



J.J.MORSE

# The Carrier Dove.

"BEHOLD! I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY"

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## J. J. Morse.

### AN APOSTLE OF SPIRITUALISM.

Among the many called upon to take part in the great spiritual upheaval of the present century, but few have risen to such eminent notice among English workers than the well known trance orator, whose life is briefly outlined in the following pages, and who first excited notice in the year 1868 in London, and whose subsequent labors as a platform worker have abundantly justified his selection for that service by the invisible directors of the work in Great Britain.

The early life of this Apostle of Spiritualism was tinged with some little romance, while, like the lives of so many of the world's most useful workers, it bore the bars sinister of misfortune and reverses upon its field; indeed it was so distressful and unpromising at one period as to be utterly devoid of all likelihood of that use to the world it ultimately has become.

Of good family, numbering among its members servants of the English Established Church, officers in the nation's civil service, having a branch devoted to the farming interest, located in the beautiful county of Surrey; and singularly enough including in its connections a Captain Denton, though whether a relation of our William Denton is undetermined, however that may be, the family, in itself and its connections was eminently respectable and of some social position, thereby insuring early associations of affluence and social consideration. At the time of Mr. Morse's birth, which event took place on Monday, October the first, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, the family consisted of the parents, Thomas and Mary Morse, and two other children, Charles Edward and Louisa Sarah, residing in the Parish of St. Clements Danes, within the Strand, London, the head of the household following the profession of a wholesale and retail spirit merchant and vintner.

Exceedingly delicate in health from birth, always sensitive and retiring, little James was an object of solicitude for all his early years, so much so that he was, when a trifle under three years of age, removed from London to the farmstead of the great-grandfather, at the pretty little village of Hook, near Kingston on Thames, and where he greatly benefited from the free fresh air which swept across Farmer Johnson's lands. About the year eighteen hundred and fifty-

three the head of the family retired from business, seeking rest and quiet in the vicinity of Clapham, at that time a quiet retired suburban district, but the desired end was only realized and enjoyed for a few months. In the summer of the following year the large hearted and loving mother fell a victim to a then prevailing cholera epidemic, and after a brief illness of but a few day's duration the mortal frame collapsed, and was presently interred in the beautiful and flower-decked cemetery at Norwood.

The father, deeply pained and almost disconsolate at the loss of so loving and devoted a companion, found the solitude of a retired life too hard to bear, consequently within a few months of his bereavement he determined to re-enter commercial life. Laudable as seemed his intention to him, it was nevertheless, as after events unfolded, fraught with dire disaster to the entire family. At this length of time, though, it looks as if the misfortunes of those years were stepping-stones placed in the river of life by a wiser providence than ours, stepping-stones over which the youngest member of the family must go to reach his work upon the opposite bank. All that needs be recorded here is the fact that the new ventures proved unsuccessful, and that a final difficulty in which the father became involved, through his over-trustfulness, absorbed his estate, virtually breaking his heart, and, in effect, sending him to the Higher Life some five years after the departure of his life's associate.

Then commenced a trying period for the youngest born, of some nine years' duration, and in the early days of which the three orphans were dependent entirely upon the generous kindness of the paternal uncle. Ultimately a disposition of the children was made by which Charles, the eldest, was dispatched to Ottawa, Canada; in eighteen hundred and fifty-nine; Louisa, the next in age, was placed in suitable circumstances in the old cathedral town of Norwich, in Norfolk; and James Johnson, the youngest, was placed in the care of a boarding-school keeper, in Greenwich, some five miles from London, which was about as injudicious and injurious a disposition of him as could have well been made, for the school-mistress was a victim to dipsomania in its grossest and most aggravated form. During the time James remained in her care, poor and insufficient food, liberal chastisement and an utter neglect of all

educational matters were the current of events, until, out of the desperation born of sheer misery, he fled, and much to the consternation of the servants of the avuncular mansion, presented himself thereat, tired, dusty, footsore, and woe-begone beyond words to express! Subsequent inquiries verified the correctness of his complaints, and he was then transferred to the care of an amiable lady named Croucher, residing in the before-mentioned town, and it is a proof of the efficacy of kindly firmness and broad moral teaching, that the trial-ried boy of that period ever remembers, now, with affectionate gratitude, the loving care bestowed upon him by the above-named good soul, herself now almost on the borderland, but who at the period above referred to, was his virtual foster-mother. A couple of years thus passed pleasantly, when family considerations compelled the uncle to arrange a final disposition of the remaining charge of his departed brother's family, and it was decided that the English mercantile marine would afford the proper opportunity for the future medium to make a start in life. It was, therefore, decided that he should be entered as a midshipman on board an East Indiaman, but a rascally agent broke his contract and shipped the youngster on an English coaster, on which he was to be bound as an apprentice.

Quite unfit for such a career, one of the roughest and hardest, and meeting a severe accident, the youthful mariner was discharged at the port of South Shields, and with a trifling sum sent adrift to find his way back to London, some three hundred miles away, as best he could. He arrived in the metropolis exhausted, ill, penniless, and but to find himself confronted with a grave family injustice, the nature of which at once put a peaceful solution out of all question; the indignation aroused in his breast then ended all intercourse with the family, and he permitted the lapse of years to annul all association therewith.

The ensuing years, from eighteen hundred and sixty-three to eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, find the self-exiled member of his family making vigorous efforts to sustain himself in various subordinate positions, until he fancied he saw an opportunity of advancing his fortunes by accepting an offer of employment in an about-to-be-formed news and publishers' office. Alas, further trials awaited him, for the principal of the

affair was one of those specious and professing rascals, whose cunning, rather than aught else, keep them from the clutches of the law. The embryo publishing house was never formed, and the to be junior member thereof lost the hard-won savings of several years helping to maintain his future principal, which individual ultimately discreetly disappeared from view, leaving his dupe penniless, after enduring much privation while waiting for the consummation of his expectations.

It was during the above described distressful period that the subject of this "brief chronicle" encountered two matters that have exercised an important influence upon his life, and which proved to be the pivots upon which great changes were to turn. The first of these events was his contact with modern Spiritualism, the second his meeting with the lady who subsequently became his wife.

In the autumn of eighteen hundred and sixty-eight he was introduced to Mrs. Hopps, the mother of the Rev. John Page Hopps, the most able and cultured exponent of English Unitarianism at this time, and as the subject of Spiritualism was exciting attention in the public mind, it came up in the course of conversation at the above named meeting. The future apostle laughed, it must also be admitted he sneered, and rallied the lady for expressing belief in such a nonsensical matter! Questioned as to what he *knew* about it, he, like so many more of us, admitted, NOTHING. Yet boldly affirmed he believed it was all nonsense, or fraud, or both!

It may not be out of place here to say a little upon his state of mind at the time upon religious matters in general, for being now some nineteen years of age he was capable of entertaining some definite opinions. On several occasions he had honestly endeavored to get exercised upon religion, but so far he had utterly failed, either to experience conviction, or conversion, and as a consequence of this failure had earnestly debated within himself whether or not he was helplessly bad, and hopelessly irreclaimable? Reflection showed him the painful truth that the sorrows he had endured had been caused by certain unworthy followers of their professed Master, and, wisely or unwisely, he felt that it was exceedingly difficult to harmonize practice and profession, and being of a frank and open nature he was sadly perplexed by a discovery that so many of us are compelled to make. The result was that religious services became distasteful and religious literature absurd. Alternations of despondency and defiance dominated his mind, until much of its chaos was organized, and its gloom dispelled, by a friend placing in his hand a copy of Paine's immortal "Age of Reason," in the pages of which he found food he had long hungered for without fully

understanding the nature of his wants. Yes, he must be an infidel! This life was hard enough, why ask for another? Miracles were myths, resurrections but rhetoric, while spirits were to silly to think of in any way but as fancies! At this period it will be seen, he was mentally far away from our faith, and a most seeming unlikely recruit for our ranks, while being in the frame of mind indicated will naturally account for his remarks, already cited, when he first encountered modern Spiritualism, which he honestly considered was but a form of superstition on a par with fortune telling. Presently this attitude of hostility was to be changed, and in a singularly striking manner; through deep down in his breast, he admits, there was a faint hope that after death there might be some sort of a life where rest and happiness might be, after all!

To return. The result of the meeting with Mrs. Hopps, previously referred to, was that the soon to be neophyte obtained from her the loan of two books, "Six Month's Experience at Home in Spirit-Communion," from the pen of the Rev. J. P. Hopps, embodying that gentlemen's own experiences; and another work, "Experiences with the Davenports," by Robert Cooper, the contents of which books astounded their reader, showing him that as honest men said, "Yes," knowingly, and in good faith, it was presumption for him to say "No," unknowingly, for evidently there was more in the matter than he first suspected. The mere perusal of literature was insufficient, the mind having become stimulated now asked for proofs, facts, evidence, and with all the anxiety of an ardent nature started on a new inquiry; the eager question was put, "Where can I go to see and know for myself?" Armed with an introduction from the before mentioned Mrs. Hopps, he at last approached the mystic portals of the *séance* room, and at the close of a fair September Sabbath in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, he presented himself thereat, being received by Mr. R. Cogman, who was the host, and manager of the assembly (a venerable gentleman, and wonderful medium at that time, but who joined the majority some ten years ago), who admitted the half fearful applicant, and welcomed him to the *séance*.

The house was that of a comfortable middle-class family, neither better nor worse than thousands of similar households in the eastern district of the English metropolis, a house of some notoriety in its immediate neighborhood by reason of the "spirit-rappings" carried on there. The circle room, a large apartment on the level with the street, and lighted by two large windows. Chairs about the room, the centre occupied with a large oblong deal-topped table, the floor carpeted. The room presently lighted by a lamp, the shade curtains being drawn, some fifteen persons present, exclusive of

the host, his wife, and daughter. Nothing "uncanny" or out of the ordinary course of things observable. No wires under the table, no electric buttons upon the floor, so far as foot or hand could discover. An air of orderly quiet, sober earnestness, and propriety pervading all. These were the general circumstances the visitor soon included within the grasp of his mental observations.

The *séance* begins; each is seated at the table. The host as president, opens a well-worn Bible, reading passages therefrom; he offers a prayer; a simple hymn is sung. The lamp and book are then removed, and all, with hands now resting on the table, resign themselves to a meditative quietness. A tall, pale-faced, black-haired young man sighs heavily, the muscles of his face twitch with nervous spasms, and his eyes close. He arises, paler than before, and convulsively at first, then with facility he talks some ten or fifteen minutes. It is a "control," but the visitor makes a mental note, and says the other name for it is hysteria! A brief pause, then it is a female that is affected. This time the eyes are left wide open with a ghastly and stony stare. Her words are soft and low, the utterances full of love, truth, flowers, angels, earth, children, and so on. The visitor wonders: is she mad? what does it mean? Has he got into a company of lunatics? for others were shaking and gurgling by this time; he began to feel sorry for coming, and was heartily wishing himself well out of it, when she exclaimed—

"Oh! gracious, what's that?"

The bolt had fallen, the call had gone forth, the portals of future work and destiny were about to be unbarred!

To the neophyte it seemed as if a hand, large, warm, heavy, had suddenly, with force, descended upon his head, a sensation then following as if the brain had been cleft in twain, while into the cavity thus formed, sand, hot and in quantity, had been poured, trickling pown over head, face, bust, person, down to finger ends and toe tips. Every sense of motion was paralyzed. Eyes were firmly closed, every limb was helpless. Then a swelling of lungs and throat, as though life's tides were battling frantically to keep their accustomed courses, and all the while a fearful dread circling within the mind of the startled subject of these peculiar experiences. Presently an impulse, to stand, then up, upon his feet, erect, next an uncontrollable desire to shout with might and main, which overcoming all resistance, resulted in an ear-piercing whoop that almost froze your blood. Then for nearly an hour a series of wild and grotesque gesticulations, a current of exclamations, incoherent, gross, and profane, a general exhibition of noisy disturbance produced by the wretched victim, who thoroughly conscious of his deeds, but incapable of resisting the influence upon

him, continued to manifest the results of the first, and necessarily imperfect control exercised upon him.

Finally the control desisted, and the now startled inquirer, ashamed of his misbehavior; but unable to account for it, commenced to apologise to his venerable host, whom he had frequently addressed in the most opprobrious terms. Apologies were courteously deemed unnecessary, as the host intimated he fully understood such exhibition was beyond the control of the subject thereof, therefore no offense was taken. After some sympathy, a little needful rest, and a cordial invitation to "come again next Sunday," which seemed to the disturbed mind of the new medium like adding insult to injury, the perturbed inquirer wended his way homewards. The remainder of the night was spent in a condition of mental amazement and perplexity which effectually banished sleep for hours, until the tired body at last succumbed from sheer exhaustion.

With the next day came the reaction from the previous evening's excitement, and the inquirer found himself inclined to slip back again to his previous skepticism, inventing sundry plausible reasons for rejecting his experiences as being in any way attributable to "spirits," formulating the opinion that he was hysterical, and if he pursued the matter would no doubt become crazy! What avails our fancies when arrayed against the potencies of the higher life? Truly, but little! So the new medium found, for, presently indications of the nearness and presence of this power, began to manifest themselves. Hot burning pains, tracing their courses from brain to shoulder, down the arm to hand and fingers—with a sensation like wires, red-hot—came over him, and the index finger of the dexter hand traced out words before him, leading to the following questions and answers:—

"Is this a Spirit?"

"Yes," in a great scrawl by the outstretched finger.

"Is it anyone that I know?"

"Your mother," again wrote the finger.

The startled querist not wishing to be thus disturbed said, "If I get pencil and paper this afternoon, will you then come and write again?"

"Yes," again scrawled the obedient finger. The influence subsided, and the medium was again painfully perplexed—was it a "Spirit," was it his mother, what *did* it all mean?

Provided with the requisite materials later in the same day, the experiment of obtaining writing was undertaken, the following communication being received:—

"Yes, my dear son, we are ever watching over you. Fear not, but trust in the Lord, for He is a shield wherein all may trust; He is a bulwark in whom all can rest their hopes; He is a terror to evil-doers, and in

time will make all the nations of the earth believe in Him. Those who disbelieve now shall believe by-and-by, and shall welcome spirit communion as a thing to be sought after, and by encouraging it you will get a foretaste of the joy to be had hereafter. *Oh, my son! follow it for you will become a great medium; you will yet do great good in the world.* I am glad to see you so earnest in your desire for spirit-communion, for rest assured great good will result from it, not only to you, but for all; and when you leave earth you will be conscious of having employed the gift that is within you profitably. Be not afraid of mockers and scoffers, for those that now mock will soon believe. Your dear father is with you as well as I. He is smiling at your efforts, and tries to help you but finds it very hard. He was with you on Sunday. You must not be afraid, you will not be so tormented again \* \* \* \*

"Your ever affectionate parents,

"Mary and Thomas Morse."

Here was food for thought, indeed. In some lights it looked wild absurdity, for fortune was just then smiling upon the much tried youth, and future prospects were brightening, how then could he "do great good in the world" upon a matter he was not a believer in? He was not at all inclined to embark as an advocate, or a worker in this strange matter. Then it struck him as peculiar, almost degrading, that his parents should leave heaven, or whatever the next life was like, to come back and write such a message. But, argue as he might, there was still a feeling that there was some truth in it all, yet, on calming down he did his best to dismiss the matter, taking refuge in the opinion that the subject was dangerous and he would have nothing further to do with it under any circumstances. However, the invisible workers had no intention of allowing him to escape the duty before him, so by the time his next opportunity to attend Mr. Cogman's circle came round, he was seized with an uncontrollable desire to attend thereat, to which he yielded, and for the second time he was seated as a participant in the mystic rites, vowing to himself to resist all "influences," observe, note, and sit still.

It needs no prophecy to say that such resolves were likely to prove futile, some twenty minutes terminated their intentions and effects, by the end of which space of time the medium was again under strong control, which this time caused him to open the before mentioned Bible at 14th chapter of Romans, the first verse, upon which he delivered a sermon, or address, which occupied some forty minutes in its delivery. The manifestation afforded the utmost satisfaction and delight to the members of the circle, but it was the source of the utmost astonishment and mystification to the vehicle,

who had never exhibited the slightest talent in such a direction previously, and who had never made the remotest attempt hitherto at the consecutive treatment of any subject whatsoever. More food was then supplied for wonderment and reflection, and out of it came a determination to persevere in the inquiry to the end, and to obtain certainty as to whether the entire question of spirit-return and spirit-power was either fact or fraud.

Shortly after the above narrated events the publisher's scheme, previously noticed, was broached, the effect of which was that the newly developing medium was removed from the sphere of duty he had previously been in, and, through the failure of the enterprise to become a reality, he was unoccupied for nearly eight months, which afforded him the needed leisure in which to attend circles and prosecute his development, which matter was finally accomplished at the house of a Mrs. Main, a person of large sympathies and liberal views; who, with her daughter, a Mrs. Fielden, were very earnest workers at that time in London. By the "tests" obtained through the last named lady, and others through Mrs. Gender, Mr. Frank Herne, Mr. Davis, and other notable mediums of that period, the inquirer was converted into a believer, and the mental quietude resulting was materially valuable in assisting the development of the mediumship which was soon to come into world-wide notice. In the autumn of eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, the medium, now somewhat widely known among private circles, was brought under the notice of Mr. James Burns, who was then, as he is still, the representative of the central depot of Spiritual Literature and Information in Great Britain, and on Friday, the fifteenth of October of the above year, a series of weekly meetings was established at the above headquarters of spiritual work; from which fortunate circumstance the medium no doubt was put into that position of publicity which ultimately resulted in that extended popularity which has carried his name around the world.

The distinctly private part of the narrative may be said to close here, as the subject thereof now passes to the front in a public capacity, taking his position as a professional worker, and maintaining his place as such, down to the present period, his entrance to such work dating from October, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine. In the following year he married Miss Marion Lewis, an event foretold to the lady by the spirits some months prior to her ever having seen Mr. Morse. She is a lady of good Welsh descent, and one child, a daughter, Florence, has been the sole issue of the union.

The purpose of the higher powers was gradually unfolding itself, and the public interest in the weekly *séances* rapidly increased,

so much so, that the spacious reception rooms of the Spiritual Institution were crowded from week to week. Mr. Burns acted as the faithful chairman and considerate friend of the advancing medium, who presently became associated with Mr. Burns in the publishing business conducted at the Institution, and assisting in the issuing of the first number of England's leading spiritual weekly, the "*Medium and Daybreak*." Undoubtedly the connection then existing was one of mutual advantage and pleasure, and was only sundered by the claims upon the time and strength of the medium, precluding him from giving that share of his resources to business that was justly due. Mr. Burns can count the attention and care he bestowed upon Mr. Morse as among the innumerable good and successful efforts he has engaged in during his long and faithful service to the world of spirits.

Up to the period above referred to Mr. Morse had not, it seems, appeared upon the public platform for the purpose of a sustained address being given through him. The spirits were but awaiting the arrival of the suitable occasion, which was afforded them on Thursday evening, April 21, 1870, in the hall of the St. John's Associates, Clerkenwell, London. The invisibles made their first public address at a regular Sunday service of Spiritualists, at the Cavendish Rooms, London, on Sunday, July 24th of the same year; and the first effort in the provinces was at Northampton, on Sunday, September the 9th, also in the above stated year, this latter event being in association with our ascended brother, and most remarkable healer, Dr. J. R. Newton. The new medium was now fairly at work, as a regular spiritually controlled and inspired advocate of our cause, and has been in active work ever since. Excepting illness and needful rest, it is computed he has not been absent from the platform more than two Sundays in each year, while he certainly has averaged three meetings each week, and from records kept it would seem that the spirits must have conducted some *two thousand eight hundred* regular meetings through his instrumentality, independent of the innumerable social sittings given to friends and intimates.

As soon as the ability of the controls had made itself known, the now developed instrument was overwhelmed with calls to visit the various societies in England, Wales, and Scotland, and as a result he has been a frequent visitant, in his capacity as a public speaking medium, to Derby, Belper, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, Keighley, Chester, Darlington, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sunderland, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Kirkaldy, Greenock, to Cardiff, Merthyr, Bath, Plymouth, Falmouth, and many smaller towns and localities in various

sections of Great Britain, excluding Ireland. In many places his work has materially contributed to the tide of activity and prosperity in our cause that now prevails, and in not a few instances acting as a St. John the Baptist, clearing the ground for others. After some five years of labor the intimation came that he must cross the ocean, leave home, family, and friends, and visit the Birthplace of Modern Spiritualism; consequent thereon he arrived in the city of New York on the twenty-sixth of October, eighteen hundred and seventy-four. During his year's stay, he visited Baltimore, Md.; New York City; New Haven, Conn.; Greenfield, Mass.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Bangor, Me.; Boston, Mass.; and many smaller cities and towns. In several cases he found so much favor that he had to pay return visits. He departed from our shores delighted with his cordial reception, and sincerely missed by hundreds of warm friends. On reaching home a magnificent reception was tendered him in London, at which Spiritualists of all classes were represented.

Apart from his activity upon the platform Mr. Morse has always taken an active part in promoting the cause in private life, as also in various ways affecting the general policy of the public work in his own country. He has been a warm advocate for practical organization, and took an active part in such matters as the formation of the "British National Association of Spiritualists," in Liverpool, in eighteen hundred and seventy-two, serving upon its council until it was reorganized as the "Central Association of Spiritualists," and so continuing until the dissolution of that body a year or two ago. He engaged in the sale and importation of American literature, trading as the "Progressive Literature Agency," and still continues that agency which he established in eighteen hundred and seventy-eight. While, in conjunction with John S. Farmer, the editor of "Light," an English Journal, he assisted that gentleman in the founding of the "Psychological Press Association," at the time he, Mr. Morse, was assistant editor of that journal. He has also been an active correspondent to all the English Journals, *The Medium, The Spiritualist, The Pioneer of Progress, The Herald of Progress, and Light*; while our own papers have frequently contained contributions from his pen, the *Banner of Light* especially, to which paper he has been the accredited English correspondent for many years. For a period of twenty-four consecutive months he conducted a series of highly successful Sunday meetings in London, the only series of that length that one speaker has ever sustained the interest in; until his many engagements, and their demands upon health and strength finally proved too much, and an utter collapse of health compelled a complete change of climate, hence his visit to our shores.

In salient outline this is substantially the career of this earnest and indefatigable spiritual worker, whose life, for seventeen years past, has unreservedly and unstintedly been devoted to the cause of human enlightenment. He has ever been desirous of being guided by the inward light developed within him by the unseen powers he has so faithfully served. A life that has been marvelously illustrative of what the spirit world can accomplish under favorable and orderly conditions, and an intelligent co-operation; and all the more noticeable when it is remembered that when this spiritual worker was called to his work he had for years been enduring vicissitudes and trials that quite put the opportunity or possibility of culture, philosophical research, literary excellence, or the development of dialectical ability entirely out of his reach, yet in these respects the character of the work done through him has been excelled in but few instances, and seldom equaled. The secular press has given many reports of lectures through him, which for length, appreciativeness, and commendation left nothing to be desired; while our own journals have ever been foremost in printing the choice utterances of his controls, to the edification and pleasure of their readers in various parts of the world.

It is always interesting as well as instructive to know the opinions mediums entertain regarding their mediumship, as from such opinions the non-mediumistic may gather light from a world whose experiences they are excluded from. Therefore the experiences of our friend may be set down as he gives them, without attaching any infallibility to them. The result of his own experience has convinced him that the development of the most marked feature of the mediumship is the surest way to produce the most successful-working development. It may not cover the widest range, may not be either striking or sensational, but it will have the merit of being easily utilized by the controlling power, will be susceptible of exercise with the minimum of exhaustion, and is generally safer for the subject than a miscellaneous development. He looks upon platform (mental), mediumship as a stimulus to the educational development of the medium, and has abundantly demonstrated it to be so in his own case. The indiscriminate exercise of mediumship he considers injudicious, and usually demoralizing; and the desire to be "under control" at all times he most emphatically reprobates. He has found in his guides, intelligence, kindly firmness, an unswerving friendship, and faithfulness; and though they seldom command, yet he has usually found the neglect of their advice, or suggestions, has caused sorrow and confusion. His controls do not require an entire surrender of his judgment, instead they ever urge the cultivation of a manly self-reliance, yet he is ever willing to defer to their advice, which is ever presented

to him in the terms that a wise and loving parent would use towards a dutiful and well disposed son. Mr. Morse is a member of that mystic craft whose "teachings are veiled in allegory, and illustrated in symbols," and to which Spiritualism adds a still deeper meaning.

A few words here may not be out of place as to the intelligencies that control Mr. Morse, who, so far as actual work is concerned, are but two in number, though a band of twelve are, it is understood, directly associated in the work, embracing various nationalities, mostly Eastern, in their number. The most important of the guides gives his name as "Tien Sien Tie," claiming to have been a Mandarin, of the second class, when on earth, and his ability, eloquence, information, and courtesy are universally extolled; while as an acute, and thoroughly able logician, he has but few superiors.

The other "control" simply describes himself under the pseudonym of "The Strolling Player," and though no less intelligent than the Chinese, he is keenly witty, vivacious, and shrewd in all he says or does. Sometimes keenly penetrative on business matters, again wonderfully accurate in diagnosing diseased physical conditions, often curiously prophetic, but always honest, frank, outspoken, and reliable, and immensely liked by the many hundreds who have enjoyed his personal friendship.

Mr. Morse candidly and honestly admits that his mental and spiritual development has been accomplished by the influence these two spirits have exerted upon him, and he is ever conscious of their power, presence, and inspiration. Two or three little incidents in his experiences may form a fitting close to this brief record of a career, that for steadfast earnestness, singleness of purpose, and a good work done, in both hemispheres, is a fitting evidence of what trust and work can alike accomplish, even under initially adverse conditions.

The controls have ever been the champions of temperance in all things, and abstinence in some, tobacco especially. In the early days of their medium's development, he considered it would add to his dignity if he learned to smoke. But, on commencing to do so, the spirits, through the daughter of Mrs. Main, who was an excellent medium, told him if he persisted they would cure him. He did persist, and was cured in the following manner:—

One bright August morning, a deep blue sky overhead, not a cloud, nor the slightest breath of air, Mr. Morse started from his home to make some calls, duly "loading" a very neat meerschaum pipe, of which he felt quite proud. Walking a few yards, and gentle puffing forth the curling smoke, he was preparing to enjoy his walk and pipe, when, suddenly, air instead of smoke, was all he could draw through the pipe stem,

On removing the pipe to ascertain the trouble, he was astonished to find the pipe bowl entirely empty of tobacco! Carefully retracing his steps back to the house door, he utterly failed to discover the missing "plug," which but a few moments before, he had newly placed and kindled, in the now empty bowl, not a mortal creature had been encountered in either direction! Somewhat confounded, a trifle vexed, he suddenly remembered the spirit's threat to cure him of smoking, which remembrance startled him so that he at once placed the pipe in his pocket, resolving not to smoke just then, any way. It being Tuesday, in the evening of which day the weekly circle was held, he duly appeared thereat, but a little late, indeed the circle had been in session some time, the before-mentioned lady medium being entranced. On Mr. Morse entering the room, this lady, under influence, immediately accosted him with the remark, "there, didn't we tell you if you would not leave off smoking we would cure you? Next time we will take the pipe as well as the tobacco, so look out." Mr. Morse had not mentioned the incident of the morning to a single person—he wanted to get a "test," and he got one! The lesson is, that, around us are unseen guides, protectors, friends—aye our loved. It also proved the intelligence, and beneficence of these invisible ones.

On another occasion, the house being filled with visitors, every available sleeping accommodation being utilized, and the company including the aged grandmamma and the newly born infant, Mr. Morse surrendered his own bed-room and retreated to a little box room in the front and at the top of the house, where making a bed upon the floor, he retired to rest. For light he used a short length of wax candle, which, stuck on to a little wooden support, he rested on the window frame. Providing himself with a glassful of drinking water, of which he consumed about one half, he retired, and lay reading odd copies of the *Banner of Light*, until growing drowsy, he prepared to sleep. Seeing the candle was almost consumed, and thinking the expiring wick would drown its flame in the little pool of grease accumulated in the holder, he went to sleep, feeling all was safe. How long he slept could not be determined, but, just as dawn was showing in the east, a hand, large and heavy, firmly grasped him by the shoulder, pulling him up in his bed, wherein he was instantly broad awake; but, close enough to singe his whiskers, the window-frame was blazing merrily, wood crackling, and sparks flying! By some instinct he seized the glass containing the remains of the drinking water, which he dashed into the burning casing—the fire had eaten a hole clear through and was climbing inside the hollow space. Calmly and deliberately Mr. Morse, in his *robes du nuit*, obtained

water, went out upon the narrow coping stone, some three inches broad, and fifty feet from the ground, ripped off the lead covering of the window—a projecting one, beat in the woodwork with a loose door-handle spindle, and by pouring water into the cavity finally extinguished the flames. He then returned to his room, and as the controlling influence left him, sank limp and nerveless upon his bed, for the magnitude of the danger then burst upon him. He finally weak and faint went into the next room, wherein a dear friend, a Mr. Selwood was sleeping, and told him of the narrow escape they had all had from a disastrous conflagration, but not mentioning *how* he was awakened. The friend referred to was also a medium, he is now in the higher life—and in the afternoon was entranced by his grandfather, who said to Mr. Morse, "Ah, young man, if I had not grasped your shoulder, and kept your nerves calm, undoubtedly you would have been burned to death," for the fire was close to the bed and sleeper.

On the noon of Wednesday, August 5th, 1885, the steamship "Wisconsin" steamed into New York's beautiful bay bearing among her passengers from England, Mr. Morse, his wife and daughter. The journey had been undertaken at the request of Mr. Morse's guides, and its extent was to embrace the east and west of the country. Our apostle's first duties were at the Onset Bay Camp-meeting, where the powerful oratory of his controls at once won a front rank. From there he paid a flying visit to the Etna Camp-meeting "down in Maine," creating quite a *furor* there. The lecture season of 1885-86 was mainly divided between the cities of New York and Brooklyn, with flying visits to Boston, Mass., Dover, N. H., Norwich, Conn., and the month of May in Washington, D. C. Large audiences greeted him at all these places, and the secular press gave occasional but excellent notices of his work.

During the camp-meeting season of 1886 he was retained for all the leading camp-meetings in the east, addressing audiences numbered by the thousands at Onset Bay, Niantic, Neshaminy, Cassadaga, Lake Pleasant and Etna, doing an amount of travel and work that was a powerful testimony to the strength of a sturdy English constitution. From the close of the camps he was fully employed until his arrival on the Pacific Coast on May 28th last. His services East were last season divided between New York and Brooklyn again, with two months—March and April—devoted to Philadelphia and Washington respectively, at the close of which he commenced to travel towards the Golden Gate.

While *en route* here he addressed large and excellent meetings in Cleveland, Ohio, staying over two weeks; in Willoughby, Ohio; and in Chicago; meeting an enthusiastic reception in each case. Since his appearance

here among us the labors of his guides have abundantly corroborated the reports of their marvelous oratorical powers, intellectual qualities and spiritual capabilities. The large and delighted auditories that have attended their ministries, the excellent notices of our neighbor of the *Golden Gate*, as well as those that have appeared in the city press generally, all testify to the wisdom of the camp-meeting management in securing so valuable a spiritual speaker, and there is no doubt that Mr. Morse will find his services in full demand here for just as long as he desires to remain among us.

It may be interesting to record here that the brother previously referred to, crossed over from Canada, and joined the United States regular army in January, 1861, remaining therein, under active service, until November, 1884, when he was retired from the active list, owing to "disability in the line of duty." His linear rank is that of Captain, his regiment being the 16th U. S. Infantry. The official army register however notes that his "staff service other than that under commission" includes "Adjutant 3d Battalion, 17th Infantry, Oct. 30, 1865, to Sept. 21st, 1866; aide-de-camp Oct. and Nov. 1866; Dec. 1867. to Dec. 1868; and April 1869 to Jan. 1871." Captain C. E. Morse married a daughter of Gen. Bainbridge, and himself and family are now located in a charmingly situated house in the pretty little town of Carlisle, Penn. The two brothers had lost sight of each other for twenty-seven years, but our Apostle instituted searching inquiries during his first visit to Washington, with the result that the long-separated brothers were reunited on the 30th of June of last year.

Let these instances selected at random suffice, but a personal acquaintance with Mr. Morse would give such who made it, an opportunity of hearing, at first hand, many curious incidents of help in times of sickness, trial, and trouble, of work done, of journeys made, of results foretold, that fully support the reality of spirit-communion, and show clearly that our loved ones are about us ever. Let it be understood that this brief chronicle is but a fragment of the life it refers to, and is but intended as a brief and condensed record of the earlier experiences of one whose name is now a household word wherever Spiritualism is known, or its literature may be found.

This brief chronicle now closes, and it is submitted in the pleasant hope that it will be acceptable to all into whose hands it may chance to fall, and all who have had, or may yet have, the pleasure of meeting the subject of this monograph will know from his amiability, courtesy, and earnestness, that no word of praise herein expressed exceeds the case; and as the pen is laid down let its last words be, may he long be spared to labor with us and continue as an ever faithful Apostle of Spiritualism.

### Dr. James L. York.

Dr. James L. York was born of poor parents in New York, at an early period of his life, sometime during the year of our Lord 1830, and we have been informed by his mother that he was a very proper and handsome child. He has no boast to make of his pedigree, except that England and Holland furnished the ancestral or family line, and so far as he is aware none of his family have ever been outlawed for want of common sense. His early life had but few roses, and many thorns scattered in its path, and like Elihu Burrit, the learned blacksmith, Robert Collier, the great Unitarian preacher of Chicago, and Gerald Massey, the English poet, as also many others, even more illustrious, is a self-educated man.

The circumstances of poverty, and being one of a family of sixteen children, placed him at the age of sixteen years an apprentice to the carriage business, at which he faithfully served for five years; and as Robert Collier often takes occasion to say to his audience, that he learned the blacksmith trade when young, and if they will not let him preach what he thinks is truth and in his own way, he can make an honest living by his trade, and can make as good a horse-shoe as ever.

So says Dr. York. When the people will not let him be true to his sincere convictions, and has nothing to say which they desire to hear, he can build a fine coach yet.

Dr. York was married at the age of 20 years, and has raised a family of six children, and says that, were he permitted to pass that way again, he would do the same thing again with the single exception, that he would finish his apprenticeship first, before starting out to hunt a wife; but at all events, thinks it far better to be married too early than too often or too late.

Methodist milk made him a Methodist, having met with a change of heart, as they call it, at the green age of 14 years, and held his relation to that church as boy, man, and official position for about twenty years, and to make doubly sure of final salvation, was baptized at three different times.

One of his early recollections is, that he never saw his mother in anger in his life, save once, and that was the only time she ever whipped him in her life, and that was for the offense of whistling on the Lord's day.

Later on in life he was captivated with that grand and most beautiful idea of one God and no more, and finally dismissed two of the Gods as quite superfluous and not requisite to salvation, and became a Unitarian through the influence and fellowship of Charles G. Ames, a Unitarian minister, and one of the leading lights of that faith in America, and by him was induced to take the platform in the spread of Freethought, and the higher and broader principles of Natural Religion.

For twenty years Dr. York has followed the trail of superstition as a missionary of Freethought, mainly on the Pacific Coast. He is well known in every city and town from San Diego to Seattle, having made ten or a dozen tours through the coast states and territories, frequently going far into the interior, visiting mining and lumber camps, doing pioneer work which has been of great benefit to others in the same field.

In 1879, Dr. York was sent to the California State Legislature from Santa Clara county, and according to the *Journal* "Earned the high regard of his constituency for his able and manly defense of the rights of the people." Being a speaker of great personal magnetism, he was naturally a success on the stump. But politics was distasteful to him, as he could not stoop to the petty jobs and ring-work which falls to the lot of all successful politicians, and had but little respect for those who could, and consequently declined to accept office again.

In 1884 Dr. York, accompanied by his wife, Mrs. P. A. York, (whose name, by the way, is quite familiar to the readers of various liberal papers throughout the east) visited the Australian Colonies. Commencing at Auckland, New Zealand, the Doctor put in two years constant work in the cities of the various colonies, meeting with unbounded success at every point. In Sydney he spoke for eight months to constantly increasing audiences. Such were the crowds that turned out to hear the Yankee orator that it was almost impossible to find a hall of sufficient capacity. Opening in the rooms occupied by the Sydney Progressive Lyceum he was soon compelled to secure the Gaiety Theatre, then the Academy of Music, next the Bijou Theatre, and finally, the Theatre Royal, the largest theatre in the city.

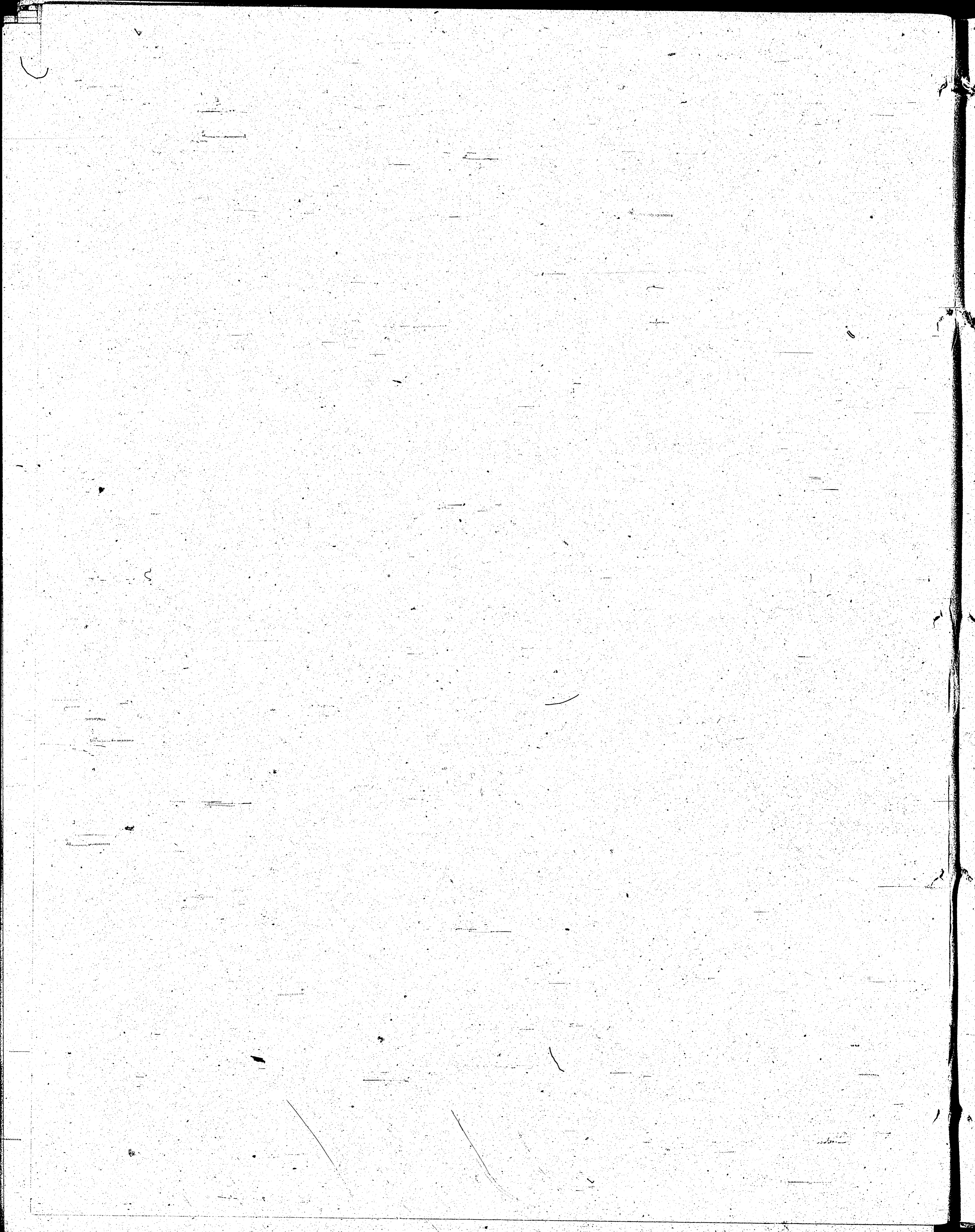
He received uniformly kind treatment at the hands of the press wherever he went, and has now as fine a collection of press notices as speakers often have the good fortune to receive. Even those who did not think as he did gave him the credit of being "honest, eloquent and entertaining." On one occasion the *Sydney Common Sense* had this to say of him: "Last night was the doctor's thirteenth lecture in Sydney, and proved what has been said of him elsewhere, that in the lecture field he has but few equals. He is truly the Ingersoll of the west."

After leaving Sydney the doctor visited Melbourne, Brisbane, and many smaller places in Australia, and again returned to Auckland, Dunedin, Christchurch, etc., in New Zealand. During his stay in Brisbane the Y. M. C. A. of that city felt called upon to do something to check the growth of infidelity in their midst, and to this end the Rev. Mr. Long, a noted Scotch divine who was then doing missionary work in that section, was induced to challenge Dr. York to a six night debate on their various points



Dr. James L. York.





of belief. The debates attracted immense audiences, and the result may be inferred from the fact that the man from Glasgow left town in disgust, not even having friends in his own camp, while Dr. and Mrs. York were accorded a public reception and made the recipients of a handsome testimonial.

To say nothing of the financial success of his Australian tour, the doctor brought back with him many rare and costly gifts—tokens of the esteem and affection of his hearers.

The doctor is a hard worker and soon tires of resting, and, like John B. Gough, will doubtless be found on the rostrum when he is called to his final rest. After a short visit with their son and daughter, Mrs. Wm. Bloomfield of this city and A. S. York of San Jose, their only children on this side of the river, Dr. and Mrs. York left for the East early in May. He will speak at all the principal points and expects to arrive in Boston about September 1st. Already he has been heard from, speaking to crowded houses at Salt Lake, Canyon City, Denver, etc.

The doctor calls San Jose his home, where his family has resided for twenty years, and where they have kept open house for mediums and lecturers, as the most of those who have visited the Garden City during that time will testify.

#### Dr. Fell.

##### CHAPTER XIII.

"And binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will."

The seer of the Catskills in commenting upon this stanza of Pope in his "Universal Prayer," in effect parodies it in his quaint way, thus:

"And finishing the watch complete,  
Left free the middle wheel!"

We shall see. But now we have left Ethel bewildered, as she glanced down the printed-column before her, and discovered that her pencilled impressions of the lecture or discourse by Dr. Fell, were but a synopsis of what she found in full in the sheet in her hand.

As she finished and assured herself of the identity, she glanced up at her waiting auditors, with a flash in her usually soft eye, and exclaimed half under her breath—"How dare he!"

Three brief words that comprised all her amazement, her indignation, and sense of imposition.

Mr. Raymond laughed good-naturedly, a little ironically, as if it were no more than he expected, while Eva looked gravely perplexed.

As Ethel was about to lay the paper aside, as the breakfast was brought in, Eva reached silently for it, to verify with her own eyes what she had just heard; but nothing more was said upon the subject at that hour.

Mr. Raymond knew that Ethel's mortification and perplexity would be great, and he was not possessed of a tantalizing spirit.

When the morning duties were attended to, Ethel did not repair to the parlor, as was her wont, where she would find Eva engaged in reading, who would lay down her book for pleasant converse, or comment upon what, probably, Ethel had read previous to her coming.

Now, Ethel went directly to her own room, where she penned a note to the hostess of the previous evening, saying briefly, that she "would be obliged to discontinue the circles at their house for the present, and would she kindly notify the other members;" leaving it to be inferred that it was because of her cousin's presence, as would naturally and unsuspectingly be the case.

Then, her mind somewhat relieved, she went below, and with sewing in hand, seated herself opposite Eva, who laid aside one of the current magazines of the day, and looking into her cousin's grave face, burst into uncontrollable laughter.

She knew her cousin's seriousness, and did not mean to mock her, but the situation looked decidedly comical to her view. Accustomed to hear of the dubious make-shifts for position and popularity in the great city, and having a little less sensitive and tender conscience than Ethel, besides, as she had said, being always able to rely upon her good angel of mirth to extricate her from perplexing circumstances, and a little awe that she had felt at Dr. Fell subsiding upon this nearer view of him, her natural disposition to take the world lightly; asserting itself; as soon as she could speak, she said, "well my good coz what will you do about it?"

"I have already done," she replied, "all that I propose to do." For, where a principle was involved Ethel was ever prompt to act.

"Indeed," said Eva, "and what may that be, please?"

"I have prepared a note excusing myself from attendance—for the present;" she said emphatically.

"And so have excluded me, of course?" "Certainly," smiled Ethel, at last, "you especially," as if the hasty deed were done chiefly on Eva's account, and to preclude all expostulation.

"Is there no explanation of the matter? no 'getting round,' as they say, the apparent deception?" "I see none, and yet I feel that there may be," Ethel answered, musingly.

"Then you do not believe it to be a cribbage of another's wares; a plagiarism, in fact." "Nothing looks more certain," confessed Ethel, "and yet I would not have believed it."

"Perhaps that mirthful 'daemon' you mentioned, is mischievous too, and has

played him a prank," said Eva, wishing to obviate Ethel's perplexity as much as to exonerate Dr. Fell.

"How would that be possible?" demanded Ethel, failing to catch her meaning.

"It seems that most things are possible with your spirits, and why could not the presiding genius—the controlling power—impress him with the printed thoughts of another, as well as to read a sealed letter," said Eva, remembering the marvels she had heard in that respect.

"True; but who would believe it unless it could be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt?"

"Not uncle, you may be sure," affirmed Eva, positively; "what a drawback it will be for him," she added, remembering their conversation of the previous evening, of which Ethel knew nothing, but asked: "Is it none to you, Eva? I felt it most for you."

"It is perplexing certainly, but facts are not altered, and truth remains the same, does it not?" recalling the speeches of Sunday with their great array of facts and philosophy, that bore the impress of truth upon the face of them.

"We will believe so," said Ethel, "and also that there may be the solution of the seeming imposture that you suggested." "I might not have thought of it," she added, feeling that she had a knowledge of such matters that should be at her command; but the suddenness of the affair had taken her unawares.

"Well, dear coz," said Eva, "don't worry about it," and tossing aside the magazine she had just picked up, came where her cousin sat, and placing a caressing arm about her, said soothingly, "let not your heart be troubled, if you cannot quite believe in Dr. Fell, believe all the more in me," she added, stooping to kiss her, like the affectionate child she was at times, which so endeared her to Ethel, whose life otherwise, was void and bare of all such demonstrations.

"Come now," as she took the work from Ethel's hands, "we must not spend this bright morning indoors because of any 'fell doctor.'"

"Oh, Eva, please forget that you ever heard that remark."

"Tell me why you use it then, and I promise;" said Eva as they passed into the hall for their garden-hats.

"There was no reason in particular," replied Ethel, "it was merely a play upon words in regard to his name, because of a general impression of mysteriousness. You know he has not been here long, and his antecedents are quite unknown to me."

"Yes," responded Eva, "and I am impressed as you said I would be, with something unfathomable and many sided about him, but he is not a sphynx by any means, and perhaps we shall be able to solve him."

"Scarcely," said Ethel, "now that further acquaintance will be suspended."

"That does not follow," quoth Eva, who evidently had not contemplated giving up altogether the one attractive person she had met in the country, for an added mystery in his doings, or even a slight dereliction. That was not the way of her world.

But Ethel waved the subject as they turned into the Avenue of trees, where the birds were attempting to rob them of their ripest fruit. "We must secure these, before they are quite gone," she said; and hastened back to the kitchen for tin pails in which to deposit the ripest of the cherries.

The robins remained, however, disputing with many a chirp and chipper, the possession of the tree-tops, where the very ripest of all, rewarded their bravery and perseverance.

Perhaps they were aware—they seemed to be—of the helplessness of the usurpers. Birds seeming to feel that trees should not be monopolized, as do the modern land-leaguers in regard to the soil, an equitable appropriation probably being the wise medium course, which the small anarchists above were pursuing.

Ethel's discomfort in regards to Dr. Fell had been aggravated by a fact she had not disclosed.

He had quite unexpectedly offered his escort the evening before, when the company were dispersing, and as she could not well decline, they had walked on with the friends with whom she came. She had intended to mention to Eva that he had inquired after her, but the incident of the morning put it out of her mind.

Dr. Fell was not one to give up the pursuit of anything, or anybody, who attracted and therefore interested him. Of an extremely social disposition, he lived in the light life and warmth of his immediate friends. It did not alter the case that he could change or make new friends with alacrity; and it was fortunate that his predilections or proclivities were no worse. Being sensitive to a lack of sympathy and appreciation, these may have been the elements he was seeking in each new acquaintance particularly as he was isolated here.

Ethel's presence at the little meetings had always been cordially welcomed; but now a new star had appeared, he did not propose to forego its shining.

Thus as Ethel and Eva had about filled their bright little pails with the red-ripe, luscious fruit, they were surprised by the Doctor's entrance at the yard gate, who, passing up the walk with bowed head, seemingly in a brown study, was in turn surprised at the door-stone, by the egress from the cherry-walk of the young ladies, with their heaped up pails of fruit glowing like rubies in the morning sunlight; which as they advanced, smiling pleasantly—if with slight restraint—and returning his morning greeting, they

held out, in turn, for his acceptance their offering of fruit.

"Have you been robbing the birds for me?" he said, as he took a ripe cherry from either pail, and noting the twitter of the flashing, flitting occupants of the upper boughs. "No," replied Ethel, "the robins were beforehand with us, and held a grand picnic on the topmost boughs, before we were aware of it; leaving us only the second-best on the lower branches."

"Ethel says the robins are unmitigated anarchists, and believe in a common division of property," joined in Eva.

"If only the anarchists had as much music in their souls," rejoined Dr. Fell, thinking of the early spring notes of that dearest of domestic songsters.

"Not too much for treason, stratagem and spoils," replied Eva, laughingly.

"They are gay deceivers," said Ethel; "and every year we trust them till they betray us, and despoil our trees;" feeling a little vexed at her oversight in not having the precious fruit gathered before sunrise, though she would not have grudged the birds the gleanings on all those upper branches.

"I wish I might have been here in time to have assisted you, I would have resisted their claims to the best of my ability, in the interest of your rights," said the Doctor consolingly; who was ever ready for any such small act of helpfulness, making himself popular thereby.

"Then you are not in sympathy with anarchists?" questioned Eva, who felt a greater desire to understand him than ever.

"In regard to monopoly, yes; and even in the apparently wild idea of a common division of property, there is the germ of future co-operative systems, that will be formed for the benefit of common humanity," replied Dr. Fell confidently.

All this time the trio had been standing in the shadow of the porch, Ethel in the rush of conflicting thoughts, *not* "on hospitable ones intent;" but recollecting herself, and the heat that was becoming oppressive, said, with some restraint, and avoiding a direct invitation to the Doctor.

"We had best adjourn indoors, where it is cooler;" taking a step in that direction.

"If you will excuse me," said the Doctor—now that I have met you here, and have but a moment to spare, I have been deputized to notify you of a proposed social or picnic in your own grove on Saturday afternoon, before the seats and other conveniences have been removed. If you have no objections to urge," he added, noting the silence of both, and the rather blank countenance of Ethel, with evident wonder.

"Not in the least," she managed to reply, "as far as I am concerned;" knowing that the lessees of the grove held indubitable title while their appurtenances remained.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"Free will is but *necessity* in play—  
The chattering of the reins, which guide  
The *purposes* of Heaven to the goal."

We were unable to "see" in the last chapter, how the perfect watch ran, "with the middle wheel left free!"

The seer further illustrates the vaunted liberty of man by the illustration of a fish in a globe, which is dependent upon the water: air, food, and light for existence, but the comparison scarcely holds good in every particular, the fish not being in his native pool, but "cribbed, confined," imprisoned; therefore not as responsible. More like a prisoner, indeed, of whom *moral* improvement is scarcely expected, and from whom all responsibility has, in the wisdom of civilized man, been withdrawn.

It is quite useless to endeavor to fix the "point between free-will and necessity," for, as to human machines—the multitude of them—it is a common proverb that "there is a screw loose somewhere." Yet the moment an individual human being holds himself *bound* by fate, that moment he is lost.

Circumscribed he may be, yet if *conscience* be lord of all, instead of self-will, the Fates he may defy, as far as moral degradation is concerned. But it is to be repeated, that wherever *that* "wood of life" is defective, the steering of one's course is certain to be erratic, though "favoring gales" may fill the sails and speed the gallant barque.

Ethel's tender conscience had received a bruise, and though her cousin Eva's suggestions and palliative measures had soothed the sudden smart, yet the abrasion was not likely to be healed. A swift suspicion entered her mind that Dr. Fell had planned this gathering for some purpose of his own.

The doctor, seeing that she hesitated to say anything further, lifted his hat politely, saying: "I hope to meet you both there, good morning;" making a speedier exit than entrance to their domain.

Ethel made her way into the house, Eva following, and into the kitchen, where, after depositing their brimming pails, they turned to look into each others' faces. Only with smiles, significant however, though unnoticed by the silent, unresponsive sister, to whom they would have been untranslatable if observed; but having noted their work among the cherry trees, with her usual commendable faithfulness and diligence, had set about preparing the paste for pies.

"We will take these beyond this heat," said Ethel, "where we can pit them," and pouring them into a shallow pan, she led the way into her father's exclusive west window, and offering Eva his arm-chair, brought another for a consultation over the cherries.

Looking up to whom, questionally, and as if to read her thoughts, Eva replied

unhesitatingly, "you cannot remain away, as it is on your own grounds."

"No—o, but if it were anywhere else."

"Which it is not," laughed Eva, at her perplexity; and having her own thoughts about the matter, added, "it was undoubtedly pre-arranged for that very reason."

"By whom?" was the brief question; as Ethel disliked to advance her own opinion.

"You should know better than I, but I surmise that our innocent Dr. Fell was the originator of the plan."

"Innocent?" repeated Ethel, who would have been only too glad to know it.

"Yes, did not we, as judge and jury, pronounce the evidence circumstantial, and finding a loophole of escape for the alleged offender, defer the verdict, at least?"

"True," said Ethel with satisfaction, who preferred not to "think evil" of any one; and though of a judicial cast of mind that could see both sides of a question, was not as familiar in her small town, with court terms, as Eva in the larger city.

"But what then, shall I do with my note?" added Ethel, who, in doubt, would fain take her cousin's counsel. "It is safe upstairs yet," she said.

"Where you will have to let it remain until an opportunity for sending, certainly," said Eva, who knew the limited resources of the household for such purposes. "Sufficient unto the day, or hour," she amended, "are the evils thereof."

"And blessings;" gratefully responded Ethel, as she arose to carry the prepared fruit where the oven was awaiting it. Her naturally serene soul would not permit itself to be long disturbed, and Eva, more worldly wise, was a suitable adviser in the present emergency.

But the final delivery of the note was a foregone conclusion, as that much of the vexed question must be settled.

Eva returned to the fascinating pages of her magazine, which were of interest, not merely for the serials from gifted pens, but for the poems and essays, easy-chair, and contributor's club, all of which afforded a fine intellectual feast.

Now as she read this from one of the poets:

"If a new-Muse draw me with a splendid ray,  
And I uplift myself into its heaven.  
The needs of the first sight absorb my blood,  
And all the following hours of the day  
Drag a ridiculous age."

"Was that why, on the day, she had written her poem in the grove, she had felt so languid and listless, thereafter? She had believed it to be only the sad news she had heard."

"The great poets are great teachers," she had said to herself while reading, "in translating to us more common mortals, our experiences."

Being reminded of her poem, lying neg-

lected in its first rough garb, she went to her chamber and began the task of fitting it for the eye of the publisher. The "needs of that hour," she knew, would not so "absorb her blood," as to unfit her for the afternoon's companionship.

Whether she were "a more common mortal," she, with her fine temperament, clear complexion, youth and beauty, than the plain, dark man, who in his maturity, with his larger learning, broader experience, and consequent keener insight into the nature of things, had revealed her to herself, is not a question to be considered. With her fineness of intellect, time would so develop and mature her, that the laurel wreath with its unfolding flower should prove no "vision of a dream," or false prophecy.

When Dr. Fell turned away from Mr. Grey's farm-house and passed out at the gate in hasty exit, he asked himself for the hundredth time in his life; "What is the matter?" He was not unused to this state of affairs. The averted face, or the downcast eye with hesitating concurrence in some proposition of his; even the "cold shoulder" at rare interval was not an unknown experience.

"The needs" of his patients often "absorbed his blood," so that "the following hours of the day" would "drag a ridiculous age." But ever there was a mentor, if not a muse at his side: who could occasionally get audience when the mental atmosphere was clear. Now as he strode down the country road—where he was not the observed of any observer—with the long lithe step of the aborigine of the forest, and the swing of his arms in native freedom, the blessed balm and quiet of the hour, and the fixed intensity of his mind upon the delicate repulse he had received, amounting to passivity, made it possible for that uncultured and unseen, but kindly intentioned mentor and guardian friend to whisper in his unoccupied sense of hearing: "search among your papers."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, audibly: then to himself, "there are many I have not looked at;" for in his preoccupation during the convention, followed by the loss of Rose, and of that evening he had proposed to devote to reading—when the needs of the first sight "of her, had so" absorbed his blood "that he had spent the short remainder idly, listlessly; unable to fix his mind upon anything after the "heavenly vision" vouchsafed—now it occurred to him that the papers and medical journals had laid unopened upon his office-table ever since.

Taking up the "Banner," as was his wont, in advance of the others, he removed the wrapper, and glancing down the columns, page after page, finally came to the "Communications;" and in looking them over noticed a brief address, that as he read, had a familiar sound. Where he had heard it before, he could not recall, nor anything

in its sentiments and propositions, which, though heterodox, should affect the present difficulty; but he was impressed that that was the case. There being nothing clearly defined in his mind in regard to the matter, and feeling that it was to be found in that paper if anywhere, he folded it up and put it in his coat-pocket as he went out to dinner, feeling sure that a solution would be soon found.

Boarding at the same house, was the grave gray-haired gentleman who attended the circles, Mr. Carey; a comparative stranger in the town, as well as himself; but whose frankness and sincerity had attracted him, and for whom he felt a high esteem.

At the table, near the conclusion of the meal, Dr. Fell was moved to ask this friend if he had read last weeks "Banner?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Carey, with a peculiar smile which the Dr. noted—as if something rather amusing occurred to him in connection with that paper.

"Did you read, in the column of "Communications" the address by "Kimball?" inquired the unsuspecting Doctor pursuing his investigations.

"Yes," was the brief reply again, and now a broad smile overspread his features, as he, too, solved a problem; but he could not bring himself at once, and there, to impart it.

They rose and donned their hats to pass out, and as the door closed behind them, Dr. Fell asked, "what did you think of it?" scarcely knowing what else to say in regard to it.

"It seems you thought so well of it," said Mr. Carey, now that they were alone in the street, "that you repeated it last evening for our benefit."

"I!" said the doctor in amazement, and pausing to gaze into his friend's face, as if he had not heard aright.

"And this is your first knowledge of it?" was the interrogative reply.

"I assure you I had not removed the wrapper from my 'Banner,' until an hour since," was the fervent response of Dr. Fell.

"Another magical freak in mental dynamics!" exclaimed Mr. Carey, "as I imagined might be the case;" he added, "I could hardly suppose you would practice any imposition in the matter."

"I recognized something familiar in it, as of a matter I had heard before, and was puzzled in regard to it," said the doctor, not imparting his previous perplexity.

"Well, it was just as good as new, to the rest I presume," added his friend consolingly; "unless perhaps, your friend Miss Raymond, who is the only one that takes the "Banner" I believe, had read it."

"I do not know," mused the Doctor; but he strongly suspected that she had.

"Who among your mentors is mischievous enough to have prompted you?"

"I believe I do know that;" but not being confidentially inclined at that moment, feeling rather a little incensed at his "laughing daemon;" but remembering that he had oftener been helped out of difficulties than into them, and as just here their ways diverged, he simply said to Mr. Carey.

"I shall see you to-morrow afternoon?" who nodded affirmatively and passed on.

"The sky that had been overclouded, cleared now in a measure; yet there was Ethel and her cousin, possibly her father also, who might still be regarding him as an impostor; for the deliberate purloiner of intellectual wares could not of course be trusted in other matters. How to set the matter right with them was the problem; knowing little of the extent of their knowledge of spiritual philosophy or phenomena even, and not dreaming that Eva could have arrived so nearly at the truth, by a little surreptitious experience of the letter-reading phase.

Mr. Raymond he knew to be skeptical, but not unfriendly. However, he must trust to time and circumstance to clear him of any imputation in the minds of those whose good opinion he valued most. Privately and personally he disliked explanations above all things; and had learned that arguments were futile upon this unfathomable subject.

Thus the matter stood, the parties in the secret having their doubts only partially solved; each one with a slight feeling of unrest, if *not* positive pain in regard to the matter—on that Friday afternoon preceding the anticipated gathering of a few mutual friends in the grove—which much abated any feeling of pleasure in view of the proposed meeting.

*(To be continued.)*

### Jails and Jubilees.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

The two questions just now agitating Great Britain are "Coercion" for Ireland, and the Queen's Jubilee—a tragedy and a comedy in the same hour.

The former is being hotly discussed in Parliament and by thoughtful people at every fireside. As the English are by no means of one opinion on this question, the excitement and bitterness among contending factions, in public and private, remind one of the old days of slavery in the United States, when families as well as churches and political parties, were rent in twain by the agitation. There has been so much said and written in regard to the condition of Ireland, that your readers need no recapitulation of the successive steps of tyrannical legislation, by which, through four centuries, England has at last completely subjugated a nation that was at one time the light of European civilization.

Down to the sixteenth century, Ireland, in her system of education and jurispru-

dence, was pre-eminently the great center of progress and learning. To her free schools and universities students flocked from every part of Christendom, and Irish teachers and professors spread throughout the known world. "The body of her laws," says one of her historians, "revised and codified, is now, by order of the British government, being translated and published as a rare and valuable treasury of ancient jurisprudence, Parliament making an annual grant for that purpose since 1852."

But alas! her glory has departed. All the solemn treaties made by England, when Ireland consented to a union, have one after another been violated; her manufactories, by direct legislation, have been ruthlessly destroyed; the education of her children made a penal offense; her lands confiscated; her troops disbanded, and hated rulers set over her—Governors, Chief Secretaries, Constabulary, Police—all appointed by the English government, with a standing army of 25,000 soldiers to enforce obedience to these officers, all of which the Irish people are taxed to support. Thus, by degrees, has England made Ireland what she is to-day, a helpless, beggared dependency. Though too crippled in her resources to make open war, her national cry is still the same as it ever has been, and ever will be: "Give us liberty or death." Death she has had in many forms but for centuries not one taste of liberty.

The discontent of this oppressed people has been voiced from time to time, by Grattan, Curran, Emmet, Burke, O'Connell—all far-seeing statesmen and gifted orators—but what avail unanswerable arguments based on the eternal principles of justice, wit, wisdom, eloquence, when weighed in the balance with the greed, selfishness and tyranny of the English government?

And now a Tory ministry proposes to give the last turn of the screw in a Coercion Act, that, if passed during this session of Parliament, will reduce the Irish nation to hopeless slavery. This bill, depriving the people of trial by jury; of the freedom of the press and of speech; of the right to hold public meetings—in fact, making football of all their civil and political liberties, is a disgrace to the age in which we live, and should be publicly and officially denounced by every civilized nation. Americans on this side the water are proud to learn that public meetings, with Governors of the several States in the chair, are being held in our country to protest against any further outrages on this long-suffering people. While England boasts of being a Christian and civilized nation, in all her dealings with foreign countries, she has proved herself the most brutal government on the face of the earth. She has ever been quick to point the slow, unwavering finger of scorn at oppressions in other lands, let all nations now make a united effort to open her eyes to her own slavery in Ireland.

She is to-day subsidizing the wealth of the world, as far as she can, to support her army, navy and established church; her royal family, nobility and petty county grades of aristocracy; her system of land tenure, tithes, taxes and corrupt social customs; her increasing pauperism and crime, grinding the last farthing from her subjects everywhere to maintain a show of state at home.

In this supreme moment of the nation's political crisis the Queen and her suite are junketing round in their royal yachts on the coast of France, while proposing to celebrate her year of Jubilee by levying new taxes on her people, in the form of penny and pound contributions to build a monument to Prince Albert, who never uttered one lofty sentiment or performed one deed of heroism, if fairly represented on the page of history. The year of Jubilee! while under the eyes of the Queen her Irish subjects are being evicted from their holdings at the point of the bayonet; their cottages burned to the ground; aged and helpless men and women and newborn children, alike left crouching on the highways, under bridges, hayricks and hedges, crowded into poor-houses, jails and prisons, to expiate the crimes growing out of poverty on the one hand, and patriotism on the other.

While the Queen has laid up for herself and her innumerable progeny ten millions of pounds during the last fifty years, the condition of the laboring classes in Great Britain has been growing steadily worse; for what then should the gratitude of the people take an enduring form of expression in a Parian marble monument to her consort?

A far more fitting way to celebrate the year of Jubilee would be for the Queen to scatter the millions hoarded in her private vaults among her needy subjects, to mitigate, in some measure, the miseries they have endured from generation to generation; to inaugurate some grand improvement in her system of education; to extend still further the civil and political rights of her people; to suggest, perchance, an Inviolable Homestead Bill for Ireland, and to open the prison doors to her noble priests and patriots.

But instead of such worthy ambitions, in the fiftieth year of her reign, what does the Queen propose? With her knowledge and consent, committees of ladies are formed in every county, town and village in all the colonies under her flag, to solicit these penny and pound contributions, to be placed at her disposal. Ladies go from house to house, not only to the residences of the rich, but the cottages of the poor, through all the marts of trade, the fields, the factories, begging pennies for the Queen from servants and day-laborers. One called at the door of an American lady a few days since, and asked of the maid who opened the door, to see the servants. After wheedling them out of a few pence, she asked for the mistress, hoping to obtain from her a pound

at least, but she being an American and a Republican declined giving a donation, on the ground that the Queen having amassed a vast fortune of ten millions of pounds was abundantly able to erect a monument to Prince Albert herself. She thought it would be more suitable if the Queen gave a Jubilee offering to her people, rather than they to her.

"But," urged the lady beggar, "it will rouse good feeling among the people to take some part in this commemoration." "Why should there be good feeling?" said the American; "for fifty years the poor of England have been taxed heavily to support Her Majesty and to make marriage settlements on all her children, and while she has been growing richer and richer, they have been steadily growing poorer and poorer." The ladies who started this woman's fund intended it should all come back to the people in the form of charity. Great regret was felt by them when they learned that Her Majesty intended to erect a monument. The complaints became so loud that at the Queen's commands the ladies were informed by Mr. Ponsonby that only £1,500 would be expended in that way, and the remainder would be devoted to charity. It is evident royalty is looking for a most generous outpouring by the people.

To show how little idea the people have as to the sentiment and æsthetic taste involved in this proposed work of art, one poor woman when asked to give a penny to the fund, said, "Here, Miss, take two, sure I've known what it is to want myself sometimes." Another needy widow said, "Oh, yes, I can spare a penny for the Queen. A widdy with a large family must have a great struggle to make the ends meet." Many such stories are repeated with peals of laughter. But who that has a soul to feel could receive money from the hard hand of poverty and under such false pretenses? Instead of making merry over such misplaced generosity, public indignation should be roused against those who receive it.

To be sure the Queen has had a long reign, but what great national work or what new liberty for her people has ever emanated from her brain? Her influence, as far as she has had any, has been against all change and improvement. If the crowned heads of Europe were to make a present to the Queen and build two monuments, both to her and her consort, it would be highly suitable. For one of their number to stick to a throne for fifty years in this revolutionary period is indeed remarkable.

But as her name has never been connected with any progressive movement, why ask gifts from the people? Through the troubled times, of the great unemployed, and the prolonged Irish struggle, the country has only heard of her in connection

with one democratic demonstration. She attended a private representation of that popular Parisian circus, in London, and it was recorded in all the papers that Her Majesty was delighted with the exhibition and honored the baby elephant by caressing his left ear.

The idea of a penny from the masses is a nice point in English calculations. When they established their system of free schools, they passed a cunning little by-law, requiring each child to come with a penny in its hand, oftentimes with its little stomach so empty that the brain could not work. Think of the self-control the child must have exercised in passing a bake-shop with a penny in its hand! A humane teacher told me she was obliged to take the penny, but she usually gave the children that needed it a roll of bread, which she purchased for that purpose on her way to school. To rescind this by-law, and establish a bread fund for hungry children in the schools, would be a good use to make of the Jubilee pennies filched from the poor, but to build a monument on such a basis is enough to make Prince Albert turn in his grave.—*The Open Court.*

### "If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?"

A Lecture Delivered by Prof. Alfred R. Wallace at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Sunday Evening, June 5, 1887.

J. J. Owen introduced the speaker as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The good people of San Francisco, at least that portion of them present in this large and intelligent assemblage, owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Albert Morton for securing the services of so eminent a lecturer as will address you to-night upon a subject of such vital importance to humanity. All honor to the man, say I, who has the courage to follow the truth wherever it may lead, and to assert his convictions thereof in the face of a skeptical and conservative world. The scientific thought of the present day is so materialistic in its tone and teachings, is really so little schooled in the occult laws and forces that dominate the material universe, that it needs an old-fashioned baptism of the Holy Ghost to bring it to a realizing sense of its relation to the Infinite Spirit, and in harmony with the eternal fitness of things. I say that the scientific world is so skeptical upon these subjects that it affords many of us a great satisfaction to be able to note such noble exceptions as Professors Crooks, Varley, Zollner, Hellenbach, Flammarion, Hare, and last, but not least, the distinguished scientist, Prof. Alfred Russel Wallace, whom I now have the pleasure of introducing to you.

If a man die shall he live again? This is the question which in all ages has troubled the souls of men; the prophets and the wise men of antiquity were in doubt as to the answer to be given it. Philosophy has always discussed it as one of the unsolved problems of humanity, while modern science instead of clearing up the difficulty and giving us renewed hope, either ignores the question altogether or advances power-

ful arguments against the affirmative reply. Yet the ultimate decision arrived at, whether in the negative or affirmative, is not only of vital interest to each of us individually, but is calculated, I believe, to determine the future welfare or misery of mankind.

If the question should be finally decided in the negative, if all men without exception ever come to believe that there is no life beyond this life, if children are all brought up to believe that the only happiness they can ever enjoy will be upon this earth, then it seems to me that the condition of man would be altogether hopeless, because there would cease to be any adequate motive for justice, for truth, for unselfishness, and no sufficient reason could be given to the poor man, to the bad man, or to the selfish man; why he should not systematically seek his own personal welfare at the cost of others.

The well-being of the race in the distant future, set before us by some philosophers, would not certainly influence the majority of men, more especially as the universal teaching of science is, that the entire race, with the world it inhabits, must sooner or later come to an end. "The greatest good to the greatest number," that noble ideal of many philosophers, would never be admitted as a motive for action by those who are seeking their own personal welfare. The scoffing question, "What has posterity done for us?" which influences many men even now, would then be thought to justify universal self-seeking, utterly regardless of what might happen to those who come afterwards. Even now, notwithstanding the hereditary influences, the religious belief and religious training in which our characters have been molded, selfishness is far too prevalent. When these influences cease altogether, when under total incredulity and with no influences whatever leading men to self-development as a means of permanent happiness, the inevitable result will be that might alone would constitute right, that the weakest would always and inevitably go to the wall, and that the unbridled passions of the strongest and most selfish men would dominate the world. Such a hell upon earth as would thus be brought about will happily never exist, because it would be founded upon a falsehood, and because there are causes now at work which forbid the disbelief in man's spiritual nature and his continued existence after death.

Let us, then, consider what is the nature of these causes and influences, and how it has happened that earnest scientific seekers after truth are so often the advocates of a disbelief, which, if it became universal and if founded on truth would be so disastrous to humanity.

Until the last century the bulk of civilized mankind implicitly accepted the belief in a future life and in the essential spiritual nature of man. Now the most advanced

thinkers reject it as not founded on evidence, as incredible, or even as impossible. A considerable portion of the more intelligent among working classes adopt their teachings. What is it that has brought this about?

The belief in a future life has been bound up with and perhaps even rested upon the belief in the existence and occasional appearance on earth of spiritual beings, of the spirits of the dead, and of such popular phenomena as ghosts, visions, warnings, premonitions, etc. Belief of this nature prevailed almost universally up to about two centuries ago when they came to a comparatively sudden end, and have since been treated by the educated in general as fables and superstitions, and this view has become so general and so ingrained that many people will not allow the question that is even open to discussion at all even to admit to the possibility of such phenomena as actual facts, but consider it the mark of ignorance and degrading superstition. This almost sudden revulsion of feeling (for it is mere feeling, not belief founded on knowledge and inquiry) may be, I think, clearly traced to the current action of two powerful causes; one of them the witchcraft mania of the middle ages, the other the rise of physical science.

The witchcraft mania which prevailed the whole of the middle ages, grew in intensity and horror until it culminated in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, during which thousands and tens of thousands, perhaps even hundreds of thousands of persons, most of whom were perfectly innocent and many of them far wiser and better than their accusers, were tortured and massacred in the belief that they had held actual personal communication with Satan. The whole religious world was permeated with the belief in diabolism, so that any accusation was sufficient to cause a person once arrested as a witch or a wizard to be convicted. Innocent men, women, and children by thousands were thus murdered to satisfy the craving after the excitement of demonical revelations that then prevailed. Some who visited the sick and healed them were accused of affecting cures by Satanic power and burned as witches. The horror, the wickedness, the superstition and absurdity of many of these witchcraft persecutions naturally led to a reaction among intellectual and humane people. They saw that much of what they believed was certainly false; they too hastily concluded that there was no truth underlying, and it was at this very time that all these horrors were being perpetrated, that the sun of modern science rose and shed its splendor over the world. Galileo, Copernicus, Harvey, and Bacon, Newton and others were then investigating the phenomena of the material universe, while Berkeley and Descartes were laying the foundation of a skeptical philosophy; men's thoughts were being led away from superstitious horrors to the contemplation

of nature and of the human mind, and then witchcraft with the very groundwork of belief in the spiritual and future immortality of man became branded as unclean and superstitious.

Mr. Lecky, in his important work on "The History of Rationalism in Europe," says that this change of opinion was not founded on evidence and reason, but merely on feeling and impulse. He admits that the facts and arguments were alike in favor of the beholders of the reality of the phenomena of witchcraft. Such men as Glanvil, Dr. Henry Moore, and Robert Boyle, the most illustrious scientific man of his age, with all the judges of England, including Lord Hale, men who had all of them either personally investigated the facts or carefully weighed the evidence, were met only with ridicule or with the weakest show of argument; when judges refused to convict and punish witches the whole subject dropped out of the sight and knowledge of the intellectual world.

There is another very interesting and important reason why there was, or appeared to be a sudden cessation of the witchcraft phenomena. Witches, in our opinion, are persons who are peculiarly gifted, and what we now call mediums, and who during at least three or four centuries were systematically persecuted and murdered. The result was that all having these peculiar gifts were exterminated out of the world, and the natural result was that the phenomena of which they were the cause or mediums, ceased to exist, till a fresh crop as it were of these peculiarly gifted individuals had grown up.

Now since that time science and man's command over nature have advanced with giant stride, while philosophy has sounded the depths of the universe and has found no standing ground of the supernatural. Heat and light and electricity have been traced to the motions of the molecules of matter; even vital forces, the forces upon which depend the growth and motion of the organic world, has also been shown to be transformations of that energy which has been traced back to the molecular motion of matter. This dependence of life itself upon matter has produced in the existing generation of scientific men a frame of mind which finds no place in nature for spirit, and which believes that matter in motion, the very molecular matter which we see and feel and weigh and measure; comprises the whole universe, is the source of all the forces and all the manifestations of life that exist or that can possibly exist.

This skepticism is so wide-spread that it pervades the churches themselves. Bishop Colenso and Charles Voysey are but the extreme wings of a body of intelligent clergy who do not believe in miracles as a scientific fact.

Science has penetrated so far into the

mysteries of nature without finding spirit that it cannot believe that spirit exists, while physiologists who have traced every manifestation of mind and brain work are unable to believe in the possibility of any mind without a corresponding material brain. It is in the midst of this nineteenth century world of thought, a world which is either grossly materialistic or pantheistic or idealistic that modern spiritualism has fallen like a thunder bolt from a clear sky, emphatically demonstrating the action of mind without any material mind; and the exertion of force without any material body, and that by means of a vast amount of constantly recurring facts, which have forced themselves upon all classes—men of science, men of business, men of religion. It is in the most materialistic epoch of the earth's history, in the midst of a society which prides itself on discarding all superstition and basing its belief on the solid foundation of physical science, that this new and unwelcome visitor has intruded itself, and maintained a vigorous existence for more than thirty years; has made its way into every civilized country in the world, has an extensive literature, a large number of papers and hundreds of organized societies, counts its converts by millions in all kinds of society, among the crowned heads and aristocracy and those who occupy the highest ranks in science, literature and philosophy, as well as among the masses, while in hosts of individual cases it has done what no religion has been able to do, convinced the skeptic and the agnostic and the hard-faced materialist of the reality of a spiritual world and of a future life.

Considerable acquaintance with the history and literature of this movement—in which I have myself taken part for twenty years—has failed to show me one single case in which any man who, after careful inquiry, has become convinced of truth and reality of the spiritual phenomena, has afterwards discredited it or regarded it as base imposture or delusion. And it must be remembered that as a rule all educated, and especially all scientific men come to the investigation of this subject with a very strong prejudice against it as being almost certainly based on credulity and fraud which they will easily detect and expose. This was the frame of mind with which the inquiry was begun by Prof. Hare, the first American chemist of his day; by Judge Edmonds, one of the most acute and truth-seeking of American lawyers; by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, a most intellectual and philosophical materialist; by Mr. Crooks, one of the first chemists of the present age, and by scores of others that could be named. These men all devoted not a few hours or days or even weeks to a hasty examination of the subject, but many years of patient inquiry and experiment, and the result in every case that the more thoroughly the subject was inquired into the more able

and intelligent the inquiries, the more seriously do its foundation-facts and main doctrine become established.

Its whole course and history, therefore, proclaimed it to be neither imposture nor delusion, nor the survival of the beliefs of savages, but a great and all important truth.

I will now briefly enumerate the varied phases of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and will then consider what is their bearing on the doctrine of a future life.

The phenomena may be broadly divided into two groups: physical and mental. The former, however, as well as the latter, almost always apply the action of mind in their production. In the first division we have simple physical phenomena, and among which must be grouped an immense variety of effects, such as sounds of all kinds from the most delicate tick up to blows as loud and vibrating as those produced by a sledge hammer, and certainly not produced by human agency.—Then we have the alteration of the weight of bodies, which has been often tested. I have frequently seen in the presence of the celebrated medium, Mr. Home, a large dining table weighed in a bright light, when there was no means of deception. This table changed its weight to the amount of thirty or forty pounds.

Then again we have the phenomena of articles of various kinds being moved without human agency, such as chairs, tables and musical instruments. These are the most common and familiar phenomena to all those who have investigated the subject. Still more curious is the conveying of bodies to a distance; flowers and fruits are the most common of these, but also other bodies, such as letters and various small objects have been conveyed long distances—sometimes several miles.

Then again we have that curious phenomena which is recorded more or less throughout history, the raising or levitation of human bodies into the air and sometimes conveying them a considerable distance. This has been repeated over and over again under various circumstances, and have even included living persons. I will in illustration of this mention one remarkable circumstance of the kind which I observed myself, because it happened to occur when there was no professing medium present. It was in a friend's house in London. An artist and his family held *séances* once a week; on one occasion the medium was not present, being ill; and one of the daughters, who had proved to be a medium was in a remarkable manner moved about the room. On this occasion we put out the light, as usual, the young lady sitting between her brother and a friend, who held her hands. The darkness in this case, you will see, was one of the conditions which render what happened still more difficult. After a little while the two persons who held her hand said, "she is gone." On that instant

a light was struck and she was found lying at full length upon a broad mantel some feet away with her clothes tucked around her so she lay perfectly comfortable. This is a thing she could not have done under the circumstances in the dark.

More remarkable by far than these, because beyond all human power to produce, is the tying of knots on endless cords, the taking of coins out of sealed boxes, and passage of solid rings over a body far too large for them to pass over by any natural means. All these things happened in the broad daylight in the presence of Zollner and two of his colleagues. He has recorded them most accurately in a work which many of you know. On other occasions a very curious thing happened, and that was the apparent passage visibly of matter through matter without disorganizing or disrupting that matter, I have frequently myself seen, in good light, sticks and handkerchiefs pass through a curtain, yet an examination of the curtain immediately afterward did not show any change in it whatever.

This enables us to understand many of the other phenomena which are happening every day. This concludes a rough outline or what we may call the simpler of physical manifestations.

Then we have physical phenomena combined with mental phenomena, such as direct writing and drawing. This is now such a general phenomena that almost every one may have the opportunity of testing for themselves. It appears in an infinite variety of ways. Papers thrown upon the floor and taken up a few minutes afterwards are found to be written upon; papers inclosed in locked drawers are found written upon; spirit writing comes upon the ceiling in inaccessible places. Then again is that which occurs in closed slates and often in the presence and under the hand of the person witnessing it. Often these communications are lengthy, and not infrequently contain matters of private interest to the persons who receive them. They often occur in languages which the medium does not understand; sometimes they occur in languages that no one present understands and which they have considerable difficulty in getting interpreted, but generally, I think, they are interpreted and found to be some definite language. A friend of mine in England obtained in his own family, without any other medium, writing in a language they did not understand, and which he had the greatest difficulty in having interpreted, until he found a missionary from the South Sea Islands, to whom it was familiar. It was correctly written, and no one in the house knew a single word of it. Then another wonderful physical phenomena is the writing in colors of various kinds which are not present to produce them. Drawings occur also in equal varied forms. Some of

these are done in pencil, apparently, or in ink; some are done in colors; many have been done apparently in water colors, and taken up in a few seconds are found to be wet; others are done in oil colors. There are instances where the visitor has received a painting on a card from which he had first torn off a corner, showing that the picture was produced on the same card.

Then we come to another set of phenomena which may be termed musical phenomena. Musical instruments are played; sometimes locked and closed pianos are played. I have seen a music box which has played and ceased playing at a person's request. One of the most remarkable phenomena, and which has been seen by tens of thousands of persons, was the playing upon an accordeon held only in one hand, the keys being touched and played upon by invisible hands, producing most beautiful music.

Then we have chemical phenomena. These consist chiefly, first, protection from the effects of fire. Mr. D. D. Home—recently dead, and perhaps the most remarkable medium that ever lived—used to take out fire, a brilliant red hot mass of coals, carry them about the room in his hands, and by his peculiar power could tell certain persons who were able to have them placed in their hands and would place them in their hands and they would never feel them. On one occasion the well-known writer, Mr. S. C. Hall, had placed upon his head a great mass of burning coals which shone through his white hair, and was witnessed by a large party present, and his hair was not scorched and he felt no pain whatever.

Another of the curious phenomena is the production of luminous bodies, solid bodies apparently which give out a bright phosphorescent kind of light. These have been examined by Prof. Crooks; he has had them placed in his hands, and he makes the declaration that modern chemistry is unable to account for them, and not able to produce anything like them.

Passing on from these we come to another set of phenomena still more marvelous called materialization, or the production of temporal spiritual forms out of surrounding matter. The first produced were human hands which sometimes wrote visibly, could be touched and were tangible; then human faces were produced; then after a considerable time the entire human form was produced, and it has now become very common, as it was promised some ten or fifteen years ago; but we all doubted whether that could be the case; nevertheless it is a well-known circumstance thoroughly decided by all persons who have investigated this subject. Mr. Crooks examined this subject many years ago and has published the results.

The examination was critical and carefully carried on for weeks together in his own



house, in his own laboratory, with all his own methods. These figures were photographed, weighed and measured; he did everything that a scientific man possibly could, and he has declared that absolutely and positively they are real existences—spiritual existences, because they are only temporary; they come and pass away again. These materialized bodies are now not unfrequently actually seen to form, and then seen to dissolve again into a mist and finally totally disappear. We have, therefore, the most absolute and perfect proof that these things are realities.

Then we come to another set of phenomena which serves as the most perfect scientific test of the reality of these phenomena you can possibly have, that is, the power of photographing these forms. If they were not real they could not be photographed; but we have photographs of those seen and of those that are not seen. These photographs have been taken not merely by professional photographers, but frequently taken at home in the private laboratories of amateurs who have studied the subject solely to arrive at the truth, who have no possibility of being deceived and who have demonstrated that these photographs are realities.

Still further than photographs is another marvelous phenomena, and that is the production of casts of hands and feet and even faces of these temporarily formed spiritual beings. These casts were made in melted paraffine. Paraffine is melted in a large quantity of boiling water, and the hands have to be dipped in the melted paraffine and then are taken out and left floating in another vessel of cold water beside it. These molds are found entire, so that the aperture at the wrist is much smaller than the hand. Certainly no human hand could come out of it. Feet have been produced in the same way, which must have been accomplished by some unseen power. In one case a gentleman in Washington obtained in this way a cast of two clasped hands complete to the wrists. That is an absolutely physical impossibility for any human being to do. A nobleman in Paris a few years ago carried out a long series of experiments on this subject. After hands and feet had been molded, casts of faces and figures were obtained, male and female, of Greek type. The medium was a very ordinary person, as I know him personally. These casts are to be seen in London, and are exceedingly beautiful; and, however, were recognized at once by this gentleman and by an American gentleman, with whom I conversed about it, as forms they had seen produced by materialization, and at their request, the casts were produced. This concludes an outline of the chief and most remarkable physical phenomena.

Now we come to mental phenomena. These mental phenomena are more interest-

ing to Spiritualists, but generally the less interesting and less convincing to the outside public who are skeptical. They consist first of what is termed automatic—that is, writing done by the hands of persons against their will or without their will; done involuntarily—the matter that is written is not known to them. Sometimes they think it very silly, and would not write anything so foolish; at other times it is clever, and beyond their power to produce. We have every kind of writing produced in this way; much of it gives good advice; sometimes information on matters of importance which the person does not know. In one case a friend of mine, and a very eminent physician and physiologist in England, acquired this peculiar power, and made a special study of it for many years. He commenced it merely as a curious physiological study; it has become a constant habit with him now, and is of great service to him in his business, frequently warning him that as a physician he would be called to a certain patient at a certain time, which was invariably correct.

Then another set of phenomena is termed clairvoyance and clairaudience; the seeing of spirits and the hearing of spirits. Persons who have this power are able to describe what they see and describe the words they hear in such a manner that the friends of these spiritual persons are able to easily recognize them. Sometimes these persons are able to give information of what is going on at a distance.

Then another of these curious mental phenomena is trance speaking. There are mediums now in all parts of the world who have this wonderful faculty. It begins generally almost or quite involuntarily. The person goes into a trance, and then begins to speak without knowing it. After a time they gradually get to know they are speaking, but do not themselves voluntarily speak on the subjects that they are discussing. Many of these are, at first, ignorant persons, utterly without the knowledge and power to speak on the subjects they do speak on. One of these English trance speakers, Mr. J. J. Morse, is now in this city, and many of you no doubt will hear him. I saw him in London many years ago when he was first developed. At that time Sergeant Cox, a great literary man, said: "I have put to him the most difficult questions in psychology, and received answers always full of wisdom in choice and elegant language, yet a quarter of an hour afterwards he was unable to answer the simplest query, and was even at a loss for language to express a commonplace idea." There is another interesting little test in connection with this medium, which I think I was the means of bringing forth myself. His spirit guide (whom I believe is so still) gave a Chinese name at the time, and claimed to be a Chinese philosopher; he gave the name of Tien Sien Tie. At that time, I believe,

nobody knew what this meant. I happened to have a friend who had been an interpreter to the government in China, and one day I asked him, without mentioning anything else, what this name meant. He answered, "Why, that means heavenly spirit guide." I think this a wonderful test."

Then again we have a remarkable power connected with this trance speaking, which many mediums have, the power of impersonation, or it may almost be called, transfiguration. The medium seems taken possession of by another person and acts the character so perfectly in voice and manner, and sometimes even in change of countenance, that he or she resembles the person who wishes to manifest themselves, and is recognized by their friends. This resembles, when the agency is powerful and sometimes disagreeable, almost exactly what was called in olden time demoniacal possession. Sometimes persons in this state are able to hold conversation with persons who speak a language of which they have no knowledge themselves. We have the most positive evidence of this that can possibly be obtained, in the case of Judge Edmonds, whom I have mentioned. His own daughter, a young lady who had an ordinary school education, frequently spoke and held conversation in many European languages, and some Indian, which her father declares she had no knowledge of whatever in her natural state. I may mention that Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, a sister of the late Henry Ward Beecher, is one of these remarkable personating mediums. She has the power of going into a trance, and during that time her countenance and figure change apparently so as to resemble those who speak through her.

Then we come to another singular power—we can hardly say whether physical or mental. It is the power of healing. There are various forms of this power. The medium is able to see and describe the whole internal anatomy, see the disease, tell exactly where it is and what it is and prescribe the remedy. In other cases the medium is able to effect a cure by touches of the hand.

Now here we have a series of twelve distinct classes of phenomena—twelve great roots of phenomena, each of which includes an enormous variety of separate phenomena, often varying from each other. These occur with mediums who are of all ages and conditions, educated and ignorant, young girls and boys as well as grown women and men. In every one of these classes the phenomena have been submitted to the most critical examination by thousands of clever and skeptical persons for the last thirty years, and every one of these classes of phenomena have been as thoroughly demonstrated as any of the great facts of physical science. In view of the numerous eminent men who have investigated this

matter and given us their decision, we may entirely throw aside the idea that imposture, only in a slight measure, has produced these various phenomena.

We will now pass on to consider what are the great striking characteristics of these phenomena. Looked at as a whole what do they teach? In the first place, they seem to me to have the striking characteristics of natural phenomena as opposed to artificial phenomena; they have the character of general uniformity of type coupled with variety of detail. In every country of the world, whether in America, or Europe or Australia, whether in England, or France, or Spain, or Russia, we find the phenomena of the same general type, while the individual differences among them show that they are not servilely copied one from the other. Whether the mediums are men or women, boys or girls, or even in some cases infants, whether educated or ignorant, whether even they are civilized or savage, we find the same general phenomena occurring in the very same degree of perfection.

We conclude, then, that the phenomena are natural phenomena; that they were produced under the action of the general laws which determine the interrelation of the spiritual and material worlds, and are thus in accord with the established order of nature.

In the next place—and this is perhaps the most important characteristic of these phenomena—they are from beginning to end essentially human. They come to us with human actions, with human ideas; they make use of human speech, of writing and drawing; they manifest wit and logic, humor and pathos, that we can all appreciate and enjoy; the communications vary in character as those of human beings; some rank with the lowest, some with the very highest, but all are essentially human. When the spirits speak audibly, the voice is a human voice; when they appear visibly, the hands and the faces are absolutely human; when we can touch the forms and examine them closely we find them human in character, not those of any other kind of being. The photographs are always the photographs of our fellow creatures, never those of demons or angels and animals. When hands, feet or faces, are produced in paraffine molds they are all in minutest details those of men and women, though not those of the medium. All of these various phenomena are of this human character. There are not two groups or two classes, one of which is human and the other sub-human, but all are alike.

In the face of this overwhelming mass of evidence, what are we to think of the sense or the logic of those who tell us we are all deceived, and almost all these communications and these phenomena come from what they term elemental spirits, or rather low spirits who have never been human? Evi-

dence for this belief I can find none whatever that is not of the most flimsy description. It might be illustrated by our receiving a letter from Central Africa written in good English writing on American or European paper, written with a steel pen, good chemical ink; and simply because it was signed Satan or Elemental, we should jump to the conclusion that all that region was inhabited by devils or elemental spirits.

Passing now from the general view of the essentially human character of spirit manifestations, we find a mass of evidence of the identity of the spirits who communicate with us, of actual men and women who have lived upon the earth.

First, we have a general proof of this in the fact of the special languages used in these communications. Any country where English, French, German, or any other language is spoken, the bulk of the communications are in those languages respectively. The Indian spirits, who so often, in this their native country, act as the controls of mediums, usually speak in broken English, or some mixture of Indian. Written communications come in many languages, usually intelligible to the recipient, but sometimes, as I have said, not so, and given as tests of spirit power, but always they are some known human languages. To suppose that any lower class of beings should have developed all the forms of human civilized speech seems grossly absurd.

Coming to the special points of the identity of spirits with deceased human beings, the evidence is abundant. I will mention a case or two illustrative of this point, taken from my own personal experience, or from the experience of personal friends from whom I have had them direct.

One of the most interesting demonstrations of personal identity was given to me by a gentleman in Washington—perhaps he may be known to some of you—Mr. Bland, a well-known friend of the Indians. He had frequent sittings with a lady medium who was not professional, not paid, but a personal friend of his own. Through this lady medium he obtained frequent communications from his own mother. He knew nothing of spirit photographs, but on one occasion his mother, through this medium, told him that if he would go to a photographer in Cincinnati (I think in Cincinnati he was then living), that she would try and appear upon the plate with him. No photographer's name was mentioned—merely a photographer. He asked the medium if she would go with him. They went out together and went into the first photograph gallery they came to, and asked to have a sitting. They both sat down together and the photographer took the picture of the two, and when he developed the picture said there was something wrong about it because there were three faces instead of two. They said they knew it and it was all right, and

to Mr. Bland's astonishment there was the third face, but it was not the face of his mother. This is very important from what follows.—He went home and inquired how it was that the face of somebody else came upon the plate. The spirit of his mother then told him that this was a friend who had gone with her who was more experienced in this than she was and had tried the experiment first, but if he would go a second time she would then appear herself. They did so, and on the second occasion the portrait of his mother appeared. Then a friend of his suggested, to avoid all possibility of doubt of the photographer having got hold of a picture of his mother, that he ask her to appear again upon the plate with some slight change in her dress, which would serve to show it was not a trick of any kind. They went the third time. On this occasion there was another picture, very much like the first, but with this slight difference that she wore a different brooch. These three pictures he showed to me, and I had the account of them from his own mouth. Assuming that he has told the truth, I see hardly any possibility of arriving at any other conclusion than that there was a real communication between himself and his deceased mother.

Another clear and striking test case was given me by a friend in Washington, a gentleman of the United States army. He has been studying Spiritualism for nearly thirty years. He has had frequent communications from a daughter who died many years ago. On one occasion there came to him in the real visible form a beautiful young lady that he did not know, but who gave her name as Nellie Morrison, and she said she was a friend of his daughter. The next day his daughter came and he asked her who Nellie Morrison was, and she told her father that she was a friend of hers; that she was the daughter of a certain officer, said what his rank was, and all about, and that he died in Philadelphia. He then made inquiries and ascertained that there was such an officer by that particular name, and that he died at the time alleged. Then he thought he should like more information, so the next time one of these spirits came he asked for further information. He was told that this young lady died also in Philadelphia, where she died, what was her age, and gave the address of her mother-in-law with whom she had lived several years previously. My friend went to Philadelphia, first of all called at the place where she was said to have died, found it perfectly correct; then called upon the mother-in-law, and found that correct.

Then on another occasion this figure appeared again, and she was remarkable for having most beautiful golden hair, and he asked whether he might have a piece of this hair cut off. He cut off some of this hair and kept it, has it still and showed it to me. He went again to call upon

the mother-in-law and simply showed this hair—very remarkable in color. The moment she saw it she said, "Why, that is Nellie's hair."

There was still one more test on another occasion. When his daughter appeared to him, his daughter spoke of this young lady as Ella. He asked if her real name was Ella, and she answered that they used to call her Ella. He therefore wrote to the mother-in-law to ask whether her daughter-in-law's name was called Ella, and found it was correct.

But what makes this series of tests most marvelous and most wonderful, they were all obtained, not from one medium but from different mediums, at different times, and in three cities. There is an accumulation of tests one upon the other that it seems to me impossible to explain or to get rid of in any other way than that of genuine spirit manifestation.

As a personal case is better than any second-hand, I will also give you one which happened to myself in America, though not so marvelous as those I have just stated. I had a brother with whom I spent seven years of my early life. He died more than forty years ago. This brother before I was with him had a friend in London whose name was William Martin; my brother's name was William Wallace. I did not know his friend's name was William, because he always spoke of him as Martin; I knew nothing more. But my brother has been dead forty-four years, and I may say that the name of Martin has never occurred to my mind, probably, at all during the last twenty years. The other day when I was in Washington attending some *séances* there where people receive messages on paper, I received, to my great astonishment, a message to this effect: "I am William Martin; I write for my old friend William Wallace to tell you that he will on another occasion, when he can, communicate with you." I am perfectly certain that only one other person in America knew my brother's name or knew of the relation between my brother and Martin, and that was my brother here in California. I am perfectly certain that no person in the East could possibly have known either one name or the other. Therefore it seems to me this was a most remarkable proof of identity.

A volume could be filled of similar and even far more startling facts, proving the personal identity.

Yet there are many people who have only the smallest glimpse of the subject who say, "O yes, the facts may all be true, but these things are certainly not produced by spirits of dead men, for that is absurd." I ask, "Why absurd?" I have never received any rational answer whatever; I have never been able to find out why it is absurd.

I will now briefly call your attention to

a few of the historical and moral teachings of Spiritualism, supposing it to be true. It seems to me to be no small thing that the Spiritualist is able to accept as history much that the scientist is obliged to reject as imposture or delusion. The Spiritualist can look upon the great Grecian philosopher, Socrates, as a sane man, and his demon as an intelligent spiritual being or guardian angel. The non-spiritualist is obliged to believe that one of the noblest and purest and wisest of men, was not only subject all his life to a mental delusion, but was so weak or foolish or very superstitious during his whole life as not to discover that it was a delusion; they are obliged to hold that this noble man, this subtle reasoner who was looked up to, loved and admired by the great men who were his pupils and disciples, was imposed upon by his own fancies, and during a long life never discovered they were fancies. It is a great relief not to have to think thus of Socrates.

In the next place, Spiritualism allows us to believe that the oracles of antiquity were not, from beginning to end, impostures, and that the most intellectual and acute people that ever lived upon the globe were not all deceived. We are told by the historian Plutarch that the prophecies of certain oracles never proved false or incorrect. Would such positive statements be made by such a writer if these oracles were all guesses and imposture? The recorded experiences and demonstrated facts of modern spiritualism alone enables us to understand these more ancient recorded facts.

Then, again, both the Old and the New Testament are full of Spiritualism, and Spiritualism alone can reconcile the Bible with an intelligent belief. The hand that wrote on the wall at Belshazzar's feast and the three men unhurt in the fiery furnace are to Spiritualists actual facts which they need not explain away. St. Paul's statements in regard to spiritual gifts are to them perfectly intelligible. When Christ cast out evil spirits we can believe that he really did so. We can believe he turned water into wine, and that the bread and fishes were renewed so that five thousand were fed, as extreme manifestations of power which is still daily at work among us. Then, again, the miracles imputed to the saints come into the same category. We can understand that the great and good St. Bernard performed wonders in broad daylight before thousands of spectators, and which are recorded by eye witnesses. He himself was much troubled by them, wondering why it was such a great gift was bestowed upon him, and feared lest it should make him less humble.

Then again, witchcraft is intelligible to the Spiritualist. Many of the characteristics and phenomena of witchcraft he has

witnessed. He is able to separate the facts from the absurd inferences of the people who viewed it with superstition and regarded it as diabolism, which false interpretation resulted in all the horrors of the witchcraft times.

Spiritualism demonstrates the existence of forms of matter and modes of being which are unacceptable from the standpoint of mere physical science. It shows us that mind may exist without brain, and disconnected from any material body that we can detect, and it destroys the presumption against our continued existence after the physical body is disorganized or destroyed. It further demonstrates, by direct evidence, as conclusive as the nature of the case admits, that the so-called dead are still alive—that our friends are often with us, though unseen, and give direct proof of a future life, which so many crave, but for want of which so many live and die in anxious doubt. How valuable the certainty to be gained from spiritual communications, removing all questionings as to a future existence. A clergyman, a friend of mine, who had witnessed the spiritual phenomena, and who before was in a state of the greatest depression caused by the death of his son, said to me, "I am now full of confidence and cheerfulness; I am a changed man." This is the effect of Modern Spiritualism on a man who had before that rested his belief in Christianity. And this is the best answer to those who ask, "What is the use of it?" Yet many still ask this question, still seek for what they term some practical good, some effect on their material being. Let us consider for a moment what would be the answer of a missionary who was asked by a Zulu or a Chinaman, "What good will Christianity do me? Will it make me live longer? Will it cure me when sick? Will it save my crops from blight? Will it give me good luck in gambling? Will it make me able to conquer my enemies?"

Would not the missionary have to reply that it would do none of these things? And yet many who ask this question believe in and pride themselves on their Christianity and civilization, again and again ask the very things of Spiritualism, as if these were the only result which, in their opinion, would make it worth having. To such I can only say that I pity their ideas of spiritual truth.

The essential teaching of Spiritualism is that we are all of us in every act and thought helping to build up a mental and spiritual nature which will be far more complete after the death of the body than it is now; just as this mental fabric is well or ill built, so will our progress and happiness be aided or retarded; just in proportion as we have developed our higher mental or moral nature, or starved it by misuse or undue prominence, or physical or sensual

enjoyment, shall we be well or ill fitted for the larger life. Spiritualism also teaches that every one will suffer the natural and inevitable consequences of a well or ill-spent life; and the believer receives certain knowledge of these facts regarding a future state.

Even the existence of evil, that problem of the ages, may be dimly apprehended by Spiritualists as a necessary means of spirit development. The struggle against material difficulties develops the qualities of patience and perseverance and courage, and undoubtedly the fruits of the ages, mercy, unselfishness and charity could not possibly be exercised and trained except in a world where wrong and oppression, misery and pain and crime called them into action. Thus even evil may be necessary to work out good. An imperfect world of sin and suffering may be the best and perhaps the only school for developing the highest phase of the personified spiritual existence.

I have now, my friends, to the best of my ability, given you the outline of the facts and teachings of the philosophy of Spiritualism. If I shall have induced even one or two of you to inquire for yourselves earnestly and persistently into this momentous question, I shall be fully rewarded. I now wish you farewell.—*Golden Gate.*

Original Defective

does that agitation mean? There can be no smoke without fire, be it ever so tiny a ray of smoke. One little spark of fire beneath the smoke of the political agitation that has been running through Russia, Germany and England, is growing in size every day, increasing in its heat until the people are beginning to wake up (Applause) out of the slumber of centuries; they are beginning to get their eyes open; they are beginning to learn that the people are the foundation of all political institutions, and that it is not the purpose of their existence to keep a hive of drones to eat all the honey they have made. (Applause.)

Now it is supposed that kings, princes, emperors, and such people have ruled with divine right; it is said that ministers are called of God. If we suppose that God calls ministers, that kings have ever ruled by divine right, then the machinery of existence is run in a very peculiar fashion! But what is the point? It is here: As we have already said, the people are beginning to wake up, beginning to learn that they do not want to be ruled, because they are not sheep; that they do not need masters; that they ought not to be slaves; that they do not need gilded butterflies to float in an atmosphere of pleasure and comfort, and conditions that are constantly increasing.

Original Defective

honesty between men and men than there is to-day. (Applause.)

We believe in every one doing something towards the general good; we believe in every man and woman taking part in the duties of life; we believe in the whole of society contributing towards the comfort and convenience of the collective community. When this is realized, and labor is recognized as a duty and an honor, and idleness ceases to be a burden upon labor, then—since the world's work will be more equitably distributed than it is to-day—the world's rewards will be more equitable than they are at the present time; then the question of labor and capital will solve of itself the problem, and abolish all distinction between the two classes. All will be workers, all will be capitalists, all interested in the general good of the greatest number, there will be then no corporative sharks to swallow up the industrial minnows. (Applause.)

Now we come to another consideration. We have seen somewhat of the political and industrial side of the question. There is one other point to which we would direct your attention. When we recognize industrially and politically that the people are the basis of the community, we do not shrink from asserting plainly and emphatically that if they are the basis of the community they must be true to their responsibility, and they must in every case live up to the duties that devolve upon them. (Applause.) There must be perfect honesty and perfect equity. No one must shirk from this or be excused; every man and every woman of the body politic must live in this world up to the duties that devolve upon them. But if they will not so live, then it might be well, perhaps, to apply the old maxim and say: "If they will not labor, neither shall they eat." If this was carried out there would be a great hustling for employment, because they would realize if they did not work they would have no means of life.

Now we come to a very serious consideration that brings us into connection with Modern Spiritualism. It might be thought that the thoughts we have presented have no sort of relationship to Spiritualism at all, but we beg to say that this is clearing the way, laying the foundation, for we consider what has been said has a direct relationship and bearing to the subject of Modern Spiritualism.

Now, the question we have to deal with has already been suggested to you in one or two remarks we made a little while since, that one of the problems of to-day has been, must be, and is yet, the old and everlasting problem of religion. We have seen how unrest works in politics, how it is working and agitating industrial questions. We know also that the same spirit of unrest is working in regard to religious matters. To-day the world of Christendom is agitated

from end to end by a variety of liberal doctrines that would have horrified the divines of half a century ago. No matter where you turn, these questions are rising up for consideration, and the whole religious world is in a state of ferment concerning the varied and important questions which affect religious belief and faith.

Now the worthy professors of Andover are very much agitated as to the question whether a man is to have another chance in the world to come, for that is what it really means, when brought to a common-sense position. If we could get hold of some of the professors who are opposed to this view, and take them quietly by themselves and say: "My good sir, I want to have a little conversation with you. Do you feel—now of course there is nobody listening, you know—do you feel my good friend that you are quite certain up there? Do you think it is all right? Are you really quite saved? Really fit to go to the heavenly country?"

Then he would look all round the room, and perhaps under the table to see if there was a reporter there, and possibly reply, "Well, I hope it is all right."

There is a great deal in that—he "hopes it is all right."

"Now, my friend, there is nobody listening and you can be perfectly frank; don't you think you would like to have another chance to make yourself quite sure."

"Well, if I was to speak from a purely human point of view, I really almost think it would be a good thing if there was another chance."

The probabilities are that if we were to take nine-tenths of the orthodox professors of religion and quietly corner them, and ask them if they would like to have another chance to make their salvation more sure, they would admit that they would.

Now this is all that this agitation at Andover means. But there are some people who are so very hard-headed or hard-hearted, that unless people will go to heaven in the way these hard-headed people want them to go, they deny them the opportunity of going to heaven under any process at all. They say "you have to take our boat; there is no other chance for you, ours is the only ferry."

The religious world is agitated over the question of probation after death. Are they agitated over it because of the justice, love, and goodness of God, or are they agitated over it for the purpose of maintaining a creed that has been handed down to them for generations past? If it was in consideration of the real justice and love of our father, God, we would not offer one word of criticism, but the indications so plainly, and so palpably prove that it is solely in the interest of a creed of a particular sect, solely to maintain the tenets of certain classes who are opposed to the broad life of human nature and the everlasting love of God.

If we admit the possibility of a probation after death, then all the labors of the evangelists throughout the world have been a waste of time. But, whether is it worse, think you, to say that "While the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return," or to say to the aforesaid vilest sinner, "My dear brother, you might have done a great deal better, you might have been a more useful person, but the love of God is great, the infinite justice of God is greater than your stubbornness, the All-wise and ever loving Father is infinitely kinder than you are, and though you have perverted your life, though you have misused every opportunity, though you have wallowed in the mire, and are a sight for gods and men to weep over, though you have almost lost the semblance of humanity, yet the love of God rises above it all, and in the world beyond He says to you 'be clean, come up higher, grow better and purer, and over there, where you shall be freed from the troubles and the trials and temptations and the sorrows of mortality, you shall yet have another chance.'"

Is it worse to preach this in the face of the Andover doctrine that denies probation after death, or to say: "While the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return?" It is only carrying the same idea over the threshold, only taking it one step farther, and if the love and justice of God destroys the creed of any sect so much the worse for the creed, so much the better for our ideas of God. (Applause.)

Then from a religious point of view another curious spectacle arises. There are a great many people who carry the Bible around with them in very much the same way that so-called heathens carry charms and amulets, that they may be protected from disaster. Some people have the opinion that if they have a Testament with them they will not catch the small-pox, be crushed in a railroad collision, or be drowned, or meet with an accident!

We have not time to dwell upon this, but will say, briefly, that, just whatsoever you believe in with your heart and mind and soul, with every power and every fibre of your being, so you become in your character. We want no idols in the nineteenth century; we want no blind worship in the nineteenth century. We want an intelligent understanding of the laws of God; we want to realize the fact that the laws of God and the laws of nature are one and the same, and that if you violate the laws of nature, all the Bibles that have ever been printed will have no power to protect you. (Applause.)

It is asserted that the Bible is the only revealed word of God, and somewhere it says something like this: That if you add anything to this book or take anything from it, if you alter it in any way, you will go to a climate that it is averred is somewhat

warmer than this. But what has been the case? Why, this book that must not be altered, but ever retained inviolable, has just been revised! It did not work right somehow; it had to be looked over, and a very learned and very devout body of men on this continent, and another like body in Europe, devoted quite a number of years to finding out whether the translations were perfectly correct, and in sundry very important cases they came to the conclusion that it was not quite correctly translated. Perhaps having a little fear on their own account, (we only suggest this of course), that things might be altogether different from what they supposed them to be, they made sundry very important alterations. But here is the issue: if this inviolable Word of the Lord has been handed down to the faithful for ages past, how is it that bishops or laymen, or any board, or school of thought, can set themselves up against the accepted canon of the church, revise, alter and change this Word to satisfy their own conception of scholarship, and thus play fast and loose with the divine revelations of their Lord?

This matter of the revision of the Scriptures has done more to liberalize dogmatic teachings than all the reformatory speakers for the last hundred years. (Applause.)

In the past when you were very much offended with anyone, you had Scripture authority to say "Go to Hell!" But now, that is not proper; the march of intellect has asserted itself; learned authorities have come to the conclusion that it is not a proper or correct phrase; that it ought to be banished from polite society. So now you have to say "Go to Sheol!" instead. It lacks a great deal of force; is not half so emphatic, is quite likely to get twisted in the tongue before you can get it out!

But why is this change in words and meanings allowed in this century? Because the intelligence of the nineteenth century has outgrown the intelligence of the fifth century. (Applause.)

Because by common consent the mind of Christendom has broadened and deepened; because now there is a forward movement of human thought that will not permit millions to be bound by the shackles of bygone times; because to-day there is a dim glimmering running through the ranks of Christendom, that after all, perhaps the next world may be a little different from what they had conceived it to be, and possibly there may be a great deal of truth in the statements of the man of Nazareth: "In my father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you."

When you take into consideration that the culture and intelligence of the nineteenth century has taken the liberty of revising the sacred volume, it is only another step forward. With the liberal churches rapidly springing up wherein is preached

the love of God, the goodness of man, the necessity of culture, the demand for present righteousness, and that a life that is clean and bright and beautiful in this world may be a sufficient preparation for the world beyond; when you bear in mind that these liberal teachings are being promulgated from end to end of Christendom, and broad humanitarian doctrines advocated, it is perfectly plain that the revision of the iron-clad theology of the middle ages is having an influence in your midst, and if these teachings continue on a little longer, hell will grow quiet cool, and the devil will have to find himself a new country. The total depravity of man will only be remembered as a dogma of the past, Adam and Eve and that old apple story, as the commencement of sin and sorrow will cease to be told, and the "only church of God" will have vanished from the world, while in the place thereof will be God's great family and God's great church, and man's great conscious need of universal righteousness and universal love. (Applause.)

Present day problems are political, industrial, religious. But there is a little one tagging on behind. They call it Spiritualism. Some people think it is a little boat towed astern of the great ship of civilization, and rather a leaky boat. What is this little boat, this little problem tagging on behind?

It is the only affirmation in the nineteenth century, based upon knowledge and demonstrated by fact, that man has an immortal soul which lives beyond the grave. (Applause.) It is the only present day scientific and demonstrable evidence of immortality.

Come along little boat, come along little problem, sail into sight. What can you tell us? Can you tell of the dead? Can you tell us of their employments? Can you tell us about the world they inhabit, and how it is related to this? Can you tell us how a man gets from this life into the life beyond?

And a voice sweet and gentle as the tones of a silver lute whispers in your ears: "I can tell you all these things; I can bring back your dead to you; I can tell you how they are living and describe the world in which they are; I can tell you that death ushers men into immortal life, and I can tell you how to live in this world so you may reap happiness in the world beyond, or how you may encounter sorrow in the future by living vicious lives in the present."

"I can tell you all these things," says this sweet and silvery voice, and the problem of the nineteenth century, communication between the two worlds, the demonstration of human immortality, is the greatest problem of all; for without that demonstration all schemes of reform, political, industrial, or moral, fade into utter insignificance, or at best only relate themselves to this life and this career.

Here, then, the line must be drawn. You will remember in our opening remarks, we said we believed in making this world better and in lifting up the conditions of human beings to higher planes of activity; in giving man a heaven here upon earth. A heaven that exists only in the hereafter, and that may or may not exist, so far as certain lines of teaching may be capable of proving, is, after all, but miserable comfort for this world. Your loved ones die and pass away from you; the fair and beautiful roses give place to the pale lilies of death; the music of the voice you loved is hushed in the silence of the tomb, the hand that clasped yours lies cold in the casket's embrace, and death has swallowed up the prize of your hopes. You may have comfort, you may be well fed and clothed, and housed, your mind may be brilliant, but when one dearer than all the rest, and dear beyond all other things, lies cold and still before you, the comforts of the world fade into insignificance, the joy of life is quenched in a flood of grief, and you ask, standing and gazing upon the pale face before you, "Is there a world beyond where I shall meet the soul I loved so in this form?"

If you have no answer, then death is the end of all, so far as you can determine, and hope and joy expire from your lives forever.

But if, as we claim, it can be through the agency of this little problem "tagging on behind," demonstrated that there is immortal life and eternal being; if there can come to you the proof that the loved are not lost when dead, not even sleeping, that they, instead, may be close at hand; that only the veil of your ignorance hides them from your sight, and that this veil can be pierced; and the voices now silent can again whisper in your ear that they live and love you still, then life takes a new beauty, and a grander glory. Then you realize that the struggle and the toiling in this world is only the preliminary towards a greater happiness in the world that lies beyond it.

Here, you see, Spiritualism comes to the foreground; it meets the question of the physical well-being of the world by teaching that the highest good of this world is the proper preparation for the life hereafter. In pleading for happiness here we are only pleading for the rights of the immortal soul; we are only pleading that wrong, and tyranny, and cruelty, and vice, and crime shall be banished from the world, because these are inimical to the development of man's eternal nature. And when we plead against tyranny and despotism in any land or all lands, we are pleading against things that press down and keep captive the immortal soul, which prevents the world realizing that spiritual happiness, and that real social and moral development which can only be known as the souls of men become recognized factors of the problems of human life.

All religions express hope of immortality

for man; this, to-day, is a possible demonstration, and herein Spiritualism shows its relation to religion. Taking this ground, then, when this little problem tagging on behind comes before you with the amazing possibilities presented—the demonstrations of man's immortal nature here in this world—it becomes a mighty factor in the problems of to-day.

Is there not work then for Spiritualists, materialists, religionists, and reformers of all kinds, to do? Are there not labors lying to your hands that need careful and considerate treatment? Can you not see the drift of the times is to give the people greater power, and greater strength; is it not right and proper, that our closing words should be an appeal to you, as representing the people, to live the highest, to be the truest in thought, and deed, and speech, that you are individually or collectively capable of doing? Shirk no duty, shirk no engagement, maintain every privilege, and claim every right, but, in return submit to every responsibility, and fulfill every duty.

Let us look at the future time, that time to come when priests shall be no more, when kings, rulers, and potentates, shall have all been gathered to their fathers, when voices of discord shall no longer resound in the land, when the people, in all the beauty of their own divine intelligence, in all the grandeur of their immortal nature, shall rise up living useful and harmonious lives; when the greatest good to the greatest number shall become the gospel of the earth, when man's inalienable right to life, liberty, and happiness shall not be a mockery of words written upon a parchment over a hundred years ago, but when those rights shall be universally conceded to and be obeyed by all.

When that happy time shall come, every man living the highest life in this world before his fellows and, no one making him afraid, then the restless problems of to-day shall have been solved. The people will, in fact, be the sovereign source of power; the workers will enjoy the full benefits of their toil, and man's spiritual nature unfolded and active in all the walks of daily life, shall give you a happy state, a truly progressive people, a divinely unfolded order of society in harmony with nature, humanity, and God?

### The Origin of "Uncle Sam."

Immediately after the Declaration of War with England in 1812, Elbert Anderson of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy where he purchased a quantity of provisions. The Inspectors of the articles of that place were Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson; the latter gentleman universally known as Uncle Sam, generally superintended in person a large number of workmen who were on this occasion employed in over-

hauling the provisions purchased by the contractor. The casks were marked E. A. U. S., the inspection fell to the lot of a facetious fellow, who being asked the meaning of the marks said he did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam, alluding to Uncle Sam Wilson. The joke took among the workmen and passed currently, and Uncle Sam when present was often rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions.

Copied from the Great Centennial, published by the Centennial Art Journal.

Uncle Sam was the eldest of five children of Ebenezer Wilson and Annie Austin, born at Taunton, Mass., January 22, 1772. His father served in the Revolutionary War, at the close of which he removed to Pittstown, Ransellæ County, New York, where his family was raised. Uncle Sam married Chloe Brown by whom he raised three sons, Samuel, Austin and Alfred. He lived in Pittstown, owning flour mills, a water course running through the farm. Upon his first wife's death he married Charlotte Nutting Reed by whom he raised four children, Ebenezer Vespasian Wilson, (the noted E. V. Wilson of Spiritualistic notoriety,) David J. Wilson, Jacob and Pauline Wilson, twin children.

Uncle Sam held the office of Major in the War of 1812, his epaulettes being still in the possession of his daughter. In the early part of the war he furnished a quantity of flour for Elbert Anderson, and in this way his name became connected with the government. In 1824 he removed to Verona, Oneida County, New York, there spending the remaining days of his life, passing to spirit life, September 3, 1844, his mortal remains are interred in the old graveyard at Oneida Valley.

Compiled by his daughter,  
PAULINE WILSON STEPHENS.

Better known as the Trance Spiritualistic Speaker and Trance Medium.  
MRS. P. W. STEPHENS.

The *Woman's Journal* of Boston relates the following:

A little grand-daughter of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore dislikes to be made to mind. One Sunday, after some outbreak, her father got down the Bible and showed her the text "Children, obey your parents." She looked discontented, but went on reading the chapter, while her father went up-stairs. Presently she pursued him, Bible in hand, calling eagerly, "Papa! papa! It says some more. It says: 'Parents, provoke not your children to wrath,' and that is what you do to me every day!"

Even large minds may be eaten by small conceits. It is said that Bacon always wrote in a small room, because, as he believed, it enabled him to concentrate his thoughts!

[WRITTEN FOR THE CARRIER DOVE.]

### The Kingdom.

(Extract from an Unpublished Poem.)

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

From the hill-tops of glory the light doth appear,  
And I know that the kingdom of heaven is near;  
My lamp with the oil of thanksgiving is brim,  
As I tell the glad tidings and chant the glad hymn,  
As I sing the glad song of redemption and trill  
Its echoes to mountain, to valley and rill;  
To forest and fountain, to sunlight and shade,  
To moonlight and twilight, to starlight and glade—  
To the deserts and wastes, to the meadows and  
bowers,

That are mantled by frost, or imbedded with flowers;  
That bud in the Spring, in the Summer time blooms,  
That Autumn prepares for the Winter time gloom;  
And I'll sing to the ages, the eras and years,  
To the cycles, the spaces, the orbits and spheres,  
'Till I touch the fair chord and press on the key  
Of the rapture and joy of a new Jubilee!  
O, the rapture and joy, the delight and the bloom  
That the new morn brings to the old night's gloom!  
That the new life bears, that the new birth sees  
In the emblems, oracles, types and decrees,  
The great revelations, and symbols sublime,  
That press on the dawn of the great coming time!  
A few may behold, but a few may arise  
To the light and the joy of a new paradise;  
A few who have journeyed in the dark vales of life,  
Have walked on the seas of desolation and strife,  
Who have placed on the glorious summit, their light,  
Who have stood by the cross, have fought the good  
fight,

Whose robes in the love of the truth are made white!  
Full oft they were wounded, and weary their feet,  
As many a lion in their journey did meet,  
But they conquered, they vanquished, and put them  
to flight,

For great were their weapons, and great was their  
might!

The palm and the crown and the rapturous strain,  
With the true, the anointed and faithful to reign,  
At last they have won, and I know they will rest  
In the kingdom of light with the ransomed and  
blest!

Arise, O, my soul, and in gladness prolong  
To the nations of earth the glad tidings and song,  
Let me strike the deep notes of the timbrel and-lyre,  
With my spirit aglow with the rapture and fire,  
With the life, inspiration, impulsion and zeal  
That burns with the joy and the love that I feel,  
As I tell the new story and chant the new birth,  
OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN MADE KINGDOM OF  
EARTH.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 20th, 1887.

### Offensive Qualities of Tobacco.

Walking leisurely along the streets of Philadelphia, one day I came upon a cigarette factory. Whew! language fails to describe all I saw. Dirty butts of cigars and castaway quids of tobacco, fresh from the filth of the streets was the cleanest material used in making cigarettes. I came down Market street in a car, toward sunset, and hanging on behind were three little boys, the oldest about twelve or fourteen. Each one had a cigarette between his once pretty lips, and spat his vitality away hourly. How pale and poisoned they looked! I asked them if they liked the fragrance of such a noxious weed. They all said "Yes," but with drooping eyes. And the taste? "Yes!" On-further-inquiry, I discovered they had a well-known



brand, noted for its "opium soak," and its disgusting and sickening smell when burning. "Poor little waifs! They can't stay long on earth, and it is better they should not," I thought. They might enjoy for a few years more the fields and flowers, and the gay sports of childhood and youth, but such pale, sickly, offensive boys should never be permitted to grow up and become fathers of still more effeminate specimens of humanity. What kind of men would they make? Men? They were men then in their own estimation. They were full of the slang of the day and able to hold their own in any vile conversation.

I afterward found them at Carncross and Dixie's Minstrels, a popular and fashionable resort. Your heart would have ached to hear them talk. A blind man would have thought he was listening to three old men from the lowest saloon in the city. The curtain fell, out went the boys, but before the fresh air had swept over their pallid cheeks, each trembling hand (made so by narcotic poison), held a cigarette to the vile smelling mouth, and whiff! whiff! sickening everyone in reach of the offensive odor.

This is an old and sad grievance of mine, and I don't wish to tire you with it, but I feel the wrong keenly. Wherever I go I am met with the nauseating fumes of tobacco. Only a few years ago cigarette smoking was little known outside the island of Cuba. The Cubans knew what good tobacco was—if the word good can be applied to tobacco—and they made their own cigarettes. The habit spread and dealers followed. Makers found there was money in the trade, and became unprincipled. Little boys and girls were employed to gather cigar stumps from the gutters and spittoons of the hotels and other public resorts. Opium and other disgusting materials were used as ingredients. Cheap and poor paper took the place of rice paper, which the Cubans had only used. I wish the stylish young men of our large cities and watering places, as well as the precocious farmers' and merchants' sons in the country, could see the stuff the paper and cigarettes are made from. It would turn their stomachs, I am sure, though they have been greatly distorted by bad food and tobacco juice and smoke.

Parents have little influence in such cases, because they smoke a cigar or a filthy pipe themselves.

I think an effectual way to deal with the American boy in this regard, is to take him to a tobacco or cigarette factory and let him drink in a little reason through his eyes. If these ignorant boys, who think they are so wise, be shown a rag factory and a cigar stump grindery and see a nicotined stomach when one of their fellows die, I think the cigarette and cigar business would have a sudden falling off.

Dr. Banchet, an eminent surgeon of the

English army, says that constant association with the soldier, and inquiring into the effects of smoking have taught him that the illness of many men is to be traced to the abuse of tobacco alone. Ulcers on the lips, in the mouth, on the tongue, in the nose, necrosis of the maxillary bones, are not uncommon results of its use. Others suffer frightfully from gastralgia, gastritis, and enteritis; others from vertigo, mental debility and even transient attacks of mania.

Tobacco using is not only bad, but tobacco raising is also one of the greatest injuries to the welfare of this nation that a man can engage in. Saying nothing of the deleterious effects of the weed upon the health of individuals, no other plants make such enormous drafts upon the soil as tobacco.

Gen. John A. Cooke of Virginia, says, on this point: "Tobacco exhausts the land beyond all other crops. As proof of this, every homestead from the Atlantic border to the head of tide water, is a mournful monument. It has been the besom of destruction, which has swept over the whole of this once fertile region."

In the Connecticut valley, where tobacco raising has been carried on very extensively, for the large amount of money in it; the farmers begin to see the impending ruin staring them in the face.

I am aware that it is very hard to quit this debasing habit, when once acquired; but let all reformers unite in helping to form a public sentiment that will prevent all our youths from commencing it. C.

#### The Dead Line.

In view of the fact that women were voters, the city council of Topeka passed an ordinance making it unlawful for any person to stand, except when in line for voting, within fifty feet of the polls, or to solicit votes within that distance. The *Journal* (Topeka) comments on the working of this ordinance with great satisfaction, as follows:

Usually in Topeka from fifty to one hundred men and boys crowd around the polls and make "Rome howl!" with loud arguments, quarrels, and betting. This morning the usual crowds began to assemble but were soon given to understand they must keep their distance. For awhile they scarcely knew what to do or how to act. The voting place had suddenly become sacred, and one pilgrimage was not only sufficient, but was all a man could make. Men toed the "dead line" awhile, looked anxiously as voter after voter walked up and deposited his ballot; and tired of the lack of excitement and quarrels, folded his arms, took to his heels and was soon attending to his own business in another quarter of the city.

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#### A Spiritual Visitor.

AND THE SAD STORY SHE TOLD BEFORE THE FIRE.

I had always been somewhat of a dreamer, and when the fancy took me to rent for the summer an old mansion by the sea, whose owner was abroad, and occupy it alone, with the exception of two servants, my friends said it was just like me, and expressed no surprise. It was June when I took up my quarters by the sea, and I spent nearly all that month in becoming acquainted with the house and its history, and in exploring the surrounding country.

In July the heat was extreme, and I passed my days lying in some sheltered nook on the shore where I could hear the lazy murmur of the waves, and with half-shut eyes give myself up to reverie. The evenings, and indeed the nights, if it were very warm, I spent in a hammock on the long piazza, where the moonlight filtered through the vines and fell upon my face as I swung gently to and fro or lay asleep.

One day a storm arose that lasted far into the night. After a struggling sally to the beach, I came back with a broken umbrella and drenched clothes, and having no mind to battle further with powers so evidently superior, I dressed in dry clothes and gave myself up to meditation and reading by a bright fire of driftwood. The day wore on and night fell, so that I could no longer see from the parlor windows the white caps as they tossed like signals of distress far out at sea. I could still, however, hear the swirl of the wind as it flung itself around the corners of the house, and the cracking of the old trees as their stiff, aged limbs tried to bend before it.

These sounds, with the occasional dash of rain upon the panes of the side windows, gave a feeling of additional comfort to my safe and comfortable retreat. The leaping flames in the fire-place shone on the polished wainscoting. The candles in their brass sconces remained unlighted, and only the fitful blaze of the driftwood gave me occasional glimpses of the tall, straight-backed chairs and mahogany table and cabinet. On the walls hung two or three portraits, one of the young owner of the house, who was now in Europe on his wedding journey. I had often examined the face and thought it handsome—to-night, in the dim light, I seemed to see traits that were hidden by day. The lips looked self-indulgent, the eyes languid, the whole face appeared to be that of one who could not bear pain, who shrank weakly from suffering of any kind.

I fell into a train of thought so absorbing that I sat for hours motionless in my arm-chair, only aroused by the old clock in the hallway as it struck twelve.

I arose with a start and went to the window. The rain and wind continued though in a somewhat subdued fashion, like the sobbing of a child after a burst of tears.

As I stood there, a strange feeling came over me that caused me to look back over my shoulder, as if I expected to see some one behind me. I did see some one. The chair which I had left, pushing it back as I did so, was drawn up to the fire, and in it sat a woman. Wondering if by any possibility this could be an insane person confined in the house and waited on by stealth, I stood still looking at her and waiting to see what she would do. Her dress was apparently of some thin white material, and without decided lines of any kind, seeming simply to envelop her person and then to cease in some vague way, like the fleecy edges of a cloud. Her face—I could see it in profile only—was pale, painfully pale and her dark hair looked as if it were heavily streaked with gray. Afterward, when I came to look at it more closely, I saw that it was covered with the same thin mist that dulled the lines of her gowns. I could scarcely see her eyes, for she was looking straight at the fire, but I knew from the expression of her mouth that they must show the deepest dejection. She put out her thin hands to the fire with a slow shiver, saying:

"It is cold—so cold!"

On her left hand, I noticed, gleamed a heavy wedding ring, almost too much of a weight for her fragile finger to bear. Coming to the conclusion that, whoever she might be, she was certainly a subject for hospitality on such a night, I approached her slowly and quietly, not to startle her, and said:

"You have surely not been out in the storm, madam?"

She did not start, though she showed by her look that she had not before known of my presence.

"No—no—I have not been in the storm," she said, "but it would not have hurt me if I had."

"Mad as Hamlet," thought I, as I leaned against the high mantle-shelf and looked down at her. She continued to gaze into the fire for awhile, then said simply, by way of explanation, not apology:

"I always come at 12, because then every one is asleep, and the house is still. I suppose the storm kept you awake?"

As she spoke, she raised her eyes and looked directly into my face, which she had not done before. Large, dark eyes they were, but perfectly lusterless—even the fire-light was reflected in them dimly. There seemed to be a chill in the atmosphere about her, as about one who comes in from wintry weather with the frost in his clothes.

"Yes, it was the storm," I replied; but she seemed already to have forgotten what she had asked me, and was again deep in her musing.

Presently, as I was about to make further question, she said, softly:

"If you are not going, will you not have

a chair? One tires so soon standing. You will find the old chair by the cabinet comfortable—if anything can be comfortable," she added drearily.

I certainly had no thought of going to bed and leaving the inmates of the house to the caprices of a mad woman, and I turned involuntarily to the corner she had indicated. An old chair stood there, which to my recollection, had not been out of its place since I first rented the house. She had not turned her head as she spoke to look for it, but referred to its position with perfect confidence, as if she herself might have placed it there. I brought it nearer to the fire and sat down, finding it as she had said very comfortable.

As soon as I was seated she began in a low monotone and with many pauses to talk, but not more to me apparently than to herself and for her own relief. The quality of dreariness in her voice that I had already noticed did not prevent its having a sort of minor music which was far from disagreeable.

"I cannot help feeling that this is my house. It was once, not quite two years ago before I—died."

I gave a start which she must have noticed, for she repeated: "Yes, before I died. I am a ghost. Does that frighten you? Do not let it—I never harm any one—I am only unhappy."

She lifted her hand, and, though it was held between me and the fire, I saw none of the rosy color that firelight makes as it shines through translucent human flesh and blood. She twisted the wedding-ring slowly round and round—everything that she did was done slowly and lifelessly—and said: "Sometimes I wish to take my ring off, it reminds me so; but I died with it on, and I must wear it."

While she had been speaking I had called to mind the fact that the owner of the house was in reality on his second wedding journey, having lost his first wife within six months after their marriage. This must be the supplanted wife. Having come to this conclusion, starting with the hypothesis that ghosts exist, I was ready to understand when she said: "He is very handsome do you not think so?"

I glanced at the picture on the wall, toward the original of which I began to have a distinct sentiment of dislike, and I said "very handsome," just to please her.

"He had dark gray eyes," she went on; of all eyes in the world, the dark gray can say most. "He was very lonely when I died; he traveled everywhere, I was lonely too—I wanted to see him, and I used to come back sometimes. He never saw me, but when I was near him he could not help thinking of me. One day I found him in his room in a little hunting hotel in Switzerland. When I went into the room he was reading, but soon he began to feel my near-

ness. He threw down his book, crying "Shall I never be able to forget?" and left the room. He wished then to forget me. I had never thought of that. I had been happy before, in a quiet way, at the times when I was allowed to go to him, but that was all over. I never followed him again. After that it seemed that I should die of my loneliness and my longing to see him."

I looked up quickly as she spoke this last sentence, a strange one for a person already dead to utter, but she had not noticed and went on.

"Since I could not be where he was, I came to the house where we had been so happy together. I wandered through the rooms at night, and looked out of the windows where we had stood so often and watched the sea; but I never disturbed anything. I did not want the servants to know that I came. I thought I had suffered all there was to suffer. When we think that, there is always some new trouble on the way to us. One night I found an open letter on the table. It was in his hand, and I kissed it. Then—I read it. It was to the housekeeper, directing her to rent the house. He was to be married and to travel again."

There was a long silence. My heart rose in pity for the poor young thing who believed in vows of eternal love and remembrance, and it grew harder toward the original of the portrait. I could say nothing of my own, but the words of Scripture fell involuntarily from my lips: "Like the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a day." She paid no heed to this Job's comforting, but rested her head upon her hand and, with her eyes still fixed upon the fire, which was now indeed nothing but embers, went on:

"I cannot blame him—he was lonely and that was the only way to help it. But they will come back and I cannot bear it, and so I shall be driven from here. I wonder if she looks as I used to. If she did, ever so little, and I could know that that was what drew him, how it would comfort me!"

"I have met many wives since I died, wives that lived with their husbands nearly a lifetime, and yet within a year their places were filled. They tell me that it is to be expected, and that I shall grow used to it.

"It cannot last forever, I know; but oh! I want to see him so!"

I bent my head to hide the tears that gathered as the monotonous voice ended in this plaintive cry. When I raised my eyes, I sat alone; the arm-chair was empty, and there was nothing to remind me of my guest except a chill in the air as if the wind had swept through the room. I sat still, thinking, thinking, until I fell asleep. In the gray of the morning I awoke.

Was it a dream? I asked myself, but the two chairs stood there together to convince me it was not.

—MARY W. PLUMMER, in *Oakland Vidette*.

### A Difference.

The play was done, and toward the stage,  
Impatient to be gone,  
The pleasure-lovers turned their backs,  
With many a smothered yawn.  
The hour was late, and each man strove  
To make his exit through  
The crowded door, with tooth and nail,  
As well-bred people do.

And one, a husband, as he pushed,  
Was aided in the strife  
By her whom he had sometime made  
His lawful, wedded wife.  
Whose zeal—a woman's zeal—outran  
Her reasons as she wrought,  
Who lost her husband in the crowd,  
Nor found him whom she sought.

But he, all panting from the fray,  
Espied a slender form  
Arrayed in robes whose cost he knew;  
He seized her by the arm,  
And, being somewhat worsted in  
The competition past,  
With angry words he greeted her  
And gripped her hard and fast.

She answered not as some might do,  
But, with a timid grace  
She lifted toward his reddened phiz  
A sweet, reproachful face.  
A face that made his conscience sting  
His manhood like a knife;  
"Forgive my rudeness, miss," said he,  
"I thought it was my wife."

—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### Reasons Why Wage-Workers Do Not Attend Church.

The newest phase of the labor problem is the interest lately awakened by the discourses of some of the popular divines in our large cities. Dr. Lyman Abbott has recently made good use of the facts long ago presented by labor reformers to arouse the republic to a serious threatened danger which menaces our entire social relations. Some of our more provincial divines have followed in the steps of Dr. Abbott, and today it is the rule to find one or more sermons preached each Sunday on the all-important labor problems, by a class of men who not later than last year were denouncing Wendell Phillips as a demagogue.

Like all beginners these divines are apt to be more rhetorical than practical when dealing with the present status of society, and like other people with special hobbies they present the churches as a panacea for present ills and a preventive of ills to come. Some of these divines tell us that a large body of wage-workers do not attend divine service, that they have lost the faith once had in the helping power of the churches, and that some of them feel as if they were not wanted to mingle and commune with their more wealthy neighbors. This is a sad state of society, for to say the least, it is a poor church that is not better than none.

One of our city divines has said, "perhaps the churches are responsible for this state of affairs." Perhaps he is right, let us examine:

A wage-worker goes to church; he remembers the historical thunders of a Calvin or a Wesley launched upon the heads of those who oppressed the poor; he remembers the denunciations hurled against those who take usury in rents or money; he remembers the vivid word-painting with which they foretold the general judgment; he remembers an utter absence of high-heeled shoes, diamonds, jewelry and other vulgar adornments; he has no recollection of any very rich or very poor devotees; he remembers his mother's minister as a plain, blunt man, passing rich on twenty pounds a year. Once inside the city church of to-day and all this is changed. Instead of the plain, blunt parson he sees Rev. J. Manhattan Monitor, who parts his name, his hair, his beard, and his conscience in the middle.

When the reverend prays, it has all the appearance of outward show, it is not heartfelt, it lacks the ring of honest simplicity, and impresses the sensible listeners with painful fact that the reverend petitioner is but parading his power of elocution, he closes his eyes that he may not see the congregation and he closes his heart that he may not see God. All save his mouth is shut.

A glance at the congregation will show the wage-worker an almost total absence of poor people, what few there are occupy the rear pews or galleries. The class-leader and Sunday school superintendent are there and he knows them. One is the head and front of a monopoly that crushes all competition and pockets the "swag," and the other doles out in charity the rightful wages wrongfully withheld from his employees. Silks and sealskins make painful contrast with the humble garb of his mother, wife, or daughter. The Rev. J. Manhattan Monitor bows suavely to Mrs. Silk, shakes the jeweled fingers of Mrs. Sealskin, but he admires the frescoing when passing Mrs. Alpaca.

Others are there, rich in watered stocks, legal gamblers, whom polite society call "brokers." Men grown wealthy by dishonest speculations. Two men in jail for playing at cards for each others money; two brokers in high standing who make their fortunes by taxing the wheat of the farmer before it reaches the mouth of the consumer.

He knows there are several young men and women in jail for fornication, but there in front, sitting under the shadow of the pulpit is the leader of society, the pet of the parvenues, courted by all, invited by all, whilst the doors of all are closed to the unfortunate victim of his lust who walks the streets wearing on her breast the scarlet letter of her shame.

The wage-worker knows all this, he knows the men and he knows the women, he also knows that society will not punish the man nor elevate the woman—but perhaps this divine will preach a sermon that will make

those wealthy sinners wince and repent; perhaps he will tell them in the words of Christ that the usurer is on a par with the drunkard and the fornicator, and that neither can hope to enter heaven dying in such sin; perhaps he will paint the terrors of the general judgment. But no, there is very little said of future punishment, all is forgiveness; the mercy of God is too pleasing and his justice is so terrible that the sermon is an allopathic painting of heaven without even a homeopathic allusion to hell.

The sermon is but sophomorical trash, darkly elucidating some unimportant event in the travels of Paul (without the St.). Or, if the members of the church do not drink, (except in private club-rooms or in their professional capacity, as reporters after an item,) there is a terrible anathema hurled at saloon-keepers—but certain it is there is nothing said that will cause the wicked to cease from troubling, to let go their ill-gotten gains, to pay fair wages, to lessen rents or stop stealing by false weights and measures. Let the ministers handle sin without gloves, no matter whom it may offend, and let ostentatious charity give place to fair wages and the churches will be better attended by the wage-workers.

Let the ministers preach against the crime of inordinate gain. The wage-worker knows that Christ hath said that it is as hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as it is for a camel to get through the eye of a needle. The wage-workers know that the minister has lessened the size of the camel and enlarged the eye of the needle to please the wealthy pew-holder. The wage-worker knows that with ten thousand suffering men, women and children needing what one dollar will purchase, a "Christian millionaire" is a misnomer, a perversion of words and a damnable travesty on the religion of Christ and his apostles.

JOHN L. BUTLER.

[FOR THE CARRIER DOVE.]

OAKLAND, May 20th, 1887.

Give woman the right of suffrage and in less than five years the moral standard of the human race will advance one hundred per cent. above its present status.

Groggeries, whiskey and beer saloons will become so unpopular and unprofitable under the opposition that will be brought to bear against them by the wives, mothers, and sisters, whose husbands, sons, and brothers frequent such places, that the business will die out for want of patronage and support.

Give woman the ballot and she will vote every house of prostitution and den of infamy out of the land; thereby saving her husband and sons from those debasing and debauching vices which steal away the purity of the individual, the virtue and happiness of the home, and the integrity and honor of the state and nation.

Give her the rights which legitimately belongs to her, and she will educate, elevate and ennoble not only her own sex but that of the male. Let her become a law-maker in our state and national councils and she will see that the same class of labor receives the same compensation, whether performed by her or her brother man.

Let her sit in our municipal councils and she will see that ordinances are passed which will yield to her sons and daughters the same protection from vice, crime and degradation in public, that they would be shielded from in the seclusion and quiet of home, with all of its moral influences thrown around them.

Give her the ballot and she will demand, assert, and defend her right to earn an honest and respectable living; thereby freeing herself from the grasp and clutches of those human vampires, which would compel her to sell her purity, virtue, and honor for food and raiment. Coarse, lascivious, animal natures wrapped in human forms and labeled men will be seen to oppose her enfranchisement and political freedom with one system of sophistry and another, always hiding the real motive which rules them under the plea of protection to her moral purity and virtue; when they know in their hearts that they wish to continue her slavery in order that they may make her the fool and tool she has been in the past. Look at a man's organization and observe his habits and you can tell how he stands on the question of woman's suffrage without asking to find out.

DR. C. C. PEET.

#### Woman Suffrage a Success.

At the time of writing this paragraph we have not the remotest idea of the result of our municipal election, but whatever it may be we feel that the advocates of woman suffrage have gained a signal victory for their cause in the manner in which the ladies of Leavenworth conducted themselves in this, their first practical participation in politics. We make this assertion broadly and apply it with the same positiveness to the ladies who supported the Democratic ticket as we do to those who lent their votes and influence to the Republican candidates.

One and all, they carried themselves throughout the day in an intelligent, dignified and ladylike manner, and established the fact beyond any possible question of doubt that, instead of being degraded by the ballot, as the opponents of woman suffrage have so long claimed they would be, they elevate it and bring it up to their own standard.

Although this campaign has been one of the most exciting and bitter in the history of the city, the presence of the ladies at the polls was the signal for orderly conduct, and wherever they made their appearance they were accorded universal consideration and respect.

As a result of the experiment of woman's enfranchisement, the cause gained many converts here yesterday among the better class of our citizens—men who have been life-long opponents to the movement.

—*Leavenworth Times.*

#### The American Inquisition—How it Works.

##### THE ARREST OF "AUNT ELMINA."

Most of our readers are acquainted with the physiological writings of Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker, quite commonly known as "Aunt Elmina." We have a contribution from her able pen in *The Health Monthly* for this month. For years she has been a contributor to various papers published in the interest of reform, such as *The Alpha*, of Washington, *The Physiologist*, of this city (while it was in existence), *The Health Monthly*, etc. She is the author also of a very pretty little book, entitled, "Little Lessons for Little Folks." She has been a frequent contributor to what is generally known as the liberal press or the free-thought press throughout the United States, but she is better known to us and to our readers as one who is much engaged in hygienic, marriage, and social reform. She has some extreme notions with which we do not agree. For instance she falls in with the doctrines published by *The Alpha* at Washington, which holds that the sexual relations are only intended for human propagation. Then again she accepts some views published in a small book called "Diana." All these doctrines, however, which she espouses, carry what is usually called virtue quite beyond the lines of those who strut about in the community as members of our Societies for the Suppression of Vice. She is, indeed, the cleanest and least vicious of them all. Nevertheless, "Aunt Elmina" has been decoyed by one McAfee—a Western agent of the Vice Society—a sort of lieutenant of Anthony Comstock. He caused letters to be written to her to draw her out; and as she was seeking knowledge we presume she was fully drawn out, for being of Quaker origin she is noted for her plainness of speech as well as her modesty of dress. She is a very plain woman. If she were an adventuress gifted with seductive accomplishments and arts for carrying on intrigue, the case would be far different. She is the very opposite of that; a plain, earnest, intelligent woman, who, when undertaking to know anything of a subject goes to the very roots of it and is satisfied with nothing that does not reach the tap-root. So it is easy to be seen how such a person as this, seeking all the facts possible in regard to sex subjects with a view of giving them a scientific application, might be drawn by a despicable decoy into saying things on such subjects that would be regarded by what are called refined and polite ears as vulgar if not obscene. As we under-

stand the state of the case, these communications were confidential, were under letter seal, and what are usually regarded as "privileged communications." And yet this correspondence with this individual McAfee, under probably as many different names as there are claws to an octopus, has been gathered in and made the cause for her arrest and she has been imprisoned in the jail at Wytheville, Va. She was taken from her home the latter part of April on fifteen minutes' notice with hardly time to pack a valise.

In her correspondence with her friends she speaks of the jail attendants as being kind to her and that the marshal treated her with politeness, etc.; but, of course, they are only the instruments of the law—a most vicious and damnable law—and we understand that the reason she was taken to Wytheville was because she could have more comfortable jail accommodations there than elsewhere.

Although Virginia has often been quoted as "the mother of Presidents," the people of the Old Dominion seem to have given little attention to the comforts of those who for any reason are put behind the bars. "Aunt Elmina" was sent to Wytheville because those quarters were considered more comfortable than any other within the district. How comfortable these quarters are may be judged by what "Aunt Elmina" writes in regard to them. She counted eight rats in her cell at one time. They ran over her bed and crept up her back. Foul smells and dirt prevailed. She had an insane pauper for her room-mate and bedfellow! She writes that there are fourteen inmates of the jail and that over one-half are confined for insanity. "At times," she says, "it is really bedlam." As an offset to these forbidding features she adds the food is clean, plenty and varied, and that the jailer is kind and sympathetic. For some strange reason at the outset, "Aunt Elmina" was not allowed to either write or receive letters! Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and at last Tuesday passed and she received no word from anyone! At last she was permitted to write. It is a strange fact that one who had been convicted of no crime—one who has been simply accused—should be subjected to such treatment. This one case ought to be sufficient to abolish now and forever what are known as the Comstock laws. That a respectable lady sixty years of age, an authoress, with no criminal intent, should be thus imprisoned and subjected to all manner of discomforts under such a statute in a country boasting of its freedom of press and speech, should arouse in every citizen an indignation which should call loudly for appeal. Well did the Hon. Elizur Wright say that good men and women under this law "are treated as if they were pimps and harlots!" Let there be an end to such farces, aye, tragedies, and let the

Comstocks and McAfees return to legitimate business even though it affords them but small salaries—salaries which cannot amount to the wages and perquisites they now enjoy at the expense of the liberties of the people.

Since the foregoing was put in type we have some later news from "Aunt Elmina." The good news is that she has been liberated on bail. Our National Defense Association had written to Marshal Jordan, of Newbern, to learn if bondsmen would be accepted from New York City. Similar inquiries were made by letter to U. S. District Attorney Allen, who has the case in charge. Just as the replies from these officials reached the Secretary of the Defense Association, news came that "Aunt Elmina" had been admitted to bail. She is, therefore, once more in her home, and it is to be hoped she will be able to remain there; but, of course, she must meet the accusation. She must go into court and answer a fearful charge. In a letter to the *Truth Seeker* she recounts the circumstances which brought her to her present trouble. She reminds the editor of the *Truth Seeker* that some years ago she wrote a series of articles on "Sexual Intemperance," which received the applause of many prominent reformers, but which, after all, seemed objectionable to many readers of the paper, and it was discontinued. Then she continued the series in *The Alpha* and was an acceptable contributor to that paper until as she says, she read the poems of the "good gray poet" and quoted from his "Leaves of Grass." This, and some other indiscretions, finally shut her out of *The Alpha*. In the meantime she became interested in Diana; next in leaflets issued by its author, giving a variety of sexual experiences from various parties; leading to the conclusions presented in that book.

"Having been a student at the feet of nature all my life," says "Aunt Elmina" "I became daily more and more interested in sex as the origin of all organized existence, and I received letters on sexual matters from all parts of the country and from England and Canada, nearly all commending the work I was doing. I made no financial profit out of it. I kept myself as prudish personally as a Quaker. I firmly believed in monogamic marriage, and faithfully performed my obligation as daughter, sister, wife, mother, and grandmother, as well as citizen and neighbor, and aimed to give to the world truth and morality as I saw it." She then proceeds to tell how a kind of circle of correspondence was formed, and through this circle was passed the collection of facts regarding mother's marks, deformed children, idiots, etc., etc., with the view of learning the causes thereof, "so that a better heredity might be given to future generations by avoiding the mistakes of the present and past. We circulated slips," she

says, "from papers and medical works, and were really a vast school of devoted students, seeking the forbidden fruits of the tree of sexual knowledge. I saw," she adds, "the terrible need of work and that only a daring few would do it."

We see in all this plain, honest statement, precisely the motives under which "Aunt Elmina," was working, and how true she was to her best impulses, while to the vulgar mind she was violating a law which might consign her for ten years to the penitentiary! And we are writing this right here on the soil where our revolutionary fathers fought for liberty—right where we celebrate every Fourth of July the liberties they won—and which step by step we are losing. "As I looked around me," says "Aunt Elmina," "on the room full of men, and saw myself the object of the gathering magnates of the law as well as of curiosity hunters, I wondered if woman would ever be tried by her peers." A question eloquently put by one used to the pen, for Mrs. Slenker has been a contributor to between thirty and fifty publications throughout the United States. In such a case as this a woman should be tried by a jury of women. However harsh we have found woman's judgment to be when dealing with her erring sisters—those who are called "fallen women"—when it comes to a case of this kind her perceptions are keen, her sense of justice discriminating.

With this closing paragraph we must take leave of the subject for this month. Unfortunately we must leave our old friend Elmina in the firm grip of the law. She was held in \$2,000 bonds for her appearance at court. Let all those who have been interested in the same field of investigation which has led her into her present difficulties, stand by her, and stand by her openly, so that the unthinking world may have an opportunity to see that the subjects which have engaged her attention are not regarded as trifling or vulgar, and that no matter what may be the views of men of mediocre ability like Anthony Comstock and Mr. McAfee, intelligence is bound eventually to rule this continent. Just as the waters at the seaside recede to help form the incoming wave, the backhanded work of the Vice Society is only swelling the high crest which will fall with telling weight on the heads of the enemies of progress, sweeping away at the same time the very sands beneath their feet. Public sentiment cannot much longer tolerate "cranks" who turn the world backward.—*Dr. Foot's Health Monthly.*

#### Clean White Hands.

The *Independent Practitioner* under the heading: "A dentist should have clean, white hands," says:

"The following hints will be found of

service in accomplishing the desired end. A little ammonia or borax added to the water you wash your hands with, and that water just lukewarm, will keep the skin clean and soft. A little oatmeal mixed with water will whiten the hands. Many people use glycerine on their hands when they go to bed, wearing gloves to keep the bedding clean, but glycerine does not agree with every one. It makes the skin hard and red. These people should rub their hands with dry oatmeal and wear gloves in bed. The best preparation for the hands at night is white of egg with a grain of alum dissolved in it. White of egg, barley flour, and honey is a good application, but not better than oatmeal. The roughest and hardest hands can be made soft and white in a month's time by doctoring them a little at bed-time, and all that is required is a nail-brush, a bottle of ammonia, a box of powdered borax and a little fine white sand to rub the stains off, or a cut of lemon, which will do even better, for the acid of the lemon will clean anything."

#### Worldly Minded Mediums.

How inconsistent and antagonistic are such phrases, when applied to those whose God-given gifts, place them before the public, almost as sainted servants of God. To bring messages from the Angel world to our poor suffering, sorrowing, and sinful people—with the one hope and desire to open their eyes to a higher life of immortality and progression promised *every one*—whether they believe or not. Does it seem possible that any living mortal spirit, having such precious gifts, feeling the holiness of such a mission, and knowing the accountability demanded in return, for a just, pure, and true use of such rare talents—could desire or *dare* to devote them to other uses than for the true benefit of humanity—regardless of any money value to themselves? And if rich gifts, fine linen, and much gold, comes to them—how much more spiritual to share with others less fortunate—or to give towards disseminating the glorious news to the world? rather than to build stately private homes—in which only their own and chosen friends' material wants can be gratified?

I am led to write thus not in any envious mood or fault-finding way. I am well aware of the daily struggles of many worthy workers in the spiritual harvest field, who are too philanthropic and unselfish to ever have much of this world's goods. They see so many ways of helping along the good cause; so many needing aid that they forget their own desires of a fine house, rich clothes, and an easy life, in other's trials and greater needs. In thus giving and helping others they are building imperishable homes in the summer land, adorned with blessings and thanksgivings from thankful hearts,

more precious far, than any joys this world can give. But then again we find workers enjoying ease and rest, beautiful homes and fine raiment, seemingly content to *keep* all that comes—saying: “the laborer is worthy of his hire,” and *his* gifts were given *him* for *his own* benefit, more than for others. Besides, is he not charitable and kindly hearted to *his* friends and *his friends'* friends? And people of the world expect him to dress well, and live well—if he would demand respect of the world, etc. His mediumship may be of a wonderful order—convincing and unimpeachable, but what of his own spirit growth? that only progresses and becomes refined through forgetfulness of self and in helping other's needs. And what of the home in the summer land? When such spirits pass on, will they not miss the charming villa, with all its elegance left behind? Will it not come hard to many worldly-minded Spiritualists when they go to the next life, to be poor and homeless, and bereft of the beauty and charm this life's gold has so surrounded them with.

Simplicity in life is a virtue, rare to meet, save among truly cultured, refined, spiritual people—and man is so gregarious—that unless he chooses friendships *above* him, or has high aims in life, or is spiritually progressive above the masses, he will be likely to sink to its level, and make mammon his God, and the speech of people his guide.

Los Gatos.

L. P. J. HERRING.

#### Business Women.

It is often said that business unfits a woman for private life—coarsens and cheapens her womanhood. We are satisfied this is not the case if she is the right kind of a girl to begin with, or if she is not placed in mixed influences too young and before she has proper training.

One of the largest fancy and dry-goods stores of New York has clerks, cashiers and superintendents of women only. From two to three thousand are congregated under one roof, and the only men are the members of the firm, the porters, packers, and men who deliver goods by wagons. Yet this is what the head of the firm says about his help—to whom, however, he pays no such salaries as he would pay to boys and men. And that, really, is why he employs them. Clerks receive from five dollars to eight dollars per week, superintendents as high as twenty-five dollars. He says that the women who work for him marry in the same proportion as the women of the same classes who remain at home. But his girls marry better. That is his experience and their belief. He says that the training and discipline the women get in a great store better fit them for the management of a home than home training; it makes them self-reliant, practical, broad-minded, steady, sober. It rids

them of the adult infatuation of the petted daughter at home, of the frivolity and helplessness and of that abnormal sentimentality that leaves so many girls a prey to the vicious. He says he feels very certain that the moral tone of women is raised and strengthened by business experience. In eight years, among the many thousands of his female employees, he has not known of a single case of the ruin of a work girl by a man in the employ of the concern. One young woman went astray and her parents suspected that some associate in the store must have been her betrayer. Mr. Wheeler investigated the case. The girl had disappeared. All the men in the store were detailed to search the city, which was mapped out for the work. The girl was found and brought to Mr. Wheeler, to whom she confessed that her ruin was due to a distant relative of her mother. In some establishments the serious mistake is made of curtaining or partitioning the women apart from the men. This surrounds the women with privacy and mystery, and is not good for them or the men. The main benefits ascribed to this juxtaposition of the sexes are lost in this way. But all this will wear away and vanish, just as the large modicum of business men who would not have a woman in their offices five years ago; appears to have gone from the ken of advancing femininity, root, stock and branch.”

—HESTER M. POOLE, in *R. P. Journal*.

The Sierra Valley, Cal., *Leader* had this account of an independent woman farmer who leads a remarkable life. It may not be the ideal life for a woman, but it is of a far higher type than that found in fashionable society. For instance, in this city, the ladies mount the “tantivy” or coaches of the coaching club, with a “gentleman” as driver. There they sit in the public gaze of several hundred or thousand men, including loafers and sportsmen who delight to assemble in such places, while preparations for the start are going on. They are high up above the crowd and a place more conspicuous with a more indiscriminate lot of spectators, could not be found in this or any other country. Yet these very parties and their friends would be shocked at the thought of their addressing a temperance or a suffrage meeting before a thoughtful, decent audience. They would be equally shocked at the thought of doing anything useful like this farmeress. To continue:

“Miss Ellen Calahan sold to James Miller last week forty-six head of beef cattle at eight and a half cents a pound. This is the highest price paid in this valley in two years for beef cattle. Miss Calahan received \$3,312.75 for her cattle, and has a band still growing. Some twelve or fifteen years ago her brother died and left her two good ranches and a band of cattle and horses. Since then she has managed the

ranches and stock herself as sole proprietor. She is a noted character here for her peculiar manner in attending to her household affairs as well as caring for her stock and gathering in her large crop of hay, etc., all of which she personally superintends. She can harness a team, break wild horses, run a mower, or do anything of the work on a ranch. She shows great charity for stock, as often she has been known to take the young calves, colts, chickens, and ducks into the kitchen to save them from the inclemency of the weather for several weeks at a time. She lives alone and appears to enjoy herself both indoors and out, but especially when driving a pair of her unbitable steeds, over which she holds the reins in a manner peculiar to herself. She values her property at \$10,000—*R. P. Journal*.

#### Woman's Lot.

In a general way it is quite in common with man's, yet there are points where each has a separate sphere. United, they are mutually dependent; separated, they are each largely independent. All men have to face the world and earn a living, and not infrequently women find themselves obliged to do no less. Men receive a special preparation for such work; shall women be treated with like consideration? To send anyone forth to win bread, unqualified, is cruel. A boy or girl that is well equipped to meet the future, will look upon life more wisely, free from illusions and false ideas, and will be in the best possible condition to appropriate any good luck that might happen along.

When forced by circumstances into the stern duties of life, the keenest sufferers among women are those who have grown up in homes of luxury. It is criminal for parents to carefully provide for the boys, and allow their daughters to grow into maturity without laying a foundation on which they can build a livelihood, should circumstances demand it. By understanding the possibilities of the future, a sense of responsibility is cultivated and wisdom alone will dictate a preparation. This preparation gives a dignity and poise to character that nothing else can equal. She must be conscious of possessing an education that can be turned into money if necessary. This feeling places her at a great advantage in every situation. When woman sees life from the same standpoint as man, her lot will be immensely improved.—*Health and Home*.

A great interest has been awakened in the temperance cause during the recent International Convention of Good Templars, which was held in Saratoga Springs, New York, during the last weeks of May.

Read the interesting communication from Mrs. J. L. York.

# THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO  
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editor

DR. L. SCHLESINGER, MRS. J. SCHLESINGER,  
PUBLISHERS.

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JULY, 1887.

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## Police Matrons.

"It has long been a question intelligent women have vainly endeavored to answer—why women were not appointed as police matrons to have the charge of the unfortunate female prisoners, instead of placing them into the custody of coarse, brutal men, whose constant association with the more depraved and vicious male elements have totally unfitted them for the guardianship of women, no matter how degraded they may be. Many times young girls whose giddiness and folly have terminated in the police station, and who sorely need the kind and considerate treatment and motherly advice of some great-hearted woman to save them from further disgrace and shame, are ruined, hopelessly and forever, by the men into whose hands the law has temporarily placed them. We are glad to know that in some of the eastern cities steps have been taken in this important matter which must ultimately be productive of great good. The following editorial from the *New York World* shows what is being done in some places and what should be the rule in every place where jails or police stations are known.

"Brooklyn has followed the example of Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago, and henceforth will have a woman officer or matron in every police station in the city, for the purpose of searching and caring for arrested women. This is so obviously a decent, humane and sensible arrangement that the wonder is that it should be anything of a novelty. It still remains for New York City to adopt the reform. But if Brooklyn has preceded New York in this respect, the latter is ahead in the matter of women as school commissioners. Next month the Mayor of Brooklyn will make appointments to the school board, and he will do wisely to follow the very successful example set him on this side of the East River.

"The installation of women as public officers, in police stations or in school boards is a manifestation of the woman movement that is based upon utility. It is not complicated by abstract principles of political equality, but adds something that is needed to special branches of governmental machinery. As the rights of being educated and of going to prison are not denied to women, they can safely be represented in the management of schools and of prisons at least."

If the right is conceded women to manage public schools because they are educated, and have charge of police stations because women are sent to prison, why not carry the reform still farther and concede their right to help make the laws by which they are governed, and vote because they pay taxes, and serve as judges and jurors when women are the criminals to be tried?

This is only just and right and *must* eventually come; why not hasten the reign of law and order—"a consummation most devoutly to be wished," by inaugurating it at once?

If a few earnest determined men, who are fully persuaded of the injustice which has been practiced upon women for centuries past, would make a strenuous effort to fight these wrongs, assisted by the efforts of noble women, the blot of female slavery would soon disappear from the face of this republic; and that too, without the immense sacrifice of life and treasure it cost to wipe out that lesser evil—*african slavery*.

A book entitled "The Reason Why," or "Spiritual Experiences of Mrs. Julia Crafts Smith," has just been received, and from a hasty glance through it we think it will prove an interesting work. Published by the author. Hotel "Cabe," Appleton St. cor. Tremont, Boston, Mass.

## Spiritualism.

WHEREAS, the numerous friends and admirers of MRS. ADA FOYE, at her farewell meeting in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy Street, San Francisco, California, Sunday Evening, May 29, 1887, prior to her departure on a professional visit through the Eastern States, feel it to be their duty, both to her and the cause she represents, to inform Spiritualists in her new-chosen field of action, and of whose past labors and achievements, and also her powers for good, are but imperfectly, if at all, informed, to state in brief, that MRS. FOYE has devoted more than twenty years of earnest, continuous and largely-successful missionary labors on the Pacific Coast, scientifically demonstrating to many thousands, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the soul survives the death of its material form; that the departed can, and do, communicate through spirit mediums, with their surviving friends, and

WHEREAS, MRS. FOYE has, through spirit co-operation, inspired thousands of agonized and despairing mourners with consolation, courage, and joyous assurance, by bringing the departed and the bereaved spirit *en rapport* and interchange of thought, and by timely warnings she has spared a large multitude from ruinous investments, impending personal dangers, and family troubles; and

WHEREAS, MRS. FOYE, by means of her various phases of mediumship, such as rapping, writing, seeing, and hearing, never fails in her revelations to manifest, with certainty, the presence of invisible spirits to their friends; and

WHEREAS, it is generally admitted by those best acquainted with the labors of MRS. FOYE, that she has no superior and few if any equals in her special phases of mediumship, and that her character for integrity as a medium, and also as a wife and mother, stands above question or reproach, no charge of deception in the practice of her profession ever having been brought against her.

*Therefore, Resolved*, That while regretting her departure, they are consoled with the reflection that their loss will be a gain to others.

*Resolved*, That they earnestly recommend MRS. FOYE to the kind and favorable consideration of their spiritual friends abroad, as one of the most efficient and convincing

revelators of the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism now before the public.

*Resolved*, That they wish her a pleasant journey and hope for her speedy return to her old friends.

*Resolved*, That the Committee is instructed to present MRS. FOYE a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions, and also to mail a copy each, to the proprietors of the *Golden Gate*, *CARRIER DOVE*, *Banner of Light*, and *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, with the request to publish the same.

JNO. A. COLLINS,  
JULIA SCHLESINGER, } COMMITTEE.  
A. SWIFT.

### Mr. J. J. Morse.

Mr. J. J. Morse, whose portrait and biographical sketch appears on our first page, is the principal speaker at the Camp-meeting and charms his listeners with his clear, pointed, and logical discourses. Mr. Morse has the happy faculty of "saying something every time he speaks," as a delighted auditor expressed it on the Camp grounds.

He uses no superfluous words, but comes right to the point at once and makes his statements perfectly plain to the comprehension of his hearers, which is certainly a great pleasure and relief to those who have been accustomed to hearing "words, words, words," without meaning, pith, or point, save as they served in a vague way to express the vagaries, speculations, and baseless assumptions of some of the "orators" who attract the unthinking, superficial classes, to whom "pretty talk" takes the precedence of ideas expressed in the plain garments of truth.

We would not have it understood that we underrate Mr. Morse as an orator; far from it. On the contrary, his language is exceptionally chaste and refined, his delivery good, making him an orator of superior ability. He is accompanied by his wife and an interesting daughter sixteen years of age. The *Golden Gate* says:

"Mr. J. J. Morse made his first appearance before a California audience at the Camp-meeting, on the southerly shore of Lake Merritt, on Sunday morning last, and a more appreciative or better pleased audience would be hard to find. He is a very pleasing and forcible speaker, impressing his hearers with his genuineness as a man and a medium for high spiritual teaching.

"J. J. Morse is winning golden opinions on all sides by his grand discourses on spiritual subjects delivered at the Camp-

meeting, thus demonstrating the wisdom of the Board of Trustees in securing his services. He will prove a powerful aid to the cause on this Coast."

### Camp-Meeting Notes.

The C. S. C. A. opened its third annual session at Oakland, Sunday, June 5th. Mr. J. J. Morse, the celebrated trance speaker from England, delivered the opening address at 11 A. M., before a large audience upon the subject of "Present Day Problems," which lecture is reproduced in this issue of the DOVE. At 2.30 P. M. he again addressed a large assemblage upon "Spiritualism a Religious Question." Both addresses were masterly efforts, and were thoroughly enjoyed by his hearers.

Owing to the announcement that Prof. Wallace would speak upon Spiritualism in Metropolitan Temple, no evening services were held in order that all might have an opportunity of attending that meeting and hearing the great scientist answer the question "If a Man Die, Shall he Live Again?"

Monday having been set apart for rest and recreation, no services were held.

Tuesday, at 2 P. M., a conference was held which was participated in by a number of speakers.

In the evening, Mr. Lydell Baker, a very talented young man and nephew of the late Col. Baker, spoke upon "The Mission of Falsehood," which subject he handled in a very able manner.

The exercises for the remainder of the week, were fact meetings in the morning, conference in the afternoon, and lectures in the evening. Mr. J. J. Morse, Dr. W. W. McKaig, and Mr. E. G. Anderson being the speakers. On two occasions Mr. Morse answered questions. Prof. Carpenter, whose exhibitions in psychology had attracted so much attention in Oakland and San Francisco, gave a lecture upon "Mesmerism and its Relation to Spiritualism," upon which occasion he related some very interesting experiments he had made.

The second week's exercises were similar to the first, with the exception of a public *séance* by Mrs. J. J. Whitney on Wednesday evening, and an entertainment of a musical and literary character on Friday evening.

We cannot at this early date give a perfect record of these various sessions; but will devote a considerable space in our next issue to personal mention, and details

of the camp, the visitors, mediums, and speakers who are present and participate in the exercises. The weather, which was rather cool during the first week or ten days has gradually improved until camp life is quite enjoyable and the attendance correspondingly increased. At present writing the prospect is exceedingly favorable for a most successful termination of this third annual convention.

### The Spirit Picture.

We regret not having received the sketch of this spirit which should accompany the portrait. When the original was obtained Mrs. Livingstone was not in a condition to get the history or name, but the control promised to give the particulars at another sitting; our time has been so completely occupied we could not devote any more to this purpose, having visited Mrs. Livingstone on two occasions and unforeseen events having prevented the consummation of our object. At some time we may be able to give the sketch as we very much desire to learn who the beautiful spirit is.

### "Physiognomy Illustrated."

We are indebted to Dr. Joseph Simms of New York, for a copy of his book entitled "Physiognomy Illustrated, or Nature's Revelations of Character."

"A description of the mental, moral, and volitive dispositions of mankind, as manifested in the human form and countenance."

"This work is the fruit of nearly twenty years' diligent observation of nature, and presents a new and complete analysis and classification of the powers of the human mind and body, together with the physiognomical signs by which every faculty is disclosed."

This fine large book contains six hundred pages, and is illustrated by upwards of three hundred engravings. In the preface to the sixth edition of this work, the author says:

"It need scarcely be told that the physiognomical system of Lavater, taking cognizance only of the facial developments and the head, is quite exploded; and that phrenology, founded on the structure of the cranium according to Lavater's ideas has proved fallacious. It is my undoubted claim that the system which I have elaborated, is the only one now extant that finds any favor among scientific men; proceeding as it does, on the principle that the soul pervading the human frame throughout, mani-



fest itself in the face, hands, neck, ears, hair, voice, all parts and every habitual movement. These I have been observing and comparing during thirty years of travel in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Great Britain, and Australia, where I have successfully labored as a lecturer, and examiner of character. Many of the results are embodied in the present work; but I have in preparation another to contain several new discoveries, which, however, cannot be ready for publication for two or more years. I am also preparing a resumé of some recent discoveries respecting the human skull, and its connection with the brain and the mental powers, the design being to correct the fallacies which have been taught by men ignorant of anatomy, and guided by partial observations to some lucky guesses amid numerous mistakes."

We shall derive great pleasure and profit from the perusal of this work, and will give our readers the benefit of some choice extracts in future issues of the DOVE.

#### Passed to Spirit Life.

A few months ago it was our pleasant privilege to record the birth, into the hearts and home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans of a sweet baby daughter. Now it becomes our sorrowful duty to record the birth into the eternal spiritual home of the infinite father and mother, the same little spirit whose presence was a bright gleam of sunshine in the home of the earthly parents for a brief period. Mr. J. J. Owen, editor of the *Golden Gate* officiated at the funeral, which took place June 14th. Mr. and Mrs. Evans have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their bereavment.

#### Editorial Notes.

*The Eastern Star* is now a fine large weekly.

Read our "Camp-meeting Notes" on another page.

Mr. Fred Evans has removed to 133 Octavia St., a few doors from Haight St.

We have copies of "Beyond" on sale at this office. Price, fifty cents. A highly interesting narrative of spirit experiences.

Mrs. Allie Livingstone, the Spirit Artist Medium has removed to 637 McAllister St., where both friends and strangers will always receive a cordial welcome.

Mrs. Kohn of San Diego, a former resident and well known medium of San Francisco, is at the Camp, where her many warm friends are pleased to meet her again.

We know our readers will all enjoy the lecture by Prof. Alfred R. Wallace, one of the greatest scientists of the age, which is given entire in this number of the DOVE.

Mrs. Eccleston of Bakersfield is attending the Camp and making hosts of friends by her sweet, gentle manner, her inspired utterances and appropriate symbol readings which are remarkably correct in every instance.

We have received the portraits of two beautiful spirit children from Mrs. Laura V. Stahl, of Montana Territory. They are copies of pencil sketches made by a little girl medium, and certainly indicate a decided mediumistic talent for drawing. If this phase is cultivated we predict future notoriety for the child medium as a spirit artist.

June was a busy month for us on account of being in almost daily attendance at the Camp-meeting, and having home duties to perform in addition to our literary labor; therefore, if our correspondents will bear with us a little we shall have soon "caught up" with neglected work, and answer all the kind letters which have cheered and encouraged us during these weeks of incessant care.

Prof. Carpenter is giving his wonderful exhibitions of psychic power every evening at Metropolitan Temple before large audiences. Those who have not witnessed these performances should avail themselves of the opportunity at once as they may never have the privilege of seeing such wonders again. They are amusing, interesting, and instructive, providing food for thoughtful consideration to the investigator of psychological phenomena.

The Lookout Mountain Camp-meeting promises to be a most successful convention. Mr. G. W. Kates is an untiring worker, and whatever can be done by him to insure a good time will be promptly attended to. We would call the attention of Spiritualists again to the necessity of their assistance in sustaining *Light for Thinkers*. It needs a little aid now, to pull through this dull sea-

son of the year, when Brother Kates is working so hard at Camp-meetings, and all who can do so should rally to its rescue and support.

The secular press of this city and Oakland have shown their progressive Spirit, in their efforts to meet the demands of the reading public by giving fair and extended reports of the Camp-meeting. The people are waking up, and beginning to search for truth on all sides, and those journals who withhold publication of such facts will soon find themselves "left," while their more progressive, wide-awake brethren will secure the patronage and consequently the prize. We shall make extracts from these notices in our complete report of the Camp meeting which will appear in August DOVE.

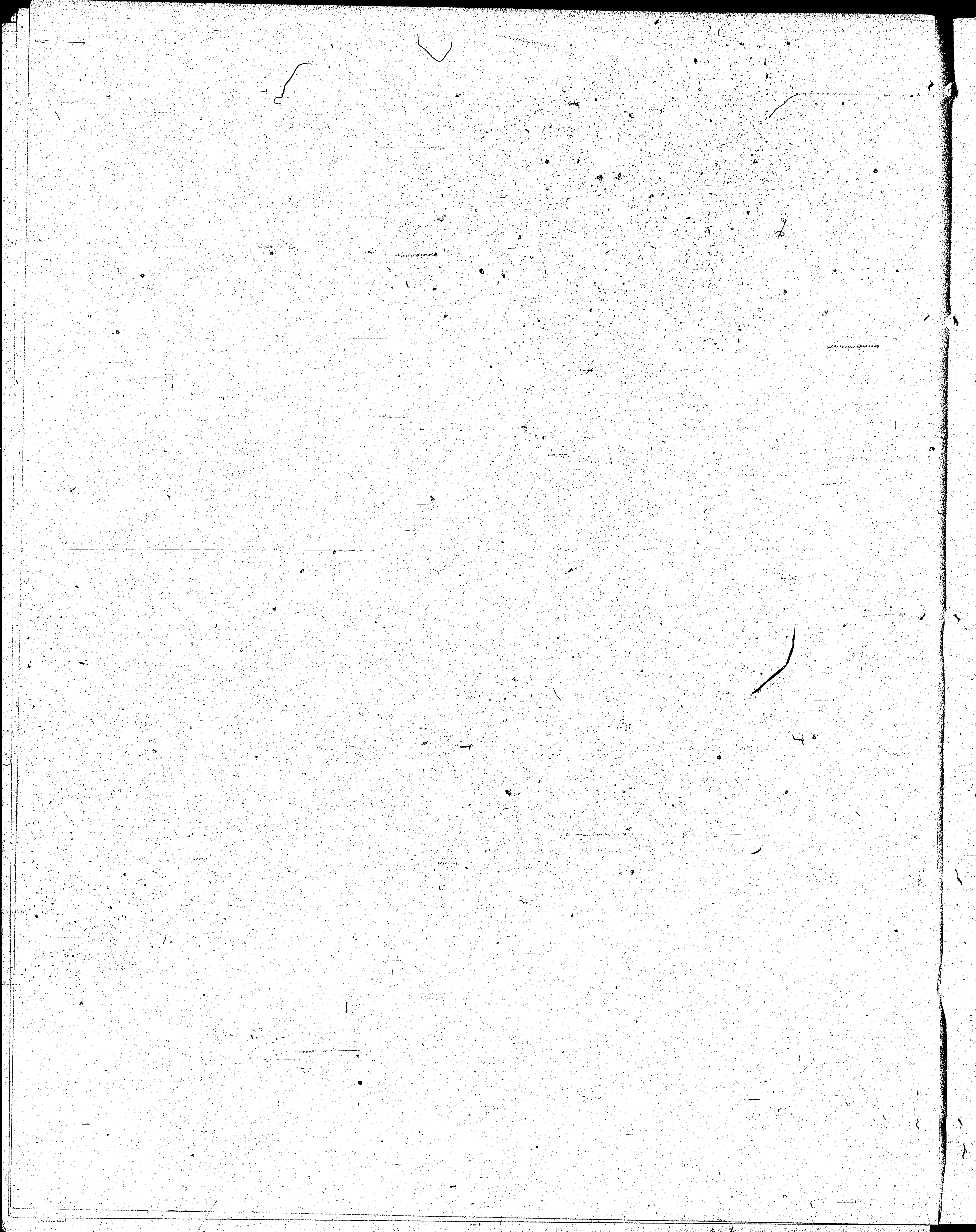
The demand of the present time is—workers. The institutions of the past—political, social, and religious are falling into decay and ruins. A new order of things must take their places. New systems of government must be inaugurated whereby exact justice will be meted out to all. New ideas concerning the spiritual natures and necessities of humanity are rapidly supplanting old fables and superstitions, heretofore labeled religion. Workers are needed to assist in removing old rubbish and ruins, and erecting new edifices more suited to the requirements of intelligent and progressive people.

Mr. Frank Wilson of Oakland is almost daily at the camp grounds where he has performed some very interesting experiments in psychology. Upon one occasion it was our privilege to witness one of these experiments upon a lady friend, who, when put into the mesmeric sleep, at once became clairvoyant and passed under spirit control, talking and describing what she saw.

After being restored to her normal condition she had no recollection of what had transpired. Mr. Wilson claims that he can influence about seven persons out of ten in this manner, his guides assisting the guides of the subjects to obtain control. He has organized classes for development which are held at his rooms corner of Broadway and 13th Sts., Oakland, or he will visit persons at their own homes and hold circles by appointment. We know he possesses remarkable power, as our own experience corroborates that of others.



SPIRIT PICTURE  
BY MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE



**Notice.**

We have still quite a number of bound volumes of the CARRIER DOVE for 1886, which will be sent to any address upon receipt of \$2.50, or they will be sent as premiums to those sending us subscribers at the following rates: For three subscribers at \$2.50 each, will be given a cloth bound book; and for four subscribers, an elegant book, full leather binding. These books contain fifty-one full-page engravings of prominent Spiritualists and Spirit photographs, also a very valuable collection of biographical sketches, which are a distinctive feature of this journal. Send in your orders at once.

Dr. Schlesinger will give a free sitting to anyone who will subscribe for the *Golden Gate* or CARRIER DOVE. As either of these valuable journals is well worth the subscription price, we consider this a very liberal offer. The doctor is without an equal in his special and peculiar phase of mediumship, and his tests are convincing and satisfactory to the most skeptical.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays and evenings sittings will be given by appointment.

**MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.****Spirit Communication.**

While making some calls at the campground one day we dropped into the tent of that wonderful symbol medium—Mrs. Eccleston. Several ladies were present, among whom was Mrs. P. W. Stevens, the well-known trance speaker and test medium of Sacramento. In a very short time Mrs. Stephens was controlled, and the following message given. This occurred upon the evening of the day of the funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans' infant daughter.

DEAR MAMMA:

I want to tell you about the reception of Mr. Evans' baby in spirit life. The day it passed away, Pearlle Wilson, myself and others made a beautiful little bed; all of the choicest spirit flowers—not such flowers as you have—but lovely, delicate buds and sweet blossoms, and placed them on a fine cloth arranged something like a hammock. Then a beautiful spirit, auntie, tenderly placed the little spirit upon it and we took hold of the four corners and conveyed it to its grandpa's in this life, where it could have sleep and nourishment. When it

awoke it was all right and laughed and crowed with delight; and to-day when they put the little body away we were all there, and a beautiful spirit lady—I think she was a sister of its grandma, who is living with its papa and mamma—held the little one in her arms and tried to make its parents see it, but they were so sad their guides could not make them see their darling babe. It is so beautiful and happy now they should not grieve so much.

Your loving

MATIE.

**Spirit Messages.**

The following communications came to us from a medium far away in the Eastern States, who never has been in California, and is wholly unacquainted here. If any of these messages are recognized we would consider it a great favor if those who know the communicating spirits would inform us of their correctness. The medium is Dr. H. F. Merrill.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., May 12, 1887.

Dear Friends at the California Camp:—I find this beautiful Sunday evening in June, many spirit friends are visiting me, and perhaps it will be interesting to give a few of their names and messages, those especially purporting to come from your locality. If agreeable to all you can read them from your rostrum.

A very pleasant spirit speaks to me—telling me he once lived in Oakland, California; he tells me he had spent as a mortal forty-two years—and passed on from the City of San Francisco, on the 21st day of September. The name of this spirit is Samuel O. Hunt.

This spirit shows me 1109 Howard St., San Francisco. He tells me two months longer would have completed his 33d year in the earth life. His name is Frank J. Balingier.

Here is a spirit who looks earnestly at me as if in very deep thought; he tells me those far away places I am having visitors from are familiar to him; he speaks of a Tabernacle and calls it the Tyler Street Presbyterian Tabernacle. He was pastor there. He passed on from Oakland and gives me the name of Rev. J. M. Conningham.

The spirit now coming *en rapport* with me was from Sacramento, California. Her name is Mrs. J. S. Wheeler. Her husband was a blacksmith; says I was thrown from a wagon.

Here is a fine commanding gentleman. He says I am happy in spirit life. He speaks of Parrott & Co.; was well-known in San Francisco. Wm. F. Babcock.

Here is one who may have been known among you as a lawyer. He was 62. Passed away on Monday from Sacramento. Nathan Porter.

Here is a lovely lady spirit. Her name before marriage was Emeline Hubbard. Some of her family are undertakers. I think she speaks of Oakland. Her husband's name is Nathaniel Grey. She sends love to all.

**Answers to Questions.**

Through the mediumship of Miss Shelhamer at the *Banner of Light* free circles.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT—Your questions are now in order, Mr. Chairman.

QUES.—[By George Richardson.] What is the difference between spirits and angels? And which travels with the greatest rapidity?

ANS.—We are all spirits—you of earth and we of the higher life—but the commonly accepted term *spirits* may apply most closely to those human beings who have passed through the mortal experience and gained a footing upon the spiritual shore. Spirits are composed of various classes of human beings; they may be of the very lowest, crudest form, undeveloped in point of character, of mental attainment and spiritual endowment, or they may pass through the various gradations from this low plane to that height where human beings, exalted and pure-minded, filled with wisdom and power, do the will of God in serving their fellow creatures. These human beings are all spirits, but they may not all be angels in the commonly accepted sense of the term. We understand this term to apply to human beings who are ministering spirits, messengers of light and peace to others; those who go about doing good. You may have angels on earth, incarnated in the mortal form, just as really as we have angels in the spiritual world. Angels, then are ministering spirits, pure-minded, unselfish, seeking to serve their fellow-beings rather than to aggrandize self. These spirits or angels traverse space the same as do other spirits, although those who are constantly ministering to the needs of their fellows gain power; are enabled to utilize their own will-force, and so direct it as to make it a servant; thus an angel who is bent upon some beneficent errand, who finds his services demanded at some far distant point, has only to concentrate his thought upon the point in question, to exercise his will, and almost immediately he is there, because it is through the electrical power of the will that he travels. A spirit who is not a ministrant unto others, who is selfish, crude, undeveloped, living in close proximity to earthly things, will not develop that power of will, that energy and vital force which the angel may possess, and consequently, in seeking to travel from one point to another, such an undeveloped and

uninformed spirit may perhaps be a long time in traversing a very-small space.

Q.—How do spirits and angels prevent coming in collision with each other when traveling through space at a great speed? Do the angels have wings?

A.—Angels, or ministering spirits—messengers as we prefer to call them—may traverse space, as we have said, very swiftly, by the power of the will alone. Such spirits are clear-sighted, can perceive objects and beings at far distances, and understand how to guide themselves so as not to come into collision with those objects or beings; but spirits of any class are in no more danger of coming into collision with each other—hardly as much as you of earth in traveling from point to point. It sometimes happens that spirits who are not very clear-sighted, and are undeveloped in spiritual power, and environed by earthly conditions, may come into forcible contact with each other; there is then a certain shock, so to speak, to the two bodies such as you sometimes experience when coming in contact with the electric battery. No, angels certainly do not have wings. We have never seen a human being of any class or quality, or in any condition of life, with these appendages. Angels, ministering spirits, or exalted intelligence of the higher life, it is true, travel swiftly, but they have no need of such appendages as wings, for it is the human will alone which gives them locomotive power. Through the exercise of this will the grandest, most vital force in the universe, a spirit exalted enough, with wisdom sufficient, may travel from one end of the globe or the universe to the other without difficulty in a comparatively short period of time.

Q.—(By Mrs. M. R.) Does our spirit leave the body for the spirit-world immediately after the breath leaves the body, or does it remain in the body for a certain length of time?

A.—The spirit, the life-principle, vacates the body at the hour of dissolution. Did the spirit remain within the body, permeating its various tissues and parts, there would still be animation, life and power within the mortal form. When the spirit withdraws entirely, dissolution ensues, the body is what you call lifeless, without animation, yet the spirit, although withdrawing from the tissues (the various parts of the body), may not immediately close its contact with that mortal form; it may remain in close connection with the body for hours, days or even weeks. We have known cases where the spirits have remained in close proximity with their mortal forms for a long period of time after the body was pronounced cold and lifeless. Some spirits immediately part with their former body, and pass out from contact with it, entering the sphere of spiritual life and taking cognizance of their spiritual surroundings; others cling closely to the body and hold on to it

until the form has gone entirely to decay, drawing to themselves certain emanations of a magnetic quality which the body gives forth while passing through the process of dissolution and decay. The stronger and more positive a spirit is, the less it cares for the mortal form, the more desirous to rise above the earthly conditions and environments, and to realize and understand the spiritual life alone, the more closely and quickly will it be able to part from the material and leave behind it all that went to make up not only that mortal form but the earthly conditions of life—*Banner of Light*.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

DENVER CITY, CO., June 9, 1887.

DEAR MRS. SCHLESINGER and readers of CARRIER DOVE:—When persons promise to do anything they are expected to redeem that promise, so Mrs. Editress I will inflict a few lines upon your readers. Our trip so far has been very pleasant and successful. We left San Francisco on May 7th, stopping at Sacramento, where Mr. York gave one lecture to a fair audience. We were the guests of N. D. Goodell, than whom with his good wife, none know the arts of hospitality better. Next May, Mr. and Mrs. Goodell expect to celebrate their golden wedding and we hope to be there to rejoice with them.

—At Salt Lake we were the guests of H. P. Mason, an extensive lumber dealer in that city. Mr. York gave three lectures in the Walker Opera House to a large and interested audience, and received an invitation to stop with them a few months on our return. The mental soil of Salt Lake is in a condition in which great good might be accomplished. The Mormon church has no fear of the orthodox churches, as they both draw their inspiration from the same book to sustain their creeds. When a Mormon once gets tired of the faith he does not go to any other church, but takes the broad gauge of independent thought; hence an aggressive free thought movement in Salt Lake would prove a great educator to the youth of Mormondom, and the church is afraid of it, for after the second lecture, the *Desert News*, the church organ, came out with a dictatorial editorial, advising church members to keep away and avoid such unscriptural teaching as they had the only and true light.

It must have a demoralizing effect upon a people who believe their leaders capable of working miracles, that these same leaders who are not in the pen. (as they term it) are in hiding. When Bro. Taylor or any of those worthies are inquired for, the reply is they are under ground (to keep from arrest), as our government has now some officials there who are endeavoring to enforce the laws, and with "Uncle Sam's"

battery on the hillside, with their guns pointing towards the town, are making themselves felt, much to the disgust of the church. A story is told of a poor fellow with only one leg who was induced to come to Salt Lake under the promise that Brigham Young could restore his leg; accordingly he presented himself to the prophet and was told that his leg could be restored, but in heaven through all eternity he would have three legs, and it was better to endure the one here than the three there.

It is asserted after every arrest polygamous marriages are entered into with renewed earnestness, but it is very difficult to prove, for women will go into court with their babes in their arms and swear they are not married. As it is hardly safe, under existing circumstances, to celebrate polygamous marriages, the ward bishops have forbidden all marriage festivals, to save the feelings of young girls who become No. 1, 2, or 6 as the case may be.

I made a pleasant call on Mrs. Orson Pratt, a lovable, motherly woman, who knows the wording of the Mormon church well, and she says the half has not been told, and that the statements in Miss Kate Field's lecture are under rather than overdrawn.

We met many friends in Salt Lake whose hearts are in the right place, and they are hoping and praying that the great boom that is moving westward may strike that place; for, by a great influx of gentile element the government would slip from the hands of the Mormons by the ballot. It is a beautiful city with its broad streets and rivers (as you might call them), dashing through the middle of some streets and at the sides of all. With its Salt Lake, bathing facilities, and its pleasure resorts within a few minutes' ride on two railroads running out of the city, and its water cannot be surpassed.

We stopped over one Sunday at Cannon City and gave two lectures to earnest-thinking people who have the bread of life broken to them only on rare occasions. We found a good home at Mr. John-Locke's who was kindly waiting for us when the train arrived. He is a farmer and stock-raiser living half a mile from the dashing old *Arkansas* river. He and his good wife have raised a family of intelligent free-thinkers. The oldest son is at Ann Arbor, Michigan; as his mother said, "trying to make a lawyer out of himself," and if we can judge by those who were at home he will succeed. Another son, 17 years old, was expelled from school last winter for reciting Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon," and his sister of 15 for a similar heinous offence against the feelings of the pious teacher and trustees, although the same scholars had previously been the boast of their teachers for good conduct. So bigotry is hiding in the deep canyons and the dizzy heights of the Rocky Mountains.

Thanks for kindness are due to Mr. Geo. Towers and wife, Mr. and Mr. Thomas Stafford, Sylvester Nichols (an old-time friend we found here,) and wife, and many others. An afternoon ride brought us to Denver, where we are pleasantly situated. We have found many true friends of the cause here. Mr. York spoke on Sunday night in the Mammoth Rink, the only place that could be procured, and the management were feeling badly because they could not get Unity Church; that would seat three or four hundred, but it proved fortunate, for fully one thousand were in the audience Sunday evening. We are to be here one Sunday more and friends predict that the rink will be none too large.

Now Mrs. Editress, I am pleased to send you a new subscriber, wish it were a dozen. Mr. T. S. Clayton, a large-hearted, good-looking man, who with his wife are earnest seekers after truth, subscribed for the *DOVE* and the *Golden Gate* both. Wishing you success, I am yours for truth.

MRS. J. L. YORK.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### "Grandma's Angel."

Mamma said: "Little one, go and see—  
If grandma's ready to come to tea."

I knew I musn't disturb her, so  
I stepped as gently along tip-toe,  
And stopped a moment to take a peep,  
And there was grandma fast asleep.

She looked so sweet and quiet there,  
Lying back in her high-armed chair  
With her dear white hair, and a little smile,  
That means she's loving you all the while.

I didn't make a speck of noise,  
I knew she was dreaming of little boys  
And girls, who lived with her long ago,  
And then went to Heaven—she told me so.

I went up close and didn't speak  
One word, but gave her on her cheek  
The tiniest bit of a little kiss,  
And then in a whisper, just said this,—  
"Grandmother dear, it's time for tea."  
She opened her eyes and looked at me,  
And said: "Why, pet, I've just now dreamed,  
Of a little angel who came and seemed,  
To kiss me lovingly on my face."  
As she pointed right at the very place.

I never told her 'twas only me.  
But I took her hand and we went to tea.

DEAR LITTLE ONES:—The long deferred fulfillment of my promise to give you an *illustrated* story seems near at hand, and I *hope* to be able in the next *DOVE* to present you a beautiful scene in the spirit world, which the dear guides of one of our mediums have promised to paint. If our plans succeed we shall resume the publication of "Lily Benton" with accompanying pictures which we know will greatly please and interest old and young. A kind lady called upon me yesterday and left a scrap book containing some beautiful messages that had been written by the spirits through her medium-

ship a number of years ago. One sweet little poem from a spirit child to her mamma I will give here as it may please you.

To Mrs. S—

"How beautiful is this world of ours,  
The land of peace, and love, and flowers;  
Dearest mother, come and dwell  
With one you loved so well.

Do not forget that I am near,  
When you retire to rest;  
And hover round you, mother dear,  
And the friends that I love best.

And dearest mother do not weep,  
But think of me in heaven,  
And you will find the peace you seek  
In seeking me at even.

For I shall visit you alone  
In the stillness of the night;  
And in your visions you shall see  
Your child a spirit bright."

EMILY S—

If all mothers who have lost darling children could know of the beautiful spirit world and how happy the little ones are there, they would not grieve and mourn so much, but would make such favorable conditions at home that their loved ones could communicate with them and thus the sting of death would be taken away, and a peace and joy, deep and profound abide in the now desolate and saddened hearts of bereaved ones.

Lovingly yours,

EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE.

### Tired Mothers.

A little elbow leans upon your knee;  
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;  
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly  
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair;  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers folding yours so tight;  
You do not prize this blessing over much,  
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago  
I did not see it as I do to-day,  
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow  
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,  
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,  
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly,  
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,  
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,  
This restless, curling head from off your breast,  
This lispng tongue that chatters constantly;  
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped  
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;  
If the white feet into the grave had tripped,  
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret  
At little children clinging to their gown;  
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,  
Are ever black enough to make them frown.  
If I could ever find a little muddy boot,  
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor,  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,  
And hear its patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,  
There is no woman in God's world could say  
She was more blissfully content than I.  
But, oh! the dainty pillow next my own  
Is never ruffled by a shining head;  
My singing birdling from its nest is flown,  
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

### What a Boy Did.

What boys have done, boys can do. There are many instances recorded where both boys and girls have done notable deeds when emergencies have arisen which call for them. The latest account of this kind which comes to our notice is the following from a Western New York newspaper:

There is a farmer boy over in the town of Phelps who is, indeed, a model of industry, and is bound to make a sterling citizen. He is 17 years of age. His father died two years ago, leaving a wife and four children, and a mortgage of \$1800 on the farm. The boy was the oldest of the children, and the funeral was scarcely past before he set resolutely to work to help the family out of their financial embarrassment. With the advice of a kindly neighbor, he has since been the sole manager of the farm of over 90 acres. He has, with only a little assistance, plowed the fields, sowed, cultivated and reaped; he has had sole charge of a large number of cattle and horses on the farm; he has managed a retail milk business, and has himself marketed all the farm products. Last summer he found time, after his work in the fields, to paint the house twice over and to build five new fences. In the winter he not only attends to the necessary work about the farm, but teaches a country school three miles away, fells timber in the woods on Saturdays, writes excellent letters to the local newspapers, and pursues the course of reading as laid down in the *Chautauquan*. The farm is not only out of debt and in splendid condition, but the lad and his mother have enough money on hand to buy 20 more acres of land this season.—*The Rural Press*.

### The Foolish Friends.

In the depths of a forest there lived two foxes, who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day, in the politest fox language:

"Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other; "as you please, dear friend. But how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it cannot be difficult," said fox number one: "two-legged people fall out, why should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each one would give way. At last number one fetched two stones.

"There," said he, "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now, I'll begin. Those stones are mine!"

"Very well," answered the other, "you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate!" cried the other, jumping up and licking his face.

"You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel any day?"

So they gave it up as a bad job, and never tried to play at this silly game again.

### Wise Children.

Our eldest, not yet three (and a very small talker generally,) on returning from a long drive was undressed and put to bed. Stretching his chubby form he slowly remarked: "Dere's no pace yike home."

A dear little one pushed a chair in front of the mirror as soon as she had finished saying her prayers and climbing up on it, began to brush her hair vigorously. "Why, Annie," said the surprised mother, "why do you brush your hair? Don't you know that you will muss it again as soon as you put your head on the pillow? And, besides, you are keeping mamma waiting." "Mamma Allen," said Annie, facing around with brightening eyes, "didn't I des pray 'If I should die before I wake,' and wouldn't I want to walk into heaven with my hair all brushed?"

We have heard of a child whose mother sang to her nightly the hymn:

"Hush! my child, lie still and slumber;  
Holy angels guard thy bed."

The mother finally noticed that her little girl always covered her face for night with a sheet. Pressed to explain this, she said she "didn't think it fair for the angels to watch her when she could not see them." Another night she burst out with "Mother, I cannot bear the angels here any longer! They must go out and stand in the hall!"—*Babyhood.*

### Beekman's Folly.

Thirty years ago a traveler, wandering up the Mississippi river would, if he had gone far enough, have come to what was known to some as "Beekman's Folly," just being built, and would have stopped to rest, admire the scene, and ask why that name. The new house, which was small and in the Gothic style, its little pointed gables making one think of dear little chambers close to the roof, stood on the inland slope of the bluff or high bank of the river. Cedars, elms and oaks, which had been partially cleared away from the building spot; gave plenty of shade and protection from the wind, while hazel bushes, full of ripe nuts when the fall months came, and the slender little trees that bare the wild, red plums, filled the spaces between the larger growth, and the wild grape-vine lovingly bound large and small together, furnishing, with the thickets of berries of various kinds, food for thousands of birds that sung and fluttered in their great cage, the world, all day long, and did not feel that they were prisoners. In the soft grass that formed a carpet on every spot not otherwise used, the early summer

would show bright red strawberries, as wild and as attractive as was everything else.

At the foot of the slope and five minutes' walk from the house, a little brook, that might well have been a model for Tennyson, and had its rise two miles away in one of the numerous small lakes of Minnesota, wound in and out, to and fro, almost clasping hands with itself as it swung in beautiful curves, then dashing off with a laugh from the overhanging tree branches that were trying to clasp and kiss it, till it seemed to be keeping up a continuous dance to its own music, which gurgled and tinkled all day long and turned to words in one's mind.

"And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever."

The river was close by, on the other side of the bluff, and answered, in those days, for telegraph and transportation line for passengers and freight, being the only connection between the early settlers and the outside world.

Beyond the brook lay the road leading from the "Big Woods," past the scattered new towns to this new town, and on down through the new towns less scattered, always keeping near the river, till it reached what was afterwards the capital city of the state.

This spot seemed an appropriate nest for the newly mated human birds that were building there—there was a dark, quiet man, his whole soul filled with deep thankfulness for the company of his mate, the fair, delicate, spiritual Dora. Well matched were they in every way, and both anxious to do their best; so, when the first birdling opened its bright eyes at Cedarside (for so they named their new home), they called him Ernest, and made many plans for his future, as the months went by; but they were not to be carried out in this life, for, one sad day, when left alone and asleep in his crib, he awoke, leaned forward to look—further and further—not heeding the bars, till the beautiful head was imprisoned, and the body ceased struggling to hold the fluttering breath and lay very, very still. Was it strange that the shock nearly killed the young mother, whose hold on life was slender at the best, or strange that it should be felt also on the spirit side of life? She could not see the common, though wonderful change going on so near her. She could not see the moving, mist-like substance of the spirit form, which had filled the earthly body, holding it together and giving brightness in the baby's hair, shining in his clear eyes and making so tender the touch of his little hands; she saw not those shining particles, so suddenly thrown apart, now circling, quivering, vibrating, filling the room with a light not of this world, nor could she watch the gradual yielding to the gentle force of spirit friends, as the excitement

grew less, till at length the change was made and the new, yet the same Ernest was lovingly carried away from the grieving mother, to gain strength from those older in that life than himself, that he might return to nestle in her arms and caress her hair as in the few months of his happy earth life.

These home-comings brought new life and comfort to both, though she thought it was her Saviour's presence, and so it was, but such a Saviour as may come to any loving, sorrowing heart.

Years after, another little one was laid in her arms, fair and delicate like her mother, and they named her Liby, but Cedarside is not theirs now, for, by one of those contests so common in newly settled districts, when justice is on one side and legal evidence on the other, it was taken from them and given to another.

They went away, but where they are now I do not know, for it must be twenty years since I lost sight of them; but, wherever they may be I feel sure their lives are filled with harmony, a rare thing in this world of discords.

Why Beekman's Folly? I never knew. Perhaps it was that he builded better than his means would allow, perhaps that he built at all without being first sure of his land. Whatever it was, to me it was always Cedarside, the most attractive spot in or near the village, and brought to my mind only thoughts of happy home-life among lovely things, where even grief for little Ernest grew to be a comfort and a blessing. LUPA.

### Poor Tired Mother.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

They were talking of the glory of the land beyond the skies,  
Of the light of the gladness to be found in paradise,  
Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never-ceasing songs,  
Of the wand'rings through the golden streets of happy white-robed throngs;  
And said father, leaning cozily back in his easy-chair (Father was always a master-hand for comfort everywhere);  
"What a joyful thing t'would be to know that when this life is o'er  
One would straightway hear a welcome from the blessed shining shore!"  
And Isabel, our eldest girl, glanced upward from the reed  
She was painting on a water-jug, and murmured "Yes, indeed."  
And Marian, the next in age, a moment dropped her book;  
And "Yes, indeed!" repeated, with a most ecstatic look.  
But mother, gray-haired mother, who had come to sweep the room,  
With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly on her broom—  
Poor mother! no one thought how much she had to do—  
And said: "I hope it is not wrong not to agree with you,  
But seems to me that when I die, before I join the blest,  
I'd like just for a little while to lie in my grave and rest."  
—Harper's Magazine.

## Morning

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Along the east, where late the dark impended,  
A dusky gleam is born;  
The watches of the night are ended,  
And heaven foretells the morn.

The hills of home, no longer buried together  
In one wide blotch of night,  
Lift up their heads through misty ether,  
Distinct in rising light.

Then, after pangs of darkness slowly dying,  
O'er the delivered world  
Comes Morn, with every banner flying  
And every sail unfurled!

So long the night, so chill, so blank and dreary,  
I thought the sun was dead;  
But yonder burn his beacons cherry  
On peaks of cloudy red;

And yonder fly his scattered golden arrows,  
And smite the hills with day  
While Night her vain dominion narrows  
And westward wheels away.

A sweeter air revives the new creation;  
The dews are tears of bliss,  
And Earth in amorous palpitation,  
Receives her bridegroom's kiss.

Bathed in the morning, let my heart surrender  
The doubts that darkness gave,  
And rise to meet the advancing splendor—  
O Night! no more thy slave.

I breathe at last, thy gloomy reign forgetting;  
Thy weary watches done;  
Thy last pale star behind me setting,  
The freedom of the sun!

## My Boy, Do You Smoke?

Among civilized nations the use of tobacco is strictly a modern vice, unknown 250 years ago. Its antiquity among the American Indians can only be conjectured. Smoking is now very generally admitted to be a serious detriment to health, especially when the practice is taken up at an early age. It is strictly forbidden in the German army—or at least it is not allowed under a certain age.

The United States Navy annually takes into its service a large number of apprentice boys, who are sent all over the world and taught to be thorough sailors. It has been the policy of the government since the war to educate the "blue jacket," upon the principle that the more intelligent a man is, the better sailor he is likely to become. There is no lack of candidates for these positions. Hundreds of boys apply, but many are rejected because they cannot pass the physical examination. Major Houston, one of the Marine Corps, who is in charge of the Washington Navy Yard barracks, is the authority for the statement that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected on account of heart disease.

His first question to a boy who desires to enlist is: "Do you smoke?" The invariable response is, "No sir," but the tell-tale discoloration of the fingers at once shows the truth. The surgeons say that cigarette smoking by boys produces heart disease,

and that in 99 cases out of 100 the rejection of would-be apprentices on account of this defect comes from excessive use of the milder form of the weed. This is a remarkable statement, coming, as it does, from so high an authority and based upon the results of actual examinations going on day after day, and month after month. It should be a warning to parents that the deadly cigarette is sure to bring about incalculable injury to the young. A law passed restricting its use to the dudes would not, perhaps, bring popular disfavor, because it might reduce the number of these objects about our streets, but boys indulging in the cigarette ought to be treated to liberal doses of "rod in pickle" until the habit is thoroughly eradicated.

## Care of Babies.

Babies are much more susceptible to cold than adults, yet a mother will go out warmly clad from head to foot, and let her child

patter along beside her, with less than half of her protection. Another precaution should be to avoid exposing the babe to drafts of cold air from windows. Many a baby has had an attack of croup from this cause. The mother should give her intuitions a freer play, obey them, and she will have less use for doctors.

Abbie M. Gannett writes in *Unity*:

George Eliot had a religion, though, so far as we know, it was confined by its practical working to this life. With her, religion was duty, "stern and unyielding duty," and her creed "Love ye one another;" she recognized the Law that abideth in all things, and paid reverent homage to it. No religion, when her life was consecration to truth? More and more we are learning that religion consists not so much in belief, as in life. If religion be the "tie that binds man to God," what constitutes that "tie?" Surely a loving devotion to the welfare of his fellow man.

Mr. Heuley

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir:

After having suffered for years from nervous exhaustion, general ill health, and when about to resign myself to death, I heard of Mr. Heuley's Celery, Beef & Iron and made a resolution to try it as a last resort. I did so, and after taking 3 bottles my strength returned, and I found I was getting a new hold upon life. I used 3 bottles more, and am a new being, as all my friends know. I feel that Mr. Heuley's Celery, Beef & Iron saved my life, and am more than anxious that everyone suffering from ill health should know it.

Yours truly

W. S. Milas

Pass. Agt. Wash.  
19 Montgomery St.



**A REMARKABLE CASE.**

AN OPEN LETTER FROM A LADY OF LATHROP, CAL., GIVING IN DETAIL THE WONDERFUL CURE OF HER MOTHER, 81 YEARS OLD, WHO HAD TICDOLOROUS FOR THIRTY YEARS.

*Drs. Darrin*—DEAR SIR: You will remember treating my mother (Mrs. C. E. Thompson), some three months ago, for ticdolorous, or pain in the face. She had been afflicted for thirty years with almost constant pain. Have employed the best medical talent in the country, and in all instances failed to get a cure. You told me you thought the case a doubtful one to cure, but would try. Success has crowned your efforts. She is at last free from pain and suffering. I feel like proclaiming it to the world, as your electro-magnetic treatment, without medicine of any kind, has done what all other methods have failed to do. Refer any one to me, at Lathrop, Cal. Very sincerely and thankfully yours,

MRS. J. E. STACKPOLE.

**MR. STEVENS' OPINION OF MAGNETISM.**

MR. EDITOR: I am not in the habit of puffing advertising doctors, but the wonderful results Drs. Darrin achieved in my case calls for more than a passing notice. For two years or more I have been seriously afflicted with lumbago and kidney troubles, accompanied with great pain in my side and back—at times confined to my bed and not able to move. Through Drs. Darrin's electro-magnetic treatment, without medicine of any kind, I was cured three months ago, and have had no return of former troubles. Refer to me at 29 Kearney street, Room 1.

G. A. STEVENS.

**RINGING IN HIS EARS.**

TO THE PUBLIC: I came to Drs. Darrin one month ago for treatment, having been severely afflicted for years with kidney complaint, paralysis and inflammation of the neck of the bladder, also deafness and ringing noises in my ears. With their electro-magnetic system of cure my deafness and ringing sounds are cured, and my other troubles restored to

their normal condition. Will answer any inquiries at Pleasant Grove, Sutter County, Cal.

H. G. O. THOMS.

Drs. Darrin can be consulted free daily at 113 Stockton street. Hours, 9 to 5; evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 12. All chronic diseases, blood taints, loss of vital power and early indiscretions permanently cured, though no references are ever made in the press concerning such cases, owing to the delicacy of the patient. Circulars will be sent free to any address. Charges for treatment according to patient's ability to pay. Patients will do well to consult Drs. Darrin soon, as their sojourn in San Francisco is limited.

It is not strange, in view of the futility of medicines in the treatment of disease that mankind should seek new and less objectionable methods of cure. Drugs have killed more people than have been slain in war or swept away by plagues since the world began. That some more potent and less hurtful agency should be discovered has become important, and the secret has been found in the mysterious force popularly known as animal magnetism—identical with that used by Christ in the wonderful cures made by Him. The Drs. Darrin of this city have, by the use of this subtle agency, accomplished remarkable results. Daily, from morning till late in the evening, their offices are crowded with sufferers who seek their aid. In no case do they fail to give relief. The following testimonial relates to a recent case of deafness cured by them:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 10, 1886.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: About two months ago I was taken very deaf in one ear, from a severe cold. I consulted Dr. Darrin, 113 Stockton street, and he said he could cure me. After three week's trial I am perfectly cured—as well as ever I was. I can be referred to at 1029 Pacific street.

JACOB BACH.

W. H. Watkins, 212 Twelfth street, S. F.; Bronchitis, Rheumatism and Kidney complaint. Cured in one month.

Mrs. H. T. Wood, eighty years old, 1526 Ellis street, S. F.; Deafness. Cured.

Mrs. J. P. Clement, 316 Jones street, S. F.; Cancerous growth. Cured in two months.

Ex-Assemblyman John Patterson, Linden, San Joaquin county, Cal.; Catarrh twenty-five years and deaf ten years. Cured.

Mr. S. Regensburger's child, 219½ Elm avenue, S. F.; Dropsy of the eyes. Cured with four magnetic treatments.

Frank Perkins, 6 Central Place, S. F.; Contraction of the cords of the neck and deafness. Restored also his daughter, who was cured of paralysis of the muscles of the shoulder and side.

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With every facility for keeping a varied and extensive assortment of goods, especially adapted to the requirements of a popular trade, I respectfully solicit a continuance of your orders. I cordially invite you to visit my establishment when you are in the city, and whether you wish to purchase or not, you shall be received with polite attention.

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