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Original Story.

MARY ANNE CAREW:

WIFE, MOTHER, SPIRIT, ANGEL.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

Author of "Oceanides: A Psychological Novel," "The Discovered Country," "Amy Lester," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED.

Ponto turned his head loose, to roam about the place at her own sweet will and pleasure; many of the other creatures came up to her to get acquainted. We all took seats on the veranda, and we could distinctly hear the voice of the unhappy woman inside the house. She was groaning, praying, crying and screaming alternately. The following were some of the words which caught my ear:

"Oh Lord, save me for Christ's sake! Oh God, bend down thine ear, and hearken to the prayers of thine hand-maiden! Oh God, in thine infinite mercy, save me from mine enemy! Oh Lord, bind mine adversary, that he may not drag my soul down to hell! Oh God, smite this wicked old negro, who is in league with Satan against me! Oh God! why hast thou hidden thy face from me? Oh Lord, smile upon me and hear my prayers! Here, on my bended knees, I crave thy mercy! Hear me, oh God, for Christ's sweet sake! Open to me the gates of paradise, that my soul may enter in!"

Then would come groanings, heart-rending cries and loud screaming. The gentleman's face grew more and more dejected and disconsolate, as he hugged his little girl closer and closer to his breast.

Ponto had seated himself on the step of the veranda, and one could see two great, glistening tears resting on his cheeks.

"Dis nigga wish missus would listen to reason. Why, heah we all am right heah in de promiss' lan', an' it am all flowin' wif milk an' honey. De Lor' he am a sperret, he am like a sweet bress ob air. De Lor' he pass by, an' bress Ponto all right. Jes' see how good de Lor' am. He gib Ponto, wifout money an' wifout price, all dese fine cattle an' horses, an' he not eben ask ole Ponto feed um no mo'. Dey jes' all lub ole Ponto, an' Ponto lub dem. Oh, de Lor' am bery good to Ponto! All de cattle an' de horses am free. Ponto do an' hab to steal um. De Lor' in his marcy gib um to Ponto, as many as he like."

And Ponto wiped the tears from his cheeks, grinning with fond delight, as his great, rolling, black eyes roamed over his possessions.

The groaning and praying from within again smote the ear. Little Katy looked frightened.

"It is mamma," said the gentleman. "She is very unhappy. Let us go in, and see if we can comfort her."

But Katy held back.

"Who is hurting mamma?" she asked.

"Not any one," he replied. "She is hurting herself, I think. Come, Katy! Come and see if you can comfort mamma."

He led the reluctant child into the house. Immediately there was a violent scream. Ursula and I went to the open window, and looked in. The unhappy woman, on beholding her child, had covered her face with her hands, and was screaming with great violence.

"Oh, my child—my child—my child! My little innocent Katy! Has that fiend been able to decoy my child to her destruction?"

She was on her knees, wringing her hands, and swaying her form backward and forward; her black hair was hanging around her in dishevelled masses; her pallid features expressed horror and despair. Katy ran up to her mother, opened her pinafore, and cried gleefully:

"Mamma—mamma! des look at 'ese 'little tittens! See, mamma. See my 'little tittens!'"

The act was so perfectly natural and childlike that the mother was taken by surprise. She dropped her hands from her eyes, and stared at the little girl wonderingly. Such a vision of innocent beauty never was and never could be an inhabitant of hell. The little creature held up one of the kittens, and placed it on her mother's lap.

"Oh mamma—mamma! it's pitty, pitty! An' see my wreat, mamma. Ole Ponto made it for me."

She pulled the wreath from her head and hung it on her mother's arm, over the hand which held the little kitten. That mother, there on her knees; the little child standing in front of her, her cherubic face wreathed in innocent smiles; the little, bright-eyed kitten on the woman's extended hand; the wreaths of white blossoms hanging on her arm, made a picture I shall never forget. The woman glanced toward the window where Ursula and myself were looking in upon her. She rose slowly to her feet. Ursula smiled sweetly as she said:

"Pardon us, madam; but we have brought your baby to you, thinking you might wish to see her; we also assure you that we are not denizens of hell or in league with Satan; in fact, we are not acquainted with his majesty at all, and have never seen him, although one of us, at least, has been in this life many months. We have had your child in our keeping since she came here, and I think you will agree with us that she is none the worse for our care. We have also been taught, since coming to this life, that God helps those who help themselves; and if you wish God to save you from hell, you had best commence by saving yourself, taking care of your own child, trying to make your husband happy, and humbly asking old Ponto's forgiveness, whom you caused to be whipped to death. Instead of going on your knees to an imaginary personal God, you had better go on your knees to one of his children whom you have most shamefully abused. We advise these methods, for they are the only ones whereby you will be able to climb into heaven. The heaven and the God, madam, are within yourself, if you so will it, or you can make a hell there whose flames will scorch your own soul."

The woman stood a picture of guilt and amazement. At last she stammered:

"Who—who are you? Perhaps God has commissioned you to accompany me to his blest abode?"

"Well," replied Ursula, "I have not seen a personal God any more than I have a personal devil, and I have been in this land for some time; but the God within my soul commissions me to enlighten the ignorant, teach truth instead

of error, and work for the good of souls wherever I find them. In this way I gain a little more of heaven each hour. But one might go on as you have been doing forever, and accomplish nothing toward getting into heaven, but gradually sink deeper and deeper into hell. Come forth, madam, and look about you! Heaven may lie all around a fool or a blind person, and they not know it. Take your little child by the hand; come forth, and open the eyes of your understanding that you may see, and the ears of your hearing that you may hear. Love and wisdom, beauty and heaven lie all around you; you have but to put forth your hand, pluck and eat. God is wisdom! God is love! God is beauty and majesty! The God within me has commissioned me, as you said, to lead you into heaven; to open your eyes, and your ears. Become as your own little child. Let her instruct you in wisdom's ways; for one who wishes to gain heaven must first become like a little child, who finds its heaven in natural objects, as your own little one does with kittens and flowers, riding on the backs of docile animals, and making a heaven with innocent smiles and gleeful laughter; loving that which is lovable, and growing, day by day, more heavenly and beautiful."

The woman still stood looking wildly at Ursula.

"You cannot mean to tell me," she at last said, "that there is no God, no heaven, no hell; nothing but this place, which looks so much like the earth that one can hardly tell the difference; where there are animals, negroes, and nobody can tell what other things beside?"

"I did not say there was no God," replied Ursula; "on the contrary, I mean to say that God is all things which are or were or ever shall be. We, here, recognize a God so grand, majestic and perfect, that it requires immensity to hold Him; although we do not recognize him alone as God, but a God so perfect that the male and female are one and indivisible, equally balanced and coexistent; but if you expect to see a small heaven for a select few, and a personal male God seated on a throne, then my answer is: there is no such God; there is no such heaven. You ask me if there is no hell, and my reply is: yes, there is a hell, and you are at present within one of its compartments, or a portion of it is within yourself, and we invite you to come out of hell. Nothing obliges you to remain there; you ask if you are to live in the same place with animals, negroes, and no one can tell what beside. Our reply is: that the animals won't hurt you, the negro won't whip you to death, nor even whip you at all; but if he were to do so, it would be no more than you deserve, and if the soul of the negro was not in a higher heaven than your own, he would whip and torture you. Your former slave is far better than yourself, more acceptable to God and heaven."

The woman dropped the wreath and the kitten. Katy quickly picked them up; again placing the wreath on her little head she ran out on the veranda, and commenced to romp with the kittens; presently two or three little dogs joined in the play.

"Madam," said Ursula, "we are about to take some lunch. Will you come forth and join us?"

"Miss," replied the woman, "you have talked to me in the most impertinent manner. I do not believe that you are all that you should be. My associations have always been of the best. I doubt if you are a proper person to sit at table with."

"Very well," answered Ursula, "then you shall take your lunch by yourself; but, pray, come out and see what a nice lunch Ponto has prepared for you."

The foolish woman could not yet forget her former dignity. She began to arrange her dress, and assumed a commanding air, then she gracefully swept out to the veranda. Her husband, as we shall still call him, had already seated himself at the little table, which was spread for four. In the centre stood a large silver fruit-dish, heaped with the grapes and fruit that Ponto had gathered "down by de river Jordan," as he said. She took her seat at the table, gave her husband a haughty glance, and then swept her eyes superciliously over the rest of the company.

"Oh! please, Miss Sully, jes' yo' take dis seat, an' de stranger lady de odder one. Ponto jes' done break his ole heart of yo' do an' eat some ob de grapes an' de peaches an' plums. Dis ole nigga gader um fo' yo', sure."

"Yes, kindly sit at the table with us," entreated the gentleman. "Katherine, do treat our guests with politeness," he continued, turning to his wife.

Ursula complied, and took one of the vacant seats, whilst I took the other. Ponto brought sparkling water from the well in a picher, and filled our goblets; the gentleman heaped our plates with the delicious fruit and grapes. Mrs. Evans raised a grape to her lips, but immediately put it down without tasting it. The expression of her face grew dark and ominous as a thunder-cloud. She gave Ursula a threatening glance.

"I care little for what you have said," she remarked.

"An emissary of Satan can put on a very attractive appearance when endeavoring to lead souls astray: I see through all your wiles! No doubt you were a very good girl before you came to this life, but being quite good-looking, Satan thinks you will be able to do him good service. But you shall never get the best of me! I promise you that! And as for this seeming fruit, I will not touch it! I am certain that if I were to do so it would give you more power over me. Any person who will tell me to my face that there is no God and no heaven, must be an extremely wicked, bad character; and I wonder that you, who look so much like a lady, should be found in the company of one who in the most blasphemous and awful manner denies both God and the Savior," she continued, turning to me.

Until now I had not spoken. I must own that I felt timid, and afraid of this strong, positive-minded woman. I had not been in this life long enough to have much strength of purpose, except that of loving and being with my children. I had not as yet much heavenly wisdom. I glanced at Ursula entreatingly, and then looked at Mrs. Evans deprecatingly.

"I have but lately arrived in this world," I said, at last, "and this young lady is the teacher of my two little girls, one a mere babe, the other but a little creature. I also found your little Katy in her care, besides other small children, and all the surroundings of their home so exquisitely beautiful that I cannot associate her, or anything that I have seen here, with Satan or his emissaries; and as I cannot think my own little darlings are destined for hell, knowing as I do that they never committed sin, it is not reasonable to think that a young lady who was not pure and good should be given the charge of these little innocents. Certainly, if there were a personal God, he would not allow sweet little babes, like yours and mine, to be given into the care of one of Satan's emissaries. No, madam; I am sure that Miss Ursula is as good as she is beautiful. My own dear sister not only fetched me hither, but left me to stay with my children and the young lady as long as I liked; and really, madam, I am constrained to accept things as I find

them. I was born and bred a Catholic, and it was quite hard for me at first to give up my preconceived ideas. I really did think for awhile that I was in purgatory, but I have already paid a visit to earth, and my husband and children there. As this world is not at all like what I thought purgatory to be, surely one cannot be blamed for accepting things as one finds them."

"Well," said she, "whatever you may think, I shall still hold to my own opinions, and the teachings of the holy church of God. I have heard that the devil can cast a mirror before people's eyes, and make them think they see that which is not, and am certain that this is what he is doing in your case and my own. They are not really our children which we see, but some little satanic imps made to look like our little ones, that our souls may be misled, and more easily dragged down to hell. As for me, I will not again look upon that little imp resembling my Katy, who must be in heaven, swinging her little harp before the throne of God. Madam, you and I are being deceived by illusions, be sure of that; and now I think of it, that little imp they call my Katy has on a blue, silken gown, or something that looks like it. Certainly, angels do not wear silk frocks. Oh! madam, we are being cruelly deceived!"

Ursula called to Katy: "Come here, darling!" And the little one came dancing toward her with curls flying in the sweet air, her small face aglow with happiness, one of the little kittens perched on her shoulder.

"We will let the kittens go now, Katy," said Ursula. "Come with me a moment," and she led the happy child into the house. Presently they returned. Katy's dress was changed. She now wore a long white robe, somewhat like a night-dress; her pearl ornaments had been taken off; her little feet were bare; she looked as though just ready for bed, although it was yet broad day. Ursula led the child with one hand, and in the other she carried a little chair. She placed the chair a short distance from where we were seated at the table, then, returning into the house, she fetched out a little harp. Placing Katy in the chair, she put the harp within her hands.

"Now, baby," she said, with a sweet smile, "Ursula wants you to sit there for a long, long time, and play the most exquisitely perfect music on the little harp; and, dearest, you must sing all the while you are playing, praises to God."

Katy looked at Ursula wonderingly, then at the harp with greater wonder still; she picked at the strings in a playful way with her little chubby fingers. Twing! twang! twing! The sound pleased the child, and for two or three minutes she twinged, twanged away, rocking herself backward and forward in the little chair. She plucked the strings at random, without any method whatever.

"Oh!" said Ursula, "you must play perfect and heavenly music, and sing at the same time."

"Dess me do n't want to any more. Me raver do play," and she threw the harp down.

"Oh, my darling! pick up the harp," said Ursula. "You want to please your mamma, don't you, Katy? your mamma, who has just come here to live with you? And, darling, she does not think your blue silk frock pretty or suitable. She thinks it better for you to wear that long white robe. Baby, in order to please mamma, you must sit there and play that little harp forevermore. That is the only way to please her and her particular kind of God."

Katy picked up the harp, for she had been accustomed to obey her gentle teacher for love alone, and stared at Ursula with round wondering eyes; presently two great tears rolled down the chubby little cheeks.

"Me tant play no more," she said, with a sob. "Me tant sin' eiver. Me don't know how to sin'. Dod don't want 'little girls to sin' when dey play. I's tired. Me wants to dit up 'en dis chair an' do play wif my 'little tittens.'"

She threw the harp as far from her as her slight strength would allow.

"Me wants my frot on adin, an' my pinafore." She moved her little feet up and down with restless impatience.

"Me wish my mamma did n't come to see me. Katy don't like mamma any more. Do 'way, mamma!"

She jumped up from the chair and rushed to Ursula, hiding her face in her dress. This was the first time I had seen a child in tears or in the least unhappy.

Ursula smoothed the golden curls, caught up the child in her arms and kissed her fondly. Once more the little face was wreathed in smiles. She patted the young lady's cheeks with her baby hands, crying:

"Me want on my frot, Sully."

Ursula carried her back into the house, and soon returned. The baby was again clothed as before, and left to run and play about at her own sweet will and pleasure.

CHAPTER XII.

OLD ERROR WOUNDED, BUT NOT CONQUERED.

MRS. EVANS, in the meantime, had not spoken, but sat in a drooping, dejected attitude, and when Ursula had once more taken her seat at the table, he said, addressing his wife:

"Katherine, I begin to think that many of our former ideas were very foolish, and devoid of common sense. Really," he continued, with a smile, as he caught sight of his little daughter skipping and playing on the lawn, now here, now there, filling her little hands with flowers, while the kittens gambled about her—"really, Katherine, how could a little child like that play the harp before it was old enough to be taught? Moreover, she does not know how to sing. She is not even old enough to comprehend anything about God or heaven. Really, Kate, it is ridiculous to think that such a little creature with her baby mind could possibly play a harp and sing praises to God forever and forevermore."

Ursula gave a long, silvery laugh.

"I think," she observed, "that even if there were a personal God he would be more cruel than Satan is represented to be if he could require millions upon millions of little children and babes to do nothing throughout eternity but sing his praises. One certainly would consider such a God as that capable of any horrible cruelty. Can you think that God is such an egotistical being that he requires nothing but the souls and spirits of men, women and children but to shout his praises forever and forever?"

And her laughter pealed forth once more. The idea was really so ludicrous that I laughed too, in spite of my efforts to the contrary. Mr. Evans looked up more brightly and cheerfully than he had previously done, and Ponto showed his ivory tusks nearly from ear to ear, catching up the baby's harp, began to play a negro melody, while he sang, or rather, chanted, a melody about "de promiss' lan', de lan' flowin' wif milk an' honey."

"Bress de Lor! Hallelujah! Oh, Canean I am a happy lan'! Bress de Lor! Hallelujah! Down by de river Jordan! Hallelujah! De Lor' he am good to ole Ponto! Hallelujah! De Lor' bress my missus! Hallelujah!"



PROFESSOR WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S.

(From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.)

(SEE EIGHTH PAGE.)

"Shut up! you imp of Satan!" exclaimed Mrs. Evans, wrathfully. "How dare you mock in that style? you horrible, wicked, old negro! Get out of my sight, or I shall be tempted to do you a mischief! What do you know of God or heaven?"

"Den ef I do an know nofin' 'bout de Lor', my missus she do, an' she tell Ponto all 'bout him. Hal' hal'!" and he smiled very broadly indeed.

Mrs. Evans was now beside herself with anger. She caught up her goblet and flung it at the negro's head. I learned afterwards that she had been in the habit, before leaving the earth, of flinging goblets, dishes, knives and forks at the heads of her dependents and slaves, when in anger. The goblet went directly through the negro's head, without doing him the slightest injury.

"He—he—he! Ha—ha—ha!" He laughed loud and long. "Missus can't hurt ole Ponto. No—no!" he cried. "Oh, de Lor' am good! Bress de Lor! Hallelujah!"

Mrs. Evans's face, at this juncture, was altogether frightful in its expression. I looked at her in great surprise, and began to realize that heaven and hell were conditions more than places: the negro and the little child were happy in their innocence, while the cultured and formerly very wealthy Mrs. Evans was burning in flames of torment. She believed in a small heaven, a personal God, a burning hell, and a devil; therefore, they resided within her own mind; her spirit lived and suffered within a hell of its own creating, whilst happiness and heaven lay all around her. The lady herself was not entirely to blame; she deserved pity. Those terrible ideas had been instilled into her mind by her parents, teachers, the church and the society which she had frequented from her childhood up; she was now reaping the fruit of false teaching. Can my readers wonder that my soul ardently longed for the gulf between heaven and earth to be spanned, that truth instead of error might prevail among men? And is it at all surprising, now that the gulf is spanned, that the bridges are thronged by an invisible host, willing and eager to break the bread of everlasting life with man, that he may eat of the tree of good and evil, and his eyes be opened to discover his nakedness? which means that he may become aware how naked and ignorant his soul is of the truth;

The old mythological fable of Adam and Eve and the garden of Eden means nothing more nor less; and the eating of the fruit of tree of knowledge of good and evil, whereby they discover their nakedness, means that by obtaining knowledge they thereby discovered how ignorant and naked they were, naked of the truths of creation and the immortal life. It was by thoughtfully observing a serpent, or the lowest forms of reptile life, that set woman's mind to questioning about creation, life and immortality; through her, man also began to question, and, consequently, both found themselves very naked and ignorant; they also came to the conclusion it was by diligence and labor alone that truth could be discovered.

How foolish for people to suppose that a serpent talked, or that a person called Eve, plucked fruit from a tree whereby she discovered that her body was naked, when the old story is merely allegorical, or a pictured representation of the state of mankind without knowledge. Good and evil mean truth and error. But to return from this digression.

Mrs. Evans's face was really horrible to look at, so filled with revenge and wrath was it.

"Leonard!" she cried; "how can you sit there and see your wife thus insulted and abused by a vile girl and a low, wicked negro? You are supinely weak, and always were! You never possessed manhood! You always would allow me to be insulted by any and everybody who chose to do so. I really think it makes you happy to see me abused! If you were half a man you would take my part! But no! you usually add your insults to their injuries!"

"Oh Kate!" replied Mr. Evans; "I have always tried to do my best, and meant to be a good husband to you; but, somehow, we never could get along. You always turn upon me when you have trouble with others."

"And if I have turned to you, very little good ever came from it!" she said, tartly.

Mr. Evans again fell into his drooping, dejected attitude, which aroused my sympathy. Mrs. Evans now remained silent, her eyes flashing defiantly, a scowl on her countenance. At length the gentleman turned to me, saying:

"You seem to accept this life in a different spirit from what Katherine does; although you tell us you were a strict Catholic up to the time of coming here, yet you look very beautiful, quite happy, and content. I wish Kate could look upon this life as you seem to do."

"There you are again!" she cried. "Every one is more beautiful and better than your wife! It has always been just that way! No wonder I am wretched! I have never had anything to make me otherwise!"

(To be continued.)

The Spiritual Rostrum.

The World's Fair: Its Spiritual Significance.

Inspirational Lecture given in the First Spiritual Temple, Exeter and Newbury streets, Boston, Sunday, May 7th, 1893, by
W. J. COOLVILLE.

(Specially Reported for the Banner of Light.)

It seems to us incredible that any thinking mind, reflecting upon the wonderful achievements of this momentous period in human history, should fail to see in the World's Fair, or Columbian Exposition, not only a stupendous exhibition of material treasures, but what is far more important, a striking manifestation of that sublime spirit of fraternal unity which proves itself in the loving, gracious spirit of cooperation shown by the numerous delegates from all parts of the world commissioned to represent the moral and intellectual fully as much as the industrial progress of mankind.

On the opening day (May 1st) when the magnificent inaugural exercises were held, despite the discomfort experienced by a very backward season, and the disagreeable condition of the grounds, the immense concourse of people who passed within the gates of Jackson Park were more than amply repaid for whatever inconveniences they had to encounter by the spirit of unanimity which abounded everywhere. Buildings were, in many instances, unfinished, and exhibits not in place; but the scene was one of great grandeur, and the atmosphere was filled with the genius of common sympathy and general good-will.

Many sensitive persons dread crowds, and so fearful are they of mingling with the multitude that they deprive themselves of a very large and profitable amount of social life that they might otherwise enjoy. This feeling of aversion to a throng is occasioned by an expectation of meeting conflicting elements, and then suffering from the effects of discord. All who wish to profit by a visit to the Fair must be prepared to mingle with a vast, seething tide of humanity; but it depends upon our way of thinking with regard to the crowd as to what experiences are ours when in it. Harmony and health are inseparable. Nothing is so vitalizing and energizing as to go with an army, all keeping step in the same direction; and, although it can hardly be said that the great bulk of visitors to the Exposition are thoroughly drilled in military decorum, it can be said of them that the influence they generate is very upbuilding in its character, if only from the fact that they are, in a measure at least, assembled with one accord in one place, having come not only from all parts of America, but from all sections of the globe, to gaze admiringly upon the achievements of the race as a whole, as well as of nations in particular.

The Fair grounds are exceedingly beautiful, and are situated on the border of Lake Michigan, one of the finest inland bodies of water in the world; all the buildings are fine specimens of architectural skill.

After the formal opening exercises of the entire Fair were fully concluded, and an interval for refreshments had been taken, a large concourse of representatives of all nations assembled at the dedication of the Woman's Building, a splendid structure designed by a woman, and devoted exclusively to woman's ever broadening work for humanity at large. It would not be a favorable omen were a temple erected to glorify one-half of the race at the expense of the other half, but such is by no means the object of this great enterprise. Woman is not showing how she can compete with man, but how she can successfully cooperate with him—not how she can outdistance her brother, but how she also can contribute to everything which tends toward the highest developments of human nature in its entirety. While a very false impression has long prevailed that woman is intellectually inferior to man, the actual demonstration of her complete equality is now before the world. The exhibits of every kind are eloquent in their own behalf; they speak for themselves in every detail. Their great significance, then, is not in any theorizing or speculating as to what women may possibly be able to accomplish, for the proof is before the eyes of all of what women have already done; and if they have done so very much, as we can clearly see they have achieved under many difficulties, reason clearly shows that when unjust artificial encumbrances to woman's work are swept away, it will shine forth even far more gloriously than it can as yet appear.

After a stirring, soulful speech from Mrs. Potter-Palmer, President of the Board of Lady Managers of the Fair, it was intensely edifying to see and hear so many brave, earnest women of different and widely sundered nationalities speak with undivided sentiment on behalf of that real equity which makes character and ability, not sex or tribe, the test in all things. Not only is the best sentiment in America on the Woman Question ably voiced by the stately, genial Mrs. Palmer, but Lady Aberdeen, the beloved and honored wife of the newly-elected Governor-General of Canada, speaks in the same fearless philanthropic strain, although she is one of the great titled ladies of Great Britain. England is becoming intensely alive to the most advanced thought of the times, and it will surely not be long before the equality of the sexes will be manifestly acknowledged over all Victoria's domain.

After noted women of high rank from Germany and other European countries had lifted up their voices in earnest defense of freedom in its truest sense, a Russian princess added her testimony to that of the others, and spoke as glowingly, sweetly and sincerely as any on the list. We hear much of cruelty and oppression in the Czar's dominions, and we are not willing to condone a solitary act of injustice; but Russia's hope is in the rapidly extending culture of her women, many of whom, even when allied to royalty, are not afraid to speak bravely on the side of right and liberty. Nowhere, do we think, could a more delightful spectacle of concerted action in a great and worthy cause have been witnessed at any time than during these touching exercises which inaugurated the great undertaking for which the Woman's Building at the World's Fair stands.

Leaving this special department of work and wandering about over the grounds at large, we cannot be other than powerfully impressed with the high art and fine quality of workmanship displayed at every turn. Above all it must afford the deepest satisfaction to every true philanthropist to note how well behaved, even to the point of extreme courteousness, are the travelers from many parts of the East, where other religions than Christianity hold

away; and not only is it worthy of remark that these Orientals are polite and amiable, their faces also denote culture of a high order, and even a significant amount of evident spirituality.

The Midway Plaisance, which is devoted to "concessions," is intensely interesting and extremely Oriental in complexion and atmosphere. The Mohammedan Mosque, though small, attracts the attention of the visitor, and from the appearance and conduct of those who are in charge of it the impression is instantly gained that those who profess the faith of Islam are, in many instances, delightfully cultivated people. There is a public service in the Mosque on Fridays (the Mohammedan Sabbath) at noon to which visitors are welcome if they comply with a few very simple rules, such as putting on sandals before entering the consecrated precincts.

The religion of Mohammed is very little understood in the West, but it well repays investigation, for after examination it is found to contain much that is excellent in common with various other religious systems. The Koran, being the most recent of the world's great bibles, has the advantage of having drawn from many earlier documents; and as Mohammed claimed only to be the latest, not the only prophet of Allah, he did not scruple to confess the worth of Moses and also of Jesus as spiritual teachers of the race.

The faith of Islam, which now prevails not only throughout the extensive Ottoman Empire, but largely throughout the vast extent of Asia and Africa, in countries where the Turk is not supreme, is by no means a barbaric creed, although it has some revolting features, notably the detestable doctrine of everlasting punishment, which it shares in common with mistaken phases of Christianity; but in this respect the devout Mussulman is ahead of the orthodox Christian, the former admitting all righteous souls to paradise, while the latter makes entrance into heaven dependent upon belief instead of character.

On the marriage question grave misconceptions prevail as to what Mohammed taught. It is commonly supposed that Mohammedanism teaches polygamy as a dogma—but it does nothing of the kind. It only permits a man to have four wives in countries where polygamous relations have, from time immemorial, been permitted to an unlimited extent. Mohammed, personally, was faithful to one wife, to whom he was tenderly attached; but he considered it sufficient to restrict polygamy with in decided bounds instead of seeking to suddenly abolish it altogether. Almost all Eastern religions suffer great injustice at the hands of Western peoples, who take a superficial glance at their least inviting features, but do not pause to study either their essential characteristics or their history.

This little talk about Mohammedanism, suggested by the sight of a mosque in Chicago, and the sound of the Muezzin's voice as he calls the faithful to prayer from the slender, graceful minaret, as in Constantinople and other Oriental cities, is not intended as a laudation of the faith of Islam, but merely as a reasonable reference to one out of the many Eastern religions represented at the Fair, all of which should be respected, for all will richly repay honest investigation. Pagodas as well as mosques, synagogues as well as churches, should be visited, and all inquiries possible made concerning the tenets of those who erect and worship in them; and if we are diligent in our search for the best elements in all, we shall assuredly discover that when veils have been rent, and accretions all removed, humanity knows but one religion, and that is the ever old yet ever new faith in an Infinite Supreme Being, who may be incomprehensible, but whose reality is surely apprehended more or less clearly by all races of mankind who have risen to any height above the lowest primeval savagery.

The World's Fair, if it accomplishes nothing else, will have performed a mighty and good work if it serves to lessen bigotry and diminish false judgments by showing the various sections of humanity to each other in their true light, represented by their own accredited spokesmen and institutions.

Whatever may be the direct good resulting from the Parliament of Religions appointed for September—and we look forward to very happy results from that Convention—the entire influence of the Fair is in the direction of demonstrating the unity of all human aspirations as it has never been objectively demonstrated before. All great expositions have done much good, from the famous London Exhibition of '51, to the latest Paris Exposition of '89, but there are features of the Columbian Exposition of this year peculiar to itself. It is larger and more thoroughly universal in character, and moreover it occurs at a time and in a city where all progressive tendencies are welcomed and unified as never before.

We cannot say that we regard the management of the Fair as perfectly ideal, but on the whole it is excellent, and by no means deserving of the unlimited censure bestowed upon it from some quarters. Extortion may here and there lift up its hydra-head, but it is not the case that visitors from abroad find themselves in the power of merciless adventurers as soon as they reach Chicago. It is a duty which all public speakers and journalists owe to fair dealing and public interest to deny the false reports so freely circulated against the proprietors of hotels, lodging-houses and restaurants; for while there are instances where extortion is practiced, imposture is not the rule, and no one need fear being unfairly dealt with in Chicago this summer, any more than at any popular resort which proves generally attractive in the vacation season.

The great lesson to be learned at the Fair is that of varied excellence. It exerts an enormous power for good to place on exhibition the finest products of all the States and all the nations; for nothing so successfully stimulates noble endeavor, and tends to fire the cooperative in place of the competitive spirit, as to gaze first on one and then on another really great achievement of some portion of the human race.

The Fair is a wonderful incentive to a new kind of missionary endeavor, needed often most of all in the very quarters where the loudest claims are made to proficiency in missionary effort. But what kind of missions are needed in this closing decade of the nineteenth century? Surely not those of the ignorant, antiquated type, which pronounce one form of religion entirely true and all others utterly false, or that extol one nation at the expense of all others. The missionary spirit that is worthy of civilization of a high grade does not essentially differ from the earliest phases of Christian endeavor peculiar to the apostolic age, but it is in flagrant opposition to that spurious zeal for sets of questions and dogmas which have inflamed the wrath of many honest but utterly mistaken men, who have wasted

their threats and appeals upon mild, inoffensive Orientals, who were in possession of knowledge greater than the boasted learning of the so-called evangelical emissary.

The Fair is introducing peoples to each other in the most friendly and attractive manner possible, showing how a higher civilization can be evolved by presenting the best elements in all to view, and concealing or saying nothing about inferior or unlovely features. Rev. Herbert Newton's saying, "everything should be judged at its best," gave offense at the time of its utterance to some types of bigots who seem to think the only reasonable way of dealing with systems is to flatter the one they have espoused and be intolerant of all others. Such a spirit did prevail in the sixteenth century, and it would support an Inquisition if possible; but it is intensely opposed to that fraternal kindness without which all true progress is arrested. The Fair must put down prejudice; for this very end it is ordained; and we are not speaking any too strongly or decisively when we pronounce it the most noteworthy and efficient instrument yet taken in hand by celestial powers to better the condition of the earth. Although it appears, from many standpoints, to be a very material enterprise, designed for amassing money and showing forth industrial wonders, though it has a strong physical side, it is a spiritual projection, whose moral worth as an educator is thoroughly incalculable.

We wish in this discourse to emphasize particularly the theme which, in our judgment, is the most important that can possibly engage the attention of teachers and reformers at any time, and that is the putting on exhibition of all that is truly best in human character and achievement. Dog shows, horse shows, flower shows, and all such exhibits, are useful because they present the best and highest development reached in the animal and vegetable kingdoms; and if we consider it desirable to sample animals, fruits, vegetables, etc., at their very best, showing only such specimens as are peculiarly fine, can we reasonably expect to do much for the further culture of the human race if we fail to act as generously by our fellow-beings as we act by flowers and beasts? The best is always an incentive to still greater effort, for although we may be ever so delighted with present attainments of a high order, the noblest lesson of all that they teach is that because we have come thus far we are capable of going immeasurably further.

The spirit of Lessing's remark is correct concerning the angel who held in his hands two gifts—in his right the knowledge of all truth, beyond which there could be nothing for mankind to aspire toward and eventually gain, and in his left the ability to arrive at truth gradually by unceasing effort. The wise man always takes the latter in preference to the former gift. "Who told thee thou wast naked?" and "they were naked, and not ashamed," are very suggestive passages from the ancient allegory of the rise and fall of man, when studied in the light of constant intellectual development. There has certainly been a fall out of original innocent simplicity. Mankind is also stumbling frequently on the upward path, even till to-day, and it does not yet appear that mistakes will henceforth be totally avoided; still the progress of the race at the present hour is so vast and so encouraging that we deem it treasonable to our best instincts, and an insult to all genuine achievement, to prophesy anything for the future save the bursting forth of brighter, broader light for all humanity.

No thoughtful visitor to the Fair who recognizes spiritual influence in human affairs in any degree, can find it difficult to believe that this immense and glorious Exposition is the embodiment of a high and holy inspiration; the conception and execution of the scheme are alike sublime.

Eight hundred years ago some little portion of North America was discovered by the intrepid voyager Leif Eriksen, with his adventurous crew; then, four hundred years ago, in the person of Christopher Columbus, islands off the south coast of these United States were discovered by the Spanish Government. There may be reason for celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus on the Watling Islands, and it may be only just to commemorate Ericson's discovery also; but the Spanish settlement scarcely gave birth to the Columbia of to-day. Not even the descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans, who landed much later in New England, could have alone developed into the wonderful inventive race which now, to the number of fully sixty-five millions, inhabits this broad land from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts; amalgamation of races was needed on a gigantic scale to evolve the American people of to-day, but this is a fact often sadly neglected in practice, even in halls of legislation, however much it may be sentimentally proclaimed by the Fourth of July orator and other temporary enthusiasts. Universal brotherhood is certainly professed, and nowhere more strongly than in the Declaration of Independence; but when such an infamy as the Geary Bill, and measures for expatriating negroes to Africa who have been an important factor in building up this country to the point where it now stands, are proposed in all seriousness in Congress, it is surely time to look well to the foundations of liberty and see what difference actually exists between the true American ideal, as embodied in America's greatest documents, and the proposals made by demagogues to remove the underpinnings from the temple of equity, reared by the forefathers whose praises are on every patriotic tongue.

The World's Fair is the most popular and efficient means that could be devised for bringing widely separated and often extremely discordant nations and parties together for the sole purpose of studying each other's greatness, which could only be successfully done by placing the exhibits of manifold countries side by side, and letting all speak for themselves. We must remember that not only inanimate objects, but men and women, are on exhibition, and the opportunity to see and converse with all these different peoples is in itself a liberal education.

All the fierce prejudice still raging between nations and parties is due to three causes: First, ignorance of the people and customs we blindly denounce; second, passing judgment upon entire classes of people and upon institutions as a whole when we have seen only a few of the worst specimens of the lowest elements in said races and institutions; third, unscrupulous denunciation of others by scheming demagogues who seek to exalt themselves by violating all treaties of peace and good-fellowship.

Comparatively few people, even in these days of rapid transit, travel extensively, and those who do travel are apt to rush hurriedly from point to point, giving themselves no time to carefully examine what they behold. Then,

again, for the most part popular travel is confined to well-beaten paths, chiefly to show-places, where there is usually a motley throng of sightseers, and where there is by no means a fair opportunity for getting thoroughly acquainted with the people of the districts in their home-life and at their best. The less widely-traveled a person is, the more certain is he to believe that "foreigners" very nearly resemble wild beasts, that they are dangerous and inhospitable and in no way animated by the tenderer, more refined instincts which territorial idolatry attributes exclusively to a small class in a narrow strip of country, shut out from the rest of the earth by divine, providential ordination. The self-conceit of untraveled communities is ludicrous and even blasphemous, for it extends so far into theology that it makes the Supreme Being the particular tutelary guardian of some small tribe or sect. This miserably small conception of the Almighty is not absent from some parts of the Bible, and it is, moreover, stoutly adhered to to day in many places where ignorance and accompanying bigotry abound.

The World's Fair cannot do other than greatly liberalize not only the multitude who pass through the gates of Jackson Park during this summer, but also the far larger multitude who depend upon newspapers for information regarding the wonderful doings within its enclosures. The American press, as a whole, is doing its duty nobly by praising whatever deserves praise, and pointing out defects in management with a view to their removal. All the great dailies, weeklies and monthlies throughout this and other lands are devoting a large portion of their columns regularly to descriptions of the exhibits, and reports of the transactions of Congresses and conventions held under the auspices of the managers of the Exposition, all of which tends to the broadening of culture, and the better feeling of humanity to itself as a whole wherever the circulation of the widely-reaching newspaper extends.

The Parliament of Religions, announced for September, is, in a large measure, the work of an earnest and enterprising Congregational minister who represents the progressive party in his denomination. An article from his pen in a recent issue of the *Review of Reviews*, breathes the spirit of Beecher, Brooks, and all the foremost divines in the ranks of conservative-liberal Theology, and we have not introduced this somewhat unfamiliar compound adjective thoughtlessly, but, having used it let us explain it. Conservatism, when united to Liberalism, stands for radical vs. rabid reform, two things that are often confounded. Radical, from *radix* (a root), is not in any sense opposed to liberal conservatism, because no progress can be made by tearing down and casting aside the accumulated treasures of the ages. The wisely conservative spirit preserves whatever is worth preserving, and the liberal spirit, which is its rightful companion, extends hospitality welcome to all that is useful in new discoveries, and sound in new positions. Radicalism should never be confounded with iconoclasm. Max Müller's admirable scholarly Gifford lectures are radical; so were the Hibbert lectures, which preceded them. They are intensely radical, because their aim is to probe to the roots of customs and languages, tracing effects back to even remote causes. Iconoclasm is represented by the destructive loud-mouthed denunciation leveled at all antiquities by people who undertake to unsparingly condemn what they do not even try to understand.

We are no more in sympathy with one kind of bibliolatry than another; therefore we would vindicate Dr. Briggs in his warfare against his unreasonable persecutors. But the veneration which has long been shown by all nations to something they have prized as sacred literature should be kindly and intelligently dealt with, with a view if possible to the compilation of a satisfactory collection of excerpts from all the great Bibles of the world, which should stand as a memorial of the Columbian Exposition of 1893. Such a volume could, without difficulty, be compiled by requesting Jews, Christians, Buddhists, Brahmans, Parsees, Confucians, Mohammedans, and all others who regard certain volumes as specially sacred, to select a few chapters each from what they individually consider the most vital and necessary part of their Scriptures, i. e., the portion containing the foundations of their faith. If words are taken literally from the best, most instructive and most readily comprehended portions of the Old and New Testaments, the Vedas, Puranas, Zend-Avesta, Koran, etc., such a Bible would be a far better book to put into the public schools than the entire Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, which contain, as everybody knows, a vast amount of matter quite unsuitable for the eyes and ears of children, for whom it was never intended. Then it would be very edifying to read the different accounts of an ancient paradise, and man's expulsion therefrom, the different versions of the deluge, legends, and many other singular Bible tales which are common to nearly every collection of venerated Scriptures on the face of the earth.

Strictly "orthodox" people of any cult, who wish to prove the primacy or supremacy of their own favorite documents, might not receive such a suggestion at all kindly, but very little opposition need be feared, if this measure is pushed, from the really wide-awake and helpful ministers of any creed. People to-day want to understand each other, and they go to the Fair to get better acquainted. Let such a book as we propose be put into general circulation as soon as possible, as one of the most important and enduring souvenirs of the greatest exposition the world has yet seen.

The Sunday-closing party will find itself miserably defeated in its every attempt to shut the gates upon the multitude, not simply one day out of seven, but on the only day, with the exception of rare public holidays, when the masses of working people are able to spare the time to visit the Exposition. The infamy of Sunday closing is aggravated by the fact that not only is such a gross endeavor to enforce a rigid, puritanical regard for the first day of the week utterly opposed to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, but by the added fact that Jackson Park was opened to the public as a delightful promenade on the lake-front long before the Fair was inaugurated. The maneuvering of the Sunday-closers in an attempt to enforce a decrepit phase of Christianity should be stoutly resisted by every lover of freedom and equity; and it seems almost incredible, that some lawyers who profess to entertain liberal ideas themselves should be led into the belief that the majority of refined, intelligent, well-to-do American citizens are in favor of Sunday closing, when the facts are that more than fifty per cent. of the enlightened Christian clergy are advocates of Sunday opening, and a still larger percentage of the laity take the same position. The out-

come of to-day is not found among the rigidly orthodox. There may be money accompanied by ignorance, and there may even be slavery and plenty where ignorance abounds, but the enlightened sentiment of the hour is in favor of an open Fair every day in the week. It would be better to close any other day than Sunday if it must be occasionally barred against the people, for Sunday is the day of all others when the most objectionable places will do their most thriving trade, if the tide of humanity seeking honorable and ennobling enjoyment is thrust away from the very place where men and women can learn lessons which must be of the greatest value in shaping character for the time to come.

The old Hebrew Sabbath was a day of rest and joy, of release from toil for man and beast, although there grew up around what was at first a most benevolent institution many oppressive laws and cumbersome ceremonies. The Evangelists declare that Jesus protested most vigorously against the rigid Sabbatarians of his time, and they, in their turn, persecuted him for disagreeing with them in the crudest manner possible. The old Puritan Sabbath was a day of gloom and horror, especially to children. Any attempt to revive anything so infernal is a disgrace to religion and common-sense alike. Religion is maligned and its teachings perverted by its professed friends far more than by its open foes. The harshest utterances of Ingersoll are fully justified when they are leveled against the abortion which Calvinism substitutes for religion; but even Calvin was not a stickler for a rigid Sabbath law, which was quite out of harmony with the doctrines of Luther and all the sixteenth century reformers, and was, moreover, never enforced by the Church of Rome, which had been, in the Middle Ages, far too lax in its Sabbath discipline; for a well-kept Sabbath is a boon to mind and body alike, as it affords needed periodic recreation for brain-workers and hand-workers equally when its observance is rational.

Eight hours are enough for a working day, and six days are sufficient for a working week; therefore arrangements ought to be made everywhere to prevent the overworking of employes, no matter in what line of effort they may be engaged. There are not only a large number of Jews, but there are Seventh-Day Baptists and Adventists who would like very much to rest on Saturday and work Sunday; there being nothing whatever in any clause in the Constitution to prevent them from so doing, it would not be very difficult to so adjust the hours and days of work among employes of differing faiths that a most amicable agreement could be kept at the Fair, and in many other places, securing to all the religious and other freedom that they specially desire and are lawfully entitled to.

Religion must live, but bigotry and oppression must die; and in the survival of religion after bigotry is dead we shall find one religion, not a number of different beliefs pertaining to the new era; but this sole religion of the future, though a unit in essence, may be largely diversified in outward form. "Religion is one, but its parts are many," is a true saying.

All that the devout Mussulman asks is that the faith of Islam may be fairly compared with the other systems of the world; the Mohammedan asks leave, it is true, to pray five times a day, and practice such ablutions as he considers desirable at prayer-time, but he does not seek to make proselytes, only to soften, if possible, and allay such prejudice as speaks of a subject of the Ottoman Empire as the "unspeakable Turk," when these awful creatures, who are execrated by Christians, are among themselves far more honest in business dealings than their Gentile neighbors who affect such immense superiority.

The peaceful Buddhists, who hate warfare, are not anxious to enter into controversy with Christians with a view to proselytism; but they do wish it to be understood that the ethics of Buddhism and of the gospels are identical.

The Parsees wish it to be known that they are not idolatrous fire-worshippers, but that they do symbolize Deity by the glorious sun, which they regard as the most perfect and befitting emblem of Divine Majesty.

The Chinaman does not seek to make converts to Confucianism, or to the mysticism of Lao-tse; but he does protest, and most justly, against the lies which are told of him, invented by ignorant and vicious persons who are jealous of his success in the laundry business and other industries. There is a Chinatown in San Francisco which ought to be abolished; opium dens ought to be repressed and the opium trade discontinued; but to discriminate against a man because he is a Mongolian, is just as diabolical as to discriminate against a negro or a redskin, or to ordain persecution of a race because some of its members are unworthy creatures. If Chinamen are not allowed in America, Americans cannot be permitted in China; one act of expulsion is no worse than another. If America strikes first, China can retaliate, and with what result? Surely the setting back of commerce and the indefinite postponement of the time, which appears to some of us so near, when all nations will dwell together in delightful amity.

We hesitate not to predict that all proposed bad measures will not be enacted, that unjust laws will not be passed, or if passed, that they will speedily be repealed, for we have unbounded confidence in the goodness of the people's hearts, however far hot heads may sometimes wander from the righteous track. We predict for the World's Fair a career of unexampled usefulness. Obstacles it may have to contend with, but these will all be swept aside, and before its gates finally close the world will have learned, through its benign, uplifting influence, a lesson in universal brotherhood never previously taught on so widely extended a scale. The spiritual inspiration of which the Fair is an embodiment, is from spheres of universal love and impartial equity, and though in many senses it is a material and financial enterprise, the great Columbian Exposition is, above all, the embodiment of a grand spiritual purpose which, through its marvelous instrumentality, will be effectually carried out.

DO PLANTS HAVE BRAINS?—Only recently has the idea found acceptance that plants possess intelligence. The natural philosopher, being unable to account otherwise for many wonderful phenomena in the vegetable world, has yielded to the conviction that trees, shrubs and even grasses, have brains, or something to correspond to them. Their brains are in their roots, which seek for water with such unerring instinct, and do many other things equally indicative of what may be fairly termed thought. If so much be granted, is not the operation of intelligence equally evident in the elaborate functions performed by the little germ cell whose story has been told? How wonderful it is to consider that perhaps even so minute and insignificant a thing as a grain of pollen possesses sense!

Free Thought.

AN OPEN LETTER

To an Interrogated Clergyman, Involving a Bird's-Eye View of the Dawning Day.

BY JACOB EDSON.

Read at the People's Meeting, Ladies-Aid Parlors, No. 1037 Washington Street, Boston, Sunday, May 28th, 1893.



EV. SIR:

Some time since you published and sent circulars to workingmen and labor organizations, asking them if they were Christians, and if not, why not?

From our standpoint, true religion is a personal matter, a thing of education. It may not be told or taught. It must be experienced—unfolded from within. It involves and evolves belief, faith, hope and trust in the spiritual origin and destiny of the human race. We workingmen, in common with all mankind, believe as we are obliged to. There is no choice in the matter; the finite mind is, as it were, a balance: it tips the way the evidence predominates. A religion or scheme of salvation to be believed must appear to the believer to be reasonable, and in harmony with what he knows. It is from our belief, what we believe in our hearts, our affectional nature, rather than from what we know in our heads, our intellectual nature, that inspiration to be, to know and to do flows. Knowledge is power to reason, arrange, classify, accept and control the affairs and conditions of life. It renders the enlightened, thoughtful, reasoning man in touch with the soul of the Universe—a spiritual light-house, or human center, around which circumstances, states and conditions are made to move for the good of all mankind.

You ask: Are we Christians? If not, why not? That depends upon what you understand Christianity to be. If by Christianity you mean the commonly accepted dogmas and practices of so-called Orthodox Christianity, its professed belief in total depravity, vicarious atonement, imputed righteousness, and eternal torment for all that cannot believe as they, the self-styled saints, do, we are not Christians, and don't want to be, because their doctrines are not true or helpful. They do not to us appear reasonable, or to harmonize with what we know and hope to be. But if by Christianity you mean a belief in that true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world—that all men are thus enlightened in proportion to their unfolding capacity, and must eventually so open up the living Christ in the soul as to demonstrate the sonship of God in the sons of men, then we are Christians, or want to be. Such a belief is uplifting, helpful and worthy of a perfect cause.

The worn statement that reason is carnal, and not to be relied upon in religious or spiritual matters, may have been in some sense true, and perhaps still is to the unenlightened Christians of Christendom; but we mechanics and laboring men know better. While we have been hewing wood and carrying water, we have been thinking, and have learned by experience and observation that it is the plane of life, the condition of the soul, the motives and purposes for which reason is used, that unfolds its good and use, or degrades the unreasoning bigot below the level of the brute.

It is the undue selfish greed of the animal man, his superficial religion, pomposity and inhuman treatment, that characterizes the life and practice of the great majority of Christians. In their dealings with us, the producing class, it is their competitive system in commerce and trade that constitutes the first and most prominent reason why we are not Christians and do not want to be.

We would not unnecessarily condemn the mother that bore us or the literal church that gave us birth, but we were born blind, and have had our eyes opened, and have seen men as trees walking, thoughtless and unreliable, seemingly incapable, because of their theology, to think, reason, see, hear, comprehend and know what the spirit of truth would say if they, the literal believers, could be guided by it into all truth.

There are so many conflicting statements, creeds and dogmas regarding the way, the truth and the life, believed in and taught by these Ishmaelitic Christians, whose hands are against every man's hand that does not believe as they do, that we should, if we did not know they were all comparatively wrong, become confounded. Consequently, many very worthy, industrious, honest, thinking men, that despise hypocrisy and the pious cant of literal saints who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," have come to the deliberate conclusion to have nothing to do with the so-called Christianity of the visible church.

From our standpoint finite perfection is a thing of degree in a scale of development; as we cannot divide the year into days, or bring all the tones of a seven octave pianoforte into exact attunement without a residue left unused, so we cannot unfold the human soul in exact harmony with the infinite without something remaining unattained. This unattained something constitutes our ideal life, what we would like to be and do, like trying to reach "point no point" on the Potomac: when we almost get there we find it further up the river, or, like our first cause, the infinite fluidity from which we sprang but can never reach; as no river flows higher than its source or fountain, and as we, the flow, are personal, our Father, Mother God may be more than personal—cannot be less.

It is difficult if not impossible, with our present selfish competitive system in trade and commerce, to be just, generous or kind in business and not to go to the wall. There are accumulating difficulties to be adjusted between capital and labor, politics and religion, Church and State, which, like the unused residue produced in attempting to tune the seven octave pianoforte in perfect accord, makes all the trouble. It seems to the sensitive soul as though Beelzebub had broken loose or selfishness gone to seed; consequently we do not attempt to bring our instruments into perfect attunement, but divide the surplus and obtain the desired differences in harmony all along the line, which, as the Nationalists propose to do, gets and gives melodious music—the soul of song in the psalm of life.

A musical once made an organ that could be brought into absolute attunement, as he thought, perfect harmony, but it was a failure. It lacked vitality, was tame and insignificant in tone and quality. All honest beliefs or religions that have obtained on earth have each contributed their something for the good of the world. The good, better and best bespeak and unfold the perfect. These individual differ-

ences, when brought into a perfectly attuned atonement, naturally yield the music of the spheres, but absolute perfection is not to be attained by finite beings here on earth. There is a sense in which "whatever is, is right," as means to ends. The sale of Joseph into Egypt, nefarious as it was on the part of his brethren, was so overruled by an Infinite Providence as to constitute it the best bargain the Jewish nation ever made.

There is also a sense in which whatever is, is wrong. It is the unattained residue, when we have done our very best. Hence progress, from the lowest conceivable point upward. Our external nature is based in the muds of animalism, but, like the pond-lily in the lake, we may take root here on earth, and coming up through the humane and spiritual departments of our nature, eventually approach the divine, and leaning lovingly on the bosom that sustains us, gradually open up the blossoms of perfection. Thus shall we reflect the sunshine and diffuse the aroma of the perfect cause.

Genuine goodness, honest liberality, is its own reward. The compensation is not so much for as it is in the doing; it opens up and demonstrates the fact and the how God in man loves and ennobles the cheerful giver.

We have faith to believe that professors of Christianity, the most progressed and thoughtful of them, will shortly shed their creeds, their incrustations, as lobsters shed their shells, and grow larger, broader, deeper and higher, gradually becoming more catholic than Catholicism, more protestant than Protestantism, and eventually stand forth freed from all isms in the white light of eternal truth, reflecting its substance, the love, justice and mercy of the living God in which we live, move and have our being. This belief in the unknowable is in harmony with what we know. The processes of nature bespeak an infinite omnipresent personage or principle that is perfect in every conceivable attribute, whose providence through law creates and controls all things. Scientists tell us that protoplasm is a peculiar kind and condition of matter, in which we first observe life or manifestation of spirit. We are told that all life is cell-life; created, controlled and organized by law, which we define as the will of God in accordance with nature, God's mode of operating in creating, organizing and unfolding these cells, combining and controlling them so as to produce and bring forth the coming man, the human form divine, in which spirit—universal intelligence—is now unfolding and revealing itself.

It is in this sense, as means to ends, that whatever is, is right, but from the opposite standpoint, as we have an ideal not attained, everything that is, is wrong; hence progress. It is our privilege to pray, preach and practice as best we know; to work and worship, seek and knock, that the door of the better department of our nature may be opened up into eternal life.

Enlightened love is the savior of the world. Exact science is the word of God, verified and unalterable. The masters that teach it are the servants of God and good men. His arm is not shortened that he cannot save by and through the execution of law; but law limits his infinite capacity to give, to bestow, to save, to our finite capacity to receive, to cooperate and utilize. True religion is the helping hand, fellow worker, spiritual companion, and should cooperate with science, good men and angels in love, will and wisdom for enlightenment, to the glory of God and the good of man. We speak for ourselves and all that think as we do; and would say in conclusion that we are not Christians in the common acceptance of that term, and do not propose to join the orthodox Christian church until it has shed its theological shells as to begin to grow Christ-like and divine, willing to be ministered unto by angels, spirits of just men made perfect, but shall continue to skim as best we can the cream from off the milk of human kindness, objectify and materialize it in Nationalism, trusting that its effect in the heart and conscience of the common people called sinners will serve as oil when the cry is made, "The bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

June Magazines.

MAGAZINE OF ART.—The frontispiece, called "A Royal Bird," is a photograph from the original of Andrew C. Gow, and accompanies an account of Mr. W. Y. Baker's collection of paintings. An article on the "Royal Academy Exhibition" is illustrated with numerous studies of Sir Frederic Leighton's picture "Rizpah," and is followed by Mr. Frederick Wedmore's paper on "British Etching," which is fully illustrated. Mr. Swinburne's "Carol" precedes "The Art of Khmer Art," by Prof. Flinders Petrie. Mary E. Bowles's description of "Wilhelm Hasemann's Home in the Black Forest" is charming, and her article is profusely illustrated by that painter. Mr. Spielman's third paper on "The National Gallery of British Art, and Mr. Tate's Collection," is exceedingly interesting, as is also the "Illustrated Notebook." The illustrations throughout are admirable, and two beautiful full page engravings add to the general attractiveness. 104 and 106 4th Avenue, New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

ST. NICHOLAS.—An attractive frontispiece, entitled "Easter Egg Rolling on the Grounds of the White House, Washington," greets the eye as one opens the current number of this popular magazine. It accompanies Mrs. Burnett's charming description of the national capital, which she calls "The City of Groves and Bowers." "The City of Washington," by Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, is adapted more especially to older readers, and is fully illustrated. Boys will find Mr. Davidson's sketch of the "Pewee," Uncle Sam's dynamite cruiser, intensely interesting, as it describes with much clearness what all boys delight to learn about—a modern war-vessel. "The Beaver's Home," by Tappan Adey, is a sketch, excellently written, and fully illustrated, of the habits and homes of that industrious animal, now almost extinct. Other long articles are a story entitled, "The Apple of Arabia's Eye," and "Frank Pinkham, Reporter," by John Z. Rogers. The entire contents are of great variety and excellence. Union Square, New York: The Century Co.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE opens with an interesting paper by Francis E. Abbot, dealing with the men and times of "The Boston Tea Party." It is fully illustrated with reproductions of old and scarce engravings of the period. The first installment of the autobiography of Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber ("Mrs. Farrington") is given under the title of "Experiences During Many Years." Prof. Julius E. Olson, of the University of Wisconsin, describes the growth of national individualism in his able and judicious paper, "Norway's Struggle for Political Liberty." Most useful information for lovers of the fly and rod is contained in Charles Frederick Danforth's article on "Trout Fishing in New England." Among other interesting contributions are the history of "The Old Meeting House in Hingham, Mass.," the first church organized in America; "Personal Recollections of the Poet Whitier," by Charlotte Foster Grimes; poems, short stories and a continuation of Mrs. Helen Campbell's serial, "John Ballantyne, American." Boston: 231 Columbus Avenue.

Careful Preparation

Is essential to purity of foods. It is wisdom and economy to select those that are pure. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is prepared with the greatest care, and infants are assured the best. Grocers and Druggists.

For the Banner of Light.

CALIFORNIA ROSES.

BY KATH R. STILES.

The roses! oh, the roses,
A-blooming everywhere,
A-filling with their fragrance
The balmy, springtime air.
Whichever way I wander,
Or turn my pilgrim feet,
The roses, roses, roses,
My wondering senses greet.

The roses! oh, the roses!
A wilderness of bloom!
They press against each other,
As if for lack of room.
They clamber o'er the fences,
They trail upon the ground—
Sure such a wealth of roses
In no other land is found.

The roses! oh, the roses!
How bewildering their hues,
So 'wondering I know not,
When among them, which to choose.
Each wears its robe of glory
With such transcendent grace,
I could not tell, if questioned,
Which holds the warmest place.

The roses! oh, the roses!
The peerless Marchal Nell;
The Jacqueminot's dark splendor,
Which doth to all appeal;
The regal, royal Dutchess,
With blush like maiden's cheek,
When lips of ardent lover
Do love's sweet message speak.

The roses! oh, the roses!
Far more than can be told:
The famed Clematis,
Best known as Cloth of Gold!
The Meteor! the Sunset!
The Rainbow! Solitaire,
The Eglantine, Sweet Brier,
Beloved everywhere.

The roses! oh, the roses!
Yet none may dare compete
With the matchless Bon Silence
And the Queen, so pure and sweet;
Both dressed in robes of whiteness,
Such as the angels wear,
They seem to breathe a message
Down from celestial air!

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from White-Smith Music Publishing Co., Boston, the following: *Instrumental*—"Marche Excelsior," piano, Reginald de Koven; "The Zephyr-Dance" (Caprice), Theo. Bendix; "Song of the Nightingale" (Carl Zeller); "Marguerite" (C. A. White); "Santa Lucia" (Spanish Dance); "Love's Old Sweet Song" (Molloy); "I's Gwine Back to Dixie" (C. A. White); "Juanita" (Norton); "Little Maggie Magee" (Bragdon)—all arranged for two mandolins and guitar by George Barker; "Star and Crown" (Grand Galop de Concert, four hands, piano), Alfred W. Street; "Star of the South" (Mandel), Theodore Mosling; "Marguerite" (White), and "Prettiest of All," Schottische (Klein), arranged for mandolin and guitar by Geo. W. Persley; "Daisy Clog Hornpipe" (two banjos), George C. Dobson; "Brook Dance" (piano), J. B. Thurston; "Wood O'er Blue Waves" (tenor), J. P. MacSweeney, music, Watty Hayes; "Rich and Poor" (motto song), Norton Atkins, Felix McGlenon; "I've Heard from the Man in the Moon" (topical song), Frank N. Scott, D. L. White; "Midsummer Night" (tenor serenade), Edward Fuller, G. J. Coucho; "Life's Merry Morning" (duet—soprano and alto), Eben H. Bailey; "Leonore" (Romanza), W. H. Putnam, Eben H. Bailey; "If I This Rose May Wear," E. H. Bailey; "Light at Evening" (Mascagné), arr. Paola La Villa; "Salve Regina," and "Alma Redemptoris" (quartette or chorus), and "Ave Maria" (solo, soprano or tenor), all by C. C. Stearns; "Te Deum Laudamus," and "Venite Exultemus Domino" (quartette or chorus), both by Thomas Bellier; "Ave Maria" (sacred song, contralto or baritone), John Wiegand.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Joseph Langdon Morse, late of Windsor, Vt., at the advanced age of 87 years.
Mr. Morse had been a regular subscriber for the BANNER OF LIGHT since its very first issue; and was a true believer in Spiritualism from its foundation in his own language: "Spiritualism set me right, and has saved me from all uncertainty regarding a future life."
As his daughter, by marriage, carried out a dear father's last request—to inform the editors of THE BANNER OF LIGHT, and to express for him his unwavering faith, which he maintained to the end, in the truth of Spiritualism, Mr. Morse possessed many qualities that make character lovely and beautifully lived his creed "with malice toward none and charity for all."
ELECTA WENDLER MORSE.
Windsor, Vt., May 27th, 1893.

From Lawrence, Kan., May 24th, Harry Hudson, son of H. H. Flint, of Worcester, Mass., aged 19 years 4 months and 12 days.

Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published at a special rate. When exceeding that number, twenty cents per line additional time will be charged. Testimonials on average one line each. No poetry admitted under the above heading.

COLUMBUS

Discovered a New World where, to-day, in millions of homes, his name is honored. The

Massachusetts BENEFIT LIFE ASSOCIATION

Has discovered a way to put comfort and luxury in these homes at 60 percent. of the usual cost.

The Largest and Strongest Natural-Premium Insurance Co. of New England.

35,000 MEMBERS.
\$105,000,000 INSURANCE in force.
\$100,000 CASH SURPLUS.
\$7,000,000 PAID IN DEATH LOSSES.

THE NEW POLICY of the Massachusetts Benefit Association has no superior. It gives Cash Surrender Value, Paid-Up Insurance, and other desirable options.

Splendid Openings for Energetic Men to Act as Special, General and State Agents.

GEO. A. LITCHFIELD, Pres., 53 State St., Boston.

Price Reduced from \$1.25 to \$1.00.

OUTSIDE THE GATES:

AND OTHER TALES AND SKETCHES.

By a Band of Spirit-Intelligences, through the Mediumship of MISS M. T. SHELLHARTER.

This volume consists of two parts: the first, containing a series of articles by Spirit-Intelligences, entitled "Thoughts from a Spirit's Standpoint," on subjects of deep importance, which all thinking minds would do well to read and reflect upon. Also, the personal history of a spirit, entitled "Outside the Gates," in which the narrator graphically depicts her progress in spirit-life from a state of unimpaired outside the earthly body, to the "Sunrise Land," and the development on the way stories of individual lives and experiences as well as descriptions of the conditions and abodes of the spirit world. This portion of the volume concludes with a personal narrative of "What I Found in Spirit-Life" by Spirit-Sis—pure and simple relation of the life upon the "Sunrise Land," and the "Sunrise Land," and the development on the way stories of individual lives and experiences as well as descriptions of the conditions and abodes of the spirit world. 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Final Arrangements for the Sale of Tickets
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For the benefit of those desiring to attend the World's Fair the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell 100,000 tickets to Chicago and return, at all stations on its line at low rates. Tickets will be on sale until November 1st, and will be valid for return journey until November 15th, and will be sold at the rate of \$1.00 for 20 cents, below regular rates. These tickets will be sold only for continuous journey. Tickets at higher rates will be sold that will permit holders to stop over at New York, Washington, or any other point, going and returning.

Besides the opportunity of visiting Washington, the privilege afforded by no other route, tourists via the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will traverse the historic route of the Pilgrims, and will be able to visit all the States. At Cumberland they will be offered a choice of routes, via Pittsburgh, or across the Allegheney mountains, 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and through the most beautiful scenery in the world. The route via the Shenandoah Valley is the most picturesque in America. Pullman accommodations may be reserved in advance of journey. For rates and information apply to nearest B. & O. ticket agent, or Chas. O. South, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

