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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee

THE

CARRIER DOVE.

VOL. X. JUNE, 1893. No. 6

Biography.

MRS M. J. HENDEE.

The Pioneer Public Medium of San Francisco.

The subject of this sketch is a native of Maine. Her ancestors were from England. Her grandmother, on her mother's side, was a Garrison—sister of Wm. Lloyd Garrison's father It is believed that she has the honor of being the oldest public mediumistic evangel of the modern gospel on the Coast; that she is, in fact, the veteran medium *par excellence* of California. Long years of arduous and faithful service in the cause of Spiritual and Liberal Truth has she spent in our midst; and fervently it is hoped that for many an additional year her snow-covered locks may be seen amongst us, as she continues to dispense, as freely as of yore, the irradiant light-gleams, descending from supernal spheres, imparted to a soul-hungry world through her beneficent inspirational gifts.

Mrs. Hendee was first led to a knowledge of the truth as found in Modern Spiritualism through conversation thereon with a friend. At that time she was an ardent Methodist. She regarded Spiritualism as a delusion, and deemed it her duty, as a Christian, to warn people from its snares. While engaged in warning her friend against its wiles, she felt the presence of some one in the room, though no one but her friend and herself was visible, and she heard a voice say to her, "Are you sure that you have all the truth? Is there nothing new to be investigated? 'Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.'" For a moment she was struck speechless, feeling that she had received a well-merited rebuke for her injustice in condemning that of which she knew nothing; and she felt herself a bigot, in refusing to investigate this wondrous manifestation, and test its truth or falsity. Her friend knew nothing of her thoughts nor of what occasioned them, and was surprised, at the close of the conversation, by her inquiring when the next Spiritual meeting would be held, saying she desired to attend. She did attend, and at the meeting listened for the first time to a trance speaker—a pale, feeble man, devoid of culture, but who, under control, held the audience spell-bound with his eloquence. From that time she fully accepted the fact that the unseen dwellers on the thither shore return to earth and intelligently control mortals.

Although Mrs. Hendee (then Upham) so stoutly opposed Spiritualism, yet, prior even to the advent of this modern phase of supra-mundane revealment, she and other members of he family had been recipients of spiritual visitations and foreshadowings. In 1847 (a year before the ever-memorable 31st of March, 1848) she had bitterly bewailed the loss of her little girl babe of four years. Its manner of death was so trying to her that she could not get over it, and often she wept herself nearly sick. In her morbid self condemnation she felt as if she herself were to blame for its premature demise, and yet she knew that she was really

innocent. One day when alone and in great distress, wishing for death, her little girl came to her and said, "Mamma, don't cry any more; it was all right; it was to be. I am happy—don't cry!" She spoke to her several times, and she fully recognized her voice, and knew that it was her sweet child, Florence. From that time she ceased to grieve for her loss, but she did not recognize *that* as Spiritualism; and when, in the next following years, Spiritualism was steadily gaining ground, based upon manifestations similar in character to those manifest in her own experience, she still refused to recognize their significancy; yet she had been taught to believe in the appearing of the dead. Her mother was a natural seer, and often saw and spoke to spirits; and prior to the death of any member of the family, she would always be warned of the approaching event by the vision of a ball of fire.

In December, 1849, her husband, Mr. Upham, came to California, at which time he and she knew nothing of Spiritualism. One night Mr. Upham awoke from sleep, when the room suddenly lighted up, and his father stood before him, and said to him, "Ansel, I died to-night at 12 o'clock!" This he twice repeated, and then vanished, the room resuming its natural darkness. Mr. Upham arose and looked at the time; it was half-past 12. He noted the date, and the spirit's intelligence being fully confirmed, he became thoroughly convinced of the fundamental truths of Spiritualism.

It was about this time that Mrs. Upham became converted as before stated; and, as she knelt in prayer in church, a wondrous power seemed to possess her and all was light. The church appeared transparent; she could perceive no walls; and her friends seemed divested of their natural bodies, and were as if glorified with spiritual raiment, so angelic was their appearance. It was to her an ecstacy of joy and peace. She loved everybody; there was no sin; all was good, and God was love, pervading all things. She remained a church communicant nearly seven years, and was such when she came to California, in September, 1858. She did not unite with the church here, as at that time her faith had blossomed into a knowledge of the divine realities of Spiritualism. She was surprised to find her husband a firm believer also, as he had written nothing to her concerning it.

There were no public Spiritual meetings held in their vicinity, so they instituted circles, but obtained no response from the spirit country. They could find but one person knowing aught on the subject, and she told them of a lady in the vicinity who was sometimes controlled to speak. They, with others, went one evening to hear her speak, but, through sickness, she failed to arrive. The landlord of the hotel having said that he could tip the table, a sitting was held. Being disturbed by some of the men present, whom she thought were making fun of their religion, Mrs. Upham arose to leave the table, when a power seemed to seize her, and her voice was checked. She could only make guttural sounds, and her hands pounded the table in spite of the efforts both of herself and of those present to stop it. For several days she could not talk plainly. The next day she sat at a large center-table in the parlor, which rocked and moved all around the room, and from that time her labors as a medium began.

Her mediumistic gifts have been and are of a varied character. Among them are the following: Personating death scenes and living people until they are recognized; sympathetically taking on the diseases of others and curing them; seeing writing on the wall as if written on large rolls of paper and read as it is being unrolled; laying on of hands and curing the sick, and, under control, writing prescriptions for those diseased.

At times, for several years, she held large circles, during which period she was educated to speak while entranced, promise being given that her eyes would be opened, and that she would

speak before large audiences, and, under influence, would write manuscripts for publication—all of which she was educated to do during the year she was the pupil of the invisibles.

From 1858 to 1861 her mediumship was free to all; not one cent did she charge or receive during these ten years. In Sacramento the good angels told her that she must hereafter charge for sittings, as "the laborer was worthy of his hire," and if she did not her mediumship would be taken from her. At that time she was treating the sick, doing her household duties, holding circles twice a week, and lecturing in Turn Verein Hall, alternately with Mr. W. F. Lyon, afterwards one of the authors of *The Hollow Globe.* She performed some remarkable cures, which she attributed to the good spirits, as they diagnosed the disease and restored the sufferer to health, often after being given up by the physicians.

July 18, 1868, her dear mother passed to spirit-life suddenly. While she was passing away the daughter attempted to restore her, when the mother spoke, calling her by name, saying, "I am happy! I am happy!" Mrs. Hendee afterwards saw her spirit-form ascending, surrounded by a bright halo, and looking happy and joyous. The night prievous to her soul's flight the mother saw the same light that had warned her of others' departure. Her husband regarded it at first as merely a reflection of some ordinary light, but, placing his hand over it, he found that it was covered, and was, therefore, no reflection, at which he was much troubled.

A few months after, Mrs. Upham removed to San Francisco, on Market street, where the Grand Hotel now stands, and there opened the first advertised public spiritual seances ever held in the city, sometimes from forty to fifty persons attending. She also gave private sittings, treated the sick, and lectured occasionally. She also held developing circles, developing a number of trance and inspirational speakers and healers. In San Francisco she, for the first time, made any charges for seances, though, during the preceding ten years, thousands had been made glad through her mediumship, with knowledge of the continued existence and loving presence of their so-called deceased relatives and friends.

Prior to her removal to San Francisco, her Indian guide, calling himself "Sunrise," had left her, so she had no Indian "control." Shortly after her arrival in San Francisco she was moved, on opening her circles and receiving the guests, to say to them, "Hichicum," and nothing else. This was not understood, until at last it was discovered that it was a "control," and finally he explained by saying that his name was Hichicum Hi, and that Hichicum meant "power," and Hi meant "here"—"power is here." From that time he assumed an active control, and has remained with her ever since. He, subsequently, stated that he was a Mohawk chieftain, who had lived fifty years before in the Mohawk Valley; that he had been brought to Mrs. Upham by "Sunrise," and that he was a medicine man in spirit-life. This statement has been abundantly verified in the wonderful control he has manifested to thousands of persons in healing and in giving tests. Among those cured by him was a doctor who had been given up by his physician, who told him to go home to Boston and lay his bones with his father's. Also a Mr. Thompson, said by his physicians to be afflicted with aneurism of the aorta of the neck, and who could not live—was liable to die at any moment. Hichicum told him it was not aneurism, but a strain, and the ligaments were swollen, and he, through his medium, could cure him. After four weeks' treatment he was perfectly restored, and is now, after sixteen years, alive, well and hearty.

Mrs. M. E. Morrison, residing on Howard street, San Francisco, and afflicted with inflammation of the stomach, was told by her physicians that she could only live a few hours.

Mrs. Upham, being sent for, told her daughter her mother's symptoms, as she said, better than the doctors had. At the first treatment she broke the fever, and, in six treatments, she cured her entirely; and Mrs. Upham now possesses her written testimonial that she cured her without one drop of medicine, or drawing a single drop of blood, and without blister or plaster—using nothing save the laying on of hands.

On another occasion she saved the life of a lady, after confinement, while she was under the doctor's care. Finding her in great pain, she was controlled, and placing her hands upon the patient's side, pulled with such force as to throw her on her knees, causing the patient to scream a little. The cure had been affected—the placenta had grown to her side, and was, by this means, removed. The lady quickly recovered, and is, to-day, one of our best mediums.

On one occasion, in sitting with a gentleman, a number of his spirit friends came, but he said he wished to hear from the living. She then saw and described, in turn, (1) his wife; (2) a young man of eighteen, whom she said would make a good surveyor and architect, and whom the sitter identified as his son, whom he had just placed in a surveying school; (3) another son, more domestic, and resembling his mother; (4) a young lady sitting, as it seemed, on the floor with one limb drawn up toward her back;—this lady, she said, was his daughter; and she told him the cause of her affliction, and advised him to take her out of the doctor's care and place her under treatment of a magnetic and electric healer, and that she would get well—(5) a young girl, ten or twelve years old, in good health, and resembling him in appearance. The gentleman confirmed the truth of all that had been told him, and said he had been recommended to consult her relative to the treatment of his afflicted daughter. He was not a Spiritualist, and had never before sat with a medium; and he said it was the most wonderful thing he had ever seen or heard. His family, which had been so accurately described, was in Chicago, and he went on his way rejoicing.

A few weeks thereafter the family of the gentleman, including the invalid daughter, presented themselves to Mrs. Upham. The sick girl, in accordance with the medium's advice, had been placed under care of a magnetic healer, and was rapidly recovering. She afterwards became a healthy and happy wife and mother. The writer has seen the written testimonial of the father, Mr. Charles Holland, setting forth the facts in this case as here stated.

The following additional cases are given in Mrs. Hendee's own words. Many others quite as remarkable could be given:

In Petaluma, Cal., in the summer of 1865, a baby boy of Mr. Richard Lambert, had been sick with complicated disease for several months. Several physicians had attended the little sufferer, and finally they said he must die. I called upon the child on Saturday, and also thought it was dying. On Monday, on passing the house, seeing the blinds closed and all quiet, I supposed the little one had died. On going to my office, I said to myself, "Poor little thing, he is out of his trouble," when a voice spoke and said, "No, he is not dead, nor going to die; he is going to get well." I said, "No," in reply, "I know he is dead;" and it spoke again, "It is not dead, but going to get well." I was startled and looked around, but no one was near me, and I had just unlocked the office and stepped in. I said to myself, "It cannot be that he lives;" and, as soon as I could leave, I went to see, and found the child still living. The mother explained, "Oh, Mrs. Upham, my child is still living, and the doctors think it so strange, but they say he cannot live." Then I told her what had been

told me, and that I believed it would live. But the mother in agony said, "Don't give me hope to be destroyed." I said, "No, Mrs. Lambert, I believe he will get well, and I came down to see if he still lived, and I find it as they said." Contrary to the expectations of the physicians, and of every one, the child lived, and is now a man, and his mother calls him my boy.

In the same town, and within a year from that time, Dr. George Lovejoy's little son ate, through mistake, toadstools for mushrooms, and was thrown into convulsions. The doctors were summoned and emetics given, and all that could be was done for him. He was sinking fast, and the physicians said no earthly power could save. At that time my mother was sick, and Dr. Carpenter, one of the physicians, went with me to see her, and while sitting alone in the parlor, I said to myself, "Must Frankie die?" and a voice spoke saying, "No, from this hour he will recover." I said, "Don't deceive me," and the voice said, "You do not believe us, but from this hour he will recover;" and on returning to the house, his father sat at his crib holding his hand and talking to him, feeling that if he could possibly know him it might quiet his spasms. In a little while his spasms grew less, and finally ceased, and he dropped to sleep. I asked the doctors if they believed he would get well, and they said no. I then told them what had been told me, and they laughed in derision. But he recovered and is living today.

"During my first summer in San Francisco," says Mrs. Hendee, "I felt impelled to write, and I was requested to sit one hour each day, and the spirits would write their experiences in the spirit life. This request was signed, 'George Washington.' I commenced, and the result is the manuscript known by that name, written through my hand, and published by, and through the kindness of our loved and lamented friend, T. B. Clark, who kindly interested himself to do the work after it had lain in manuscript nearly ten years, and who afterwards sat with me while writing the spirit experiences of Martha and Mary Washington. The three manuscripts were published by him, and they have been widely circulated.

"Spiritualism came to me in my troubles; it soothed my sorrows and gave to me the knowledge that though my friends passed from my sight, they were not dead, but borne to an immortal clime where I expect to meet them, when I am called to go. When my husband, Mr. Hendee, knew that he was dying, he called all around the bed and said that he should die, as he had lived, in the full belief of Spiritualism; that he knew that he should meet his mother and friends; and, as far as his future was concerned, he was happy to go, only being sorry to leave his wife to the cold world. He was a staunch Spiritualist for fifteen years; a good and noble man. I have received many loving tests from him in proof of his presence and love.

"While residing at Napa City, in 1865, during my control at a seance, I saw a funeral procession. The men walked with their heads bowed, and dressed in black, with black and white crape on their arms. There soon followed a band with muffled drums, then others on horseback. The black horses wore white plumes and the white horses black plumes. Then carriages of state, then foreigners; then the catafalque came and was set down, and I was made to go forward and look into the casket. There I saw the face of Abraham Lincoln, and as I was made to express what I saw, I said, "The head of our Nation." Then it was taken away, and foreign ambassadors followed in carriages, with horses highly caparisoned, all passing on in the train. Then I heard the 'Battle Cry of Freedom' played, and I looked and saw the Union troops with flags lowered and draped in black and white. They marched on out of sight. I then came to myself, when I heard them say, 'I

am afraid it is Lincoln.' I had given a full desc:iption as they passed. This was on Sunday evening at Captain West's, at Napa; and on the next Saturday noon, news came that Seward and Lincoln were assassinated. I said I did not see but one, and, as Seward lived, there was but one; and I had seen the real procession that was to be, for the processions formed at other places were meager compared to what I saw in my vision, for such it must have been. There are several now living who were present on this occasion, including Mrs. Captain West, at whose house it transpired. By this and many other testimonies regarding Lincoln's death, it certainly seems established that the spirit world is often conscious of many things before they transpire on earth, and that it was to be his fate."

Mrs. Hendee's experience as a medium and healer has extended over a period of more than twenty-five years, and is replete with interesting incidents and facts, but a few of which can be given in a brief sketch. Enough could be related to fill a large volume. Although the pioneer medium on this Coast, she is still actively engaged in public work. She spent the past winter in San Diego where she lectured for the Spiritual Society of that place every Sunday, held circles during the week and gave private sittings and treatments daily. Her work was highly appreciated and commended. After leaving San Diego Mrs. Hendee visited Los Angeles on her return to this city. She is now located at the Webb House, 37 Second St. where she holds circles Monday evenings and gives sittings daily, and treats the sick and afflicted. May she live long in the mortal form to bless humanity with her wonderful gifts.

Breathing deeply and slowly is a most healthful exercise, productive of pleasurable sensations, and promotive of mental and physical strength, good health and long life.

WOMAN'S PROVINCE IN THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

An address given on "Woman's Day," during the Summerland Campmeeting of Sept. 1892, by Mrs. Ella Wilson Marchant.

Through woman's purer faith we see
A way unto a higher heaven.

These words came to me in a vision of the night, impressed upon my brain from a higher source, or it was perhaps an echo from memory's chamber, awakened by the touch of spirit fingers upon the chords of some past experience; although I have no recollection, at the present time, of having ever seen or heard of them before. I will take them for a text, to-day, for the expression of some thoughts upon woman's province in the world's progress. I do not take them to refer to any far-away abode of the blest which can only be reached through the gateway of physical dissolution, or death; but, in the sense that "the kingdom of heaven is within." I interpret them to mean a condition outwrought in the coming Golden Age, or Soul Cycle, to which it is woman's province to specially contribute. By some who are standing in the fore-front of the world's struggle to reach higher conditions, the present time has been called the "Woman's Era," because she is throwing off many of the trammels that through ages past have made of her an underling and a slave. She is asserting herself as never before—at least in modern times. She is developing up out of the swaddling clothes, the imprisoning shackles that have cramped and dwarfed her individuality, and is beginning to show that she is really one half of humanity in every sense, and not merely a necessary appendage to the male animal, man—by by some even considered as a sort of necessary evil, only. The darkness of the middle ages, the reign of ecclesiastical tyranny inaugurated by Constantine and his coadjutors, who were preceded by the bachelor, Saul of Tarsus, afterward, or otherwise known as the Apostle Paul, has especially enslaved and degraded woman hood, and, by reflex action, has caused the physical, if not also the mental and moral degradation of the race as a whole.

Comparatively speaking, it has undoubtedly done all of this, for had the status of womanhood been higher during the past sixteen or eighteen centuries, the world of mankind would to-day, without doubt, be incomparably in advance of what it is. Had woman maintained the status she occupied in the ancient civilizations before man had created the legend of the fall of Adam, and placed the blame thereof upon Eve, and before woman—and man also—was taught that woman was made for man, and must be subject unto him, even as unto the Lord, "because Eve first sinned, and not Adam"—I say, had woman maintained the position she occupied before these blighting falsehoods had been promulgated, there would today, be no need of any agitation of the question of equal rights for both halves of the human race. And not only so, but, as I said before, the world would undoubtedly be immeasureably farther on the way toward the Golden Age, the traditional millennial period of church teaching.

From what claim to be high spirit sources we are told that on the traditional continent of Atlantis religious matters and intercourse with the spirit world were almost wholly in the hands of its women, and so were educational matters, except in scientific branches, in which the race is said to have attained great proficiency; and the tradition runs that the people attained to a civilization so high that we, in many respects at least—particularly in the matters of justice, health, general prosperity and happiness— are only approximating to, and in the particulars enumerated, are, to-day, in this evening of the so-called nineteenth century, far, far behind. They claim that there was exact and equal justice between the sexes, as well as between man and man; that the men were pure as well as the women, and they were said to be giants in physical stature, and were in the possession of almost perfect health. They held that procreation was a sacred function, God-like in its creative nature, and should be held pure and holy for that use a sentiment that should be inscribed in letters of living fire, and hung up in the holy of holies of every human soul ! ! !

But for the vandal act of the priests who had the great Alexandrian Library destroyed, with all its great wealth of historical love and scientific learning, in order that they might the better propagate their own dogmas, we might, in all probability, have to-day, some anthentic historical records of this wonderful people whose country is now said to lie beneath the peaceful waters of the Pacific Ocean, for it is claimed that they were the progenitors of the Ancient Egyptian civilization.

Authorities seem to differ on this point some claiming that the waves of the Atlantic roll over the lost Atlantis, and, inasmuch as its depth is not so great, as the former ocean, it would seem to have at least that one advantage, in circumstantial evidence, of the probability of the claim. My authority is Herbert N. Nason's work, entitled, "Prehistoric Ages" which is said to have been written throughout his hand in ancient characters, and afterward translated by another medium. But whether we accept, or reject these accounts from spirit sources concerning the lost Atlantis, and the status of its women, the fact remains that archeologists have of late yearsdeciphered from the exhumed remains of Ancient Egyptian civilization sufficient to show that woman occupied a higher position in that ancient time than she ever has since the dark agess we reinaugurated through the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, the subjugation of woman to man, and the consequent ascendency of man's selfish and sensual nature, fostered by such teachings as those reputed to the Apostle Paul, and others, in an age of priestly tvranny.

Some archæologists claim that modern discoveries have demonstarted that as long ago as 4450 B. C., Menes, the then reigning king of Egypt, was not a primitive barbarian, but the descendant of many generations of civilization. They claim that instead of the crowning age of Egyptian civilization being at the Pharaohs, it had for some reason begun

to decline at that time—perhaps because man had begun to usurp tyrannical powers over woman, subjugating her to his selfish nature. But in that higher ancient civilization it has been shown that woman was honored and respected equally with man. The Ancient Egyptans had a lofty appreciation of the marriage tie. The wife's name was often placed before that of the husband, and the sons often bore the name of the mothers, instead of those of the fathers. Women often sat upon the throne and administered all the affairs of government. Man possessed no important right that was not equally shared with woman. "It is impossible," says a writer on Egyptology, "to look upon the statues of that period and not feel what a high degree of culture was fairly claimed by the race. The very household furniture is such as one might buy this day." And in a list of articles named as identical with those of to-day, he mentions even surgical instruments. And the same writer declares that it was Egypt that gave letters to the Phœnicians, astronomy to the Chaldeans, and art to the Greeks.

We claim that in proportion as woman advances and becomes educated, so does the race become advanced and elevated; and that the reverse is true, palpably, glaringly true, as witness those countries and nations today, where woman is most enslaved and degraded. Among the Australian bushmen she is attacked with a club—as an instrument of courtship, no doubt. She is made a beast of burden by the savage Indian. In some parts of Europe she is harnessed to a cart or plough with the cattle. Her feet are pinched out of shape in China, and she is made an article of barter for man's vilest passions, even being sent for that purpose to our land. In Turkey, the so-called "sick man of Europe," she is shut up in the harem for the amusement of some fat, lazy Turk. And in our own boasted America—let us blush to think of it—she is made more or less the creature of bargain and sale, not only in exchange for foreign titles by American millionaires, but among ourselves marriages are too often made for mere worldly advantages, to the destruction of the holier sentiments of love, delicacy and refinement of feeling, and to the great degeneration of posterity. Think of a few generations of children born of loveless, mercenary marriages, and is it not plainly to be seen that the higher spiritual sentiments must perforce be destroyed, and the lower, merely animal and selfish propensities be exaggerated in their development.

The character of nations, and of individuals, may both be gauged by their estimation and treatment of women. Let me submit as a formula, this :

Given a man's estimate of woman, and the solution of his character is not a difficult problem. See a man who accords all due respect to woman, her general character and capabilities, and who is willing to allow her equal opportunities with himself for developing her character and talents, and you may expect to find a full, rounded, symmetrical character. On the other hand, take the man who is very much afraid that woman will get out of her proper sphere if she leaves the kitchen, or washtub, or any other of the narrow, prescribed rounds of the average woman's lot; or who would rather see her wasting her time and talents, and destroying her health, in the silly rounds of fashionable life, than in trying to do anything to make the world wiser and better, except within a certain routine, and you will find one who is lacking in largeness of character, one who is contracted and angular, even granting, if you please, that he may be kind, and even indulgent to his wife or sister. A man may be just as selfish in making a pet, a doll, or a fashionable puppet of his wife, as one who beats her, because it may all be done to merely gratify himself without any reference to her well-being, or that of their children. He so treats her because it best suits him to do so. His own whim and pleasure are enhanced by having some one dependent upon him, something that he may pet and caress, with much the same feeling—perhaps a trifle more exalted—with which he caresses a favorite dog; some clinging creature

whose helpless attitude and unquestioning homage are a constant incense to his vanity and self-conceit It may be a long stride from the club of the savage to the protecting, and, at the same time, imprisoning walls of a harem. It may be another long stride from the walls of the harem to the cuddled, caressed, and, at the same time, the coerced position of the petted fashionable doll; yet all alike spring from the selfish and passional nature of man, rather than from the higher promptings of his reasoning and spiritual faculties.

Said Professor Elliott Coues, in an address delivered at the Annual Commencement of the National Medical College, in the Congregational Church of Washington, March 16, 1887, and for which address he was dismissed from the connection which he had for ten years held with that institution: "At any period, in any country or community, it is neither the strength of the soldier's arm, nor the length of the merchant's purse, nor the reach of the church's voice, nor the sweep of the king's command—none of these is it that fixes time and place in the unfolding of the human race, declaring to what stage a people has arisen. A surer sign of dignity and power may be discerned in manhood's estimate of womanhood. Let that be low, and the Australian Club is but hidden, not thrown away. Let that be high, and every weapon of the savage has been used to kindle on happy hearts a flame more sacred than ever Vestal tended in the temple." In other words, All the weapons of night, of mere brute force, and hence of authority and power have been submerged, and from the soil of their decay have arisen—developed— the higher, purer and better nature of both the man and the women.

"Ill fares that land, to hasten ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay,"

decay,"

says the poet. But before men can very rapidly decay womanhood must, in a measure, degenerate, have become subjugated and made the slave, the plaything or the tool of man; for woman's voice as a whole—when it comes from the soul of the sex—is ever on the side of the best interests of humanity, as far as she understands them.

As respect for woman, and equal rights marked the highest civilizations of the past, so must they inaugurate and accompany the highest civilizations yet to be known in the future. And the best and wisest men understand this to be so, and their voices are lifted, and their pens are used in behalf of equal rights for both sexes. The greatest philanthopists, and the most earnest reformers belong to this class. Such men as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Philips, and their coadjutors, whose toward preparing the way for the breaking of the chains of the chattle slave, have also declared for the emancipation of that half of humanity whose sex has been their brand of subjugation. I have read and heard from men higher praises, and warmer eulogies upon woman, than I have heard from the lips, or read from the pen of woman herself—higher and warmer than would sound appropriate from woman; and I have also heard stronger denunciation of man's injustice, usurpation and tyranny, from men, than I ever have from women.

B. O. Flower, the brave and able editors of the *Arena*, is one of the class of men I have been speaking of. The August number of the Arena, for 1891, was a woman's number, containing articles from eight prominent women of England and America; and the August number for 1892 was also a woman's number, containing articles from seventeen American women; and it seems that a number of other leading periodicals have been inclined to follow Mr. Flower's example. And Mr. Flower's words are in keeping with this action of his. In an editorial in the woman's number of 1891, he says:

"The constantly broadening sphere of woman's influence is to me the most hopeful and important sign of our times. The era of woman has dawned, bearing the unmistakable prophecy of a far higher civilization than humanity has ever known It is an incontestable fact that woman is, ethically, infinitely superior to man; her unselfishness far greater, her spiritual

nature deeper and richer than that of her brothers. She is to-day foremost in the great social, philanthropic, humanitarian and ethical reforms in which selfishness has no place. In her widening influence, growing liberty and freedom, I see impearled a prophecy of an altruistic age, a civilization triumphant, rising against tomorrow's purpling dawn."

He also, in that same number, speaks some strong words of condemnation of the tyranny, brutality and bestiality of a large class of men toward women in general, and their wives in particular. In the August number for 1892, in speaking of the woman's number, he says: "The *Arena* has ever recognized the fact that through woman's elevation and emancipation, *more than through any other channel*, will civilization realize the lofty ideal which is haunting the best thought of our age. Anything which hampers or impedes the onward march of woman in this, *her dawning cycle, will retard the world's progress.*"

This is a very different attitude from what many men assume before the public concerning woman. Some men—yea, *many* men—seem to think it smart to make witty, disparaging, and even obscene remarks about women, in their clubs, through their newspaper, and other public avenues;—and is not this a cowardly proceeding, considering that men have almost sole control of the public press, the pulpit, and, until within the last few years, of the rostrum also? Does it not look like taking a contemptible advantage of their impregnable position in a coward's castle to throw hostile flings, stinging nettles, against a weak and defenseless—no, not even a defenseless foe, but, worse still, a subjugated and defenseless friend, even their mothers, wives and sisters? It behooves all brave, noble-minded, right seeing and right-living men to speak out in woman's behalf seeing that she has always had such great odds against her. I once read an ancedote telling how one of these coward-castle stone-throwers received a fitting and well merited rebuke. It was at a public dinner where there were no ladies. "Woman" was given as a toast, and in response this man dwelt almost wholly on the frailties of the sex, exclaiming that the best among them were but little better than the worst, the chief difference being their surroundings. At the conclusion of his tirade a *gentleman* present arose and said, "I trust the gentleman, in the opplication of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters, and not ours."

There is another class of men who take it upon themselves, in a patronizing sort of way, to declare what women want, and do not want, and especially what is good for them, regardless of any question of natural, inherent right; or, rather seeming to regard them as having no natural inherent rights,—only privileges granted them by their condescending "lord and masters."

Edward W. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, by nearly a full page of editorial talk to his readers, stamps himself as one of this class. He first proceeds to lecture and "take down" women reformers, and then goes on to tell them what women need, and what they desire—at least the kind of women that *he* is familiar with; and last, but not least, he tells these women reformers—as though what *men* want women to be like—as though that was the clincher to the whole argument! "Reform nothing!" is his contemptuous, though not very elegant expression, in speaking of women reformers. He eulogizes child-bearing as woman's crowning beatitude, (under proper conditions it might be a "beautitude" whereas now is too often a curse) and the home as her sole realm, in which she is the queen, and so forth, and so forth, expressions, by the way, which I think I have heard some where before, and from this realm she touches the world only through her husband and her sons; while her daughters are to be trained to be the queens of other houses, and so on through all the stock phrases of this hackneyed theme.

"Do you know why women do not vote?" he asks. "It is because the vast and overwhelming majority of women in this country do not want the ballot."

And right here let me ask, Is it strange that many women, perhaps the majority of them as Mr. Bok states, think--if they think anything about it at all—that they do not want the ballot? Woman has for centuries been preached at from the pulpit as to her duties, her mission and her sphere; that she was made for man; that the fall of man, the sins of the world, and the curse thereof are all due to her, and, consequently, that she must be in subjection to her husband; that she must not think or speak for herself, but must learn of her husband in all meekness and silence. The rostrum and the public press have echoed the same sentiments; husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, and lovers have dinned them into her ears, until she can hardly help believing them to be true; and, for generation ofter generation, both fathers and mothers have stamped these beliefs as a heritage upon the character of their children. How could woman, under all these conditions, really know what she wanted, or what was best for her and for the world? The limb that is always kept bandaged, and denied the free use of itself, naturally shrinks up and becomes weak. And so the one-half of humanity—the one side of the great human body that has been bandaged and manacled would necessarily become in a measure paralyzed in activity.

"Do you know why," asks Mr. Bok, these women will not don the ridiculous 'reform' garments which you unblushingly flaunt before audiences of American girlhood?" Why should women blush, I ask, in trying to teach their sister women how to dress healthfully? Inasmuch as Mr. Bok is the editor of what might be called a fashion journal, one might suspect he was in fear that his craft was endangered, like the silversmiths of Ephesus when they thought the worship of the goddess Diana was about to be put down. As to the question, taken as a whole, I might give the same answer that I gave before, and further, that as woman has been taught that her sole end and object in life is to be married, she has ever sought to enhance her charms by fictitious aids, and so her vanity and love of display have been fostered and encouraged, until the majority of the sex are bound hand and foot by the slavery of custom, or fashion.

This is the way Mr. Bok answers the question:—"It is because they prefer to be womanly, and dress tastefully and prettily, as God intended women should dress." You see he seems to have a confidential, button-hole acquaintance with the Deity, and knows all about his intentions concerning women. Of course by "womanly," he means just his own definition of what woman should be like —that is, what he likes her to be. As to "tastefully," and "prettily," I wonder if he can really tell us just exactly what style of woman's dress would fully and always answer to this description. Does he not know that the style that might—by his class of both men and women—be considered womanly, tasteful and pretty, at any one time, may, in ten or twenty years from that time be deemed horridly ugly by that same class of people. Let him place, side by side, the fashion plates, of any two decades, and mark the wide divergence of the tasteful and pretty in woman's dress. The fact is, it is custom and authority—the dictates of that unstable old dame, Madam Grundy—that establishes the standard of what is becoming in dress for any one period.

"Do you know why these women will not go to club meetings?" he asks. It is because they have a little club in their own homes, and the members of it are of their own flesh and blood." I suppose they never want to get away from that club of their own flesh and and blood, for relaxtion, for change, or for the gathering of strength from the interchange of ideas and magnetism with the founders of other clubs. Monotony never wearies them; the trials, cares and vexations, incident, more or less, to all family life, never call for rest and change—oh, no!—or at least they should not.

"Do you know why they turn with disgust from your praitings about 'the rights of our sex'?" asks Mr. Bok again. "Because their husbands give them every right of love and kindness they want. Do you wonder why they will permit them-

selves to be "subjected to the tyrannies of mankind, and remain a slave to the rule of a husband? It is because they have good men for husbands, and good men respect their wives."

You see how it is. Women do not have natural, inherent rights, but only such as their gracious "lords and masters" condescend to "give" them. But Mr. Bok is speaking of good husbands. How about those women who have no husbands to "give" them rights? and how about those who do not have "good" husbands: Are they to go without rights because they have not "good husbands" to "give" them "all the rights they want?" Does woman have to marry y "good" husband to get rights?

Right here is a good place to point a moral. Because of the hard conditions of our so called civilization bearing upon the weak and helpless, and because unjust and unequal laws and standards of custom make women weak and helpless when they would not otherwise be so, many women have been driven into making unholy marriages, where lust and self-interest have been the guiding motives on the one hand, and helplessness, and the need of a home and support have been the compelling incentives on the other hand. From such marriages proceed many of the Ishmaels and pariahs—the outcasts of the world. Mr. Bok wants women to be emotional, clinging, trusting, and so on. He is afraid that if woman's head be cultivated, it will be at the expense of the heart, that is she will probably know to much to flatter his vanity and be his mere pet and plaything, or his slave any longer. He tells us what the great majority of men want women to be, and, of course, as woman was made for man, that must be a clinching argument. He says: "Men may think a woman's love of silk stockings, and pretty underwear a foolish fancy . . . . They may turn up their noses and arch their eye-brows over the thousand and one little things that are the belongings of an out and out feminine woman. But way down in their hearts they do not mean a word they say. The average man would far rather that his wife know the art of turning a steak to the brown than construe the most difficult Greek sentence. In his heart he would much rather that she revel in new dresses, foodle *his* babe and indulge her womanly tastes than that she plague him with Tolsotic ideas or Ibsenic theories. He would much rather that she put her faith in *him*, nestle close to *him*, and say she wants *him* to advise her, than that she should strut around *his* house in an assertive manner, and lay down the law to *his* children and *his* servrnts." What a mere puppet he would make of her! Right here one feels like referring to the anecdote which tells how the "better half" becoming exasperated by her spouse's persistent use of the first person, singular number of the possessive pronoun, drives him under the bed and compels him to stay there until he begs, "My dear, may *we* come out from under *our* bed?" Surely, such men need to be taught that woman is not a mere cipher whose only use is to give the significant digists of the human race a higher value.

But let us finish up with Mr. Bok. In speaking further of the preferences of this average man that he has been talking about, he says, "He feels that God has given him a woman to protect, and he is proud of the privilege."

Protect from whom? From what? From her sister woman? From wild animals? From the elements? No! but from MEN! Is a woman ever supposed to need a protector when she is in the company of other women only? And why does she ever need that any one man should be her protector from other men? Is it not because men have usurped unto themselves all the rights of power, of authority, and of law-making, constituting women their prey, and leaving them defenseless along those lines, save only where one man, may step in between one woman, and the dangers that threaten her from his own sex?—her natural protectiors, as they call themselves? And what is the protection too often given to woman? Such protection as the vulture gives the lamb, tearing and devouring it!

Man is woman's natural protector, is

be? Perhaps he is, perhaps he ought to be, as the strong should shield the weak; and as the one less burdened should help to carry the burdens of the one more heavily encumbered—and woman, by virtue of her sex, has the heavier burden to bear. But tell me, why is it, if man the strong, man the law-maker, man the self-styled "lord of creation"—if this lordly, powerful, authority-making, *chivalrous* creature *be* woman's natural, as well as self-appointed protector, why, oh! why is it that thousands of delicate women are dragging out a miserable existence by reason of the "sweating" process, in our cities, with men as their employers? Why is it that we so often hear of girls being employed as shop girls, or in other capacities, on so small a salary that the proposal to have it augmented by her employer—her natural protector—at the expense of her honor, becomes, under the pressure of want, too great atemptation to be resisted? or, still worse, to be told by her employer—her natural protector—that she must submit to his desires or lose her place? How many such women, along with abused wives, might cry out, from the very depths of their souls:—"Oh, God!—if there be a God for women to appeal to against men—protect me from my protectors!" Why is it that mere girl-children are ruined by men, and those men held guiltless because they themselves have placed upon the statute books laws, called age of consent" laws, whereby they hold these female children, these immature individuals of the "weaker sex," as personally responsible for consenting to be ruined by the stronger, the law-making sex—the "natural protector" of woman? And why is wholesale prostitution carried on in our cities, licensed as a "necessary evil," upheld by the law, if man, as a sex, is the natural protector of woman? Does it not look too much as if men regarded women as their natural prey?—If the church teachings be true, that woman was made for man, they have a shadow of reason for so regarding the sex, I admit—and that where one man chooses out one woman as his own especial property, to hold and protect from all men *except himself*, that he is paying a particular compliment to her, and bestowing a very especial favor upon her, even though he does possess her, body and soul, and is her "lord and master," her law-maker, and the zenith and horizon of her earthly existence.

In the September (1892) number of the *Arena*, I find these lines from a woman's pen which may well apply at this point: "Do not our laws confess that men are brutes, incapable of noble self restraint, by licensing the brutish and the base in human nature, making our great sins simply a little costlier than our less? A "*little* costlier" financially, perhaps, but, oh! who can compute the cost in degradation, misery, disease and the transmission of vicious tendencies to coming generations!

I have taken up the position of these two men—Mr. Bok and Mr. Flower—upon the woman question, first, because the one represents a prevailing, fossilized idea; and the other proclaims the world's advance thought, concerning an all-important subject; and, as Professor Cones says the surest signs of the unfoldment and progress of the age may be discerned in manhood's estimate of womanhood, Mr. Bok's is indicative of the past and, in a large measure, the present; while Mr. Flower's is a prophecy of the "good time coming," which he himself foresees as being inaugurated largely through woman's enlarging and broadening sphere; second, because they are both prominent men in their places, having a good deal of influence in molding public opinion, and because their words go into many of your homes. Third, because this is a subject in which men are as much interested as are women, for, as Miss Willard says, "The woman's cause is the man's cause;" and because it is going to be, and must be, discussed by men as well as women; because the right kind of men must help the right kind of women to work out the problem to the best possible solution—that solution which will be for the greatest good of the race; and, foutrh, because Mr. Bok represents a large class of men—the "*average* man" as he

himself asserts, and because Mr. Flower represents a comparatively small class, as all prominent reformers are necessarily in the minority. Mr. Bok writes for the more prosperous, the wealthy and the fashionable classes. Mr. Flower is a philanthropist. He goes among the poorest and most wretched of the people to help them. He studies the social evils of the day, the crime, the poverty, the suffering, and his whole desire seems to be to work for the greatest good to the greatest number. He fearlessly champions the weak, and espouses the unpopular; as witness his position toward the Farmers' Alliance and the Peoples' Party, and especially toward Spiritualism. While Mr. Bok is a superficial time-server Mr. Flower tries to go to the root of things, and, above all, he seems to desire to get at the *truth*. Which, then, would you consider the most honest and the best authority on this woman question, the superficial, time-serving Mr. Bok, or the candid, earnest, whole-souled philanthropist, Mr. Flower? And which would you rather be, a representative of Mr. Bok's "average man," that autocratic "lord and master," who monopolizes the ownership of everything in and about his home, even to his wife and her babies, swallowing up her individuality until she comes to believe that the sun, moon and stars rise and set in him, and the universe is bounded by him; or be classed with the grand, prophetic-souled worker, the true optimist and patriot, B. O. Flower?

God bless Mr. Flower, I say, and prosper him in his advocacy of truth and right; and God open the eyes of Mr. Bok's understanding to see that woman was not made for man any more than man was made for woman, but that each was made for the other, and that both are but equal parts of one complete being.

Let me briefly state Mr. Flower's position on the woman-question, and I do so because his position is my position, and, in the main, it is the position of true reformers generally upon this subject; and because he has made himself the champion of the cause of woman, believing it is also the cause of man, and being a man, his position and opinions may have more weight with the male portion of my audience. Mr. Flower, as he himself practically declares is the self-appointed counsel and defender of the weak and struggling, and especially if he believes them to be in the right; and to-day I have called upon him in this way, to stand for woman's cause before this court of public opinion, although as reformers and *Spiritualists*, it is hardly to be supposed that the rank and file of this audience today need to be appealed to as to the truth and righteousness of the cause we plead.

First, then, he insists that woman must emancipate herself from the *bondage* of fashion, and above all things she must dress healthfully. Second, "she must repudiate the age-hallowed insult dwelt upon in the old Edenic legend of the fall of man, which," he says, "for centuries has been brandished in her face to teach her humility and make her feel degraded in the presence of her lord and master;" and he characterizes this conception as "essentially barbarous, born of a cowardly and brutal childhood age." Third, he says, "Womanhood must refuse to heed the admonitions of Paul, which have for almost two thousand years been thundered from the pulpit, and persistently preached from the fireside, as though they were the oracles from heaven rather than the natural expressions of a mind imbubed with Grecian thought and ideals concerning womanhood." Fourth, "Another duty of woman," he says, "is to unitedly contend *for the right of suffrage for those who wish to exercise it.* Recent statistics show," he claims, "that there are in the United States to-day millions of women who can earn a living by their own individual exertions; tens of thousands of these women are working for starvation wages with the awful alternative ever before them, 'starve or sin.' This condition will remain until women have a voice in the Government equal to men, and their numbers are so organized as to challenge the consideration of lawmakers. The infamous *age of consent*

laws," he continues, "which place the age of consent to her own ruin from seven to twelve for girls, *could only be enacted in man-governed states.* A noteworthy illustration of this is found in the fact that Wyoming, the only state where woman enjoys full franchise has placed the age of consent at the legal age of majority, eighteen years, while Kansas, the state which more than any other approaches Wyoming in bestowing upon woman the right of franchise and where she exercises a greater influence in politics than any other American commonwealth, save her younger sister, has also placed the age of consent at eighteen years. *All other states trail the banner of morality in the dust before the dictates of man's beastialily.*"

Remember, it is not a "strong-minded, masculine-natured, discontented woman who uses this scathing language, but a man speaking in woman's behalf.

Mr. Flower's position, as I said before, is my position, but perhaps I would not place it in the order he has done. On the contrary, I think I should take his third proposition first, and say, the first and most important right for which woman should contend, is, refusing to heed the admonitions of Paul, to insist upon the right to herself—to her own person. In former ages she was but a slave from her birth until death set her free. She was a possession, a chattel, owned first by her father, or guardian, who bartered her at his pleasure to another owner called her husband, who became possessed of stiil more complete ownership and control of her being. She had no right to say that either body or soul was her own. He commanded and used her at his pleasure, usurping over her powers which no beast of the field, or king of forest or jungle exercises towards his mate.

Mr. Flower, in his first woman's number of the *Arena*, in speaking of the crimes committed within the sacred bonds of marriage, declares: "The hour has struck when men should be made to understand that any thought of ownership in wifehood is more than degrading and immoral, it is positively criminal!"

Reform at this point is the genesis of all lasting reform, and here woman must assert herself if she would be free, and the mother of free men. Oliver Wendell Holmes, when asked at what age the education of a child should begin, replied, "A hundred years before it is born." It is high time that we begin the education of coming generations at the starting-point of all character building, viz., heredity and pre-natal influences. Let woman become master of her own person, and then let her seek to throw off the thralldom that may have been entailed through centuries of sensuality and woman-slavery, and become master of her own passions likewise, and see to it that all functions of her being—and especially the most important and sacred of all—are made to serve only their legitimate and highest purposes. If the Atlantian purity of morals had been carried down intact to the present time what a prodigious difference it would have made with the status of the human race today! Let woman, now, obtain and maintain her freedom at this point and what an Atlas-like burden, what a hideous nightmare will be rolled from the shoulders of the sex! So much lightened will she be by getting rid of this one great inicubus that other progressive steps will be comparitively easy. And then, not only will her sphere in the present and immediate future be greatly enlarged, and her helpfulness to the world in assisting to push forward the car of progress be greatly increased, but future generations will be better and better born, in proportion as favorable conditions increase, the lower and viler passions become weeded out, and the higher and purer faculties become strengthened and developed. And I wish that some of you who are good at reckoning would sit down and figure up for awhile upon the problem of how much of evil, of crime, of jealousy, of scandal, of the breaking up of families, of disease, and misery, to say nothing of the health, the happiness, and the great progress promoted thereby, would be prevented if the traditional Atlantian code of sexual

purity should obtain all over the world, and no man or woman should ever have an unlawful or impure thought in connection with any other man or woman.

Another thing: Let woman deny that marriage is her only end and object in life. Cease to regard it as the *summum bonum* of existence, at least in the present state of things. Throw to the winds all ideas of future dependence upon male support. Learn to be self-supporting and independent. Carve out your own destiny and stand among the world's workers. The world needs you. A crisis is at hand whose outcome is to determine whether the world is to march rapidly forward in the path of universal progression, or lapse back into darkness and barbarism, and your work as a sex is specially needed. Let marriage come in as an incident if it comes at all. And if you do not seek it and are independent of it, it will far more likely come to you as a joy and a help, and far greater good will ensue to prosperity than as if you had made it the sole end of exisience. It is far more important that coming generations be well born, than there should be many born. In other words, quality and not quantity should especially be looked after in providing successors upon the world's stage of action. I might say that just now the world needs to solve some problems in *division* before it emphasizes, to any great extent, the command to *multiply* and replenish the earth.

"But," says women, in response to the exhortation to be independent, "in order to do so I must have a *chance* to do for myself." Yes, and that is what many men would prevent you from having. And here, especially, is where you need to have the ballot, so that when you lift up your voice against any wrong it may have the weight and potency born of an equal share in framing the laws which govern life and the accessories of living. Women should make this demand of their self-appointed, natural protectors, viz., Protect us from yourselves, by not interfering with our natural, inherent rights to equal opportunities, equal laws, and equal voices in making the laws under which we are compelled to live.

It almost seems as though the labor-wage question needs to be settled in accordance with the principles of right and justice, in order that the woman question may be likewise satisfactorily and beneficially disposed of. In this light I might say that the woman question cannot be settled without the settling of the labor question; and perhaps it is equally true that emancipated womanhood must have a hand in settling the labor question. I may say, the two questions, or causes, go hand in hand, as indeed they seem to do in the Farmers' Alliance, and in the platform of the People's Party formulated at Omaha. And how many wrongs would be speedily done away with if the enslaved half of humanity should have its fetters removed. When woman shall have become fully emancipated intemperance will cease, and with it much of poverty and degradation; prostitution (the perversion of any function, and particularly the sexual), both legal and illegal, will become a thing of the past. Then health will increase and amiability, and all that follows in the train of free, cheerful, happy and vigorous life—a sound mind in a sound body—combined with purity, temperance, and an upward and outward looking—upward toward the highest and best, and outward to see that all of our fellows around us are healthy, free and happy.

Woman and her cause have made astonishing advancement during the last half century. This is largely due, as I believe, to the influence of the spirit-world, for within that length of time intelligent communication has been held with those who have passed on before, and the more enlightened and elevated have ever sought to lift up womanhood, and they have used women as instruments in teaching and advancing the world; ane in proportion as womanhood is elevated, does man become refined, humanized and godlike. And so it may be that the "ministering spirits," who are anxiously watching and working for the advancement of the human race, are able to say, in the lines that were impressed upon my brain in a dream-like state:

Through woman's purer faith we see
A way unto a higher heaven.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE WISDOM RELIGION.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

According to accepted theosophic teaching, manas and buddhi (mind and spirit) are Nos. 5 and 6 in the human septenary, and are parts of the higher triad, the immortal portion of man. But in *Theos.*, Feb., 1893, 307, we have a new classification of man's seven principles. Both manas and buddhi are taken out of the immortal triad and placed in the lower quaternary, the non-immortal man. Instead of being 5 and 6, manas is made 3 and buddhi 4 in the ascending scale of 7. How these theosophists do manipulate and set aside the most positive teachings of their all-wise mahatmas!

Mr. Richard Hodgson, of Boston, has kindly favored me with a loan of a number of the original letters of Koot Hoomi and Mahatma Morya to Mr. A. O. Hume and Mr. A. P. Sinnett in 1881 and 1882. They contain much of the matter upon which was based the book of "Esoteric Buddhism," published by Mr. Sinnett in 1883. These letters were furnished to Mr. Hodgson by Mr. Hume. Hereafter whenever I quote from or refer to a mahatmic letter without indicating the source whence I derived the quotation, etc., it will be understood that I copied it myself from the original documents lent to me by Mr. Hodgson. In a letter from Koot Hoomi to Mr. Hume it is said, "Neither Atma nor Buddhi ever were within man"—they overshadow him. But in a communication of Morya to Mr. Sinnett, it is said, "The 7th principle is always present as a latent force *in* every one of the principles—even body;" therefore it must be in man instead of hovering over him. Again, Koot Hoomi tells Mr. Hume that "from the first, man has all the *seven* principles included *in him in germ.*" In these letters the monad is called the 7th principle, and Koot Hoomi informs Hume that invariably the germ of the entity which will develop into a planetary spirit is contained in every mineral, vegetable, plant, and animal. The reader will remember that in a former chapter quotation was made from "The Secret Doctrine" that the monad never progresses or changes. But if the monad is the germ of an entity which subsequently develops into a planetary spirit, there must be great progress and change in its condition. In the last chapter were presented various conflicting statements as to which of the seven principles constituted the personality and which the individuality. In a letter of Morya to Mr. Sinnett we have another statement on this matter contradictory to all the others. Says Morya, "The whole individuality is centered in the middle of the 3d, 4th and 5th principles. During earthly life all is in the 4th, the centre of energy and volition—will. . . . The former (personality) hardly survives—the latter to run its sevenfold downwards and upwards course has to assimilate to itself the eternal life power residing but in the 7th and then blend the 3 (4, 5 and 7) into one with the 6th." If the individuality is in the 3d, 4th and 5th principles, the personality must be in the 1st and 2d,—the physical body and the vitality. A strange thing this individuality, according to Morya. During physical life it is 3, 4 and 5, centered in 4; after death it is centered in 6, and it is formed by 4, 5, and 7 being blended in one with 6. As 4 and a part of 5 are separated from higher 5, 6; and 7 after death, how is it possible for 4 and the whole of 5 to be blended with 6 and 7?

In the last chapter reference was made to the doctrine of H. P. B. that, until the age of seven, children were non-immortal dualities, but at that age the divine spirit became united to the child. The divine spirit consists of 6 and 7 in the later classification,—the monad. But in an article in Vahan, vol. ii, no. 8, p. 4, we are told that instead of it being the monad (6 and 7) which unites with the child at seven, it is the ego (or 5). Previously we were told that it was 6 and 7 that overshadowed the child or man, while 5 was in him; but this *Vahan* speaks

of the ego as overshadowing the child. It also says the child has its monad (6 and 7) previous to the indwelling of 5, the Manas or ego. According to one statement, the child has originally its 6 and 7, while its 5 does not reach it until it is seven years old; according to the other, it has 5 all the while, and its 6 and 7 does not reach it till it is seven. Then again, we read in the same *Vahan* that "the assumption that the Ego descends at the seventh year rests on a confusion between the Ego and the *anima rationalis.*" As the *anima rationalis* (rational soul or mind) is not 6 and 7, we learn from this that it is neither the ego nor the monad which descends upon the child at seven,—it is a third segment of the higher principles, the *anima rationalis.* Which of the three is it?

In "Fragments of Occult Truth, No. I," which was written by A. O. Hume, from information sent him from Koot Hoomi and Morya, and which was revised by the two adepts before publication, Nos. 3, 4, and 5 of the human septenary were classed together as forming the "soul" after death, and 1 and 2 as the "body." This despite the fact that the same "Fragment" stated that 3 as well as 1 and 2 perished at physical death, and that at death the ego was done with them forever. The incongruity of this mahatmic teaching was soon perceived by H. P. B., and in later statements 1, 2, and 3 were made the body, and 4 and 5 the soul. In a letter from Morya to Mr. Hume, the adept thus refers to this blunder in "Fragments I:" "H. P. B. was 'dzing, dzing' when allowing you to make such a mistake. I find 3 principles in Fragments of Occult Truth, whereas but 2 are found in nature. I'll see to it." Thus Morya disingenuously tries to ignore the fact that he and Koot Hoomi are responsible for the blunder, as they furnished Mr. Hume with the tabulation of the 7 principles, and also revised the "Fragment" before it was published. Mr. Hume sent various manuscripts to Mme. Blavatsky for revision by the adepts, and they were returned to Mr. Hume with the notations and remarks of the two mahatmas. At this writing I have in my possession a number of the *original* manuscripts of Mr. Hume with the remarks *in extenso* of the two adepts written thereon, each in his respective handwriting. Mr. Hume published in 1882 the fact that the two adepts revised his "Fragment I." From all this it follows, that, as Morya claims that it was H. P. B. who revised the "Fragment," the revision alleged of the two adepts was in reality made by H. P. B.; and, as the alleged adept-revision was in the handwriting of the adepts, it follows that the so-called writing of the mahatmas was the work of the Blavatsky; and being so in this very important case, the probalities are that all the mahatmic documents were the handiwork of the Muscovite impostor.

In a letter from Morya to Mr. Hume appears a abarated statement of the 7 principles of man and of the universe in English, Sanskri, and alleged Tibetan —which, as can readily be imagined, is a queer production. Some of the so-called Tibetan words are genuine Tibetan, but blunderingly misapplied; the rest cannot be found in the Tibetan Dictionary, and are no doubt fabrication of the erusdite H. P. B. The Sanskri terms are also mostly misapplied. In man's septenary Nos. 1 and 4, Rupa (body) and Kama rupa (body of desire) will pass. No. 2, Jivatma is an egregious blunder as a name of the life principle or vitality, which is dissipated at death of the body. Jivatma is a Sanskri term for the Divine Spirit, and would be an appropriate name for No. 7—certainly not for No. 2. No. 3 is called Ling Sarir, the astral body, which dies with the physical body. Linga Sharira is the Indian name of the subtle body which is attached to the ego during all the incarnations, the quasi-immortal spiritual body; hence an inappropriate name for a body which lasts during one incarnation only, and dies when the material body perishes. In later teachings 5 has been called Manas (mind), but at this time the adepts (?) and H. P. B. seem never to have heard of the word. No. 5, instead of being called Manas, in this

original mahatmic instruction, has three names first given to it, afterwards reduced to two: "Linga deha (1), during life; Bhut (2), after death; Mayavi rupa (3), general name." When Morya (?) came to No. 6, he discovered that he wanted one of the three names of No. 5 "as a name for No. 6, so he marked out Mayavi rupa (3)" from No. 5. But he forgot to mark out the explanatory foot-note, "3—General Name," which still stands in the manuscript in Morya's handwriting. So while No. 5 has only two names in the body of the table, three are described in the foot-notes. Linga deha is another name for the Linga Sharira of the Hindus,—deha and sharira both meaning "body." So in mahatmic nomenclature, Nos. 3 and 5, two widely different things, are given the same name, to neither of which is it applicable. No. 3 dies with the body, and No. 5 (according to the adepts' teachings at that time) dies soon after the body; while the Linga Sharira or Linga Deha is the body which does not die at or after the death of the body, but persists through the whole round of incarnations. As No. 5 is not a body but the mental principle, to call it sharira or deha may be mahatmic, but it certainly is not sensible. To render it more absurd, the name of 5 is Linga deha during life only. To call the mind a body while it is incased in the physical body, but not a body after it separates from the material frame, is decidedly Blavatskyan. After death it is not Linga deha but Bhut. Bhuta is the name given in India to a ghost or the spirit of a dead person, and includes the whole personality—the body of the spirit as well as its mind. It is a very inappropriate name for man's animal mind alone. Both of these names of 5, Linga deha and Bhut, were soon dropped by the adepts, and the correct word Manas substituted, and as such it is called to this day. The word Manas was doubtless derived by H. P. B. from either Subba Row or Damodar, her two Sanskri coadjutors in mahatmic mysteries. The first use of the word Manas by H. P. B. appears to be in a letter of Koot Hoomi to Mr. Sinnett, in 1882 doubtless (the mahatmas letters are undated), wherein we read about "the more abstract and pure or the mental attributes of the 5th principles or the animal soul, its Manas (mind) and memory." Here a part of the 5th principle is called Manas; 5 is not Manas, but among the higher portions of 5 is found "its" Manas. Not long after this the whole of 5 came to be called Manas, and now we have lower and higher Manas. First 5 was not Manas at all; next 5 was divided, and a part (not the whole) of the upper section of 5 was called Manas; then the whole of the upper section was Manas; and finally, all of 5, high and low, became Manas. And, as before stated, 5, which originally was an animal principle, perishing completely in Kamaloka soon after death, became finally transformed into the immortal human ego, and an omniscient god!

Mr. Bernstein, a noted banker of New York, is confident that, in less than three years, he will succeed in laying a pneumatic tube across the Atlantic, by means of which three daily mails may be received in both England and America. There is, at this time, a pneumatic tube in operation between London and Liverpool. During the World's Fair another will be in operation between Chicago and St. Louis, which, it is expected, will capture attention of business men. The cost of the sub-Atlantic tube is estimated at $25,000,000, half of which amount has already been subscribed. When the tube is completed, it is expected that branch tubes will connect all towns and cities with the tube termini. The scheme, although a vast one, is not improbable, and its originator is a shrewd capitalist.—*Western Rural.*

The struggle of the ages has been individual selfishness, ignorance and hate, against collective universality, wisdom and love. The contest was never more vehement than it is to-day.—*Pen and Plow.*

UNIQUE HISTORY.

No. II.

BY W. D. RICHNER.

Criticism is a corrective of vanity and abuse. We do not share the alarm disturbing so many about the critical investigations and new translations of "sacred writings." Clean cut, impartial analysis will eliminate truth from beneath the shroud of priestly mysticism and present it as fine gold more refined, brighter and stronger to a waiting world.

Indeed, were it possible to destroy every copy of the Bible, not a principle would be affected. All that is enduring, valuable and truthful has existed in nature; and on this account, not because described in a book, will live to serve us. All it contains useless to the race—its mysticism, ecclesiastical craft, jealousies, revenges, threatenings and the fostering spirit of destructive hate must eventually, as matter effete, pass forever away.

Principles are imperishable. The book is a compilation of important phenomena and the grand spiritual experiences of many persons. Among the discoveries made at Babylon there is one of considerable importance. "A series of astronomical observations dating 1903 years anterior to the conquest of the city by Alexander. These observations were recorded on tablets of baked clay, which is quite in accord with what is known of the literary habits of these people. Scientific information obtained indeed of the learned Phœnicians. They were possessed of an extensive literature, and celebrated in all nations of their times for their intellectual activity and skill in the art of writing and of the sciences."

There is nothing fanciful in the early astronomy of the Babylonians. Historical skepticism standing rigidly by the first olimpiad, refusing to see beyond that anything but a dark realm of unmeaning fiction must at times, as discoveries continue to be made, find it difficult to maintain self respect.

Ecclesiasts have long made use o Hebraic legislation as a fondly suppose weapon against their understanding o Spiritualism. Though with the ancient partaking somewhat of Pantheism certainly obtained as a religious faith ex tended prevalence. It must have been fo midable to require for security to himse of his people, special legislation by Mose See Ex. XXII, Lev. XIX and XX, Deu XVIII, 1 Sam. XXVIII, 1 Chro. X Isaiah VIII chapters. "Regard not the that have familiar spirits, neither see after wizards." "And when they sha say seek them that have familiar spirits guides— and unto wizards that mutt and peep, to the law and to the tes mony." These and many more quot tions we might give all intimate th ready positive admission of spirit pos bility. As also does a later and equal authorative writer: "Beloved, belie not every spirit, but *try the spirits* which, both in clear admission of th fact of spirit communion, also chime o the utility of testing them.

The Hebrew law-giver and his coa jutors possessed of ambition and like pa sions as other men, were not exem from jealousy and envy, reflected inde by the controling influence whose med they were. "Anger, hate and exclusiv ness" was frequently the control of the guide Jehovah. Hence the ambitio legislation of seclusiveness against spi mediumship by the common people. permit this would make their pries profession common and endanger th craft. Besides if the people are pe mitted to develop the ability of spirit tercourse, they will have no time nor i clination to support the priestly leag This they are sufficiently sagacious see; hence the murderous law of exc siveness. "Thou shalt not suffer a wit to live among you. A man or wom that hath a familiar spirit—guide—or i wizard shall surely be put to death. Y shall stone them with stones." "For that do these things are an abominati and because of these abominations, Lord thy God doth drive them out fr before thee." Thus is Jehovah, rep

sented as saying, through his medium, Moses.

Mystery has always been the stronghold of priestly rule. By this insidious craft the masses have been overawed and held in subjection, and the emoluments of mediumship absorbed from the common people.

The Midianite medium and lawgiver of Israel was the subject of spirit power and influence in birth and after-guidance. Born of a slave mother in slavery, he narrowly escaped death by a cunningly contrived perservative. Slaves love their offspring, and Moses' mother managed well his conveyance to the feet of the king's daughter, as she appeared with her attendants at the bath at the river side. Egypt's princess also loved the child, and with a woman's natural shrewdness saved the foundling from the king's edict, and adopted in their household the Hebrew boy and educated him in the erudition, literature, life and brilliancy of the Pharaohs'.

The foundling readily unfolded and was esteemed worthy of Egyptian sonship. Reaching manhood the scholar refused this honor, and determined to free his kindred from bondage, and make himself ruler. He began covertly to instruct them in conspiracy against their oppressors. Once in defending a slave against abuse of his taskmaster he killed the latter; unable to conceal the deed effectualy he fled the land, returning, after an absence of forty years, still bent on the fulfillment of his early dream--the overthrow of the Egyptian dynasty. His court education and thorough knowledge of the mystics enabled him with the assistance of his brother, Aaron, to contend successfully with all their opposers.

How all-mastering and insidious is spirit power. The woman of Endor when counselled by Saul, said: "Behold, thou knowest what Saul hath done. How he hath cut off those that have familiar spirits out of the land, wherefore layest thou a snare for my life, to cause me to die?" And Saul swore to her no punishment should happen to her. Becoming entranced and seeing Samuel, she exclaimed loudly: "Why hast thou deceived me? Thou art Saul." He said: "Be not afraid. What sawest thou?" "An old man with a mantle." Saul perceived it was Samuel. He stooped with his face to the ground and bowed himself. Samuel said: "Why hast thou disquieted me?"

The narrative does not call this woman a "witch." It is only priestly prejudice that so styles her. She was evidently a powerful clairvoyant, trance test medium. And it was against such grand spirit powers that the "meek" yet murderous Hebrew legislator formulated his edict to kill.

Hebrew prejudice and hate was intensified against this medium of Endor, both on account of her professional mediumship, and also because she was not a Jewess but a Canaanite. Yet this medium of really noble soul, against whose life he, as king, had issued an edict, did all within her power to comfort and console him, sheltered him and his two servants, and prepared with her own hands an elaborate and nourishing meal. This portion of the Bible account our learned and amiable ecclesiasts studiously avoid giving in their tirade against spiritual media.

The Hebrew prophet Daniel is accredited with an account of a spirit seance, which occurred in Babylon. When the great feast was at its height of enjoyment, "there came forth the fingers of a man's hand and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall;" the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. "His countenance changed and his thoughts troubled him," etc.

Uneasy indeed lies the head that wears a crown, when the spirits of the departed come for them. It was so with Saul, and we find a similar condition of trouble with Belshazzar. In Babylonia there was no scarcity of wizards, sorcerers, astrologers, enchanters and necromancers. Daniel appears to have been the only medium, able to tell the king the full meaning of this wierd spirit phenomenon.

Spirit philosophy instructs that the

functions of our organism assimilate with the quality and character of that on which physically and mentally we mainly subsist. What then? Why those who have passed into the spirit realm from the lower strata of life, crude in culture, mayhap of the slums, must naturally seek attraction with media of like quality, and in the answering passion and taste will delight to gratify their appetites for indulgence in mirthful carousal, mayhap debauchery.

We meet with numerous changes in media. Some developing additional phases and others losing the power or gift in their use for years. The cause perhaps is mainly within themselves. "Neglect not the gift that is in thee," is excellent advice to all of us. A spirit artist, long celebrated for fine, truthful photography, told us that his power to receive spirit pictures quit him more suddenly than he received it. "It seems," said he, "utterly impossible for me to get another spirit picture; for what reason I cannot tell." Some persons volunteer the solution of the enigma as being his extravagant charges for these pictures. If this is the cause of the loss to him of this beautiful gift we simply say that he and all who are so sordid deserve their impoverishment.

Modern commerce and the great increase of moneyed wealth seems also to have multiplied media for this kind of merchandizing, and greatly enlarged the area for indulgence of the mercenary spirit. In the spiritual as in the natural, like causes secure like effects. And so as opportunities multiply, appetite for the sordid is increased; its spirit intensified.

But, as early ideas are not apt to be true ideas, neither is perfection first; rather the crude and imperfect. By the law of progressive unfoldment completeness is evolved from the crude. Nor can that which is all good give forth that which is absolutely evil. Primates do not antagonize. Matters tend towards sublimation. The refinement of matter is mind; the ultimate of mind is spirit. There is but one birth giving all governing power. This immense force, by the subtle control of attraction, holds all un verses in ceaseless motion. Evolution the method of development, unfolds th improving process of experience, all pa tial evil rather the ignorance of our ine perience is universal good—wisdom fo a better life attained by daily experienc Then what is evil? Do we say tha which injures is evil? Not necessaril Evil we say is perverted good. No mor no less.

Tiny seeds make countless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten, then, and catch them
As they pass us on our way;
And with honest true endeavors,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sun shines making hay,
Thus we may, by help of study,
Learn a little every day.

Shelley, the poet, who was drowned his 26th year, was a vegetarian—a ma of great genius. He wrote: "There no disease, bodily or mental, which th adoption of a vegetable diet has not mi gated whenever tried. On a natural sy tem of diet old age would be our on uninherited malady, and in a few gener tions hereditary diseases would ceas The term of earthly existence would b protracted; we would enjoy life, and n longer preclude others from the enjo ment of it; all sensational delights wou be infinitely more exquisite; the ve sense of being would be a continu pleasure, such as we now feel in son favored few moments of our youth. I all that is sacred in our hopes of the h man race, I conjure those who love ha piness and truth to give a fair trial to th vegetarian system."

All the worries and woes come fro striving for the things of earth—eatin drinking, fine clothing and fine houses, and leaving things of the spirit entire out of sight.—*Universal Republic.*

THOUGHTS ON SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

(Extract from a letter written by William H. B. Edwards).

MY DEAR BROTHER CHARLES: I was more than delighted in the reading of William T. Stead's, "From the Old World to the New," being the Christmas number of the *Review of Reviews.* The story itself is beautiful and pathetic; the information and guidance through the World's Fair is invaluable; but to me the most important part of the whole book is the undisguised psychological strain in all its phases that runs through it from cover to cover. You must have observed that, for over a year now, Mr. Stead has steadily brought forth in his influential journal, article after article on the Occult Sciences, Theosophy, and especially Modern Spiritualism (so-called), or as it should be detailed, the *only* true spiritual philosophy, the proof of the immortality of the soul and spirit communion of the so-called *dead.* Last year, as you no doubt remember, he introduced the subject under the guise of "Real Ghost Stories," which was sent broadcast throughout the world and found its way for the first time into thousands and thousands of English homes and abroad, and above all into the highest and most orthodox ranks of English society, hitherto self-locked against even a cursory examination of these profound truths of the wonderful latent powers of the spirit, the only real and abiding thing in existence and whose soul is for all time and eternity.

It is no small gratification to observe the spiritual unfoldment of this remarkable age in spite of its grossness; and as time marches on its way toward the close of another century, the birth of a new would seem to augur well for the rapid progress of this beautiful and universal spiritual philosophy. Ever and anon throughout the ages, has man in his highest and noblest aspirations sought the spirit of truth, and now that he has had revealed to him the fact of an immortal life beyond the grave and spirit communion of the so-called dead, he is convinced that he holds within his grasp a truth unto which many others will be added, as he ascends higher and higher in the scale of eternal progression and spiritual unfoldment in the spheres of wisdom and love. When man realizes that he holds within him the *golden keys* that will unlock *all* things; that nothing is impossible to him; that he is the epitome of all that is, was or ever shall be; that he is a world unto himself—ay, a god, and I state it reverently, superior to all things; when he realizes this and finds that the God-given powers are latent within him, only awaiting unfoldment, then it will dawn upon him that he (his soul) is superior to matter, which is but the *shadow* of life and which passeth away; and having once grasped this great truth and thoroughly learned this grand symphony of life, he will rise in all his power and glory and conquer and subdue matter, which will lie as a slave at his feet. But before he can work through these material conditions of life and be its master, he must first conquer the animal or physical part of his own nature, the temple in which he lives. When he has succeeded in doing this, by making the body completely subservient to the divine will and influence of the spirit, then his spiritual being will unfold itself and its marvelous possibilities be revealed. He will then realize that all that he *sees, hears* and *feels* upon this mundane sphere of existence, is but the expression of life eternal, the shadow, ever changing, ever evolving and passing away into new forms and multitudinous expressions; that the only real and abiding thing is life which permeates all things, and of which the real or spiritual man is its highest and noblest expression. That life eternal, the soul and the divinity are one grand eternal whole without beginning or end. That it is by working through matter and its varying conditions and vicissitudes that, life, with its highest expression in man, who, as I before stated, is the epitome of all things, can unfold itself and rise thereby higher and higher in the scale of wisdom and love, ever becoming more beautiful and

divine. By the same law he will realize that thoughts are things with power for good or evil. That the more divinely he thinks and acts the higher will be the world's vegetable and animal growth. Man has the power to produce far more beautiful flowers; more luscious fruits and vegetables by the creative power and magnetic action of thoughts divine, than he now dreams of. Thoughts then are things and float about in the atmosphere, or are conveyed along the line of affinity or love, between two or more loved ones, however distantly separated on earth, who wish to communicate—such indeed is Telepathy.

It behoves us in this day and generation to beware lest the passions of our outward expressions get the better of our inner and nobler selves. It is our absolute duty to forgive and forget wrongs that may have been done us as we hope to be forgiven and rectify our own shortcomings, by striving to do good toward and elevate from their cursed environments and worldly conditions, those who may have wronged us, or those with whom we come in contact. This is the divine purpose of life; the spreading of the crumbs of truth, wisdom and love as fast as you receive them to your poor unfortunate brother man. Though he possesses the world's millions and not this light, he is poor and sadly at loss, while the materially poor with this divine light of truth shining in their souls are infinitely rich. In the study of spiritual things there is much real food for the unfoldment of the everlasting things of life and not its shadow. *This* is the unreal world—the evanescent; and the spirit side of life its reality, with immortality for each and all. These are facts gleaned from the grand and open book of Nature, which all may read, mark, learn and inwardly digest. Oh, that all mankind could grasp these eternal truths today, and they would emancipate and revolutionize the world. Do not let us wish any mortal, who may have wronged us, any material or spiritual harm; if not from the *true* principle of its being cruelly sinful, from the *fact* then of the Psychological or Spiritual law, that *harm* wished to a person—however vile their principles—reacts as a natural consequence or punishment with redoubled force upon the wisher or thinker of the harm; for do not forget that thoughts are things with power for good or evil, and if we would shape things divinely then let us divinely think. We should fight not against men but against the *principles* they work through. We should entertain enmity against no man, but forgive all· then we can truly say that we should love our enemies, for remember that the souls of all men are *equal*, that is the germ (in goodness). It is their environments and evolutionary conditions that make the *evil* principles through which some are even *forced* to work so hateful and so vile, and which must be stamped out in mankind. Let us tread the path marked out for us with greater determination than ever spreading our principles of morality among those with whom we come in contact, and doing what little good we can, with Excelsior for our motto, and a light heart and cheerful spirit toward helping humanity out of the darkness in which he is today enthralled. Little acts of kindness, little deeds of love, fill our lives with gladness and our homes above. Have pity on the erring ones; help them, pray for them and enlighten them with all thy might and the very angels will draw nigh and administer unto thy bright and loving soul. Those of us who are spiritually unfolding should not entertain feelings of disregard for those friends who may still be wrapped in materiality, and cannot, therefore, give such full expression to the divine and innate sides of their natures, as we should be capable of who have received and are still receiving the light of truth into our souls. Rather let us joyfully carry that light divine to our brother man, in order that he too may be enabled to see and grope his way through the darkness. We shall then probably have revealed to us that he has qualities of heart which we have not yet attained; and that it is something supremely divine to possess that love which thinketh no evil. Man's greatest evil is

selfishness and his only salvation is universal love, by forgetting self and doing good and helping other poor, weak and wretched mortals. The selfish grab for the "mighty dollar" is such a curse in this rapid age, that the day is fast approaching when it must stop by cursed monopolies coming to a climax, and then there will be a complete revolution of thought and feeling in the world for good, and the *true* meaning of life will dawn upon mankind. But I fear that there will be a bitter struggle before this new augury can be brought about on account of this growing, grabbing selfishness of the age. It is the ordeal through which we must go; the penalty we have to pay for our errors and ignorance of the universal and immutuable laws of nature. The year 1900, it seems to me, will see some wonderful changes in the world's history, and the birth of a new order of things; and a hundred years hence, in A. D. 2000, our children's children may look forward to and enjoy that Utopian dream of humanity, so ably depicted in Bellamy's "Looking Backward"—the Millennium.

Why is it that the rest of the world entertains such erroneous and prejudiced notions of American life or civilization, which they stigmatize so vehemently as a mere byeword? It is because they can only perceive of its vulgar and money-grabbing side, forgetful the while that there is a remarkably strong under-current of Spirituality underlying all this, what appears as consummate gross materiality, and which is honeycombing the whole superstructure, so that in the no distant future it will collapse and crumble into dust and give way to the ideal. It is the hoarding of the world's millions in the hands of the few that forces the struggling millions of humanity to think of naught else but the grosser things of life, in their mad rush for an existence from a *lack* of that very hoarded gold by which *alone*—as presumptious man in his igorance and brutality has decreed—they can keep *soul* and *body* together. But all this is doomed to pass away and money itself as a means of livelihood will disappear, when the world and the fullness thereof will belong equally to all mankind. This is a vast country; the rendezvous of the old world's superfluous millions, wherein man's salvation will be wrought and woman be redeemed. This a land of freedom, though as yet, partly in name, owing to monopolies and to political and social corruption, but it will all be swept away in time by the irresistible force of events and the evolution of nature. This fair land is the theater of the world, wherein the people from nations are working out the metamorphasis of the human race; and though *greed* and *envy* and *pride* may set themselves upon a pedestal, the onflowing tide of humanity, as one vast brotherhood, with the stings of social caste flung aside, will sweep all before it, casting out the thorns and chaff, and so give birth to the long dreamed of Millennial Day. This is a land of infinite possibilities for the future, where there is comparative freedom from bigotry; where there is plenty of freedom and scope, and where, above all, the social stings of caste are not felt. Not that it is by any means an ideal land yet—far from it—for between the great monopoly vampires of gold on the one hand, and the church octopus on the other, a large ratio of the people are like so many automatic machines. Slaves, at the bid and call of, and ground down by soulless corporations. Why is it that in Europe there appears to be in some parts that semblance of so-called contentment, culture and refinement? It is because the majority of the people are as yet content to sit at the feet of the numerous social castes, into which it is divided from the king on his throne, down through the upper ten and middle classes That is the reason why Socialism is gaining such power in Europe to-day; because the voices of the long-persecuted people can be heard and demand its inalienable rights in no other way. Education and the dissemination of knowledge are enlightening the masses, who are beginning to get outside their little selves and to study the world in which they live—for knowledge is power. Man is be-

ginning to realize that the many hitherto unsolvable problems of mankind can be solved and expounded from the only truly logical and philosophical standpoint of life—that of Spirituality.

The time is not far distant when telegraph, telephone and electric wires, etc., will be dispensed with; ay, and the great ocean cables themselves will disappear and give place to a systematized telepathy—and still the loving messages will flash from shore to shore, from continent to continent and circumnavigate the globe. But its greatest blessing of all will be felt by those who, linked in love, though widely apart, will, by this glorious means, be able to send and are even today sending, or rather flashing telepathic communications to each other. While, if both should be psychics or mediums or sensitives, or what is more explicit, with their spiritual gifts developed and unfolded, then there need be no prearranged hour of sitting, for the spirit guides, who ever attend us, will be enabled thereby, to carry the loving messages at all times, for expression by or through the different phases of mediumship. Even this apparently marvelous means of earthly communication between man and man, it seems to me will, in the no distant future, also pass away, and give place to a method yet more divine, when man, having become thoroughly spiritualized, and made his body or the temple in which he lives, completely subservient to the divine will and influence of the spirit, will be able to vacate that tenement at *will* and, as the flash of thought, be and commune with his fellow man, wheresoe'er he roam on sea or land, when *soul* will talk with *soul*. O! what a grand theme is life! What a science! What a study! What truths, what problems, what a vast field of yet unattained knowledge is covered by that problematical exhortation of the philosopher of old—"Man Know Thyself." Physiology anatomy, phrenology, sociology, anthropology and all the wonderful and many yet unrevealed psychological laws of man are embodied in its meaning. Man, therefore, must first study and obey unfalteringly the physiological laws of his being, or the temple in which he for a time doth dwell, before the human race can ever hope to rise to its true or real spiritual level, and as a united whole or one vast brotherhood, march onward and onward, ever rising higher and higher in the scale of progressive thought, wisdom and love. How nobly has it been stated that "Science supplemented by an exalted morality, will be the Bible of the future." When he studies these laws of nature, and acts up to them, he will then know what it is that is perpetuating that great primary curse of his being, selfishness—nothing but the worldly gratifications and lusts of his flesh, the low and animal part of his nature too plainly shown to-day in the great evils and curses of mankind, strong drink, tobacco using and many kindred vices, as well as in the growing, grabbing greed for naught else but things of a purely gross and material nature. Alas! what a sad picture! Is there no hope? Will it ever be thus? Yea, yea, all glory to the dawn of a true spiritual light, salvation already is near at hand, and e'en though the truth shall have a hard struggle to annihilate evil, and there be bloodshed as of yore, what signifies it in the end when truth enshrined in wisdom and love shall triumph and reign supreme for evermore. Then dare to be wise; to know, oh, man, thyself and the earth on which thou dwellest. I refer now to the alarming and underhand manner in which Roman Catholicism, (not its *original* and now *extinct* foundation principles of the *lowly* Nazarine, but its *modern* ambitious greed) and worst of all Jesuitism are gaining powe in this fair land hand in hand with Mammon. It has been already noticed, and in a few years, by still further sucking—vampire like—at the civil and religous libertyies of American citizens there may be fanned the flame of a religious war, when as a final result, all creeds and dogmas, effete ceremonies and superstitious frauds and the *evil principles* of greed-seeking adventurers will be annihilated for ever. Thanks be to the angels of light for their holy work

for man. Nature's great kaleidoscope of life was never so active and transformational as at the present time, and her evolutionary processes toward a higher and a still higher level know no end and can be staid by no man, potentate or power.

The reason Mr. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, was so emphatic in stating in his story, "From the Old World to the New," that he was not depicting anything but what truly happens in his descriptions of the various phases of psychology, is because he has developed wonderful mediumship within himself, especially automatic, and I believe inspirational writing also. He stands today as the greatest journalist in Europe and the prince of interviewers; and this glorious living spiritual truth, of vital importance to humanity, having proven itself to him a reality, he appears determined to fearlessly spread its divine light throughout the world in his influential journal. May the good angels ever help and guide him in his noble endeavors is my prayer. With this my dear brother I cease to write you further this time, and remain your loving

WILLIAM.

San Francisco, May 5, 1893.

SAW HER SON'S SPIRIT.

There lived in Allegheny City at the breaking out of the rebellion a widow by the name of MacDowell. She had one son, John by name, who lived with his mother in a two story frame house on Robinson street. The widow and her son were devotedly attached to each other, and when he came home one night and told her that he had enlisted at one of the recruiting booths on Federal street she was inconsolable.

On the afternoon of April 6, 1862, Mrs. MacDowell sat in an easy chair at the second story window of her home. It was the first day she had felt strong enough to leave her bed. It was warm and the sun was shining brightly. As she sat alone with her wan cheek resting against the pillows, she heard a heavy step on the narrow stairway. She described the succeeding events to the first neighbor woman who reached her side as follows: "The instant I heard the step I knew it was John. As he reached the head of the stairs I turned toward the door and tried to rise and meet him, but I was too faint, and besides there was something in his face that drove all the blood from my heart. He was dressed in his uniform and was carrying a big sword in his hand.

"He stopped in the middle of the room and I saw under his cap, which was pulled back, a broad bandage stained with blood around his forehead. Suddenly he waved his sword and I saw an awful look, such as I had never seen before, come into my boy's eyes; he waved his sword three times, looking backward over his shoulders as he did so. I saw the sword fall from his grasp, but it made no noise on the floor; he reached both hands to me, and the fierce expression died out of his eyes as he cried out, 'Oh, mother,' and then before I could say a word he was gone."

A week from that day the widow MacDowell was buried in the Hilldale cemetery. On the afternoon of April 6, the day when the apparition of her boy appeared to her in the sick room, he was killed while repulsing a Confederate charge at Pittsburg Landing. He was struck by a spent ball upon the forehead early in the day, but tying a handkerchief around his forehead he remained in the fight. All the officers in his company had been killed or wounded, and he was leading his company with the sword of a dead Confederate in his hand when he was hit and instantly killed by a second bullet. His last utterance as he fell was the pathetic cry, "Oh, mother!"—*Philadelphia Press.*

Nearly one half the human race subsist exclusivively on vegetable diet; yet many of the other half assert that people can't live without meat.

It is the duty of every individual to use all means of self-reform within his reach. It is by individual reform that the world is to be redeemed.

HEALING BY MUSIC.

No. 2.

J. JAY WATSON.

In my first paper on the subject of "Healing by Music," I mentioned several cases illustrating the idea. Among my many experiences relating to the subtle influence of the "Divine Art," none have impressed me more strongly than the observance of its effect upon the weak-minded and insane. On the evening of November 11, 1881, I was invited by the officers of the Insane Asylum at Danvers, Mass., to give the inmates of that institution a musical entertainment. The members of my company consisted of Miss Emma S. Phillips, a well-known and favorite vocalist; Miss Annie A. Watson, pianist and guitarist; Mr. Charles W. Littlefield, a fine singer, who also possessed the faculty of closely imitating the singing of birds, and especially the mocking bird; my little son, Emmons Hamlin Watson, who played the violin, harp and piano, and myself. The asylum contained about six hundred patients. As we were ushered into the corridor of the large building, we were immediately surrounded by a number of persons, many of them in various stages of insanity. Attendants, however, were numerous, which allayed to a certain extent the uncanny feelng which naturally took possession of our little company. The superintendent, with a few cheerful words of welcome, soon disabused our minds of any fear. After a well-served dinner some five hundred or more of the patients took seats in the lecture room. A well-appointed stage, and a fine piano immediately below and in front of the platform (all of which a musical artist gratefully appreciates) were placed at our disposal. Upon entering the hall, what interested us most was the perfect quiet and decorum of our audience. There was no loud talking, pushing or crowding, and I could scarcely realize that nearly every person in that assemblage had an unbalanced mind. The first number upon our programme was the favorite old French overture, "The Caliph de Bagdad," which awakened much enthusiasm. A beautiful song, "Sweet Visions of Childhood," was sung by Mr. Littlefield, which affected and soothed many of our brain sick friends. A violin solo performed by myself upon the old Cremona violin presented me by Ole Bull, and for many years the favorite instrument of that great master, seemed to call up another class of feelings and elicited an encore which would have done credit to the most critical audience. Miss Emma S. Phillips sang "The Gypsy Maiden" with such tenderness and pathos as to melt many of our hearers to tears. My little son, Master Emmons Hamlim Watson, next appeared in a medley of favorite melodies which he executed upon the violin, which made every heart in the hall palpitate with happiness. Mr. Littlefield gave a humorous song, retiring amidst roars of laughter, and a vociferous encore was demanded. This was followed by a guitar duet played by my daughter and myself, which seemed to have much of the soothing effect of Miss Phillips' sweet song. Mr. Littlefield then gave his marvelous imitation of the "Mocking Bird," which created such enthusiasm as is seldom witnessed. Miss Watson then seated herself at the piano, and then began one of those beautiful gems accompanied by that delicate touch which called forth from the celebrated Ole Bull the remark, "I am not afraid to close my eyes when Miss Watson plays." As the audience hung apparently spellbound by the music amid the most perfect quiet, to the utter surprise of all present, a beautiful female patient suddenly started from her seat and rushed toward the player. Instantly, at least a dozen attendants in the hall started in pursuit, seizing her just as she was about throwing her arms around Miss Watson. The woman, smiling quietly, remarked, "*Why, I was only going to kiss her.*" I need scarcely add that this was about the climax of our evening's experiences, and with this simple exception, I have rarely, if ever, given a musical entertainment to a more ap-

preciative and well-behaved audience. Among the inmates of the institution at this time was the celebrated medium, Charles H. Foster, familiarly known throughout the civilized world as "The Salem Seer." I had known this gentleman quite intimately in his days of health and prosperity. After the entertainment he greeted us with tender expressions of friendship, and had I met him under any other circumstances, I could not have detected the slightest change in his physical or mental condition. He looked as well and talked as rational as in days gone by. We left the asylum, accompanied by the blessings of every unfortunate who had attended our concert, as well as the grateful thanks of the superintendent of the institution. I have been thus tempted to go into the above mentioned details, in order that my readers might get a correct idea of the *power of music upon the insane.*

I once had another interesting experience in the Insane Asylum at Blackwell's Island. I took my violin one day upon the invitation of several friends, and gave a short musical entertainment for the benefit of the inmates of one of the wards containing some of the less violent cases. I was about to play a violin solo without any accompaniment, when one of the keepers quietly informed me that a patient had just expressed a desire to play the piano part to my solo, a composition by De Beriot. Accepting the offer, I handed him the pianaforte part, and he played the composition through without the slightest hesitation and with excellent taste and judgment. He accompanied me in several other equally difficult compositions. I at first doubted his ability to accomplish the task, and certainly I think my misgivings were quite natural when I realized that my accompanist was a veritable madman. I afterward ascertained something of his history and learned that he was a cultivated European pianist, who had visited our shores for the purpose of giving public musical entertainments. While walking in Broadway one hot summer day he was prostrated by sun stroke and his brain became involved so seriously as to necessitate his removal to the asylum.

As a modern author has recently observed, "music, by preserving a perfect equilibrium and harmony in the human organs, and filling the heart with tender sentiment, makes those who are sensitive to it susceptible of a happiness amounting to almost a sweet delirium. It is so natural to love, to enjoy, without effort or exertion, a musical composition, that we are delighted and intoxicated, as it were, and yield to our inclinations unconsciously. But music unfortunately does not always produce the same effect, and instead of arousing the tender passions it may produce unwelcome consequences. It is related of a young musician who became so swayed by the passionate emotions inspired in him from witnessing representations of an opera by Spontini, that he could not bear the idea of descending to the prosaic world again. After twice hearing this masterpiece, and imagining that he had attained the maximum of happiness vouchsafed to man upon this earth, he wrote to his friends of his intention and deliberately blew out his brains before leaving the opera house." In the application of music to health, I may say that it can be dangerous to a hypochondriac to listen to very grave and serious music, for instead of dispelling feelings of depression, it would give rise to them.

Even among very young children the lullaby of a mother's voice must be tempered to the organic conditions of her child. We all know how the Goddess of Music can successfully lead our little ones into sweet slumbers. I recollect my own baby boy, when he could scarcely lisp ordinary household words intelligibly, would rebel in his child language, if his mother happened to sing a melody which did not suit his infant ideas. "*Not zat, not zat,*" he would repeat over and over until the *special* favorite was given, when he would at once lapse into the land of childhood's sweet dreams.—*The Journal of Hygiene.*

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

BY MAGGIE WAITE.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: It gives me pleasure to spend a few moments at my desk and tell the dear readers of the DOVE of the sights I have seen since leaving my home in San Francisco. You must not expect too much of me, as this is my first attempt; yet I would like you all to enjoy with me, as far as it is possible, the beauties of our glorious country. No one, only those who have traveled across the continent, can form any idea of its greatness and wealth. Since leaving home I have seen a great deal of the country that has been both interesting and inspiring. In crossing the great and beautiful State of California in a southerly direction from San Francisco we passed through the lovely Santa Clara and San Joaquin Valleys,and romantic San Fernando Mountains to the city of angels, or Los Angeles. Leaving Los Angeles we have passed through the famous San Bernardino Valley with its beautifuf orange groves showing what has been accomplished by irrigation, turning the desert into a a garden fit for the occupants of the historical Garden of Eden. On we go, the engine puffing away, over the snow capped peaks of the Sierra's till we reach the desert where many a pioneer's bones were left to bleach in the effort to reach California—the land of promise. As far as the eye can reach, nothing can be seen but cactus which grows in profusions, and a few bleak mountains in the distance. Although it is winter we are almost suffocated in the cars with the heat, and we cannot have the windows opened on account of the sand which penetrates everywhere. Crossing the Rio Grande which divides California from Arizona we pass through the mining towns of Arizona, and through the Indian reservation, on through New Mexico until we reach El Paso—an old Mexican town. Entering the Lone Star State—Texas—a ride of over nine hundred miles across its plains brings us to the Mississippi River, which we cross and arrive in New Orleans. There I sojourned one month meeting with many friends. The streets of this city are very narrow and with few exceptions very dirty, the sewers running on top of the streets on account of the city being below the river; nevertheless, it has some fine buildings, among which is the Post Office which took twenty years for its completion. Here are to be found people from every part of the world, all classes and colors. The scenes along the levees beggar description, where the ocean steamers are loading the sugar and cotton and other products brought down from the interior, by the once famous Mississippi steamboats. The markets are well worth a visit. In the cemetery the graves are made above the ground instead of below. Lake Ponchetrain, an inlet or bay of the ocean, lies in the northwestern part of the city and is a favorite place of resort. The climate seemed to be very changeable; one day it would be very hot, the next day so cold that there would be ice on the street. As I was leaving New Orleans February 1st, people were beginning to wear summer wraps. Altogether my stay there was very enjoyable, and I believe my work for Spiritualism was not in vain, as many acknowledge that they were thankful for my coming. Leaving New Orleans by the Queen and Crescent route we traveled through the States of Louisiana, Tennessee, Alabama and Kentucky.

The scenery along the route was more inviting to the eye than when crossing the desert. A splendid view of Lookout Mountain was obtained, the train running past the mountain. There the Spiritualists hold annual camp meetings and a more beautiful place could hardly be found. We arrived in Cincinnati, which was my next stopping place at night. It was very cold and rainy, the streets were thick with mud, and the city wa

anything but inviting to a stranger. Quite a contrast to the warm sunny weather of New Orleans and California. The next morning I made a tour of the city in company with my husband, who was a former resident of Cincinnati, and visited some of the places of interest, among them being the Zoological Gardens pleasantly situated on the hill, where a day can be spent without ones' face being blackened with the smoke of the city. While in that city I suffered a great deal from cold, and my throat and lungs were so much affected that I was unable to attend to my business for a great part of the time. I received a call for my services in Grand Rapids, Mich., which I accepted in the hopes that my health might improve. I had intended to return to my home in San Francisco but was assured that if I would go to Grand Rapids I would be much benefitted. On arriving there I was met by Mr. Sanborn, Secretary of G. R. Spiritual Association. It was a beautiful night; the sky was clear; the moon shone bright, and the jingling of the merry sleigh bells lent a charm to the whole surrounding to which I had been a stranger. The snow was two or three feet deep, and the thermometer registered zero; yet I soon felt some better than when in Cincinnati. Grand Rapids is the centre of the furniture manufacturing industry. It is a very thriving city with some fine business blocks. Its streets are well-paved, and shade trees adorn each side. At the close of a successful month's engagement, I went to Anderson, Ind., by way of Benton Harbor where a stop of three hours was made, during which time I took a half-hour ride on the electric cars and visited St. Joseph, and had a splendid view of Lake Michigan. Continuing my journey I passed through the growing towns of Indiana which have sprung up within the last few years through the discovery of natural gas. In some places the streets were illuminated with the gas sending a flame into the air of one or two feet as if it was never going to go out. I thought at the time it was a great waste of gas. Some towns have suffered considerably from the want of it. Friends in Anderson told me that many suffered last winter for lack of gas to supply their stoves. There is very little coal or wood used, cooking and heating being done by natural gas; for illuminating purposes it is inferior to artificial gas but very much cheaper. Anderson is a thriving little town of about ten thousand inhabitants. Its streets are well-paved, and electric cars run in every direction. The Spiritualists have built a beautiful temple, showing what can be done with energy and unity. The Indiana State Association of Spiritualists holds its camp meeting in a beautiful grove five miles from Anderson. At the end of the month I left for Washington, D. C., passing through the cities of Dayton, Columbus, and Pittsburgh at night, consequently could not see anything; but as daylight appeared the scenery along the route was beautiful, surpassing anything I had seen since leaving home. A stop was made at Johnstown—the place that was nearly swept away with the flood some two years ago—and we resumed our journey through the Conemaugh Valley, passing through the coal fields of Pennsylvania. The celebrated horse-shoe bend was another attractive sight. At Baltimore we changed cars and were soon on the road again passing through beautiful farms and country scenery. After one hour's ride from Baltimore we arrived at Washington, the Capitol of our country. I had often wanted to visit Washington and now I feel gratified for the privilege. Washington is a beautiful city; its streets are broad and on each side are beautiful shade trees, forming a charming contrast to the red-brick buildings. In whatever direction you look it has the appearance of the country there are so many trees. The streets are mostly macadamized and the sidewalks brick. There

are many beautiful drives, and many places of interest to visit. One charming feature of Washington are the numeroos squares, like small parks scattered in every part of the city. Pennsylvania Avenue is the principal street where are located some of the finest government buildings. The first place of interest I visited was the Capitol, a magnificent building. Ascending the grand staircase a magnificent view is obtained of the city, which reminds one of a camp in the woods it is so hidden among shade trees. The first place we entered was the rotunda with its marble floor, and statues of President Lincoln, Robert Fulton and General Ethan Allen. On the walls are beautiful paintings showing the "Landing of Columbus," "Embarkation of the Pilgrims," "Baptism of Pocahontas," "Declaration of Independence," "Surrender of Lord Cornwallis," "General Washington Resigning his Commission to Congress," "De Soto's Discovery of the Mississippi," and the "Surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, N. Y." In the centre of the dome is Brumidi's allegorical painting representing War, Art, and Science, Agriculture, Commerce, Marine and Mechanics. There is one place on the floor of the rotunda where you can stand and whisper and it can be heard away up in the dome. I visited the House of Representatives, the U. S. Senate Chamber, Statuary Hall, and Marble Room. I also visited Washington's monument in Monument Park. The height of the monument is 552 feet, its weight 81,120 tons, cost $1,187,710. The top is reached by means of an Otis elevator or by climbing 900 steps. I took a ride to the top, and had a splendid view of the surrounding country, the historic Potomac with its various crafts in the distance. I *walked down*, but was *painfully* reminded of my exploit for days afterwards. It is a wonderful piece of work, and a befitting monument to the man who so nobly fought for his country. The next place I visited was the Zoological Gardens and saw the usual sights of animals from all parts of the world—lions, bears, wolves and elephants; llamas from South America, sacred cows from India, coons, prairie dogs, monkeys in abundance, parrots, cockatoos, snakes, alligators from Florida, and numerous other animals. Washington has two fine markets, one, the Central Market, just off Pennsylvania Avenue, is very extensive and supplies almost everything in the line of eatables.

To be Continued.

Woman's Roll of Honor.

Every day the woman's roll of honor is lengthened by the addition of names of those called to places of importance in the professional, educational, or industrial world. Dr. Caroline S. Pease has been appointed a member of the board of examiners at the State Hospital for the Insane at Poughkeepsie. All such hospitals in this state must now employ one resident woman physician, but Dr. Pease is the first woman to become a member of the examining board. Miss Adeline E. Knapp has been sent to Honolulu by a San Francisco paper to act as its representative during the annexation crisis. Should there be war, she will act as war correspondent, and even if peace prevails the commission is important and of a kind not often given to a woman. The Governor of Missouri has appointed thirteen women as notaries public. The first scientific medical journal ever issued by women will be published this month under the editorship of E. M. Royse-Gavitt, M. D. All the work will be done by women, and Dr. Mary P. Jacobi is included among the contributors. The class of '94 in the Law Department of New York University has chosen a woman for its president, Miss Florence Dangerfield of Auburn; Miss Lulu B. Richardson has been made second vice-president and Miss Emma Voos has the office of historian. Miss Voos won the prize for the best essay on a legal subject.—*New York Sun.*

SPIRIT INSTRUCTION.

BY RAYMONDE—WRITTEN BY DICTATION

Introduction.

November 18, 1890.

MY BELOVED PUPIL;—Some time has elapsed since you have written a spirit letter, but today if you are willing we will permit a spirit man to tell his experience when he first entered life in the other world. His name shall be unknown to you, and I will simply call him John, for his troubles still weigh upon him and he does not desire his true name to be made public, but hopes the reading of his trials may be of benefit to those who may be tempted to sever the magnetic cord that binds them to earth.

THE SUICIDE'S STORY.

Date of death, 1872.

Place of death, New York.

Manner of death, the pistol.

Death of the body the beginning of misery and the end not yet.

I hope I will not distress you, good woman, by coming to-day with a tale of sorrow. It is my desire and belief that I may save others trouble by recounting my experience of a too hasty exit from the world.

There are many who resort to suicide to quench the fires that burn into the very soul. Cowards are everyone who go unbidden to the spirit world. Some may say otherwise but I incline to my statement. They are too weak to face the cares that surround them, and so put a bullet through their brain hoping to destroy the thinking process. Do they? Let any suicide answer. All will tell you that they only increase it and add to their misery.

The moment the fatal deed is done, remorse and regret begin their terrible revenge. There is no more acute suffering than the sting of these deadly enemies of peace.

(I see that your head aches with my influence and I will withdraw until tomorrow, and come less weighted than today if possible, that I may distress you less).

NOTE.—The pain in my head at this point became unbearable and I was obliged to cease writing and seek the air for relief.

RAYMONDE.

THE STORY CONTINUED.

When fortune was taken from me in the mad whirl of speculative ventures, my family discords increased. Separation and legal divorce followed, leaving me low in the scale of human woe. My wife had been reared to look upon marriage as the stepping stone to social position, and, in my eagerness to lift her to the pedestal she craved, I failed and lost not only her whom I worshipped but social prestige as well, for who is wanted in fashionable throngs when his money has fled?

Had I been more manly I would have weighed character in the balance with popularity and riches, but social cute (fool that I was) hurt me and I thought the best way out of trouble was self-murder.

One evening after sitting beside dying embers, brooding over my condition, I sprang from my chair and opening my dressing case took therefrom a small but deadly bull-dog—placed the muzzle close to my right temple, and with a silent prayer pulled the trigger and fell upon the floor of my bedroom, my face red with my own blood, which left a stain upon the pale threads of the carpet, from which the landlady recoiled with horror long after.

Was I dead? More alive than ever; but powerless to interfere with my slain body, or to tell them what I wished done with it. I did not leave the room, for there were papers of value that I still cherished as a link between me and past successes, and upon which I had relied for future relief. But of what use were they to me now? I could not speak audibly. Although I stood there in a real body I was not seen; but I still thought that I might need these documents in the land to which I knew that I was being at-

tracted. When I saw them gathered into a portmanteau that stood near by, and with my carefully arranged wardrobe accompanied by an officer carried away, I was annoyed and longed to be heard for I was confused as to my real needs.

Identification of my disfigured body was easily established. The lifeless form was placed upon a cold marble slab. I gazed upon it with almost fear as an autopsy revealed the cause of death. A verdict of temporary insanity somewhat relieved my relatives who professed great sorrow at my untimely end. There were some genuine tears shed, but they may have been prompted by mortification rather than affection. I was inclined to be cynical Where was my wife? Did she seek the helpless clay that betrayed no secrets? No. It was on the eve of her second marriage that I destroyed my physical body. Her hand was placed in another. My heart was lonely, my life a burden. I desired oblivion and I expected to find it in death; but I found only a change that I neither desired nor anticipated.

Such is the ignorance of clergymen that they utterly fail in their work of training men to right thinking. Although an attendant of a fashionable church, I was not prepared for the surprises that awaited the spirit. Perhaps it may be fitter not to moralize and confine myself to my story.

Unwillingly I left the disfigured corpse although I wondered why I should hover about it; but there seemed to be a cord between me and it that bound us by some secret law. It appeared to be a part of me and yet not an essential part to my continued activity, and after due deliberation I decided that I ought to remove myself as far as possible that I might perchance feel better. Soon I found myself in what seemed to me to be an outer atmosphere of the earth. I had all my senses quickened to an unusual degree I found that I was surrounded by every conceivable condition of unrest, disappointment and unsatisfied desires.

Imagine, if you can, a great world of suicides. Thousands of men and women who had died by their own act. Would you like such company? Would you commit the dreadful deed if you knew by so doing you would cast yourself into the society of those who perchance were suffering greater than you. Misery does not like company. It may like sympathy.

I have no words to depict the mental horror I endured. Without occupation in a strange land, without friend or guidance, life looked darker than ever before. I threw myself down on the outskirts of a gloomy place. Not a ray of spiritual light permeated the atmosphere. Dark and dreary was the aspect, cold and chilly my environments.

After resting my weary brain for a few hours I gained courage to walk toward the habitations of the unhappy souls with whom I had cast my lot. Such faces no mortal ever gazed upon. Each countenance was bereft of hope and bore the stamp of a sin against the law of nature. Not an outstretched hand nor a word of welcome greeted me. Only groans and cries heard I that so affected my gloomy soul that I uttered a loud shriek and fell forward upon my face to shut out the terrible vision.

When I had lain long thus prostrated a young girl approached me, but so sorrowful in demeanor and so shrinking was she that I pitied her more than myself.

"Poor man," she said, "you will never feel any better till you find a way of escape. I have been here a long weary year. My life was made unbearable by my false lover and in my despair I went to the river and drowned my body, but here I am just as unhappy as before. I cannot find a way out of this darkness and every time a soul is added to our community I feel worse."

I listened eagerly to her words. "Must I stay here?" I said. "I know

of no other place," she answered, "until an angel comes to us. Oh, it is dreadful to kill one's self. I wish I hadn't; but I was so lonely when Jack deserted me for a fairer face that I foolishly gave up my life on earth, but I've cried ever since I came. I am more lonely than I could have been at home. My parents were good and honest people and I had a young brother. When Jack returned from college engaged to a city lady I felt sure I could not win him back and in my grief I went to the deep pond where the river widened and jumped in. Oh how mother cried when I was carried home. Father only walked the floor and no one could persuade him to speak. My little brother was afraid of my body and hid in the barn most of the time until I was buried on the hill side where our relatives had slept for many generations. Oh, dear! Oh dear!" she sighed. "I wish I hadn't and I wish every one on earth knew about the spirit world and the danger of taking their life and falling into this darkness. All that are here are in terrible trouble. No one seems to know what the future is. Once an angel came but I did not see her or I would have asked the way. Perhaps some day she will come again. I am looking all the time."

"Tell me if you find one," I said, "I already desire to get out of this place. It is so strange and unpleasant."

The poor and bewildered girl turned and whispered "goodbye" and went in the direction from whence she came. I would have followed her but was prevented by a suicide and a murderer. A double tragedy having closed his first life.

What an awful picture he presented. Almost too horrible to describe. He looked like a maniac, hunted, despised and hopeless, He was crawling upon the rough ground and hindered my steps. I admit I was frightened.

"Stand up man," I cried as he crowded my way. He gave a few low growls like a beast of prey and I sprang aside and in my haste I fell headlong over two bodies wrapped in woe and moaning bitterly. It was getting darker every moment. I heard groans about me. I saw frightful faces lost to all semblance of men. They peered into mine as I groped along.

"Oh God, where am I?" I screamed. "In Hades" said a voice near by. We all ought, you know, to be on the earth. We are in the Fool's Paradise perhaps. Nature wasn't ready to make the change for us and this is the consequence of taking things into our own hands. Revenge is mine saith the Ruler of the universe when the law is broken.

"Merciful God," I exclaimed, show me the way out of this."

"Return the same way you came in," he laughed. "You know the route."

"Don't mock me I beseech. I begin to realize the enormity of interfering with nature's work. Is this to be my home?"

"I have been here three years," he answered, "and see no light yet. I got tired of living and one day took morphine for a change and have had a most violent attack of indigestion ever since, so to speak, and I find no panacea for my ailment here."

"Don't jest," I said, "this is too serious a situation to make light of."

"I would be glad to make light of anything here," he rejoined, "for the darkness is getting unbearable. I suppose we are on the earth plane yet, but the daylight of that world is closed from us and we cannot penetrate the upper realms until we live out our span of earth life. At least I have come to this conclusion from my long confinement.

If you wish to see some of our interesting neighbors place your hand in mine that we be not separated and we will take a walk. I have just passed a group you may wish to look at. I was much impressed with the scene, charmed in fact with the beauty of it." He laughed hard and cynically, making me wish he were gone. But should I find a better companion? He was

certainly more agreeable than the snarling wolf I had passed.

"I will go," I said, nerving myself for the ordeal. "I desire to familiarize myself with my surroundings."

A WALK IN THE SHADOW.

We walked slowly along an uneven surface for a few moments without speaking; then we turned abruptly to our left, and stumbling down a steep bank found ourselves in a den of demons. Oh, the indescribable repulsiveness of that group I can never efface from memory. Some were crawling like reptiles. Others looked like unheard of beasts. The human resemblance seeming almost lost. Do you ask what they were doing? Killing time is perhaps a good answer. All these creatures had not committed suicide, but they all represented crime in greater or less degree. They appeared to be without ambition or intelligence. They were not active enough to be dangerous. Would I ever take on their expression I queried? Must I because of my crime stay near these people? My comrade is not repulsive although he has been here several years, but should I grow to be a hideous and loathesome demon with no word of sympathy and no look of respectability? Heaven forbid. I must find a way of escape if possible.

I addressed the sluggish crowd in a few words. They answered only with a stare of surprise.

Grasping the hand of my companion with more firmness I whispered my desire to leave. We climbed up the steep bank again and without halting we walked very fast until another place of abode was reached. No word was spoken but we entered a low hut and on the floor lay three creatures. Men they once were called, but what were they now? One was rocking to and fro with lowered head muttering curses and desiring the downfall of his accusers in language revolting. Another was in a bewildered sleep, starting fitfully when jostled by his neighbor. A delirious man was throwing his arms wildly about. His face was shrunken, his limbs black and snaky, and his long arms a caricature. I did not ask at the time, for I was too much shocked to make enquiries, but after a few days I obtained their history. The first was a wife murderer, a jealous fiend, who cut the throat of a faithful woman, and was executed for the atrocious deed. He was a man of low moral perceptions and revengeful nature who, when hurled into the spirit world, felt no inclination to reform, but rather increased in evil thoughts. His face was a type often encountered in the hell spheres. It was coarse and sensuous, with a low sullen brow. He looked like a reddish swine. In fact he was a hoggish type of man never seen on earth in fullest hideousness but here developed into a specimen that would make a showman rich, if bristles could be added to complete the illusion.

The one who slept was once a low saloon keeper and had poisoned his fellowmen for many years with his noxious drinks ere he was laid low by the hand of violence. The maniacal third was a robber with blood-stained hands, whose reason tottered after years of inactivity.

By my own act I had cast myself into this society. I thought earthly life a burden, but what was this? I was not a very bad man while in the flesh, but I had put out my candle too soon and left myself in darkness. I was the companion of demons because I had lost my way.

There were a few whom I found intelligent. Some had strayed into danger like the young girl of whom I have spoken, and the dyspeptic, as my companion called himself, had kindly ways under his cynical exterior.

AN ARRIVAL.

One day long after I had wandered aimlessly about finding no joy and constantly depressing situations, I met a man who had just entered our plane. He asked me the way to the light. I had to tell him that I could not direct

him. We could with difficulty perceive each other but I could see that he was not frightful.

"What induced you to travel in this direction?" I asked.

"I took this trip as a flyer," he answered. "I was a stock broker and went down in the crash. It was either ruin and exposure or suicide. I chose the latter and here I am—a delightful change surely. By the way where is his Satanic Majesty? I suppose it will be well to send up my card. Is he a crusty old dog or a jolly good fellow? How does he get along with the boys?"

He continued in this strain until I was compelled to answer a direct question. He was so animated and worldly that his manner refreshed me and I listened attentively to his nonsense, knowing so well how quickly gloom would overshadow his excited brain.

"If you will remain with me, my dear fellow," I said, "you will be no worse situated than you are now, but my hospitality is not princely and you may spurn it. You may conclude I am a wild man when I tell you that I live in a cave."

"I took you for one of his majesty's officers, and having no engagement, I will be delighted to share your quarters until I can inform my friends of my arrival. I am quite sure I have a number hereabout as I was no more sinful than they, allowing me to be the judge."

"If they died a natural death," I interrupted, "their chances were better. *You* cut the thread of life without permission and must stay in these miserable earth bound spheres until your time comes, unless you are more fortunate than I have been. There is little use in getting impatient. I then related to him my experience.

A WELCOME CHANGE.

In 1879, I use earth time for convience, for the first time I saw the light. I had moved to an outer place that I might be as much alone as possible for the revolting society about me more and more affected me and I feared I would drop into a state of despondency that would destroy hope.

I began to realize how difficult it was for an angel of love and light to enter our sphere. That to rescue the souls in darkness means abandonment of pleasure and a severe ordeal. But those of us who desired and prayed for release were at last heard. We attracted help by our constant cry to be lifted up out of the pit into which we had fallen, into a clean place, and when at last the white angel of release appeared and beckoned to us we rose as with a united thought and were led out of our captivity into quiet and orderly homes. After our long imprisonment, paradise seemed to be ours, and the kindness, sympathy, and affection we found in the brighter place was enough to melt any hardness that remained in our careless natures.

I wonder if my words will penetrate any heart that is in trouble—I say they may, and that no burden will be thought too heavy to be borne patiently. Kind nature will release you from your body. You cannot rid yourself of annoyances by cutting the electric cord that holds you to the earth. You will, except in rare instances, be worse off than before. No man can find the way out of difficulties by rushing unbidden into the spirit world. There are millions of unhappy souls roaming in sorrow. I am one of them, happier of course than at first; but I feel out of place here, because my time to die has not yet expired, and still I have no place among men.

I thought that writing this warning might relieve my mind. When I first came into the writer's presence I brought the influence of my past with me causing mental and physical pain for which I beg pardon. But I feel better to-day and will return with a lighter heart than I have had since 1872.

Spirits often say to their earthly friends that they are happy and contented when they are not. Sometimes it is to comfort the enquirer, sometimes to conceal their real condition.

I shall withhold my true name from this letter for personal reasons. There is

one living who would be distressed beyond comforting, should my full name be signed to this confession, otherwise I have no desire conceal it from the public. I have written, hoping, should anyone read who contemplates suicide that he will pause and escape my doom. No one will ever know how much I suffered from fright and evil surroundings. That you may never lift your hand, dear man and woman, against your own life is the sincere prayer of a repentant spirit who signs himself. JOHN, THE SUICIDE.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ENDORSED.

NEW YORK, April 27, 1893.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: The many testimonies to the admirable effects of woman suffrage in Wyoming, by Governors and others, have been given almost entirely by Republicans. As the country is now in the hands of the Democrats, testimony from Democratic sources is very valuable. The writer has therefore obtained from the present Governor, a strong Democrat, and from the Secretary of the Democratic State Committee, the letters enclosed, indorsing most strongly the resolutions of the State House of Representatives, which advises all other States to enfranchise their women forthwith. These very important statements should receive the widest publicity possible. The resolutions to which they refer are also enclosed.

HAMILTON WILCOX,
Chairman State Committee.
54 William St., New York.

Executive Department, Cheyenne, Wyo.,
April 11, 1893.

Mr. Hamilton Willcox, Chairman State Committee, New York City:—

My Dear Sir: Replying to your inquiry, it is quite true that I agree with the resolution passed by the House of Representatives of the Legislature of Wyoming, advising the Legislatures of New York and other States to enfranchise their women. Our experience in this State for nearly twenty-five years is highly satisfactory in every way. Not one of the objections made in the East has proved true, and great good has been done in many directions by the possession of the suffrage by our women. I cordially hope that New York and other States will soon follow our example.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN E. OSBORNE,
Governor of Wyoming.

April 14, 1893.

Mr. Hamilton Willcox, Chairman State Committee, New York City:—

My Dear Sir: Replying to your inquiry I have to say that the result of nearly a quarter of a century's experience in this State is correctly expressed by the resolution passed unanimously by the Democratic House of Representatives of our Legislature lately, which strongly advises the Legislatures of New York and other States to enfranchise their women. Our experience in this State is favorable and I cordially hope my fellow Democrats in New York and elsewhere will do as our House of Representatives has advised.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN CHARLES THOMPSON,
Sec. Democratic State Committee of Wyoming.

Resolved by the House of Representatives of the State of Wyoming:

That the possession and exercise of suffrage by the women in Wyoming for the past quarter of a century has wrought no harm and has done great good in many ways; that it has largely aided in banishing crime, pauperism and vice from this State, and that without any violent or oppressive legislation; that it has secured peaceful and orderly elections, good government and a remarkable degree of civilization and public order, and we point with pride to the facts that after nearly twenty five years of women suffrage not one county in Wyoming has a poorhouse, that our jails are almost empty, and crime, except that committed by strangers in the State, almost unknown, and as the result of experience we urge every civilized com-

munity on earth to enfranchise its women without delay.

THE OTHER SIDE.

EUDORA B. MARCEN.

From those entering the ranks of Spiritualism, too often the unseemly side is religiously concealed. Communion with the invisible world is pictured as all beautiful. "Enter the circle with sacred, devotional feelings, let it be your altar, and the truth will be given you," is the instruction most frequently given. "Take your reason with you. Go as you would go to see a scientist demonstrate his theory. Let your brain be as clear and cool as would be required to work a mathematical problem," were better instructions. Such advising would save Spiritualism from much ridicule; many an earnest seeker from disappointment, and win to the cause many who, while seeking with devotional hearts, have been met by seeming deceit and failure and so repelled by early experiences.

No medium is omnipotent, neither does any control possess the power of omniscience. Hence we cannot summon whom we please, nor when friends from the other side appear are they able to reveal all mysteries. The truth is we have claimed too much and in so doing have defeated the end for which we were striving.

The proof of spirit communion is one thing; the claim of the infallibility of the communications is an altogether different matter.

Three elements combine in the success of a sitting; the character and the state of mind of both the sitter and the medium, and the power that the spirit friends may have of manifesting through the medium's organism. No individuality can be so completely effaced as to allow the controlling spirit to be entirely himself. Every observant sitter has learned to detect the personal coloring of each medium.

This is a matter that should be explained to all at the beginning of their investigations. They would then be prepared to intelligently discriminate between the communicator and his means of communication. Intelligent spirits returning earthward would rather contend with an honest doubt in the mind of a friend, than see him accept the crude mingling of the medium's and the control's personalities as a communication from any one. There is already too much masquerading as spirit communications, that which is but the reflex action of medium and sitter without even a touch from an unseen presence.

The truth has often been demonstrated that many mediums give back to a strong-willed sitter simply his own thoughts. How else is to be explained the fact that an honest medium has given to two individuals directly opposite communications from the same spirit, a spirit truthful in earth life? Or that through two mediums the spirit will contradict himself?

At a circle held by two equally honest and earnest ladies, there were present a father and son; the mother had a short time before passed to the spirit world. One of the ladies sat some distance from the gentleman, who is a very positive character. Turning to the son, who was not near his father, she described the spirit mother and gave a message. Then the spirit was seen, by the clairvoyant, to pass to the father and a message was given to him. The spirit was well known to many present. The description was said to be good; the messages delivered in her language. A little later the other medium said, in trance, that the gentleman sitting at her side had not received a communication from his wife; but that another had personated her. Now, this was the sitter's own theory that his wife could not come to him, but that deceiving spirits might personate her. Who is to deny which gave the truth? Which would be more likely to be free to receive true spirit impressions, the clairvoyant sitting withdrawn from the circle or the unconscious medium directly within the sitter's personal atmosphere?

This and many another like problem present themselves to those who are studying the occult. As for example, a

mother and daughter both consulted trance mediums regarding the daughter's husband. Both were strong individualities and took very different views of the case. Almost without fail the mother received back her opinions and the daughter was equally confirmed in hers. Did either receive a spirit communication? Again a trance medium can rarely give an opinion contrary to his own views. Consult one in regard to a matter in which he is personally interested and he gives you back almost invariably his own opinions. He may not know what you are seeking, but his controls seem unable to overcome his personal predilections. The clairvoyant who has had little practice or who has not been a close student is likely to mingle things mundane and things supermundane in a most inexplicable jumble.

Some put these things aside and say, "They must not be spoken of or we shall repel investigators." Better be honest and repel, than a little later be charged with deception or gross ignorance of first principles.

There yet remains a sufficient residue of phenomena inexplainable upon any other hypothesis than that of spirit communion to unquestionably demonstrate Spiritualism. The so-called independent manifestations are without doubt the most convincing and the ones in which the least account of the personal equation has to be taken. Accepting always that they occur under test conditions, the rap, the independent writing and the etherealized form are the most positive proof of continued life.

But when this is demonstrated there yet remains the "testing of the spirits." A little investigation proves that they are finite. Here the first great pain and the first great danger lie. But it is absolutely necessary to face the unpleasant as well as the pleasant, if we would build securely upon knowledge. The old doctrine that at death the mortal puts on immortality and becomes a god, has been the rock of shipwreck for many who "trusted to the spirits."

They tell us certain things. Because they are our loved ones over there, we think their statements must be absolutely true. We forget that their opinions were not always ours in earth life, and that while we loved them we knew their judgments were not always just or their conclusions correct.

Once past all these hidden and revealed rocks in the channel of Spiritualism, if we have steered our bark of investigation with the rudder of common sense and set our course by the compass of good judgment, we find the open sea of spiritual intercourse, though where the winds may blow and waves may roll our bark is safe with reason at the helm.

Let us be brave enough to say to the young navigator, "There are many rocks and shoals as we put out to sea." Give him, to the best of our knowledge, a chart of that coast line where we have met so many misadventures. Let his time be not wasted in repeating the soundings we have made but profit by our experience and use the knowledge we have gained to enter upon his voyage more fully prepared than the early explorers. Let us acknowledge that the investigation of spirit communion is not all sailing a summer sea. But like all knowledge comes through earnest effort and some bitter trials. Spiritualism is strong enough for its friends to admit its weaknesses and give it additional strength by such admissions.

The bark gatherers of Peru live almost exclusively on bananas; yet they are able to carry on their backs 200-pound loads, transporting it over mountainous districts thirty miles in a day. "Only meat-eaters are strong."

The coast line of California is 900 miles, with nnmerous good harbors.

Above—beyond this darkened vision,
The soul shall rise in spirit free
To view celestial spheres elysian,

Santa Clara county has more than half the prune trees in America.

SCRAPS OF WISDOM.

Spirit.

In all the worlds that roll above,
By God's eternal life and love,
They e'er produce the human race,
And roll them on through endless space.

Spirit is the essence of all there is: the alpha and the omega; both subjective and objective: both triune and dual.

The spirit dwells in man. There is no higher expression of the spirit than man in his unfolding. Even if we become angels, we are but developed humans.

The spirit begins to unfold in the bed-rock of earth. Expressing in the lower forms of life, it gains the required experience before passing out of the form, to warrant a higher manifestation at the next incarnation.

Matter is the ladder by which the spirit ascends and unfolds to self-knowledge.

Whatever is lovable will be loved. The spirit is lovable because it is good. We are not always conscious of the good spirit within us, because consciousness grows like a tree, its branches being many and its roots strong.

The spirit is active: it is the inherent law, that the subjective should express itself in the objective, producing birth of consciousness, to be unfolded to the higher planes: evolution, in fact, through involution.

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Perfect Men Not So Noticeable As Imperfect Ones.

When we see people in the horse cars or on the street, we are apt to notice more particularly, the least developed among them, and pass unnoticed the most highly developed, spiritually. We notice the bright and the brilliant; the absurd and the gay; the physically robust and the physically weak. But a man that does not stand out from the general throng either in dress or in manners, is unnoticed by most of us.

Perfection in man would embody no especial strong point, but an equal balance of all the faculties; and would be so akin to nature, so blended with her harmonies, that we would scarcely notice such a one, unless perchance we felt some of the good that he was constantly but silently shedding about him.

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Planetary Influences.

There is no doubt but that the condition of the planets casts its influence upon the destiny of the child. It is an established fact that the influence of the heavenly bodies, especially that of the moon, causes our mighty oceans to move to and fro, while that of the sun causes vegetation to grow and animal life to flourish.

If the material influences are of such a marked character, may it not be reasonable to suppose that other influences may be just as marked, especially those of the planets that are inhabited. We must feel the combined action of mind as it emanates and is diffused throughout space. Planets are but children born to live and to die and to cast a certain influence. We, in the planetary bosom, must feel that influence and realize that it shapes our lives as an environment.

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Prophecy.

There is a sense of prophecy in the human composition, as examples shown in past ages prove in the records of the prophets of old. A familiar saying that "coming events cast their shadows before" is as true today as when it first originated, for as we near the cause-world in conscious understanding, we become aware of outlines, of plans, and partaking of the same, discern with an extended knowledge, some things as the resulting effect of cause.

"There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them though we may."

If we learn that destiny, we can prophecy. Crucify the carnal and dwell in the spiritual; this will fit us for prophecy, not alone for ourselves but for other men as well.

W. S. HASKELL.

Oakland Cal.

CHIPS FROM A CARPENTER.

L. M. B.

"I tell you Blank's folks have got down pretty low, since the collapse of their mining stock. They have sold their nice horse and buggy,—discharged their Chinaman,—and Jane has gone to helping her mother do the housework, while Florence has entered a milliner shop to learn a trade; and Fred who has so long been waiting since graduating, for a "position" has gone to work in a machine shop. The girls dress very neatly, and in good taste yet, but you get close to them and you can detect a kind of "fixed over" look to their clothes. But they hold up their heads just as high as before they lost everything"

I heard remarks like the above made by a "society girl" about a family that had met with financial reverses, and were —"accepting the situation."

"Pretty low, are they my young miss?"

I tell you there never was a time since Mr. and Mrs. Blank became one, when they occupied such an exalted position,—stood so high, both in the eyes of level headed mortals, and arisen souls, who judge acts by their merits, as at this present day, since what seems like misfortune overtook them. They have shown themselves possessed of true manhood and womanhood, that tower above all earthly possessions—from the old gentleman to the youngest son.

Stooping to no mean subterfuge to keep up appearances of sham gentility, they have kept on the even tenor of their ways, preserving their self respect, as though nothing had happened, and are showing to the world that there is a manhood of such intrinsic merit, that it depends not upon money to honor its drafts, and is above all the shams and glitter that wealth creates. Conscious of their own integrity they defy misfortune and are a living example of the truth that through stripped of all earthly treasures and rated "down" by the worldly wise,—"A man's a man for all that."

There is one imposition practiced upon Spiritualist papers by careless, or unprincipled correspondents, (which I am glad to say the DOVE has escaped as far as I know.) It is writing letters from distant points giving glowing accounts of the "wonderful work in our glorious cause" that weak or pretended mediums are doing. The writer of those letters may have been imposed upon—received favors, either of coin or otherwise--or there may be a "pull" somewhere, and so the report gains currency that such a medium has developed wonderfully, and the public is humbugged, while truthful reports of the tests given by Dr. Schlesinger, Mrs. Waite and Ada Foye and such like, are made to lose half their force. I can not better illustrate the abuse than to give an instance.

Some years since a lady came to Stockton whom I had seen at campmeeting at Oakland, as a medium, but of whom I had heard nothing worthy of note, till the next year letters came to the "*Golden Gate*" giving most remarkable account of her spiritualistic platform work to large audiences in a Colorado city, and I congratulated myself on a feast in prospect. She took a hall and had a meeting at 25 cents per head, with twenty five or thirty in attendance. Quite a number received "tests" but none of them created any enthusiasm. At the second meeting only six attended and we retired to an ante room and sat around a table. She persuaded two or three that they had received tests. I was a "dead head" and didn't get any, so couldn't complain.

At that time she knew I was writing for the *Golden Gate* occasionally, and after giving me a sitting (dead head) said, "Now I want you to write up a glowing account of my work here." I told her I never knew just what I was going to write till I started in. Thought best to "humbug" her a little, you see, and let her think I had a "control." She said "You must not forget to do that now, *they all do it*". But my account didn't "glow" worth a cent. My "control" wouldn't let it. When I next met her in the city she was as cold as an icicle, and I never tried to melt her. She found out they didn't "*all do it.*"

We have had a profusion of Spiritualists frauds in Stockton lately.

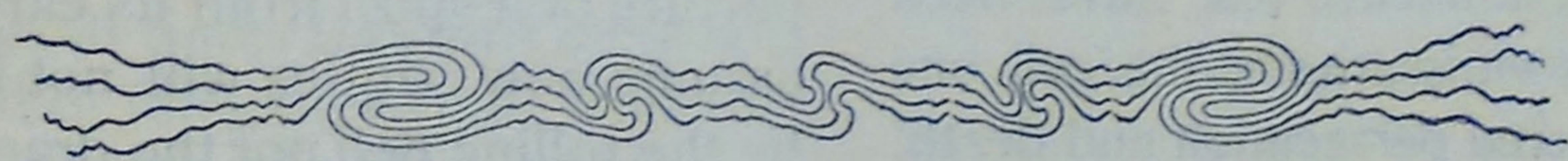
First came "Fay and Slater" trying to pass themselves off as Anna Eva Fay, and Mrs. Slater a relative of John Slater. I don't know who the Fay woman was, but "Mrs. Slater" was a woman who lived in Stockton as Mrs. Huntington a few years since and tried to stock up with dry goods etc. by swindling people.

The next precious pair were here the past week as materializers and slate writers and were exposed by Spiritualists, and made to return their money, after which they sought more congenial surroundings in Sacramento.

They are materializing and slate writing frauds. They have prepared slates with slate card board over them which they clean off and then by a sleight of hand reverse that and the writing is underneath.

The materializing is equally fraudulent.

Stockton, Cal.



IN THE MORNING.

BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

When the sun with newer splendor,
From the Eastern gate is born,
And the mists are softly tender
O'er the valleys and the corn.
When the voice of sweet birds singing
Calls me from the realms of sleep,
And departing dreams are flinging
Flowers o'er life's rugged steep.

Then I find my burdens lifted,
Checked the tears that I have shed,
And the light as raindrops sifted
Falls upon my lonely head;
While the new moon's crescent showing
Only last eve in the West,
As a shining sickle mowing
Weeds that cumber song's bequest.

I remember hands that held me—
Hands that vanished long ago;
Mother-songs that soothed and quelled me
As the streamlet's murmured flow,
Till I feel her presence bringing
Flowers for my drooping head,
While I seem to hear her singing,
And I know she is not dead.

Pueblo, Colorado.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF SPIRITUALISM.

MRS J. L. YORK.

In all ages the door has been open through which spirits have been enabled to pass and mingle with those on earth. In all ages their influence has been felt; but through ignorance of the causes of the phenomena which have been witnessed they have been considerd the work of the devil, and mediums through whose powers spirits have been enabled to make their influence felt, have been denounced as emissaries of the evil one and have suffered persecution and death.

But as one era after another has rolled into the past, each one leaving humanity a little wiser than it found it, light has gradually dawned upon the understanding and to-day we find a class who have climbed one step higher upon the ladder of progression than have their neighbors.

This class has discovered that there are others who mingle in the various walks of life who are not discernable to the eyes of the masses, neither can they be felt, nor their silent tread be heard as they walk our dwellings or our streets; and they have discovered that they are friends, that they were formerly residents of earth as are we to-day, that they still live and their mission is to teach humanity there is no death; that change is nature's law, but death is a word that has no meaning.

They have discovered that their conditions are improved; that they have laid aside the pains and cares of earth; that the ills which humanity are heir to are of the earth, earthy, and have no place beyond; that they are only incident to the earthly body—the outer garment of the soul; that pain and suffering are the result of ignorance; that there is no sin against God; that sin consists in the breaking of known law, and as fast as man becomes acquainted with law if he is not obedient to that law he is a sinner against it. He learns that his neighbor has equal rights with himself and if he infringes upon the rights of others, he is amenable to those he has injured.

He learns that certain laws govern his body, and if he does not obey those laws he is a sinner against himself.

The spirit which is in man, by the laws of nature, is compelled to make a home in an earthly tenement, or body, for its development to fit and prepare it for the duties of life. Life does not consist of the few short years spent upon earth in an earthly form; but this is the first sphere, the preparatory school of development to enable it to assume the vast and important duties which await all in the life beyond. The time will come when departure of a spirit from its earthly form to assume new duties will not be marked by the tolling bell nor the drapery of woe; and those who are left behind will rejoice that the time has come for their loved one to advance into a higher school, into more favorable conditions for development. They will realize that the law of progression governs, and it is only in obedience to that law that death or change of conditions has taken place. It is in obedience to the laws of progression that man has learned that he is immortal, that life is one continued advancement,—not from the cradle to the grave—but from the cradle on through all the ages of eternity.

Life is progression. Life is labor. The soul that shrinks from labor knows not the joy of living. Could you realize the mighty strides that humanity is destined to take as it goes onward and upward in the flight of time you might then form some idea of the uses of spiritualism, or the knowledge that man is immortal.

But upon the other hand, we must note some of the abuses of Spiritualism. No history is complete that does not record, all that is of interest concerning the subject discussed.

Since the advent of what is called modern Spiritualism many avenues have been opened by and through which spirits have been enabled to make their presence manifest to their friends, and the consequent anxiety of the multitudes to communicate with departed kindred has been taken advantage of by some who were thirsting for gain. While we recognize the truth that "the laborer is worthy of

his hire" we also believe in honest labor. It is not always possible for spirits to make their presence known even through the most developed mediums. Conditions are not always favorable, and some spirits find it much harder to manifest to earth friends than do others; and the medium who never fails, but is always able to give to all is not the one on whom you can place the utmost reliance. A medium, or an organism upon which spirits can play, as on an instrument attuned to the ear, is exceedingly rare.

There are no mediums through whom spirits can at all times transmit messages correctly; the telegraph line from the spheres to earth is not yet in perfect working order. The time is coming when mediumship will fill an honorable position in the affairs of life, and as the spirit spheres blend more closely with earth conditions will be improved and mediums will not prostitute their glorious gifts to the getting of gold.

Spiritualism teaches that the soul is an emanation from the spirit of nature; and that spirit is the body of the soul. Nature had no beginning and will have no end, and man, or the soul, being a part of nature is consequently immortal and as it has progressed through all the changes through which matter has passed from the crude condition wherein it is fitted for earth life so it will continue to progress through all the ages of eternity.

There are no secrets hidden in the vast storehouse of nature that the mind of man will not be capable of grasping.

Evolution is carrying humanity onward and upward; there is no place for it to stop. Nature never rests; the grave is only a way station in the journey of life—only throwing off the outer garment as it is no longer weighed down and burthened with the cares and trials of earth life like a bird it longs to try its newly discovered powers.

Freedom is the one great thought that possesses of the emancipated spirit, and as it meets friends and kindred that it parted with in tears at the earthly grave it feels repaid for all the sorrows of earth, and realises that it has been passing through a preparatory department of life and that newer and grander duties and pleasures are opening before its vision.

"Life is real, life is earnest
And the grave is not its goal
Dust thou art, to dust returneth
Was not spoken of the soul."

The attempt to make the Joliet Penitentiary sectarian is meeting with much indignant opposition, and the Governor of the State is called upon to interfere in behalf of all denominations. The complaint is that religion in the penitentiary is under the control of a trust composed exclusively of Lutherans and Roman Catholics; that the convicts must get spiritual food from those denominations or go hungry altogether; and that as the state at large must pay for the food the discrimination is unfair. A settlement of the trouble is not easy because we have no moral standard by which to measure a practice alien to the constitution of the state, the appointment of chaplains for public institutions. Where a state religion is unlawful a state chaplain ought to be unlawful too; but if we must have the luxury of a chaplain for the penitentiary, or the legislature, or the insane asylum, the constitution being broken in his appointment, what matters it in which religious direction the lines of the fracture go? What matters it whether the chaplain of the penitentiary be Catholic, Lutheran, Methodist, or Jew, except as the convicts themselves may have an interest in the question; and in that case, they ought to be allowed to decide what faith should or should not be preached in the penitentiary. It may be that the religious views of the convicts have been consulted in the selection of chaplains, and if so, that ought to be satisfactory all around. If the convicts are mostly Lutherans and Catholics, what right have the Methodists or the Baptists or the Presbyterians to complain that a Catholic or a Lutheran is chaplain? If those complaining sects can prove that they are more largely represented in the penitentiary than the Catholics or the Lutherans, that is another matter. The church that contributes the largest number of convicts ought to have the chaplain.

M. M. TRUMBULL. *In The Open Court.*

DECORATION DAY.

BY MRS. M. H. MATTHEW.

Today we decorate anew
The graves where sleep our boys in blue;
The beating drum and cannon's roar
Shall ne'er disturb their slumbers more.

We leave the busy scenes of life—
Its ceaseless tumult and its strife—
And bring our floral tributes here
To strew upon the soldiers' bier.

For liberty they fought and died—
Our country's manhood and its pride,
The martyr-heroes' crown is theirs—
The freedom that they won is ours.

And as we weep, let us rejoice;
God speaketh through the people's voice
Proclaiming justice, freedom, right—
Away with slavery's withering blight.

No more shall heartstrings break and bleed
To satisfy a monster's greed,
And human chattels cringing stand
Beneath the tyrant master's hand.

But everywhere sweet Freedom reign
O'er mountain, desert, field and plain,
And all mankind united be
In bonds of true fraternity.

Let us in tenderness today
Strew flowers above the "blue and gray,"
And ere we turn and homeward go,
Pray peace may rest on friend and foe.

THE UNIVERSALITY OE SPIRITUAL BELIEF.

BY DR. W. M. FOSTER.

Among the cottagers and laboring classes in Great Britain, I have often listened when a youngster, to the folk-lore told around the fireside—tales of apparitions seen and noiees heard, presumably of supermundane origin. Later in life I have found that belief in the so-called supernatural pervades not only the humbler classes but also the educated and more cultivated members of society. In all savage and semi-barbarous countries the same beliefs prevail. While residing at New Zealand, I have frequently been present at the gruesome seances held among the Maories, and conversed with the natives on the subject. They tell tales of "spookland" with an earnestness which carries to the minds of the hearer conviction of the sincerity of the reciter.

The natives of the Malay Archipeligo, the China seas, the inhabitants of that densely populated and little country New Guinea, the Kanakas of the Louisiades, Solomon Islands, New Hebrides, and other portions of the South Seas, as well as Hindoos, Cingalese and the Arab races, all, no matter how debased exhibit the same belief, viz., that death is simply a parting of the real man from his visible covering, and that the real man visits the earth and interests himself in the welfare or injury of those left behind.

The diverse ways in which these various people manifest their belief in the continued existence of the so-called dead has been for me an intensely intensely interesting study for many years. All have their priests, media or medicine men, whose special duty is to act as go-between messengers to and from the spirit world and this mundane sphere.

The knowledge true Spiritualists possess of the continuity of existence far transcends any mere *belief*, and carries joy and gladness to the hearts of many who would otherwise be sunk in the depths of despair; yet, to those who have not acquired this knowledge.

"It is a beautiful belief
That ever round our head
Are hovering, on viewless wings
The spirits of our dead."

What a wondrous thing is the tiny spirit rap, indicating the presence and desire of our spirit friends to communicate with those left behind. We have here a discovery more fruitful of results on the lives and conduct of future generations than anything yet made known to man. We are all spirits clothed in the mortal and living each and every one in spirit land. How necessary, therefore, to understand the laws essential for communication with those in other spheres of existence.

1059 Market St., San Francisco.

LULU.

BY MIRIAM BAIRD BUCK.

Where the wild plums toss their billiows,
And the soft Platte waters dream,
Drift the blooms, like scented crystals,
In a white and misty stream;
Fall upon the head of Lulu,
Walking on the tufted lee,
On her hair—a golden guerdon
From her Saxon ancestry.
Lulu walks amid the blossoms,
But she walks no more alone;
With her low and sweet contralto
Blends a lover's baritone.

Close beside them slept the mother,
In her flower-sprinkled bed;
Slept she? Nay, for there are sorrows
Will sometimes disturb the dead;
And when Lulu seemed serenest,
And when most her lover smiled,
Neighbors heard the mother crying,
Calling "O, my child, my child!"
And the trembling trees seemed saying,
"Lulu, dream of love no more;
For the year of sunshine given,
Sad years wait your steps before!"

We had known her in her childhood,
Seen the grave that opened wide
To engulf the loving mother
And a darling child beside;
Saw the faithful, wee housekeeper
Smooth her father's darkened way,
Touch the home-harp for her brothers
Till its broken chords were gay.
From her cheek the rose leaves drifted,
Surging down, a tinted tide,
Holding all the crimson current
Where her heart in secret cried.

There was wailing now, and anger,
Where the mountain waters sung;
For a little baby daughter
To the orphaned Lulu clung;
The mistaught, misguided "lover,"
Scorning her he'd brought to shame,
Crossed with her the branching river
And endowed her with his name.
Deeming then his wrong atoned for,
By the code of thoughtless men,
Turned him Westward, towards the mountains,
And was never seen again.

Where Electra's pale lights glitter,
  In the old post-trading town,
Lulu looks across the river,
  Where the towers and temples frown,
When the convent chimes ring over
  All the gleaming, braided strands
Of the river's silver ribbons,
  Flowing from the mountain spans,
And a tiny girl, like Lulu,
  With the blonde hair and blue eyes,
Joins a baby voice to Lulu's
  And the Platte's low melodies.

Bellwood, Neb., 1893.

AT THE DOOR OF MY DREAMS.

BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

I stood at the door of my dreams and cried,
For the rain and storm were fierce outside,
And all alone in my sleepless pain,
Alone in the mist and falling rain
Calling at the door of my dreams in vain.

There were lilies of white that blossomed inside
Where weary and lone at the gates I cried,
Lilies of light and roses of gold,
And I alone in the rain and cold
With never a blossom to have or hold.

Yet a season of sleep stole over me,
Rocking my bark on the morning sea,
What care I for the rain and mist
When my garden-roof is amethyst?
Blooming vines, and youth and I have missed?

Once again 'neath the shelt'ring arms
Of mighty oaks and their thousand charms,
Where love came by as he came before,
(Love grieving yet the wide world o'er,)
And we sang the songs we sang of yore.

Forest and mountain and meadow of mine
Billows of balm and the ocean brine,
While he who had sailed in shallop of white
Was there at my side in the same moonlight,
And heaven was near in the waning night.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

BY MATTIE HULL.

Not long since, a disgraceful affair came oft in one of the Spiritualist Halls in this city, in the neme of a "Spiritual Seance." Had we only the reports of newspapers, I would let it pass as another tirade on mediums, but after listening to the expressed opinions of honest, intelligent Spiritualists who attended the seance, and to their regrets that persons should advertise as did the medium in conection with this affair, I feel constrained to say something on the subject.

I have said again and again, publicly and privately, that good physical manifestations, could not obtain in large, promiscuous audiences, and as many times have I been censured for that declaration, and accused of using my influence against mediumship.

Whether I have been an effective worker on behalf of Spiritualism, those who know me may decide; of my honesty, love of and interest in the cause, no one can know as well as myself, under all circumstances, I have held none but the most kindly feelings toward my co-workers, and the warmest sympathy for mediums. It has been my aim to say my best thought on all occasions and when asked my opinion, I have given it honestly, according to my best judgement, never under feelings of dislike or jealousy. I have always endeavored to consider that personal likes or dislikes should weigh nothnothing in such matters. No one believes more in mediumship than myself; how could I do otherwise? I cannot remember when I did not feel the presence of the Spirit world. Before I had learned to use the pen, visions were presented to me, and poems and discourse that I had no way of imparting, until I was pushed into the field as an active medium—commissioned to bear the glad tidings, to sorrowing, sou-lhungry mortals. That was long ago; but ever since those early experiences, to the present time, I have believed in, aye, reverenced mediumship. It is because of this love, that I have always felt pained when I have known mediumship was prostituted to ignoble ends, or fraudulent practices were imposed upon earnest seekers after the truth. I feel to take up this subject once more, and I am going a little farther with my pen than I have in the past; I declare that Spiritualists themselves, are largely to blame, for just such performances, as were represented in the hall, on the occasion referred to in the commencement of this article.

I know nothing of the medium in question; have heard intelligent persons who know him say, he is a genuine medium, but advertizes to do more than could possibly be done by the best medium on earth, in promiscuous audiences. If these statements are true, who is to blame?

We hear it said everywhere, "we must have test mediums in connection with lectures, for the majority want tests." Nevertheless, I note that large audiences crowd the halls to hear our able exponents of Spiritualism, and I also note, that usually when the lectures are supplemented with seances of a physical phenomenal nature, the meetings break up in confusion; the influence of the lecture is lost, and wrangling and discussion ensue. Every intelligent and candid Spiritualist, is ready to admit the fact, that fraudulent practices are sandwiched in so thickly between the genuine manifestations, that it is becoming difficult to know the genuine from the spurious. In fact, the more marvellous the feat, the more is the medium sought and the louder his praises are sung. What has brought about this condition of things? Will some one explain why it is, that in so many instances, persons, who have no kind of conception of Spiritualism, no interest in reform, can, in a few days' time, develop (?) so marvellous a mediumship, while others, who love the cause and would make any reasonable sacrifice for its advancement sit for development, work for it, pray for it, live for it in every way; and while they may grow strongly inspirational or impressional, never realize anything beyond this? The answer may be given that habit, character, and desire, may have nothing

whatever to do with physical mediumship; that may be true in some cases, but when we see so many unprincipled persons, with something of mediumship, supplementing genuine manifestations with fraud, is it not time for Spiritualism to go into a sifting process, and ought we not to be frank enough to declare the result of our honest investigations? I have heard persons say, when refering to these matters, "yes, so and so, is a good medium but I know he will practice fraud, yet I shan't expose him; let others find it out; if they don't, why let them be deceived; the people want just such things, and if they cannot tell the difference, it will not harm them." This method seems little less than criminal. Not only are unprincipled persons allowed to gather in dollars that do not belong to them, but they are trifling with the most sacred feelings of their honest patrons; and in consequence of such dealings, the best mediums in the world are held under ban.

There are many excellent mediums in every city who are comparatively idle, in consequence of the great demand for something more marvelous, in the way of phenomena, than they can give, and which when obtained, does not satisfy the longings of the soul, any more than pictures of food satisfy the appetite of a hungry stomach. The constant and increasing demand for the wonderful in mediumship, has been the cause of trickery and deception, and such demand has been largely by Spiritualists. Not content with tender, soulful messages, personations, and descriptions, they have urged more and more, at any price, until the temptation has been great; and thus, when only a desire to please and reap a golden harvest has been the object, fraudulent practices have too often been introduced, and Spiritualism has suffered in consequence.

In counection with some phases of mediumship, there have been wagers on the part of mediums and skeptics; this is a feature that does not belong to the Spiritual. I cannot think that our loved ones—those who hold guard over us, desire to convice the world on wagers.

One thing more; of course, mediums are flocking to Chicaga, to do business during the World's Fair; this is good; Spirirualists will come here from all parts of the world and will naturally expect to find the best there is in the world on the phenomenal line. Why should our mediums advance their prices for sittings until they are beyond the reach of people of moderate means?

I presume this custom has not been generally adopted, but I notice in one instance, a medium has put up her prices for psychometric readings, charging ladies three dollars and gentleman five; the medium to whom I refer, is one of the best in the world; her parlors will be thronged daily, in such case, she will reap a fortune during the season, and many who are anxious to learn of Spiritualism, must be denied the privilege of sitting with this medium; the rich will be favored, but we have never learned that there is "a poorer grade of grief."

O, Spiritualism! thy pure white-souled messengers are with us; in spite of every adverse obstacle they are with us; they strive to minister to our needs, they press near us in our daily walks; could we learn how to make the best conditions, putting away influences that retard us in our progress, and blind our spiritual sense, how clearly would we see and how much more deeply would we feel the significance of the movement.

O, Spirit world! I feel thine atmosphere
About my way, no matter where I tread;
I toil, nor do I stoop in slavish fear,
I know I hold communion with my dead.
And I would live so that m every thought
May be an opening to some higher sense,
Striving for all things good, sweet love outwrought
And this shall bring me fullest recompense.

—*New Thought.*

The largest quadruped of California is the grizzly bear.

Fine-blooded fast horses of California are noted the world over.

THE CARRIER DOVE.

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DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER, BUSINESS MANAGER,

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER - - - - - EDITOR

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 1893.

DOVE NOTES.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists holds three services every Sunday at Academy Hall, 927 Mission Street. Dr. N. F. Ravlin lectures in the morning at eleven o'clock, and at eight in the evening. The afternoon meetings are devoted to conference and tests. The audiences are steadily increasing, and the library, which has been removed from Washington Hall to the above mentioned place is opened every Sunday and is well patronized. There are a large number of thinking, reading Spiritualists in this city notwithstanding the apparent superficiality of the majority who are satisfied with the phenomenal side of Spiritualism.

"Small Talk About Business." by A. E. Rice. A banker's business hints for men and women. Published by the Fremont Publishing Company, Fremont, Ohio. 60 pages. Paper, 40, cloth, 75 cents, by mail postpaid. This book, as its name indicates, is a talk about business; a banker's talks to men and women about the common, every-day business affairs of life. It is brimful of useful ideas for young and old, and is a book that should be on every desk and in every home.

Professor William Crookes, F. R. S., says: "Those who assume—as is assumed by some popular writers—that we are now acquainted with all, or nearly all, or even with any assignable proportion of the forces at work in the universe, show a limitation of conception which ought to be impossible in an age when the widening of the circle of our definite knowledge does but reveal the proportionately widening circle of our blank, desolate, indubitable ignorance."

The Summerland Spiritualists' Association will hold their annual camp-meeting at Summerland, California, July 9d to 23rd, 1893. The speakers engaged are Professor J. R. Buchanan, Mrs. Ella Wilson Marchant, Bishop A. Beals and Mrs. Carrie Downer Stone; also Professor J. S. Loveland, Mrs. M. J. Hendee and others are expected. Farmers' Alliance day will be July 4th. Woman's day, July 12th. Memorial day, July 9th. The camp-meeting advertised by Henry B. Allen has been postponed to October next.

A. C. DOANE, Secretary S. S. A.

Lois Waisbrooker writes from Topeka, Kansas, that she is going to resume the publication, as a monthly, of *Foundation Principles*, which was well known before its suspension as an advanced reform journal, dealing in a masterly manner with all the live issues of the day. Its second advent will be hailed with joy by reformers everywhere as an able exponent of the "rights of man" and woman also. Mrs. Waisbrooker has in preparation a book of great interest to all which we shall notice in due time.

Some people condemn in others the faults of which they are themselves guilty: but so long as they imagine their faults are hidden and unknown they can pose as paragons of virtue and propriety, while others who know them "laugh in their sleeves" at the farce.

The Summerland Spiritual Association sends greeting to the Spiritualists of California: It is evident that a concerted movement has been instituted by intolerant churches to shape legislation and the action of law courts to harass our mediums, which movement, if unchecked, will surely extend to the oppression of all of our faith. It behooves us, therefore, to cooperate in opposition to their schemes. The time has arrived when the wisest among us should assemble and organize State and National Leagues on a broad basis—aggressive as well as defensive. So impressed, the S. S. A. invite all Spiritualist Societies of California to send representatives to a convention, to assemble in Summerland on the 13th of July next. In communities where no regular societies are established, let us, brothers and sisters, assemble and choose delegates. Measures advantageous to Spiritualism on the Pacific Coast will suggest themselves to the convention.

There is a certain class of goody-goody, namby-pamby people in this world who would willingly sacrifice every principle of right and justice for the sake of currying favor with those who inwardly despise them for their weakness and lack of stamina and principle. It is so pleasant to have friends, and be well thought of, and be considered "sweet and forgiving," that right motives are not taken into consideration at all; but the question of policy decides everything.

My friend there is too much at stake, and time is too short for you to harbor enmity in your heart toward anybody. As far as possible, settle everything here, and leave the earth plane with a fraternal feeling toward all the race. It is expensive business to carry any grievance to the higher Court of Eternity for adjudication. Better settle it here and now.

The July *Californian* will be one of the finest examples of magazine making ever published west of New York. It will contain over 150 illustrations and almost twice the usual number of pages. The cover will be decorated with poppies in their natural colors; and some of the writers are Ina D. Coolbrith, Chas. Edwin Markham, Sarah Orne Jewett, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, Joaquin Miller, Hon. Thos. J. Geary, John Vance Cheney, Richard H. McDonald, Jr., Dan de Quille, and many others. The content of the magazine cover all the Pacific Slope from Alaska to Southern California, and from Salt Lake City to Genoa, Italy. A timely paper is on the Law and the Chinese, by the framer of the Geary Bill, Hon. Thomas J. Geary.

Dr. W. M. Forster and Company, of 1059 Market street, are the proprietors of a model drug store, where everything in the line of drugs and chemicals can be procured at from fifty to seventy five per cent cheaper than elsewhere. The purity and quality of all drugs guaranteed. Physicians' prescriptions carefully filled by competent hands. Spiritualists and liberals desiring anything in the above line should call upon Dr. Forster.

And roam among the stars that be;
Until its powers, thoughts and pleasure,
Social joys and entity,
Shall be attuned to *heaven's* measure—
MEASURE OF SOUL DIVINITY.

Next month we hope to be able to give the final decision in the suit against the Society of Progressive Spiritualists by M. B. Dodge. The absence of Mr. Dodge from the city has deferred the final decision until it will not be reached in time for this issue.

Prof. (?) Fred Bell is taking a summer vacation of two months and Metropolitan Temple is closed. The people needed *a rest*.

Ingersoll says; "The imagination of man has the horizon of experience; and beyond experience or nature man cannot go, even in imagination. Man is not a creator. He combines; he adds together; he divides; he subtracts; he does not create, even in the world of imagination. No one can think of a color he never saw. No human being can imagine a sound hat he has not heard, and no one can think of a taste that he has not experienced." If Ingersoll be true then how can people "imagine" they see spirits? In fact, how can they imagine such be ngs e ist if there be nothing in "experience or nature" as a foundation for such belief?

We have received from E. D. Babbitt, M. D., a little book entitled "Health and Power" which presents in clear, unm stakable language the author's newly discovered and wonderful methods of curing disease, and restoring health and equilibrium to the patient by means of the FINE FORCES. These forces comprise sunlight, electricity, magnetism, nerve force, mental force and psychic force; and when properly understood and applied are nature's restoratives. The directions for applying these natural remedies in the treatment of the sick are fully set forth in this little volume which can be procured for 25 cents by addressing the author, E. D. Babbitt, M. D., College of Fine Forces, No. 5 Pulaski St, East Orange, N. J.

Power rose against Savonarola, not because of his sins, but because of his greatness—not because he sought to deceive the world, but because he sought to make it noble. And through that greatness of his he endured a double agony; not only the reviling, and the torture, and the death throe, but the agony of sinking from the vision of glorious achievement into that deep shadow where he could only say, "I count as nothing; darkness encompasses me; yet the light I saw was the true light."—*George Elliot.*

The source of true happiness is inherent in the heart; he is a fool who seeks it elsewhere; he is like the shepherd who searched for the sheep which was in his bosom.

The man who is inquisitive into the secrets of your affairs, with which he has no concern, should be an object of your caution. Men no more desire another's secrets to conceal them than they would another's purse for the pleasure only of carrying it.—*Fielding*.

Elizabeth Lowe Watson held her regular annual meeting at her home, Sunny Brae, in Santa Clara County, on Sunday, June 4th. The services were held under "Temple Oak" and consisted of an address by Mrs. Watson upon the subject of "The Ministry of Angels in Ancient and Modern Times," excellent music and a social reunion. Many of the friends from this city were present.

It is to be hoped that with all modern improvements a way will be discovered of getting rid of bores; for it is too bad that the poor wretch can be punished for stealing your handkerchief or gloves, and that no punishment can be inflicted on those who steal your time, and with it your temper and patience, as well as the bright thoughts that might have entered your mind if they had not been frightened away by the bore.—*Byron*.

Prof. Lockwood and wife have returned from Los Angeles where they have been engaged in spiritual work during the past winter and spring. We hope the friends will make an effort to engage Mr. Lockwood to give them some week-night lectures. He is a scientific reasoner and profound scholar. Our people would be greatly benefitted could they hear Prof. Lockwood's lecture upon "Mental Impressions Illustrated by an Analysis of the Principles of the Phonograph," and other scientific lectures demonstrating the principles of spirit communication and mediumship.

Mrs. McMeekin of San Jose has located in this city for the present, and is devoting her time to the practice of her grand mediumship. She gives remarkable psychometric readings in public and private. We can cheerfully recommend her to the searcher after truth as an honest, conscientious medium, and pure noble woman who will give what is given her straight and true from the spirit side with no fakir embellishments as is too frequently the case with some "professionals."

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a noble and a vulgar soul as the respect and reverential love of womanhood. The man who sneers at a woman is generally a coarse profligate or a coarser bigot.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee has appeared upon the platform at Academy Hall several times since her return to this city and has given unmistakable evidences of spirit return to many present at these meetings. Her wonderful mediumship, like choice wine, improves with age, and as the years glide by they touch lightly and gently the grand, pioneer medium of the Pacific Coast. The portrait and sketch of this wonderful woman which appear in this issue do but faint justice to the long life work devoted unselfishly to doing good. Mrs. Hendee has not amassed wealth through her mediumship of a material kind; but has laid up treasures that the world knows not of, "where moth and rust do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal." No one was ever turned away from her spiritual table faint and hungry for the bread of truth because they were poor. Freely as she has given may she receive of the joys of this life and the life to come.

We have received from Moses Hull a pamplet ntitled "The Spiritual Birth; or Death and Its Tomorrow." It is one of Moses Hull's finest lectures and embodies the spiritualistic idea of death, heaven and hell. The following extract will give the reader an idea of the manner in which the subject is treated throughout. The author says: "I do not like the terms reward and punishment. There are consequences here and hereafter, of every act of life. You put your hand into the fire and it is burned, not as a punishment but as a result. If you go out improperly clad, when the mercury is below zero, you are frozen, not as a punishment but as a result. If you neglect education, you remain ignoran as a result not as a punishment; so your education is a result of your studious habits—your industry. Every act we do here brings forth fruit in the great hereafter. Our lives in the tomorrow of death have grown out of our lives here—are, in fact, made up of that which has been worked into our lives in this world. If all could realize this —that every act of this life contributes toward the building of our heavens and hells in death's tomorrow we would be more careful of how we live that many of us now are."

THE HELPING HAND VISITOR'S CLUB.

"Oh! how I wish I could get out of the hot city for a little rest and change this summer! I can't afford to pay cash for my board; but, indeed! I'd be very glad to sew or do any kind of work about the house for it," exclaimed a bright young woman to a sympathetic customer with philanthropic inclinations, whom she was serving. "No; I've no one I could visit," she continued, in reply to the natural suggestion that she might visit a friend.

A few days later the customer was calling at a charming little home in a pleasant suburb, when her hostess, apropos of some pressing duties, said:

"If I knew of some nice young woman who would like to spend a week or two in the country, and who would come and stay here and help me a little with my work each day, I would board her without charge, and be glad of the chance! It would really be a mutual benefit: she would have an inexpensive outing,—a genuine outing, too, for I could easily arrange matters so that she might have a good portion of each day for recreation and to enjoy this bracing air and picturesque scenery,—and I could get "caught up" in some of my sewing, and have some rest, too; and each would be giving a full equivalent for value received. You're always studying up some plan to help people who try to help themselves, can't you suggest something for my case?"

She of the philanthropic inclinations immediately bethought herself of the bright young woman in the stifling city shop. They talked the matter over, and in less than a week the city girl was enjoying the longed-for country surroundings, while her hostess was eqaully happy in the prospect of getting "caught up" in her work and having some rest. The experiment proved a perfect success; and thus was sown the germ which has grown into the Helping Hand Visitors' Club a unique organization, formed on the plan carried out in the first experiment, through which those who have homes in the country and who would like to receive a Helping Hand Visitor for sojourn of any specified length can be put into communication with respectable self-supporting women in cities,—clerks, seamstresses, milliners, etc., —who, though anxious to spend a short vacation in the country, cannot afford the necessary expenditure for board.

Undoubtedly, there are many who would be glad to receive these young women into their homes on the condition that in return for board and lodging they would render some service in sewing or housework, leaving themselves, of course, sufficient time during the day to enjoy the pleasures of walks, drives, or other recreations.

A Central Bureau has been established in New York for furthering the purposes of the club, and extending its development in all directions.

Philanthropic women interested in forming local branches tor carrying out this great work, housekeepers wishing to receiving Helping Hand Vlsitors, or young women desiring to spend their vacation under such conditions, are invited to address the Secretary of the HelpingHand Visitors' Club, 15 East Fourteenth Staeet, New York, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.

A NEW BOOK.

TEN TEST CIRCLES

Or the law of conditions, being a full account of the effect that various conditions will have upon spirit manifestations. How to foretell what the manifestations will be by the conditions in the circle. Being an accurate account of the conditions produced and the results obtained in ten circles held expressly for the purpose of studying the law of conditions and their effect upon the manifestations and the kind of influence they exert over those sitting in the circle. A book that every person who sits in a circle, or ever contemplates investigating Spiritualism, cannot afford to be without. Will be ready June 1, 1893. Sent postpaid and bound in cloth on receipt of $1. Send all orders to James L. Dow, Duluth, Minn., Room 416 Burrows Building.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—There are tornadoes of windy platitudes with which we might hail the advent of some wonderful manifestations, that would entirely put out the modest rush-light of a beginner like myself; but where there are "critics," and "puffers," running into both extremes, I would like to aim at the happy mean of candor, and kindly but honest criticism.

Every one feels himself to be an indivisible, percipient and thinking being—a primary truth which does not rest upon, nor admit of argument. This is a fact which we cannot ignore, nor get rid of; and which appears to constitute the foundation of human knowledge. We can conceive of mind without matter, then there is no absurdity in believing they are not necessarily conjoined.

The belief of mankind in the independent existence of spirit, and in a continuous life beyond the grave, is so universal, that it assumes the aspect of an instinct. If this belief be instinctive, then the analogy of other instincts, would lead to the conclusion that it is like the rest, directed to some real object and end.

Everything true is created for a purpose. It is not for our finite minds to question, what is this object, inasmuch as we are in the A, B, C, of psychic phenomena.

These thoughts have been engendered, not only by an inherent thirst for knowledge, but by some wonderful "impressions," "prophetic, visions," "confidences," or anything the doubting may be pleased to term the phenomena, that have occurred in my rather uneventful life, and have been emphasized by the the tests recently given by Mrs. Maggie Waite, of San Francisco, in this city.

Long ago I tired of the churches, and being endowed with progressive thought, branched out into an unknown and untrodden avenue for a spiritual resting place. I have been investigating the different mediums who have held seances here for the past three months. Still I was not satisfied that spirits could return, or that there was a spiritual telepathy by which we could communicate. With a generous liberality of thought, I have said:—"I am not convinced; though it may be true that these messages do come to our hearts, hungry for the manifestations of spirit friends; and while I cannot reconcile the inconsistences which prevent my coming out on the side of Spiritualism, yet I respect the belief of others, and am ready for conviction when the test comes."

Such a test was given me last night in public, by Mrs. Waite. My critical observation of the lady in private as well as in public, impels me to do her the justice to assert that she is the greatest living medium. Her "conditions" do not depend upon her material feelings, as has been evinced by her wonderful tests, when in a weakened state, through a sudden and alarming illness, that did not prevent her appearing in public.

Those of us who can distinguish between the soul and the intellect, and the body, had the most positive evidence of mind over matter. In a laborious groping for knowledge, the unexpected conclusion has been revealed to me, by the genuine and unaffected tests given by Mrs. Waite, that all the various functions of man as a sentient and intellectual being, are not founded upon any essential difference discoverable, either in the anatomical structure or chemical composition of the nervous matter. The material elements may be the same in all human beings, the element pervading them may be similar in all, but the arrangement is governed by an occult power, which we are forced to admit; and the thinking may enjoy it though he cannot understand.

That your California medium posseses this power in a pre-eminent degree, no contemplative person will deny. If your climate be a hot-house in which those developing could be nurtured, the gold craze of 1848 would sink into insignificance, compared to the influx of people hunting the gold of spiritual help.

With a few such genuine mediums as Mrs. Waite, there would be no necessity for "Societies for Psychical Research," but conviction would surely follow the

witnessing of such tests as given by her.

I prefaced my words by the sentiment, that I did not intend this as a bombastic puff for Mrs. Waite; but to acknowledge that Spiritualism is gaining ground among the intellectual, the pure in heart, and the pure in life. What has been a fad, is becoming a necessity, and the gift is not for ordinary mortals, no matter what their prayers, their good works.

Mrs. Waite is doing splended work here, her heart and soul in the effort, and carrying conviction to hundreds who have witnessed her wonderful tests.

Respectfully Yours,
A. W. FRAZER.
707 Fifth Street N. W.
Washington, D. C.

DEAR MRS. SCHLESINGER: The CARRIER DOVE reaches me in its new dress with many interesting messages from advanced minds as well as Biographical sketches of earnest workers in the cause so dear to our hearts. You certainly have the assistance of angel guides in your arduous work in putting before the world so grand a magazine monthly. It was with some trepidation that I opened my circle of Harmony in G. A. R. Hall in Linderman's Opera House, Alameda, on the 45th anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, because this is a city of churches and a large percentage Catholic, with now and then a professed spiritualist unaccustomed to sustaining meetings on this side of the bay.

Dr. T. B. Taylor and wife, and Dr. A. P. Miller and family are with us, with brother Walter to second the effort, and more than all else the dear angel helpers, so that we go on fearlessly trusting that good will result. Our meetings are gaining in numbers and in interest, and we would invite all mediums and speakers to come over and help us when they feel inclined and by helping the cause here they help themselves as well, if not in dollars in soul—growth and the unfoldment of their own talents.

More anon, MRS. F. A. LOGAN.
Newport House, 2nd Ave. Station
Alameda.

FREE LITERATURE.

For ten cents in silver or five two-cent stamps your name will be placed on the list of reform press circulators and the leading reform papers in the United States will send you sample copies free for distribution among your neighbors. Write your name and address *plainly*. Address your letter to Farmers' Tribune Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

Thoughts By Mrs. A. Saylor.

Not many people in this primary state of existence are endowed with the gift of expressing their best and highest thoughts in fitting language. How many times are we filled with the Divine Afflatus of noble thoughts which we can ill express, and what infinite consolation there is in the reflection that after we have passed beyond the boundaries of time we will not require the feeble and inadequate language of earth; that as the needle to the pole, soul shall answer unto soul, and our hungry hearts shall be forever satisfied.

WHAT A LAUGH DOES.

Dr. Greene says that there is not one little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convvlsions occasioned by good, hearty laughter. The life principie of the central man is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blooy moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on the particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what is done at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

An Open Letter to Physicians and Capitalists.

The writer desires to meet an educated physician, well balanced in mind, of liberal ideas, a Spiritualist of the higher class, one who fully and clearly understands the relation existing between himself and spirit forces relative to the diagnosis and cure of disease. To such a party I will fully explain what I have in view, its objects and aims, its present and future prospects and what relation I desire to hold to same. It is desirable that such party should have some means to invest I will unite with them in furnishing capital to start the building up, of an Institute on this coast, and near San Francisco, for the cure of diseases of the mind and body, and to perfecting our location so that it can be used as a Health and Pleasure Resort for Spiritualists and Liberalists. It is also desirable to interest one or more capitalists who will unite with us and co-operate in our work. To such I can demonstrate that our income will more than cover expenses and interest upon capital invested.

Parties interested in a work of this kind will please address, when a personal interview will be afforded them.

Medicus,

RUSS HOUSE. **San Francisco, Cal.**

Simply Built Bridges.

Travelers in countries that have not been "opened up" do not expect to find the grand bridges and splendid roads which they meet with at home.

A BAMBOO BRIDGE.

Our cut shows, for example, the kind of bridge that the natives have thrown over the River Cuaiquer in Colombia, in South America. It is a simple but beautiful and ingenious structure, the floor of which consists of the trunks of three palm trees, the walls being formed of huge bamboo poles weighted at each end by enormous blocks of stone that give them the firmness of a bent bow. In the picture a native is seen carrying a traveler on his back seated in a cane easy chair. But that mode of conveyance is not needed for the purpose of crossing the bridge. It rather proves that white men like to travel comfortably in tropical lands.

Writing on the Clouds.

An interesting achievement in electrical science is the adaptation of the search light apparatus to the purposes of advertising by an English expert. The trial night was unfortunately absolutely clear, and there were no clouds at all on which the rays of light could be thrown. However, the practicability of the scheme is reported to have been proved by directing the search light on a cloud of steam and on other material objects, such as a bank of trees, a house wall and the grass lawn, when in each case the words stood out clearly and well defined in letters of light. Even at a distance of fully half a mile the words did not appear to lose any of their distinctness. The effect of directing the beam of light on a cloud of steam was very curious, the letters being repeated again and again one behind the other, increasing in size as each puff of steam drifted away in the distance.

A Novelty in Boats.

The New York Engineer tells of a novelty in marine architecture recently launched at Bath, Me. It is flat bottomed, drawing but eighteen inches when loaded, and is designed for use in the Florida rivers, the idea being to give passengers all the change of scene they desire. The steamer has seventeen staterooms, furnished with all the fittings of a hotel chamber. A dozen broad canoes to be used for fishing and exploring streams too small for the "hotel" itself are furnished. The boat is 100 feet on the keel, thirty feet beam and six feet deep, "all cabin" above deck, so that she has two tiers of rooms and larger accommodations than would be found in ordinary boats of much larger size. She is a stern wheeler, capable of making six knots as a regular rate of speed.

The Latest in Men's Scarfs.

White silk scarfs are worn in the afternoon and dark scarfs in the morning. The shapes are the large four-in-hand, tied in a small knot, with broad flowing ends, and the wide puffed Ascot scarf. The handsomest white scarfs are in fine birdseye patterned silks that are soft and lustrous, and these are chosen for day weddings and receptions for groom, best man, ushers and guests. The novelty just offered for morning wear is the four-in-hand scarf of bright Scotch plaid silk. More familiar scarfs are of subdued coloring of intricate Persian designs or of small brocaded figures. Olive brocaded scarfs are worn with brown suits by men who are fond of novelties. Russian blue scarfs are brocaded in small black designs. Dark green grounds have orange arabesque patterns.

A navy blue silk, called brussels twill, powdered with white spots or small horseshoes, is chosen by Englishmen or men with English tastes for scarfs all the year round. Black satin scarfs are still worn all day, and narrow black ties are worn in the evening at stag parties. White lawn ties for full evening dress are wider than those of last season and should be tied in the new bow that has the strap quite wide and flat instead of being folded. Extreme styles of black cravats are tied in a large bow, with butterfly ends.—Harper's Bazar.

The Golden-Rod Publishing Co., of Chicago, Illinois, has determined to secure 500,000 new subscribers to their family story paper, the **GOLDEN-ROD**, before July 1st, '93.

In the ordinary way this would require a lifetime, but "time is money," and in order to save time we are willing to pay those who subscribe now a large sum of

MONEY

realizing that we can soon recover this great expenditure from the increased revenue from our advertisers.

For correct answers to the following ten word-riddles, the Golden-Rod Publishing Co. will pay the following

CASH REWARDS:

For the correct answer to any ONE word,	$20·00	For the correct answer to any SIX words,	$150.00
For the correct answer to any TWO words,	50·00	For the correct answer to any SEVEN words	175.00
For the correct answer to any THREE words	75·00	For the correct answer to any EIGHT words,	200·00
For the correct answer to any FOUR words,	100.00	For the correct answer to any NINE words	225.00
For the correct answer to any FIVE words,	125·00	For the correct answer to all of the TEN words,	300.00

AS SPECIAL GRAND PRIZES WE WILL PAY IN CASH:

To every one sending in the correct answers to ALL of the TEN words during JANUARY, $1,000

To every one sending in the correct answers to ALL of the TEN words during FEBRUARY, $500

Here are the word-riddles, can you solve them? Remember any one of the ten words correctly solved wins for you $20.00 in cash.

1	A— —LE	Tree bearing round fruit	6	—IN—	A lofty tree.
2	PE— —	Tree, fruit larger at lower end.	7	PAN— — — —	Flowers handsome, of purple or other colors.
3	TUL— — —	Plants with flowers of bright colors.	8	BAN— —A	Tropical tree, with fruit in bunches.
4	—R—NG—	Tropical tree with round yellow tree	9	ROS— —	Flowering bunches.
5	—RAP—	The fruit is good to eat	10	— ATE —	Tropical fruit bearing trees.

EXPLANATION Each dash indicates the absence of a certain letter, and when the proper letters are supplied the original word will be found complete. EXAMPLE: B-b-e. A book which everyone should read. The omitted letters are i and l, and when properly inserted the complete word is Bible.

REWARDS Are paid in cash any day the answer is found to be correct. To prevent even any appearance of irregularity or collusion, a copy of the original ten words has been deposited in a safety vault under seal, to be opened December 31st, '92, in the presence of witnesses, whose sworn statement as to the correct words, together with the list of prize winners, will be published in the January number of the GOLDEN-ROD.

REMEMBER EVERY CORRECT ANSWER WINS A PRIZE.

CONDITIONS The object of this extraordinary offer is of course to secure subscribers at once, and in large numbers. We therefore require the 50 cents for a year's subscription for our great paper, **The Golden-Rod**, be sent **with each answer**. Thus if two words are answered $1.00 must be sent, three words $1.50, five words $2.50, and so on, and as many copies of the paper will be mailed to addresses given.

Designate the words you answer by their numbers. Send at once and win one of the Grand Prizes. Address all letters and make all remittances payable to

The Golden-Rod Publishing Co., 309 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

Power of a Strong Mind Over a Weaker One—Reaction of the Mind on Itself.

In a paper read at a psychological conference at Copenhagen Dr. Delboeuf spoke of the manner in which the will of the patient rightly directed can control his nervousness and the mind can react on itself and the healthy part of the brain on the diseased part. He stated a singular case of a woman possessed with the idea of killing her husband and children asking herself every day if it was not the time to accomplish her murderous attack. He said that he defied her to call up the morbid thought while he looked at her. Having succeeded without difficulty, he announced to her that on the following day she would not be able to think of this idea at a certain hour, and so on by degrees he charmed away this morbid idea. This is, in ordinary language, the influence of a strong mind over a weak one, but the laws under which it can be exercised are not yet definitely ascertained.

Dr. Thanet thought it impossible to explain all the complex phenomena that were produced in the hypnotic state by any single word or doctrine. In some cases there were suggestions; in others associations of ideas, modifications of the state of consciousness, etc. As to the patients whom he had chiefly observed, he had always been struck by the fact that they were weakminded persons, who were incapable of fixing their attention long on the same object, and when they were forced to do so they experienced every kind of psychological modification. They lost the control of their movements and of their ideas.

He had seen a child who could not pay attention at school without having a kind of convulsion. With his patients the dreams and hallucinations they had been made known to undergo manifested themselves when their waking thoughts were oppressed with fatigue. In a word, he characterized hypnotism as an ingenious process of bringing to light dreams without the knowledge of the dreamer. Those who have attended the demonstrations of these phenomena by public performers must have been struck with the fact that their most effective patients were half witted imbeciles whom they carried about with them.

An Old Fashioned Nut Cake.

An old fashioned nut cake is made of two cupfuls of sugar stirred to a cream with three-quarters of a cupful of butter, a cupful of rich milk, a teaspoonful of soda, four eggs, four scant cupfuls of flour and a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. A cupful of hickory nuts chopped very fine is stirred through the cake just before it is put in the oven. It should be baked in large brick shaped loaves, iced with a thick icing, through which half a cupful of hickory nuts have been stirred.

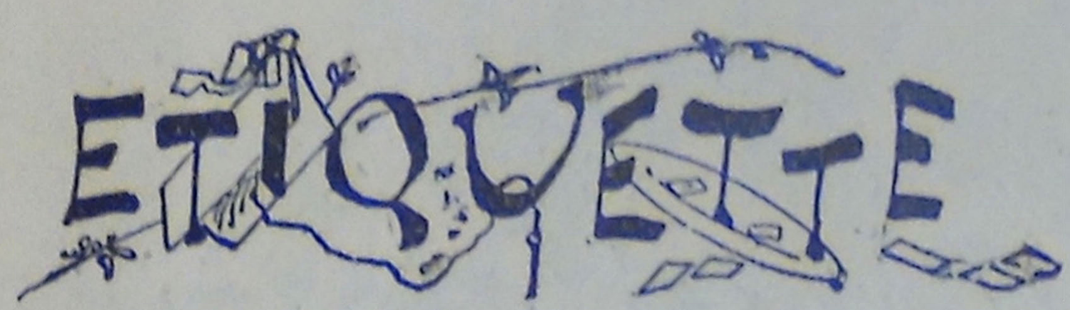
A fondant icing may be used for this purpose, says Good Housekeeping, which gives the foregoing recipe. This is made by boiling a cupful of sugar mixed with a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar for twelve minutes in half a cupful of water. At the end of this time this sirup should be in such a condition that a drop rubbed between the finger and thumb will quickly form into a ball. At this stage pour the fondant onto a greased platter, and when it is cool enough to handle knead it with the hand until it is a smooth, creamy mass. When ready to use it put the fondant in a saucepan and set the saucepan in another containing boiling water. When the fondant melts stir in half a cupful of walnuts, add a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and when the icing is a little cooled pour it over the cake.

A Christmas Cake.

Two cups of brown sugar, two of butter or half lard, five of flour, one pound of raisins, one of currants, one scant pint of milk, four eggs, leaving out the white of one, half a cup of black molasses, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one of cloves, one of mace (all ground), two of baking powder; melt the butter a little, beat with it a little sugar and eggs, next add the molasses, still beating, the spices and raisins, chopped, and last of all the flour, in which the baking powder must have been sifted well with the milk. Bake in a moderate oven three hours, if one large cake is made. Stir confectioners' sugar into the white of egg, with the juice of half a lemon, as much as it will moisten to the consistency of a soft mortar; ice the cake with this, using a knife dipped in water to spread it.

The "Angry" Tree.

The "angry" tree is a woody plant which grows from ten to twenty-five feet high. It was formerly supposed to exist only in Nevada, but has recently been found in eastern California and Arizona, says Popular Science News. If disturbed, this peculiar tree shows every sign of vexation, ruffling up its leaves like the hair on an angry cat and giving forth a sickening odor.



SMALL ATTENTIONS.

Grace and Tactful Deference in the Trifles of Everyday Intercourse.

"Les petits soins" do much toward making life pass pleasantly, a point which Harper's Bazar illustrates as follows: The man who helps you on or off with your wrap, who lowers or raises a window for you, who interposes his ready strength between you and a crowd, who finds a seat for you and treats you as though you were a queen or a queen's mother, is a man for whom you entertain a genuine regard.

"Tom H. is a perfect Gibraltar for honesty and goodness," remarked a lady of an acquaintance, "but he stalks in front of you into the dining room and marches out of it before you; he talks to you with his hat on his head and puffs the smoke of his cigar into your face; he calmly takes the best chair in the room and leaves you the hardest; he never knows anything about paying little attentions; he is like a man who may have a twenty dollar bill in his pocketbook, but never by any chance carries any small change."

Probably, if the truth were known, Tom H. and men like him were not accustomed in their boyhood either to receive or to pay small attentions. A man learns to be graceful and deferential, au fait in all small things, gentle and kindly, not after he has attained to six feet and evening clothes, but while he is young and under his mother's and his father's tutelage.

Old people are apt to resent obtrusive attention, and to regard with pathetic irritability the offered help which accentuates the fact of their declining years. None the less they like tactful recognition of their claim upon the service of their juniors. A man may safely yield the easy chair and the window where the light lingers latest to the grandmother who likes her comfort, and who takes her knitting or her sewing where she can see most readily. The strong shoulder of youth is meant for the bearing of burdens, and unless an elderly person be exceptionally unreasonable he or she will not persist in carrying loads which ought to be borne by those who are able to assume them.

The Composition of a Tear.

The chief element in the composition of a tear is water, but with water is associated minute proportions of salt, soda, phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda and mucus.

When Iron Shrinks.

When does iron shrink and when does it expand in cooling? Whenever we make a pattern for iron it must be 1 per cent. larger than the casting we expect to get from it, and the casting will be about that much smaller than the mold it is formed in. This indicates that iron contracts in cooling. On the other hand, if we throw a piece of solid iron into a ladle of molten metal of exactly the same kind, it will not only float, but will rise perhaps 10 per cent. above the surface, and if it be forcibly immersed it will buoyantly rise again. This indicates that iron expands in cooling, but when does it stop expanding and begin to shrink? This question when it is settled will lie still, but meanwhile there is a mighty interesting discussion in it, says The Industrial World.

Cleanliness of the Hair.

Shall we keep our heads clean by wet washing or dry cleaning? Wet washing has numerous followers, and if one be a lady you can tell her by one of the following points: Little ends of hair stick out in a bristly fashion over more than half the surface of the head, or she is found going about the house with her hair down her back, not "in loose, unconfined tresses," but resembling tallow candles more than anything else, or she has a cold in her head and sniffs frequently. Any of these signs denotes that our friend at some not very remote period has washed her head and is still suffering from the effects.

The dry clean is not attended by such disagreeable results. Once a week the hair and scalp are thoroughly combed with a fine comb, and then they are thoroughly brushed with a perfectly clean—in fact freshly washed—hairbrush. After this process the brush will again require to be washed, as it is perfectly astonishing the amount of dirt that is collected, especially by a dweller in town, in the short space of a week.

Then again there is division in the camp of the washers. Some use soap, others believe in the white of an egg beaten in the water in lieu of it, or a teaspoonful of ammonia, or one of powdered borax. When authorities disagree, what is a poor, simple minded mortal to do? Probably the best plan is to try which method suits your individual case best and stick to it.

To remove rust stains from nickel plate, grease the parts with oil and let stand for a few days, then rub with a cloth wet with ammonia. Should any spots remain, rub them with diluted hydrochloric acid and polish with tripoli.

Tallow and plumbago well mixed are said to make a good lubricator for wooden surfaces, better than oil, which swells the wood.