped into the whale-boat that was to carry him to her. The men lay by their oars waiting command.

"When that anchor is on board it will not be cast until in the same place, what may betide," he said, with a proud inflection, "and that will be Christmas day, a year hence."

"Without a cargo?" laughingly said the by-standers.

"No, with a cargo such as no ship has brought for years!"

He gave the word, the oars struck the water as one, and soon he stepped on board the ship. The musical "He-o-heave" faintly came to the shore. The sails expanded like the white wings of the bird which gave her name, and bowing gracefully, the *Albatross* sped onward into the purple mists which veiled the horizon of the Atlantic. After all good-byes, and waving of hands, there was a fluttering of a handkerchief from the deck, answered by another on the pier.

A year and two months is a short time to go by the stormy Cape Horn into the Pacific, and over that vast expanse to the Northern Sea. Yet half that time had not gone by before the sailors from the deck of the *Albatross* saw the icebergs with glittering pinnacles moving down from the North, and with these they saw the great monsters of the deep, leviathans, like islands sporting with life, and for a time they were busy in their pursuit. The ship had half a cargo, and then luck forsook the captain. In vain the lookout scanned the limitless ocean.

Day after day went by, and still the same world of restless waters without life. The year was almost half gone, quite half gone, and now with the best of luck the vaunting promise could not be fulfilled. Captain Trescott went to his cabin with a heavy heart. He had made a foolish pledge, yet honor and love claimed its keeping. His pride would listen to no excuse, and miserable, worn and weary, he fell asleep. Was it sleep, or what shall that state be called which allows the approach of spiritual intelligences, or the breaking in of knowledge which otherwise could not be known?

A stranger entered the cabin in a matter of fact way, and approaching gazed intently into his very soul. Then he

spoke, and he knew that it was not a mortal, but a spirit, with whom he conversed. The presence said to him:

"I was wrecked in a storm, took to the boats, and went down. Though I took the ship's papers, I left a letter which I want to reach my wife and family, who now suffer the greater grief of uncertainty."

"What can I do for you?" asked Captain Trescott.

"Visit the wreck; you are now steering nor'west; change two points by north, and at daylight charge the lookout."

The captain was wide awake, and, going on deck, found that the visitor had correctly told him the direction, although he had given orders to steer due west. He changed the course, and impatiently paced the deck until the gray morning broke. He was startled by the lookout calling: "A whale!" "Where away?" "On the la'board bow."

All was excitement on deck, where the mist shut out the distance. The captain vainly sought the object with his glass, and again called, "Where away?"

"Approaching on la'board bow."

Just then the captain caught the object in the field of his glass, and an exclamation of wonder escaped him: "A wreck!" and scarcely had he spoken when, the fog lifting, revealed the black and battered hull of a whaler, her masts broken and dragging behind, holding her in stearage way. On her bow was her name, scarcely legible: *Clio*, of New Bedford.

A boat was quickly manned, and the wondering crew soon stood on the deserted deck. Captain Mark went down into the cabin and found a letter, as he had been told. On the wall was a portrait—that of the person he had seen in his vision. The letter was superscribed: "The cargo of this ship belongs to the one who discovers this letter, and who delivers it to Mrs. James Colton, New Bedford."

The cargo! Who had thought of a cargo on this derelict? Yet a cargo there was of casks of oil and of whalebone, which, when transferred to the *Albatross*, filled every available space, and then not all could be taken. Such a turn of luck! And now joyfully the *Albatross* spread her wings and the Southern Cross soon sparkled above, and the pole star sank on the horizon. The stormy seas of the cape were passed without loss of a shred of canvas, and that was the more noticeable, as every rag was set and every reef shaken out, and when there was a lull extra sails bent. The oldest sailors, who trusted the captain implicitly, deprecated the

tempting of Providence by keeping the sails when they cracked like whipcords, and the mainsheets hummed like harpstrings. The spray was flung defiantly from the ship's prow as the north star rose, and the bracing winds of the North Atlantic gave new life to the sailors, enervated by the heat of the tropics.

It was December when they struck the gulf stream, and the 24th that they passed Montauque Point and laid their course for Greenport.

The mists that had been gathering in the East grew denser, and a fog fell over the sea with blinding snow. They could not see the length of the ship, and, with the increasing gale, were in a hopeless plight. To keep on would soon bring them to a lee-shore, and to turn oceanward and brave out the storm was equally hazardous. To perish when almost in sight of home; to go on the shore in calling distance of the sought harbor, were more unbearable than perishing in the unknown North.

Captain Trescott stood at the bow, vainly keeping watch, the snow adhering to his clothing and the spray freezing as it fell. He felt that it was vain to hope for rescue, yet would he keep stout heart to the end. Suddenly he felt a thrill, like a continuous electric discharge, and with it an imperative desire to take the helm. It was a strange sensation, which he did not understand, and which, in after years, he always alluded to with reverence. He obeyed the impulse, and, with hands almost frozen to the wheel, held his course into the darkness, where the crests of waves gleamed like white tusks of devouring monsters. He was under the control of an intelligence higher than his own, which saw clearly through the night, and over him came a perfect trust, as though well knowing his bearings.

The morning slowly broke—even the drift of clouds, the fog, the snow, could not wholly withhold the light that Christmas morning. Yet was it no more than a gloomy twilight, and the storm still swept landward with increasing violence. As the ship plunged on there was a slight abatement—the sea was not running as high. Surely by some mysterious power that controlled the hands of Captain Trescott, he had steered past the terrible dangers northeast of Gardener's Island, and was getting into the smoother waters of Gardener's Bay. He did not know, but his mind working with that desperate intensity born of danger, hoped that it might be so. He steered southwest by west, the sea

taming down all the time, and then he called his men to stand by the anchor, and be ready at the few sails that gave the ship steerage way.

On and on—it seemed the minutes lengthened to hours while they waited for the command, which at last came. As it plunged into the waves the vessel came round bow to the wind, and the frozen cordage creaked and cracked with the new strain.

Almost instantly the fog lifted; the sun shone through the white, rolling masses of clouds, and they found they had dropped their anchor within a ship's length of the place from which they had taken it when they left that haven. On the west were the hamlets, half buried in drifts, of East Marion; south the wooded slope of Shelter Island; while to the north was their own beloved Orient. They had come by that wonderful guidance out of the very jaws of death, through the narrow channel between Long Beach and Shelter Island. It was by a power that saw through the storm and the darkness as clearly as though it were noonday—a power that did not need to take a reckoning or even look at the compass.

Early rising fishermen down to see how their boats fared were astonished at the apparition. The buffeted wanderer was safe in the harbor of Orient! The news spread on swift wings, and soon half the villagers were on the wharf, congratulating their returned kinsmen, who had pulled ashore in a boat.

Although Elsie had small hopes of Mark's return, she had been busy the previous day preparing a Christmas dinner for a few invited friends. She arose early that morning, and had been so busy that the clock struck 10 before she even looked out over the bay. The storm had ceased, except wandering crystals here and there, like flecks of down, and the light was clear over the pearly fields to the dark waters. She gazed carelessly across the bay, beyond where the old windmill stood like a giant spectre holding its bony arms heavenward—and, slowly turning to the harbor, her eyes met a sight which made her heart beat with joy. There was the *Albatross*, her black hull low in the water, and every shroud and spar white as crystal. The ship had come! Was the captain there? Ay, there, or never would the ship, with such unerring purpose, have found the harbor. Her doubts were soon dispelled, for she saw her father and Mark, arm in arm, coming up the walk, and with au-

dacious boldness she was taken up in two strong arms, and the captain said bravely: "You see I've won the race."

"Yes," responded her father, "and the biggest and the best cargo ever brought into port."

At the dinner that day were intimate friends, the minister and his wife, and Captain Mark, whom "no one expected and every one hoped for." Said Mr. Harley, "As I can't pledge him in a glass of wine, for wine is not allowed in the village, I'll drink to his health this glass of water." Draining the glass, he said, "As they say in Germany, 'drank to the nail!' and now for the wager. The worthy winner shall have his reward. No use waiting or haggling. Here is the bride, here is the groom, and here is the minister. Nobody answers, silence is consent. We will repair to the parlor." Taking Elsie on his arm he led the way, and when order was restored he called Captain Mark to the broad window overlooking the harbor, and, taking his hand and Elsie's, joined them together, and said, "This much I can do, and our minister will complete the ceremony." And it was finished that happy Christmas day; two souls, loving and trusting each other, were made as one.

More than half a century has passed since that happy day, and in a cottage by the sea yet dwell the captain and his wife in beautiful, healthful age. Three sons have they, who, with ancestral instincts, have sought the seas; one sailing as master of a steamer trading in Australian waters, one as captain of an ocean greyhound, and one commander of a steel-clad war-ship that guards the rights and honor of the nation.

In closing this story it may be added that Capt. Trescott carried the letter he found on the wreck to New Bedford. He found that ten years before the ship *Clio* had sailed from that harbor, and had never been heard from. The captain's wife, with a babe to care for, had become destitute, and, as time added to the certainty of her loss, nearly broken-hearted. "If I knew his fate!" she would moan. "To not know, and be tortured by imagination of horrible suffering, starvation and prolonged agony in the icy north, is unendurable." Capt. Trescott found her in a dilapidated cabin, with her child, where she maintained herself by washing for the fishermen, assisted by small charities. He related his story, and gave her the letter, which she read with tears. "It is passed," she said, "and I rejoice that he suffered only death."

"I have another message for you. In this envelope you will find the portion which would have been your husband's had he safely brought his ship into port. It is only just that you have it and be relieved from pressing want. It comes somewhat late, but you will accept it, not from me, but as a CHRISTMAS GIFT FROM THE DEAD."

It was all conjecture that the ship *Clio* had, after desertion in the Arctic Seas, been frozen into the ice and remained several years before being loosened and drifted south. Or perhaps she had drifted all that time, a toy in the hands of winds and currents.

HAVING ONE'S WAY.

Devotion to one's convictions is noble, but the egotism which says my way is best, and nobody shall change me, is unwise, disagreeable and an enemy to peace and progress. Girls, you do not wish to grow into a woman such as I picture below. Be firm and true, but look beyond your own nose.

"I'll have my way!" Who is it says so? A woman, most likely—let us look at her.

The most noticeable thing about her is that her eyes are very near together. She can not take a broad view. She has her visual organs riveted on a little point, and there she proposes to keep them, if the whole world waits. She does not know there is any world; all she knows is that there is a little point, and that she has planned to cover the same. "I'll have my way!" Not because my way is best or wisest, but because I planned to have it, and I will.

We wonder if she knows how hard it is on her to carry out her plans? No, she does not see that; she only sees the little point, and her little resolution, and her little jaw is set, and her little eyes cling to the little point she has made her little plan to carry out, and her little soul is satisfied that she has had her little will, and her little ambition is gratified. Nobody but herself noticed anything about the little point, little resolution, little jaw, little plan, or little victory. The battle ground was on her little soul, and that was the beginning and the end of it all. Then she looses her little eyes and says, "I told you I'd have my way." We had forgotten all about what she was trying to do. We

had done a dozen things while she was playing anti-mire; but we probably are not as well satisfied with our dozen tasks accomplished as she is with "having her way."

Such women seem wholly unreasoning, and forget that the cost is great to themselves when they carry out unwise plans. Supposing a woman plans to go shopping a certain day. There is no especial reason why she should go that day, only she has planned to do so. The morning looks unpleasant. Her husband suggests that she had better take another day. It looks like rain. She will be inconvenienced by it.

She will not listen to interference with her plan. She will go.

She comes home with draggled skirts, straightened plumes, sour temper, cross words, and all she has gained is, she has carried out her plan.

"I'll have my way!" is a declaration that may show up a degree of unreasoning "spirit," but there are nicer attributes to parade than that. The twentieth century woman will aim higher than muleishness, and we trust women's eyes will widen until we shall not see any of them grieving like pathetic monkeys (did you ever notice how near together a monkey's eyes are?) because they could not make true the belligerent declaration:

"I'll have my way!"

E. R. T.

THE EGRET PLUME.

Lady, take off the egret plumes;
 The fashion is passé;
 The milliner who vends them now
 Must do so at half pay.
 Those who have heard the cruel tale
 Those dainty things reveal
 Wear them no more. They now remain
 For those whose hearts are steel.

Only at brooding time those plumes
 Grow on the mother bird,
 And by her murder, ere her young
 Can fly, this style absurd
 Is foisted on the uninformed,
 Whose hearts are not unkind,
 But aid the shocking cruelty
 By paying for it, blind.

If ladies who, with purse in hand,
 Select these fairy things
 Which only can be worn by death,
 And dear shot-shattered wings,
 The milliners could never hire
 Them thus to advertise
 Their heartlessness and vanity,
 For people to despise.

Lady, take off the egret plume;
 Replace it by a flower;
 Declare yourself against this wrong
 With all a woman's power!
 It does not make you beautiful,
 As is your heart's desire,
 But tells such shocking tragedies
 As 'waken holy ire.

Oh, give us beauty in your eyes,
 Those windows of the soul;
 And sweet lips, shaped by tenderness,
 And royal self-control.
 Attraction radiates from within,
 Not from a dead bird's wing,
 Love nurtured on ignoble things
 Will elsewhere fly to sing.

—E. R. T.

LEANERS NOT LIFTERS.

I noticed Mrs. Bell looked tired and disspirited. She was a cheery, philosophical woman, who endeavored to do her part in life with as little friction as possible. Her home was pleasant and there was an atmosphere about it restful and sweet.

"They all just *love* it here!" said Bessie Bloom, as she called on her one day and found a cousin settled down for a six weeks' visit, an old friend of the Bell family, into which Mrs. Bell had married twenty years before, who was now on the retired list and trying to make her support as easy as possible to her own relatives, by visiting a season to "rest them up;" and then there was Eaton, a colored man, who had met disaster by sickness, and had come in to get a little sympathy, and a good sized basket filled with whatever Mrs. Bell could collect for him in the way of edibles.

Bessie said again, when she caught her alone a moment, "My! Mrs. Bell, *don't* they just *love* it here?—and I do

too," she said, laughing, "and it is because we all get something. I wish I could see some kind way by which you can prevent being lifter for about ten leaners. You are over the danger line and you can't stand it much longer."

Mrs. Bell said, gently, "Yes, dear, but I can't help it as I am never asked whether I can endure more leaners or not. There are so few people who can put themselves in another's place, and the comfort and endurance of the lifter is not often thought of by the leaners. They just take the pleasantest leaning places."

"And you are all generosity and charity, and realize their thoughtlessness; but that will not save you," argued Bessie.

"Next summer, when the Bolton girls drop down on the farm, with two Saratoga trunks full of cool wash dresses, to lean on you through the August heat, you will smile and lift a good deal harder for their pleasure. But self-justice must not be forgotten, and it is time you began petting yourself, Mrs. Bell," argued still the pretty little adviser.

Bessie was talking straight truth, but whether lovely Mrs. Bell can extricate herself from her unjust situation is a question. I hope she can, and I hope my over-taxed sisters will use all the tact they possess to convert some of the well-muscled leaners about the home into lifters. At least they can, if worst comes to worst, give them Samantha's advice to Betsy Bobbet—"Lean onto yourself, Betsy!"

E. R. T.

"BUM," OF SAN DIEGO.

Some sub-human individuals achieve fame on their merit. They are strong characters; intelligent, noble, trusty and lovable. They make an impression on their human acquaintances and awaken the true spirit of comradeship. They live their noble lives, and sometimes go into history, as did Bum, a remarkable dog of which I write.

When quite a small pup Bum was brought, on a steamer, from San Francisco to San Diego, no one knows by whom, and adopted by the city.

He was everybody's pet and everybody's friend. No doors were closed against him. When he was hungry he went to the nearest restaurant and received his rations. He was fed with pleasure and never denied.

Bum had a misfortune. By an accident he lost one fore foot, and then he had to travel on three feet.

When he lay on the pavement resting, as, after he was crippled, was frequently his way, all pedestrians turned out for him, giving him a word of salutation. No one would disturb his rest. He kept his ambition and interest in the affairs of the city.

When the fire alarm was given Bum understood the signal and followed the engine, barking and yelping until the excitement was over and the fire outfit returned.

This remarkable dog was an independent traveler, and never made any mistakes in his goings and comings. By some method unknown to us, wiser humans, he equaled us in the precision of his achievements.

When Bum wanted to go to Los Angeles he went to the depot, boarded the train, got off at the right stop, stayed as long as he desired to, and when ready to return took the train for San Diego and knew when he reached his destination as well as any other San Diegan.

One Fourth of July Capt. Friend, a warm friend of Bum, decked him with flags and gay ribbons, placed him on the front seat of his carriage and joined the long procession parading the streets. Bum entered into the spirit of the occasion and expressed himself in true dog fashion.

Some years ago Mr. Magwood, a merchant, adopted Bum into his family and business establishment and regularly cared for him.

Later on Bum, who was getting along in years, met another accident and had a hind leg broken. Mr. Magwood placed him on a mattress made up with sheets and a pillow, after which he called a surgeon to set and dress the broken leg, Bum's most loving friends sympathizingly looking on while the work was done. A fine photograph of the dog and his friends, during the operation, was taken, and called "Bum in the Hands of the Surgeon," which was used to decorate calendars, and was very popular with San Diegans.

During Bum's confinement with his broken leg many ladies called, bringing him dainties and leaving their cards with his benefactor.

After he recovered Mr. Magwood found it necessary to move to a new place and Bum resolutely refused to leave the old locality. Persuasion was ineffectual, as, like most

old folks, he had grown to love home and quiet. He seemed lonesome and dejected.

Capt. Friend telephoned to the superintendent of the county infirmary at Mission Valley, near the city, to send a carriage up for Bum, which he did, taking him home with him, and tenderly caring for him until he died of old age. "I called," said Miss Emily Phillips of San Diego, to me, "to see him once while he was living there, and he gave me a cordial welcome. If Capt. Friend had been living when Bum died he would have had a funeral."

Who can say the noble dog had no soul? I cannot, since I have to believe in a God as limitless as the universe, which I believe he permeates. Soul and life mean more to me than they once did, and I cannot declare pompously that I know all about the complexity of God's works. He does not expect it of us little folk. He is infinite and we are finite, but love is universal, and we cannot bestow too much of it on his creatures.

E. R. T.

THE DEATH OF M'KINLEY.

Not the president—only a dog named after him. Both were assassinated—shot by stealthy enemies; both were innocent victims to inferior human beings whose lives were worth less than theirs.

When the president died a world mourned. When the dog died a few coarse men who hung about the saloon of the man who shot him, haw-hawed. Some little children wept—his friends; for he had a happy home and was one of the family who owned him and were fond of his companionship; they tenderly lifted him from the spot where he was murdered, made a grave near the home and buried him tearfully. It was all over with the dead dog. His young master had loved him ever since he was a little puppy, and he was very sorrowful. He even wanted to avenge the wrong.

He hated the sinner; he wanted to shoot salt into his legs; he carried a billy up his sleeve and longed to use it on the stupid head; he called him a devil, but finally ended with a hope that he would have delirium tremens, and imagine he was being bitten and chewed, and chased (he was so bloated he could not run) by McKinley himself. That is the kind of thoughts which such cruelty and in-

justice call out in children and young people, and in adults too many times.

But the lad's father said: "We will have the sinner arrested for shooting within the corporation, and fined." That was done, and the shot cost the assassin \$8.00. He will receive that lesson, and will feel the thought waves of hatred and disapproval beating in on his brain. He will meet frowns instead of good will and respect. That will effect his happiness much more than the loss of the \$8.00.

This bad man had, the afternoon before he shot the pet dog, shown his disposition by assailing his wife. He had been so disagreeable she thought she would go to some friends and visit a few days. When she went aboard the trolley car he pulled her off, took her hand-grip and stamped upon it, declaring she should not go.

Friends, however, helped her aboard and she went. So, being full of ire, and bad whiskey, he wanted to injure something. He saw McKinley passing quietly down the street to his home and shot him. That is the story of the death of a dumb creature which never injured his assassin. The story of an aged dog and a man. Which do you like best?

What do you think of saloons and the use of intoxicating drinks? Is not anything which deprives a person of the use of reason and good judgment dangerous?

Is not a person who disregards the rights of animals almost sure to do the same to human beings? E. R. T.

MARRIAGE.

The difference in the condition of man and woman has been an element of confusion in reasoning on the relations they sustain to each other. She, being the weaker, has, during the vast ages of the supremacy of physical force, been the subject of man. Instead of the wife being the equal of her husband she has been his abused slave and beast of burden. It is interesting to trace the marriage relation as it arises from the brutal instinct to the spiritual plane, and note the slow changing of an intense, selfish appetite to an ally of the purest sentiments and feelings of humanity.

The union of man and woman in the relation of hus-

band and wife, a connection around which the holiest affections and purest emotions of the heart gather, to us is so natural that we infer all the races of men regard it in the same manner. Yet, in the lower tribes, marriage, as we understand that relation, does not exist. The conjugal instinct in the savage, like all his appetites, is unrestrained by higher feelings. We perceive, as we arise to more advanced stages, the blending of the higher with the lower motives, but nowhere the full and complete supremacy of the higher. Marriage, even with the most advanced, is not free from the stain of the lower nature.

When the Bushman wants to marry he conceals himself by a frequented path and the one he has chosen passes, fells her with a club, and drags her to his lair. From his estate to the present civilization there has been a million years, yet must we confess that there are reversionisms to this brutal wooing.

The state and church unite in support of the old idea of woman's subjection to man and making her bondage to her husband indissoluble.

Marriage, considered as a sacrament, solemnized by God's vicegerent on earth, cannot be annulled. This presupposes that the right individuals unite, and presents an enchanting view, for what otherwise would become galling chains give rest and security. Love receives the sanction of divine authority, and is declared eternal.

But the right individuals do not always unite. Fallible human nature errs in its judgment, and too late finds the enchanted palace a torture-chamber. Such unions cannot have been made in heaven. The social philosopher swings with a bound to the denial of all marriage obligations beyond those of a civil contract, and so far from its being an indissoluble, like all legal contracts it may at any time be dissolved by the consent of the parties.

Is this true?

As far as marital laws protect the rights of the contracting parties and their offspring, it is like other contracts, while beyond these limits it becomes subject to higher laws.

A legal contract, if justly made, when fulfilled, leaves the contracting parties as they were before it was made. If the marriage relation is assumed, can the contracting parties make restitution, and is it not impossible to fulfill its obligations except with an entire and devoted life? Furthermore, the institution, with all its enactments, looks

beyond, to children, as a third party, who, although outside of, absolutely depend on its provisions. It is assuredly erroneous to term such an agreement a legal contract, which may be annulled at any time by the desire of one or both of the parties.

The rights which grow out of marriage may be defined by law, but no human enactments can reach the subtle relations of souls. Estates, real and personal, may be measured and apportioned by law; the heart lies beyond its province. Sacred and holy are its relations, and so far as it is concerned marriage becomes a divine sacrament; the golden chalice in which the mutual lives of parents and offspring are pressed by generous hands to willing lips.

Marriage demands honor, truthfulness and fidelity. While love is free to choose, it is not free to cast aside duties once assumed.

If allowed to decide with every momentary whim, there could be no marriage, which by its nature contemplates and presupposes permanency. The pledges of love are exchanged under the assurance of unchangeableness, for love is prophetic and recognizes with clear prescience its demands.

Conjugal love is exclusive, because it presciently feels what science is slowly but surely revealing, the great and imperishable influence the parents have over each other through the parental act. The very being of the mother is moulded by the force which fashions the germ after the father. She assimilates his character and becomes like him. It is a union more close than were the same blood to pass through their united veins, and beyond this, in the domain of subtle magnetism, as yet almost unheeded, are more delicate blendings.

The attraction and repulsion which finer natures experience, and which are remorselessly sacrificed to convenience or interest, are the sure guides to proper unions, and the health, beauty and development of offspring are directly related to their satisfaction and balance, for they express the primal condition of the spirit, which builds up the physical body.

The suffering which flows from ruthlessly ignoring conjugal love, both mental and physical, is beyond expression. The transmission of disease, long latent in the father, is the most obvious evidence of the foregoing statements. The poison may not appear in the same form as in the father,

but attacking the weakest organ of the mother, appear in consumption, nervous debility, scrofula or cancer. Or it may fail to appear in the mother and attack her children, or, passing over a generation, develop in loathsome forms in the grandchildren.

Thus the necessity of removing marriage from the plane of the appetites and desires, to that of purest spiritual necessities, and its consummation by the guidance of knowledge instead of blind, infatuated ignorance, is presented in the strongest light.

Love is free to choose, but in man love means more than instinct; it means the affections and all that vast sphere of unselfish qualities which have been termed benevolence. Having made the choice, it incurs the most momentous duties possible for a human being to assume, and rights spring up which cannot be set aside. These can be properly met only by a life of mutual devotion between the husband and wife. The result of their united love is an immortal spirit, coming unconsulted into the wonderful arena of life, and claiming as a right, inalienable affection and care of father and mother.

Beyond true conjugal love no higher relation can exist. It is the foundation of social life, and as in its lowest expression it is the creator of beings, in its higher it is the golden bond which unites them in universal brotherhood.

This union has no demand for divorce. Then you would not permit separation.

Until mankind become educated and learn that the lower faculties, the appetites and desires, must be controlled by the higher intellectual and spiritual being; learn that the brute man is not master, but the spirit-man should be dictator; as long as marriage is contracted for convenience, interest, or purposelessly, and the finer attractions ignored or unrecognized, there will be baneful contracts, which are more sinful in keeping than in breaking. If the husband and wife become hateful to each other; if the old fable of the union of beauty and the beast is repeated; if refinement, purity and spirituality are united with coarseness and brutality, there is no law of right or justice which should keep them together.

So far from divorce in such cases being immoral, it is the depth of degradation and immorality to compel the pure and noble to accept the vile and detestable in the nearest relations of human life.

THE LESSON OF SHAMS.

Sad heart in the valley of humiliation, because your idol is broken and the enshrined god revealed as basely human, was it your fault? Is it your fault that the illusion made a demi-god of a weak, fallible mortal? The great and true man stands for principles as their embodiment and exponent, but what does the conceited victim of passion represent? He may have been an anointed teacher through whose lips the angels of heaven sang harmoniously—now recreant to the overshadowing divinity, his character is presented in dark shades against the shining background.

What is an individual that we should pause in our endeavor to analyze his motives or pass judgment on his shortcomings? The victim judges himself, and falls out of the ranks he has led; falls into imbecility, into inanity, into nothingness so far as leadership is concerned, and fully bears the penalty nature, insatiate in her savage mood, enforces.

If the individual became a part of the truth he advocated, and that truth was responsible for his conduct of life, then truly we might mourn, and the affliction would be world-wide. But the truth is propped by no man or number of men; when once given expression, it is the common property of mankind. The grandeur of the truth he utters may fall like a raiment on its exponent, to fall off at length, like the lion's skin, revealing a nameless creature whom the Creator must have made as a joke, and benevolently fostered out of pity for its ugliness. What then? Shall we bow in the dust and shed bitter tears? Shall we lose faith in righteousness, and question the supremacy of justice? Was it the truth or its exponent we entertained? If the latter, the lesson is priceless.

We have set up an oracle; the light of the morning has touched its brow, as of Memnon, and its lips have uttered sentences of divine sweetness, which have gone to our hearts, and our spiritual horizon has broadened infinitely beyond its former reach. Now we bow to the oracle instead of the light, and as we bow it is changed to a gibbering satyr, and the light falling on his wrinkled brow, his words no longer sweet with the melody of love, he shrieks with passion stirred to its hideous depths. The lesson is ours: Call no man master; accept no leadership; expect not per-

fection in the wisest or the best. Bow only to the light of the truth; that will remain, that is steadfast, that is a staff which never fails of support. Individuals are its footballs. They may rise or sink as foam-balls on the tide, what matters it?

The individual may be of infinite consequence to himself, and his conceit stretch up to the ordering of changes in the laws of the universe; yet human history ran on before his birth, and will go on after the brief pendulum swing of his life is done. The stars shine tonight, the sun will rise tomorrow; the problem of events moves forward toward solution, and the splurges of froth the individual mistook for a cataclysm leave no trace. In the old tale, when the pea-leaf fell on chicken-diddle, he thought the whole sky had come down, but his wise mother told him not to fear, it was the tiniest leaf; and many a bewildered "reformer" has thought the social fabric heaving with an earthquake, when it has only the giddiness of his own softening brain.

We must be just. We can renounce the renegade to duty, the traitor to friendship, the traducer of our belief, the defamer of principles dear to us, and the Judas who betrays our cause to scoffs and sneers, and yet hold fast to all that he may have uttered that is true.

We can afford to be generous, pitying the wrongdoer, while we execrate the wrong. As there is no vicarious atonement for us; as we must work out our own salvation, we cannot become a vicarious sacrifice for any one else. We are for ourselves and ourselves only.

A GOLDEN SHEAF FROM OUR FRIENDS.

Friendship springs from sympathy of souls, and many, near and dear to us, we have never met face to face and correspondence has brought us in touch over wide reaches of land and sea.

When this volume was announced, so many letters came to us fraught with words of cheer that we concluded to make them into a chapter and share them with our readers. We have written, often at the sacrifice of other duties; in hours of weariness and discouragement; when the distractions of a busy life of cares had to be, for the hour, set aside. Our writings went out on the seething sea of literature, like bread cast on the waters, and we know not where they went on the drifting currents. They seemed lost; our labor lost, and no one wiser, better or interested. All seemed lost on unknown shores.

Now, these letters, with many more we cannot publish, come and tell us how, often years and years ago, some broken fragment reached minds receptive and were of use. The sowing has not been all on waste waters. Never has poem or article reached our ideals. Words refuse to fully convey the clearness of inspiration. Consequently these letters give us exceeding pleasure and we are thankful to the writers one and all. They are as priceless incense on the altar of friendship, assuring us that the work of our lives in this direction has not been in vain.

There is another reason why we wish to bind these precious stalks into a sheaf of golden friendship for our book. We hope you will become acquainted with each other and extend the pleasure you have given us to others just as responsive and desirable. We wish we had your dear pictures here with your letters, that each of our golden circle might look in the faces of all the rest and be happy. We hope you may exchange letters and photographs, for life is broader and richer by extended acquaintance with those of similar thoughts and motives, and we are glad to introduce you to each other, presenting first the lady of Arrington Hall, Falls Church, Virginia, who is an artist in both painting and music. She is the wife of Maj. M. S. Hopkins, whose letter appears further on.

TO MR. AND MRS. HUDSON TUTTLE.

1857—AN ACROSTIC—1907.

After fifty wedded years.

Golden, now, in life's low sun,
Only sweetest hopes—no fears—
Line your pathway. You have done,
Dears, the world "a world of good";
Every noble verse has cheered
Needy souls—who understood—

Soothing many a heart that feared.
Here I press a kiss on you—
Embellishing my lines, a bit—
And wish you long, long life anew.
FIFTY YEARS! Just think of it!

—Clarentene Clay Hopkins, "Arrington Hall," Falls Church,
Virginia.

An envelope addressed as below contained an order as facetiously expressed from the Seer of Poughkeepsie:

Philosophers,
Poets,
Teachers,
Practitioners.

HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE,
Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Dear Golden Friends:

Please send, for the enclosed picture paper (a two dollar bill), two copies of "A Golden Sheaf," to my address.

Your steadfast co-laborer,
ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

My Dear Mr. Tuttle:

Permit me to congratulate you and Mrs. Tuttle on the coming 50th anniversary. Your lives have been a great benediction to your fellows, and it will be many years before the world will have outlived your books.

Yours as ever,

I. K. FUNK.

Major Marcus S. Hopkins won laurels for gallantry and courage in the civil war and retired with wounds almost mortal. Recovering, he became an authority on patent claims in the patent office. He is a time-old friend, of sixty years, unbroken. From his beautiful home at Falls Church, Va., he sends the following characteristic greeting:

My Dear Friends: I think most people talk as if they believed in the future life and act very much as if they did not. But as this borders on the controversial, let me tell you a story in rhyme which I hope may tide you along another half century to another golden wedding day—and may I be there to see!

In ancient London town one day,
 When fierce destructive mobs had sway,
 And bricks and stones in vengeance hurled
 Sent many to another world,
 A crashing missile struck His Grace,
 The Duke of York, full in the face.
 One conscious moment served to show
 The bloody mischief of the blow;
 When horror shook his noble frame,
 And mercy, in a dead faint, came.
 "We've slain the Duke!" the rabble said,
 And in dismay the cowards fled.
 The body, on a shutter laid,
 Was to a pharmacy conveyed,
 Where quick examination showed
 The source from whence the blood had flowed.
 The doctor said, with twinkling eye,
 "The Duke's been hit with a cherry pie."
 Affectionately, —MARCUS S. HOPKINS,

Dear Brother and Sister Tuttle:

Briefly I wish to congratulate you on the arrival of your Golden Wedding, an exceptionally important event in your ever active career, especially as your whole lives have been so interblended with good deeds that will live in the future, benefiting the world. To say that you both have made a deep, lasting and favorable impression on the present age, is putting it mildly.

Yours cordially,

J. R. FRANCIS,

[Editor and Publisher of the *Progressive Thinker*, Chicago, Ill.]

From B. F. Underwood, Lecturer, Author and Editor.

My Dear Friend: You have long been known by your writings to independent thinkers, many of whom will be glad of the opportunity afforded to learn of your life and works. I read with deepest interest and admiration the "Arcana of Nature," the year it originally appeared, and I have always regarded it as the most remarkable contribution to the literature of Spiritualism. I know of no other

work of that day that presents the conception of Evolution so attractively. I was not surprised when I saw the "Arcana" freely quoted by Dr. Buechner in his "Force and Matter," and I was amused on reading of his seeking your acquaintance when he came to this country, because of your advanced ideas, and his surprise to learn that such work could come from a Spiritualist! And then measuring your head to determine whether you had brain enough to write such a book!

Considering your youth when the book was written, your lack of opportunities for scientific and literary education up to that time, together with the original idea and its scientific knowledge so manifest in the work, and the vigor and eloquence of the composition, the "Arcana of Nature" is a production I am unable to explain, without assuming that it emanated from intelligences in part, at least, beyond yourself. Since then you have by study and inspiration become educated and many valuable treatises have come from your pen, but the "Arcana," in my mind, will always be most prominently connected with you, because of the facts and circumstances of its production.

And, Mrs. Tuttle, we know you from your books, your fine essays, poetry and stories, and other writings on many reform subjects, and always link the names of Hudson and Emma together. We remember you both as contributors to the Index (Boston) when Mrs. Underwood and I edited that paper in the eighties. We know of your work for children and for humane treatment of animals.

With appreciation and best regards,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

I am 82 years of age and suffering from a disease which must soon terminate my life here. I have read all your published writings with delight and want to please my friends by sending them copies of your promised book. To make sure this is done I send you a list of names with the pay, and request you to mail them for me in my name. It is the last good thing I shall be able to do in this life.

A. B. GLEASON, Corona, Cal.

This pathetic passage, taken from a letter of this noble man, speaks of the soul's triumph over death, and those who receive this book must accept it as a gift from the angel above.

Receive the hearty felicitations on your fiftieth anniversary of marriage.

Congenially yours,

J. S. GARAL, de Bilt, Holland.

Hotel Astor, New York.

I have just received the announcement of your forthcoming book, "A Golden Sheaf," marking your fiftieth wedding anniversary. To me it is of especial interest to see those who early in life enthusiastically took up philanthropic and progressive work, and who, as age is creeping on, show in the same cause the enthusiasm of youth. I have also been greatly interested in your joint labors, because they have been scientific and conservative on the one hand and full of sunshine and brightness on the other, which has been of great benefit to the cause we all hold so dear. It is also to my mind a beautiful picture—this of two companions united in youth, going hand in hand through life, and whose honeymoon has been prolonged well nigh to the golden wedding.

Kindly accept congratulations and assurances of great interest.

Always your friend,

EMMET DENSMORE.

Dr. Densmore is well known for his scientific and medical works, and has recently published a remarkable book titled "Sex Equality."

In the fifty years of your united lives, while one has wrought with steady persistence a spiritual science of life, here and hereafter, explaining mysteries and exposing sophistries, the other has woven the highest spiritual truths into sweet verses and awakened the music of immortality in countless souls that shivered in the shadows of desolation of grief. I hail you as life's victors! I am glad you inherited intelligence and progressive instinct, that led you to the mystic altar of inspiring intelligences. Glad the Poetry of the Morning Land distils its fragrance and finds utterance. Glad you have been spared to give us this "Sheaf" gleaned from the fields of fifty years.

Most cordially your friend,

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Dear Emma, your poems come to me pure and sweet as the water Hudson brought from the "Well House" across the way at Lily Dale so many years ago for our dear Maud,

who was then ill. As we have enjoyed your thoughts in preceding books, so we shall in in "A Golden Sheaf." Angels bless you.

SARAH E. HOWE.

How my mind goes back over the years as I recall the books that have come to us from your facile pens! In my early twenties I obtained the two volumes of your "Arcana of Nature," which I eagerly devoured and have kept in a conspicuous place on the shelves of my library down to the present time. Your "Religion of Man," "Arcana of Spiritualism," "From Soul to Soul," "Asphodel Bloods," and "Lyceum Guide" all stand out before my mind's eye as works beyond price, and were I unable to secure other copies of the same I should feel bereft, indeed.

Fifty-five years as workers in the spiritual vineyard, and fifty years together as husband and wife! Truly, this is a wonderful record, and one of which you have good cause to be justly proud. Your thousands of friends throughout the world share this pride with you. They have all held you in the highest personal esteem and have looked upon you as among the noblest representatives of the glorious truths that obtain in our religion.

"A Golden Sheaf," representing the harvesting of the fruitage of all the years of endeavor through which you have journeyed! I cannot help associating you with my own dear parents, who walked and worked together in this lower life almost fifty years. Father went home just ten weeks before we were to have celebrated his golden wedding.

Your sincere friend,

HARRISON D. BARRETT,
Prest. N. S. A.

*To Emma Rood Tuttle, Poet and Philanthropist, for
"The Golden Sheaf."*

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

Dear friend of years, though yet unseen—

Whose tender thoughts, expressed in rhyme,
Taught me to know the worthy queen
Of Hudson's heart, soul friend of mine,

From "Soul to Soul" the message flew,
With sympathetic oneness fraught,
'Twixt you and me, soon as I grew
To know you through your printed thought.

We've met but in the spirit yet—
 And conversed but through inky pages,
 Yet feel we know each other better
 Than those who meet through social stages.

Here's wishing you, and Hudson, too,
 A golden climax to your marriage—
 Which sure was "heaven-made" since you've staid
 In bonds of love to such a rare age!

Col. R. T. Van Horn, Kansas City.

As my wife and I are eight years further along in gathering our sheaf than you, and yet in good health and no divorce proceedings, we congratulate you on being so far along on the same road. We join in good wishes with your host of friends.

The world moves fast, and how much the cause to which you have given your active life has had to do with this advance we will be better able to judge from the prospective of another life. The cause to which you have given your life's labors has kept pace. The idea of continuous life has practically superseded the old idea of death. The old theology is dying. And I can and do say it, without in any sense of flattery or compliment, that no one man has done more to make this new philosophy of spirit acceptable and permanent among thinking people than Hudson Tuttle. And the fact that you stayed in one place, making a continuous home, where in uninterrupted and in direct contact with nature you could receive and publish the truths you saw and felt, was not the least wise action that has been yours in all these eventful years.

With congratulations,

R. T. VAN HORN.

It was surely a happy inspiration—the issuance of the early "Blossoms" and this ripened fruitage. . . . How glorious is life when crowned with goodness and usefulness and the ripened fruitage of the autumnal season falling in clusters from an unfolded and exalted intelligence. May many years of usefulness and happiness yet be yours, is the wish of your friend and co-worker,

CLARA WATSON, Jamestown, N. Y.,
 Author and Lecturer.

With your many friends I wish you many years in your life's work here and a pleasant journey over the western slope, and for your happiness and success.

B. H. WRIGHT, South Dakota.

We send our best and heartiest congratulations to your Golden Wedding day and hope for your health and happiness.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK J. KARLESKIND,
St. Louis, Mo.

We are not strangers, though we have never met. . . . So here's my hand and a hearty shake to you both, and no limit to my good wishes.

D. C. McDOUGALL, Rockford, Ill.

Fifty years of married life! At that point I become interested, for the case becomes personal and a golden entity. These fifty years wife and I have been in unison and happy in the beautiful promise that reaches to the time when we must exchange our last farewells here for our greeting over there.

Until then fraternally,
CHARLES L. WAFFLES, Holland, Mich.

For a quarter of a century or more I have been interested and greatly benefited by your writings. Let me congratulate you on having arrived at the fiftieth anniversary of your marriage. I hope you may both be spared to celebrate your seventy-fifth anniversary. But if you are called to go up higher before you will be only transferred to another zone of activity and usefulness. To leave this world is not a calamity. Now we are in the kindergarten or the primary. The time will come to us all when we shall be assigned to another department. It depends upon the student whether he shall be put at the foot of the class or stand higher up after his reassignment. May the exalted ones inspire you here and give you a hearty welcome over there.

R. A. DAGUE, Tacoma, Wash.

Brother and Sister Tuttle:

As one of the very few old-time Spiritualists from the old Green Mountain state of Vermont still in the form, I extend the willing hand of friendship and special regard across the wide space that lies between us and greet you

as two world-wide known Blossoms of the Spring-Time of Spiritualism in America, and have safely and grandly arrived at the golden year of the fruitage time which will truly be "A Golden Sheaf." I heard the raps when they left Hydesville on their journey around the world, and I had a copy of your "Blossoms of Our Spring" and you can enter my name as a subscriber to "A Golden Sheaf." Although fourscore and three, I am still a
 NEW-MAN-WEEKS, Ocean City, N. J.

How appropriate the title, "A Golden Sheaf," for your commemorative volume! I trust your host of friends will give it a warm welcome. For over thirty years I have been interested in your combined labors for the education and advancement of young and old, and my interest deepens with time. The Children's Lyceum has engaged the greater part of my time and energies. I am glad to say my efforts have met with great encouragement. There are now 200 lyceums connected with societies and the work is rapidly spreading. Would that American Spiritualists would awaken to the fact that the truest and best reformation is that laid in the hearts and minds of the children.

ALFRED KITSON,
 Gen. Sec. British Lyceum Union,
 Dewsbury, England.

And now I see my dear good friends, Hudson and Emma Rood Tuttle, sailing joyfully along down the golden river of time. The waters are still and deep and the banks of perpetual green please and soothe and lure along the placid way. And to them, the voices, the finer forces say, Come along; draw nearer and nearer to our wonderful world where indeed there are many splendid mansions, founded and reared for those only "able to receive" and occupy. A love-life of fifty years is beautiful beyond all comparison with anything that the earth presents. Hand in hand along the golden strand, and heart to heart with no such word as part. During all of my literary career the names of Hudson and Emma Rood have been to me as a deep inspiration. And as close and as near and dear as my own most intimate friends, seen and heard every day. Many times when I have read and studied pure materialism for days, months and years, and when all traces of belief in the existence of the soul seemed to have been extin-

guished, some blessed word in some book or article from them would brush away dust from the one golden thread of belief—which, sure enough, has never been broken.

These distinguished writers, as a result of their life-work, have really drawn the spiritual and material worlds exceedingly near. At no period, perhaps, in history has the veil been so thin and easily penetrated. "Rending the veil" may not occur—the entire fabric without doubt will vanish. We will then see all existing things as they are. And every trace of false sentimentalism will disappear. We will treat ourselves, that is, our mental and spiritual selves, by accurate scientific methods. How very careful we will be to obey the laws of Nature when we see our own souls in true scientific light.

Aug. 25, 1907.

EDGAR L. LARKINS,
Lowe Observatory,
Echo Mountain, Cal.

This is the great privilege of my life [editing and publishing the *Harbinger of Light*] to come thus in contact with so many minds and present them a living faith which has transformed for me the whole of existence. I am, however, overburdened, but with the assistance of my guardian spiritual helpers go on my way rejoicing, feeling every burden light when borne for a great cause. Allow me to congratulate you on this golden day, making fifty years of your united lives, in the name of your many friends beneath the Southern Cross.

ANNIE BRIGHT,

Editor and Publisher of the *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, Australia.

I know "A Golden Sheaf" will be as interesting to me and as masterly as are all your writings, from which I have derived not only valuable instruction, but better inspiration. Wishing you a happy day for your golden wedding and many, many golden years, I have the honor to remain,
Fraternally yours,

DR. R. GREER,
Author and Lecturer.

From A. Gaston, ex-representative and for many years president of the Casadaga Camp Meeting:

I wish to express my appreciation of your labors in the spiritualistic field during the past half century. It was

fifty years ago that I, an enthusiastic country boy, became convinced of the truth of spirit return. Ever since I have kept in touch with your work for the cause I loved, and your literary attainments, unselfish faithfulness and zeal have ever been appreciated during these years. The old guard will soon have passed from mortal sight! Alas, and where are those who can fill their places?

Assuring you of my high appreciation, I am,
Fraternally,

A. GASTON.

Accept my hearty congratulations to the coming fiftieth anniversary of your marriage life and fifty-fifth year of your labor in the advocating of Spiritualism and spreading the light throughout the world. May you live for many years on this earth plane to dispel darknes and enlighten the world.

A. FISCHER, Cleveland, O.

As a *thirty-four* year old disciple of Spiritualism I greet you with most fraternal regards as my elder brother of *fifty-five* years' service in the cause of the Spiritual philosophy, which has been so ably and scientifically demonstrated in your platform lectures, your contributions to the Spiritualist journals, and your valuable published books. Fortunately for myself, I have always closely studied and thoroughly assimilated and utilized the grand truths given through your inspiration, and I am glad to voice my appreciation of the help and instruction received therefrom. I also desire to record the pleasure I have enjoyed by the perusal of the beautiful poems written by Mrs. Tuttle during past years. They, too, have been helpful, uplifting and soul-satisfying beyond the power of language to express, and I return grateful thanks both to herself and her inspirers.

Wishing Mrs. Tuttle and yourself long years of future usefulness and happiness believe me ever

Fraternally yours for Truth and Humanity,

DR. JOHN C. WYMAN,

Corresponding Secretary of the Brooklyn Psychological Research Society, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. W. H. Terry, who for more than thirty years has edited and published the Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia, a magazine of which any cause might be justly proud; who has crystallized in his self-devoted life the

principles he has advocated; who has well earned the title of sage of the Southern Cross, writes from his ideal home on the hills overlooking the city and the magnificent surrounding scenery:

"I am glad you have been spared in earth-life to continue the labors to which you have been so faithful, and to see a little of the harvest from the seeds you have sown. Your dream has been under inspiring teachers, to lay the foundation of a spiritual science, as demonstrated and reliable as that which explains the laws of the physical world. To my understanding these teachers have succeeded, and I am certain you will look from the spheres of light on the full recognition of this new spiritual science."

Such is the intimate psychical relation between Dr. Terry and myself that one time, when he desired a certain article written for his magazine, he wrote me making the request. Almost at the same hour I was impressed with the subject, and wrote and mailed the article. It reached him about the time his letter came to me. As it takes at least three months for interchange of letters between this country and Australia, the time he had to wait for reply was decreased by half. The instance also shows that in transmission of thought through the spirit ether distance is not an element to be considered.

My Precious Friends: It would give me great pleasure had I the words to express my heartfelt congratulations to you on the most sacredly sweet and notable occasion of your golden anniversary. Many years have I known of your grand and loving service for a cause which to me has been the nearest and dearest. I sincerely hope you may long be spared to the world that so much needs your precious and uplifting ministrations of spiritual wisdom.

With loving regards and good wishes from Mrs. Longley and myself,

Fraternally thine,

C. PAYTON LONGLEY.

Most Valued Friends: What language is sweet enough in which to convey to you the congratulations of a loving and fraternal heart on the occasion of your golden anniversary? I know of no phraseology sufficiently choice for the portrayal of the good wishes and loving thoughts that go out to you both from our home, and it is pleasing to

know that like tenderness flows to you from numerous souls all over the land—souls that have been blessed by your individual and joint contributions to the educational and edifying literature of the ages—philosophical, scientific and poetical. Great have been your achievements, glorious must be your reward.

My words are weak, but they express my best wishes for many years of happy life for you yet on earth. I know that honored spirit inspirers join in my soulful congratulations and blessings for you.

MARY T. LONGLEY,
Sec. Nat. Spiritual Association, Washington, D. C.

Hon. James Robertson, Author and Critic.

Respected Friends: Valuable as are the phenomena connected with modern Spiritualism, without the great works associated with the names of Hudson Tuttle and Andrew Jackson Davis we would lack the harmony between the action and the agents. Miracles, so called, do not feed the hungry soul or satisfy the intellect. Turning water into wine or walking on the water are of little value compared with "The Arcana of Nature," or "Nature's Revelations," or "The Evolution of the God and Christ Ideas." These works are overflowing with light and guidance and help us at last to understand the precise meaning of the word "inspiration." Not since Shakespeare gave forth his time-defying "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" has the world been blessed with such literary marvels. From them will be found a scientific and truly spiritual religion, for they give the clearest evidence that the souls gone on seek to minister to the children of earth; that there is a university greater than Oxford and Cambridge from which the most important of knowledge can be imbibed.

I have always felt that the most important of Hudson Tuttle's statements was that he was but the amanuensis of ripened souls in that kingdom which has seemingly been closed to earth. Truly it is amongst the wonders of wonders, that what all the universities of Christendom could not give was unfolded to a youth without any aid from books or schools. The book attracted the learned Buechner, who largely quoted from it, mistaking it for the work of a profound scientist. Darwin also quoted from its pages passages corroborative of his phase of thought.

We are brought face to face, through this man's life,

with the fact that there are at times those who receive inspiration from higher intelligences, and such in purity and fullness give the key to the astonishing achievements of genius, as seen in Shakespeare, Burns, Shelley and others.

It is thirty years since I was first electrified by the reading of "The Arcana of Spiritualism," for it gave me a grasp of the great and comprehensive movement. It was among the first volumes which fell into my hands when I awakened from the sleep of death and taught me many things of which I had hitherto been ignorant.

Emma Rood Tuttle's lyrics have soothed many aching hearts and brought Spiritualism in its sweetest aspect into many homes. Epes Sargent truly said she is "the poet of the new dispensation." All good will follow them in their future steps, for they have been true and faithful servants of the Highest.

JAMES ROBERTSON.

Glasgow, Scotland.

We send our subscription and wish to add a few words expressive of my appreciation of your work. You have written, without doubt, more pages having direct bearing on our heaven-born religion than any other person living, and, without a shade of flattery, let one who has been a Spiritualist for almost fifty years say that they are to my mind the most valuable of any writings before the world. We join in thanks and the inspiring intelligences.

As brother and sister in the cause we love,

R. N. AND E. R. WILLCOX, Milan, O.

I find the rereading of any of your books affords me great pleasure, and "The Golden Sheaf," I have no doubt, will please me. I regard the "Religion of Man" and "Arcana of Spiritualism" as the grandest I have ever read. May you be spared and inspired to give to the hungry ones further additions to the knowledge they need, is the ardent wish and prayer of the writer,

JOSEPH BARKER, Kinkardine, Ont.

Your method of commemorating your anniversary commends itself to me. There could be nothing more appropriate, or more appreciated by your friends. Fifty years together! And five years more in the cause of humane education, liberal thought and the philosophy of Spiritu-

alism. How blessed to us is this knowledge of the life beyond! I know you both appreciate to the fullest extent the strength you have been to each other in "sunshine and in shadow," in your efforts to spread abroad the gospel of truth. You have done much and sometime and somewhere you will receive the reward you so justly merit. I congratulate you most heartily that you have been spared to each other and your friends for so many years.

With love and best wishes for you and yours,

MARY A. NEWTON, New York City,
President of the First Society of Spiritualists.

By your books I know you, and they have been the most helpful to me in my study of the spiritual philosophy. The "Religion of Man" was a perfect revelation to me and helped me out of the slough of old theology as nothing else had been able to do. I have been benefited by all your works, for you strike right into the heart of things and make the most abstruse subject clear.

JANE Y. PUDDOCK, Harbor Branch, Mich.

Dear Friends and Co-Workers: I notice with pleasure that you are to issue "A Golden Sheaf" in commemoration of your fiftieth anniversary of marriage and a longer term of service to the cause of Spiritualism. This memento of these events that are of importance to your lives and to our mutual cause in the field of humanitarianism will be of great value because of your mutual fidelity and cooperation and your invaluable service as writers of and lecturers for spiritual truths. Your efforts have been well rendered and the angel song of "Well done, good and faithful servants," should surely be heard by you. I trust that this memento of your careers will find an abiding place in the homes of a spiritual people who will keep you in loving remembrance for ages to come, as pioneers in the most important movement ever instituted for humanity by them in conjunction with immortal hosts.

Fraternally,

GEORGE W. KATES.

Fifty years married! That seems a long time. I send you my heartiest congratulations and sincerely hope you both may enjoy life's blessings many, many years. I also

hope it may be my pleasure to some day, sometime, somewhere, meet you face to face.

Yours very respectfully,

MRS. JENNIE LEONA FERGUSON,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Since I have known anything of Spiritualism I have sought for books helpful along that line of study, and I have found none more useful than those inspired in the Tuttle home. Your Lyceum Guide was the first spiritualistic book I ever owned and one of my dearest now. The book on Mediumship presents its examples and instructions so plain and logical, it seems to me, that the dullest minds cannot fail to understand.

With the best wishes that the angel world be ever close to you both, I am,

Sincerely,

ELIZABETH SCHAUSS,
Inspirational Speaker.

Send "A Golden Sheaf." We gathered spring flowers together. The summer is beautiful here. We live on the shores of the ocean and nothing but water between us and Africa, so we get a refreshing ocean breeze and the trade winds. We have not yet met our nearest neighbor on the east, but may some time lean over the garden gate and gossip about the other fellows. He is only 3,500 miles away.

I have reread "Evolution of the God and Christ-Ideas"; I have no trace of bigotry in me and I can appreciate the book. I admire the author and his talented wife. We agree in essentials.

S. P. LELAND, Ph.D., LL.D., Sea Breeze, Cal.,
Lecturer on Popular Science.

Spiritualism came like a ray of sunshine into a dungeon. Prior to its advent the world was without a tangible or solid basis for its faith in immortality. The setting forth of this wonderful gospel has, it is hardly necessary to say, been attended with immense difficulties. Some adherents have been more enthusiastic than wise, while others have had only mercenary ends in view. A few have gone on bearing the burden and holding aloft the torch of Truth. I rank you as one of these pioneers and congratulate you on your half century in the field, and of wedded life.

JOHN RUTHERFORD,
Roker-by-the-Sea, Sunderland, England.

I have read your writings ever since the Banner of Light began in its early years to publish them. Then I read them in the Religio-Philosophical Journal and now in our beloved Progressive Thinker. Also have read your books and enjoy them more and more.

I am now nearly 80 years old, nearing my last sunset of this life. May angels attend you as they have in the past, is the heartfelt wish of an old friend,

SARAH A. THAYER, North Cambridge, Mass.

I congratulate you on the usefulness of your lives and the many years you have journeyed together. May all blessings rest upon you and the great principles for which you have shown such zealous devotion grow strong and prevail.

G. W. BROOK, Nanvatasa, Wis.,

Lecturer and Prest. of the Wis. State Sp. Association.

Dear Old Time Friends: The intervening miles of farmland, sage brush, plains and mountainous regions seem in a way suggestive of the varied experiences of the busy, changeful years that lie between the present and the happy days of long ago. I am a faithful lover of old friends and the long past days. My best rendering of these thoughts was given in my poem, "Christmas on the Coast."

I miss so many, many old-time friends,

Who used to greet me on a Christmas day;

I ponder on the things they used to say,

And revel in the enchantment distance lends.

Your books I study more than read, for while they are laden with thoughts, they suggest far more.

PROF. ALLEN A. BARTOW, Bartow, Wash.,

Educationalist.

Most Esteemed Friends: Memorial celebrations of wedlock that have continued past fifty-mile posts, without wandering on by-paths, are like unto diamonds or radium, the value being graduated by their rarity.

The proof of fifty consecutive years of married life is overwhelming evidence legally and morally that such a union is born and continued in love.

Love and Charity go hand in hand and lead the procession of cardinal virtues. Faith may be lost in sight; hope

ends in fruition, but Love extends beyond the grave to the boundless realms of eternity.

I wave my pot of burning incense at you both, laden with the sweet swelling spices of good wishes for a continuation of the journey to its sweet conclusion.

Most sincerely,
GEORGE P. BICKNELL, Decatur, Ill.

May the sheaves yet to harvest be more golden than those already garnered. May your earthly hands not be unclasped for many years, that those who need your help may receive.

MRS. T. U. REYNOLDS, Troy, N. Y.

We want to place a library in our spiritual temple and solicit a copy of your book for the same.

ROLLA STUBBS,
Pres. St. Sp. Asso., Minnesota.

The years bear us forward, may we trust upward. My earnest congratulations and thankfulness for your lives' work.

REV. JOHN W. RING.

I wish to say "thank you" to one whose sane sweetness and spiritual insight have been an uplift to me and the new views have made the universe over.

F. S. SMEDLEY, Berea, O.

I have seen eighty winters and am simply waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown. God bless you both.

MRS. C. B. HANKS, Winabago, Minn.

The pleasure and profit I have derived from reading your books has been worth more to me than all the gold of this golden state. May health and happiness be yours to the end of your lives.

EDWIN PETERSON, Santa Rosa, Cal.

But few workers are recognized till after they are dead, but we all press on to attain all that is possible and do all the good we can.

DR. BEVERLY, Chicago, Ill.

We have passed our golden wedding by five years. We were full in the spiritual faith when we were united. It has been a consolation and strength in all vicissitudes, losses, disappointments and cares of our lives. May all blessings be yours.

MR. AND MRS. D. L. HAYNES, Middletown, Conn.

May you and your most estimable companion continue to exist in the mortal to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary, and may you continue to scatter seeds of kindness, love and wisdom in the future as you ever have in the past.

Very truly yours,

N. H. BRIGGS,
Atty. and Coun. at Law, Battle Creek, Mich.

Unlike most workers in any intellectual field, you are yourselves harvesting the crop from the seed you commenced sowing for others in your early youth. As you have ever since that time been in the band of life's sowers, coming generations will reap most of the benefit, but there have always been abundant gleanings for the hungry soul.

It would have puzzled a wise man of the long ago to determine the result if a philosopher should marry a poet. But the unexpected happened, and Hudson Tuttle and Emma Rood have shown us that the ideal and the practical can blend into every day housekeeping and yet chase inhumanity to its lair and preach the gospel of universal brotherhood.

When I make the acquaintance of a Mahatma I am going to ask him what kind of a Karma enabled you two to twine round one another for a long life and live all the time in the sunshine of the spirit. I would have liked some of that Karma myself, and so would most of your friends. But, apparently, we slipped into our mortal bodies in recess when Schoolmaster Mahatma was off duty. Next time we will be more careful and learn our lesson in the Tuttle school.

Anyhow and somehow, you two drew a prize in life's lottery and have used it to make other lives the better for your having lived. One has done it in solid prose and the other flashed it in a sheen of love for all, including the world of animals, so that even pious dogs and horses and birds will remember you in their prayers and thanksgivings.

I should like to see a philosopher and a poet in their daily lives, but I never had that privilege. My private opinion is that the philosopher has had, sometimes, to be called down to earth from his intellectual roamings and possibly has needed occasional "improvement" by the family housekeeper. And I should not be surprised if the poet has, in her turn, sometimes added unusual flavors that might not tempt a hungry man to over-indulgence. The

inspired soul may bring heaven to earth, but he cannot always make a good fit of it. The very best earth life is but an adulterated heaven, where a real angel often goes hungry and with misfit wings. I hope you may both have many more sheaves to harvest ere you pass to your next sphere of labor for others. And that I may be one of your privileged guests in that tomorrow which begins to seem near to

Your congratulating friend,
CHARLES DAWBARN, San Leandro, Cal.

I earnestly wish that you both may be spared at least a few more years to champion our glorious cause and impart inspiration and courage in the rank and file.

Faithfully and fraternally yours,
A. R. ARROWSMITH, Louisville, Ky.

I hope your lives may be prolonged indefinitely not only for the good you have done but the good you may do in the future.

Sincerely,
E. D. DAVIDSON, San Francisco, Cal.

Congratulations on your fiftieth anniversary, and may you go on many years in the upbuilding on the spiritual cause and humanitarian work.

Yours very respectfully,
MRS. T. W. COLLINS, Clinton, Mo.

Over forty years' fraternal association assures us that we are to receive a prize in "The Golden Sheaf." It will contain many gems, but it can be only a taste of the many good things said and written since you two became one flesh. Truly your writings have had a worldwide liberalizing influence, and the spiritual vision of thousands has been quickened and cleared thereby, our own among the number.

MR. AND MRS. M. H. DARROW, Milan,, O.

(Mr. and Mrs. Darrow are co-workers in the Lyceum.)

I wish you the greatest success in holding up the light to the world.

DAVID HAYNES, Middletown, Conn.

I wish to say to you to turn on the electric lights so they may shine to the ends of the earth. A recognition of these benefits you have conferred on mankind will be your re-

ward when you depart for the other shore. May your lives
 be hale and blessed at the century mark is the wish of
 T. C. HARRIS, Sacksville, New Brunswick.

I wish you a glorious reunion of golden memories of a
 useful past.
 PROF. J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

Accept my congratulations at your fiftieth anniversary.
 I expect a treat in "The Golden Sheaf."
 JOEL BYNES, Los Angeles, Cal

Fifty fleeting years; blue skies and cloudy weather.
 Dutiful feet that have trod together;
 Oh! Time, how long! Looking toward the west,
 Like a dream thy swift flight coming from the east;
 Much good cheer among exalted guides
 Tracing two rills along the mountain sides;
 Grand and full now a river sweeps,
 Sublime in power,—See! old ocean leaps
 Along the harbor bar, with solemn roar
 Hear! harmony from yon angelic shore;
 There beneath the moon's soft smiles waits sweeter rest
 Than Araby the blessed gave to earth's breast.
 Good and faithful souls, you have ever been
 Teachers of truth, beloved of God and men.
 —WILSON DUNCAN.

Mr. Duncan has a volume of poems written among and
 descriptive of the magnificent scenery of Idaho, and has
 by popular favor received the name of The Idaho Poet.

Fifty years of life together. A half century of joy and
 sorrow, of pain and pleasure, of acquiring knowledge and
 dispensing it. What splendid treasures you have been
 gathering for your future home where we shall all soon
 meet again! Millions of our human brothers and sisters
 have profited by your helpful teachings, directly or indi-
 rectly, while you unassumingly have been quietly moving
 along side by side scarcely conscious of the mighty work
 for good that you were doing. May health, peace of mind
 and happiness be your portion until you shall be called
 to the higher life.

Ever your true friends,
 E. W. AND C. A. SPRAGUE.

(Mr. and Mrs. Sprague are well known in nearly every
 town in the Northwest and throughout the Eastern states
 by their missionary labors.)

We say without flattery, that few indeed, have filled fifty years as full of ceaseless and devoted work as you twain, and we rejoice that you are still strong and unfailing, with the promise of many years during which to scatter the seeds of truth.

MR. AND MRS. I. W. POPE,
Cleveland, Ohio.

I have finished reading the volumes of the Arcana of Nature and, needless to say, I am delighted with it. As an old-time Spiritualist, I have known you both these many years as most fearless, tireless and able workers in the great cause of thought advancement. I like you because in all your writings you ever keep both feet on the ground.

WILLIAM VAN WATERS, Walla Walla, Wash.

At this golden time it is most appropriate for you to bind up a sheaf of thoughts for your many friends. It is a happy inspiration. I extend the warmest hand of fraternal love to you and prayer for your continued happiness.

JAMES G. UNDERHILL, Author and Poet.

We never forget you and unite in heartfelt appreciation of your work, and thankfulness that you have written and we are able to enjoy. Evolution of the God and Christ Ideas has been a revelation to us, and we read and reread Soul to Soul and Asphodel Blooms. With affection and best wishes for you both, and your household,

J. T. and MARIA BUCHANAN,
Glen Lemington, Queensland, Australia

My congratulations, and all good wishes for you.

F. CAMERON, Kimberley, South Africa.

The reception of your Arcana of Spiritualism, while I was commissioner at the St. Louis Exposition, has been the potent cause of awakening psychic research in this old kingdom.

JUDGE W. GROBLACHOFF, Sophia, Bulgaria.

CHILDLESS.

What would I not give to see faces now gone,
 And hear their dear voices, once mingled in song;
 To feel the warm touch of their lips in a kiss
 As they fondly caressed me? Ah, then life was bliss.

When spring with her flowers and singing birds gay
 Comes, bidding the children in woodlands to play,
 To search 'neath the leaves for the first blossoms peeping,
 For mine she calls vainly; alas, they are sleeping.

Then follows the summer, with hills clothed in green,
 And long, balmy evenings when children are seen
 So happy in groups, as bright roses they twine—
 In silence I turn to these four graves of mine.

With autumn and winter my life's slowly dying;
 'Neath this burden of sorrow my poor heart is crying
 For rest that comes only through Death's golden gate.
 Oh, God, in your mercy, how long must I wait?

A response comes like music from some distant shore;
 "Dear heart, be not lonely, thou art loved as of yore;
 We come from God's beautiful garden on high,
 Your children of earth still are yours in the sky."

AGNES TUTTLE.

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MY LOST DARLING.

Words by EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Music by FELIX SCHELLING.

The piano introduction is written in G minor (one flat) and 6/8 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff features a prominent triplet pattern in the first two measures, followed by a more complex rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, and concludes with a dense block of chords in the final two measures.

4. Sometimes I think that the glo - ry of heav'n Hangs like a veil thickly spangled with stars, Be

The vocal line for the fourth line of lyrics is written in a treble clef staff. It begins with a quarter note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a quarter note. The melody is simple and follows the rhythm of the lyrics.

1. O for the voice of an an - gel to sing, A - bout our lost darling so ten - der and true Whose

2. There in the midst of the an - gels of light With as - phodels blooming like gems at your feet O

3. Well I re - mem - ber the wild winter day When part - ing the snow spread, we covered your form, So

The piano accompaniment for the fourth line of lyrics is written in two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff has a simpler accompaniment with some rests and chords. The overall texture is light and accompanimental.

tween us ob-scure ring the thought of me e-ven With gos-samer fold-ings and

eyes were as blue as the skies of the spring Whose heart was as pure as her
turn from the faces so ho-ly and bright Dream of the old-en days
move-less and cold with the pit-i-less clay And turn us a-way with our

bright gold-en bars Dar-ling my dar-ling I pray and im-plore You

jew-els of dew I can but mourn her in sor-row and tears
sun-ny and sweet Laugh till the at-mo-sphere wa-vers with glee And
face to the storm Earth hath not blos-soms e-nough for our dead So

will not forget me where-ev-er you be But stretch a white fin-ger to

Life was so gladsome and earth was so fair Days were but blos-soms which
gen-tly the an-gels look up in surpise Ah-would you say you were
all un-a-dorned you went down the dark way But the an-gels had wo-ven fresh

me from the shore Whose ev-er-green banks lie be-yond Death's dark sea.

grew on the years Wo-ven in flow'r chains for young life to wear.
think-ing of me Who used to read gos-pels of love in your eyes.
flow'rs for your head From op-u-lent gar-dens you walk in to-day.

CHORUS.

SOPR'O.
 ALTO.
 TENOR.
 BASS.
 PIANO.

Oh my lost darling come down from the skies, See how I heckon you filled with re-gret

Oh my lost darling come down from the skies, See how I heckon you filled with re-gret

Come with the love which was mine in your eyes Beau-ti-ful an-gel re-mem-ber me yet.

Come with the love which was mine in your eyes Beau-ti-ful an-gel re-mem-ber me yet.

The Angel Buglers

Anniversary Song.

Words by EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Music by J. J. BLOOD.

Majestically.

1. Be - hold, the gates of Hea - ven, Are stand - ing wide a - part; Be -
2. O beau - teous an - gel buglers, Now play - ing on the height, So
3. Phil - os - o - phers and sa - ges, In hea - ven a thou - sand years, De -

hold, the an - gel bu - glers, Have tid - ings to im - part; They
ev - er - green and flow - ery, A near the Gates of Light, Which
stand, their tho'ts trans - mit - ting, To or - a - tors and seers. Our

call the hosts to - geth - er, To cel - e - brate the day, - The
stand a - jar all read - y, To let our loved ones through; That
souls are glad with wel - comes, For all, from age to youth, Who

Flowing.

dawn - ing of our gos - pel, Which has swept the clouds a - way
they may join with mor - tals, To help cel - e - brate the new.
love their fol - low - be - ings, And who hun - get af - ter Truth.

UNISON.

HARMONY

O, hear the an - gel bu - lers, As they sound the rally-ing call,— There is

f ORGAN ONLY

life be - yond death's partings, Im - mor - tal - i - ty for all.

Mor - tals tell it, sing the sto - ry, Let your banners float in glo - ry: Tell the

8va

8va

cres.

sto - ry, (Organ) tell the sto - ry, (Organ) Im - mor - tal - i - ty for' all.

Emma Claire.

Words by EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

JAMES G. CLARK.

1. Emma Claire, Emma Claire, Thou art sheltered with care In the beau - ti - ful
2. Emma Claire, Emma Claire, Thou wert ten der - ly fair, And a joy since the
3. Emma Claire, Emma Claire, It was bit - ter to bear When our lil - y - bud

"land of the Leal;"..... Yet there's nev - er an hour But with
hour of thy birth;..... There was love in thine eyes, There was
died in our hands;..... Tho' the an - gels most dear, Wait - ed

love's mystic pow'r Thy lil - y - like pres - ence we feel.....
light in the skies, And glad - ness for us on the earth.....
lov - ing - ly near To bear thee to pleas - ant - er lands.....

Chorus.

And we sob out a prayer For our darling, somewhere, For we long..... to be there;

And we sob out a prayer For our darling, somewhere, For we long to be there, Emma Claire.

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