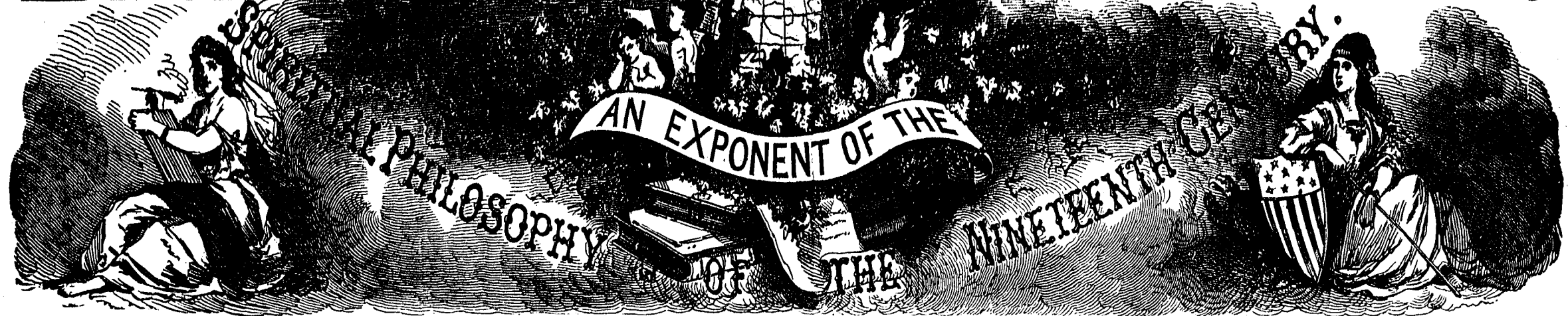


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NO. 8

## RECOMPENSE.

The earth gives us treasure fourfold for all that we give to its bosom;  
The care we bestow on the plant comes back in the bud and the blossom.  
The sun draws the sea to the sky—oh, stillest and strongest of powers!—  
And returns to the hills and the meadows the gladness of beautiful showers.  
The mother regains her lost youth in the beauty and youth of her daughters;  
We are fed after many long years by the bread that we cast on the waters.  
Never a joy do we give but we for that joy are the gladder;  
Never a heart do we grieve but we for the grieving are sadder.  
Never a slander so vile as the lips of the willing rehearser,  
And curses, though long, loud and deep, come home to abide with the curser.  
He who doth give of his best of that best is the certainest user,  
And he who withholds finds himself of his gaining the pitiful loser.  
The flowers that are strewn for the dead bloom first in the heart of the living,  
And this is the truest of truths—that the best of a gift is the giving.

—Carlotta Perry.

## The Coming Reign of Universal Peace.

Report of W. J. Colville's Lecture Delivered in Casino Hall, Thirteenth Street and Girard Avenue, Philadelphia.

Though but very recently a war was in progress between the United States and Spain, to-day the word *peace* has a deeper significance for the whole world than ever previously. A war has lasted one hundred days, and it is claimed by optimistic observers who reflect upon its outcome that it has been instrumental in advancing the cause of civilization in some parts of the world to the extent that it might not otherwise have advanced within the space of one hundred years.

Through war to peace is a strange motto, but it is evidently nature's, for through the lapse of ages too long to estimate the mysterious plan of the world, has been evolved out of chaos into cosmos, out of strife and unrest into harmonious order, the whole visible existence, and no less certain is it that on the inner side of life human nature has been subject to similar evolution.

"His name shall be called the Prince of Peace." In these words an ancient prophet has embodied the hope, not only of the nation but of all peoples; for, despite the clashing of steel and the fluttering of warfare's banners, the underlying hope of the entire human family has ever been that peace shall some day be the condition of the whole earth. What do we mean by peace? Is a tremendously vital question. Peace is not armed neutrality or unarmed indifference. Peace is not definable in terms of denial, but expressible only in words of most positive affirmation. Strange though it sounds in many ears, a sentence attributed to the great ethical teacher around whose name center the adoration of Christendom, expresses seemingly the opposite of a pacific temper: "I am not come to bring peace, but a sword." Flippant or superficial readers, who look below the surface of nothing, are always found in plenty to declare that in such words a peaceless animus is clearly revealed, and, no matter who dictated them, they are irreconcilable with the spirit of universal good-will so widely attributed to the Prophet of Galilee. Deeper insight enables the student to take quite another view of so seemingly ferocious an utterance, as the reader between the lines detects the note of prediction, not the note of desire, in such a declaration. Only the wilfully or stupidly blind have their eyes closed against the inevitable fact, that warfare often grows out of a proclamation of truth, which agitates error to its very foundations, and necessitates a conflict out of which larger liberty and fuller measures of righteousness will assuredly spring.

No ethical worker wishes to arouse antagonism or to fan the flame of belligerence, but all who have much experience with the popular attitude toward any phase of radical reform know that the pioneers in any decisive movement for righteousness are not promoters of peaceful relations between men and men immediately. There is rugged eloquence in the cry, "We will have peace even though we have to fight for it," and this is evidently the birth-song of every great new undertaking, the aim of which is peace eventually.

Why should the lover of peace justify much less promote warfare? Is another of the great questions confronting whoever finds himself unwittingly an agitator. At this time when the Czar of Russia is professedly working for the disarming of Europe, it does seem as though the time and spirit were on the side of a very different policy than that of old, but we cannot, even though lovers of peace, if we respect conscience, subscribe to peace at any price. Peace with honor or a prolonged conflict is the sentiment of every upright human being. There was no desire for war manifested by Phillips or by Garrison or by any of the great abolitionary heroes of forty years ago, when their insistent cry for the emancipation of four million negro slaves rang through the United States and echoed over the whole world. Abraham Lincoln was no lover of strife, but he reluctantly consented to the only visible or comprehensible means of settling a tremendous difficulty when the hour of the awful crisis in the nation's history arrived. Very reluctantly

indeed did the best thinkers in America last spring allow themselves to submit mentally to what seemed the inevitable, and declare war for the sake of Cuban liberty permissible, and all through the hot summer days—which have been rendered almost unbearable to many sensitive spirits in consequence of the perpetual news of warfare which has everywhere filled the air—many earnest devoted bands of mystical philosophers have concentrated their mental energy upon the goal of peace and some believe thereby shortened the war.

The deeper problems of occultism are entirely beyond the average student of current events, and it would be too much to say how far it is probable that occult agencies have shortened the recent conflict; enough is vouched for when we express our dauntless faith in the certain efficacy, in the long if not in the short run, of all earnest, faithful endeavors to promote peaceful relations between men and nations. All who advocate warfare and declare its reign unending, must be engaged in a perpetual backward-gazing mental movement; and as they perpetually sing the praises of heroes bloodstained on the field of battle, they would be simply consistent were they to indulge in a form of animal worship which defies the most savage of the *carnivora*. In the temple dedicated by the pugilist, the sacred forms of rhinoceros, hippopotamus and elephants would be far more in place than the statues of pacific maiden saints, because those animals certainly possess good fighting implements, and, when pressed to use them, are not usually found reluctant. Could the skeletons of mammoth, mastodon or other extinct monster from primeval forest be unearthed and rehabilitated, the effect would be still more painfully suggestive, and in a crude sense intensely illustrative, of the first Napoleon's often-quoted adage, "Heaven is on the side of the heaviest artillery."

But is the hero of St. Helena, dying in wretched exile, a miserable, disappointed victim of his own immense personal ambition, a model of success or triumphant achievement? Like the Baal worshippers in Elijah's age, these adorers of brute force have trusted in false gods and confided in idols which have no power to save. When, as in the case of Napoleon, intellect directs mechanical force, and brute energy is governed by a powerful mind and will, warfare becomes deadlier, but defeat is certain at the last.

"We be to him by whom the offence cometh" is a true commentary on the warlike situation everywhere. "Blessed are the peacemakers" is a sublime beatitude, and the only one which fits the subject we are now treating in all particulars. Peace is not historic, but prophetic; not a relic of the halcyon days of old, but a glorious vision of a better time to come; therefore we cannot keep peace where it has not yet arrived, nor can we refrain from breaking it where it has not yet been established.

Though the earliest effects of truth-telling may be to arouse opposition on the part of those who have vested interests at stake in error, it is not very long before the subtle, all-pervasive influence of constantly reiterated truth—especially if truth be spoken always in love—breaks down the barriers which falsehood has erected as ice melts through the constant action of midsummer sun. Large mountains of ice may be floating out to sea in sight of the many vessels which cross the Atlantic during the summer season, and these we know have been loosened and are dissolving through the sheer force of solar might. In like manner does sound philosophy assure us that icebergs of coldness, indifference and wrong can be melted only through the agency of the heat of divine human loving kindness.

In ancient days, when all people who spoke another language were considered enemies, the modern claim for universal brotherhood could scarcely have been made, yet we find the tenets of universal Theosophy expressed by every truly great prophet, no matter when or where that prophet lived and worked. The prophets were unlike the priests, who regarded religious ceremonies as of the first importance; unlike also to those philosophers who examined into cause and effect and carefully scrutinized the sources of natural phenomena, but failed to do more than account for what they beheld in a learned and logical manner. Prophets have ever been philanthropists as well as anthropologists, lovers as well as students of human nature, and because of their exercise of that affection which penetrates every disguise and sees the holiest inmost of every individual, these mighty seers of the ages have been able to predict with unfailing accuracy the approaching advent of an era of universal peace.

Progress must be gradual; results cannot be instantly reached, and as the vision of the prophet is not bounded by narrow time-vistas, cycles seem but as years, to the one whose inner eyes are opened; therefore without measuring the distance between the present vantage ground and the place of ultimate attainment, he who foretells the future, foretells it without chronology.

Though we have not been much accustomed to look to Russia for enlightened precedent, we must not visit the sins of departed rulers upon the present Czar, for despite all the cruelties and iniquities attendant upon the reign of his predecessor, this young man may be truly a lover of peace. We should lend willing ears to his pacific recommendations, though of course we have to insist that the Russian bear must set an example of claw-cutting before the other animals in the international Zoo can be expected to remove their talons.

Seriously, the gradual disarming of Europe

will be an immense gain to civilization. Standing armies are always a menace as well as a protection, for the evils they engender more than compensate for the sense of security they yield, if they really do yield safety, which is doubtful. Tolstoi, though a decided extremist, who writes much that is extravagant, says a great deal concerning the Russian army and its deleterious effects upon the people at large, which applies with equal force to Germany and many other countries, while as for France, her idolized army is the bitterest scourge, as she is now beginning to discover, chiefly through the revelations forced by the shameless injustice meted out to Dreyfus. England glories in her redcoats, and many of the military companies present a most imposing appearance in their splendid uniforms; but what mother of a handsome boy can say that she inwardly rejoices when he enlists and devotes himself to the cruel trade of human butcher, even though glory does crown the victorious hero on the tented field?

We are not presuming to say that war has never been justifiable, or that "a righteous war" is necessarily a misnomer. Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines would be far better off under American protectorship than under Spain, and if war be at any time the only way whereby human freedom can be realized of course it is justifiable, but how sadly discordant is the cry for vengeance which always blends with the demand for liberty and right. Warfare is clearly brutal, and, do our best, we can but apologize for it, and in the midst of our apology pray that its days may be quickly numbered. Why do we rejoice at the end of a war? Why are we ever ready to celebrate a peace jubilee? Is it not surely because every human interest thrives best when peace is on the throne? Agriculture is at a standstill in war times; the commercial interests of the world are imperilled, and, most of all, the basest passions are rampant everywhere. Does war induce morality? Does strife promote learning? Does the occupation of the soldier suggest stable progress in those arts which make for the truest culture? Nay, a thousand times nay, must be the answer to these and all similar questions. Why then build arsenals and forts, why then support standing armies, why then urge the enlargement of a navy? The only answer given by thoughtful people is that military preparations are often the most effectual means for staving off actual warfare, as it is also declared that the extreme deadliness of modern warfare is one of the strongest claims against the perpetuation of hostilities.

But our lesson is from the prophets rather than from historians, therefore we must seek to know that our seers have anticipated reaching the goal they have foreseen. Here comes in the certain supremacy of a sound metaphysical philosophy, a philosophy which every great and true prophet has expounded from the birth of prophecy to the present hour. Micah says, "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning knives," and then supplements these words with the following, "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation and they shall study war no more."

Transmutation is the keynote of these glorious utterances. No outside force compels, but inward will impels the people to convert the steel of the sword and spear into that of the implement of farming. Originally the people of Israel were tillers of the soil, peacefully they tended their flocks and cultivated their land. Persecution drove them to warfare, fighting for very existence was imposed on them as a necessity. This sad state of affairs is not to last. Prophets arise to point to an age when every one will sit unmolested and unmolested under his vine or fig tree, and in that day the whole earth will be filled with divine knowledge; truth will reign from pole to pole, and not Israel only, but all humanity, will participate in the blessings of the Messianic age. There can be no return to the narrow confines of the past. No restricted Zion or Jerusalem will meet the demands of the future, no local circumscribed Palestine will suffice for the righteous of all nations who shall gather in the new Jerusalem and build a temple upon the new Moriah. What has been local is to be universal, what was once confined to the few is yet to be enjoyed by the many; thus do the prophets sing the song of evolution, and thus do modern bards unite their lays with songs of ancient seers, declaring, in the words of the ever-beloved Whittier:

"The new transcends the old  
In signs and wonders manifold."

Zionism is one of the questions of this day, and a great question it is—one on which, in the estimation of many, depends the fulfillment of many a daring prophecy. There are distinctly two sides to Zionism, and level-headed people are apt to be neither intrepid Zionists nor fierce denouncers of the Zionist proposition. In the breasts of millions of the sons and daughters of Israel scattered throughout the world, ardent hopes and queenless yearnings rise toward literal Palestine. Let such return to their own land, for their land, the land of their heart's devotion, Palestine assuredly is; but these do not include by any means all loyal Jews throughout the world; for these others there is another destiny, and, while Jerusalem may be rebuilt and beautiful, Palestine remodeled and made fairer in days to come than it ever appeared of old, the fulfillment of glowing prophecy is not found in that alone, but only as the entire earth becomes a Holy Land and all its inhabitants in the embrace of the Prince of Peace.

There is to some ears the sense of incongruity conveyed when we boast of Republican institutions and sing the praise of a Democratic

State, at the same time proclaiming the coming of a Kingdom of Heaven upon earth. A word in this connection seems a necessity. One man can know himself to be equal with any other man; one woman can rightfully claim equality in the new age with even the most brilliant of her sisters, and any man who looks down on woman, or any woman who looks down on man, may be regarded as unfit for the rights of citizenship in a model republic; but who shall say that the lowest planes of human nature are not rightfully subordinate to the higher. The Kingdom of Heaven is within us all, but it is actually useless until we bring it forth into expression; and this can only be done as we use the normal relationship of organ to organ in the human brain. The world is surely much indebted to Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, Buchanan, and many others, for the brilliant light they have shed upon the human head as a revealer of human character. Among the most explicit teachers along this line should be mentioned Dr. Sivartha, whose "Book of Life," though not free from crudities in some of its sections, contains so much that is worthy of the most diligent perusal by all who wish to assist in ending a perpetual social state that we never hesitate to call particular attention to its "plan of the New Jerusalem."

Let us look at such a porcelain head as can easily be obtained from Fowler & Wells in New York, and see if the classification of organs on a phrenologist's chart will not help us to understand practically something of the *Kingdom of the King* in every human economy. At the base of the brain we find marked such propensities as the domestic and the selfish, which we may well call the self-preservative and the self-extensive. We observe that in the near vicinity of amativeness and friendship is placed combativeness, which is surely a warlike instinct. But is it not true that the warrior originally fought for love and for the defense of offspring, and is not patriotism, about which we hear so much to day, simply a continuation and an outgrowth from these original impulses? Moral and religious sentiments all occupy a portion of the coronal region of the brain. Reverence, veneration and spirituality occupy particularly exalted stations, and it is ever found that as the higher sections develop, the lower sections become less obtrusive. Education and evolution are rightly inseparable, and as intelligent educators grow into a knowledge of how to train the vital force in their charges to seek expression in higher channels than of yore, the belligerent feelings which are inseparable from animality will have grown weak as the higher and distinctly human or humane propensities have been unfolded.

If we do not know of any better way than that of strife, desiring to right wrongs, we naturally seek to right them by the edge of the sword, but if experience has taught us that there is a far more excellent and efficient way, we should be foolish indeed to persist in the methods of primitive barbarism when the torch of incoming civilization flares before us and lights our way to heights as yet untrod. We cannot in our own words express more of what we wish to say, anything like so eloquently and convincingly as by quoting from Henry Wood's masterly essay on "War," from a metaphysical standpoint published in the September issue of the *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*. Mr. Wood's essay is so singularly rich and full on this all-important subject, that we trust it may be very widely circulated as a missionary document. After outlining the metaphysical aspects of war in general, Mr. Wood enumerates ten distinct roots which nourish the spirit of militarism and which can be so cultivated in future as to nourish a diametrically opposite spirit. The ten roots are fiction, drama, art, poetry, history, tradition, music, decoration, military operations and early education. The three detestable words *alien*, *enemy* and *foreigner* ought to be stamped out of our language just as the hateful verb "to Jew" has been thrust from all respectable dictionaries. The following brief quotations will, we know, only whet our reader's appetites for the essay as a whole. "Let teachers who are shaping and guiding plastic minds, show the beauty of peace; let them teach the power of higher ideals and how to win real victories; let them exhibit moral heroism as manly and honorable when compared with brute force; let them remind their pupils that 'he who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city.' Let fathers seek to guide that youthful exuberance in their sons which finds expression in militarism, into higher channels and toward more worthy ideals. Let the sovereign people in the elections of members of Congress and Senators choose such as will not misrepresent them and longer sustain the reign of brute force in place of law, reason, and right."

"It now remains to sum up the subject in the light of the broadest evolutionary and metaphysical philosophy. . . . Evolutionary advancement is not uniformly steady. It often takes a bound forward or seemingly backward, which in a way is revolutionary. The smaller revolution is enclosed in the larger evolution. Even an apparent retrograde through educational influence may store up added momentum for an accelerated progress toward the ideal of universal love and peace. . . . Contrast may render a most important aid as a true interpreter. 'Evil' finally blossoms into good because within it are contained purifying fires, which in due season reduce falsity to ashes, and bring into full view the great normal reality of eternal Good. The unending march of human development is never by measured step, for vibration is universal. Every rounded action contains an element of reaction, and there

is some natural recoil to every forward impulse. As the surplus steam in a boiler finds vent through the safety valve, so the residuum of brutehood in man will seek occasional outlet until it finally disappears. Such outbursts are both indexes and object lessons. War, therefore, while ideally bad is provisionally good. So long as it exists it has a utilitarian mission. Its black background helps to give strength and tone to the high light and color of the great panorama of human ascent. It aids man to interpret himself. By its rough measuring rod he computes distances and maps out ascents. If we stood upon the metaphysical vantage ground, war would be absurd and meaningless; but it is the necessary accompaniment of the material plane and outlook. The incident of war does not in the least invalidate the unbounded beneficence of law nor the absoluteness of the All Good. It is one of the great 'growing-pains' of the transition from the Adamic to the Christly consciousness. Among its passing lessons are human independence and racial solidarity. In the eternal climb toward the Kingdom of the Real, the real is thorny only so long as thorns have use. War though hellish as an ideal, may be a means and furnish an impetus toward a more refined realism. It will survive only so long as materialism needs a testing ground."

## Unity of Effort.

BY H. W. BOOZER.

Our methods in public work ever since the movement began have been much like the drifting current—the real object being lost sight of in the special aims of the workers—resulting in disjointed action and an absence of that system which we must have to ensure success. It was a long time that the medium was recognized at best as only a silent partner—the speaker was all. If readings and messages from the platform have subserved no other purpose, they have brought the powers that be to a consideration of mediumship, other than trance and impressionistic speaking, as a factor in public work. We have now grown to where proposals are made for the systematic use of the varied medial gifts. This is as it should be; and as organization progresses toward a better state of completion, it is hoped that every opportunity will be given to make effective the demonstrations of our glorious truth. It is not consistent for speakers to slight mediums who are doing the heavy work at a personal cost and sacrifice they know nothing of. It is not pleasant to see the medium selfishly pursuing his own way—never visiting the lecture room or showing any sympathy with the ethics, philosophy and religion taught from the rostrum. It is not a source of pleasure to see our singers confess in their actions that they are no integral part of this divine work of consolation, but are only paid instruments, or ornaments to public occasions, given meager opportunity for display of personal accomplishment.

There are three great factors in the propagandism of Spiritualism; the work of the rostrum, mediumship and music. While all three can be measurably utilized on the one occasion, the best work is obtainable where one does not crowd the other and has its own allotted time. I have seen speakers so nervous regarding the time given the music, that the effect of a song which could only be made by rendering it entire, was so mutilated in the omission of a part, that it seemed like a desecration.

The evil effect of trying to do a world's varied work in the name of Spiritualism, with the necessity for concentration as a means to successful results, is apparent to all. In connection with this, it is a matter of surprise that the questions presented to our speakers to answer, and the problems to solve, are not those which would naturally be presented with the subject, such as the laws governing conditions on the spirit side, and many other things connected with the new; but they have to do so much with the old, with the errors that have been taught us. Iconoclasm too often takes the place of our building anew. Why should they waste energies in tearing down, when the field is already clear for the new temple?

Mediumship is either demonstrative, or it is not: of value or without it, as it contains evidence. No defect of the instrument can invalidate the proof. While it is true that many can determine its value, it is also true that a large percentage of persons first begin investigation through mere curiosity. It is well known that the delicacy of the processes of transmitting thought from spirit to mortal gives a chance for much imperfection, and that the line of demarcation between self-consciousness and spirit influence is so firmly drawn that self-delusion may color much that comes. All must be considered, but that which is demonstrated must be received, for it is this only which is of value.

It is unfortunate that the higher uses of music receive little attention. As a people under supposedly extraordinary spiritualizing influences, with the added powers of the incarnate in the use of this factor, it would be expected that we would show forms of its use superior to those of the world about us. One of these most emphatically should be to teach our truths through vocal effort; as it should be the province of each factor in the work. Instruction has been too often regarded as the speaker's mission exclusively, while the singer has been entirely content as an ornament of the occasion, or to be allowed the emotional pleasure of blending the voice with others in

(Continued on 5th page.)



## THE COURAGE OF THE MIGHTY.

BY CHARLES H. WHITE.

Even though enemies assail you,  
And your path in life is hard;  
Though earthly friendship proves a fiction,  
And worldly happiness is marred;  
Though love and sympathy and trust  
Seem not to dwell with us below,  
And when you look for kindness,  
You receive, instead, a blow;

Keep strong your courage and conviction,  
And shame the devil in his might;  
Do not let your efforts weaken,  
But wage well the good old fight;  
Then will Heaven's tenderest mercy  
Cloak you with a Sams' strength,  
And with added zest and fervor,  
You will win the fight at length.

O, what thrilling exultation  
Lies in having fought for right;  
Lies in having nobly labored,  
Even though you may lose the fight;  
Lose the battle, bravely waged;  
Win that thorn, the cold world's sneer;  
Suffer all abuse and hatred  
That wrong gives to goodness here;

Submit to persecution's tortures,  
Even like Christ at Calvary;  
Let the devil claim the conflict,  
You will win it anyway!  
Yes, you'll win in sight of Heaven,  
Though the world may call it lost,  
And the satisfaction given  
Will repay you all the cost!

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

## The Philosophy of Government.

## Emigration.

BY PAUL AVENEL.

## PART II.

No question of governmental policy has agitated the public mind more than this. From a cursory and superficial standpoint it is a menace to the interests of the republic; but from an ethical standpoint it is not so.

The invasion of the United States by foreigners is hostile only to temporary, financial interests and to established conditions of order, both of which are in serious need of revision from an ethical point of view. It is a revolutionary policy that allows finance to create for itself stereotyped channels; the more it ramifies, the greater the general benefit derived from it; like the river systems of the globe, it should irrigate all possible territory.

The same is true of established conditions of order; methods in the minor or tributary departments of government, especially in municipalities, need frequent revision in order to enlist the enthusiasm of the masses; innovations in the modus operandi of city legislation are of the highest utility in stimulating public sentiment; for this reason a partisan government such as that of the United States, with its incidental change of officers, is conducive to the broadest intellectual development of the people. The campaigning of the rival parties arouses the masses from ocean to ocean, inducing a lively interest in politics and a stringent and caustic criticism of the respective administrations, than which nothing could educate the public mind more.

Ecclesiastical leaders are educators in the broadest utilitarian sense, and every four years they instruct new classes of men to enter the forum in the years to come; the asperity of their harangues insures the attention of their audiences and kindles an animated zeal in their coadjutors at large. It is by such attrition of sentiment that our masses are taught what they know of the policies of government.

If emigration reduces the value of labor per capita, and places American products at a discount in American markets; if it incites riots and strikes and creates hostility between the factions of capital and labor, it is still a benefactor to the nobler prospective prosperity of the republic. These agitations cement the people into brotherhoods; they weld the heart of the laborer to labor and of the capitalist to capital, and by attrition modify the dominating attitude of each and secure the government against a dangerous consolidation of power in either direction. If the price of labor is reduced to the disadvantage of the laborer, the simultaneous reduction in the value of American products places an equivalent advantage in his hands and equity is maintained. It is the minimum and temporary that is sacrificed to secure the maximum and enduring.

We will endeavor to show some of the technical benefits that are accruing and will accrue from the heterogeneous mingling of races on American soil. The American people are par excellence an impetuous and impulsive people; the land is new, the climatic conditions are exuberant and exhilarating, presenting those sharp contrasts which we have shown to be an ethical necessity to intellectual development; the acute variations in temperature temper human nature and induce a sturdy bone and sinew for the future.

Statistics will seem to deny this, but here again the law of the survival of the fittest is exemplified; it is only the weaklings who succumb, those who from inherent frailty, in the stress of war or any heroic contingency would fall victims to the first shock. It is proven that climatic vicissitude is inducing in American civilization, a brain that will complement the brilliant intellect which governmental vicissitude is educating for the portentous future of the United States.

These exuberant and exhilarating climatic conditions engender corresponding impetus and impulsive dispositions in men; life is a succession of bounds and rebounds, and a stable equipoise is relatively difficult to acquire; emigration comes to the rescue in this exigency also. Inter-marriage with continental races is the most salutary measure an astute congress could devise for the enhancement of a national character in the centuries to come; the natives of these races are confirmed by age, and contribute severally their specific qualities to cosmopolitanize both the bodies and minds of the people of the United States, significantly named and standing as much for the united states and conditions of men as for a specified geographical territory.

Emigration more than any other single feature of American administration makes the republic a cosmopolitan nation; its noble foreign alliances are of trivial portent in comparison with its manifold alliances with the steered population. This heterogeneous multitude tones American mind, tinctures American blood and modulates American tendencies. Posterity will be an amalgamation of these complex characteristics; it will be a fusion of international ideas and methods, and will exemplify the profound wisdom and acumen of the founders of the United States government.

In every new country there are natural, indigenous forces that must be estimated in estimating the true status of its people. It is not so much what a nation can attain that determines its prestige in the world as its ability to hold the vantage gained. It is one thing to rise to illustrious conquest; it is quite another to maintain the conquest with consistent dignity.

A conquest of war, brilliantly and heroically achieved in the intertidal region of valor, may cost more millions in gold to sustain than the nation can provide. It is always the sequence that is most portentous, not the deed itself; futurity is to be the combined sequence of day-by-day and year-by-year sequels, small in the singular, momentous in the plural aggregate.

A meteoric splendor is an ephemeral splendor. Men cannot flash into triumph upon the issue of an hour without danger of reactionary revolution in themselves, hence the most illustrious achievements are fraught with the most jeopardy, both in nations and in men. The

velocity of a rapid success creates a suctional wake in the mind, which will draw to itself inordinate tendencies as a cyclone is drawn in the wake of a rapidly moving train, unless heroic vigilance is exercised. It is in such national issues that eternal vigilance is the price of safety.

All natural evolution is transitional; the life of the new is superposed upon the death of the old; the past is the rostrum of the present; yesterday's labor provides the fulcrum for to-day's ambition. The character of civilizations, as of individual men, must be built by slow and safe degrees to insure stability; property, like a pendulum, swings to and fro between the extremes of its circuit, and unless a secure leverage is maintained at the pivotal centre, balance will be lost and the entire mechanism deranged; the simile applies with equal force to the genius of men and of nations.

The most sturdy and vigorous, as well as the most majestic, character is the cosmopolitan character; it is the only character that can command a sterling rectitude and an invulnerable dignity in the American Republic; it is homogeneous, being an outgrowth of the homogeneous affiliations and interests of the Government itself. The men and women of the future will be true sons of American independence, which might be more aptly written interdependence; they will be heroic in intellect and in heart; they will scale heights of literature and art far more glorious than those of famous classic epochs; they will be erudite with an erudition eclipsing that of historic schools. Philosophy will rise zenith high, as it did in archaic eras; science will compass earth and sky; poetry will transcend Miltonic and Shakespearean genius; America will occupy the rostrum of the world, and her sovereignty will be a sovereignty of intellect wedded to parliamentary prowess.

## The Spirit in the Clock.

A True Story.

BY MARY HUNT-MCCALLEN ODON.

It is a wild, weird night in March, 1885. A small group of watchers gather around the couch of a woman whose gray hair ripples in soft waves over a brow damp with the moisture of coming dissolution. The flickering night lamp casts a feeble and ghostly light about the chamber, and falls like a pallid winding sheet over the scarcely breathing form of the dying mother, whose children and grandchildren are keeping, in fearful sorrow, the last loving watch over her who has ever been their guide, counsellor and friend. Muffled steps fall without echo on the thick carpet; and only the glance exchanged, or the convulsive pressure of two clinging hands tells that every symptom is noted by the anxious group. The night wears heavily on. It is near the gruesome hour of midnight, when, clear and sweet, as though some silver arrow from heaven had spent its strength on the crystal goblet of mortality, the old skeleton clock in the next room sends out one ringing stroke, that tingles like an electric shock through each and every heart. The form on the bed stirs not at the sound. The long lashes rest on the sunken cheek, the thin hands are folded in loving clasp about the crucifix on her breast. The ear is dull to the stroke that we all know is, for her, the great last summons.

For many years this old clock, that can boast of nothing but an empty frame, without works, or striking hammer, had mysteriously and unerringly sounded the death knell of any member of the family stricken with fatal illness. No human effort can produce a repetition of this warning note. The works were absolutely shattered during the siege of the historic city of Vicksburg. The grandchildren of the family have long since robbed the old frame of all its tiny brass wheels and the hammer, yet still the faithful warning is given from the empty frame, as though some prophetic soul were imprisoned in its mysterious void to foretell the hour of death. In all these years the old clock has never spoken in vain—the fearful warning has never been unfulfilled. The grand father has answered this roll-call of death nearly ten years ago. No less than seven members of the family have been thus signalled from the dim shadows of the other shore, and now the mother and grandmother had the same unaccountable summons, and we all know that her spirit will take its flight at the hour of one, either night or day, for has not the old clock spoken, and does the misable prophecy ever fail? Three successive nights has the warning been sent forth, and to-night the wind wails drearily, and the wet branches of the trees drag themselves dismally across the winnow panes like ghostly visitants clamoring for admittance.

We stand with bated breath, stricken into utter silence by the fatal chime that we all know only too well. The minutes drop into eternity like tiny pebbles into a vasty deep. The hours crawl slowly through the darkness. Still the faint breath comes and goes, though not a pulse seems to ebb or flow through the fast-chilling veins. The wind sweeps moaning over the wet grass and shrubbery without; the fire flares mockingly in the grate as the daughter bends over the bed, watch in hand, and lays her fingers—oh! so gently—on the thin wrist, slips her touch further up the arm to find the little throbbing of life faintly fluttering still, but growing feeble with each painful effort the sinking life is making.

All is still in the death-chamber, and the watchers can only wait—wait—wait on through the throbbing moments for the end. At last the eyes open, wander with a loving smile over the group about the bed, lift their gaze an instant to heaven, then close gently and forever on the things of earth.

The daughter turns the face of the tiny time-piece she holds toward those about her, and the hand points surely to the hour of one. Thus the prophecy of death in the family continues, and while the old clock frame with its mysterious signal is looked upon almost as an evil spirit, no one has the courage to shatter the frail monitor of death.

Strangers come to the house next morning, where the peaceful face of the dead lies in the costly casket, and ask to see this strange, unaccountable clock. It is turned this way and that by many shaking hands; curious eyes peer into the empty chamber, then silently replace it on the tall, old-fashioned mantel and walk away on tiptoe, shaking their heads in wonder, but no wiser than they came.

The long funeral procession winds slowly away from the old homestead, another mound of earth rises in the cemetery, and again the household takes up the everyday duties of life, until another signal shall be given for the angel of death to enter.

## Eulæe's Fragmentary Ideas of Woman.

A woman's real physiognomy does not begin until she is thirty.

Woman lives by sentiment where man lives by action.

A woman who is happy does not go much into society.

Beauty is the spirit of all things. It is the seal which Nature has placed on her most perfect creations. It is woman's dowry by divine right.

I have never seen a badly-dressed woman who was agreeable and good-humored.

The woman who has laughed at her husband can no longer love him.

It takes an old woman to read an old woman's face.

Women of the world have a marvelous talent for diminishing their faults. They can efface anything with a smile, a question or a feigned surprise.

In the life of every woman there is a moment when she understands her destiny, and in which her organization, hitherto dumb, speaks authoritatively.—Ez.

## AN ANSWER.

"Why must I suffer?" moaned a helpless one  
With life-long anguish tortured and forlorn,  
Before the answer came, tears were done;  
But then a poet from his line was born.  
—Arlo Bates, in October Century.

(Copyrighted Oct., 1899, by Carlyle Petersilea.)

## MARION GOLDBORO;

OR,

WHAT ONE WOMAN ACCOMPLISHED.

WRITTEN BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

Author of "The Discovers Country," "Oceanides," a Psychological Novel, "Mary Ann Carew," "Philip Carlyle," a Romance, &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER IX.

A DRUNKARD AND HIS FAMILY.

The girl had been weeping, as her swollen eyes plainly indicated.

"Did you not find your father well?" asked Marion.

"I cannot say that he is ill," said Jennie sorrowfully. "Miss Marion," she continued in a low voice, "my father is a good man and I love him dearly; but the temptations of this neighborhood are too strong for him, and there are those here who enslave him to his ruin. Perhaps you had better not see him to day. He really is not in a fit condition to see any lady."

"I cannot help people unless I see them and understand their condition. Have no fears for me, Jennie. I have constituted myself the general of an army, and you are one of my soldiers. I hope also to enlist your father. I have already made Madame Duties a captain. She will set well and your father shall get well also; so lead the way to him without fear. I feel a power with me stronger than myself. Lead the way, Jennie."

Jennie opened the door at the end of the small hall way, and the two young girls entered a tiny room—just large enough to hold a small cot bed, one chair and a little table. The room had one window, through which the sun shone brightly, and on the sill blossomed a rose. The small room was as neat as Jennie's hands could make it. The place was comfortably warm, owing to the sun, and a small oil stove which was alight upon the table; for this room, like the one upstairs, had neither fireplace nor chimney-flue. Sitting upon the edge of the cot was the man—Jennie's father. He raised his eyes stupidly as Marion entered, and essayed to take her gloved hand; but as the hand seemed to him to become half a dozen at once he was unable to grasp the right one, although he made frantic efforts to do so.

Marion took a seat on the only chair by the little table and gazed at the man in great perplexity. "This was the first intoxicated man whom she had ever personally met. She was greatly shocked as well as grieved. Her eyes looked very sorrowful indeed."

"Father," said Jennie, sternly, "you have been drinking again, and you promised me you never would. I have no courage left to do anything for you. I think I will let you starve."

The drunken man wiped away a few maudlin tears with the sleeve of his shirt.

"And you have had no breakfast? What have you done with the half-dollar I gave you? Spent it in yonder grog shop, no doubt. I ought not to have given you any money, whatever; but it takes so much of my time to go and buy every little thing you need. It is too bad that you cannot be trusted. Miss Marion, my father cannot say no."

"Bill Frye, he said I owed him a treat—hic, what's a feller to do I sh like to know?"

"Can't you keep away from Bill Frye? I can't give you money to buy liquor, much less to treat Bill Frye. It takes all I can earn now, to pay the rent of this room and keep you from starving. I don't keep but fifty cents a week for myself, and if Miss Marion did not give me her cast-off clothes I could give you almost nothing—and then, what would you do?" asked poor Jennie, the tears falling fast.

"Bill Frye 'sh treated me great manish times, hic—what's a feller to do I sh like to know?" and the poor inebriate waved his hands aimlessly about as though he were trying to catch flies, but with slow, uncertain motion.

"Yes," sobbed Jennie, "they would sell you and others like you whisky and all the other poisonous liquors, if they knew you would freeze and starve the next day. What better are they than murderers? And if Bill Frye has the temerity again he will surely kill someone of his family—his wife most likely. He came very near it the last time."

"Well, what's a feller to do, I sh like to know?"

"Who is Bill Frye?" asked Marion, turning to Jennie.

"He lives in the next room to this. His wife, Mrs. Frye, takes in washing. They have seven small children, the youngest a tiny little baby, the oldest a poor, broken-backed girl—a little hunchback, you know; but for that misfortune she might be able to help her mother some."

Marion saw at once that it would be useless to say anything to the maudlin man before her; talking to a drunken man would be like talking to the wind. No; some other method must be adopted here. Marion rose to go.

"What's a feller to do? I sh like to know—hic," and Jennie's father, unable to longer keep up even a show of balance, sank down in a limp heap on the cot.

"Oh! Miss Marion; father is really quite a good and respectable man when he is sober. If I were able to keep him in a better part of the city, where he would not meet with so much temptation, he would drink very little, I am sure."

"Jennie," said Marion very gravely, "your father ought to support you, and teach you by his precept and example both to be brave and true; while it is you who are striving to support him, and by your example and industry showing him how he ought to be temperate and industrious. Did he drink when your mother was living?"

"Not so badly, Miss Marion. She had more power over him than I have. He is becoming very bad of late. I really do not know what I am to do."

"We will carefully consider all these things when we get home," said Marion. "Suppose we go in and see this Mrs. Frye and her children?"

Jennie rapped on the next door. It was opened by a rough-looking Irishwoman.

"Ah! Jennie dear. 'An' how do you do?" asked Mrs. Frye.

"Very well, thank you," answered Jennie. "This is my mistress, Miss Marion Goldboro, Mrs. Frye."

"'An' it's a pity for yees to come into such a poor place, Miss Goldboro!" exclaimed the poor washerwoman; but at any rate, here are some chairs for yees." And she placed two chairs for her visitors.

Marion glanced about her. In one corner was a large, squalid-looking bed, and upon it lay, in a drunken stupor, a dirty, coarse-looking man—the Bill Frye before mentioned—a new-born babe, not more than two weeks old, was also lying near the foot of the same bed. This room was of reasonable size, having two windows; some of the panes were broken, and rags were stuffed in them to keep the cold out. This room also boasted a chimney, within which was a flue. An old broken, rusty, but quite large, stove stood near it, with a dilapidated pipe all askew, zigzagging at length into it. The room was dirty and smoky in the extreme. Some plastering yet adhered to the walls, in places, but broken laths were grinning everywhere.

A poor little ragged humpbacked girl was seated in a far corner. Her face was extremely beautiful, but pinched and unhappy looking, with large, sorrowful, pleading eyes. The hair was thick and shining, and on account of her rounded and broken back hung to the floor. The girl was sixteen years old, but of course, owing to her deformity, was no larger than a child of seven—much smaller, indeed, than her two younger sisters—one eight, the other ten—who stood in their flimsy and ragged, looking at Marion with open-mouthed astonishment.

A baby of some two years was toddling about the floor, smiling and happy because not yet old enough to know aught else; two little street Arabs, boys of six and twelve, made up the family, but they were out gambling for marbles and learning how to be profane.

"Do you support all this family by taking in washing?" asked Marion.

"Indeed, I do that, mum," answered Mrs. Frye, "but it's a poor support they have, indeed; not much more than kaping soul and body together, mum."

"Is your husband unable to obtain employment?"

"Ah! he could git work in plinty, an' he's a good workman, too, but it's the drink, mum; he will not let the drink alone; he's not sober a day together."

"Do you give him money to buy drink with?"

"Not I, indeed!"

"Where does he get his money for drink? I believe it costs a great deal to continually buy liquors."

"Well, it is jist this way. You see, mum, they will trust him at the grog shop while they think he has anything to do, at all, and he often gets a few jobs here and there, but niver a dint does he give me nor the childer, and everything decent that he might find in the house he will take to the pawnshop, not far away. So you see, mum, I nor the childer are able, no matter how hard I work, to have any thing but rags an' broken dishes, an' a decent stove that I had, that he pawned as well, but no one will take this old thing, or it would not be here—'an' besides, mum, any of his chums will treat him as long as there's a dint left in their pockets or a decent thing in their houses, or rooms, rather, for not one of thim has more than one room."

"Is there no way that this man can be reformed?" asked Marion.

"Ah, miss, I have tried to reform him since he kicked poor little Mary, an' broke her back when she was a toddling thing like this one. Come here, Polly, da!int."

And the mother caught up the little two-year-old and kissed it.

"What was your husband's business, or trade, when he was sober?"

"He was a brick-layer, mum, when I married him, and a good one; he used to earn from fifteen to twenty dollars a week, but he sometimes went on sprees, as they call it, and at last he could get no work, for he would not be steady, an' no one will hire him a day now, mum. He sometimes gets a job, here an' there, at other kind of work, just enough to keep himself drunk all the rest of the time. If Bill could get no drink, mum, then he would have to be sober, he would get work thin, an' be a good husband, and support his childer, an' send them to school; they cannot go to school now, for they have no clothes."

"The places where they sell liquor are licensed by the United States Government?"

"Indeed, that same. I have often been to the keepers of saloons an' begged them not to sell drink to my husband. They would swear at me, an' say they had a right to sell it, for they paid their tax, an' Bill says he has a right to drink it, for the Government gives him that right, that the men all vote for that right, an' it is something that women should not meddle with, that women do not know enough to vote right, and he and all the other men he associates with get drunk on election day, more so than on any other, for the keepers of the saloons treat them all for nothing if they will vote just the right ticket they ask them for; precious little they know about the best way to vote."

"You think, then," said Marion, "you would be able to cast a more intelligent vote than your husband?" and she cast a glance of disgust at the insensible beast on the bed.

"Och! indeed, mum! An' if I were to vote I would vote against every liquor dealer in the whole world."

"Well, if not in the whole world," said Marion smilingly, "against all those in the United States, and especially those of New York. How many saloons are there on this street?"

She asked meditatively.

"Ah! poor Mary has counted them many times, for there's little else she can do, an' she says there are just one hundred, an' all licensed to sell the pizen stuff—all licensed by the city and State of New York—yes mum, all, an' what can we poor drunkards' wives an' childer do but to live in poverty, dirt an' rags, for not one of these men can resist the temptations before them."

"Do the rum-sellers usually own the buildings in which they carry on their nefarious business?" asked the young lady.

"Och! not one of 'em; they all say to a man they must pay a very, very high rent, mum—much higher than other people because they sell the liquor here, an' see, mum, where the poor drinking men must pay so much for each drink, all this vast amount of money is taken from the drunkards an' their suffering wives an' childer."

A deep, deep sigh escaped Marion's lips. She felt almost broken-hearted. "No wonder men do not wish us to vote," she said; "but can you tell me who are the owners of these saloons?"

"I think that the most of those on this street are owned by a rich church society somewhere on the grand avenues; at least, mum, this is what I have heard; an' when I asked this not to sell rum to Bill, they have said: 'an' why shouldn't they, indeed? Didn't they have to pay the big rent to the iligent church society? ah! weren't they all good an' Christian people? an' wud'ent they all turn up their noses at it? indeed an' indeed they wud so do; an' if it was not right for them to sell the drink, these holy Christian men an' women would not let their property for that purpose; an' no, mum, what can we poor creatures do?"

"Do you know the name of the church that owns these buildings?"

"I cannot say that I do, mum, but it is one of the richest an' grandest in New York. Oh! I have often prayed, mum, that God wud smite them. Look at me an' my childer, an' look at him on the bed there. Can you find it in your heart to blame me?"

"God will smite them," said Marion; "or at least the thing they cherish, hidden within their bosoms, will turn its venom upon them and poison them until they die. No one person can live long and transgress any natural law without it will turn and rend him. It is the same with a body or society of people, the same with a nation. The church that hides this great shame within its breast is doomed to destruction; it must go down, for the transgression of natural laws—call them God's laws if you will—and a nation rotten at the core will fall unless it thoroughly cleanses itself."

It was Godessa who had spoken through the young Marion's lips but she hardly knew it.

## CHAPTER X.

HOW THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK IS RECEIVED INTO THE GOLDBORO MANSION.

"And this beautiful child?" asked Marion, turning toward the little hunchback. "It was the poison liquor he drank which caused him to injure this girl?"

It was that very same, mum; he was nearly as bad as you see him now; the little thing was just in his way, an' he kicked her in the back with his heavy boot. It broke the little tender back, so the doctors said. She did not walk at all, mum, until she was near ten years of age, an' she never can be other than she is now."

"Could you be induced to part with some of your children, Mrs. Frye, if it would be greatly to their interest?"

"I suppose so, mum, yet it is hard to part from one's own childer."

"Yes, but you shall see them often, Mrs. Frye. I want to help you, an' I can do very little as yet. It may be years before anything can be brought about to save your husband, in the meantime your children will be ruined."

"An' what ones would yees like, mum?"

"The very ones that you would think the most unlikely. I want to take this poor little Mary for myself, and I wish to put your two

boys away in the country, where they will be sent to school; and how would you like to go into the country yourself to live, Mrs. Frye?"

"The trouble is, mum, that I can't get the work to do."

"Well, I will guarantee that you shall have all the work you want to do. I have in my mind a little place among the Catskills, near where I spent a portion of last summer. It is in a very beautiful and quiet little glen. The house is small, but very pretty. It can be purchased, together with its two acres of ground, for three hundred dollars. Perhaps your husband will help you to work it. There are no places where he can buy liquor within miles of it; but however, if we cannot reform him, your life, together with the lives of your children, can be made more endurable. I will purchase this little place and fit it up for you. You need pay me no rent. I will give you all my fine clothes to wash and iron, and pay you well for doing them. Mary shall stay with you each summer as long as she pleases, and I shall be at the hotel on the hill a great deal myself. You can also take washing from the hotel if you care to do so. You shall have a cow, that these little ones may have all the milk they want, and you can keep poultry. Your eggs and garden stuff you can set all ready at the hotel. It is a temperance hotel, an' Mr. Frye can get no drink there. The place I have in mind for your boys is but a mile away. I became interested when I was at the hotel last summer. They used to sell much of their produce at the hotel; they also supplied the hotel with milk."

"Ah, young lady!" exclaimed Mrs. Frye, while tears coursed down her rough cheeks, "I have prayed to the Holy Virgin this many a day to help me, an' she has heard my prayer an' sent you as her representative to do all these good things for me," and the good dame crossed herself devoutly and began telling her beads.

Marion turned to the poor little deformed girl, who had not yet spoken. She, too, was shedding tears.

"Would you not like to go home with me, Mary? I wish to take you home as my little sister. You shall be a dear little sister to me. I will try to recompense you in part for all you have suffered, for all you must suffer in the future, under the most favorable conditions."

"I have thought of little else all my life but to have beautiful things about me. Dear young lady, it seems like a fairy tale that you have come to us at last. I can read just a little and I have read of Cinderella; and this is to me just like it, except that you are a pretty young lady."

"Well," replied Marion, "I must go now, and I want you to go with me in my carriage; but the beautiful clothes which I shall give you will not turn to rags, nor the carriage in which you shall ride with me every day into a pumpkin, nor the prancing horses into mice. Will you allow her to come with me, Mrs. Frye?"

"Indeed! she shall that same," and the poor little hunchback was enveloped in a ragged shawl, James the footman lifted her into the carriage, Jennie and Marion entered it, and off the horses pranced gaily, while the heart of the drunkard's wife was singing with hope.

The carriage stopped before the Goldboro mansion. Mrs. Goldboro looked out from her chamber window, rather listlessly, for she did not ride until after lunch, and Viola and Bess had a pony cart, Willie being the driver. She expected to see no one but Marion and her maid. Her astonishment was great when she saw the footman lift from within the carriage what, at first sight, she thought to be a bundle of dirty rags; but, looking a little more closely she saw a child's pale face lying over James' shoulder. She opened her door, as she ascended the grand staircase, and called:

"James, what have you there?"

"A cripple, mum—a poor, little cripple for Miss Marion, mum."

"For Miss Marion? Indeed! And what are you going to do with a helpless cripple, Marion?" she asked as that young lady paused before her mother's door.

"I am going to adopt her, mamma. She shall be my adopted sister."

"Marion! are you becoming insane? What is the matter with you? Do you intend to make



## DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?







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Dr. Greene, 84 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass., cordially invites all who are out of health to consult or write to him about their cases, and his great skill, counsel and advice are at your service free of charge. Do not delay but write at once.

### Weak, Nervous, Irritable, Blue, Discouraged.

Oct. 14.

(Continued from first page.)  
sweet sounds. It is hoped the time will come when all who aspire to take part in this branch of our service shall have a thorough training with the emotions and intellect in elocution, as well as in vocal culture—that they may be taught among spiritualizing influences of the untold power of song to give Spiritualism's blessings to the world in consolation, intellectual supply and in the unfolding of the spiritual nature beyond any other on this side of life. If in our endeavor to systemize this factor and make it an integral part of our work we but reach its technique, and only imitate others, we will fall far short of what is given us by angel hands to accomplish. Spiritualism contains within itself an example in every department of its work for the world to admire and follow and should take the lead in everything that is progressive, elevating and spiritual.  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

### May Have to Treat with the Pope.

Something may soon drop in Italy which now exists as a state without a constitution. That is to say the Cabinet, headed by General Pelloux is governing in defiance of the provisions forbidding a censorship of the press and protecting the right of public meetings which are imbedded in the Statute, or fundamental organic law. The republicans have naturally drawn from this act of usurpation the inference that the monarchical system has broken down, and General Ricciotti Garibaldi, who aspires to lead them, has defined the program which he would follow. What he proposes is the co-operation of republicans with the numerous Catholic voters, who heretofore have held aloof from the ballot box, for the purpose of substituting for the Savoyard monarchy a Federal republic, under which, he says, the interests of the Papacy would have at least a better chance of being furthered than they have now.

The violation of the Italian Constitution committed by the Ministry now in power startles patriotic Italians, not because it is unprecedented, but because it is applied to rights which are universally recognized as lying at the root of popular self-government. The Statute which was granted to his subjects in 1848 by Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, and which remains the Constitution of the Kingdom of Italy, contains no provision for the emendation of itself. It was, for some time, supposed that any changes in it would have to be made by a constituent assembly; but gradually an opinion gained ground that the political institutions of Italy, like those of England, could be modified by the ordinary process of legislation. Such a modification has been effected. The fact is the Italian tension to-day is more menacing than the French tension. The King of Italy may yet have to treat with the Pope.  
—The Evening Journal.

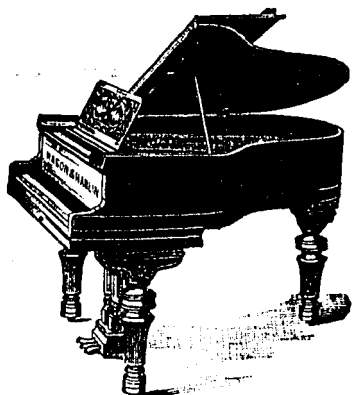
### Notice.

The last two Sundays in September Mr. L. Colburn spoke in Bartonville, Vt.; first two Sundays in October in Saxton's River, Vt. In the latter place there is quite a renewed interest in the Cause of Spiritualism.  
Mr. Colburn held two interesting circles at Bellows Falls, Vt., and a number of others in this locality. People in this vicinity look eagerly forward to his return. All are much pleased with him and his mediumship. He will spend his winter months in Massachusetts.  
Chester, Vt.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—Phillips Brooks.

### The Last Word

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### As Others See Us.

MAINE SPIRITUALISTS AND THEIR CREED.

The Spiritualists have just closed a campaign in this State and have used the Scriptures for proof texts, again illustrating the prolific universality of the Bible, from which proof texts may be cited for very many dissentient beliefs, as might be expected, since detached sentences out of their connection as often mutilate as verify the intention of the writer. But it is also true that as the Bible is the history of the human conscience and societies evolved from theocracy, we should naturally expect to see all shades of belief embodied, from the human to the vicarious sacrifice from polygamy to holy wedlock, from Melchizedek to Dorcas. The creed of the Spiritualists, as enunciated from Scripture by the Maine Spiritualists, is as follows:

1. A universal principle of life diffused or differentiated throughout the universe.
2. Truth, the revealer of life, the gleaner of wisdom.
3. Immortality, the divine inheritance of the race.
4. Eternal progression; the sublime destiny of man.
5. Spirit-return, as demonstrated by multitudes of evidence over all the earth.
6. Sympathy, by means of which better conditions are established for man on earth.
7. Love, the lever by which man is lifted to a higher and holier estate upon the earthly plane.

These planks are not unworthy or incredible. Everybody knows that life, or the tendency to organic growth, is in evidence so far as our experience extends, and it is credible that this boon is not vouchsafed this little planet and denied the balance of the universe. It is possible that there is no life but mushrooms on the moon; but Mars is probably a livelier planet. It is in evidence that there is life at the north pole, and the latest science affirms and is trying to prove that life is inseparable from all matter.

To say that truth is the gleaner of wisdom is less scientific than to say that a fellow who is true is a gleaner of wisdom. Of course the more things a fellow knows, the less a lie he is likely to be if he handles the truth honestly. A lot of us, however, handle the truth bunglingly; a lot of us use edged tools who were brought up on pickaxes; but a sincere seeker after truth is a splendid fellow-sinner. The trouble with many of us is that we form a subjective view of truth, start out with a creed and then hunt for confirmations. This tendency makes us creed-makers instead of life-builders.

Jesus never put the cart before the horse. Few men are candid enough to hunt for facts which tend to upset their mistakes as zealously as they hunt for data to confirm traditional opinions. This is why most creeds are more evolved by death than by life—the passing of the conservative and the conservant accession of the progressive.

That immortality is the divine inheritance of the race, is confirmed by science which shows Paul to be correct when he assumes the eternity of matter and mind in spiritual embodiment. Eternal progress is the correlative of eternal dissolution. It is not credible that evolution should have begun when Eve inquired

for a dreamer, or that it should be done when our obsequies are attended.

The return of the spirit of the dead to this world is a distinctive article of the Spiritualist creed. There is nothing uncanny about celestial communication if anybody is conscious of nothing. It is a matter of consciousness, as some affirm, of an affluent and spiritual imagination, say others.

The impostures of cranks and spirit-rappers have rendered folks incredible; but there is comfort for many in the consciousness that the next world is in closer touch with this world, the invisible with the spiritual, than the self-absorbed materialist fancies. If the principle of sympathy is universal—and sympathy is to the immortal life what the law of gravitation is to the physical universe—then we can see that the federation of the universe is as close in the heart and head as in the trunk and limbs. Indeed there is no doubt that Newton reconstructed theology more than Butler, and that Huxley's spiritualism is as scientific as the Rochester knockings were superstitious.

The half-truth, which is the worst form of a lie, must chase and find its remainder in science. All uncanny and superstitious, as well as all purely subjective and speculative creeds, will be reconstructed, until all that finally stands will stand to reason. The wandering Thomas of Ptolemy probably does not have Pharaoh's soul in keeping; but there is more than a presumption in favor of the Darwinian theory of descent and survival.

That love not hate is the ideal of progress, as is true to social as to Christian science. There are not two kinds of science. We see the world progresses in the ratio that commerce and peace supersede robbery and war. Hate and race-prejudice are barbarism; love and race-affection are civilization. Hate makes fiends, where love makes friends. The trouble is that so many people continue to be jingoes six days in the week, while on Sunday they sing the Doxology as loudly as the last trumpet.  
—The Evening Journal, Lewiston, Me.

### Bogus Interviews.

There is scarcely a limit to the mischief that a careless or unprincipled newspaper "interviewer" can do when he is let loose, and is allowed to rattle around in the paper that employs him. Many who follow that industry take a pride in "using no notes and recording the interview entirely from memory." If they would even do that, and faithfully, it might not be so bad; but many of them use a lack of memory instead, and some of them a very poor quality of imagination.

Such people have the power of doing a great deal of harm; for the papers for which they write—some of which have good reputations and much influence—are virtually represented as vouching that the interview took place as printed.

Thus, when one of the Vanderbilts was made to consign the general public to perdition, so far as he cared, it was of no account that he denied it, again and again; a reporter understood or remembered it as published, and that particular Vanderbilt has always since been credited, or rather debited, with the remark.

Thus when Dewey was quoted by an interviewer as saying "Our next war will be with Germany," the sentence was copied and re-copied, both in this country and that of the Kaiser; and the result could not be otherwise than an increased strain upon the relations between the two countries—even when the remark was disavowed.

There is nothing more useful in the domain of newspaperdom than an accurate, intelligent and honest reporter of the world's actions and sayings—nothing more misleading and dangerous than a careless and malicious one.—Everywhere.

### Queer Facts About Money.

There are 119,000,000 old copper pennies somewhere. Nobody knows what has become of them except that once in a while a single specimen turns up in change.

A few years ago 4,500,000 bronze two-cent pieces were set afloat; 3,000,000 of these are still outstanding.

There are 3,000,000 three-cent nickel pieces scattered over the United States, but it is very rarely that one is seen.

Of 800,000 half cents, which correspond in value to English farthings, no one has been returned to the Government for recoinage or is held by the Treasury.

Congress appropriates from \$100,000 to \$150,000 yearly for recoining the undercurrent silver coins now in possession of the Treasury. These are mostly half dollars, and are not circulated because there is no demand for them. At one time the stock of them amounted to \$28,000,000.

The money set aside for recoining is not intended to pay for the cost of the minting, but is required to reimburse the Treasury of the United States on account of loss in weight which the silver coins have suffered by use.

This loss amounts to \$30 on every \$1,000, and it has to be made good in order to set the treasurer's account straight.—E.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

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## ABSENT TREATMENT

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MARY M. JENNINGS.

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SARAH F. PIERCE.

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Oct. 14

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## SPRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special representative of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and are given in the presence of other members of THE BANNER staff.

### To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the BANNER OF LIGHT as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight whenever it is made known to the world.

Report of Séance held Oct. 5, S. E. 52, 1899.

### Introductory Talk by Sunbeam.

It has sometimes seemed as though there was no especial significance to be attached to these messages, only as they reached the people for whom they were intended. But if one could have clear sight and see with what avidity the opportunity is grasped by old and young on the spirit side of life to not only make their messages clear and definite, but to express their idea of what they have found, more attention would be paid to each message as it is read. It is significant that these people express various opinions and see things in various lights, giving utterance to thoughts differing one from the other. It shows not only continued existence, continued desire to return, and continued life for those still embodied, but also the continued power of individual expression. These people are not under one special head, but have liberty as well as life—liberty to go forward examining as they please evidences of their existence here and liberty to express it in their own individual way. While this may seem of little moment to people, to me the very thought of individual life continuing after this life seems of vast importance, not for the purpose of sermonizing and laying down any special plan of life here, but simply to say that character and individualized action live as well as personality.

### MESSAGES.

The following messages are given through one of Mrs. Soule's guides, Sunbeam.

#### Charles Wood.

Here is somebody named Charles Wood. He says: "How do you do, friends, for indeed I can call you friends, as this was my religion when I was here. You have heard from church folks, and you have heard from skeptics, and perhaps this is a good time for a good honest Spiritualist to speak a word to you. I came from California. I went there when they first started out to have a Spiritualist colony, and I thought perhaps I would have my hand in the pie, but I could not seem to go ahead very much, and then I got sick, and then I came over here, and it was a day of rejoicing to me, whether it was to anybody else or not. I want to say that to-day Abbie comes with me. Everybody who knew me knew who Abbie was. She came over after me as though she could not stay without me. I always told her that if I went first she would come trotting after me, because somehow she could not get along without me, and so here she is. To-day instead of letting me come along and say my little say, she had to come too. She says: 'Well, I am just as much interested in it as anybody. God bless all Spiritualists as well as all other people.'"

#### Henry Wickoff.

Here is one from Denver, Colo. He is a gentleman, well dressed and he knows it. He is well educated, too. "Yes," he says, "I was interested in political affairs, and I find that interest follows me into spirit life. I thought the minute I died I should shake off all responsibility, and would not care what happened to the people with the same sort of care that I have now; but I find every movement that comes up I am just as much interested in as I was then. Really I think it a pleasure to continue our interests as well as our lives, for what would continued life amount to anyway if we did not hold our continued interest in our friends."

#### Charles Barnaby.

This man is rather small—a little shorter than an ordinary man—and rather slight. He wears a tall hat and is dressed up as nice as can be. He says: "They always call me 'Dapple Barnaby.' He comes from New York City; that was his headquarters, but he used to travel around a good deal and was known in quite a number of different cities. 'I made some little fad of Spiritualism, but never came right out and said I believe in it. I believe I was something of a medium myself. I have a great many friends and relatives left, because I have not been gone very long. It was somewhere about 1885 that I took my departure.'"

#### Freddie Hildreth.

Here is a baby—a small child—brought and put right in my lap. It is a little boy. There is a lady with him. Freddie Hildreth is his name. He passed out with the measles, and he came from Waltham, because I seem to want to go right there with him. His mother is still in earth-life and his father, too. He would be three or four years old if he had lived in earth-life. His grandmother is with him, and she says: "I am anxious for him to be brought up in the knowledge that he can come, because I think it will help him over here as much as it will help the people to whom he comes."

#### Flora MacVicar.

This one, Flora MacVicar, I think had consumption, because she is so very weak. It is all she can do to stand here; she holds on to the chair and then reaches out to some of the other spirits to support her. She says: "I do so want to get to my mother. I came from Pittsfield, Mass. My people are just beginning to look into this subject. They do not know much about it, but my mother is still borne down with grief. If I could get to her I could tell her that I am conscious of every word she has spoken to me since I went. She goes apart by herself and speaks to me, and cries out to know if I cannot make some reply. It is so

hard when I want to, and yet cannot impress her that she must go where it is possible for me to go. It is a pleasure for me to stand here and tell her that Little Jennie is with me, too. Little Jennie passed out a long time before I did, but she was the first one to meet me. My mother's name is Sarah and my father's is John."

#### Jim Clark.

And then as quick as can be, as though he had pushed her aside, there comes here a big boy about fifteen years old, and he is just a fat, strong, boisterous boy. He says: "Any room for boys in this place? They used to say that when I went to heaven I would have to keep quieter than I did when I was here, but somehow I have not found the place yet. Perhaps I have got in the wrong place, I don't know, but I make just as much noise as I want to. My name is Jim Clark. Shout it as loud as you want to; I feel as though I would like to. My father's name is Jim, too, but they call him Mr. Clark. My mother's name is Annie, and they live down below Camden, Me."

#### Mary Floyd.

This is a lady I should say about sixty-five years of age, medium height, medium weight, blue eyes and gray hair. Her name is Mary Floyd. She comes from Manchester. She says: "My father and mother are both with me, but I was a working girl there. I tried to take care of them before they went to the spirit, and I got all used up myself; but I have a brother there, named John, in Manchester, N. H. You will hear from me because I am still remembered in that place." She does not make any special plea that they answer her, but she seems to be sure that they will. "Oh, how I hated that place! It seemed as though my soul was worn out of me, and that my body was threadbare, so could not hold it any longer, and I came over here; it is a much better country to me. To some people it may not be, but to me it is better to be here with my father and mother, whom I love very much and whom I can now help, and can feel that I have time to breathe." She worked in a mill there, and she says she is only one of many who seem to be working their lives away; but they are having better times now than they did when she was there.

#### David Chambers.

Here is a man who says his name is David Chambers. He has a big nose, and is short and has a round, full face. He says he is a Boston man. "Why not give me just a word? All I want is a chance to say that I got through all right without any stopping places anywhere; had an idea I might stop over in purgatory; but I did not, you know; I sailed right on, straight through. Purgatory is all bosh; it is here as much as anywhere. You can go anywhere when you have a ticket to get there." He seems to want to tell where he lived. It is up in the North End, but not far from South Boston—over in that direction, but not way over. He was a teamster.

#### Lena Barrows.

Here is a spirit whose name is Lena Barrows. She is very sweet and nice. She says: "They often say the best children die earliest; but I do not think it is always so, though I have sometimes thought when I have heard my father and mother talking about me that they thought the best one died, and the others were left. Perhaps if I had been left I would have been just as bad as any who are still here. Aunt Rebecca comes with me. She wants to send word to my mother, whose name is Augusta Barrows. She says: 'Tell her that she remembers when they used to live in Connecticut—it was a long time ago, when mother was a little girl; and then they moved away to Rhode Island.'"

#### Richard Sharp.

Here is a man named Richard Sharp. He had a store; it looks like a big store. He says it was not as big as some of his competitors, but was big enough for him to manage, for he never wanted anything under him that he could not see himself personally and know how everything was going. He did not want to trust to any heads of departments, but wanted to see himself what was being done. He says now that it was a great mistake. If he were here now he would trust to people under him and would sit on the box and drive. He came from Oberlin, Ohio.

#### Cora Anderson.

This one's name is Cora Anderson; she came from Columbus. It seems as though she knew this last spirit and came with him. She says: "Oh, dear! so much pain I had before I went that it was really a relief for me to go. I have a child in earth-life, and I would like to reach him. His name is Ralph, and he is only a little boy. He needs a mother's care so much that I wish I could get to him. His father does not seem to understand him, he is such a sensitive child. The father's name is Alfred Anderson. If he could only understand that the child does really see me at times I think he would have more patience with him. A chance is coming into that family that will make it seem very necessary for me to stand close by with guardian care over my little Ralph."

#### Alice Freeman.

Here is one Alice Freeman. She is about twenty-two, I should think. She is bright and strong, and says her name before she was married was Parker—Alice Parker; but she married a man named Freeman, and it seems after she had been married a little while she passed to the spirit. Her father's name was Marshall, and they lived out West, because she comes from quite a ways—Sioux City, Idaho.

#### Wesley Palmer.

This spirit gives the name of Wesley Palmer. He says he came from near Berwick, N. H. He passed to spirit life very suddenly, and it seemed as though he was blown up to the spirit. "I would like to go to my brother John and tell him to be careful how he handles pitchforks; he will know what I mean. He has been kind of careless lately."

#### GETSEMANE.

BY STEPHEN BARNSDALE.

'T is Getsemane's hour!  
The darkness and the gloom  
Fall on thy spirit  
Like the chilly tomb;  
But this bitter anguish  
Never will come again;  
Soon will come the brightness,  
Like sunshine after rain.

## A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER NINETY TWO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Your issue of Oct. 7 contains an unusual amount of very interesting matter. Besides your yearly report as President of the N. S. A., presenting as it does, not only the work of the Association, but the relations of Spiritualism to the leading events of the nation and of the world, and the synopsis of the work of the Secretary presented by the faithful Mrs. Longley, there is much other matter that appeals to the spiritual sense.

When we read a paper that claims to be an organ of Spiritualism, we do not expect nor desire to meet therein a presentation of merely spiritism, and the BANNER OF LIGHT has ever been faithful to its promise and given us what tends to develop the soul nature of each. The distinction between Spiritism and spiritualism is well put by Silas Boardman, in his reply to W. J. Bulger's "Question." He likens the latter to the foundation of a house, and the former to the building itself. The house could not stand without a foundation, and yet the foundation is wholly useless unless it support a building.

Mr. Boardman goes on to say that Spiritualism is the exemplification of right living. Had this ideal been adopted and put in practice by all who claim to be Spiritualists, the truth we claim would be acknowledged by all to lead the whole civilized world. But alas! the large majority have been easily satisfied with the phenomena of spiritism, and have left works of humanity, and the development of individual character, to the church. The phenomena form the external foundation, but Humanity and Spirituality must form the superstructure, if we build a house worthy to become a home for the human soul.

Nothing, to my mind, can surpass the extract from Hepworth entitled "The Soul at Rest," on page six of the same issue. He describes such a soul as being at rest, not because it is indifferent, but because its life accords with moral and spiritual law, and says one must admire such a soul to the very verge of worshipping it. Whether we name this fountain of moral and spiritual law God, with Mr. Hepworth, or whether we call it Infinite Soul, matters not an atom. Words are unimportant. It is the thing in itself that signifies. Doubtless Mr. Trine lays the same foundation for rest and for successful exertion in "At one with the infinite."

This whole issue of THE BANNER is extraordinarily interesting, but page eight is pre-eminent, as it contains not only Mr. Boardman's article just alluded to, but Mr. Babbitt's choice array of facts on "Mr. Dawbarn and Spiritual Conditions," and a most practical and heart-reaching little piece by C. A. E. G., modestly entitled "Home Thoughts."

Dr. Babbitt begins by directing the attention of your readers to the fact that Spiritualism must be the most tolerant system in the world, as its papers allow Mr. Dawbarn to use their columns in order that he may criticize their own cause. He points out Mr. Dawbarn's mistake in thinking that because a spirit has his memory clouded in seeking to come through certain mediums that all memory of the past must escape the spirit himself. He ignores the fact that the same spirit does through another medium give details of his earthly life wholly unknown to the medium and the sitters.

Dr. Babbitt disproves Mr. Dawbarn's declarations that memory consists only in a series of vibrations, that very few spirits come back to mortals, and that those who do, give such inferior ideas that they are rarely worth heeding, that when a medium and a spirit commune both are abnormal, and that clairvoyance is a limited, twisted affair, inferior to a physician's diagnosis. These assumptions are shown to be pessimistic and materialistic, and are answered convincingly and at length by his scientific and intuitive opponent. In the latter part of the article he claims that through Mr. Dawbarn he sought to clinch some of his arguments by stating that Modern Spiritualism was started by the spirit of a murderer, yet our materialistic friends have reached only a half way house to real Spiritualism, which deals directly with the spiritual faculties—veneration, spirituality, hope, ideality, etc., which have for their central idea the essence of religion itself. But we refer our readers to Dr. Babbitt's article in full, to be found on page eight of your issue of Oct. 7.

We note that Mr. Ernest S. Green, in his able spiritualistic publication, *The Harbinger of Dawn*, as well as elsewhere, tells his readers what he thinks Mr. Dawbarn really meant in his unkindness of his views. He says that what Mr. Dawbarn really meant was that spirits when communicating have no clear memory except in rare cases; but that he does not deny spirit memory of earth-life. But in Mr. Dawbarn's "Startling Limitations," published in *The Progressive Thinker*, March 4, 1899, he says that "death destroys all memories of earth-life." He illustrates by saying that "if Durant murder Blanche Lamonte, he can carry with him no memory of that act," though "his vibrations are still those of a murderer, and he is in harmony with every thought of murder in the universe."

This is plain language and cannot be misunderstood. To say that he meant something else is quite useless. Mr. Dawbarn has a very clear head between certain well defined limitations; he has the power of expressing himself in clear, pointed language, and he certainly has the courage of his convictions. Many of his articles proclaiming and explaining his views have been published in your organ and in *The Progressive Thinker*. These views have been given by him with no uncertain sound, and it is by what he has himself said that he will be judged.

Turning now to "Home Thoughts" and the lessons it inculcates, the writer gives a remedy to make home happy, and she lays the sin of omission at the door of many a husband. Many a toil-worn wife sinks into despondency, and in some cases into infidelity, because her husband has ceased to manifest love for her. He meets activity in the outside world, where his social instincts are satisfied. She works alone at home, except that her little dependent ones are with her, and anticipates the surly, austere man when evening shall come. If she knew that love would enter with his footsteps her whole day would be sweetened. But long experience with him tells her that she must expect a stern and clouded brow, harsh or morose words, and no appreciation of the hard work she has done or the appetizing supper she has provided. He tells her nothing of what he has seen or heard during the day, and when he has satisfied his hunger is at once swallowed up in his paper.

The antidote offered by C. A. E. G. is as

follows: "An affectionate adieu as you went your way to business; a kiss and a kind word now and then instead of an oath, an hour's conversation occasionally, are all in harmony with the poorest man's pocketbook, and would show that a confiding spirit existed, as was intended by the marriage vow."

I am familiarly acquainted with a family here in Arlington, and will present a little picture of their home. They live in a rented house, and the husband's work in New York requires him to leave home at six in the morning and to return about eight in the evening. His young wife has three little girls—the oldest four years, and the youngest eight months. She does all the work of the family, including the washing and the sewing. I have never heard her speak one impatient word, though when she puts down one little child and picks up another who cries to be held, she says it hurts her side. She is not a strong woman, and the children are often ill.

The husband's health is poor. He is a constant sufferer from dyspepsia, and at one time was unable to work for four years. He has good pay now, but is crowded with intense work by severe employers. He hopes soon to pay up the debts contracted by the illness of all of them, by previous movings and by business failures of employers. He is a man who always works if he can stand. He will work at something, and work at an unremunerative job till he can get a better.

Many persons think dyspepsia an ample excuse for being cross. This man is never out of pain, and has weak, sinking spells, but he is always kind and pleasant. There are kisses when he goes in the morning, and kisses when he comes back at night. He often brings home some little tidbit, as a stick of chocolate, which the little ones get out of his pocket. How glad he is to get home, and how glad they all are to have him come!

All day his wife is working and planning for him and her children, thinking how hard he is working, and what she can prepare for his supper that will taste good but will not hurt him. She works early and late. Home is her paradise. She very seldom goes out, for she cannot leave her little ones. The two older ones play in the yard, but they never go out of it. Once in a while she admits a little visitor to play with them.

These good, hard-working persons are not too poor nor too busy to care for their dog. He was a little puppy when they took him. He is now a St. Bernard of great size. He is chained, but has a part of the yard and plenty of exercise. His master, who is a skilled mechanic, has his chain fastened to a double wire arranged on a double pulley. The ring of the chain slips along the wire, and he runs about with great freedom and comfort. The wire is one of those galvanized wires prepared to use for a clothesline.

There is seldom a day that I do not go to see this family. Though church people, they are Spiritualists, read "The Bridge," and follow its teachings.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
ABBY A. JUDSON.

Arlington, N. J., Oct. 6, 1899.

### Answers to Questions

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Herbert Solomons, Philadelphia.] Will you kindly explain the true work of the guardian angel said to accompany each individual? Is there but one or are there many guardian spirits? Does the principal guardian angel ever leave the person's side during his earthly career? If this principal guardian angel is absent will he respond to a call from his charge in time of sudden trouble or peril? How is a person to know that this angelic being is at his side? Does the same guardian who follows—or leads—the individual remain with him till the final transition or death? Are the terms "guardian angel" and "guide" synonymous? There are many who do not understand this matter and who would be grateful for the needed information.

ANS.—By the guardian angel who never leaves the individual during the entire course of a life on earth, we mean that parental soul or overseer of the welfare of the individual now incarnate who stands in just the relation to one under parental supervision which the word guardian properly signifies. It is by no means desirable to put a strained geographical interpretation upon spiritual language with a view to making it appear that in a local sense the guardian angel is always, as it were, at the elbow of whoever may be a ward of that angel, and further, it is not necessary to believe that one angel has only one charge on earth. Angels are those who by reason of having had certain experiences in expression are now particularly qualified to act as guides and overseers to some who are now undergoing experiences similar to those which they have already undergone.

The very idea of the possibility of telepathic intercourse between kindred minds on earth suggests truly the means whereby spiritual beings can communicate with their friends and charges apart from the necessity of close exterior proximity; but though it is ever true that those who are spiritually related can hold intercourse superlocally with each other, the conditions of existence in the spiritual life are such that whenever affection or strong desire reaches out to a certain place there the spirit goes with the velocity of thought untrammelled. The guardian angel is so perceptive, and understands so thoroughly the purpose for which the soul is embodied on earth, that the angel takes of necessity a widely different view of earthly matters from that usually taken on earth itself. If you are in trouble your guardian angel knows why, and can therefore comprehend the trying situation as you cannot. This enables the guardian angel to be a true guide and director, a capable counsellor and trustworthy teacher; but, as in the case of parents and preceptors on earth, they cannot lawfully so control the actions of those committed to their oversight that children can be allowed to gain no real experiences of their own. The guardian angel would not be fulfilling a true and helpful mission were such a spirit to perpetually carry you instead of assisting you to walk alone.

We find many imaginary difficulties in connection with this most interesting subject, which are far from genuine stumbling blocks in the path of the sincere student of spiritual administrations. Among the foremost of seeming perplexities is the fact that despite guardian angels people are continually falling into error and disgrace. Why could not or did not the angels prevent a certain calamity is a frequent outcry.

Two answers can be given to the above question. First, This material world is intended as a seminary and a workshop; it is indeed a laboratory in which students are gaining experience by actually handling elements and making chemical combinations according to their will. Guardian angels may be regarded as professors of chemistry, if you please, but they are far from seeking to prevent you from

gaining your knowledge in your own way, are distinctly aware that they once attained theirs as you are now obtaining yours. Second, A guardian angel, though truly a guide is never a "control," and as many people choose to live temporarily in a state of entire devotion to external sense, they therefore turn away from the guardian angel and become blind and deaf to all exalted spiritual presences, so that should they in a moment of dire extremity suddenly call upon the angel whose very existence they have grown accustomed to completely ignore, though there is no unwillingness on the angel's side to render palpable assistance, the chronic obtuseness of the one on the earthly side renders the proffered angelic aid very nearly undecipherable.

But as there are always two sides to a life's experience—frequently called subjective and objective—it often occurs that though there is no cognition on the physical side, there is acknowledgment on the psychical, and some interior blessing is received in answer to a genuine aspiration, even when no external help seems to have been rendered.

It must be obvious to the reflective mind that if it be allowed that there are such beings as guardian angels, they are living in an altogether super terrestrial state, where they necessarily view matters from a totally different standpoint than that of earth; it is therefore not possible to logically account for their behavior apart from some knowledge of their feelings and condition. Earth experiences cannot appear from above as they appear from below, and those who have encountered and overcome cannot take the sad or pessimistic view of earthly tribulations ordinarily taken by those who are now in the midst of the deep waters of affliction. The guardian angel is far wiser than those guides who are drawn around you from the sphere or state which is but one degree removed above your present spiritual whereabouts, because no spiritual entity can fulfill the duties pertaining to the office of guardian angel without having passed through all those lower degrees which intervene between the first and the highest rungs on the ladder of attainment—the foot of which is firmly planted on the exterior earth, while its summit is in that celestial region which marks the highest degree of experience connected with this particular planet.

As to how any one can know of the presence of the guardian angel, a consideration of this problem would involve a complete dissertation upon ways and means of spiritual perception. However, it may be truly said that whenever there is some special message or warning given by the angel, a thrill passes through the inner organism of the recipient of these tidings, and though it does not always follow that the receiver knows who the sender is or whence the message comes, the end is served when the impression is made and acted upon. The guardian angel remains with the charge as a guide and overseer, not only till physical dissolution ensues, but until the angelic state is reached and you who have been helped by angels, yourselves become angels.

### Don't Worry.

Never was there a truer remark than this, recently written by a physician: "Worry kills more people in America than all the ills to which flesh is heir." The old proverb says "care," which is only another name for worry, "once killed a cat." If worry can extinguish the nine lives of a cat, it is a far easier task to extinguish the one life of a man, especially as men have infinitely larger capacities for worrying than cats.

In one direction the faith curers and mind healers and Christian Scientists are on the right track. The relation of the mind to the body is more intimate than is generally conceded, and of all the manifestations of the mind worry is the most mischievous. It is the poison to enjoyment, and enjoyment is one of the prime objects of life and blessings of nature. No man can live the life he was intended to live who worries. It ruins the disposition, sours the temper, darkens every prospect, kills the imagination, saps the vital force, and ends by producing conditions which ultimately kill the worrier. It is the most insidious and dangerous form of pessimism.

Care, Hood says, drives nails into your coffin, but "every grin of laughter draws one out," and Hood was a living illustration of the truth of what he wrote. If worrying did any good, if it in the least altered one's personal equation, there might be some excuse for it; but in this world what is to be will be, and no amount of fretting can change the everlasting verities. The only outcome is weakened nerves, disordered stomach, refractory liver, clouded brain and settled melancholy, ending in conditions against which materia medica itself is powerless.

In an ideal world every child would be first taught not to worry, and thus avoid that distortion of the imagination and sickness of fancy which head the train of life's ordinary infelicities and recruit new ones all along the road. While we are not disposed to accept many of the teachings of Christian Science, and must insist that pain is pain wherever found, and that mind is not always superior to matter, and that when a man is sick he is sick, and if not taken care of will die, yet to the extent that it is inculcating cheerfulness and banishing worry it is doing a good work. The functions of life were intended to be pleasurable, and yet the only sad thing in the world is man. Nine-tenths of this sadness comes from sickness, and many tenths of this sickness comes from worry, which deranges life's processes and undermines the strength of the body, leaving it the victim of disease. To no people in the world is the advice "don't worry" more applicable than to the American. They are environed with "fret and stew," when what they need are rest and recreation and the capacity to enjoy.—Campbell's Illustrated Journal.

One who is true to his own heart-convictions never yet found Nature and the Soul of Nature faithless.—Marion Enterprise.

Our duty lies, not in regrets, not in resolutions, but in thoughts followed by resolves, and resolves by actions.—Ex.

### Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Antwerp, Ohio, Oct. 4, 1899, IDA CHAMPIAN OSWALT, aged 28 years 10 months and 18 days, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. CHAMPIAN.

The deceased was a believer in Spiritualism from childhood, often seeing the departed loved ones near her bedside, and the day before she passed away she told her friends she could see the angels hovering near, and they had come to take her away. NORA E. CHATTERTON.

[Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.]



## A Spirit's Letter to a Friend.

Dear Friend: It is some time since I addressed you, but I assure you that I do not forget my earthly friends, although a dweller in the spiritual world. Often, very often, I think over the pleasant meetings held in Saratoga, for it was there that most of my spiritual work was done.

One seldom realizes when dwelling upon the earth, the labor they may have accomplished. But now I see that I did do a work that will never be undone.

It gives me great pleasure to know that there are those in the spiritual cause who are staunch and true, and none more than yourself and dear husband, though you may not be able to express it to the world in the way you would be pleased to do, were it within your power. But never mind, truth lives, and there are many who will continue in the good work, when all of the old pioneers like yourself and husband have crossed the narrow river. A narrow stream indeed, it is. Just see how easily I return and influence you to write a few thoughts. Nothing new; only to revive anew the dear friendships of other, and to some, better days. Not at all. All days and all ages are of great importance to those who have experienced in their time that which seemed wonderful and new, to others there will be that which will be to them of equal importance. I often return to the old town, because I had interests there that seemed of some value to me, though not to others. The few friends and relatives remaining are not many, but they have my best wishes, and the tenderest of love that I can well bestow or manifest in any way. I fear some may not understand, but I would like to send them all love and good wishes in this memorable year, which is and will be of great importance to earth's children.

The spirits from on high know and perceive much that is taking place on the earth plane. And beside they are greatly interested in the affairs of earth, for they have (most of spirits) near and dear friends still inhabiting the lower sphere, as it is called. But to me it is not low or high, but my birthplace, that I hold in reverence. Would you now, or any one, care less for your early home because removed to such a distance that it might not be available to visit it as often as most of mortals would like to do? Spirits are only men and women transformed into spirit life by leaving behind the fleshly habiliments of earth that are of no value to the spirit longer, and unnumbered, can soar to such lofty heights of spiritual development as they seek for and desire with sincerity of motive.

I am happy, and enjoy a heaven such as I behold. To me it is heaven indeed, for nearly my whole family are here with me—at least all of my own children.

Sometimes wonder within my mind if my talk ever made any impression upon the minds of those persons I occasionally addressed (through the promptings of the spirit) on the subject of Spiritualism, which was always dear to my heart.

It is difficult to tell, and persons you are not en rapport with cannot understand as readily as those whose thoughts have been awakened, as it were, by that light which comes from heaven direct—or, in other words, by that law which proves to be correct—those in sympathy with each other always seem to understand more readily. I discover what the other comprehends. And so through the law of attraction, if in no other way, the souls in sympathy are in union.

I took a great deal of pleasure—and to me it was a great delight—to always hold a Spiritual meeting on all occasions and at all times, if it were possible. And I made it convenient to do so. I have never regretted it, and am more than satisfied with the results thereof.

Nothing would deter me, stormy or any kind of weather. My friends can all testify to that. I do not say this in a way to flatter myself in the least, but to prove the old adage correct—"Whatever your hands find to do, do it with all your might," and it will bear fruit in that harvest that is sure to come.

Oh! if every one could understand the importance of spiritual growth, methinks there would be none that would hesitate to investigate the truth and know for a certainty, and not such a mythical uncertainty as it really is to many persons, if they will but acknowledge the truth. But fear of what the world at large and one's friends may say, keeps their mouths shut, and their ears closed, believing that they are not the only ones in the same dilemma, and that the chances in the future will be equally as good for one as another.

Not so; every one must work out for himself, sooner or later, life's problem. "To be or not to be." They should all feel that assurance and have that satisfaction dwelling within the soul, that there is a future of equal and of as great importance as the present in which they are dwelling, and should, if possible, have positive proof, so that the mind may be satisfied and at such ease that they can trust their future into the hands of a Divine Providence, realizing that the Creator of all things has provided for His children in every stage of life throughout an eternity.

PETER THOMPSON.

Mr. Thompson formerly resided at Saratoga Springs, where he was a prominent Spiritualist, and his many friends there will realize that the above is from him in the spiritual world.

E. F. B.

## A Thought Suggestion.

To the Student, Mystic or Seer, a Magazine Article of Many Pages—To the Reader, it is Whatever You Find that Will Bring to Life Responsive Thought.

BY C. E. CHANNELL.

Did you ever meditate over the character and life of the man Jesus and compare it with your own, or others, and try to find a reasonable answer as to *Why the difference?* If so, the following thought suggestion may help the seekers for truth:

Man in his material wishes, lives with and controls material things for his material desires. When the man wakes from his material sleep and begins to see the spiritual law working in the material world, begins to master his material desires by holding them in subjection, to advance within himself his spiritual power, will he, as he grows in the spiritual, become the master of the inert spiritual forces, the same as the material man masters the inert material forces.

When the living spiritual power is developed, and the spiritual laws of the material forces are comprehended, will the spiritually developed man become the living exponent of the natural laws pertaining to the spiritual world, with power over all inert spiritual environments.

When any man has mastered that law will be a teacher to make clear to us the spiritual laws in the spiritual world as well as the natural laws in the spiritual world, making law or nature the true exponent of itself by man revealing himself to himself in his active spiritual power over the inert spiritual forces.

The man Jesus became master of the inert spiritual powers of mastering the selfish and material designs within himself. The two inward forces, the spiritual and material, entwined within each other, serving the supreme and active spiritual force through which he lived in active cooperation.

Living as he did in his material environment, surrounded by the active spiritual forces drawn to him by his noble ideals and true living, he became the master of the inert forces, and could make them active and subservient to his spiritual power or knowledge. To him it was a natural law, although to us a so-called miracle or incomprehensible. The same as an educated man leads and instructs an ignorant man; to one it is a natural law, to the other incomprehensible.

The power of selfishness, pride and egotism confronts us at every turn. Can we break down those cherished barriers in our material

environment, and seek for knowledge and truth to guide us in comprehending the active and inert forces which open or close the door of our spiritual evolution?

## DEATH UNTO LIFE.

I saw life coming toward me. Then she passed with a smile and said: "Lo, Death!" But I—  
"Lo, Life eternal!"  
—R. R. Bunker, in *October Century*.

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Chap. IV.—What is the Sensitive State?  
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—R. R. Bunker, in *October Century*.

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