



MRS E.F. MCKINLEY

East Aurora

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME V.

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Biography.

Memorial Tribute to a Zealous, Soulful Worker for Spiritual Truth.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

Mrs. Eliza Fuller McKinley.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

On June 27, 1841, at La Grange, Maine, the world was enriched by the advent into its midst of the infant spirit of Eliza Howe Fuller. The parents, who were of honest, substantial farmer stock, were gladdened in heart by the presence in their joyous household of such a blooming, rosy-hued, healthful little lassie; though little wot they then of the eventful future that should crown that laughing, crowing baby-girl's career in life. Happily mated, the father and mother of little Eliza lived to a good old age, having been enabled to celebrate their golden wedding prior to the father's departure to the Aiddenn Land above. The mother still survives.

During childhood Eliza was noted for the warmth and sincerity of her affections and for her exceeding amiability and sweetness of character. These admirable traits ever remained with her, their presence and influence being very marked at all times and under all circumstances. Her attachment, both in childhood and in maturer years, to her family and immediate connections, was steady and masterful. The element of love, manifested not only towards kinsfolk and precious friends but to humanity generally, helpfully, sympathetically, philanthropically, seemed ever paramount in her nature. Precocity in study, during childhood and youth, was also a dominant characteristic of this sweetly-attuned and gentle soul. Quickness of intellectual comprehension conjoined to a retentive memory served to constantly place her in the forefront of scholarship in her native town. On June 1, 1854, when not quite thirteen years of age, she began to teach school, which pleasurable occupation enlisted her time and attention until about two years prior to her departure for California, which took place in 1868.

The earliest manifestations of her possession of mediumship occurred when she was but twelve years old, and in the form

of writing. The first writing of a spiritual character done by and through her was of the following character: her father and brother at the time were in a remote district in California, far removed from post offices, and nothing had been heard from them by their friends in Maine for some time,—some little uneasiness regarding them being thus engendered in the minds of the home-folks. Little Eliza was one day moved to write a communication regarding them, signed with the name of a deceased cousin, to the effect that no fears concerning their safety need be felt; that they had written east, and had sent their letters to the nearest post office by teamsters, the only means of reaching them, and the teamsters had lost or destroyed them. In due time a letter was received confirming in every particular the spirit-message. From that time on she was used as a writing medium; to this phase was subsequently added inspirational speaking; and at a later period she became developed as a healer, the most practically useful of her varied gifts. Previous to her leaving the East Miss Fuller lectured under inspiration for an extended period all through Maine and Massachusetts, her labors in that regard being blessed with much success and appreciation. She also practiced the healing art most successfully, making many striking and effective cures.

She arrived in San Francisco, May 4, 1868, and immediately resumed her public work, lecturing almost constantly until her marriage with Mr. James McKinley a gentleman of intelligence and means belonging to an Ohio family of high standing,—his brother William McKinley, Jr., now serving his sixth consecutive term in Congress from that State. This union, productive of naught but happiness to the wedded pair, was celebrated May 1, 1869, a year after her arrival in this State. It has been crowned with the birth of five children,—a boy who passed away in early infancy; Stella, a lovely child who was taken by the angels after a mortal duration of only fourteen months; Hope, who lived to be of the age of eleven and survived her mother's transition to the Summer-land but twenty days; Gracie, now aged nine; and Jennie, aged seven. The exceeding beauty of Mrs. McKinley's children, as regards physical perfection and grace, was ever noticeable. The writer was accustomed to see several of them some years ago with their mother

Sunday after Sunday at the Children's Progressive Lyceum in this city, and his invariable comment upon them was, that they were the finest looking children that he had ever seen.

After her marriage Mrs. McKinley ceased her regular public platform labors, but she never ceased to cherish the warmest interest in the propagation and advancement of the cause of rational Spiritualism; and on many occasions, in public halls and in private gatherings, has her voice been heard in furtherance of the truths so ardently revered and championed by her. At funeral services, at the yearly exercises in honor of the advent of Spiritualism, at wedding anniversaries (tin, silver, golden, etc.), at birthday parties, surprise parties, receptions, etc., has Mrs. McKinley's genial, sunny presence almost invariably graced the occasion, while words of cheer, counsel, and encouragement have ever flowed from her spirit-touched lips. Her gifts of healing have also been exercised from time to time, in a private, unobtrusive manner. In this latter respect she has always had more than she could attend to, at such times as she was so situated that she could take patients. But no one was ever turned away because he or she was unable to pay for the services rendered.

As a healer her success was quite marked. She has many testimonials of success, and no instance is known in which the sufferer was not benefited. Her overmastering love for humanity was a potential element in her healing, her cures being largely furthered through the predominance in her of the love principle. I am informed that she grew to love all her patients before she had finished her treatment of them. She is invariably spoken of by those most intimate with her, as a true woman and a true mother, one San Francisco friend telling the writer that he regarded her as the best woman he ever knew. She sought out the needy and the afflicted, in order both to aid and counsel them. It is said that she never gave an unkind word to anyone. She always encouraged mediums, never criticizing or disparaging them.

Perhaps her most remarkable cure was that of Frank Sprague, a son of Judge Sprague, of Woodland, Cal. He was quite deformed, a hunchback, with scrofulous sores and other ailments afflicting him. She took him to her home, straightened him physically, and restored him to complete

health. He is now a lawyer practicing at Woodland, and has always regarded Mrs. McKinley as his saviour. Another notable cure of hers was that of Mr. Ivory of Lodi. He had had his leg amputated, and, had been given up by the Stockton physicians. She was sent for by the said physicians to take charge of him. She brought him through the crisis in perfect safety, and the physicians gave her a written statement that to her was due the credit for his recovery.

Shortly after her arrival in California, the *Medical Journal* of this city published an article with reference to one of her cures to the following purport:—Referring to a lady that had been given up as hopeless by the medical fraternity, it remarked that "strange to say, a female mountebank stepped in, took charge of her, and in a week or two the patient was on Kearny street shopping."

The 15th of November, 1887, witnessed the birth of the spirit of Mrs. McKinley into the brighter glories and purer felicities of the higher life. On that day, after a brief illness of typhoid fever, her immortal portion was wafted by loving angel ministrants to its haven of rest in the Infinite Beyond. Her oldest daughter, Hope, was carried away by the same fell disease on the 5th of December following. The two surviving children have also been suffering from the attacks of the same dread malady, but they are now convalescing. Mr. McKinley had a premonition of her approaching departure from earth. She informed her husband some six or seven months previous to her translation, that her time on earth was short,—that she should precede him to the heavenly land. Mr. McKinley was inclined to make light of this, owing to her excellent health, giving prospect of a long and physically-pleasurable life. The result proved, however, the correctness of the woman's intuitions as against the man's rational deductions. Her funeral obsequies were conducted at the Metropolitan Temple on the morning of November 17th, under the direction of her esteemed friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson, who paid a just and glowing tribute to her many virtues and to her life of mingled usefulness and beauty.

Since the severance of the life of Mrs. McKinley from mortal environment, her husband has several times visited a young girl in Oakland who, having lost her vision, was restored by his wife to partial sight, sufficiently so as to enable her to distinguish colors. This girl is mediumistic, and she often sees and communes with the ascended spirits of Mrs. McKinley and Hope. On the occasion of Mr. McKinley's last visit to her, she greeted him with the remark that she knew he was coming to see her that day, because his wife had come to her and told her that he was coming. A previous Sunday Mr. McKinley had thought

of visiting her, but circumstances prevented his going. When next he saw her she told him that she had not expected him to call as intended, inasmuch as Mrs. McKinley had informed her that he should not be able to come.

A correspondent of the *Banner of Light*, in 1868, thus wrote of Miss Fuller's ministrations in San Francisco: "She is a noble young soul, brimming over with love and charity for all of God's children It is felt that her advent is the harbinger of lasting good to all Spiritualists, and through them to all others. She scatters goodness, truth, and mercy wherever she goes, and they cannot but be contagious."

The editor of a San Francisco Spiritualist journal published—also in 1868—the following well-merited tribute to the worth and elevating influence of this pure and noble woman:—

"Miss Fuller is between twenty-five and thirty years of age. Though not tall, she yet possesses a fine, commanding presence, has dark hair, hazel eyes, and a genial smile, seemingly perfectly happy in her relations with all the world, envying none, possessing a good conscience and at peace with all mankind.

"Although she had the benefit of an excellent education, such as is to be expected from all Maine people, her style impresses one with the idea that she is more indebted to nature, than to art or science, for what she is. She manifests an intuitive sense of the beautiful in all she says or reads; her selections of poetry are always first-class.

"Her social relations are of the most delightful character, and greatly tend, no doubt, to constitute her genial, happy nature; she lives in a world of affection and love. Her father and mother, who constantly attend her lectures, and who appear as delighted with them as anybody, are beautiful samples of a bygone age,—people that we read about, but seldom see. Imagine a fine old gentleman, a well-to-do New England farmer, and his good, old, kind-hearted, matronly wife, and you will not be far from the idea of the parents of Miss Fuller.

"With an unbounded philanthropy, and wishing good to all, it is doubtful if she has an enemy in all the world, not an unkind word being ever spoken of her in public or in private. Even materialists, who sneer at the religious element of her nature, are dumb against her public or private character.

"She is undoubtedly destined for a great work upon this coast, and is evidently progressing in power. She is welcomed wherever she goes, even by persons opposed in principle to the philosophy she inculcates, and will produce a beneficial result in building up a theological structure founded upon reason, that shall be acceptable to

millions, that would not be influenced by the tearing down and destroying principles of mediums of a more materialistic plane, who have for so long infested this coast, and tended to bring Spiritualism to the low point in the estimation of the world at which it stands to-day. May the good angels ever guard and guide her!"

This all-too-feeble tribute to the many sterling virtues of this excellent woman may fittingly be closed with the appended remarks sent me by Mrs. E. L. Watson, in compliance with my request to her that she would furnish me with a few lines expressive of her remembrances of Mrs. McKinley:—

"My relations with Mrs. McKinley from first to last were most cordial. She always contributed something beautiful and tender to the pleasures of my private and public receptions. She seemed absolutely free from all pettiness, and gloried in her sister-woman's success. Herself an eloquent advocate of Spiritualism, she awarded to all others their full due. Her sympathy for the sick and suffering was unbounded, and she gave her time and strength to the sick poor, 'without money and without price,' turning none away when it was possible to serve him or her without injustice to her family. She always seemed to me a perfect mother, the very ideal of wise, womanly devotion to all the duties of life. She had the most beautiful faith in herself as a medium-physician, and it made one happy to look into her clear, sweet eyes, full of faith and tenderness. I considered her the *handsomest* matron in the whole city. She was an indefatigable worker, and yet always looked fresh as a new-blown rose. Her death was a great shock to me. I feel that pure Spiritualism has met with an irreparable loss, from the fact of her devotion to its higher phases, coupled with her sweet, personal influence as a woman and as a co-worker with angelic wisdom."

A little Rochester girl drew the picture of a dog and cat on her slate, and calling her mother's attention to it, said, "A cat oughtn't to have but four legs, but I drew it with six so she could run away from the dog."

154 YEARS.—The Cincinnati *Evening Telegram* recently published a special from San Antonio, Tex., which says: News has just reached here, from a most reliable source, of the recent death, in the State of Vera Cruz, Mex., of Jesus Valdonado, a farmer and ranchman of considerable possessions. This man's age at the time of death was indisputably 154 years. At Valdonado's funeral the pall-bearers were his three sons, aged respectively 140, 120, and 109 years. They were white-haired, but strong and hearty, and in full possession of all their faculties.

Now it is alleged that the teachings of Theosophy have been derived from certain mysterious personages who are said to reside in the fastnesses of the Himalaya mountains in India or Thibet, and that these mysterious persons, these adepts, these mahatmas, the mysterious brothers, as they have been so frequently and very aptly designated, have from time to time through the agency of the two persons we have referred to, and through intermediary agencies, given to the world the knowledge which is now concentrated in the form and under the definition of Theosophy to-day.

Now one peculiarity asserts itself at this point; the position stands just as we have stated it; but another factor, or in fact two other factors begin to obtrude themselves in the form of two other somewhat distinguished personages,—a certain A. P. Sinnett, and an old-time worker in this great cause of modern Spiritualism, known to you as Emma Hardinge-Britten. So far as her particular part in the matter is concerned, her action is mainly connected with that practical side of Theosophy which we will have to deal with later. Mr. Sinnett and Mrs. Britten are mainly related to the more practical side of the subject. Therefore, for the moment we must find room for these people.

It is asserted that the esoteric teachings of the Hindoo faiths, Buddhism and Brahmanism, have been concealed with zealous care by the priestly classes; that this sacred doctrine and these sacred facts and this philosophy have been zealously guarded for many, many ages and generations. So secretly have these things been guarded, that European investigators, in their examination of the literature and history of India in its religious aspect, have, it is alleged, hitherto utterly failed to comprehend the real Buddhistic teachings, for the simple reason that it was veiled in symbols and expressed in allegories, that the outward writings and sayings of its public expounders had but very little relevancy to the real doctrines which they so zealously concealed from the multitude.

If you will remember that social life in India is divided up into quite a number of castes and classes, and these class lines are rigidly defined, and that it is almost impossible for a member of one caste to pass over and become a member of the class beyond his own, and that the priests have been derived altogether from one class in the main, you can clearly see how rigid and secure have been the barriers erected between the commonality on the one side and the priesthood on the other. And the assertion has been that the knowledge that the priesthood possessed, the knowledge that the adepts obtained as a result of their long and patient periods of effort to attain, was too important, and, we might almost add, too dangerous, to be allowed to be

translated freely into the consciousness of the common people.

Here, you see, you have the very essence of class distinctions in their clearest and strongest form, and you have a specially-favored class beyond all other classes who are supposed to possess this Theosophy, this wisdom religion of God, that is too precious and too sublime to be allowed to percolate in common society.

Now do not fall into any mistake here, as the western mind might readily do, and unhesitatingly rush in and condemn the priesthood for the position which it is said to have taken; because such condemnation would be very unjust. Now you know us well enough, friends, to understand we are no friends of priestcraft and ecclesiasticism; but a little justice should be allowed to sway your judgments in regard to what you consider objectionable in these matters. When you bear in mind that the Hindoo religion rigidly maintains these caste lines, for the reason that they represent actual grades of development, and that only those who have arrived at certain spiritual processes of unfoldment, and have attained to certain positions in the general and individual developments here in this world, are able to apprehend the principles which they who belong to the higher castes are capable of comprehending, you will see that from that point of view the priesthood would be perfectly justified in preventing the knowledge it possesses going into the hands of inferior developed persons who are incapable of comprehending its nature, and therefore incapable of applying it to righteous and proper ends and uses. We do not justify this position; we only say that, from the point of view of the priest and of the adept, it would be perfectly correct and justifiable.

Now we go one step beyond that, and we ask you to remember that the Theosophy we are discussing, as stated already, resolves itself into two branches; the philosophical and the practical sides of it.

The philosophy of Theosophy endeavors to give you an intelligible interpretation of the universe, of man's development and progress in and through it, and of his ultimate condition in the states that lie beyond the material condition. When it endeavors to reduce this large and perplexing problem, which includes intellectual development and moral happiness, down to the level of the common mind, then Theosophy, as previously stated, appeals with hope and promise to many minds who are dissatisfied because they have not found a coherent system in the doctrines and teachings of Spiritualism. It may be there in Spiritualism; but whatever the reason may be that they have not found it, we must deal with the results as expressed in their desire to be satisfied concerning the problems Theosophy claims to be able to speak authoritatively upon.

Now the Theosophy of to-day is distinctly Buddhistic in character. It is derived from India, and it is said to be the first presentation of the treasured doctrines or the adepts of that wondrous country and of Tibet. For the first time the western mind is supposed to be put in possession of the sacred information that has been guarded for ages. There is a mystic point here. *Theosophy does not discuss its own origin; it is a system of authority. You have to take the authority of those who may be honest, intelligent, and earnest people, but who, nevertheless, may have been imposed upon; for the source of the authority is beyond examination.* The mysterious brothers in the Himalaya Mountains are the missing X in the equation: *Who are they? where are they? and who has seen them?* The testimony on all these three points is so indefinite, so nebulous, and so eminently unsatisfactory, that from a strictly logical point of view one would be justified in rejecting it altogether. We will not go so far as that at present: we will only point out the weakness of the prime foundation, the external agencies for the presentation of these alleged revelations of the treasured wisdom of India's sages through three persons already alluded to, Blavatsky, Olcott, and Sinnett.

Madame Blavatsky is known to some of you; and even Theosophists are not above criticising her, and allege that she is only a Russian adventuress, who having tried many things by turn, and not remaining with one thing very long, comes at last through Spiritualism into Indian Theosophy, and there parades before the world as one of the great lights of the nineteenth century. Yet there are people who say that all her teachings are nonsense, all her revelations are moonshine, and all the wonderful statements of marvelous powers have been evolved, like the Teuton's donkey, from her own inner consciousness.

The philosophy of Theosophy concerns some important points, to-wit: the nature of man, the re-embodiments of man, and the future existence of man; and thus, you see, attempts to deal with the universe, its inhabitants, and their positions.

The cardinal doctrine of Theosophy in regard to the character of man is the key-stone of the whole position. If that key-stone is wrong, rotten, and useless, then the arch it is supposed to support will most surely crumble into ruins sooner or later. The key-stone of Theosophy in regard to humanity is, that the individual soul is a monad, an individual unit, that flits from world to world, from form to form, alternating between the unconscious *devachan* state and the active material embodiment, and from time to time there is an intermittent state, instead of a continuous existence. That is the key-stone of the whole position.

If man's soul is not a monad, and if man's life is continuous instead of intermit-

ment, then down falls the superstructure reared upon the two points just referred to. Do you understand what the monadical theory in this regard means? It means that there is, in fact, from the central source innumerable sparks sent out that float and roll through being until they find entrance into material conditions. It means, also, that these atoms themselves are unconscious, and that they only have a conscious existence as a consequence of the conjunction with the conditions of being that they come into from time to time. It means that this claim of persistent personality, that you cling to, has no foundation in fact. It means that you are not the sons and daughters of your parents. It means that the children of the world have no real affinity, essentially, between their monads, one with the other. It means that the material existence is only a vehicle for temporary external personal consciousness and individuality. It means that the individual form of personality is only temporary, and belongs only to this condition of existence. It means all these things and some more, which we will show you presently.

Now what is the theosophical definition of a man? Here again arises another curious point. There is not only a cardinal postulate in regard to Theosophy, but there is a cardinal numeral also in association with it; and that numeral is the number seven. There are seven rounds of progress, and seven distinct degrees belonging to each of these rounds; there are seven parts in a man's nature; there are seven steps up the ladder of life, leading to the wondrous eighth that lies beyond it. This number seven plays a most important part in the esoteric doctrines of Theosophy. How it does, though, we shall leave you to determine. We are not responsible for the doctrine, mark you; we are responsible for the exposition of it which we are placing before you.

Now these seven parts of man require just a little attention. Man is divisible into his body, the vitality that belongs to his body, the astral body, the animal soul, the human soul, the spiritual soul, and the spirit ultimately. Now these seven divisions of man's nature call for a more close examination; for the body and its vitality, and the astral body, are left behind at the process of death, while the animal soul and the human soul go forward in association with what is described as the *karma* of the individual,—the result of the good and evil desires of life. You are not to infer that at death in every case the human soul or the spiritual soul or the spirit has been fully and completely unfolded on the higher scale; rather is it probable that successive incarnations or embodiments are requisite for the complete evolution of the septennial results referred to.

This offers some very interesting

reflections, for this reason: it is said that these astral bodies, which were one time called "shells," have an existence and vitality of their own; that they are not actually conscious, that they are not actually intelligent, and that they are not permanent, but that they have a certain persistence and a certain consciousness of their own; and that they float about and live near to the bodies that they belong to, though themselves at this time separated from them and existing in the astral life. And it is said by some Theosophists that these shells are, to a very large extent, the only spirits that the Spiritualist comes in contact with; that these semi-conscious shells that arise from the decaying body are vitalized by the intelligence of the medium, and are endowed for the time with a temporary and partial sentient consciousness; and that these shells thus endowed, these worn-out astral suits of clothes, are said to produce a great many of the spiritual phenomena that are associated with Modern Spiritualism. How satisfactory this is to you who are Spiritualists, we will not just now attempt to say; we will leave you to your own judgments on this question, while we revert to it again presently.

When the individual dies he will pass into one of two conditions, and here, also are involved very important considerations. We must confess that the doctrine of re-embodiment, as taught by Theosophy, is, in the sense we are interpreting it, the most rational conception of that doctrine that you could accept in regard to such an irrational proposition. But when we have said that much, we are only saying it in regard to the consistency of the entire scheme as a whole. We have nothing to say in favor of re-embodiment *per se* itself. The theosophic doctrine is this: that, according to the *karma* generated by a human person while living in this world, so will be the character of the embodiment he seeks next; and, instead of its being the gratification of individual desires and the giving to a man favors in one life that he did not get in another, it is an attempt, more or less clumsy, to adjudicate upon the deeds of an individual while he lives in one embodiment, so that in the next embodiment he will be what he deserves to be as a result of his previous embodiment, and by this expedient it is hoped to work out a successful scheme that shall harmonize the inequalities of life with the justice of God.

But what becomes of the individual at first? The first condition that he can enter into is that which is denominated the *kama-loka*, and in that state you will find the astral shells, the victims of accidents, and the suicides; and from that state of life you are said to get the great majority of the spiritual communications and phenomena that are accepted by Spiritualists.

Think of it! Remember clearly what it means! The communicating intelligences you welcome to your hearts and understandings, in the main, come to you from the astral world, or from the *kama-loka*. You get the very worst kind of gentry from the spiritual world. Is it not very remarkable that thirty-nine years ago when the spirits flooded the world with their first coming, and when their light never shown stronger in your midst, that you did not then learn about it? That shells and the victims of accidents and suicides were the only spiritual people that were coming back? They never said so then, they never say so now; and if Theosophy thus interpreted leads you so to understand, then here we might well pause and say that the facts stated in both cases are so opposed each to the other, that there can be no possible contact between the two movements. We will not make the breach just yet; let us go a stage further.

When the individual passes away, or dies, he goes into one or other of the states *devachan* or *avitchi* in the *kama-loka*. If wise and comparatively good, and has made some little progress in culture and development, his destination is *devachan*, if not, *avitchi* is his home. What does he do there? When he withdraws from the material world, consciousness is annihilated, extinguished, and he becomes an inhabitant of the *devachan* state. There, in a purely subjective condition, he becomes conscious,—that is to say, his *karma* inflicts a consciousness upon him, and he lives in a species of spiritual isolation by himself, to himself, and of himself, and altogether dreams, shall we say, the existence in which he then finds himself. All the aspirations, all the pleasures, and all the progress of his past re-embodiments are with him in this condition, and are real to him; but if a subjective reality, he has no outward visible form, as you would understand it, but exists there as a potentiality in subjective activity. And then, when all the *karma* he has generated has been exhausted, he gradually ceases to be conscious, sinks into oblivion and forgetfulness, and only recovers action again when he has accomplished another re-embodiment; and that re-embodiment is accomplished as a consequence of his needs, rather than as a consequence of the conscious selection of it as an intelligent desire.

Between the entrance into *devachan* and the departure therefrom, there is a complete cessation of recollection of material existence in the first instance, and of the *devachan* existence in the second instance.

Thus you see we were correct when we stated that it is the philosophy of intermittent living instead of continuous consciousness; for he remembers naught in this world of his experiences in *devachan*, and he remembers naught of this world when in

devachan, though it is alleged that when he ultimately arrives at the state denominated Nirvana he will be able to turn over these pages of this book, and will find that his progress has been along a certain straight line, so far as he is concerned, and an intermittent line of varying consciousness, so far as his external character is concerned.

Thus you will see that there are recognized two important distinctions,—the purely subjective, and the purely objective; that it is the entrance into and passing out in a series of spiral progressions that helps to round out and develop and unfold the monad that is making all these mysterious windings through the order of existence.

We are not concerned about very much more in this regard, save only to say that the individual ultimately progresses, by reason of his embodiments, mark you, up to what is denominated *rupa-loka*, a condition or state of substantial spiritual verities, but subjective, and therefore intangible to the inhabitants of *kama-loka* or to the inhabitants of the material sphere; and through these he ultimately ascends to the highest condition of *arupa-loka*, and there ultimately reaches forward into that Nirvana condition where all the preceding experiences take conscious possession of the monad. We suppose then that he shall have attained an estate divine in character and in interior association with the divine consciousness of God, from which it is even possible to escape and go back through all the lower conditions, coming into material existence again and taking on another form.

Thus you see that from the very commencement, in *kama-loka* and the astral life, to the very highest possibility, the necessity of re-embodiments is the only means of development and progress. This is persistently and continuously presented, and through it all runs the statement that the individual himself—the ultimate analysis perhaps we had better say—is an unconscious monad of spiritual forces and power; and therefore we are justified in saying there are no brothers and sisters, no sons and daughters, no husbands and wives,—they are only material vehicles through which simple monads are being passed in a long series up to the wondrous Nirvana that lies beyond. But these monads have gone through the chemical conditions of life, they have gone through the inorganic conditions of life, through the animal conditions of life, have gone through the whole of the conditions of life in every department of terrestrial being; these departments have been the vehicles through which these monads have passed in their efforts to obtain a condition of soul-element and spiritual development.

Now, we think we have justly and clearly placed this theosophical doctrine before you. Let us look at Spiritualism. We

have said that the Theosophist has recoiled from Spiritualism, because he claims it did not present to him a consistent theory of spiritual development. Now, if the Theosophist will only turn to the writings of Paschal Beverley Randolph he will find this monadical theory distinctly stated therein, he will find the doctrine of re-embodiment to a very large extent affirmed, and a great deal of the theosophical teachings of to-day; he will also find a great deal of the practical part of Theosophy, to which we shall refer presently.

The aforesaid writer claimed to be a member of the Rosicrucians, and also of various other secret occult orders of like character in Egypt, Spain and various countries of Europe, as well as in various sections of this country. Most of the higher and best of the theosophical teachings were very clearly stated forty years ago in the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, particularly in "Nature's Divine Revelations."

In the name of common sense, where is the necessity of a movement which contains literature within itself that substantially deals with a great many of the points that Theosophy claims peculiar to itself, and thus dealt with them years and years before Theosophy ever became occult,—where is the necessity, we say, of the former adopting the basis of the latter?

We are only asking intelligence from Spiritualists, for reasonable consideration on the part of Spiritualists; we are only asking that they shall be as capable of dealing with the movement they belong to, as the chemist is with chemistry, the astronomer with astronomy, the historian with history,—in each and all of these to make themselves familiar with the literature, researches, and results of their predecessors, before they consider themselves capable of dealing with the experiences of their cotemporaries.

Now the practical side we must deal with briefly. The subject grows rapidly on our hands, and branches out into so many directions, that we shall have to condense. The practical side of Theosophy is the cultivation of the astral powers, the so-called occult faculties of mankind, and practical occultism is the opposite side of philosophical Theosophy; these are the two extremes. But the cultivation of the astral power is of no use to the immortal consciousness,—we beg pardon, the persistent monad,—since you will forget it all in the *devachan* state. Practical occultism teaches that you must eat sparingly and drink next to nothing at all, avoid all passionate exercises of any sort; that you must retire from the world, forget your father and mother and friends, and live in contemplation and seclusion, and endeavor to work up to that condition wherein the adepts shall receive you within their ranks. It is also claimed that by a cultivation of

the astral power the person is enabled to project himself here and there at will, and to transmit articles to a distance. It is alleged that the astral faculties that you possess are really the only foundations for certain forms of mediumship; and instead of spirits being concerned in the production of these alleged phenomena, they are the outwardly-unconscious expression of the astral faculties you possess.

Practical occultism deals also with the idea that each grade of life has its own spiritual personalities; that there are gnomes in the mountains, elementaries in the elements, fairies in the glades, sylphs in the woods, nymphs in the waters; that there are spirits of the air, spirits of the flame, spirits of the land. Practical occultism tells you all these things, and asks you to believe that, as the highest condition of material existence has produced man, so all the lower conditions of material existence have also their personal soul. So when you crush a flower, you may kill its spirit; when you blast the rocks for gold, you injure the spirit of the rock; when, hunting in the woods, you fire a shot through the bushes and trees, you may wound the spirits therein; and so on through all the realms of material existence, for practical occultism tells you that personality is a possibility for all conditions of existence.

Now we come to the spiritual side of the question. As we stated, the literature of Modern Spiritualism when investigated can produce for your inspection a large proportion of the philosophy of the higher and better sort that is presented to you in the form of Theosophy.

Now what does Spiritualism say? It says that which the Theosophist esteems of least importance, the continuity of personality is a fact; that man's conscious personality is continued beyond the grave; that there he is not living in the *devachan* condition, and only conscious himself in that condition, and not conscious of that condition when he is out of it. How the mystic brothers or any of the other adepts discovered that the inhabitants of *devachan* were only conscious while in *devachan* and not conscious when they got out of it, since they themselves must have been in it, is a problem we shall have to leave to the mystic brothers themselves to solve; for we must candidly confess that we are utterly incapable of telling you how people who are unconscious while living in one state can ever come back and tell you that they have lived in that unknowable condition!

Then these spiritual people come to you and tell you that consciousness and individuality continue beyond the grave; that the *karma* of their lives truly blesses them in that condition of spiritual progress to which they properly belong. They tell you, "We live here, and there are millions around us who are living here who have been here for ages past; and we know noth-

ing of the necessity of re-embodiment ourselves in order that we may develop the human soul and the spiritual soul or the spirit, and come up through *kama-loka* into *rupa-loka* then into *arupa-loka* and from *arupa-loka* into Nirvana. But we know that as has been our natures on earth, as has been our sayings and our doings, so are we when we enter into the spiritual world."

The spiritual philosophers say, "We know nothing of these monads that are thrown off from the central source, as sparks may be said to be thrown off from the grindstone when it is being turned; we find in nature and in being the process of evolution, but we interpret it altogether differently from the interpretations of Buddhistic Theosophy (for that is all Theosophy is, it is Buddhism adapted to the ideas of the western mind, and in the transfer it loses three-fourths of the practical Hindoo flavor that belongs to it). We know nothing of the interpretation of the western Theosophists of the doctrine of evolution; but this we know, that nature and being are a unit in divine relationship, that the latent element in all is the divine spirit of the eternal God, which working up from orders and forms, through ages and periods, at last becomes concentrated and developed into consciousness of the human creature; and when that concentration has once been accomplished, the divine element is sufficient for the future contingencies, and it continues to expand, in the improved conditions in which it finds itself, through successive periods of evolution, in the spiritual condition, and consequently there is no necessity for it ever seeking a re-embodiment, either to be punished for past misdeeds in previous earthly lives, or to be rewarded for good conduct when embodied under previous conditions."

What, then, is the point of contact between these two systems? Veiled in the astral light there is a semi-conscious and semi-rational existence, and these fathers and mothers that come back to you, the spirits of children once clothed in flesh, who trod the ways of mortal life, and are now living in the immortal worlds beyond—these are only their astral representations. A doctrine that interprets your Spiritualism in this sort is destructive to all you hold dear, and to every sentiment the spiritual world has given to you from the days of the Rochester knockings down to the present hour. The Theosophy that tells you that spiritual progress can only be accomplished by successive re-embodiments into material conditions, so that the materials whereby spiritual progress is assisted and rendered possible can be accumulated, is, if we may be allowed the expression, virtually putting the cart before the horse; for to come back again, to go down in order to get up, is the peculiar interpretation of Theosophy of the evolution of universal life and progress.

A Theosophy that endeavors to explain the phenomena of the universe in this manner, while it may present in itself and of itself, a perfectly coherent system, and be all of a piece and fit completely in detail and general principles, fit completely in every relationship, is neither more nor less than an absolute destruction and annihilation of the facts of science, the revelations of spirits, and the progress of humanity at large.

In closing, let us put the point very clearly before you. The eastern mind gives absolute supremacy to mental analysis and spiritual subjectivity, sees life from the plane that internal absorption and contemplation presents: the western mind interprets life from the outward side of the human intellect, deals with life's issues as they are, not as contemplation imagines them to be. The eastern mind accepts the authority of the adept, and concludes that whatever the adept says, whatsoever they who have reached the plane of the *mahatmas* may say, is literally true, for it is alleged that what these highest and wisest teachers say is the truth, although there is no way you can demonstrate it for yourself; and when it is a subjective analysis, a subjective proposition a subjective demonstration, the resultant philosophy is altogether dissimilar from that which is presented to the minds of the western people who work objectively, who take nothing upon authority, and who interpret the facts of nature as they are, not as the subjective nature supposes them to be.

It is then a conflict, a square and open conflict, between two differing methods of thought. Shall the eastern method dominate the western, or shall the western dominate the eastern? Shall there be a war between intellect and spirituality, the old warfare of Armageddon in a new form? There need be no conflict. Let Theosophists drop some of their extravagant claims which are utterly incapable of being demonstrated, let Spiritualists leave phenomenalism on one side and cultivate their interior qualities, and each will learn that intellect and spirituality are absolute necessities in the solution of the problems of existence; and where they check and counter check each other, then jointly used they may help to solve the dual problem of existence in relation to the material and spiritual worlds.

But when we are asked to assent to the statement that Theosophy is higher than Spiritualism, that it goes deeper than Spiritualism, that it is a more refined and spiritual system than Spiritualism, we can only shake our heads in sad, sad denial and say, look at the foundations upon which it stands; remember that you must take it upon trust, upon the good faith of three noted persons, and that all you have to rest upon is the statements that are made by

those who say that they have received these revelations from the *mahatmas* of India.

We repudiate the foundations utterly and completely, and say that it is improbable and absurd; that the doctrines that are evolved and have been built upon it are subversive to morality and intellectual culture; and that a rational Spiritualism that gives you a plain, clear idea of the continuity of consciousness, of the continuity of individuality and personality, and assures you progress through the worlds of the yet-to be without the necessity of returning to the conditions of earthly life again, is the only real solution of the problems of life and the destiny of humanity.

If we have said aught that seems harsh to you, we, of course, do not wish unnecessarily to wound your feelings, but the truth must be spoken whatever befalls speakers or listeners, the truth alone can make you free. We are willing to give all honor where it is due. We are willing to say there are weaknesses in Spiritualism; there is the weakness we mentioned in our opening. Therefore the necessity exists for Spiritualists themselves who desire a coherent system to consult in regard to this very point, and wish to place it before the world as what we know of spiritual science and spiritual philosophy.

But shall the west, quick with the life of intelligence, sparkling and brimful of aspiration, activity and desire, shall the west and the north, with these strong powers that have conquered the desert, elevated the savage into civilization, filled the plains with teeming life, and flooded the world with the pulses of thought and feeling, shall the north and the west, the strong, strong people of the world, who have fought their way to freedom and progress, contesting every inch of the ground ever since error and superstition existed, shall the mighty minds who have never given way to the power of ignorance and superstition, we ask, shall you yourselves, who have done so much for the world's progress, elevated the culture of the human intellect so high, expanded the powers of human nature, and made them practical, shall you come down from your high estate and sit at the feet of the invisible and mysterious, and again put the sacerdotal yoke upon your necks and confess that specially-called people, who seclude themselves from life, have nothing in common with its active requirements, are your only fit counsellors and teachers? If you do, then farewell to the light of civilization, farewell to the glory of Modern Spiritualism; darkness will descend upon you and shut out the progress of today, and the world will be flooded with baleful influences.

In the name, then, of humanity, in the name of science, in the name of Spiritualism, we say, having now placed the points of contact and divergence between Theosophy and Spiritualism before you,

take whatsoever there is good and true in either system, in harmony with nature and with reason, and hold fast the fact which you thus find to be good. But Theosophy completely considered, with all its peculiar doctrines by itself, as we have placed it before you, is absolutely an untenable doctrine, and destructive of that spiritual revelation that has done so much to win the world to a knowledge of immortality, and make men realize that death was not an everlasting and eternal sleep.

Literary Dept.

CROOKED PATHS OR THE WAGES OF SIN.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER

AUTHOR OF "AFTER MANY DAYS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING.

"Gin a body meet a body
Coming frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Every lassie has her laddie,
Nain they say have I—"

The clear sweet tones soaring high like the notes of a bird clearing the blue sky ceased abruptly, and the fair songstress flushed from temple to throat as her eyes fell upon the form of a dark-eyed handsome stranger, who, leaning over the low paling that skirted her father's garden, seemed to be drinking in the words that had just fallen from her fair lips.

The stranger started, and raising his hat, saying, "I beg your pardon if I intrude. Tempted by the loveliness of the morning, I started out for an early ramble, and in passing, the beauty of your garden attracted me." And he glanced with admiration upon the beds of blooming flowers that spread before him, his gaze settling lastly upon the countenance of the girl in his path. It was, indeed, a form and face of wondrous loveliness, tall, slender and fair, with a complexion of roses and pearls, eyes as blue as a cloudless summer sky, and hair of a peculiar golden tint that fell in rich profusion around her sloping shoulders. Alice Blake did not require the dressmaker's art to enhance her charms, for the simple gingham gown, belted at the waist, and finished at throat and wrists with snowy bands of linen, only served to increase the beauty of form and feature.

"You are quite pardonable," she responded with gentle dignity. "It is a most delightful morning, and as for our flowers, we do pride ourselves upon their good looks;" and she smiled frankly upon her visitor.

"I am a stranger in the village, having arrived, for the first time, last evening, to pay a long promised visit to my old-time friend and college classmate, the Rev. George Ferguson. My name is Henry Lyman, and I am from the town of Burton."

"Any friend of our dear pastor is sure to find a welcome in Cloverdale," returned the young lady. "My father, Dr. Blake, will be pleased to meet you while you are here."

"Thank you very much; and now I must leave you to attend to your duties," glancing at the watering-pot in her hand, "but, pardon me; you have so many of them, would it be too presumptuous for me to beg a rose from your garden?"

"Not at all," she laughingly replied. "As you say, we have so many of them one could not be missed." And she broke the stem of a beautiful cluster of creamy, half-opened roses whose rich fragrance scented the balmy air.

With another bow of thanks the stranger accepted the blossoms and placed them in his button hole, and lifting his hat, turned and slowly retraced his steps into the heart of the village. An hour later, when seated at the hospitable breakfast table of his host, he related his adventure, requesting to know something of the fair girl he had encountered.

"Nellie can tell you more of her than I can," said the minister; "for wife and she are fast friends, having many tastes in common, such as music and literature, and a love of the æsthetic. I know that she is a charming girl, nineteen years of age, the only daughter of Dr. Blake, our one physician. She is an unsophisticated rural beauty, ignorant of the world and its ways, but sound and sweet to the core, and one well worth knowing."

"Alice is not so ignorant as you imply, George," interrupted sprightly Mrs. Nellie, from behind the steaming coffee urn.

"She is well read, cultivated and refined, and could hold her own in any circle of society she should chance to enter."

"True, dear," mildly replied her husband, "I only meant to say that she has never mingled with the world outside of Cloverdale, and that she is as innocent of its wiles as an infant."

"I should judge that her voice is a treasure in itself. I only heard a few of its tones, but they were clear and sweet, and seemed to be under perfect control;" and Henry Lyman smiled in remembrance of the confusion his presence had caused the singer in the garden.

"Oh, yes, Alice is perfectly at home with music and song; she has a voice of rare sweetness. You will hear it more fully on Sunday, as she is first soprano in our church," and if her husband had not reminded her that their guest had engaged to go with him on a drive of some miles that morning, the little woman might have

launched forth into a long panegyric of the virtues of her friend, for the minister's wife could talk when once her tongue was set in motion, though he it said to her credit that her voice was never raised in scandal, or in the small talk that is productive of so much mischief in the world. She was head and front of all the social interests in Cloverdale, and her influence and example together with that of her friend, the Doctor's daughter, had effectually checked whatever disposition there had been among the members of the sewing circle and weekly sociable to retail gossip, and had introduced higher themes for discussion among the ladies, such as would lead to their self improvement.

George Ferguson and Henry Lyman had been chums at college—the former, a plain, substantial, rather ordinary looking young man of studious habits and well principled mind, had chosen the ministry for his profession. The latter, tall, handsome and dark, with jetty locks and bronze-brown eyes, had not come to college to study any particular profession, but rather to gain a broad and liberal education for the foundation of a mercantile career. The two had become fast friends at once; and when class days were over promised to see much of each other. But the promise had failed of fulfillment. The young theological student received a call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Cloverdale—a country village at least a hundred miles distant from Burton, the scene of Henry Lyman's career; there he had settled, married a charming little dark-eyed woman, and became the sympathetic pastor and friend of all the country folk. Lyman in the meanwhile had entered the employment of the Burton Bank, a large and respectable establishment that enjoyed the confidence of all the moneyed people of that thriving town. He had become promoted to the position of head cashier, and had attended to the responsibilities and duties of his post with unflinching trust and steadiness. Now, after the lapse of thirteen years, he felt a strong desire to see his former friend and classmate, and as his summer vacation was at hand he determined to run down to Cloverdale and pay the minister a visit. Thus do we find him on the morning when our story opens. His old friend received him with open arms, and metaphorically speaking, the little wife did the same. As for their tiny six-year-old daughter,—the image of her mother,—she became friendly with the visitor at once and engaged to show him all her treasures, from the kitten to the big waxen doll that could open and close its eyes.

The day following the encounter in the garden brought Alice Blake to the home of her friend. She came to practice a hymn for the next Sabbath, for if that young lady was first soprano, Mrs. Ferguson was

organist at church, and the two ladies passed many hours together in the rehearsal of their music. And so a formal introduction between Henry Lyman and the young singer was brought about; and at the close of the long summer day the dark-eyed stranger had the pleasure of acting as escort to the fair-haired girl whose presence had set his pulses beating and his heart aglow as no other of the gentler sex had succeeded in doing in all the thirty-three years of his life. The days sped swiftly away bringing his vacation to its close. Under some pretext or another he had devised ways of meeting Miss Blake nearly every day. On the Sabbath he had looked for her coming, and a smile brightened his face as he watched her enter the gallery and take her place among the choristers. His anticipations of the rich feast in store for him were fully realized and as the clear sweet tones of the soprano rose in triumphant strains as if soaring in their notes of praise to the highest heaven, he listened reverently, and with a feeling of awe, such as even the deep practical and fervent lessons of the sermon that followed failed to inspire.

Dr. Blake was a man who had passed the greater part of his life in the sick room, leaving the care of his motherless young daughter to housemaid and nurse. Although a man of sterling worth and integrity he was seldom seen to smile and his quiet, almost stern manner, served to repel rather than to attract others to his side. As a physician he was successful, because of his scientific knowledge of medicine and of the human body, but magnetically he was not adapted to the pursuit of such a profession, and would have been more at home in the world of Natural History than in the field of medicine. He had aimed to give his daughter a good education, and had to an extent superintended her studies himself; but he never thought that the young heart cried out for love, companionship and sympathy; and that in the quiet house, it silently sought in books and music for the fellowship it craved, reaching out to external life for warmth, beauty and tenderness as the early blossoms of spring shiver in the cold blast, and long for the radiance glow and warmth of balmy days.

During his visit to Cloverdale, Henry Lyman became acquainted with Dr. Blake, but from the first the old physician conceived a dislike for the stranger. Henry was magnetic, full of subtle grace and polish, of easy address and social manners. Quite the opposite to the staid, old doctor, who saw danger ahead to the household if this man was admitted as a frequent guest. Yet the physician could not ignore his pastor's friend, and he was obliged to pass with him the civilities of life.

When Henry Lyman returned to his home it was with the promise of spending an occasional Sabbath at Cloverdale to listen

to the preaching of his friend, a promise religiously kept during the autumn and winter. The friendship formed between himself and sweet Alice took the usual course, ripening into love, and culminating in a confession of mutual affection and a betrothal. At first the father was unwilling to yield his consent, but finally did so with the stipulation that they should wait one year before marriage.

And so it happened that just two years and a week from the day Henry Lyman startled pretty Alice Blake out of the melody of her song, and the words

"Every lassie has her laddie,
Nain they say have I—"

fell from her lips never to be caught up again with truth, another summer morning flushed out in radiance upon the peaceful, but now jubilant village of Cloverdale, the morning that ushered in alike to Alice Blake her twenty-first birthday and her wedding-day.

Fair, and sweet and stately as a lily, she looked in her bridal robes of snowy white. Billows upon billows of foamy lace caught up by clusters of the same rich creamy blossoms, one spray of which she had given her lover at their first meeting. Standing now in the little church, leaning upon his arm and listening to the words pronounced by their pastor, that made her the wife of the man she adored, it seemed to her that the height of joy and bliss had been reached, and that her cup was full.

After the wedding-breakfast, there was a reception in the doctor's home, then a change of apparel, and the young bride robed in dainty grey garments was handed into the waiting carriage and, in company with her husband and her father, who had taken a day from duty to accompany his daughter to her new home, driven to the railway station to take the train for Burton.

Harry Lyman had no relatives but one brother, seven years his senior, who was himself a member of the Board of Directors of the town bank, and a prominent business man. To the home of this brother the traveling party were taken, where they met with a warm greeting.

Mrs. Girard Lyman was a fashionable woman; one who had been an acknowledged beauty and belle, and who, in her matronly dignity, was still known as a handsome woman of commanding presence and haughty demeanor. She was quite charmed with her young sister-in-law, for she recognized in Alice, one who would not discredit the social position of the family.

Here in such a home of taste and elegance as Mrs. Girard Lyman could maintain, Dr. Blake left his daughter, but not without many misgivings as to the effect such a life as she was likely to lead would work upon her sensitive, un-schooled nature.

However, he left in her hands a check for a handsome amount, with the understanding that it should be used in securing an establishment for herself in her own right.

And now a new life opened upon the young wife. The æsthetic part of her nature that had hitherto been cramped, found an opportunity for unfoldment. In the midst of the beautiful works of art, the lovely creations of refined taste that surrounded her, her soul seemed to drink in new power and ecstasy day after day. The very people she met, so faultless in manner, so refined in bearing, so exquisite and irreproachable in dress, came to her, as it were, out of another world, and when they took her up and petted her and called her their own—for this fresh, new wonder, with the superb bearing of an empress, and the quiet gentleness of a child, together with the marvelous voice, created a stir at once in the social circles of Burton—was it any wonder that she yielded to the tide and felt herself floating out upon the current of fashionable life and its accompaniments? Hitherto, Henry Lyman had been a quiet, staid sort of fellow, pleasant and social in his way, but caring little for the diversions of fashionable life, devoting his daily hours to business, and spending his evenings at the club. But now the homage that society paid to his wife pleased him, and he found himself not unwilling to be drawn with her out into ballroom or *soirée* and other brilliant gatherings.

The new house had been purchased in the best portion of the town, and furnished with exquisite taste by Alice under the advice of Mrs. Girard Lyman, and it soon became the scene of many a select and social gathering, for it would never do for Henry Lyman's wife to ignore the claims of that society that had taken her up and set her upon its pinnacle as a creature to be admired.

CHAPTER II.

THE FLIGHT.

It was the evening of a grand *fete* to be given in honor of a distinguished guest by Mrs. Augustus Hill, the acknowledged leader of Burton society. All the fashionables of that aristocratic town were content to follow in the wake of this dignified person, and to them her smile of approval was as sweet as her frown was terrible. For weeks the contemplated ball had been the town talk. All Burton had been on the *qui vive* to know who would receive invitations to this select affair, and many a fair face flushed with pleasure as the dainty *billet* which entitled its owner to a place in the Hill mansion on that occasion was passed into her hands.

The Lyman invitation had been a fore-gone conclusion, for the handsome Henry,

with his sweet, musical wife, flanked by the countenance and connection of the Girard Lymans, were excluded from no social gathering, however select and formal it might prove. And therefore, the fair Alice, although now a mother as well as a wife, had long been anticipating the coming of the eventful night of which we write.

Six years have passed since the newly-married pair had established their home in Burton and been taken up by the arms of society. At the birth of their child, who was now a lovely little girl of four, they had retired for a time from the excitements of social life, but the glare, and glitter, and artificialities of the outside world had not yet begun to pall upon them and all too soon the babe grew out of the arms of its mother into those of a nurse, while the husband and wife again allowed themselves to be drawn from the domestic fireside into the whirlpool of gaiety.

Once again, when little Alicia was but two years old, there was a cessation of party going and party giving. Dr. Blake had been paying a visit of a few weeks to his daughter. The old gentleman, with his severe ideas of life and its duties, looked upon the, to him, waste and extravagance and folly of their household with disapproving eyes. The night before his departure he held a long and serious talk with his son-in-law, concerning his private means, asking how it was possible for a bank clerk on a salary, to maintain such an imprudent and expensive style of living.

"You will remember, sir, that this house and its appointments belong to my wife, purchased with your own generous gift to her on our wedding day," explained the younger man. "As you well know, my position is a responsible and trusted one, and my salary is commensurate with its duties. I had saved something before my marriage, and that together with the small legacy left me by my father, has enabled me to gratify my wife's and my own rather luxuriant tastes in the manner you condemn."

"Very well, I am glad that this can be so readily explained," rejoined the physician in rather a nettled tone, "but I warn you that you are wasting your time and substance for no good result. You will sometime find these golden apples turning to bitterness in your mouth. I am surprised at Alice; with her training I expected different things from her. But it is no use to talk to a woman; she cannot see what is for her own good. Given fine dress and other things to correspond, and she looks for nothing else——"

"Do you not think, sir," interrupted his companion, "that if you had allowed your daughter to enjoy some of the pleasures of congenial companionship, if you had consented to her meeting with young friends in social entertainment, at her own or other

homes, that she would have been better prepared to withstand what you are pleased to call the temptations of fashionable life to-day?"

"No, I do not! The present assures me that I was justified in my course. Had I allowed my daughter to run here and there to this party and that, her head might have been turned much earlier than it has. However," he continued, "you will both remember that I have nothing more to spare you for this sort of living. The larger share of my means I gave Alice when she left me; the little remaining, together with my Cloverdale home, I can find a better use for than to have it swallowed up by the rapacious maw of society—society that would see a man floundering in distress and not fling out a hand to rescue him from his peril."

"Very well, sir. I am sorry you are offended with us, but I do not see the danger you apprehend. We are grateful for your generosity in the past, but we have no desire to further encroach upon it. When I introduced Alice to my relatives and friends, it was with the determination to give her such opportunities of seeing life as would delight her sensitive, beauty-loving nature. Her loveliness and accomplishments took the town by storm, and proud of my wife, I have so far been enabled to keep her in the position she has won."

"All the more senseless on your part, my boy. It would have been much better to have settled her in a cosy little home by a domestic fireside where you could both enjoy *home life*. But I see it is no use for me to talk. You must go your own way and reap your own experience. So we will not part in anger," and there was a sound of genuine emotion in the old father's tones as he bade his son good night.

Three months later Dr. Blake died after an illness of two weeks, brought on from severe exposure at night in going a long distance to attend a patient. His daughter was with him for a week before the end, but he did not recognize her, and he passed on without a word or sign to anyone.

After the funeral it was found that he had left a will dated two months before, in which he deeded all his real and personal estate to his "beloved grandchild Mary Alicia Lyman, to be held for her in trust until the age of twenty-one;" naming the Rev. George Ferguson and another friend as trustees and executors.

For a year after this event, the Lymans excluded themselves from fashionable society. The cloud that had occasionally settled upon the brow of the husband seemed to lift, and he was more outspoken and cheerful than he had been for some time. Alice did not notice this, nor did she realize the anxiety that had formerly rang out in her husband's tones when at times

conversing on the expenditures of the household. Unaccustomed to calculate the cost of living when a girl in her father's home, she had grown up, to an extent, ignorant of the many sources of expense that a home can furnish and as far as possible her husband had fostered this ignorance in his wife.

She now missed the exhilaration, the fever and ferment of the exciting life she had led since her marriage, but she had loved her stern old father in a way and was content to remain quiet during the conventional period of mourning.

After the year had expired, the Lymans again began to go out and to receive more, but in a quieter way than formerly, until this grand ball of Mrs. Augustus Hill was announced when Alice decided that they *must* attend that and in full dress.

"Wife, darling, you have never worn your wedding robes since the morning we were wed. I would like to see you in them once again. They are just right for a ball room, and you looked most exquisite in them, then, why not wear them to the Hills? I know you will create a sensation in them."

Pleased and excited the beautiful woman promised to air her wedding garments, and to try them on. And so on the night of the grand ball, she stood in the blazing light of her dressing room, arrayed in the snowy folds of shimmering lace, the white kids, and satin slippers that had decked her person on her wedding morn.

In her ears and at her throat a set of milk white pearls shimmered in the light, these with a large circular fan of snowy feathers had been brought to her by her lover husband the night before. Her fair hair arranged in a mass of shining ringlets upon the top of her shapely head bore no ornament but a cluster of creamy roses such as those that festooned the billows of lace around her form, not wholly unlike the blossoms that had decked her bridal robes in the days gone by.

Her husband paused in admiration before throwing the dainty opera cloak around the sloping shoulders as he said, "You will bear off the palm to-night, my pearl—I have never seen you look more superb; none of the younger ladies can approach you in faultless taste and beauty."

"Oh, Harry! you are but a partial judge," wafting him a gust of perturbed air from her fan, "but I think I do look well, better than though I had chosen the handsomest silk from Home's establishment. I am so glad, dear, to see you so merry; I thought you quite careworn the last few days." "All owing to the business at the bank. It is somewhat tangled at present, and then to have Girard sent away just at this time is annoying, though he expects to be back in time for the *fete* to-night."

An hour later, Henry Lyman placed his wife in a brilliant corner of the elegant ball-

room at Mrs. Augustus Hill's, where she soon became the centre of an admiring crowd of fashionable friends. Her husband had left her side, and she presently observed him in conversation with a young man who had acted as escort to a niece of Mrs. Girard Lyman now visiting at that lady's home.

In a little while he approached his wife and said, "Have you yet spoken with Isabel?" indicating his brother's wife who, radiant in black velvet and diamonds, stood at a little distance in conversation with friends. "Only to pass greetings, but I do not see Girard here. Has he not returned?"

"Yes, but Ames tells me he is at the bank in conference on important business with the Board of Directors. I may be sent for to join them. If so, I shall have to leave you, but you can enjoy yourself, and, if I do not return, the carriage will be here on time and James will take you home." Here a circle of friends closed around them, and soft voices claimed the attention of the smiling wife. Extricating himself from the throng, Henry sauntered out of their sight and did not reappear for some time.

The glare, the perfume and the crush were at their height. The sweet, dulcet strains of music floated from behind the silken curtains where the musicians were stationed. An exquisite swell, visiting Burton from the metropolis, was just in the act of soliciting the hand of Mrs. Lyman in a quadrille when her husband appeared.

"I must go, dear," he whispered, "but give yourself no uneasiness. If I do not return for you James will take you home. Do not wait up for me, but retire and seek your rest," and he smiled pleasantly upon her.

"How annoying," she rejoined, "but Girard is not here either nor Mr. Boynton, the president of the bank, so I suppose we must excuse you. I shall be glad when this troublesome business is settled."

"And I, too, will be glad—it is a wretched complication, but good-bye and the best of happiness attend you, my wife," and bowing gracefully to Alice, and to the dandy who stood waiting at a little distance till the interview should end, the hurried man turned to make his adieu to his host and hostess.

Half an hour passed, and the form of a man might have been seen entering the dimly-lighted home of Alice Lyman. Hastily he passed up the stairs, through the sleeping apartment and dressing-room of the lady into a chamber beyond. A feeble light revealed a cot bed in one corner upon which slumbered the form of an elderly woman. In a crib by the side of the bed, massed with snowy draperies, lay the form of a sleeping child, whose flushed face, rosy lips and curly brown hair, made a picture

of innocence and beauty fair to look upon. The man knelt by the side of this crib and gazed with an expression of love and anguish upon the features before him. "Oh, my darling! my darling! my little May Blossom!" he moaned. "That it should come to this. God knows I did not dream of the end. May he protect and guard my child!" Slowly he turned and passed from the room. A few moments more and again the front door of the house opened as Henry Lyman descended to the street and disappeared into the gloom.

The morning sun shone brightly into the sleeping-room of Alice Lyman. The fair occupant of the bed had not yet aroused, although it was getting on to eleven o'clock. A messenger had come from the bank, making inquiries for Henry Lyman, who had not been seen, but the nurse would not allow her mistress to be disturbed. Elated, triumphant, full of conscious gladness over the genuine admiration she had won at the ball, Alice had returned to her home too weary to think of her husband's protracted absence, and she was now sleeping in blissful unconsciousness of impending doom.

Presently there was a little rap upon the door which aroused her, and in answer to her summons the nurse entered. "If you please, marm, I am sorry to disturb you, but for the second time a message has come from the bank for Mr. Lyman. The gentleman is now in the parlor, and says if he cannot see him he must see you." "But my husband must be at the bank if he is not at home," said the bewildered woman, raising her head and gazing around.

"I beg pardon, but they say he is not there, nor has he been since yesterday noon."

"But he left me last evening to meet his friends at the bank. Help me dress quickly, nurse, something is wrong here. I must see your caller at once." And hastily springing from the bed she proceeded to quickly make her toilet. As she reached for a pin from her dressing case her eyes fell upon a sealed letter laying upon it, addressed to herself, in her husband's handwriting. Tearing it open she devoured its lines with staring eyes and sinking heart. From its contents she learned that *he*, her idol, her trusted husband, the father of her child, had for a long while kept up a systematic series of embezzlements from the establishment in which he was employed. That, secure in the confidence of his employers, he had been able to so balance his accounts and manipulate his books as to cover up his defalcations, and not till very recently had his misconduct been suspected. The "wretched complications" to which he had referred, the absence of his brother, his own anxiety, had all been occasioned by the impending discovery of his wrongdoing. Girard Lyman had brought an ex-

pert back with him to Burton, and this man had passed the night with the Board of Directors, at the bank, making a thorough examination of its affairs.

"And I must leave you to bear the disgrace as best you can. You will never wish to look upon my face again. God knows I love you. But it is my ruin. The house is yours. Do not part with it. They cannot take it from you —."

She could go no further, and with a loud cry she fell to the floor in a deep and deathlike swoon.

(To be continued.)

THIRTY-THREE CHILDREN.—A West Virginian named Brown recently visited Washington to furnish evidence in a pension claim. Inquiry showed that his mother had borne thirty-three children in all. Twenty of this number were boys, sixteen of whom had served in the Union army. Two were killed. The others survived. The death of the two boys entitles the mother to a pension. General Black says the files of the office fail to show another record where the sixteen sons of one father and mother served as soldiers in the late war.

Original Contributions.

* * * Articles appearing under this head are in all cases written especially and solely for the CARRIER DOVE.

Love.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

O love! creative spirit! but for thee
What soul would ask for immortality!
Thy pure presence hath the power to quell
The devil's darkest brood in deepest hell;
While heaven would be a sad anomaly
If 'twere bereft of thy sweet ministry!
Th' eternal stars are but the symbols bright
Of thy precious and all-pervading light;
While flowers and all the sweetest things of earth
E'er proclaim where thou hast lowliest birth.

Would that I were worthy to sing thy praise,
Who art the source of all life's happy days;
Or in one grand vision I might show
All thy wonder-workings, e'en here below!
Thy gentle leadings toward the true and good,
Thy patient pleadings through the angelhood
That, thick-veiled in our common, human day,
Doth keep the world so young and fair away!

Dear eyes, that e'er before were dim and dull,
When lighted by thy beams are beautiful!
And oft the lips that did but dumbly move
Grow eloquent when inspired by true love!
Rough hands that have thy magic method caught—
Become as tender as an angel's thought!
While feet, that lagged before with weariness,
Will, for love, still onward, unwearied press,
And frailest woman bravely undertake
A task Herculean for love's sweet sake!

How gently hast thou cradled all mankind!
And when life's sad, brief day for each decline,
Thou love, hast kissed the tired eye-lids down—
Th' same for beggar as wearer of a crown!
And they alone are dead who take no part
In th' noble labor of a loving heart!
And those only who join thy ministry
Are worthy to share thy immortality!

San Francisco, the Ultima Thule.

(Written During a Gorgeous Sunset.)

BY ELIZA A. FITTSINGER.

This poem is, in our opinion, the very best that has ever been written concerning "the Queen City by the Sea." It is grand, glorious and unapproachable in the imperial splendor of its beauty, and entitles the gifted authoress to a statue on Telegraph Hill, where she resides with her sister. During the late war, Mrs. Pittsinger was the Union poet of the far west, and what John G. Whittier was to the Atlantic, Mrs. Pittsinger was to the Pacific shore. If her harp had been unstrung and broken during these intervening years, this one matchless song of the "Ultima Thule" would have restored all its inspiration and harmony.

Oh, strange and wonderful city
Of a strange and wonderful land!
Where creation's last musical ditty,
Through sea-foam, through cloud-wreath and
strand,
Through rhythms of new revelations,
In measures and symbols sublime,
Is chanting the psalm of nations
Up the sun-griddled arches of time.

Through hills that are brown as the ages,
Through seas ever peaceful and bright,
Through glorious silylline pages
Imbued with symbols of light;
Through legends prophetic and thrilling,
Through episodes winged and terse,
This song of creation is trilling—
While the waves in their grandeur rehearse
To the hill-tops, all throbbing and thrilling
With the rapture and passion of verse.

Through suns that are gorgeous and golden,
Through moons that are dreamy and bland,
Through skies like the skies of the olden,
Olympian, classical land—
Through prisms and mist wreath of splendors,
Electrical airs, that bring
On their titles what the winter surrenders
To the starry-eyed silylls of spring.

Through incense and balmy aromas,
Through heart-gifts and offerings divine,
Where springs and perennial summers
Their garlands and evergreens twine—
Through nature's great spirit-refiners,
Through energies quickened by loss,
'Mid the domes where the golden shekinahs
Tower high o'er the crescent and cross;
And 'tis here where the laurel is shining,
Where the genius of progress essays,
In a grand melodrama, combining
The songs of thanksgiving and praise.

Oh, here in this city of races,
By nature's great heritage free!
Like orbs in their crystalline spaces,
Like ships speeding out to the sea!
'Tis here on the hill-top of nations
In this spot of enchantment and trust,
Where the sun-tints of new-born creations
Are gleaming through rainbows of mist!
Fair city of magical beauty,
Engirt with a magical band,
In the centre and ultima thule
Of all that is gorgeous and grand,
Is a figure, an image, but newly
Foot-printed and limned on the sand!

Oh, would that my pen was of ruby,
And would that my words were like fire,
My fancies like splendors that woo me,
My shrine like the charms that inspire!
Oh, would by their hues throbbing through me,
Down twilight's whose glories unfurl
Their prism of wreaths to subdue me,
And thrill me with jasper and pearl!
And would by all this thrilling through me,
Down valleys and oceans of mist,

Down rainbows of opal and ruby,
Through sunsets of pure amethyst,
I might call back the visions that newly
Remind me of raptures long missed!

Oh, wonderful, beautiful region,
Like a city enchanted and old,
Whose splendors and glories were legion,
And whose sceptre and crown were of gold,
Ah, surely thou art the completion,
The embry symbol and mould!

And 'tis here where the sibyls are singing,
Where in endless vibration and chime
The sirens of beauty are bringing
Their chaplets and garlands sublime
To crown the great temples of time!

San Francisco.

BY O. B. SERVEK.

Our winter's but a name. No driving sleet
Hinders the traveler on his homeward way:
Perennial flowers exhale their odors sweet,
And balmy breezes waft from day to day

Their gentle zephyrs from the Golden Gate,
Tempering the ardent rays of noonday sun:
While on the pleasure-steamers congregate
Groups of gay children, bent on romp and fun.

The streets are thronged with people—all the stores
With gay-dressed windows tempt the passer-by
To feast his eyes, while the wide-open doors
Invite the buyer's wants to satisfy.

No car-blockades from drifting snow are known,
Nor driver's oath to weary steeds is heard,
But cable trains, unaided and alone,
Mount the steep hills as noiseless as a bird.

Upon the sidewalks merry children play
In the warm beams of a December sun,
While bounteous Nature in bright garb is gay
In fragrant blossom, though but just begun.

O California! land of fruit and flower,
Thy glories cannot be described by pen;
They gather beauty with each passing hour—
Eternal summer art thou known of men.

—Masonic Record.

Christmas and the Christ.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is the Christ-mass,—the mass
of the Christ,—so called because upon that
day a special mass was observed in honor of
the Christ in the early Catholic church.

THE CHRIST.

The title of Christ was applied to Jesus of
Nazareth, because he was supposed to be the
Jewish Messiah. Messiah is an anglicized
form of the Greek word *Messias*; *Messias* is a
corruption of the Hebrew *Mashiakh* or
Mashiach. *Ha Mashiakh* means, in
Hebrew, "the anointed" of Yahweh.
Yahweh is the more correct pronunciation
of the name of the Hebrew God commonly
called *Jehovah*. The Greek form *Messias*,
is found in but two passages in the New
Testament,—John i. 41; iv. 25. The early
Christians, speaking and writing Greek,
generally used *Christos*, instead of *Messias*,
in designating their Lord and Master by
his official title. *Christos*, in Greek, signi-
fies "the anointed;" being the Greek

equivalent of the Hebrew *Mashiakh*. It is
unknown who first designated Jesus in Greek
as *Christos* rather than *Messias*. Probably
Paul, the first expounder of the Messia-
ship of Jesus to the Gentile world, may
have introduced the term *Christos* among
them; the other apostles, retaining their old
Jewish prejudices against the Gentiles, may
have preferred the term *Messias*, as more
closely approximating the Hebrew *Mash-
iakh*. *Christos* becomes *Christus* in Latin
and *Christ* in English.

THE MESSIAH.

The origin of the *Messianic expectation* of
Israel lay in the fact that the Hebrews re-
garded themselves as the "chosen people"
of God,—Yahweh. In the Old Testament
the term *Mashiakh* is applied to the Israel-
itish kings, and is usually translated in our
authorized English version by the word
"anointed" (1 Sam. xii. 3, 5. etc). Saul,
the first king, is the first one designated as
the Messiah,—*Mashiakh nagid*, the anointed
chief. In after years, even Cyrus, the
Great Persian King, who released the Jews
from captivity, was styled by the second or
Deutero-Isaiah as the Lord's Messiah
(Isaiah xlv. 1).

THE MESSIAH-KING.

After the overthrow of the northern king-
dom of Israel, or Samaria, at the hands of
the Assyrian hosts, there arose in the He-
brew mind the conception of a personal deliv-
erer, a descendant of David (David hav-
ing been their most illustrious prince, and
his reign the most glorious epoch in their
national history), who should be raised up
by Yahweh to restore the ancient glories of
David's time, and re-unite the now dis-
rupted kingdom. This deliverer was called
the *Messiah*; and under his sway the Jewish
people was to be supreme over all nations,
the ruler and judge of the world, and was
to inaugurate an era of perpetual peace and
happiness in all the earth.

THE MESSIANIC EXPECTATION.

The Messianic hope passed through
various phases during the fluctuating
fortunes of the Jewish people from the time
of the Captivity to the days of Herod the
Great. Sometimes the conception of a
personal Messiah became weakened, the
idea becoming paramount that the whole
nation collectively, purified and redeemed,
the chosen race, would fill the role of the
expected Messiah, the anointed of Yahweh.
In the troublous times of Herod, however,
the hope of a personal Messiah revived;
and when Jesus of Nazareth appeared in
Galilee the Messianic hope was ripe among
the people. The advent of the Messiah was
in popular parlance called the coming of the
"kingdom of heaven," the term "kingdom
of heaven," or "kingdom of God," being
synonymous with the reign of the Messiah
over Israel.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO.



JESUS THE MESSIAH.

John the Baptist, and other zealots in the first century, began to preach the speedy coming of the kingdom of heaven, urging personal righteousness as a preparation for its advent. Jesus was attracted to John, and was baptized as one of his disciples; and after John's imprisonment he took up the work of John, repeating John's command, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" It is evident, that, in the beginning of Jesus' ministry, he had no thought that he himself was to be the coming Messiah; but, toward the latter part of his ministrations, the idea dawned upon him that he of all living Hebrews was the better fitted for the Messiahship, in which opinion he was confirmed by his enthusiastic followers, headed by the impulsive Peter, (Matt. xvi. 13, 16), and from that time forth, he proclaimed himself the Messiah, thereby speedily losing his life. The Messiah was to be King of the Jews; he was to deliver Israel from foreign oppression and bondage, to revive the glories of the ancient monarchy; to set up a heavenly kingdom on earth, at Jerusalem, in which kingdom all righteous Israelites of former generations, by being resurrected or raised from the dead, should dwell forever. When Jesus was hailed as King of the Jews by the multitude, at the time of his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, he brought himself into conflict with the Roman authorities; and in a few days thereafter he was executed for insurrection or sedition. The Messiahship had both a political and theological significance; the Messiah was to be a heavenly ruler on earth, the vice-regent of God, to reign in Jerusalem, primarily over the Jews and eventually over all nations as King and Lord. This is what Jesus claimed to be; but he was rejected as such by his countrymen, and through their efforts his death was hastened, and, if any reliance can be placed upon the record, the last words of Jesus indicated that he died in despair and disappointment (Matt. xxvii. 46).

THE CHRIST PURELY JEWISH.

The title Messiah or Christ, applied to Jesus by himself and early followers, denoted simply and exclusively that he was the temporal and spiritual ruler of the Jews. It had no reference to the Gentile world, save that it was held that the Jews, under rule of the Messiah, would rule all other nations,—that all the world would submit to the sway of their Messiah-King in Jerusalem. The Christ-idea is wholly Jewish; and that it had this significance in the mind of Jesus is evidenced by his command to his disciples, when he sent them forth to preach the speedy coming of the Messiah: "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not. But go rather to the lost

sheep of the House of Israel." And again Jesus said: "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." (Matt. x. 5; xv. 24). After the death of Jesus the twelve apostles continued strict Jews in all things, and required all converts to faith in Jesus as the Messiah to conform to the whole Mosaic law. The only difference between them and the other Jews was, that, in addition to their Mosaicism, they had belief in Jesus as the Jewish Messiah, and in his speedy reappearance on earth to sit up his Messianic kingdom in Jerusalem. Paul was the first who declared that the sacrifice of Jesus on the cross abrogated the Mosaic law, admitting all Gentiles to the Christian fold upon the simple condition of faith in Jesus as the Christ. For this action of Paul, the other apostles denounced him severely, and did all they could to thwart his efforts to liberalize Christianity.

Christianity in their minds was merely the old Judaism with the Messiahship of superadded.

THE CHRIST-IDEA OR PRINCIPLE.

What then is the Christ-idea or Christ-principle? Simply this: Christ is equivalent to Messiah, and Messiah is the title of the temporal and spiritual ruler of the Jews, an earthly potentate, based upon a vague dream and hope of the Jews, never yet realized and that never can be. Historically and etymologically the Christ-principle has no connection with the principle of love, or charity, or fraternity, with which it is sometimes erroneously associated. It is purely politico-theocratic, and aside from the Jewish nation is devoid of meaning. Viewed in the light of these facts, and no well-informed, truthful person can deny them, how absurd to speak of the Christ-principle being synonymous with love or beneficence, or as being the corner-stone of Spiritualism. Only think of it; the King of the Jews constitutes the corner-stone of Spiritualism.

WHO ARE THE CHRISTIANS?

A Christian, in the only true sense, is one who accepts Jesus as the Christ, the Messiah, the King of the Jews. Jesus claimed to be the King of the Jews, and for so claiming was crucified. The apostles regarded him as King of the Jews; and Luke tells us (xxiv. 21), that after his death the apostles said that they had "trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel," an exclusively Jewish conception, we see. The angel is said to have told Mary, before the birth of Jesus, that the "Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end" (i. 32, 33). The wise men from the East hailed him as King of the Jews (Matt. ii. 2); Jesus claimed to be King of the Jews in his trial before Pilate

(Matt. xxvii. 11); and the superscription over his cross was, "The King of the Jews." Yet Jesus never was King of the Jews in any sense, temporal or spiritual; he never redeemed Israel, as the disciples hoped; he never sat on the throne of David; he never reigned over the house of Jacob. Jesus promised his twelve disciples (including Judas) that they should sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, another purely Jewish conception (Matt. xix. 28); but his promise was never fulfilled, and never will be. Jesus no doubt was honest in asserting himself to be the Messiah, the King of the Jews, but he was sadly mistaken; and an untimely death ended his ambitious hopes, as in other cases of honest, misguided enthusiasts.

No one, then, is really and truly a Christian, who does not believe that Jesus was the King of the Jews, the destined Messiah of the Holy Nation, aside from and exclusive of all other or Gentile nations. The apostles and early Christians were true Christians, for they believed this, and expected the speedy coming of their Lord to establish his Messianic kingdom at Jerusalem. That idea has long since been abandoned; and in the light of the above undeniable facts, it is meaningless to talk of *Christian Spiritualism* or *Christian Spiritualists*. There is, really, no such thing as a *Christian Spiritualist*; there can be none, except by attaching meanings to the words Christ and Christian wholly illegitimate and foundationless, and expressive of ideas totally unknown to the mind of Jesus. In truth Jesus never heard of the word Christian, no such term having been used during his lifetime; and he never dreamed of founding a new religion to supersede Judaism, to be founded upon his Messianic title and in a foreign tongue (Greek), of which in all probability Jesus knew nothing. Jesus was not a Christian in any modern acceptance of the term; he was a Jewish theologico-moral reformer, anxious to establish a better system of morals than then obtained in Judea and Galilee, and who was so far self-deceived as to imagine himself the long-expected Messiah of his people, Israel.

CHRISTMAS-DAY, AND THE ALLEGED SOLAR-MYTHIC CHRIST.

There are certain classes of free-thinkers, few in numbers, let us be thankful, for truth's sake, who dogmatically deny the historical existence of Jesus of Nazareth. These parties allege that primitive Christianity was only a form of solar mythology; that Jesus, the Christ, was primarily the sun-god, instead of a human being; and that the Twelve Apostles were not living human beings, but were personifications of the sun's annual course through the twelve signs of the zodiac; with many another absurdity of like character.

Among the many asserted coincidences between the solar *mythos* of antiquity and the life of Jesus, as depicted in the canonical and apocryphal gospels, and as formulated by tradition and by authority, and claimed by certain writers as probative of the complete identification of the crucified Nazarene with the sun-god, we find one which, in reality, has a solar-mythic origin, so far as its connection with Christianity is concerned. The day selected as the birthday of Jesus—the twenty-fifth of December—had, undeniably, been celebrated in the heathen world as the natal day of the revived sun-god centuries before the birth of Jesus; and from pagan mythology was it transferred to the Christian Church. But does the pagan derivation of this festal day in any manner lend weight to the theory that the life of Jesus is primarily a solar myth, with no historical foundation? If I am not mistaken, this is the only thing connected with Jesus's life that can be indisputably traced to a purely solar-mythical source. Most of the so-called proofs of the identity of Jesus and the sun-god are valueless, far-fetched, chimerical speculations; while of the remaining few it cannot be positively established whether or not the Christian legends had a solar-mythic origin. The date of the Nativity, however, is certainly a remnant of solar mythology, and the only one positively established as forming a part of the Christian system,—that is, as primarily derived by Christianity at first hand from solar mythology. There are many things in Christianity, in Judaism, in our modern civilization, even in our advanced science, which originally formed a part of ancient solar mythology, but which had lost their mythological signification, by transformation and by their embodiment in historic facts, prior to their assimilation or inheritance by the modern world or by the primitive Christian Church. For example: It is claimed that the twelve apostles of Jesus were myths, personifications of the twelve constellations of the zodiac. It is possible that the sacredness of the number twelve arose from the twelve months of the year, and the movements of the sun during those twelve months, culminating in the establishment of the twelve signs of the zodiac and their corresponding constellations; and it is probable that the division of the Israelites into twelve tribes arose from the sacredness of the number twelve. Jesus, a historic character, claiming to be the God-appointed ruler of the restored Jewish kingdom, which was to consist of the re-gathered twelve tribes of Israel, chose for his sub-rulers twelve men, one for each tribe. Thus we have a historic fact, the original root of which was grounded in the solar mythology of thousands of years previous. But Jesus's choice of twelve disciples had not, in his mind, the remotest connec-

tion with solar mythology, but was based on the historic fact of there being, as was generally supposed, twelve tribes of Israel. Jesus and the Jews of his day abominated sun-worship, though their ancestors had been for many generations, up to the time of the Captivity, devoted followers of the solar cult; and even Jehovah himself, or Yahweh, had been in primitive times a solar deity perhaps. In like manner, as has been said, Christianity and modern civilization contain many things formerly connected with solar mythology, but not primarily derived, at first hand, from that mythology, as Christmas Day assuredly was. This being the only thing pertaining to Jesus's life proven to have been thus derived, it behooves us to see if such derivation sustains the solar-mythic theory of Jesus.

It is claimed that Jesus is simply the sun-god because he was born the same day as were Mithra and other solar deities, and that the New Testament narratives of him are mythical accounts of the solar hero's exploits. If the gospels were written as lives of a sun-god, born December twenty-fifth, then why is it that nowhere in the whole New Testament is there a hint of his having been born on that day? The solar deities, we are told, are all born at that date, and the narratives of them so state; then why is it that the New Testament accounts of Jesus never refer to his birth at that date, if he be a sun-god. Matthew and Luke minutely describe his conception, birth, and infancy, but say not a word about the twenty-fifth of December. On the contrary, Luke's gospel excludes the idea of his having been born in December. Shepherds in Judea did not keep watch over their flocks in December, as Luke tells us was the case when Jesus was born; hence, according to Luke, Jesus was not born in that month. It is clear that the author of Luke's gospel had no thought of writing a history of a sun-god, but rather the life of a human being, living and dying in Palestine, regarded by him as the Christ or Saviour; and so also of the author of Matthew. If Jesus was a sun-god, then the earliest accounts of him should be of a solar-mythic nature. But in none of the narratives of Jesus's birth, both in the canonical and the apocryphal gospels, is his birthday mentioned, nor is there aught in those gospels, from first to last, indicative that the writers regarded Jesus as a sun-god. Nowhere in any Christian writing of any age or country, from Paul to Channing and Beecher, is there a trace of so preposterous a conception as that Jesus was a solar myth; neither was this idea ever broached in the ancient pagan world, so far as we can gather, as all the pagan opponents of Christianity regarded Jesus as a crucified Jew; a man, not a myth.

No special date was assigned to Jesus's birth by the early Christians; it was regarded

evidently, as of no importance; so, in after times, as the new faith increased in numbers, and feast-days began to spring up in the church, a number of different days were chosen, in different localities, as Jesus's birthday. Tradition was silent on the subject; hence guess-work and speculation had full swing, and it has been said that over a hundred different days were celebrated as the birthday of Jesus in the early centuries. This fact proves positively that Jesus was no sun-god. The birth of the sun-gods were celebrated in the various pagan countries on the one date, December 25th; and if Jesus was simply a rehash of the old Greco-Mithraic solar deity, as claimed, then his birthday would have been celebrated universally in the Romano-Greek world on the same date. The fact that no one knew when Jesus was born, and that the legends and myths of his birth and infancy were entirely silent concerning that date, shows that he was not primarily a sun-god; and the fact that his early followers and worshipers did not select the date of the sun-god's birth as Jesus's natal day proves that no conception of Jesus as a sun-god was existent among them. The selection of so many different days as Jesus's birthday by the early Christians is demonstrative that the solar-mythic theory of Jesus was foreign to the primitive Christian consciousness.

It was not till the fourth century that the 25th of December was settled on in the church as the day to be celebrated as Christmas; and it was so decreed at that time by Pope Julius, and has obtained in Christendom ever since. Christianity having become the state religion in the Roman empire, this, with other Pagan elements, has added to it. This is merely one of the many Pagan accretions of the Christian religion consequent upon its adoption by the Roman Emperors. Besides Christmas, a number of other sacred days, saints' days, etc., were borrowed at that time from Paganism. But these things formed no part of primitive Christianity,—were never heard of in the time of the Apostles and the New-Testament writers. Note the logic of the solar mythologists. Primitive Christianity knew nothing of Jesus having been born December 25th, though that day was then celebrated extensively as the sun-god's natal day in the Pagan world. In the fourth century, when primitive Christianity became Paganized largely, it borrowed from Pagan mythology the celebration of December 25th as the birthday of its Redeemer. Hence, according to the solar mythologists, primitive Christianity was a solar-mythic cult, and Jesus was the sun-god, born December 25th. Such is a sample of the proofs advanced that Jesus is a solar myth. In truth, the facts concerning the origin, etc., of Christmas-day afford, in themselves, the strongest proof that Jesus could not pos-

sibly have been a solar myth, and that primitive Christianity was entirely dissociated from solar mythology,—a separate and distinct cult of Jewish origin, founded primarily by a young Hebrew, Jesus, and spread abroad in the Roman Empire by another Hebrew, Paul; both of whom had the usual Jewish detestation of Pagan mythology, with which mythology, however, the nascent church became infected after the death of its early champions.

The Past, Present, and Future of Women.

BY DR. JOSEPH SIMMS.

The Civil, Social, Intellectual, and Moral Aspects of the Entire Subject.

Among all savage nations, the females of the human race have been regarded as little better than slaves to those who proudly deem themselves the lords of creation. In some states of semi-civilization, as in modern Turkey and India, their position is little, if at all ameliorated by their being freed from the coarser toils of life only to be shut up in their homes, secluded with jealous care from all society, and taught to be the mere toys, not the companions of the men. The boasted civilization of ancient Greece demanded the strict seclusion of the married women. We learn from classic literature that such a one might not meet her husband at the threshold of her dwelling for fear of being seen; and that a woman known to be acquainted with literature or science was understood to be accessible as a courtesan. Even civilization, the genius of which is so clearly opposed to this degradation of the female sex, has but slowly and partially succeeded in establishing a better order of things; and a hundred years ago, the women of the most civilized nations were generally considered as fit only for domestic employment. Their mental powers were left uncultivated; their education seldom extended beyond the merest elements of learning; and if their station in life raised them above performing the servile work of their homes, their chief occupation was plain and fancy needlework. The higher establishments of education as well as the learned professions were closed against them. Few and far between, but not wholly wanting, were those who in any century before the present, distinguished themselves by intellectual achievements in spite of their disadvantages. So early as the first half of the sixteenth century, Olympia Fluvia Morata, an Italian poetess, had acquired such proficiency in the classics of antiquity that she was invited by the Elector Palatine to assume the professorship of Greek in the University of Heidelberg. In the first half of the century following, Maria M. W. Kirch, a lady

astronomer in Germany, published several almanacs, and did much good work. Maria Cunitz also a German lady produced works chiefly on astronomical subjects, which proved her a mathematician of no mean order; and shortly afterwards Maria S. Merian appeared in Switzerland as a distinguished naturalist and artist. In the eighteenth century, the names of eminent women are more numerous. In 1738, Maria Agnesi, an Italian, published near two hundred philosophical treatises, including almost every branch of moral and natural science; and in 1732, Maria Bassi, another native of Italy, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Bologna, after which the Senate gave her a professorship, with the option of lecturing on any branch of philosophy she preferred. In the same century, several ladies distinguished themselves for scientific attainments in connection with their husbands or other male relatives, from whom doubtless they received encouragement, if not assistance, in their studies. Such were Miss Caroline Herschel, the sister and fellow student of Sir William, who was her senior by twelve years; and Madame Lepante, who made large contributions to metrical science, furnishing a valuable table on the length of clock pendulums to her husband's "Traité de Horlogerie."

It will be observed that almost all the above were natives of continental Europe. Not till the nineteenth century were there more than a very few females of scientific distinction either in Great Britain or America. But now we have celebrated names, some of them born earlier, but none having achieved great things before this century was fairly begun. Then England showed in Mrs. Somerville one of the most able mathematicians of the day; and Lady Murchison, scarcely, if at all, behind her husband in geology; while in the same line Mrs. Schoolcraft, Mrs. Dana, and Mrs. Hall distinguished themselves in America.

We have mentioned first and chiefly some of the most celebrated women that distinguished themselves in those branches of knowledge for which a college education is usually deemed necessary, yet before it was dreamed that colleges should be available for females. But besides these scientists there had been meanwhile a number of female authors of high reputation as poetesses, essayists, novelists, etc. It may suffice to refer to such well-known names as Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Thrale, Madame de Stael, Mrs. Hannah More, Mary Wolstoncraft, Mrs. Sevigné, Mrs. Sigourney, Joanna Bailie, Mrs. Barbauld, Priscilla Wakefield, Miss Mary Astell, Miss Jane Austen, Mrs. Hannah Cowley, Madame Roland, Mrs. Hemans, all of whom had attained celebrity before the first quarter of the present century had elapsed. There had also been

distinguished female artists, as Fontana and Sirani in Italy, Elizabeth Cheron and Angelina Kaufman in France, and Mary Delany in England.

Then from time to time through the ages there were women who rose above the natural timidity of their sex, and distinguished themselves by deeds of heroism which have immortalized their names. Such as Catharine of Siena, Joan of Arc, Jeane Hachette of France, Anne Askew, the English martyr, J. Arnauld the abbess of Port Royal, and Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby. So have there been ladies who have led the van in certain walks of philanthropy; as Mrs. Fry, Miss Nightengale, Lydia Sellon, Mrs. Chisholm, and Lucretia Mott, the American abolitionist.

Moreover, the importance of women as mothers was admitted even in bygone ages, from the well accredited fact that some of the greatest men that have ever lived confessed their obligations to a superior mother. Many an eminent man has said like John Quincy Adams, "All that I am my mother made me."

No wonder that at length the men began to open their eyes, and to think that women were fit for something besides manual labor, coarse or fine. No wonder they guessed that females might be made intelligent companions for men, to the great advantage of the latter. A great impetus was given in this direction when the appliances of machinery came to supercede the needle-work which had formed the staple of almost every lady's industry, just as the spinning wheel had been displaced at an earlier period. The lords of creation, who invented sewing machines, not out of gallantry to relieve female hands from toil, but simply as matter of business to aggrandize themselves by getting cheaper labor, have lived to see, whether to their joy or sorrow, that the ladies, deprived of this employment, are fitting themselves to become equals and rivals both in the walks of business and the learned professions. There have now been, as we shall presently show, enough of distinguished women to banish the old ideas.

The world was always blest with wise, noble, heroic and self-sacrificing women, whose lives were guided by a pure enthusiasm for the welfare of others. Woman has always been considered as the guardian saint of home; but without in anywise losing this character, she is coming to be regarded more and more as the moral saviour of literary, political and social reform—the supreme hope of improving the future generations of mankind. There may still be men who disparage the inherent genius of woman through an ignorant habit of thought or as matter of revenge for some real or imaginary wrong received from the opposite sex. But as a general rule, a low esti-

mate of woman belongs to those who have mingled early and much with vulgar and vicious associates; and nothing is considered so true a mark of a man free from plebeian sentiments and debauched habits, as the pure and chaste estimate he entertains and expresses regarding the females of the human family.

When we begin to note the leading features of the wonderfully rapid advance, which has been permitted to the female sex within the last thirty or forty years, that which first and chiefly attracts our attention is the opening to them of opportunities for the higher branches of education, formerly the exclusive privilege of men. Many of the old colleges have made arrangements for the admission of females; and many new ones have been established for them exclusively; while several universities have condescended to hold examinations for female candidates, and award them honors. The literary world was startled a short time ago by the announcement that Miss Ramsay, the third daughter of Sir James Ramsay of Banff, Scotland, had obtained the high honor of senior classic at the University of Cambridge, and that no man had attained a similar rank at the same examination; so that she had taken precedence of all the men of the year as a classical scholar. Queen Victoria was pleased to manifest her appreciation of this success by sending Miss Ramsay a portrait engraving of herself, bearing an inscription in her Majesty's own handwriting, and accompanied by a letter from Sir H. Ponsonby, to the effect, that the royal gift to Miss Ramsay is "in appreciation of the high honors gained by her in the recent examination." Since this intelligence was published, it has been announced that at Colby University, five young women of the junior class have carried off the honors, the reason alleged being that the young men had been devoting their attention rather to athletic exercises than intellectual cultivation.

The *Pall Mall Budget* of August 18, 1887, says: "The great increase in the number of candidates for matriculation at the London University, which we lately noticed, has been fully sustained at the subsequent examinations in the several faculties, the results of which are just published. The ladies have done their part very well indeed, especially in the Faculty of Arts, which makes by far the largest contribution to the total number. In the Faculty of Arts there were last year 266 successful candidates, including forty-five ladies. This year, at the same examination, there were 340 successful candidates, sixty-one of these being ladies; and to these figures some slight addition may, perhaps, be made hereafter from the colonial examinations." Further details are, that while one in every five of the male candidates obtains honors, the proportion among the females is one in

four. In modern languages four ladies obtain double honors. This appears to be their forte. In German they have the first and second classes all to themselves, while in the third there are only two male students. They are less distinguished in science; nevertheless, out of twelve who passed the intermediate examination three obtained honors, including one who gained a first-class honor in zoology with very high distinction. Three ladies from the London School of Medicine, passed in anatomy, physiology, etc., for the M. B. degree, not one of them availing herself of the permission to except part of this examination. It seems there have been loud complaints about the severity of the London examinations, but these have not come from the female candidates. Such are a few items of the London University's report for the midsummer examinations of 1887.

It were endless to collect the announcements which appear from time to time of the honors awarded to lady students in various countries; such as Mlle. Thiriat, pupil of the *Jardin des Plantes* section of the union *Française de la Jeunesse* has received the first prize in chemistry worth 500 francs (\$100), founded by M. Pasteur.

Miss Eva A. Smith, a lady of high intellectual type, born in Herkimer county, New York, of a most estimable family, graduated with honors at Cornell University, N. Y., in 1886 after five years' diligent study, and is now teacher in the Clinton Liberal Institute, at Fort Plain, New York.

At the University of Zurich, 459 students matriculated last winter. Of these fifty-one were ladies, thirty-eight of whom entered for the medical classes, seventeen for philosophy and one for law. With respect to their nationalities, eleven were from Switzerland, seventeen from Russia, twelve from America, six from Germany, four from Austria, and one from Romania.

At Harvard, near Boston, there is now a female department called the annex, where ladies receive instruction from the Harvard professors, each of whom has devoted his life to his particular branch of learning. One of these says of the annex: "The courses most frequented are those of the most serious character. Among my pupils I have found some of marked excellence, and all have given evidence of ability and serious purpose." Professor Byerly says that the average attainments have invariably been higher in his annex classes, than in those of the college proper. Another professor says he has uniformly met great earnestness and ability of a high order; and Professor Lane writes: "I sincerely hope the annex will be sustained in every possible way. Every one of these young women is a missionary. In training one you may be training hundreds." Among those who were students of the annex are several who are now classical and mathematical teachers in

schools of the East; two are principals of classical schools in Kansas and Montana, one is professor of astronomy in Carleton College, Minnesota; others are teachers of Greek at Vassar and Wellesley Colleges. It does not seem, however, that as yet the annex has that official connection with Harvard University which would enable female students to obtain academic honors and degrees.

We read of a young lady, Iginia Massarini obtaining a high degree in mathematics at the Royal University of Naples; ninety-four votes out of 110 being given to her.

It has also been announced that a Miss Johnson has passed successfully at the matriculation examination of the Royal University of Ireland, recently held in Dublin. This is welcome news, for Ireland has been behind in this respect, and we cannot learn that the old Dublin University, known as Trinity College, has made the least movement in favor of women. As for Scotland, it has at least one female college; and we have seen an announcement to the effect that at St. Andrew's University 597 ladies entered this year for the L. L. A. diploma, as compared with 391 in 1886; and of these eighty-three passed in the full number of subjects required. It must be added, however, that the attainments necessary for this degree are considered much too low, though probably they are at least as high as would be required from male candidates. Dr. Struthers of the Aberdeen University expressed the opinion on a recent occasion, that a degree "implied far more in the way of education and examination than was required for that piece of tinsel, that piece of gew-gaw given by St. Andrew's University to ladies. He hoped the Universities of Scotland would go together in this matter, and make a respectable qualification for ladies in the nature of a higher certificate; because he did not think any good was being done to the reputation of Scottish Universities by the isolated course of conduct pursued by St. Andrews." Of course it must be a matter of regret, if, in order to encourage female scholarship, the standard should be made lower than would be required for male students; but we cannot learn that this has been the case, except possibly in this instance. However, we rejoice that a few universities have permitted women to participate in their educational advantages; let us hope that the other universities will be stimulated to do something worthy of themselves in the same line.

News comes from St. Petersburg that the minister of public instruction is about to propose to the Imperial Council the foundation of a university for women; comprising chairs of history, philosophy, natural science and mathematics. At the same time there is to be opened a medical school for women, the curriculum of which

is to be in all respects like that of the male medical schools.

At the Council of Melbourne University on the 21st of February last, it was decided by a large majority, that females should be admitted as medical students.

It is satisfactory to learn, as we do from Fraulein Sohr's archive, that Italy is waking up to the necessity for higher female education. Twenty-five years ago, she enjoyed the bad pre-eminence of having a larger percentage of illiterate persons than any other country in Europe. But the political changes which have set Italy on the path of progress in other respects, have favored her in this also. Medieval monasteries in the very heart of Rome, have opened their doors to little scholars; and the gifted improvisatrice, Giannina Milli, was for several years superintendent of a normal school for training governesses in an ancient convent, which soon became too small to contain the pupils. From this school there issues competent teachers to form new ones in every part of the kingdom. Then Rome has an industrial school where girls over ten years of age are instructed in the first principles of science, with history, geography, book-keeping, etc., besides every branch of woman's handicraft. A further advance has been made in a high school for females under the patronage of Queen Margherita, who distributed the prizes in one of the halls of the capital itself at the annual examination. This public event is commemorated by a tablet affixed to the walls of the capitol and bearing these words: "Let this solemn ceremonial remind our maidens how much the country expects from its future mothers." Lectures are here delivered weekly by some of the first men in Rome.

Female education is advancing in Russia. The universities had 779 female students in 1886, of whom 437 were daughters of nobles and official personages.

On the other hand Germany and the Prussian Minister of Education refuses to admit them to any university or medical school. Austria was once more advanced than Germany, but virtually to-day Austria maintains a firm attitude against admitting women to the rights of any of her universities. The civilization of the men of a nation is manifested by the manner in which they treat women.

In France there are twenty-three lyceums and twenty-six colleges in working order for girls, besides a normal school for future teachers in these forty-nine institutions of learning; while two provisional lyceums are in full force for women, and three more are in process of construction. There are demands for twenty-nine more in the large towns; municipalities are most liberal in voting funds for these schools. M. Camille See thinks that if the cramming system be avoided in these girls' colleges and lyceums,

France will retain her old rank at the head of European civilization.

"Co-education," says the *Journal of Man*, "is successful; nearly every prominent college is beginning to admit women, and they often carry off the prizes from the men. Exclusive masculine colleges will soon rank among the barbarisms of the past."

Even in Turkey, where fifty years ago it was considered a shame for a woman to read, two schools have been established by the sultan himself.

Some individuals who cling to the old ideas about women will be ready to express a fear that so much learning will make them neglectful of the domestic duties which belong to them as wives and mothers. But listen to what Grace Greenwood says: "I believe that for one whom the pursuits of literature, the ambition of authorship and the love of fame have rendered unfit for home life, a thousand have been made undomestic by poor social strivings, the follies of fashion, and the intoxicating distinction which mere personal beauty confers."

Besides, all women have not domestic duties of an absorbing kind. They are, doubtless, of St. Paul's opinion, that their happiest lot would be to "marry, bear children, and guide the house;" but, marriage is confessedly on the decline among the educated classes, especially in Great Britain; and if the gentlemen will not wed, the ladies must find something else to do.

Some of the most distinguished women have achieved their success through great difficulties. Not to mention some of the most celebrated actresses, as Clara Morris, Maud Granger, Sarah Bernhardt, Matilda Heron, with the vocalists, Christine Nilsson and Jenny Lind, all of whom began life in a very humble way, Maria Mitchel, the great American astronomer, was the daughter of a small farmer, and she was constantly occupied with common household duties, her early life, she says, having been "an endless washing of dishes." And more recently a poor Finish girl, as she tended her father's cattle, dreamed over the marvels of science and learning, and at the age of eighteen first entered a school. Having first studied and then taught under severe privations, she found herself mistress of twenty dollars, and with this started to Helsingfors to seek matriculation. She paid fifteen dollars for her winter's lodging, and invested five dollars in hard rye biscuits, dividing them so as to have a piece every day till Christmas. In the depth of winter she studied without a fire, and taught again after her matriculation. Finally she has achieved the distinction, unique in her country, of a diploma as the first female Doctor of Philosophy; and Irene Alstrom is recognized by her nation as the dauntless pioneer of woman's progress.

Several Italian ladies have distinguished themselves in legal knowledge, and the pro-

priety of admitting them to the bar is extensively discussed. About nine-tenths of the newspapers favor their admission.

Probably the most important result of a college education for women will prove to be that of qualifying them to become medical and surgical practitioners. It has always been admitted that they are the best, and indeed the only suitable nurses for the sick. The angel-like ministrations of woman with her unwearied patience through long weeks or months of mental and physical suffering have been abundantly celebrated both in poetry and prose. But till a comparatively recent period, no one seems to have dreamed of initiating her into the healing art, or raising her above being merely the humble servant of the doctors at the sick bed. And yet nothing is more obvious to every right minded person than that women, and they only ought, in most cases, to deal with the ailments of their own sex. In those countries, India for instance, where the women are secluded in Zenanas which no man may enter, a set of well qualified lady doctors must be a priceless boon; and Lady Dufferin is president of a society to educate women for this purpose. Twelve women, natives of Bombay, are studying at the college of medicine there, where female candidates are allowed to compete for the same examinations as male students. Two English ladies carry on a successful practice in this province. Anandibai Joshee, a Hindoo woman of the highest Brahminical caste and an accomplished linguist is studying in the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. She is the first Brahmin woman that ever left India; and to preserve her caste she has to live by herself, prepare her own food, wear her native costume, and rigidly observe certain religious rites. (This lady graduated, and returned to her native land where she soon after died.—Ed. Dove.)

In Turkey and Egypt, where women are similarly secluded, lady doctors are practicing with fair success.

Mrs. Dr. Ellis, an American lady, is physician to the Queen of Corea, and has apartments in the royal palace with a salary of \$18,000.

The first Chilean woman that has studied medicine successfully, passed her examination in Santiago, a short time ago, and is now practicing in Valparaiso. The first Danish lady physician has begun to practice at Copenhagen, after taking her degree with the highest honors.

Mrs. Emily Dawson, after four days' thorough examination before the Irish college of surgeons, received her license to practice. She is the first lady surgeon Ireland has produced.

An American lady physician, Miss Alice B. Brill, M. D., is practicing at Rome, Italy. She graduated at Blackwell College in New York, finished her studies in Vienna

and Paris, six years ago, and is an advanced thinker and member of the London Society for Psychical Research.

But America is the Eldorado of the doctor. There are thousands of practitioners in the States, and a goodly number of colleges for their education. From an interesting account of "Women as Physicians," published in the *New York Herald*, it appears that there are at present 150 female doctors in New York, while those in Brooklyn and the neighboring towns are almost double that number. Their professional earnings are generally quite equal to those of the average male practitioner, and one is said to have been realizing \$20,000 a year, while quite a number are known to make \$8,000 a year regularly. Miss Bond may be mentioned as a very intelligent lady physician in New York, and is said to have a lucrative practice. In short, as a contemporary has observed, the doctor seems not only to have "come to stay," but to be destined to drive her male competitor altogether out of the field. A somewhat unique case is that of a charming young lady who has opened a dentist's establishment in New York, and whose surroundings, sunny, home-like and feminine, are said to abate much of the terror that usually waits on the footsteps of the dentist.

The *New York Medico-Legal Journal* has expressed its approval of female physicians for lunatic asylums, and this not for the advancement of the women, but for the welfare of the patients. The Pennsylvania plan at Norristown of placing a lady physician at the head of the female wards, has proved in every way a success; and the labors of the ladies so employed have received favorable recognition from the profession.

The general public in Great Britain have shown little disposition to encourage lady doctors; but the London School of Medicine for women has been making progress of late, and the New Hospital for women in the Marylebone Road, where all the physicians are females, has its out-patient department crowded every day, a proof that the poor appreciate the lady doctors.

The winter session 1887-8, of the London School of Medicine for women was opened by Mrs. Scharlieb who delivered an interesting address chiefly on the state of public opinion on this subject. She said it was true, no doubt, that ladies who devote themselves to medicine and surgery "must be prepared to be calumniated, misunderstood, and unjustly condemned," but it is not altogether the fact that they need "seek no earthly reward." Quite evidently to all who have watched the progress of their movement, women doctors are succeeding. They have undoubtedly made their way through much calumny and injustice, and with these opposing forces they have not done yet; but not so very long ago the

whole world was against them. It is profoundly humiliating to remember the shallow-minded ridicule and the scurrilous slanders with which the proposal that women should take to medicine was received in this country only some twenty or twenty-five years ago. With indomitable energy and bravery, however, it was all withstood, and though there are interests and prejudices still opposing, the way is very much smoother than it was. The *Daily News* describing this address, gives its opinion that "it is not absolutely necessary that girls whose ambition it is to minister to the sick and suffering, equipped with all that science can provide, should 'give all for the love of man,' and so entirely disregard their own interests as Mrs. Scharlieb seemed to inculcate. There is no doubt, however, that the medical profession in England still offers but a poor prospect to women; the greater is the honor to those who deliberately engage in it. Miss Elizabeth Blackwell who led the van and took by storm the first medical degree ever given to a woman, was among those who listened to Mrs. Scharlieb's address.

In Canada the American feeling is beginning to overcome the English on this subject. A medical school for women was opened at Kingston, Ontario, about three years ago, and several of the graduates have already won celebrity in practice. They confine themselves to attending women and children.

(Concluded next week.)

The Danger of Ignorance.

BY CHARLES DAWEARN.

I lately met a lady whose psychic experience under a revivalist's influence was a lesson the world would do well to heed.

The only child of cultured parents, she was carefully educated, and guarded from contact with the dark side of earth life. Both her father and mother were free-thinkers, and infidel to every teaching of theology; so their daughter grew up to womanhood without caring more for the Bible than for the Koran or Zend Avesta, but counting all so-called "holy books" as dull reading for an independent mind.

It is now a score of years since her parents died. Having an ample independence she has lived a quiet life of unmarried bliss, and working gladly in such public charities as were free from the theological influence that hovers over most sewing societies and societies.

A year ago a noted revivalist was invited to the city where this lady has her home, and very soon crowded audiences began to furnish the customary "mourners" seeking pardon for their sins through the blood of Jesus. One afternoon a friend suggested that they drop in to hear him, just out-of-

curiously, and to witness the excitement caused by the preacher's eloquence. The sermon depicted certain events in the life of Jesus in such glowing colors as to arrest her attention, and at the same time produce sensations entirely new to her.

She returned again and again to hear the revivalist, finding these novel sensations growing more powerful, till one afternoon her friend suggested that they linger for a moment's introduction to the preacher. The crowd soon passed out, and the revivalist was leaving his vestry when the two ladies approached. Our lady infidel in the course of the conversation with the reverend preacher told him that never having heard much, or read much about Jesus, his teachings were novel and interesting to her. They happened to be standing in front of the railing where mourners gather. Down dropped the preacher on his knees, and began to pour out prayer to God for mercy on *this poor lost child*; till at last the "poor lost child" returned home feeling her will power almost gone; and all but ready to join the church as an avowed believer in all its dogmas.

The next day she received a call from an old friend of her father's, who had made a study of psychology. Of course, she told him her recent experience, and that she had almost determined to join the church; and most fortunate was it, that she had such a friend in the hour of her need. He gave her an account of the recent experiments in "hypnotism" (mesmerism) by Professor Charcot before the medical faculty in Paris, and showed her that the same influence which could induce an innocent girl to attempt to kill an affectionate sister the day after the experiment was amply sufficient to play the "Holy Ghost," and lead a poor sensitive away from a free womanhood down into the slavery of church membership. This was startling to the lady, but, acting under his advice, she made a little shrewd investigation, whereby she discovered that the whole city had been divided into districts by the cunning theologians; and carefully selected committees were furnished lists of those whose conversion was of most importance to the church. Under this plan she had been lured to the meetings, and all unconsciously brought under the hypnotising influence of a revivalist, whose profits depended upon the magnetic force with which he could play the "Holy Ghost," and thus gain church members. She was startled to discover that she, herself, was so sensitive to this force, and now declares that her narrow escape has taught her the danger of ignorance of these powers of nature.

This is but one of a myriad such instances, for most conscientious church members date their conversion from just such feelings, which they ignorantly counted as a God-sent influence to save them from his eternal wrath. But this same ignorance of natural law works woe to many a family whose blighted

happiness stands as a monument of the dark ages. Only the other day we were startled by the highly educated daughter of wealthy parents in Pennsylvania eloping with a coffee-colored mulatto coachman, already married to a woman of his own race, and the father of a family. The poor girl left a letter, saying, she did not love the man, and for a month had struggled daily to overcome his influence. It was simply another "Holy Ghost" incident, but working this time to immediate destruction instead of to church membership. Had those parents trained their daughter to understand these "psychic" laws, she would have met this debasing influence, either by her own will power, or that of some experienced friend. She would thus have remained safe from the hypnotic poison, whether of revivalist hireling, or of coffee-colored coachman. In knowledge is safety. Just so long as men and women remain ignorant of the direct influence of mind over mind, so long will there be Christians saved by blood; and so long will womanhood continue to be destroyed under the foul force of hypnotic suggestion.

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Christian Science in New York.

BY E. D. BABBITT, M. D., D. M.

I have time to-day for only a brief letter. Every age must have its fanaticisms and its bubbles, for the great mass of minds are not yet sufficiently trained and widened out in their reasoning powers to weigh principles correctly. Some earnest plausible speaker will have a one-sided view of a certain truth and get a whole community to advocating it. Christian Science, Mental Cure, Mind Cure, the Metaphysical system, are all very similar in their nature and would be accomplishing a valuable work for the world in one direction were it not for the fact that in another direction they are building on one of the greatest falsehoods that the world has ever seen.

To-day I have attended a so-called Christian Science meeting on Thirty-fourth street in which a number of very pleasant ladies and gentlemen were gathered, all of whom were red hot in this new fanaticism. One of the first things that was said was to signify that they were not advocates of Spiritualism, and yet I recognized a number of old Spiritualists there who were as wild as the rest of them in this new heresy. One of the lady speakers from Washington followed out her argument with a considerable logical acumen, and her audience seemed to swallow her discourse whole without once perceiving that she was building on the most monstrously false premises. She was taking it for granted that the whole external universe is composed of mere myths and shadows and not worth considering, God

and spirit being the only things. These people ridicule the idea of paying attention to food, or exercise, or hygiene, or the conditions, of the body generally, and consider the fact of disease a delusion, for as spirit is all in all there can be no such thing as bodily disease. The conditions of consumption, typhoid fever, smallpox or other diseases are to have no external attention paid to them and the patients are to be allowed to die because the trouble being all in the mind nothing should be done outside of mental effort. In saying this I am not denying that they make cures, perhaps some quite important ones, for by training the psychological forces of the patient and imparting some of their own magnetic aura some excellent results should be achieved. Their healing, however, will not compare with the achievements of magnetic physicians who work under spirit control or with some other methods.

Among others whom I saw at the meeting was a German, who had thrown aside all his electrical instruments, with which he had made so many fine cures, and refused to read all books which might lead him into broader truths. He said he knew a case of cancer which had been cured in two weeks by the Christian Science methods. But with the burning lens cancers have been cured in two days, and a lame knee of ten years' standing was permanently cured in fifteen minutes by focusing red light upon it. To believe in this theory we must ignore millions of facts from the whole universe around us. We must actually stultify ourselves, and, spirit being omnipotent, we need not provide ourselves with fire in winter, or shelter against the storm if we act logically. The sun and the heavens are resplendent, but entirely useless. All the science of the ages is a delusion. Directed by higher wisdom, I have been developing the exact law of atomic, chemical, electrical, magnetic and psychological action, and have already made many important discoveries in connection therewith, but according to this theory, all of this is useless.

If these people, who proclaim that they are working out divine results of cure, and upbuilding through the power of spirit, aided by the Father Soul, have their hearts truly in this work, one would think they would teach it for almost nothing. Instead of this, however, they charge the most exorbitant prices perhaps ever known, their terms usually running from fifty dollars to three hundred dollars for twelve lessons. When Mrs. Eddy thus charges twenty-five dollars for each lesson, it looks as if she had a keen perception of the importance of material things after all.

Mr. Evans of Boston, and some other mind cure writers take broader views, and give many practical hints as to manipulation, etc., but in this he is inconsistent with his theory. "If music is not in us,"

he says, "it is nowhere. Light and color are not outside of me, but in me. I am the light." In this Mr. Evans confounds the perception of sound, light and color with the things themselves. When Mr. Evans becomes deaf, will all thunders and sounds of the eternal universe cease? When Mr. Evans becomes blind, will all the glories of light and color be blotted out from the heavens and earth, and will the mighty sun lose its magic power over animal and vegetable life? Is it possible that even fine minds can be led into such hallucinations? Is it possible that even pious minds can so blaspheme the Infinite Father as to assert that he has spread out this measureless universe of stars and suns as a vain show? No! Matter is an eternal entity that helps formulate and individualize human spirits out of the vast ocean of spiritual being, just as spirit animates and enkindles matter. Bodily forces act on the soul just as the soul acts on the body. Infinite ages may roll away; the spirit may ascend from sphere to sphere, and yet it is ever combined with its *perispirit* which is a grade of matter, although this matter becomes exquisite beyond our conception. But even the coarser grade of atomic combinations, which we usually term *matter*, must be understood and harmonized with, for, working with spirit, it becomes the starting point of all life. Let us understand the duality that rules throughout the universe, and not swing to those one-sided theories which in the end tend to ruinous results.

Will you allow me, dear editors, to state that when the fall term of my New York College of Magnetics has closed, in case a sufficient number of persons in the far West shall signify their willingness to take an eight weeks' course of lectures at Los Angeles, to commence sometime in February, I will make arrangements to give them? The course will embrace electrical, chemical, magnetic, solar and psychological forces, a general outline of anatomy, physiology and pathology, sun healing, and use of instruments, mind cure in its higher phases, including stativolence, magnetic massage and other of the higher methods of cure. I should propose to take some of our beautiful instruments and set the students directly at work in practical healing under my directions, with the understanding that they shall have half of the proceeds. Those who become proficient shall be entitled to the diploma of the New York College of Magnetics.

New York College of Magnetics, 39 West Twenty-seventh St., N. Y.

What Spiritualism has Accomplished in Forty Years.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It may be thought unwarrantable to claim the progress of this half century, material as well as spiritual, as the result of the advent of Spiritualism; yet, if we carefully study this most important era in the history of man, one which for rapidity of changes and advancement none can be compared; one to which in far reaching results, the first portion of the present era only holds likeness we shall find that these changes have direct relation to Spiritualism.

It is scarcely possible for us to appreciate the condition of religious thought only so long ago as forty years.

Evolution was then unknown. The infidel fought with the weapons given him by Voltaire, Hume and Paine. There was endless disputation about words, with words, nothing but words. Criticism was coarse, unappreciative, and dishonest. Public opinion was arrayed on the side of the churches, and he who thought differently, was regarded with suspicion. Free religion and agnosticism were unknown. The churches relied on the Bible and that alone, and the highest scholarship was devoted to revising and correcting the scriptural text as of more value than anything else.

Evolution has determined the laws of causation. Agnosticism by doubting has shaken the very citadel of belief, and emphasized the teachings of Spiritualism by contrast. The agnostic says he knows little, and the rest of the world knows less. All the churches claim may be true, but no one knows it to be true. There may be a God and a spirit world but no one has proven the existence of either. Oh, it is a glad relief when Spiritualism furnishes the evidence of that spirit life!

Coincident with the advent of Spiritualism came a mighty flood of thought. The churches were liberalized, the people instructed, and old ideas gave way to new on every hand. Those who lectured on Spiritualism, at first had the old ideas to combat, a stubborn point of superstition to overcome. They, of necessity, were iconoclastic levelers, instead of builders. They armed themselves after the manner of Paine, and made no attempt at scholarly arguments or criticisms. How strange their speeches read to us now; however, they interested us at the time they were given! The world has advanced beyond them, the churches, even, have outgrown them, and are now more pervaded by the genius of Spiritualism than were they.

Evolution fought no battle with the Mosaic account of the creation, which for thousands of years had been taken in its literal sense, and used as the foundation of a vast and complex theological system. It

fought no battle, but quietly presented the true method by which creation was evolved from chaos. It made no comparison, yet the Mosaic story faded from view, becoming less and less seriously regarded, until now it remains a dead letter on the pages of the theological law book. Science that has illumined the dark places with the electric light of thought, and they who still retain the old dogmas, do so only in appearance. The preachers whose highest ambition was to expound the mysterious questions of doctrine, now seek to present the freshest thoughts of thinkers outside of the churches, and are successful in exact proportion as they are able to do so. The day of dogmatism has gone by never again to afflict the minds of men.

The mental world is stirred to its very depths, and agitated as never before. The old landmarks have been swept away, and when questions are discussed in the old way, by appeals to bible texts, and the testimony of the fathers, men scarcely pause to listen. If inventions constantly exceed the wonders of yesterday, the speed of steam increase, the telephone directly connects us with distant places, the telegraph fathoms the oceans, electricity warms and lights our dwellings, all these physical inventions and the changes they have wrought in the manners of life, are as nothing compared with the changes in the thought realm of the age. The most conservative sects, even the Catholic which proudly claims unchangeableness, after fulminating against the spiritual tide, are now quietly falling into line, and tacitly sanctioning the labor movement, which of all others is in direct antagonism to the policy it has pursued from the days of Constantine of supporting the monopoly of authority, riches and power. That labor movement, crude as yet, and not comprehending its purposes, is the great question of the hour, and on its true and just solution depends the welfare of the coming generations not only of this country but of the world.

The whole mass of humanity is seething under some potent influence, like an ocean under whose fathomless abysses volcanic forces upheave the oozy bed, and dash the waves contending against each other. There is no longer rest in the bosom of the mother church, and the lingering superstition, which causes the children to follow often the footsteps of their parents, the scientist comes in and explains, as not the fault of the individual, but of heredity, the traits inherited from a long line of church-going all-believing ancestors, that is not to be combated with evidence, but to be outgrown, as man has outgrown the brutal nature of the savage.

No rest in the church with its established creed, and the assembled worshippers listen patiently to the well-worn sermons they do not believe. The minister delivers sermons

he knows are obsolete, outgrown and untrue. He hopes the laity will not protest, and the laity most sincerely hope their ministers are not as foggy as their words represent them to be. The whole church fabric is honey-combed by doubts, and new ideas are everywhere forcing out the established faith of the fathers.

Can we accept the normal growth of man as fully accounting for this unparalleled movement? That he has made an advance in all directions in the last forty years greater than during any three previous centuries, in fact, so far surpassing that no length of interval can be compared, for the progress has not been along old lines, but in new and hitherto unknown channels.

The unprejudiced mind cannot refer effects so tremendous to such an inadequate cause. The events of these years point to other forces working independently of human efforts.

Scientific Enigma.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 1, 2, 13, 22, 19, 11, 7, 18, 19, 13, 25, 11, 7, 8, 5, 24, 25, 2, 16, 17, 6, 23, 24, 17, 2, 1, 13 is an organic chemical compound.

My 2, 12, 8 is an American high-water shrub.

My 3, 23, 8, 6, is a machine used in building.

My 4, 19, 24, 21, is an aboriginal Asiatic tribe.

My 5, 13, 16, 26, 7, 24, 1, 24, 25 is a paleontological animal form.

My 6, 13, 25, 13, 1, 13, 22, 22, 24, 26, 16, 8, 23, 7, 24, 22, 22, 2, was a remarkable Italian sculptor.

My 7, 16, 22; 5, is a musical composer of to-day of some fame.

My 8, 7, 22, 23, 16, 2, 21, 17 is a sociological concept.

My 9, 19, 2, 22, 25, 13, 11 is a noted living philologist.

My 10, 3, 6, 8, 16, 23 is a theologian eminent in Biblical science.

My 11, 8, 21, 19, 22 is revered in Parseeism.

My 12, 23, 2, 8, 3, is a product of seaweed.

My 13, 7, 18, 2, 21 is one of the asteroids.

My 14, 8, 25, 22, 19, 24, 21, was a city of Western Asia, captured by Cyrus and Alexander the Great.

My 15, 16, 2, 18, 16, was used by the Peruvians for mathematical purposes.

My 16, 22, 23 is an oriental sweet-smelling essence.

My 17, 23, 2, 22, 11, 16, is a Hindu mythological being.

My 18, 8, 7, 13, 24, 26, 23, 8, 18, 19, 11 is a branch of science in which remark-

able achievements have been made during the present century.

My 19, 11, 23, 8, 14, is a small gregarious vertebrate.

My 20, 16, 26, 7, 8, 25, 21, is an article in materia medica.

My 21, 3, 19, 24, 7, 2, 16, 17 is a term in geometry.

My 22, 11, 17, 18, 8, 25, is a typographical appliance.

My 23, 8, 17, 13, 21, 21, 16, 17, 2, 8, 17, 13, 25, is a notable figure in Egyptology.

My 24, 25, 16, 21, 18, 23, 24, 6, 8, 25, 1, 2, is an oft-used legal term.

My 25, 13, 23, 26, 8, 7, was an important member of the Assyro-Akkadian pantheon.

My 26, 23, 24, 16, 25, 1, 22, 8, 3, 4, 7, 13 is often used in nautical parlance.

My whole is invaluable in all branches of science.

Answer next week.

An Open Letter to My Friends.

BY J. J. MORSE.

The courteous editor of the CARRIER DOVE has asked me to contribute an article to the pages of its New Year's holiday issue. Let me trust that the perusal of this epistle will not cause either herself or her readers to repent the writer's acceptance of the privilege accorded.

But, what shall my article be about—some abstract proposition in philosophy, an abstruse question of scientific research, or a subtle disquisition upon some recondite spiritualistic problem? No; the first is tedious, the next would lack general interest, while the last would probably scare up more literary hornets about my ears than San Francisco has ammonia enough to dull the pains their stings would inflict; while, too, holidays and abstract philosophy do not harmonize. So, as I sit by my cheerful fire—while the big rain drops splash against my window panes, and the bustling winds chase the grey clouds above our heads, a little voice whispers, "Why not write a letter to your friends in 'Frisco'?" Ah, why not? It is a good thought—I will give it heed.

Well, then, my good friends, how can I,—and those who are dear to me,—ever repay you for the many acts of kindness we have received at your hands any time these seven months past? From the moment when the Camp-meeting deputation met us up at Port Costa down to the Christmas season with its many gifts and good wishes, our stay, thanks to your kindness, has been one long summer's day of content and pleasure. Long shall we remember the pleasant meeting on the train with Bros. Hawes, Elliot and Clark, and Mesdames Elliot and Ellsworth, than whose greetings none could have been more cordial, as was the case

with my valued and long time friend and fellow-fighter, William Emmette Coleman, who warmly greeted us on arrival in the city.

And what a splendid time we had during the camp-meeting, over there by Lake Merritt's leafy shores. Audiences that left nothing to be desired either as to enthusiasm, intelligence, respectability or size; while the officials, who were courteousness itself, ably seconded the stranger speaker's work, doing all that could be done to make his duties pleasing and easy at all times. Then, too, that memorable Fourth of July oration, by which the unseen inspirers raised such a whirlwind and tempest of enthusiasm that fairly makes one's head swim to think of, even now, while the resolutions and presentation, and all the kind things said at the close of the camp, are all stored away in memory's chambers as most delightful recollections of an ever memorable season of useful labor.

When the tents were "struck" and camp was "broke," then came the next phase of the visitor's work in the Golden State, his appearance before the cultured and refined audience assembling in the Temple, where the earnest voice of the inspired sister, E. L. Watson, had been heard for so long to such acceptance.

The "little Englishman" felt nervous, positively! To follow a lady so beloved, of whom report spoke so emphatically upon, was no small ordeal for a man! But when the man was a stranger, too, the task was made the harder. The man remembered there was one bond of union between the lady and himself—they were both prepared to battle for the truth against the world. So he girded up his loins, stepped upon the stage with Brother Wadsworth and made his bow.

Six months have rolled past since then, dear friends, and what thoughts think you does your visitor from afar entertain upon his work in 'Frisco now? Naught but pleasant thoughts he honestly assures you, one and all! Most intelligent audiences, cultured and refined, and of excellent social position, have continued to greet him Sunday after Sunday, and he is more than proud to know that the noble immortal who controls him, has so ably ministered to the many hundreds he has addressed from the platform of Metropolitan Temple during these six months past. But just a word, friends, here, over this same Temple work.

Do you know how much you owe its manager, your and my good friend and Brother, Mr. M. B. Dodge? Sometimes I think you do not know his devotion, his faithfulness, his assiduous labor for the sustaining 'of these Temple meetings with free open doors. Without reward he labors, no salary, commission, or *pro rata* sharing are his—the sweet consciousness of having done his duty to the angel world is all the

reward he desires for himself. I thank him heartily, for all his fraternal attentions and the every consideration he has bestowed upon me in public and in private, and honestly rejoice fate provided so honest and earnest a manager for the society that has retained me for its Sunday meetings. Sustain him royally, dear friends, so that his hands be strengthened and the meetings he directs be made even more useful than they are.

For nearly six months many good friends met me twice each week in semi-public classes in the pursuit of rational spiritual teaching upon matters of moment to life on either side of the mystic veil. Upwards of four thousand attendances are recorded on my registers for those classes, and many are the warm friendships resulting therefrom; the kindly feelings of which quite recently culminated in the joyful surprise party organized by the members of our last class. Presently the class will re-assemble; so those who read this who have scolded me for resting will please now cease complaining, for almost enough of names has been secured to re-commence with.

Right here, friends, let me tell you how we all three, wife, daughter and self, took "a wee bit" holiday down at "Sunny Brae," named lives sundry most amiable folk named Watson; a mother with her stalwart son, and winsome daughter, a snowy-haired brother-in-law, and a brother with his wife. While there basking amid flowers and fruits, we three rested in the warm sunshine of the Santa Clara Valley and felt, indeed, that it was good to be there. Rather curious that two speakers lived amicably under one roof for a whole week, the cynical might say. Would it were more the rule, as it would be if more of faith in good and truth prevailed.

Then, just a line here, of thanks, to the editor of the CARRIER DOVE, whose journal is the most handsome typographical production in our ranks to-day. Almost week by week there has been printed one of the lectures given through me, while at all times it has ably and earnestly sustained the Temple workers and myself—for which I, at least, most heartily thank the keeper of the DOVECOTE! I wish the DOVE every success, for its present line of conduct entitles it to the confidence and trust of all Spiritualists who desire to see the best interests of our cause sustained. As concerns that support I am delighted to say, my friends, the DOVE's assistance has been entirely fraternal and spontaneous; it was neither asked for nor paid for, hence I respect and appreciate it. Long may it continue its weekly visits to your homes, and ever may it contain the sterling thoughts of many able contributors.

There, my good and many friends, I have taken you into my study this morning to hold this pen-and-ink chat with you,

so that you might know what I think about you all. In a word I am delighted with you! Your city is a wonder—so is your climate. We enjoy it all, and shall long remember our visit to the city by the sea. We have had so much of sunshine and pleasure since coming to you that the little grains of sand our cup has held once or twice count as nothing. We cannot all see alike, nor would it be good for us if we could. For my part I ask favors of none, but justice from all. I bear no man malice however hard I may strike his opinions—principles not persons is a good motto at all times. I look regretfully at the coming of the time when we shall have to part, but when the snows next cover eastern fields and farms your remembered faces will then be far behind me. I trust we may still continue to love each other as much or more than now as the coming months roll by. As I close my little letter to you let me wish you all, most truly, a happy, useful and prosperous New Year.

Selected Articles.

Laws That Govern Woman.

Woman's natural protector too often fails in his duty, as witness the following laws made by men for her benefit:

In Alabama, the husband manages his wife's property and is not responsible for rents or profits.

Connecticut gives him a right to the use of all lands of his wife during her life, and if she have children that survive her, then as long as he lives.

California laws say that the property they hold in common he controls.

In Massachusetts, her property is liable for her husband's debts.

In Mississippi, the wife cannot sue or be sued alone.

In North Carolina, the wife cannot contract concerning her separate property without the consent of her husband.

In New Mexico, the husband controls her separate property.

District of Columbia, gives her earnings to him.

In Florida, she cannot transfer her own property without his consent.

Georgia, will allow her to become a free trader by consent of her husband.

Missouri has no statute allowing her to become a trader, and this right does not exist at common law.

New Jersey's law requires the husband's consent to her separate estate.

In Pennsylvania, she cannot make a valid contract, except for necessities. Her earnings belong to her husband, unless reserved to her by an order of the court.

In Washington Territory he controls all property acquired after marriage.

These abstracts are, or were until a very recent date substantially correct, and are remnants of the old law that made woman a chattel of her husband. We ask if she is treated in these fourteen States as an equal with man? Public sentiment must be considered unjust to women as long as these statutes are allowed to stand.—*Ex.*

Why They Should Vote.

Why am I a woman suffragist? Because I am. Because a woman has more good, hard common sense than a man. Because she makes less bluster about her rights and quietly maintains them better than a man. Because she won't give \$1.50 for an article that she knows very well she can get for 75 cents. Because she does not stalk loftily away from the counter without her change if the robber behind it is a little reluctant about counting it out. Because she is too independent to pay the landlord \$2 for her dinner and then pay the head waiter \$1.00 to send a waiter who will bring it to her for 50 cents. Because she will hold her money tightly in her own good, little, right hand for two hours, until she gets first, a receipt for it from a fellow who made her husband pay the same bill five times last year. Not any "just give you credit for it" for her. Because one day a Pullman porter complained to me, "No money on this trip; too many women aboard. Don't never get nothin' out of a woman 'ceptin' her regular fare." I had just paid him twenty-five cents for blacking one of my boots and losing the other. And when he said that, when I saw for myself the heroic firmness of those women, traveling alone, paying their fare, and refusing to pay the salaries of the employee of a wealthy corporation, I said: These women have a right to vote. To vote? By all that is brave and self-reliant and sensible, they have a right to run the government.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Would Not Die.

"One of the most striking instances of 'mind-cure' I ever saw," said Judge W— one day, "was exhibited in an old lady client of mine; but it was a case of self-cure. Her name was Norton. She had been a second wife. She was in bed, seriously ill, and sent for me to draw up her will.

"I hastened to the house with paper and pen. I found a table and chair ready for me at the woman's bedside, and in a few moments I told her I was ready to prepare the will if she would tell me what she wished its provisions to be. I wrote the introductory phrase rapidly, and leaning over toward her, said: 'Now, go on, Mrs. Norton.'

"Her voice was quite faint, and she seemed to speak with an effort. She said: 'First of all, I want to give the farm to my

sons, Harry and James; just put that down.'

"'But,' said I, 'you can't do that, Mrs. Norton; the farm isn't yours to give away.'

"'The farm isn't mine!' she said, in a voice decidedly stronger than before.

"'No, the farm isn't yours. You have only a life interest in it.'

"'This farm that I've run for goin' on forty-three years next spring isn't mine to do what I please with it! Why not, judge? I'd like to know what you mean?'

"'Why, Mr. Norton—your husband—gave you a life estate in all his property, and on your death the farm goes to his son John, and your children get the village houses.'

"'And when I die John Norton is to have this house and farm whether I will or no?'

"'Just so.'

"'Then I ain't going to die,' said the old woman, in a clear and decidedly ringing, headful voice.

"And so saying, she threw her feet over the front of the bed, sat up, gathered a blanket and coverlid about her, straightened up her gaunt form, walked across the room, and sat down in a chair before the fire. The doctor and I came home. That was fifteen years ago. The old lady's alive to-day."—*Youths' Companion.*

Transparent Ladies.

THE PICTURE THAT IS PUZZLING PHILADELPHIA PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A photograph was taken in a sitting-room up-town a few weeks ago that has been puzzling amateur and professional photographers alike ever since. The artist was W. Curtis Taylor, one of the most experienced photographers in the city, and the subject was a group of eighteen young ladies. It was not a good picture, because several of the ladies moved, and Mr. Taylor had them sit again, but he finished up the negative and took a proof print from it, and then he saw several queer things in it.

On the extreme right of the group one lady stood partly against a white door, while another lady sat directly in front of her. The clear outlines of their faces show that neither of these ladies changed her position during the exposure of the plate; nevertheless the edge of the door-frame, which appears above their heads, is continued without a break, down through the hair of the lady who is standing, just misses her eye, and loses itself in her chin; while the paneling of the door shows through her shoulder and through the hair of the lady sitting in front of her.

Two ladies stood against the closed shutters of a bay window. Both their faces show distinctly in the photograph, but the lines of the molding appear through the hair of both. The light struck this section



of the window. Two other ladies stood—one against a dark section of the window, the other against a part of the frame which shows light. Both faces are badly blurred, but in neither case do the lines behind them appear on their portraits.

In all these cases in which the young ladies appear so alarmingly transparent, photographers say there is only one way to account for the mystery—the ladies must have moved long enough for the high lights behind them to impress themselves on the sensitive plate, which they will do, under certain circumstances, like a flash. The obvious fact that to do this some of them, especially the lady first mentioned, must have swung their heads and shoulders through an arc of forty-five degrees is not permitted to interfere with the hypothesis.

But the hypothesis, such as it is, breaks down completely before the problem presented by the central figure of the group—a lady sitting in a deep, comfortable arm-chair, with a solid back of wicker work. She could not have moved out of that chair without falling out, and her beautiful, clear portrait, the best in the group, shows that she must have sat like a statue; yet through her face, through her neck and through her body all the way down to her waist the wicker plaiting of the chair-back is seen almost as distinctly as if there were nothing between it and the lens. The lady's body appears as a dark shadow projected on the lighter surface of the chair.

When asked to explain the phenomenon Mr. Taylor promptly gave it up. The proof has passed through the hands of a number of photographers, both professional and amateur, and was discussed at the recent meeting of the Amateur Photographer's Society, and always with the same result. As a last resource it was submitted to A. K. P. Trask, the photographer of the Seybert Commission, who has made a special study of ghostly photography, and can turn out "spirit photographs" in any quantity to order. He accepted the movement hypothesis as to the door and window lines, but when his attention was called to the wicker chair, he confessed that it was beyond his philosophy and he could not account for it.

This is the way the case stands now: The photograph cannot be accounted for under any of the known laws of matter; though it may have something to do with the "fourth dimension" for which some theorists contend. It is not a "spirit-photograph," for, if it were, Mr. Trask would recognize it, and, besides, building materials and articles of furniture do not have spirits. None of the known laws of optics seem to meet the case, and for the present it remains a curious scientific problem.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Now is the time to subscribe for the CARRIER DOVE.

A Strange Story.

THRILLING ADVENTURE OF A PHYSICIAN.

JOHN SLATER.

A quick step upon the stairs leading to the front door, a ring of the bell, and to the query, "Is Mr. Slater at home?" the answer, "Yes, sir, will you walk in and take a seat? He is engaged at present, but will soon be at leisure, and will see you."

I was engaged in giving a private seance to a lady, and after she had taken her departure, I went into the parlor and greeted a rather tall, well-built gentleman, with a high, intellectual-looking forehead and strong face. He arose on my entrance, and putting out his hand, said, "Are you Mr. Slater, the Spiritualistic medium?"

I answered "Yes, sir."

He said: "I am Dr. B., and if you have a few moments of leisure time I would like to have a short talk with you on Spiritualism and its phenomena, and also relate, if it will not bore you, a very strange experience that I had a short time ago. Hearing of you accidentally, I thought I would come up and see you, for if I were to tell my friends about what I have seen, they would say that I am laboring under an hallucination, or a phantasy of the mind."

"In the first place, let me tell you that I am not a Spiritualist, nor have I until this present moment ever come in contact with any of the so-called mediums of Spiritualism. The fact of the matter is that I never even gave the subject a thought until this strange story that I am about to relate came to me."

"I was sitting in my office one evening not long ago, deeply thinking of a patient that I had been called upon to visit professionally that day. Well, I had not been more than two minutes wrapped in this reverie, when I heard on the outer door a sound as if some one rapping; it was rather faint at first, but gradually got stronger. I arose from my chair and went to the door and opened it; there was no one there. A gust of snow blew in on me. I shut the door, returned to my seat, when the rapping noise came again, this time louder, and I jumped up suddenly, determined to catch the person who, as I thought, was playing a practical joke. I opened the door and I must say that I was non-plussed; no one was there, not even footprints in the snow on the stoop. I looked up and down the street; no one in sight; nothing to see but the street lamp shedding its rays on the snow-covered ground. I did not know what to think. I returned once more to my chair, and again heard the rapping noise. I went to the door again and opened it, and I started back in astonishment. On the top doorstep stood a fair-haired little girl, without wraps of any kind

on, and she had not even shoes on her tiny feet. She looked at me steadily and said:

"Are you a doctor man?"

"Yes," I said, "but come in child and get warm; this is not the kind of weather you should be out in."

"She did not answer my question, only looking into my face."

"She said piteously: 'Won't you please come to mamma, she is so sick, and needs you.'"

"I directed her to come in, but she would not, only repeating in a plaintive voice that 'mamma was so sick.' I hurried on my overcoat, grabbed my bag, and as she had said that she would lead me, so I followed her. To make a long story short, I followed her to one of those dark and large tenement houses in the lower part of New York. I followed her up stairs until we had arrived at the very top of the house, she pointing at a door in the hall. I looked at the door and turned to speak to her, but she had vanished."

"I was bewildered, and did not know what to do. I, a stranger in as strange house. I was going toward the stairs, with the intention of getting out of the house as quickly as possible, when I heard a loud noise, someone moaning. I stopped and listened. I heard the moan again, and I thought I would investigate. I opened the door, and asked if anyone was in pain. A feeble voice answered out of the darkness, for there was no light in the room."

"Yes, sir; for God's sake help me."

"I quickly struck a match, and by its feeble rays I saw a woman in a bed in the corner of the room. I took in the situation at once. I hurried out, and at one of those stores that are open at all hours, I got a candle, and told the woman to send some coal and wood up to the room. I hurried back as quickly as possible, and lighted the candle, and I found one of the numerous cases of starving poor. The woman had had nothing to eat for days, and was slowly starving to death. I did all that could be done for her comfort under the circumstances, and was about taking my leave, when suddenly the woman burst out crying, and turning to know the meaning of her outburst of grief, she said:

"Oh! doctor, you have been so kind and good to me that I forgot my poor little Lily, who lies in the corner."

"I turned to the corner, and there on a trundle bed lay the dead body of the child who had called at my house, and brought me to the wretched hovel that I was in. She lay cold and stiff in death, and no doubt had been dead for a couple of hours. Now you may say it was a delusion. If so, the delusion was the means of saving her mother's life. Now I ask you, was it the spirit of the little girl who came to me, or what?"

THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editor

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THE CARRIER DOVE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JAN. 7, 1888.

New Year Greeting.

As we take our pen to write the first editorial for the new year, we are seriously impressed with the responsibility of our position, and the importance of weighing well our words before giving them wings. And as we most earnestly desire that only the highest good may come to our readers as a result of our teachings, our prayer-thoughts go out to the wise and loving ones who have passed on into the higher spheres of being, that they may inspire us with "wisdom from on high," until we shall no longer "see as with a glass darkly," but with a clear, illuminated, spiritual perception, discern spiritual truths that shall be to the hungering multitudes as was manna in the wilderness to the famished Israelites. We would begin the new year with "malice toward none and with charity for all," knowing that no matter how low and depraved some of our fellow creatures may

have become, that there yet remains within them a spark of that divinity which shall ultimately lift them to the highest heaven. Let us, then, endeavor to fan that spark into a flame that will illuminate the understanding, and show the plain and perfect way that leads to life and happiness to all. In our condemnation of evil let us ever be actuated by the highest and purest motives, that at last good may come to the erring through our efforts to show them the right.

We love the cause we have espoused because it gave to us our first gleams of light. It planted the stars of a deathless hope into the black skies of despair, and gleamed upon us like a beautiful rainbow of promise when the tempests fiercely raged; and later on, as we became more attuned to the whispers of the angels, we could catch their words of love and tenderness, their gentle admonitions and warnings, and sometimes catch a glimpse of a snowy garment and a sainted mother's face, beaming upon us as she whispered to the troubled soul, "Peace, be still; my child, look up and trust."

Spiritualism did not reveal itself to us with startling and wonderful phenomena. It came silently, softly, tenderly, lovingly, as falls the snowflake, and intuitively we perceived its truth, long before that truth was attested to us through physical demonstrations. When such demonstration came it was gratefully received, as it substantiated what we already knew. Having been so greatly blest through this knowledge in our own lives, we long to give it to the whole world, that all may bask in its sunshine and revel in its glory; that the sad and disheartened may be cheered and comforted, and the bereaved know for a surety that their loved still live. It is for this we labor and strive earnestly day after day. It is for this we gave wings to the Dove, that it might bear the "good tidings" to the uttermost ends of the earth.

We look about, and see the trail of ignorance and superstition in every land.

We see governments founded upon the relics of a bygone, barbarous age, when the conceptions of men regarding God and nature were crude and low in keeping with the development of the age; but those false conceptions became so firmly grounded in the race through the domination of priests and kings that they became a part of the religions and governments of the world; and

we, of to-day, are living under their despotic rule, and bearing the unnecessary burdens they have inflicted upon us. During the last half century a new light has dawned upon the world; a new revelation has been given to humanity, and it has brought such indisputable proofs of its spiritual origin, and worked such beneficent results through the mental enfranchisement of millions of people from the bondage of superstition, that we feel hopeful for the future. Under the influence of the new and spiritual conditions which are being evolved, we see the reign of peace and harmony dawning upon the world. We see mental freedom taking the place of slavish fear and superstition; we see humane and just laws superseding the arbitrary and unjust legislation of the past. Instead of soulless forms and ceremonies, there is a genuine spiritual religion developing in the souls of men that will infuse warmth, light and love into the cold and lifeless religions of the past and present, and be to them a regenerative power, quickening and permeating them with a life and love unknown before.

Instead of worshiping an unknown God men will worship and love humanity. Instead of vast and magnificent cathedrals there will be halls of learning and homes for the poor. Instead of the worship of Mammon will be the worship of good. Men will vie with each other in dispensing blessings upon their fellows, and the greatest hero and saint will be the one who loved and served humanity the best. That millennial time which seems afar off is very near to the realization of all who seek to hasten its coming. It is within the power of all to have a fore-taste of its joys and benefactions now. The kingdom of heaven or hell is within each human being and not dependent upon time or locality.

May every reader of these pages resolve to begin the New Year with new and holy purposes. May every one feel the divine forces of spiritual life lifting, encouraging and inspiring them towards a more perfect realization of the sublimity and grandeur of life. May its duties and responsibilities become subjects of earnest, thoughtful consideration, and above and beyond all may the divine principle of love permeate every thought and action and shed its heavenly radiance upon your daily lives, until unkind thoughts, ignoble deeds and selfish purposes shall give place to tender pity, loving

consideration and mutual helpfulness, until the reign of universal brotherhood is no longer a blissful dream of the future, but one of the living verities of the present.

We Are Here to Stay.

The "candid friend" is a species of the *genus homo* who is always bubbling over with frank advice to all and sundry. When the DOVE made its first appearance as a weekly journal he frequently dropped into the Editorial sanctum and in the most candid and friendly manner assured us we had made a great mistake in changing our period of appearance from once a month to once a week. There was not room for two papers. Two papers were not needed, while some even hinted that a woman could not edit a paper that appeared so often! The editor listened attentively but said nothing. There was nothing to say, for it is a fixed fact that if a journal is wanted it will be sustained. It is true there is only room for first-class papers, such as we have made ours. If the weak and vacillating ones die it is because there is no room for such organs. So we let our candid friends say on, biding the time when we could determine by the safest of all rules, the dimensions of the paid subscribers' list, whether there was need of or room for the DOVE as a weekly journal.

We are now able to determine the foregoing point in the affirmative. The DOVE is needed, and there is room for it. Our subscription list has steadily risen from the first in a way that has astonished us. Our renewals are more than satisfactory, while our new subscribers for 1888 are a little army in themselves. So great has been our success that our mailing force is greatly overtaxed, often working until midnight to get our weekly edition deposited in the mails. Some of our enquiring friends have often asked us how large our circulation was and we find that the modesty of the answer given them has caused them to think that we were having hard work for small things. Let us, then, assure one and all, our candid friends, and our sincere and real friends, that our weekly issue long since ceased to be an experiment, that for some time past it has been an assured permanency, that, in a sentence, we are here to stay.

To all concerned in helping us to this satisfactory state of affairs, friends, con-

tributors, subscribers and assistants, we return our heartfelt thanks. There is no doubt that we shall go on during this year with leaps and bounds again to even greater success than was achieved during the past year. For Spiritualism and progressive work we shall continue to labor with might and main. For honest workers and a rational Spiritualism we are prepared to devote all our time, strength and talents. Be of good cheer, then, even as we are, for the future is brighter than ever before.

Tested by the commendations of influential readers, the financial support of subscribers and the large increase in our circulation, we beg to assure one and all that we are here to stay, and that our foundations grow firmer every week.

A New Feature.

In this week's issue we commence the regular publication of a page devoted to a Mediums' Directory. We call public attention to the above fact in the interests of investigators, Spiritualists and mediums. We shall strictly reserve this new department for those whom we feel we can conscientiously present to the public, but, of course, we cannot undertake to guarantee that satisfactory experiences can be obtained by every person, or given by every medium. Our local mediums are much pleased at this feature as will be understood from the fact that all the available space was taken within a few hours.

Spirit Picture.

The picture that adorns one of our pages is that of the control of Mr. J. J. Morse, who gives his name as "Tien Sien Tie," and who for upwards of eighteen years has used Mr. Morse as his inspired instrument upon our platforms in England and America. The picture scarcely does full justice to the photograph it has been drawn from, but it is a sufficiently faithful reproduction to show the force, power and character that are contained in the nature of this able and vigorous spirit-teacher, who has so acceptably ministered to our San Francisco Spiritualists for the past six months. As the circumstances under which Mr. Morse obtained the picture are quite interesting we have prevailed upon that gentleman to favor us with an extract from his autobiography, "Leaves from My Life," which work

has long been entirely out of print, in explanation of the matter. It may be premised, however, that the original, a handsome pencil drawing, full bust size, was obtained through the mediumship of Wella Anderson, the well-known spirit artist, who, at the time in question,—1875—when Mr. Morse paid his first visit to the United States,—was then residing in New York City. In his book Mr. Morse says:

"It was while in New York that I obtained the portrait of my chief control. * *

It arose out of an *improptu* visit paid Mr. Wella Anderson, the spirit artist, whose name is quite familiar to every American Spiritualist. * * * My friend, Mr. R. Cooper, was with me. * * * * We had quite a pleasant chat together and Mr. Anderson afforded us a slight specimen of his powers. He requested us to bandage his eyes. We did so in a manner that completely blindfolded him; further he then became entranced. While in the above condition he took a piece of cartridge paper, about two inches by two and one-half inches, and drew a face on each side the drawing being executed upside down; no hitch or faltering, but done as naturally as though in full possession of his normal sight.

* * * Mr. Anderson's guides requested me to favor them with half an hour's quiet on a certain day, the twenty-sixth of that month, [July]. I replied, "I shall be 270 miles distant, at Silver Lake." Mr. Anderson's controls wrote that did not matter; all that was required was my passivity, so I assented. * * With regard to the picture the following correspondence transpired, which will explain the matter fully:

303 West Eleventh St., NEW YORK CITY,

July 31, 1875.

DEAR BROTHER MORSE—The last touches are on the picture of the bright and beautiful Chinese, completed this P. M. The picture awaits your order. Please accept it with the kindest regards and best wishes of most truly and fraternally thine,

WELLA ANDERSON.

303 West Eleventh St., NEW YORK CITY,

September 4, 1875.

DEAR BROTHER MORSE—Your kind and welcome letter is before me. I feel very much gratified to learn that the picture of your bright and noble guide was admired by your many friends. In regard to the time occupied in its execution it was nine days, one sitting per day of about twelve minutes—one hundred minutes—taken by Raphael Sanzio through the fingers of your humble servant with a No. 2 Faber's pencil, except the hair which is of a No. 1 Faber, done while I was lost to this cold discordant world, which I hope soon to leave. Please allow me to tender my most heartfelt thanks for the picture I found enclosed in your last of my much esteemed friend and genial brother, J. J. Morse. I am most truly and fraternally thine,

WELLA ANDERSON.

Mr. Morse tells us that many clairvoyants on his return to England spontaneously recognized the picture on seeing it, as he did himself on its receipt twelve years ago. The original drawing occupies the place of honor in our good brother's home across the Atlantic. Long may so useful an instrument and able a control continue in the cause, is our earnest wish.

The Dove Thanks its Friends.

For the many kindnesses at your hands, of which we have been the recipients during the past year, we wish to thank you one and all. For the words of encouragement you have spoken, for the timely assistance rendered, for the gems of wisdom and pearls of truth with which you have enriched the pages of the DOVE, we are most deeply grateful. And for the roses you have scattered, and thorns you have removed, the path we have traversed has been rendered fragrant and pleasant. Occasionally an arrow from some covert enemy has been directed at us, but some kind guardian has rendered it powerless to harm; and steadily and safely the DOVE has pursued its onward and upward course, oblivious of foes, concealed or open, who would gladly wound what they cannot destroy.

As the New Year grows old, and another dawn, we still hope to deserve and receive your support and co-operation. We shall do our best to reciprocate every favor, and render you a worthy equivalent for your support. Thanking you all again, dear friends, we wish you a bright, happy, and prosperous New Year, fraught with spiritual and material blessings manifold.

"Practical Occultism."

Mr. Morse's new book, "Practical Occultism," will be ready for delivery in a fortnight's time. From the advance proofs we have seen, we can assure our readers a very handsome volume is being produced. The paper is a rich antique note, and the binding will be in chaste and neat cloth. It will be exceedingly cheap at its price of one dollar per copy.

Our Engravings.

The beautiful engravings of Mrs. McKinley and the control of Mr. J. J. Morse were executed by that excellent artist, Mr. A. K. Kipps, of this city, and are fine specimens of art. The portrait of Mrs. McKin-

ley was copied from a photograph taken from a large crayon picture which was done some years ago, and which faithfully portrays the sweet expression which was habitual to that lovely woman. Mr. Kipps' work speaks for itself, and needs no recommendation or word of praise from us. His studio is in the Phelan building, room 329.

See advertisement on another page.

Spiritual Meetings in San Francisco.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

The services at Metropolitan Temple, on Sunday last, were conducted in the morning by Mr. J. J. Morse, and in the evening by Mrs. E. L. Watson. The morning was devoted to a lecture by Mr. Morse's control, the subject, which was chosen by the audience, being "Can you give us any proof that the soul is not the essence underlying materiality?" upon which a profound metaphysical argument was presented.

At night our good sister, Mrs. E. L. Watson, gave a rousing address upon the "New Year, its perils and possibilities," her cogent and radical remarks being cordially received. We shall print the lecture in our pages in due course so that our friends may be able to peruse it at their leisure, and so profit from its excellently expressed conclusions.

Mr. Keith, Jr., sang again with his usual finish, and was heartily applauded.

On Sunday next the usual question meeting in the morning at 11 o'clock; at night the lecture, through Mr. Morse, will be upon "Metaphysical Science, its teachings and their value." Meeting commences at 7:30 P. M. Admission free.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

On Wednesday evening last, the fourth instant, the control of Mr. J. J. Morse addressed the members of the Union Spiritualists Society at St. Andrew's Hall, Larkin street.

The subject of the address was "What has Spiritualism Contributed to Modern Thought?" Mr. Morse, as usual, gave his services gratuitously to the Society in aid of its funds, which fact was cordially appreciated by all concerned.

Important Notice.

To all afraid of Small-pox, call and see Dr. Smith at 569 Stevenson street. He

has an antidote against the disease, and it is reliable.

The Doctor's office is 569 Stevenson street, two doors from 7th street.

It is with pleasure we insert the above notice, for we consider Dr. Smith one of the most skillful and reliable physicians in this city. He cured our little darling after it had been given up to die by other physicians and after an illness of six months, during which time it had been declared to have whooping cough, pneumonia, bronchitis and asthma. For children's diseases, croup, diphtheria, colds, sore throat, coughs, etc., Dr. Smith gives immediate relief. The children like him and cry for his medicines. He is spoken of in the highest terms by those who know of his successful practice for many years.

Premium Notice.

We will send the CARRIER DOVE for the year 1888, and an elegantly bound volume of the DOVE for 1887 to any person who will send us five dollars before March 1st, 1888. This is the very lowest terms at which such a large amount of valuable reading could be furnished. The bound volume will contain 626 pages of reading matter, besides about sixty full page engravings, among which are portraits of prominent Spiritualists, scenes in spirit life, spirit pictures, views of the City of Oakland, and fine illustrations for the children's department. It contains many valuable lectures, stories and essays of great importance.

Chips.

Aspiration.

"Life should be full of earnest work,
Our hearts undashed by Fortune's frown;
Let Perseverance conquer fate,
And Merit seize the victor's crown.
The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet;
And he who seeks to pluck the stars,
Will lose the jewels at his feet."

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appear and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

Portraits of J. J. Morse, price 25 cents, can be had at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. It is a very fine picture—cabinet—by Bushby, of Boston, Mass.

To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast in the very lap of fortune; for our faculties then undergo a development and display an energy of which they were previously unsusceptible.

The reported and expected materialization of a certain person's control that was to have taken place in full view of the audience, on Sunday evening last, did not occur. We presume it was too wet. What next?

The holiday number of the *Eastern Star* is double the usual size, and filled with choice reading matter. The enterprising editor, C. M. Brown, is determined to give an equivalent for value received as the excellent table of contents, weekly spread before the readers of the *Star*, fully attests.

When the spirit of truth within touches with reason's light your soul, it will then begin to grow in strength and beauty; and when you cease to tread the path of error, and seek the path that truth and reason point, then will the God within you say, "Well done." A. E. TISDALE.

In addition to the regular musical exercises at Metropolitan Temple next Sunday evening there will be a violin obligato—"Stella Confidante," by the very talented musician, Mr. L. Bresse, whom many of the *habitués* of the Temple will remember as having performed a most charming selection upon his favorite instrument at the Temple upon the occasion of the visit of Mrs. E. L. Watson to our city in September last.

It is told of a gallant confederate officer that at one time while he was leading a sudden and desperate charge against a Yankee battery with his regiment he suddenly looked back and noticed the slow reluctance of his men to advance, when he quickly exclaimed: "What in the h—l is the matter with you fellows? Do you expect to live forever?"

When Spiritualists have to burn wax candles on high altars, and have cradles containing miniature Jesuses with pictures of the infant Christ and similar Catholic paraphernalia in their public meetings, we think they had better join the "Mother Church" at once where they would have "spiritual symbols" to their heart's desire;

and not try to introduce such old superstitions into the enlightened, progressive, spiritual movement of to-day.

Mrs. E. L. Watson made a brief visit to the city during last week, occupying the Temple platform on Sunday evening last. Our sister co-worker spoke with her accustomed fluency and grace, giving full satisfaction to her friends. We are glad to know that her health is improving, and that her welcome among her many friends was as warm and genial as could be desired. We trust every good may attend her during the ensuing year, and that when she resumes her place in September next her health may be completely restored.

I am not a bit sorry, Mr. Chairman, when I find some cases which are passing for *true* mediumship, but which are *false* to the core, *exposed to view*. It is right that such should be exposed, and I for one am glad of it.

I want every true medium to know that I am in hearty sympathy with him or her, but I want every false trickster to know I am in hearty sympathy with the revealers of the sham; and what is more, I will do my part, as a spirit, to make the sham manifest to mankind. Spirit Henry F. Gardiner, in the *Banner of Light*.

California Scenery.

The Yosemite and Other Natural Curiosities.

Among the many remarkable natural curiosities of California is the valley of the Yosemite with its surrounding cascades and mountain peaks. It is situated in Mariposa county, on the western slope of the Sierra, midway between its east and west base, at an elevation of 4,060 feet above the sea. It is 140 miles in a direct line a little south of east from San Francisco, but about 250 by any usually traveled route. Here, within a space of less than twenty miles long and ten miles wide, is probably presented more grand and beautiful scenery than is found in any similar area in the world. By act of Congress, the Yosemite Valley, embracing 36,111 acres, and the Big Tree Grove in Mariposa county, 2,589 acres, have been granted to California to be held for all time as places of public resort. The Geysers are also remarkable natural phenomena. There is a collection of hot sulphur springs, more than 300 in number, covering about 200 acres in a deep

gorge in the north-eastern part of Sonoma county. They are about 1,700 feet above the sea, and are surrounded by mountains from 3,000 to 4,000 feet high. Hot and cold, quiet and boiling springs are found within a few feet of each other.

There are five natural bridges in California. The largest one is on a small creek emptying into the Hay Fork of Trinity river, 80 feet long, with its top 170 feet above the water. In Siskiyou county there are two about 30 feet apart, 90 feet long, and there are two more on Coyote creek in Tuolumne county, the larger 285 feet long.



FIRST LOG HUT IN MARIPOSA GROVE.

The following sketch of the Yosemite and big trees is taken from the *Resources of California* of January, 1881. Since that time the facilities for reaching these places of interest have been greatly increased, and instead of the narrow trails necessitating horseback riding, there are good wagon roads, over which tourists can travel with ease and safety. As the description of scenery in the above mentioned sketch is so minute, we reproduce it in full.

APPROACHING THE VALLEY.

"After our rough ride of upward of twenty-five miles, we were tired enough to go to bed early and sleep well, which we did. We were up early next morning, and off for eighteen miles more on horseback to Inspiration Point, which overlooks Yosemite

Valley. The way was pretty much up hill. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we came of a sudden upon the dizzy edge, and looked over into the valley.

There are places, as well as times and occasions in this world when speech seems wholly out of place, and all talk merest gabble. There was no place for words here, in the awful hush that fell upon us, all at once, as we stood upon the edge of this fearful revelation. At first sight it was a great horror—a profound abyss, on whose frightful edge we hung. Three-quarters of a mile stretched off upon a level is easily enough comprehended. You may measure it off in your mind's eye, and set the stakes for it; but three-quarters of a mile straight down, and you leaning over the edge of it, is more difficult to grasp. I may give you figures and distances, but no one can realize it without the actual sight. We were at the lower end of the valley, and the great, ghastly gash in the mountains lay extended before us. Over across from us, white in the sunlight and terrible in the grandeur and gloom of its solitude, was El Capitan, with its



GENERAL VIEW OF YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Frogs, changed by some prosaic guide or map-maker to the "Three Brothers."

Directly in front, as we stood looking up the valley, were the Cathedral Rocks, of which this was a rear view.

A silvery trickle of water, which we could just see shivering its way down the rocks dropped over the edge of the mountain wall and into the valley below.

It was the Bridal Veil Fall, by which the stream of the same name from the Sierras finds its way, by a leap of 630 feet, to a rocky basin, whence, in a series of cascades, it tumbles three hundred feet further down to the level of the plain, where it joins the main stream of the Merced. Over the heads of the Cathedral Rocks we could see the peak of the Sentinel, and away beyond, at the extreme upper end of the valley, we could see the grand, old domes of the Yosemite standing each other, distinct and clear in outline, and cleanly cut against the background of the sky. At the right, a little way beyond, Mount Broderick, or Liberty Cap, reared its head above the surrounding peaks, and all around the edges of the valley, towards the horizon, were the rough and ragged outlines of a desolation of mountains.

At our feet, as we stood there and looked downwards for a few yards there were stunted shrubs and bushes, and then the vision, glancing off, found no resting place for the eye for all the distance down, until, dizzy and catching our breath, the green plain at the bottom arrested our sight. And there were groves of trees, and green fields and meadows, and the sparkle of a river flowing through it all, and everything in marked and cheerful contrast with the



barren and desolate outlook over the edges towards the horizon. It was a dream of beauty set in the frame of a nightmare."

(To be continued.)

"Are you having a pleasant time?" asked a lady of a little miss at a fashionable children's party. "Delightful, thanks." "And will your papa and mamma come later?" "Oh, dear no; papa and mamma and I don't belong to the same set."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

"In this cold world true friends are rare," sings a poetess. "Yes, dear poetess, that is why the men at the theatre go out between the acts so much to look for friends."

"How greedy you are!" said one little girl to another who had taken the best apple in the dish—"I wanted that apple."



THE SENTINELS, CALAVERAS GROVE.

Each over 300 feet high.

3,300 feet perpendicular of granite, the wall of that side of the valley, and the most conspicuous feature of the view. Farther on, upon the same side, were the three peaks, rising one above the other, to which the Indians gave the name of Pomompasus, or Leaping

Children's Dept.

Saved.

BY E. M. S. BUMSTEAD.

He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands.—*Psalms xcii: 11.*

Was she trying to rival the birds in the blossoming orchard there,
On a slender wavering perch so high in the Summer air?

Oh! beautiful baby girl, the birds can do such things
Gaily and safely, too, but you know the birds have wings.

A winsome, reckless girl, but she knew the chance it meant,
When, under her helpless feet, the green bough cracked and bent.

Nothing to save her under the suddenly darkened sun!
Just for a deathly moment the great sky reeled and spun.

But in the hopeless instant that heralded fatal harm,
She felt the enfolding pressure of a fond, sustaining arm.

None but a mother's hand had been so quick and so loving-sweet!
The light came back, the sky stood still—the glad earth pressed her feet.

She felt her mother was there, although she had never know
In her orphaned babyhood a motherly look and tone.
She felt her mother was there, although she could not see;
And others knew of their knowledge that no such thing could be.

But she knew of her wisdom that such a thing had been,
And her loving heart closed round it and shut the memory in.
It was a child's true instinct, and why should the wise delight
To measure these inner senses by hearing, and touch, and sight?

If all the might of a mother's love could pass with a passing breath,
The blight were more than the blossom, and life were less than death.
While little ones laugh in the cradle, and nature shines and sings,
Let us come out of the darkness and trust in holier things.

May the child, grown older, cling to her childish faith to-day:
Narrow and high is the path where Duty leads the way.
And oh! when the great sky reels and the sun in heaven is black,
May she lean on her mother's arm till the blessed light comes back

Banner of Light.

How to Help.

"I can, mother; I know that I can."

"I am not so sure, my boy. Ten dollars is a great deal for a little boy to earn, especially if he is going to earn it all with a little boy's devising."

"But, mother, you do not know how much in earnest I am about this matter. I do really think that Alva Morris is a genius. I believe that if he could have these two winter terms at school he would be able to

help himself afterward, and when he gets through college, I believe that he will become a great man."

"Well, Johnny, I cannot tell you how much pleased I am to find you so unselfish. It means a great deal to me that my little boy is willing to undertake a severe summer's work that he may earn money to send another boy to school."

"Now, what are your plans? You will be willing of course to talk them over with me?"

"Why, yes, mother, I am willing to tell you all about it, as far as I myself have thought. I heard of a boy that made some money last year as a table-waiter in a hotel at the White Mountains. I think I should like to try something of that kind."

"But, you are not old enough, or large enough to be hired for a table waiter, and besides I could not consent to have you go away from me for a whole summer. What would you do if you were to be sick with no mother to care for you?"

"I should not get on very well I am sure. But if I do not carry out that plan what shall I do?"

"I think we will try some ways of making money right here at home."

"What can I do here, mother?"

"Well, I am not sure but I can afford to hire an errand-boy this summer. During the ten weeks that you will be out of school, I will give you a quarter of a dollar each week, and you, in return for it, must use your hands and feet in my service."

"Oh, mother, I shall be very glad to do that. Only think of it; this will be two and a half dollars of the ten, and I know I can earn the remaining seven and a half."

"Now, I must tell you another plan I have had in my mind. I would like to have a lemonade-stand just outside of our gate and see how much money I can make on that during the hot summer days; and I think I can have a menagerie, too, and catch a good many pennies in that way."

"What do you mean by having a menagerie, my boy?"

"You wait, mother, until I get it fixed, and then you will say, I know, that it is worth paying a penny for the sight."

Mrs. Calthorp was very willing to wait, and Johnny began at once to arrange his plan.

He got two goods boxes and nailed slats across the front of them. These he placed in a corner of the garden with the face away from the street, so that no one could look upon the sight until he had paid his penny at the garden gate.

Into the upper box he put his favorite cat, and into the lower his rabbits. From the branch of the great tree overhead, he hung the cage which held his canary-bird and at the side of one of the boxes he tied Rover, the house-dog. Then he was ready for customers, and it was surprising how

much lemonade he sold outside the gate and how many pennies he took from those who wished to see the show inside.

Before the summer was over, Johnny had in his bank twelve dollars and a half, and in his bosom a happy heart; and his friend Alva Morris had the opportunity at school, and the joy which the encouraging of a great hope always gives.

Are not such boys as these worthy of our sympathy and love?—*Selected.*

Correspondence.

*Under this head we will insert brief letters of general interest, and reply to our correspondents, on topics or questions within the range of the CARRIER DOVE'S objects. The DOVE does not necessarily endorse the opinions of its correspondents in their letters appearing under this head.

Editor CARRIER DOVE:—The spiritual meetings in Oakland that have been nearly five years kept up by the kind and earnest efforts of Brother Geo. A. Carter have been suspended nearly three months, and fearing that they may not be resumed I have taken Shattuck Hall, at 453 Eighth street, (the one we used to occupy), and our meetings will commence on Sunday, the 15th of this month. There will be three sessions a day beginning with a conference in the forenoon, Mediums' meeting at 2 P. M., and lecture in the evening.

I have been pressed into this service by the solicitation of many friends, who assure me of their co-operation.

Kindly yours, WALTER HYDE,
January 3d, 1888. Alameda, Cal.

A Just Tribute to Wm. Emmette Coleman.

Editor CARRIER DOVE:—I have perused, with much pleasure, the exposition of the spiritual philosophy from the erudite pen of Bro. Emmette Coleman, in recent issues of the CARRIER DOVE. In my opinion, the work is well done. He has surveyed the whole field, examined every obscuring obstacle, held each up in plain view, carefully analyzed, and with a strong arm victoriously dashed them to the earth whence they came.

He has presented the spiritual philosophy, divested of ancient absurdities and their modern remains, to the common sense of humanity, glowing with symmetry and sparkling with beauty. His effort was opportune for many honest and well meaning in our ranks, but unable to detect sophistry were being led from the true and simple basis of our philosophy, into labyrinths of confusion; by the very dogmatism, the absurdity of which he has demonstrated beyond question, wherein they were about to doubt if there be certain protection, law or order in the spiritual realm. Another class, dozing on their oars in the stream of progress, drift with the swollen current amid

effete matter and muddy waters, neither attempting to pull up stream nor for the shore—not even dreaming that its waters, in their normal condition, are pure and clear; this class needed it as an awakening influence, to make its paths straight.

Perhaps Brother Coleman did not give sufficiently strong emphasis to the necessity of the spirit instrument being entirely attuned, in order that each note of the music reach us in its intended harmony. Doubtless, from this cause—from the absence of harmonious mental and moral unfoldment, many otherwise grand, good and true communications are somewhat transformed—the earth they are earthy.

Kindness of spirit and sincerity of intention throughout, can easily be read "between the lines." I opine that all in our ranks, having the purity of our simple and sublime philosophy at heart, will cordially unite with me in declaring, that, for this clear exposition of our philosophy Brother Coleman deserves our highest commendation.

J. LORAIN.

GREEN VALLEY, CAL. December 26, 1887.

A Family Chat.

As a new year is about commencing, I want to have a little "family chat," with the Liberals and Spiritualists of this coast (and if "our family" reaches to any other coast, let them attend also), to the end that we may be enabled to work to more advantage together in the spreading of Spiritualism, and inculcating its principles.

Outsiders will please take notice that this talk is *private*, so there may be no "eaves-dropping." If I had put a heading to this talk it would have been, "The Vagaries of Spiritualists." In beginning my investigations of Spiritualism some ten years ago, a great stumbling block in the way of its acceptance was what seemed to me the vagaries of some "advanced" Spiritualists, and there was always present a mental reservation,—“If I have got to believe thus and so, I prefer not to 'advance,' but stay down on terra firma, and be content with the plain article pure and simple without the extras." Perhaps this and that "craze" will wear off like the whooping cough or measles, when it has had its "run"—and if, like them, it never attacks people, but once we can stand it. But this hope has not been realized as a whole, some adherents of these various whims throw them off or tone them down after awhile and come down to hard commonsense. But Spiritualism seems much in the condition of the "fox in the brambles," in the old fable, and has to support a succeeding set of "swallows" more credulous or flighty than the last.

Why is it there are so many among Spiritualists that have such pet theories that they want to magnify into "isms" among which

may be reckoned "reincarnation," theosophy, "mental healing," prayer-cure, obsession, etc.

All having a truth at their base, perhaps, but which should be subordinate to a grander truth that comprises them all instead of setting up business for themselves.

Is this because Spiritualists have heads less "level" than others, or are more credulous? This might at first seem to be the solution, but as a matter of fact we are less credulous than non-Spiritualists. This want of credulity, lack of faith, demanding the proof, is what has made us Spiritualists. Is it then the Yankee propensity to go to extremes, to use a slang phrase, to "run everything into the ground?"

No, this cannot be so, for the strongest advocates of some of these extravagances are from the old world,—staid old England, sunny France, and imperial Russia giving us the ablest advocates of "reincarnation" theosophy and "mind-cure"—while among the transcendentalists of Germany we find representatives of these vague and musty theories; so we see that not among any particular type of persons or nationalities can we find the key to this mystery, but in the circumstances of the case.

Having thrown off the yoke, the old restraints of church dogmas and straight jackets, it is only the natural consequence—the re-action—making us go to the extreme of individual opinion and fancy. At the base of most of these "isms," is a modicum of truth and our freed souls getting a fragment of it fly off in a tangent, thinking we have the whole. The reincarnation idea may be built on the fact that those who have missed their chance of getting earth experience may make it up by coming back as spectators or as participants, indirectly perhaps, in the battle of life.

"Obsession" may be only the devil within us getting the upper hands when we allow passion to have full sway.

In "mind cure" is a grain of truth, for we see what a potent influence the state of mind has on the health either to break it down or improve it. The "prayer cure" may even attract influences that are sometimes effectual—and under the peculiar conditions of life in India, theosophy may find its fitting votaries.

But why shall we found a pet theory on each fragmentary truth that we get hold of, running amuck with every basic principle of our philosophy that we come in contact with?

"All are but parts of one stupefied whole." Why magnify mole hills into mountains, till we hide from view the main truth that has drawn us together?

And this, too, when we have so much that is tangible that is capable of demonstration. Why spend our time and oceans of words in elaborating vague and mystic

philosophies when we have enough that is *real* just within our grasp?

We may sit for hours and listen to some of these harangues, straining our ears and eyes for something to bring away, may follow up each trail till we are lost in a labyrinth of obscurities, not finding anything more tangible than does the bob-tailed terrier spinning around after the place where the tail was! This may be owing to dullness of apprehension but many are in the same dilemma.

Though a waste of power this propensity to set up so many theories may be thought harmless, but we can see from it, effects upon our cause that are most disastrous, not only destroying harmony, but engendering animosities that tend to increase.

It is frequently noticed that among families there is less patience with each other's differences of opinion than with those of outsiders, and is not this too much the case with us? Our intense individuality prevents us yielding in the least to members of our own spiritualistic family—while agreeing in the main principles—and this makes us grow *apart* where we should grow *together*.

We ought to be the most harmonious body in the world with our harmonial philosophy to help us on—whereas, we have the most differences, and have the least charity for the opinions of our own believers. We talk of the intolerance of the churches, while we discount them all in that respect, forgetting that charity is the greatest of all virtues. Lecturers should count it a piece of good fortune that other speakers see things in a light different from themselves. From different standpoints we may the better get the whole truth.

There is no one capable of seeing *all around* a subject from *one* side. And so with our mediums, what one cannot give, another can, and so all should rejoice in the ability of each to contribute their share in the great work. And when all have given all they can there is plenty more to come. We have cause for congratulation, that our publications in this city get along so harmoniously, and let us in the beginning of this new year put away all envy, intolerance, or uncharitableness, and adjust our methods so that we may work unitedly. We have no "Moses" to lead us through the "Red Sea," to the land of promise, therefore, each of us should guard well our own footsteps—in order that the "Golden Gate" may swing wide open for us, and the CARRIER DOVE give the news to all the world: "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy."

LEON M. BOWDOIN.

STOCKTON, JAN. 1, 1888.

"Henry, you are such a bad boy that you are not fit to sit in the company of those scholars on the bench. Come up here and sit by me," exclaimed an exasperated teacher.