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NO. 2

A RETROSPECT.

"Who can understand his errors?
Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."
Ps. xix: 12.

What man amongst us can recall,
Both truthfully and boldly,
The vivid story of his past years, quite
Unmoved, dry-eyed, and coldly?
The saintliest is the humblest one,
Whose voice cannot deliver
The tale of all the battles lost and won
Without a sorrowful quiver.

The mute processions of long years
Lay bare life's every weakness.
Our pride is humbled in the dust. In tears
We kneel and pray with meekness.

Recorded on the heavenly scroll
Most clear stand secret sinings;
The smallest victories of the struggling soul;
The daily fresh beginnings.

The shameful wanderings from the Christ—
Life's glorified ideal!
Oh, God! What blessings scorned and sacrificed
With griefs intensely real.

What opportunities we passed,
And scoffed the old voice pleading!
We knew it not; but, with a sudden blast,
We pierced a love-heart bleeding.

How oft the cruel sneer we buried
At those the Christ-creed holding!
We, critics of a Faith with prayer impaired,
Had soul-less thoughts unfolding.

Thus all the garments of our Faith
By doubts were soiled and tattered;
Our feet descended slippery ways of death,
Paved with our fond hopes shattered.

The fierce dominion of our sin
Nigh dragged us to Perdition;
When lo! the still small voice of Christ did win
Our agonized contrition.

Our broken loyalty, the song
That sprang from high endeavor,
God gave us back renewed, made whole and strong,
For good lives on for ever.

Once more Faith's garments shone snow-white;
The hope that Childhood chanted
At mother's knee, God gave a steadier light
And unshaken blessings granted.

As "Christ is all" I sing to him—
My Friend—he stands beside me;
And evermore through life I'll cling to Him—
A Royal Guide to me!

This cheek and life I bring to him,
My all on his care giving;
And, praising him in death, I'll wile to him
In glory everlasting.

Devotion.

The Outlook Beautiful.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

Number Seven.

"For, placed as is the soul between the outer and the inner mediator, between the material and the spiritual, she looks inward as well as outward, and by experience learns the nature and method of God; and according to the degree of her elevation, purity and desire, sees, reflects and transmits God. It is in the virtue of the soul's position between the worlds of substance and of phenomenon, and her consequent ability to refer things to their essential ideas, that in her, and her alone, resides an instrument of knowledge competent for the comprehension of truth even to the highest, which she only is able to behold face to face. It is no hyperbole that is involved in the saying, 'The pure in heart see God.'"

"But beyond and above the power to read the memory of himself or of the planet, is the power to penetrate to that innermost sphere wherein the soul obtains and treasures up her knowledge of God. This is the faculty whereby true revelation occurs. And revelation, even in this, its highest sense, is, no less than reason, a natural appanage of man, and belongs of right to man in his highest and completest measure of development."—Dr. Anna Kingsford.

The next great step in the progress of life is to develop the power to discern our own future. There is really nothing, if one comes to think of it, more densely ignorant than to walk blindly, not knowing what an hour, a day, a week may bring forth. The life which is and that which is to come is all one life. Next year is no more remote from us than is last year. Why should we know the events of the one and be entirely ignorant of the events of the other? There is in man the faculty of divination, of prophecy, although it is almost wholly a latent faculty and only in a few persons has it attained any degree of development. Columbus evidently had this power; he saw, he felt, he divined that there was another world on the other side of the earth and he sailed forth on the trackless seas and found it. Receiving impressions of future events is a common experience; but these are usually dim, nebulous, and unformulated. Can they be developed into a clear and intelligent recognition? I, for one, believe this may be accomplished.

For the reason that life is evidently twofold, and all that happens to us on this plane occurs here because it has already occurred on the spiritual side. If, then, the spiritual perception can be trained to perceive and take intelligent cognizance of our spiritual experiences we should then know what lay before us on the physical plane.

The two dimensions which differentiate the physical from the spiritual world are Time and Space; and, in the present life, it is readily seen that the higher the degree of

spiritual development and advancement, the less is the individual fettered and limited by these conditions. One may get a certain analogy on it by realizing to how much greater extent the infant and the child is bound by the conditions of Space and Time than is the man or woman. To the child the idea of the next year is, practically, an eternity; while the man calmly and confidently makes his plans for the next year, or for five years or ten years later with a matter-of-course assurance. To the man the next year is not so remote as the next day is to the child. So by this analogy it is not difficult to realize that when one is released from the physical world and advances into the realm of the subtle and potent forces of the ethereal world, and continues to advance in spiritual progress—it is not difficult to realize that he is increasingly free from these conditions that are so strong in their power of limitation over the mortal life.

"It is," says Maurice Maeterlinck, "quite incomprehensible that we should not know the future. Probably a mere nothing, the displacement of a cerebral lobe, the resetting of Broca's convolution in a different manner, the addition of a slender network of nerves to those which form our consciousness, any one of these would be enough to make the future unfold itself before us with the same clearness, the same majestic amplitude as that with which the past is displayed on the horizon, not only of our individual life, but also of the life of the species to which we belong. A singular infirmity, a curious limitation of our intellect, causes us not to know what is going to happen to us, when we are fully aware of what has befallen us. From the absolute point of view to which our imagination succeeds in rising, although it cannot live there, there is no reason why we should not see that which does not yet exist, considering that that which does not yet exist in its relation to us must necessarily have its being already, and manifest itself somewhere. If not, it would have to be said that, where Time is concerned, we form the centre of the world, that we are the only witnesses for whom events wait so that they may have the right to appear and to count in the eternal history of causes and effects. It would be as absurd to assert this for Time as it would be for Space, that other not quite so incomprehensible form of the two-fold infinite mystery in which our whole life floats."

The latest progress in this new century is that of overcoming Space. It is being overcome; it is being almost annihilated. When on the Atlantic coast we call up the friend in Chicago and speak with him any hour, when we cable across three thousand miles of water and receive a speedy reply, when wireless telegraphy wafts its message through the etheric currents of the air, when the electric motor is about to revolutionize all our preconceived ideas of distance and journeying, we see how space is being dominated and is no longer to be one of the conditions that limit man's activities. To a degree, overcoming Space is also overcoming Time. In an essay of Emerson's, written somewhere in the middle of the nineteenth century, he speaks of something as being worth "going fifty miles to see." Fifty miles, at that time, represented a greater space than three thousand miles represents at the present. Regarding the condition of space Maeterlinck further says: "Space is more familiar to us, because the accidents of our organism place us more directly in relation with it and makes it more concrete. We can move in it pretty freely, in a certain number of directions, before and behind us. That is why no traveler would take it into his head to maintain that the towns which he has not yet visited will become real only at the moment when he sets his foot within their walls. Yet this is very nearly what we do when we persuade ourselves that an event which has not yet happened does not yet exist."

This brings us to the very point touched some months ago in this series of papers. The only explanation of certain phases of the phenomena of life is in the theory that life is twofold. That what we call life, in the sense of experiences and events and circumstances, is simply the result, the precipitation into the physical world of the events and experiences that have already occurred to us on the spiritual side of life, and that they occur here because they have occurred there. Maeterlinck says further (in this paper entitled "The Foretelling of the Future," in the *Fortnightly* for August, from which extracts were published in the *Banner* for August 23). "But I do not intend, in the wake of so many others, to lose myself in the most insoluble of enigmas. Let us say no more about it, except this alone, that Time is a mystery which we have arbitrarily divided into a past and a future, in order to try and understand something of it. In itself, it is almost certain that it is but an immense, eternal, motionless Present, in which all that takes place and all that will take place takes place immutably, in which tomorrow, save in the ephemeral mind of man, is indistinguishable from yesterday or today." The question is raised in this article, as to whether the clairvoyant who foretells to one future events gets his knowl-

edge from the subliminal consciousness of the person himself? Mr. Maeterlinck relates a series of experiences that he had in Paris with all sorts and degrees of the professed seers, and he says:

"It is very astonishing that others can thus penetrate into the last refuge of our being, and there, better than ourselves, read thoughts and sentiments at times forgotten or rejected, but always long-lived, or as yet unformulated. It is really disconcerting that a stranger should see further than ourselves into our own heart. That sheds a singular light on the nature of our inner lives. It is vain for us to keep watch upon ourselves, to shut ourselves up within ourselves; our consciousness is not water-tight, it escapes, it does not belong to us, and though it requires special circumstances for another to install himself there and take possession of it, nevertheless it is certain that, in normal life, our spiritual tribunal, our 'for interior,' as the French have called it, with that profound intuition which we often discover in the etymology of words, is a kind of forum, or spiritual market place, in which the majority of those who have business there come and go at will, look about them and pick out the truths, in a very different fashion and much more freely than we would have to this day believed."

Mr. Maeterlinck reiterates that it is incredible that we should not know the future. It is more than incredible; it is unparadoxically stupid, and the great degradation is to so develop and unfold the spiritual faculties that they will realize the experiences on the spiritual side, and which will, later on, precipitate themselves into the mortal life, and that will be "knowing the future." That is to say, if we can read our spiritual past, we then know our earthly future, for that which has been, in the latter experience, shall be in the outer experience. Mr. Maeterlinck says:

"I cannot think that we are not qualified to know beforehand the disturbances of the elements, the destiny of the planets, of the earth, of empires, peoples and races. All this does not touch us directly, and we know it in the past thanks only to the archives of history. But that which retains us, that which is within our reach, that which is to unfold itself within the little sphere of years, a secretion of our spiritual organism, that envelops us in Time, even as the shell or the cocoon envelops the mollusc or the insect in Space; together with all the external events relating to it, is probably recorded in that sphere. In any case, it would be much more natural that it were recorded than comprehensible that it be not. There we have realities struggling with an illusion; and there is nothing to prevent us from believing that, as elements and events will end by overcoming illusion, realities are what will happen to us, having already happened in the history that overhangs our own, the motionless and superhuman history of the universe. Illusion is the opaque veil woven with the ephemeral threads called Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow, which we embedder on those realities. But it is not indispensable that our existence should continue the eternal dupe of that illusion. We may even ask ourselves whether our extraordinary unfitness for knowing a thing so simple, so inconceivable, so perfect and so necessary as the future, would not be somewhat decreased, but less than we hope; for already our reason is able to foresee a portion of our future, if not with the material evidence that we dream of, at least with a moral certainty that is often satisfying; yet we observe that the majority of men derive hardly any profit from this easy foreknowledge. Such men would neglect the counsels of the future, even as they hear, without following it, the advice of the past."

"Moreover, we must not believe that the march of events would be completely upset if we knew it beforehand. First, only they would know the future, or a part of the future, who would take the trouble to learn it, even as only they know the past, or a part of their own present, who have the courage and the intelligence to examine it. We should quickly accommodate ourselves to the lessons of this new science, even as we have accommodated ourselves to those of history. We which should soon make allowance for the evils we could not escape and for inevitable evils. The wisest among us, for themselves, would lessen the sum total of the latter; and the others would meet them half-way, even as now they go to meet many certain disasters which are easily foretold. The amount of our vexations would be somewhat decreased, but less than we hope; for already our reason is able to foresee a portion of our future, if not with the material evidence that we dream of, at least with a moral certainty that is often satisfying; yet we observe that the majority of men derive hardly any profit from this easy foreknowledge. Such men would neglect the counsels of the future, even as they hear, without following it, the advice of the past."

Again, we find Mr. Maeterlinck saying:

"One would say that man had always the feeling that a mere infinity of his mind separates him from the future. He knows it to be there, living, actual, perfect, behind a kind of wall, around which he has never ceased to turn since the first days of his coming on this earth. Or rather, he feels it within himself and known to a part of himself; only, that importunate and disquieting knowledge is unable to travel, through the too narrow channels of his senses, to his consciousness, which is the only place where knowledge acquires a name, a useful strength, and so to speak, the freedom of the human city. It is only by glimmers, by casual and passing infiltrations that future years, of which he is full, of which the imperious realities surround him on every hand, penetrate to his brain. He feels that an extraordinary accident should have closed almost hermetically to the future that brain which plunges into it entirely; even as a sealed vessel plunges, without mixing with it, into the depths of a monstrous sea that overwhelms it, entrusts it, teases it and caresses it with a thousand billows."

The details of experience with all sorts and conditions of psychics, and with the palmists, astrologists, card readers and soothsayers of every description in Paris which Mr. Maeterlinck gives in this article, are edifying. Those accustomed to psychic investigation will gain

from his account some new light on spiritual phenomena.

The power to continually realize one's experiences on the spiritual side of life, every day and hour, as they may come, is one that can be developed through living the life of the spirit, the life that is joy, peace and serenity gained from faith and prayer. The soul, as Dr. Kingsford truly says in the quotation at the head of this paper, "looks inward as well as outward;" sees the life in God, and this perception may be gained by the conscious mind. The demand to know the future is in the air; it will increase, and wherever is demanded, there is an answering supply. "Seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." It is the law and the prophets.

The Brunswick, Boston.

Jesus.

This man did tent in shadow to proclaim the sun. His dial, telling Time's sad way, was put aforth to knowledge men the way of all his soul.

His yearnings, aching down the heart of every heart, were heaven-born, and the steel whereby he cut the vagrant thought was that which heavens all held.

He stood where all may know his kingship, and he waved the flag immortal grown through many births. His all was not in ways of Time, but down the littleness of all the world he voiced a greater world, and the judicious of his masterpiece is not as yet ahead.

He was the "Is" of every soul, and you and I are but the "Was" of that which stood aforth in all his kingdom. He pictured forth what blames no man, and he hung in battle array the weapons of his peace. His Calvary is stood in every heart, and the crucifixion of his hours is ours in years, when we do learn love that spelled into heaven.

His soul was grown by many births to stand between the worlds behind, before, and the magic of his presence was plumed not by avarice of that which counted not the soul its own. His own was through the heart of every heart, and he wiped the tears of sorrow's way with glances from his own.

No hand was held but told him kinship, and the devil of his mountain is yet at large. He yearned to tell himself, but ears were all too small to bear the knowledge, and the downfall of the kingdoms of the world was preached to grow his kingdom. His ragged, footsore way is still proclaimed by mortals to his growth, and he waved to beach of Time a wondrous ocean, whereon he sailed himself.

His kiss of love to mortals given, is sweetened through the ages, and all the eyes of Time can see no God but that which stretches through his soul across the sweeps of every soul. His lullaby of peace is sung down the battles, and he virgins every soul with whiteness of itself.

In the mortal all immortal he sleeps, and the wakening eyes of you and me will see his godship. The sparks divine that full divinities his mission, is now afire within our presence, and we to flame it forth should sit in nearness to his speech, "I love." No man but hands the bread of life to other hand if he doth mission forth himself in loneliness, and he who stood as Jesus to the world is full proclaimed in wondrous way whereby he told the God he was.

Augusta Adams.

Ministering Angels.

Let it not be supposed that we are always left to strive and struggle alone. No! Like ourselves, all spirits and angels were once men. They have lived in corporeal organisms; have walked upon this or upon some other earth which rolls into space; have experienced the pleasures and vicissitudes, the joys and sorrows, the tears and smiles, of this insipid existence. But now, having passed through the transformatory process of outer dissolution, which mankind term death, they reside in the spirit land; and, in harmony with the immutable laws of progression and development, they have transcended all terrestrial imperfections, and still they march victoriously onward. But they who have already attained to celestial heights, as well as those who have not yet advanced far in the spiritual country, they can behold us from where they are, and in our evening meditations, in our profoundest slumbers, in our daily occupations, in our "circles" of fraternal love, the spirit friends, whom our souls most attract, come to us and breathe their pure and beautiful sentiments into our souls. And when, by reading our thoughts they see us in trouble or in danger, it is reasonable to anticipate the reception (that is, if the vessels of our minds will admit the influx) of some spiritual assistance and direction from the angels' home. Surely, Christians will remember one forcible illustration of this truth—the beautiful account of how the scales fell from Saul's eyes. A protecting spirit—an angel messenger, watching

the moment when the warrior's soul would admit of it, sent into his moral perceptions a current of divine elements, which not only made him see the error of his course, but turned his thoughts on high! And there is, also, another prominent and beautiful instance of spiritual guidance recorded in religious history. It is related that "the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, 'Arise, and take the child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word.'" Now, the majority of those who believe, because they have been educated so to do, in this circumstance, though it is said to have occurred centuries ago, will not give credence to similar, and often more complete, spiritual manifestations daily happening in our very midst. The principle of Nature which could develop spiritual intercourse in times past, is surely capable of doing the same thing in this era; for there must be unity and system in the operation of God's unchangeable laws. If it be said by some objector that the circumstances above alluded to can not be referred to Nature's laws; that it was accomplished by an especial command of God; then I remind the reader that there is nothing outside of, or superior to, that stupendous organization of matter and mind which I am impressed to term Nature. Neither are we to suppose that the deity will do for one inhabitant of earth what He will not do for another; because He is "no respecter of persons," and because, also, according to the affirmation of the highest authority among Christians, "He is without variableness, neither shadow of turning." Therefore, upon the broad and immovable foundation of Nature and her laws (which laws are the very elements of God's will) we should rest the conviction that spirits can see our thoughts, and that they do sometimes approach us to remove the scales of superstition and error from our eyes—thus directing our thoughts toward the "Eternal Mind" who will hear a sigh's low music and burst into praises that ascend upward from a thousand realms."—A. J. Davis.

The Reapers and the Harvest.

What a happy time it is when the harvest comes round again—a great gladness thrills the land—it is so wonderful to have food in abundance and lose all fear of famine. With increased facilities of commerce, it is not so bad as it formerly was, if one part of the land or of the globe fails in its harvest. We supply each other's lack, yet it is good to have the fields smiling with their plentiful supply.

At such season it is not always easy to get workers for the ingathering—they are wanted everywhere at once, and so in places are scarce—and sometimes one district has to wait till another has got through. This is a living picture of the state of men ripe for noble teaching—but those ready to give it are few—therefore he would have prayer for true workers to be sent into the fields.

What is the wheat which waves in the wind, among which the birds build and the little folk of the field hide and are happy? What is this growth but the instrument for the children of men? They feed on it, and every part of the frame is supplied with its need. There is not a single part of the body omitted. And it is good for all people the wide world round, irrespective of color or speech or religion. It is God's gift to men and fully satisfies their wants. That grows for the harvesting.

Is there a spiritual supply for souls, as universal as the food for the body? Yea, it must be so, or how could men live? Truth is the grain of God springing up to life in every land, and as men harvest it and feed upon it, they spiritually live.

We might concede that, and yet come back to our idea that there is no truth only as it is specially grown in the fields we cultivate. Wheat does not produce in its wild state, save for creatures. It must be cultivated and cared for in our way.

This personal pride has its due feature; it makes us zealous busy workers where we stand. It is like each man having a farm of his own, which he must make the most of. And the sense of ownership quickens him to it. All well and good as far as it goes, but also has the weakness of not appreciating any neighbor's labor and, perhaps, denoting it of small account.

Now, spiritually there is no monopoly of truth—it is for all—and we need teaching this, that we may co-operate in the harvest. My doctrine of election may be wrong. You can see it is—you could set me right in two minutes. You put your finger on chapter and verse and it is done.

But your doctrine of election to me may be wrong and I could straighten you out on yours in one minute. We neither convince the other because we are not open to conviction. And it may not matter a fig about either of our doctrines—they are more fanciful—based on imagination of the value of words as final—which they are not.

But life is final, what makes the life true, sweet, loving, helpful, that is the right spirit. (Continued on page 10)

MOUNTAIN MELODIES.

Oh! come to the mountains with me,
Where balsam distills from each tree;
And soft moonlight is shed
On the gravely bed
Of streams singing down to the sea.

Brown Health walks abroad every day
From the teated towns over the way.
And the far timber line
Is sought as a shrine,
While disease hides silent away.

There is balm on the emerald hills
That reaches the red-sanded rills;
Such elixir to share
With the sad everywhere,
While sweet song the cedar-bird trills.

When Creation sang over the peaks,
O'er the crisscross-stained canyons and creeks,
Dark chaos down-buried
Newer light to the world—
As truth to humanity speaks.

What mighty hand rounded this sphere?
Cooled the sulphurous and gray atmosphere?
Till upheaval was done
And the world whirling on
Man has an abiding place here.

Would you come to these mountains of mine
As a devotee to the shrine?
I lead you, standing with me,
The hills upborne from the sea,
And sweet baptism born of the pine.
—Mary Baird Finch.

The Coming of Elisabeth.

JESSIE S. PETIT FLINT.

Dedicated to the Cause of Truth.

CHAPTER III.

Again we find ourselves in Mrs. Sharp's little shop, the third morning since our first visit. The day is fair, but not as bright as yesterday, and there are signs of a coming storm. There is no thought of storm within, as far as the brisk shop woman is concerned; she has been looking over her stock, counting up her sales, looking over things generally, and is satisfied. A good, very good beginning for her, so early in the season, and it was mostly due to Madam. If it had not been for Madam, and the customers she had brought over, it would have been starvation prices. Madam's purse was long and she wore the purses of her friends. Mark! Could that be Madam? It was a heavy step, and came ponderously up the stairs. It was certainly like Madam. Listen! The stairs creaked and groaned beneath the weight, and the upward steps were taken cautiously, carefully, just like Madam. Yes, and they stopped before the door, and a heavy hand lifted the latch and a heavy weight entered; but it was not Madam.

"Ahem! Pardon me, ahem! I think I have the honor of addressing Mrs. Sharp? Ahem! Quite so, Mrs. Sharp? Ahem! Archibald Crown, Sr., of Crown & Co. Ahem! I have called this morning upon you, to talk over in person, ahem! a little business matter. You have a nice little shop, ahem! and is this young lady your assistant, Mrs. Sharp? Quite so, quite so. Ahem! Now it happens that Crown & Co. are short one hand, and my attention has been called to the excellent work your shop, ahem! is turning out. Of course, we cannot expect you to leave your shop and come to us, but we thought perhaps we might prevail upon you to let us have your assistant. As you have trained her so well, she may do very well, and you will soon be able to train another girl to take her place. Ahem! Ahem! We ask it as a great accommodation and are prepared to reimburse you for the loss, if any, and the trouble of training another assistant. Ahem! I hope that you are favorable, ahem! and the young lady, of course, we must take her into consideration also, and we will make it an object for her to come. Ahem! Five dollars, did you say? We shall expect to pay ten dollars at first, and as she becomes used to our work, advance the price. As to hours, \$8 to 12 and 1 to 5. Ahem! Ahem! No, not bad, not bad. And this matter of another help to you, ahem! Thank you, thank you; and if you will allow me to offer you a slight reimbursement for your trouble," laying a fifty-dollar bill on the counter, "and," turning to Susan, "if you will be so kind as to report at the store of Crown & Co. tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock. The name, if you please? Susan—Susan Pratt. Quite so, quite so, Miss Pratt. We are really very much obliged to you, Mrs. Sharp. Ahem! Good day, good day."

The ponderous weight bowed itself out, and slowly and cautiously made its way down the creaking, groaning stairs. The unexpected had again happened, and it left both Mrs. Sharp and Susan in a whirl of excitement. There was but one thing to be done, and that done immediately. Susan must mind the shop while Mrs. Sharp went out to hunt up an assistant.

"I shall never get one like you, Susan, never, never. Oh, dear! Why did I ever let him take you from me? No, child, no; you must keep your promise, and so must I keep mine. Besides, he can afford to do better by you than I can, and it would not be right to stand in your way. You mind the shop, and I will go right now."

Susan, tremulous, frightened, almost tearful, saw the door close behind her mistress, and heard her light step pass rapidly down to the street below, where the sound was lost in the passing of time and distance. To Susan, this change seemed at the moment almost as much of a calamity as it did to her mistress—her mistress no longer after today. It was like a dream, a very unexpected dream, and a very unreal dream. What could she do in such a big establishment? Wherever was there a place for her, and how she did dread it, dread it, dread it. Would she be set to trimming hats, or what would her work be? Mr. Crown had not said, and Crown & Co. had a big department store. Almost everything a lady could want in wearing apparel was to be found there; perhaps it was everything she could want, and she did not remember. Only once or twice had she been in the store with Aunt, and she came away bewildered and awed by the grandeur. All those girls and lady clerks! How could she ever face them? Her neat, limited wardrobe was positively shabby in comparison. Oh, dear, boy, she did wish she had said "No" to Mr. Crown. But the extra pay! and she did so want to get to be independent some day; would it not take much of the extra pay to fit her for her work in that fine place? Crown & Co. would object to a shabby girl. Worst of all, could the two ladies go with her, or must they stay at Mrs. Sharp's? She never could trim or do a thing without them, and Crown & Co. would find her a flat failure. Smiles lighted up the faces of the two ladies, and Madam I—

"We have never talked you, and we never shall. Fear not. Your work will be more agreeable than here; you will have better accommodations, and you will find an old acquaintance, and one who will prove a friend, waiting for you at the door. She will pilot you to your place and remain with you for a portion of the morning. You will find a warm friend in Mr. Crown, but you had better not

mention our presence or speak of our help. He or no other person there would understand."

"Will any one ever understand?" asked Susan.

"Yes, my child, in the near future. It may seem long to you, but it looks short to us. You will find the cravings of your heart satisfied, you will feel yourself alone no longer."

Thus the morning passed, in fearful doubts and questions, and kindly, helpful answers. Lunch hour came and went. Susan ate her lunch alone. There had as yet been no outside interruption in the communion of the seven with the unseen world. Two o'clock, and still no Mrs. Sharp, but some one was mounting the stairs. Customers, two groups, one of which went to the hairdresser, the other opened the door of the little shop.

A small purchase, a look at the spring styles, and to forecast the summer, if possible; that was all, but it took time, and before it was finished Mrs. Sharp came home, followed by a big, lanky built girl. The mistress pointed out vacant chairs, the girl curiously, then to sit down. Then, turning to her customers, she was ready, with gracious smiles, to work her trade, while Susan unobtrusively returned to her sewing. Customers came and went. It was an unusually busy afternoon, but the mistress found time to tell the girl to lay aside her hat and to go to the door, to instruct the new assistant in some plain work.

The girl proved ready enough and willing, but extremely awkward. She watched Susan with both open eyes and mouth, and patiently tried to follow the deft fingers as they laid out the work before her. She eyed Susan so and vacant chair, the girl curiously, then to sit down. Then, turning to her customers, she was ready, with gracious smiles, to work her trade, while Susan unobtrusively returned to her sewing. Customers came and went. It was an unusually busy afternoon, but the mistress found time to tell the girl to lay aside her hat and to go to the door, to instruct the new assistant in some plain work.

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SIN-REPENTANCE.

His hands were red with kindred's blood,
His soul was dyed a deeper stain,
Deeds, sable as the blackest night,
He was a modern Cain.

Though marked by men as lepers are,
Black painted, with deft hoofs and horns;
God let him live. Where harvest sown
Rank thistles grew, with thorns.

He knew no peace. His soul aflame
By breath of hell was fanned. Sin-kissed
It shriveled, shrank, and seared. Serpents
Twined and fierce dragons hissed.

Writhing, bleeding, lost to pity,
Soul bereft of hope and God-light;
Weary turned and groped in darkness,
Seeking day, finding night.

God had mercy; and the slapper
Heard the still small voice recalling;
Saw the anchor dropped from heaven,
Saw the sunlight falling.

Homeward, homeward, weary pilgrim,
Cross and burden's lighter growing,
Conscious now that pleasant reaping
Needs a righteous sowing.

—W. S. Haskell.

Schoura.

FROM ANIMISMUS AND SPIRITISMUS. BY ALEXANDER AKSAKOFF.

The following extract from a remarkable book is interesting proof of the identity of the communicating spirit who states facts which could be known only to him and which he alone could communicate:

But I return to my subject. I wish to terminate this rubric by the recital of a fact that I have from the first source. It does not belong to the category of facts that are made of the spirit of the deceased, but the category of those that could not have been communicated except by the deceased, for the fact in question related to a political secret, it concerned one who was living, it was revealed by a friend of his, deceased, and solely for the purpose of saving him. I shall relate this case with all the details that I know, for I consider it not only as one of the most conclusive in favor of the spiritual hypothesis, but also, and rather, as an absolute proof of identity, a proof as absolute as a proof of this kind can be.

My readers already are acquainted with my friend, Mlle. A. W., who took part in my private seances during the years 1880-1883. Mlle. A. W. has a daughter, Mlle. Sophie, who, at the time when these first seances were held, was at college. She had never been present, either at these seances or at any others, and had read nothing concerning Spiritualism. She was as ignorant in this matter as was her mother, who, apart from our seances, never gave the subject any thought. One evening in October, 1884, during a visit from one of her relatives, the conversation turned upon Spiritualism, and, while their guest, these ladies tried to obtain some information from the table. The attempt was unsatisfactory, but it proved that the ladies W.— could obtain some result.

On the first of January, 1885, one Tuesday evening, Mlle. W. was alone with her mother, and, wishing to divert her mind from the sad remembrance of the late Andre, she proposed to her to renew their attempt with the table. They improvised an alphabet upon a sheet of paper; a saucer with a black line served as pointer of the planchette, and as soon as the experiment was begun, the name "Andre" was spelled. This was a natural enough result, being the baptismal name of the deceased husband of Mlle. W.—, the father of Sophie.

The communication that followed was trivial, but Mlle. W.— decided, however, to repeat the seance the next Tuesday night. For three weeks no change was effected in the character of the communications; it was always Andre from whom they were received.

The fourth Tuesday, January 22, instead of the name of Andre, and to the great surprise of the ladies, the name of Schoura was spelled. Then by the rapid and precise movements of the pointer, the communication was continued as follows:

"It is given to you to save Nicholas." "What does this mean?" demanded the two ladies in astonishment.

"He is condemned as Michel was, and, like him, he will perish. A band of worthless fellows is dragging him to his ruin."

"And what is to be done?" "You must go to the Institute of Technology before three o'clock, you must call for Nicholas, and give him an interview at his house, in his study."

As all these instructions seemed to be directly addressed to Mlle. Sophie, she replied that it would be very difficult for her to act according to these instructions, on account of the relations that existed between herself, her mother and the family of Nicholas. They were relations of mere politeness. To this observation, Schoura replied scornfully:

"Absurd ideas of propriety." "But in what way shall I be able to influence him?" asked Mlle. Sophie.

"By the force of your words; you will speak to him in your name."

"Who are they to whom the epithet 'scamp' is applied?" asked Mlle. W.—

"The gang to which Nicholas has attached himself."

"You have no longer the same convictions as formerly?"

"Revolted error."

Before continuing this recital, I ought to explain this mysterious communication. Schoura is the diminutive in Russian for Alexander, and was the name of a young lady, the cousin of Nicholas and Michel. This last, being quite young, had the misfortune to allow himself to be drawn by our anarchists or nihilists into the revolutionary current. He was arrested, tried, convicted and condemned to imprisonment in a distant city; having attempted to escape, he was shot. Schoura, who loved him dearly, kept him in her convictions and inclinations, and openly avowed the fact. After the death of Michel, in September, 1884, she felt that she was deceived in her hopes of revolution and committed suicide by taking poison, on the 15th of January, 1885, scarcely one week before the seance question. Nicholas, the younger brother of Michel, was at this time a student in the Institute of Technology.

Mlle. W.— and her daughter knew all the circumstances of the drama that I have just related, for they had for a long time acquainted with the parents of Schoura and with those of her cousin who belonged to the best society of Saint Petersburg. But these relations were far from being intimate, and the families met but rarely.

Neither Mlle. W.— nor her daughter knew anything about the secret opinions nor the conduct of Nicholas. The communication was consequently for them as unexpected as it was important. It imposed upon them a great responsibility and the position of Mlle. Sophie was a very different one. To carry out to the letter the instructions of Schoura, was for her a young girl, simply impossible. In the first place, the sense of

impropriety in so acting, and beside, what right had she to interfere in matters so delicate, since she was not intimately allied to this family. Then again, all this might not be true, and if it were true, it might, and probably would be, flatly denied by Nicholas. In what a position would she be placed then. Mlle. W.— knew very well, by the seances in which she had taken part, how little reliance can be placed in spirit communications, and she knew, therefore, that she was to take no step until the identity of Schoura was perfectly established.

The following Tuesday, Schoura made her presence known immediately, and Mlle. Sophie demanded a proof of her personality. Schoura forthwith replied:

"I am Nicholas, arrange a seance. I will come."

By this reply, it will be seen that Schoura, who during her life treated with contempt, as is the custom with the nihilists, all the conventionalities of society, was again exacting an impossibility. Nicholas never had been in Mlle. W.—'s house. Mlle. Sophie demanded some other proof of her personality, without the intervention of Nicholas, and that this proof should be conclusive.

"I will appear to you," said Schoura.

"How?"

"A few days later, Mlle. Sophie, on her return from an evening party, was standing at the door that led into the dining-room, in which there was no light, when she saw upon the wall of this room, directly opposite the door on the threshold of which she was standing, a luminous globe, that seemed to rest upon a pair of shoulders. This remained for several seconds, and then, ascending toward the ceiling, it disappeared. Mlle. Sophie at once assured herself of the fact that this was not caused by the reflection of any light whatever coming from the street. At the next seance, the explanation of this apparition was asked for, and Schoura said:

"It was the contour of a head and shoulders. I cannot appear more distinctly. I am still too weak."

Although many proofs accumulated, that I made for the seances, I assure Mlle. Sophie of the identity of Schoura, she should not decide to act in conformity with Schoura's injunctions, and she proposed, as a more convenient expedient, to make all this known to the parents of Nicholas.

This proposition excited in Schoura a violent displeasure, and she was indicated by abrupt movements of the saucer, and finally by this declaration:

"That will lead to nothing."

This phrase was followed by epithets of contempt that it is impossible to introduce here, epithets showing the strong contempt which Mlle. Sophie felt for the character of those that could not have been communicated except by the deceased, for the fact in question related to a political secret, it concerned one who was living, it was revealed by a friend of his, deceased, and solely for the purpose of saving him. I shall relate this case with all the details that I know, for I consider it not only as one of the most conclusive in favor of the spiritual hypothesis, but also, and rather, as an absolute proof of identity, a proof as absolute as a proof of this kind can be.

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Conduct of Understanding.

An article in the Banner lately on Education suggests the following: The immortal little work by Lock on "The Conduct of the Understanding" should be placed in the hands of every pupil at our public schools, as soon as he can read with facility. Owing to the neglect of the art of using the reasoning power, generation after generation adopts the same old fancies. Whole nations fall down before creeds in religion and politics that the least exercise of reason will show to be absurd. Every one should know that if a chain can be no stronger than its weakest link, so no dogma or belief can be true if its foundation is false, no matter how massive and grand is the structure built upon it.

Millions bow before the assertion of the thirty-ninth articles; each one depending upon the article before it, and each supported, it may be, by facts no one will dispute, yet all depending on a dream related as hearsay by one of two who never saw the dreamer in their lives! How few will use their reason about spiritual phenomena, although they are facts as certain as two and two are four. Were all the millions of recorded facts in Spiritualism utterly false but one, one, being wholly true, must establish forever the truth of all that is claimed for it.

It is to be hoped that some capable person will get up and introduce in our schools an abridgment of Lock's work. With all the examples in order to train the youthful mind how to use itself. Two or three of Macaulay's Critical Essays will be a good introduction. Especially that one on "Southey's Colloquies;" also two or three from Chillingworth's "Religion of Protestants," a sample of which I give at the close of this article. With all Southey's genius, his training and splendid diction, as Macaulay says, he did not know what argument was; had no conception of it. The essay on "Gladstone" shows that he, too, when a youth, had but irregular, dim perception of truth, as his papers on the Mosiac dispensation show; he had never much improved in his old age.

What waste of time is put on grammar for children! That little book, "Mary and her Grammar," by Mrs. Faucet, is all sufficient, and the child will learn it all in a few lessons. If reviewed once a year no more will be requisite. Think of the many years wasted on grammar, and not one hour given to literary criticism, that most useful and, after geography and arithmetic, the most nearly all sufficient. No wonder that, now, no one has ever read the hundred English works essential to even a common culture. For the classics once in every home we now have David Henderson's "The Classics."

In reply to 3d chapter, Sec. 67, Chillingworth gives a fine example of his power of crushing a great fallacy all the world nearly was believing:

Ques. Why do you believe in —? (some article of creed.)

Ans. Because my authority declares it is so.

Ques. Is that authority infallible?

Ans. It is on all fundamental points.

Ques. It then may err on points not fundamental?

Ans. Yes

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away. Call for...

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"Without Me ye can do nothing."—John 15.
Without Divine Inspiration man does little for himself or others. This is being realized more and more each day by men and women in all walks of life. The successful businessman is he who has God and Christ and the Holy Angels as active partners. It is the great truth that men are now beginning to realize—that with God we are not limited in our powers to do.

"I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill." —Ex.

Veritable fame in all its glory and purity exists only in the earnest and exalted longings after intellectual and moral truth; where it is found and nurtured, the high sense of duty, supported by the strictest feeling of honor, will be so intense that no amount of isolation or worldly praise, no bribes of wealth or splendor, no cringing to frowns, no pangs of torture, could ever prevent it from saying that truly noble man from expressing and maintaining such truths.—Ex.

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SPECIAL NOTICE

IF IT is either Spiritualism or Materialism in the last analysis, and if all so-called Christians and non-Christians who believe in immortality are Spiritualists, is it not wholly out of order for those who hold like views to be forever quarreling one with another? What business have the Spiritualists to denounce the Christians? What right have the Christians to abuse, denounce and vilify the Spiritualists? Why should a Presbyterian-Spiritualist inveigh with bitterness against a Unitarian-Spiritualist, or any other Spiritualist? Are not the members of the same household brethren in soul in the best sense of the word? Why should there be criminalizations and recriminations on the part of those who are seeking the same end, pressing toward the same goal, striving to establish the same divine purposes? Should not all these spiritualistic sects begin to unite their forces to meet the assaults of their common and most formidable antagonist? Would it not be far more seemly for them to seek for their points of agreement, rather than for those of disagreement? In short, should they not cease their endeavors to build themselves up by turning their spiritualistic brethren against one another? Of all people on earth, ought not the spiritualists to take the lead in this work of reconciling and unifying these contending

The political pot is boiling "fast and furious" in the State of Maine at the present writing. The voters will record their decision at the polls on Monday, Sept. 8, and then there will be peace for the two years next ensuing. The Spiritualists have a chance to secure some advantages to themselves in the coming election. If they will but vote their principles on election day. Several of their number are candidates for the State Senate and House of Representatives. These candidates are members of both political parties, but they stand for principles that are identical, hence should be elected. In Knox county, Senator Staples is a candidate for election on the Democratic ticket. He is Spiritualist and will faithfully support all honest reform measures that Spiritualists advocate. He will oppose medical monopoly, corporal punishment, compulsory vaccination laws, and will stand by the principles of liberty and justice in all things. He should re-

Are the Spiritualists desirous of keeping up with the progressive thinkers of the age? Should they not be in the lead in the presentation of all advanced thought to the world? It seems to the writer as if they should take more active interest in the questions of the day if they would be classed as progressive thinkers. Some Spiritualists, aye, many of them are now in open opposition to a free platform, and smile with approval upon the oppression of a journal that publishes opinions contrary to their own. Some of them have even applauded the sentence to a term of six months in prison of those Manila editors who had the courage to publish criticisms of the flagrant abuses on the part of the officials of the United States on duty in the Philippine Islands. It is true that a fine of one thousand dollars each has been substituted for the term in prison, but that does not change the principle involved. The right of honest criticism belongs to every freeman, and should be sacredly protected. This right has been trampled upon, outraged, and completely overthrown in many instances in this

Hon. Edwin Bunker of Dexter, Maine, one of the fearless defenders and loyal supporters of Spiritualism in the "Pine Tree State," is candidate for Register of Deeds in Penobscot County. He deserves an election, and if he is given every spiritualistic vote in the county, he will surely be chosen by a good majority. Spiritualists without regard to party in Penobscot County should unitedly support him and work hard for his election. He is an able, earnest, honest man, and will, if elected, discharge the important duties of his office with fidelity. Vote for him and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have placed an honest man in office.

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