



VIEW FROM SUGAR LOAF, FARALLONE ISLANDS.

# The Carrier Dove.

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

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## Original Contributions.

### Appearance Immediately After Death.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The appearance of persons a great distance from the place of their death, at almost the very hour of their decease, has been observed so many times, and under such peculiar circumstances, that whatever explanation we may give, the statements must be received. It has received a distinctive and highly descriptive name the *Death-Wraith*.

The spirit soon after its departure from the body, under certain circumstances has greater power to make itself manifest to its friends than it ever again possesses. A low degree of sensitiveness enables the person to perceive the spirit at this time, while the coarser emanations of its physical body cling to its ethereal embodiment. It is not difficult to find illustrations, the difficulty lies in the opposite direction, for volumes may be filled with the narrative of authentic appearances. The following illustrate, if they do not prove the theory herein advanced. The committee for the Society of Psychical Research, make a remarkable distinction between the appearance of an apparition after the person's death and that immediately connected therewith. The reason therefore is that until death transpires, the phenomenon is connected with physical life, but after that event, the appearance belongs to an entirely different order of things. The apparition, or spirit belongs to the spiritual realm, and therefore is subject to unknown laws and conditions. We regard this distinction as leading to grave errors, for if the spirit exists after death, it is exactly the same, except as modified by the limitations of the mortal body, and spiritually bound by the same laws and conditions. Our purpose, it is here to show, that as the spirit breaks from these physical limitations, the new and purely spiritual faculties begin to show themselves. Through the rifts made in the clouds by death, we catch glimpses of the new life, so different, yet, so like our present with every sense and power excited and intensified.

The facts here introduced have a cumulative force, and would be sufficient to prove

any statement of science made in a province where it is not the fashion to sneer at any claim whatever, as superstition. These facts are cumulative; for, though we may explain some of them by hallucination or deception, as each new one is added, this source of error grows less, until with the countless multitudes of witnesses it becomes nil.

C. S. Ford, in the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, relates the experience of a young lady of culture, in her own words: "One afternoon a few weeks prior to my marriage, on going into my chamber to arrange my toilet, I saw with surprise, a strange man standing in the middle of my room. From his dress and general appearance I supposed him a workman mother had sent to make some repairs, and that in mistake he had entered the wrong apartment; but in asking who had sent him there, he immediately assumed an attitude of prayer, and with a pleading look, spoke in a distinct voice these words: "I have come by my own accord to ask you to watch over my children and save them from being swindled." While thinking who the man could be, the form or apparition changed its solidity and a misty vapor was scintillating in its place, which soon parted into fine cloud curls and became invisible, leaving nothing but vacancy at the place he stood a moment before. Strange I did not feel frightened, but began to wonder who the children were that I could save from being swindled, for I never saw this man before and of course did not know his children. I did intend to keep this interview with a ghost a secret, but on the following night, the gentleman to whom I was engaged to be married, called on a visit, and I related the occurrence to him. He said I had been dreaming, but requested me to describe the man, which I did accurately as words would permit. He was tall, had a large head, and was partially bald, was without a coat, and his shirt though clean, was unironed and yellow. He at once replied, "You have exactly described Mr. H., a man who made me executor of his will and guardian of his children, and died yesterday afternoon. The shirt you describe belonged to his brother who died two years ago and had been put away and unused until given to Mr. H. a few days before his demise." Of all this the lady had no previous knowledge, but after her marriage she became acquainted with the children she had been so mysteriously requested to protect.

Mr. Callagan, a well-to-do farmer, had sold some stock at a fair for the purpose of paying his rent. He returned home late and weary, and the next morning he was found dead. His wife received such a shock that she did not think of the money or the rent soon to fall due, but when the accounts of the funeral expenses were presented she began searching for the money her husband had told her he had received at the fair. She was unsuccessful and, after days of weary effort, gave over in despair. Could he have lost the money on his way home, or been robbed? Perhaps so. He certainly had not got the money. The poor wife could think of nothing else, for the agent would call for the rent, and if she could not pay it, she and the children would be ejected from their home. Such was her state of mind, when the night previous to the agent's expected visit, she dreamed that her husband came to her and told her that she would find the missing money pinned to the paper behind the looking glass in his bedroom. He put it there for safety, fearing his house might be robbed, as it was known that he brought the money home. The money, was found, to her inexpressible delight as indicated.

This incident is connected with the death of Dr. Marion Sims. When he visited Washington, he promised to return and spend the winter with his cousin, Dr. Mackey. The room he was to occupy was prepared for his reception and everything was in readiness. About three o'clock in the morning Dr. Mackey awoke from sleep and told his wife that he had just had a horrid dream. Dr. Sims stood by his bedside, with the face of a corpse and said over and over again, "James the fourth is dead." Dr. Sims was the fourth in the family and among relatives called himself James the fourth. Unable to shake off the impression, Dr. Mackey arose and went down stairs to his library to sit and read. He observed that the clock had stopped at three o'clock and a superstitious dread came over him. He remained in the library until the hour for breakfast, and while at that meal he received a telegram announcing the sudden death of Dr. Sims at three o'clock.

It will be noticed here and in nearly all, if not all, the instances of appearance immediately after death that there is some strong bond, between the dying and those to whom they appear, or some

urgent necessity which seems to be the impelling cause of their appearance.

The elements of prophetic premonition and appearance at death to a relative enter into following narrative of Sabastiano Fenzi, Florence, Italy. He belongs to a wealthy and nobly connected family, and there can be no doubt of its truthfulness. One morning in June, 1881, he and his mother, Carlo, then Senator, were driving from their villa to Florence, when the latter said thoughtfully: "I am going to tell you something which will afford you great pleasure; the fact is that having thought over Spiritualism, I feel now that if I had looked into it as you have, I would have reached the very same conclusion." This was very pleasing to Sabastiano, for the Senator had been so bitter that the subject, by agreement, was not mentioned when they were together.

In the narrators own words:

"I was glad to hear him speak in this manner and continuing the conversation I remarked that as we had passed our whole lives together as good friends and excellent brothers, the time was nearing in which, as we were both getting gray, we should have to part, and that I wished we should promise one another, that whoever went first would give the other a sign, a proof of life continuing beyond the grave." Carlo grasped my hand and said he promised it me, even with greater satisfaction because *he was sure to go first*. "I feel it with so much power," he added, "That my days are numbered, that it must be true. I shall not reach to the end of this year! nay, I'll tell you what's more, in THREE MONTHS I shall be in my grave!"

There is a basis in fact of the old superstition of the stopping of a clock, or of a clock that has ceased to run, striking the hour without visible cause. The following incident illustrates this and also the ability of spirits to impress at the moment of death, friends at a great distance. It can scarcely be maintained that the spirit so suddenly freed, actually presents itself objectively to the one who sees or hears it. In some instance this theory has to be accepted, but in others it evidently is the effect of a powerful emotion transmitted by the ethereal medium to the one who receives it.

Gideon Fry died at Big Rapids, Mich., Sunday night, December 4. The following morning George Fry, depot master at Oil City, Pa., received a telegram announcing his brother's death, but giving no further information. That afternoon he related to a reporter that he had written a letter to his brother Sunday night, and on finishing it he found that the clock had stopped. He started the clock by his watch, which indicated fifteen minutes of ten. As the clock started he distinctly heard the words come from it: "I'm gone, I'm gone." It was the voice of his brother Gid, and Mr. Fry related the circumstances to his family. Sunday he received a letter from Big Rapids,

giving an account of his brother's last moments, in which it is stated that Gideon Fry died at 9:45 o'clock, Sunday night, December 4, and his last words were, "I'm gone I'm gone."

Rev. J. Barmby, Patrington, Eng., in the Journal of the Society of Psychological Research, April, 1885, recites this story of Mrs. Palliser, a widow lady who had seen better days, but in reduced circumstances was compelled to consent to her son going to sea. About a month after he was gone, one night while in bed, but wide awake as she asserts, her son appeared before her and cried "Oh mother," and she understood that he had been drowned that night, having slipped from the plank while going on board the ship. Her mother who had been dead many years, appeared at the foot of the bed weeping at the event. In about a month's time a letter came informing her that her son had been drowned in the manner and at the time her vision had revealed.

The element of distance does not enter into this problem of apparitional appearances, or of thought transference. If the dying are in India or Australia, their appearance at the opposite side of the world ignores the time and distance. This is shown in the following narrative, where a sister dying in England appears to Gen. H. in India. (Society of Psychological Research, March, 1885.)

"In 1856, I was on duty at a place called Roha, some forty miles south of Bombay, and moving about in the district, my only shelter was a tent in which I lived for several months of the year. My sister and I were regular correspondents, and the post generally arrived at 6 A. M. as I was starting to my work. It was on the 18th April of that year (a day never to be forgotten), a letter came from my mother stating that my sister was not feeling well but hoped to write me the next day. There was nothing in the letter to make me feel particularly anxious. After my usual outdoor work I returned to my tent, and in due course set to my ordinary daily work. At 2 o'clock my clerk was with me reading some notice documents that required my attention, and I was in no way thinking of my sister, when all of a sudden I was startled by seeing my sister walk in front of me from one door of the tent to the other, dressed in her night-dress. The apparition had such an effect on me that I was persuaded that my sister had died at that time. I wrote to my father stating what I had seen, and in due time I heard from him that my sister had died at that time." He adds: "It was 2 o'clock broad daylight. I have never seen any other apparition."

Herr Heinrich Von Struve, in Journal of the Society of Physical Research, Sept., 1885.

"In 1838, I was on terms of friendship with a captain of the 2d Hussars, Herr Von R., his company being quartered in a little town in Silisia, in the neighborhood of which I was

residing on my property. Early one morning I had ridden into the town and visited Von R., whom I found taking coffee with his wife. While we were sitting chatting together Von R. said to his wife, 'Lina, my friend Pogereil died last night.' 'What a thing to say Albert!' said his wife, 'Pogereil was here only day before yesterday, and happy.' 'Very likely,' said Von R., 'the fact is as I have said, last night he stood by my bed and said, 'Farewell R., I am departing to the great army. Greet my country G. from me, and ask him not to be angry that I have not mentioned him in my will as he is well off and my other relations are poor and need support.' Soon after a messenger brought the news that Captain Von Pogereil had died of paralytic stroke. Herr Von R. frequently had similar experiences, which he would speak of to his wife or friends, and which always shadowed the event."

The following story has been widely circulated, was originally published as an extract from a private letter in the *Harvard Times*.

"The lady of the house where I live was brought by her father and mother to New York from Hamburg, when but eleven years old with her two younger sisters. One night the mother having been kept up by household duties until about midnight, she retired and the house was hushed. Scarcely had she got into bed when she had occasion to awake her sleeping husband with this: 'Do you know that my mother is in America? She has just been in here but would not speak to me, and at this moment has gone into the room with the children; go in and bring her out. How she found us at the late hour I do not know.' The husband went into the next room, turned up the gas but saw only his three beautiful girls asleep in their wide bed. The next steamer from Hamburg brought the news that the grandmother of the children at that very hour had appeared had gone to the Beyond. The strangest part of this strange story is that all three of the little girls in the morning said that they had dreamed of seeing their mother."

Wm. Mason published in the *Royal Philosophical Journal* the following vision which happened to Mrs. Fell, an ancestor of his, and the account of which he received from his mother and grandmother. Mrs. Fell, the husband of the lady, had not been married to her before he purchased a commission as officer in the British army and in the course of a few months his ship was engaged in a fight with the French, which he was killed by a cannon ball taking off his head. On that same day his wife in London sat in a room with a nurse-girl who held their infant boy, and as she sat there a vision of her husband's head with its eyes gazing at her passed through the room. On seeing this she fell fainting. A short

After she received a letter from the captain of the ship saying that her husband had been killed by a cannon ball taking of his head on the day and hour of her vision.

The following well authenticated manifestation in many respects is of exceeding interest, and of great value as evidence of the reality of the appearance.

It is by Dr. Spencer T. Hall, a well-known writer in his "Days in Derbyshire, pp. 88 ; chap. 8," he gives an account how a dying mother appears to her child, yet is not recognised by the child though identified by others.

Phillip and his first wife Martha, who was a cousin of mine, having no children of their own adopted the little daughter of a young woman who went to live in Derby. The child called them father and mother as soon as she could speak, not remembering her own parents, not even her mother. While yet very young she began to cry out that there was a young woman looking at her, and wanting to come to her, and according to her description it must have been her mother. As no one else saw the apparition, and as the child continued for more than an hour to be excited Phillip took her out of the house to that of a neighbor, but the apparition kept them company talking by the way, then they went to another house where it accompanied them still and seemed as though it wanted to embrace the child, but at last vanished in the direction of Derby, as the little girl, now a young woman, describes it, in a flash of fire. Derby was fourteen miles distant, as soon as it was possible for news to come they were informed that the poor child's mother had been burned to death at the time the child saw the apparition, and that she was sorrowing and crying to be taken to the child all the time between being burnt and her death."

T. Everitt, a reliable writer in the *Medium and Daybreak* relates how his mother came to him at the time of her death.

"In my early youth I had a remarkable experience. In the silence of the night I was awakened from a deep sleep, and heard a voice which I recognized as that of my mother. I had no reason to suppose that she was otherwise than in good health although many miles away. She called my name in her familiar voice and told me that she was dead. The next post brought me the sad news of her departure."

In the *Cornubian* we find a similar experience of a Cornish lady. As she lay in bed thinking of her father who was abroad, she heard a low quivering sound. She arose to find out if possible, from whence the sound proceeded. She was seized by the wrist and saw the form of her father clad in the habiliments of the grave. A voice said: "My child once more my form is near you. Time with me is over forever. I must leave but you are mine even in death. Now I go in peace."

After the apparition had gone she lighted a lamp and saw that it was 4 minutes past 12 o'clock. A letter brought the intelligence that her father had died exactly at that time, but just before passing away he said, "I have seen my child, I can go in peace."

The *Channel*, Boulogne-sur-mer, has the following from a correspondent:

"My grandfather, while living at Ripple, in Kent, had upon the occasion in question invited to dinner with other guests a very intimate friend, who lived in Deal. Every one, with the exception of this gentleman, having arrived, and the butler still retarding the announcement of dinner, some one asked, 'Who do we wait for, Admiral?' On being informed, he said, 'Then you may have dinner in, for — — arrived at the same time I did. He passed me at the gate, and rode round to the stable.' With that dinner was served, and as they sat down some wonder was naturally expressed as to Mr. —'s non-appearance, especially as, on sending to inquire, the groom denied having seen him. 'That is nonsense,' said the man who had spoken before, 'he passed me, riding his brown mare; though now I think of it he did not answer, only went straight on. It is one of his jokes, I suppose.' While they were speculating as to what form the joke would take, a messenger from Deal brought my grandfather a note. Mr. — had fallen down in a fit as he was mounting his horse, and died a few minutes afterward."

This story is a fact, and so, also, is the following:

"A young friend of mine was lost at sea, and upon the night of the accident—for he was swept from the deck during a tremendous gale in the channel—my daughter, then paying a visit in the North, saw him or his appearance, confront her, as she passed along the corridor to her bedroom, and my maid, going up to the room he had slept in a few nights before, saw the same appearance, and though startled, took it in dim light for one of my nephews, then visiting me, but who, when she ran down stairs in a fainting condition, she found sitting with me. My daughter did not write and tell me what she had seen, neither did I, of the strange appearance at home. She only spoke of it when she returned, and when the sad intelligence of the poor lad's death reached us.

"Now, as neither my daughter nor my maid are nervous or imaginative, how can one explain away the manifestation? We know so little that we may well admit our own ignorance in spiritual laws, and be content to accept what we cannot deny, much less explain."

In the *Journal of the Society of Psychical Research* for January, 1885, the following narrative appears: Lady Belcher—"During the great French war, when Napoleon I was overrunning Holland, and after the unfortunate Valcheren Expedition, one fleet was ordered to the Scheldt, I believe, in the severe

winter of 1813. The sailors and marines from the various ships were landed in various parties to man and defend the dykes. So severe was the cold that long sheds were erected and large fires kept up for the watch parties.

"On one night when my father, Capt. Peter Heywood, landed with his men, from the *Montague*, the line of battle ship he commanded, and the watch had been set, the officers stretched themselves down on some mattresses, the first lieutenant near him, then the master of marines. All was quiet, when the last named officer cried out that some one had laid a cold hand on his cheek. Silence was ordered. Again in a few minutes he made the same complaint, and challenged the lieutenant who peremptorily ordered silence. A third time he made the same outcry, jumped up and rushed from the spot in terror. The whole party were thoroughly aroused, and my father considered the circumstances so peculiar that he noted it, with the date and the precise hour at which it had occurred.

"Weeks after, when the dispatches and letters arrived from England, the master of marines received news of his father's death and the hour of his departure which tallied exactly with the note which Capt. Heywood had made."

I. S. Falkenburg, Uniontown, Ky., relates the following, in the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, March, 1885: "The circumstance is this, and let me assure you, it is impressed on my mind in a manner which will preclude its ever being forgotten by me or the members of my family. My little son Arthur, who was then five years old, and the pet of his grandpa, was playing on the floor when I entered the house a quarter of seven, Friday evening, July 11, 1879. I was very tired and it being an exceedingly sultry evening, I laid down by Artie on the carpet, and entered into conversation with my wife (not, however, in regard to my parents). Artie, as usually was the case, came and laid down with his little head upon my left arm, when all at once he exclaimed, 'Papa, papa, grandpa!' I cast my eyes toward the ceiling, or opened my eyes, I am not sure which, when between me and the joists (it was an old-fashioned log-cabin) I saw the face of my father, as plainly as I ever saw him in my life. He appeared to me to be very pale and looked sad as I had seen him upon my last visit to him, three months previous. I immediately spoke to my wife, who was sitting within a few feet of me and said: 'Clara, there is something wrong at home; father is either dead or very sick. She tried to persuade me that it was my imagination, but I could not help feeling that something was wrong. Being very tired I soon retired, and about ten o'clock Artie awoke me repeating, 'Papa, grandpa is here.' I looked, and believe if I remember right, I got up, at any rate, to get

the child warm, as he complained of coldness, although it was very sultry weather. Next morning, I expressed my determination to go at once to Indianapolis. My wife made light of it, and even persuaded me, and I did not go until Monday morning, and upon arriving at home, I found him buried the day before. Now comes the mysterious part to me.

"On the morning of July 11, he arose early, and expressed himself as feeling unusually well, and ate a hearty breakfast. Soon after leaving the table, he said he believed he would 'Clean up and put on a clean shirt, as he felt some one was coming to see him that day.' He washed, went upstairs, and put on his best clothes, and came down and told mother he would go into the parlor and read, and if any one called to notify him. He took the Bible (he was a Methodist minister) and went and remained until near noon. At last about supper time he mentioned my name, and expressed his conviction that God, in his own time would answer his prayers in my behalf, continued talking to her about myself and family, and especially Arthur. Supper being over, he moved his chair nearer the door, and was conversing about me at the time he died. The last words were about me, and were spoken, by mother's clock fourteen minutes to seven. He did not fall, but just quit talking and was dead."

The remarkable features in this story is that two persons saw the apparition at the same time, which at once removes it from the imputation of being a hallucination, as that by its nature can affect but one. If two persons see the same appearance at the same time the cause cannot be subjective, whatever be its cause.

Capt. MacGowan, 12th U. S. I., located at Camp Independence. His wife was with him but their two sons at Napa College, Cal., 600 miles distant. One of the sons was awakened in the night and saw his mother standing by his bedside. She said to him, "Charlie, be a good boy," and then disappeared. A day or two afterwards a letter came that his mother was ill, and this was followed a few days afterwards by another letter saying that she was dead, having died at the hour which she was seen by her son.

Sometimes contracts are entered into between two individuals to prove their immortality by the one who dies first to appear to the other. In such cases the appearance may not be theoretically as good evidence, for the mind being in a state of expectancy, may unconsciously be deceived. Fortunately these instances are rare, for as is well known, the apparitions come unsought for and unexpected, and it would appear that this state of expectancy into which the appearance suddenly breaks, is an essential condition for its success.

We give one instance as related by Lieut-Col. Fane Sewel, Wolfelee, N. B., who is authority for the following:

"My mother and Anne Harvey were schoolfellows together at Kensington, and bosom friends, and exchanged rings with the promise that the one who died first should send back to the other her ring. During the following holidays for which my mother went to her home and Anne Harvey remained, the following incident occurred: My mother suddenly awoke in the night to find Anne Harvey standing by her bedside holding out the ring she had given her. The apparition lasted a few seconds and then faded away. My mother was much frightened, for she felt convinced that her friend was dead, although she had left her perfectly well.

"The event proved my mother right, for in the course of post a letter reached her telling her of Anne's death and enclosing the ring which she had begged on her deathbed might be returned."

The facts here presented have been carefully selected from an almost exhaustless mass, because of their confirming evidence and illustrative character. The reader will be able from personal experience to add those of equal if not greater value. To explain these the theory of illusion or coincidence will not stand, and only the solution stated in the beginning of this article is capable of uniting all these diverse appearances into one class, by their common origin.

## EGOISM AND ALTRUISM.

### Self-Knowledge Among Children.

By Cameron Knight, Author of the "Mechanician and Constructor for Engineers."

\* \* \* \* "I have heard it estimated that women and dogs harnessed together do more work than all the railroads and other modes of conveyance of goods united. Hundreds of small wagons can be seen every day on all the roads leading to and from Dresden, each having a harnessed dog for the 'near-horse,' while the 'off-horse' is a harnessed woman." \* \* \* \*

CONSUL MASON, DRESDEN.

This instructive little item is one among thousands more which we might collect in order to show something of the system of labor, so-called, existing in Germany. It might be termed inhuman slavery; or, perhaps, unnatural drudgery. "Labor" is quite too good a word. If good be nature, such cruelty is, at least, unnatural. But because everything results from the operation of some law, this system also must result from law. The church authorities would call it a Divine Law of Providence. Most likely the custom comes from church laws of some description. It certainly does not proceed from obedience to natural law.

From the fact we derive one important lesson. Some of the churchmen are ridiculing the "stale woman question," as they term it. But a very large quantity of ridicule would be necessary to make it stale, while such enormities exist in Germany, or in any other

country. Those persons who have nothing more to say, and nothing more to do about it, would like the question to be exhausted and relegated to oblivion. But there are other persons who know that a vast amount of work remains; including an immense amount of oratory, literary work, and many new processes which are only just now being introduced.

The degradation of women, and all other cruelties, subsist by means of two things. One is oppression or tyranny; the other is submission or meekness. The New Testament teaches "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." And this is being fulfilled every day. The meek are at liberty to eat and enjoy all the earth, sand or clay, they desire; but they are not allowed to enjoy many of the earth's products. The rich fruits and minerals of the earth are not for the meek; they are for the proud. So, if it be true that the meek will ever inherit the earth's products, it will be a very long time in the future.

Because the women of Germany are meek, and submit, the men make them do horse-work. The egoism of the man degenerates to egotism, and is more powerful than the altruism of the woman; and this degenerates to a foolish submission or weakness. It seems cruel to say that the woman chooses to submit to the oppressor; but so it is. But not individually. She chooses to do so collectively, because all others do the same, and the remedy consists in all of them doing exactly the opposite.

It is, no doubt, a little cruel to refer to the sex as if they were able to save themselves. To a woman in despair it implies that she herself is personally to blame for her condition, and for man's tyranny. And she needs quite an amount of argument to show her that all the great work for women has been and is now being done by themselves; and they are doing it in face of the prevalent doctrine that they are so weak, so inferior to man. Weakness, however, is not always the result of deficient power; it often results from inaction, and this is caused by ignorance, heredity, and disease of all descriptions.

Yet, although these obstacles exist, woman's divine power still remains hidden within, and only needs to be developed. How this is accomplished against so many gigantic obstacles can be explained only by the amazing will-power she sometimes exhibits, and by her great love she so lavishly bestows.

One of the principle arguments which they use against themselves is the fact that they are women; that they must necessarily be doomed to perpetual drudgery, because of their maternal duties, and because of domestic arrangements. But the erroneous ideas respecting these duties arise from churchism, and from the unnatural social customs, and all these might be easily reformed; thanks to the celebrities such reform is now rapidly

bles her to battle against man-made laws, sickness and obstacles of every sort, is itself prompted by law. Yet I think it far better for the girl or woman to leave out of mind all study of hidden laws in general. It is her duty to act, and to act as if she felt herself to be the one only power doing the work. And this is exactly what all the dazzling stars are doing. If every other woman could do so too, all the Woman's Rights movements, and Equal Rights movements, would soon be things of the past. The struggle would cease and glory would reign.

We must be careful to remember that the efforts of great men are limited by circumstances, by fashion. However acute, learned or benevolent a clever expounder of evolution may be, he never feels it his duty to give any practical personal advice to an oppressed woman. He will not, of course, tell her to wait until she becomes evolved into freedom; neither will he tell her that if she be the strongest she will conquer; according to the law of natural selection and "Survival of the Fittest," but he is exceedingly careful to tell her to be law-abiding, to be patient; she must not, on any account, resort to violence.

If we reflect a little, we see that the violence referred to, is the one only means, power, force, or whatever it may be called, which would remove the oppression. Any person who reads newspapers knows that women are daily relieving themselves of tyranny by means of force. It may be legal force, or brute-force, so termed, but generally it is her own determined will-power to strike the tyrant in defiance of other man-made powers. She exercises this power, too, while totally ignorant of evolution and of natural law. In short, she may know nothing of *any* law, except that of her own personal experience. The outraged, ignorant creature may, possibly, have learned that her experience has given her just one scrap of knowledge. She knows she must do one of two things—either submit to the tyrant and feel the life slowly crushed out of her, or strike the tyrant and be free. This small but potent atom of knowledge is her Saviour. She may not have heard even the name of the Saviour, Jesus, the kind reformer, and may not have learned to read any bible, nor any other book, but she has, however, learned just one page of the book of nature, which teaches her that she has, in the inmost of her heart, an outraged love which *might* have been developed into a passion equal to that of a duchess or a queen.

In every newspaper we find many examples of what one woman, or even one girl, may do by exerting her will-power. And if an untaught one can remove a burden of oppression by using merely her own energy, how much easier could a million intelligent, united ones do the same thing?

Suppose it to be proven that women, especially those in America, are actually exalting themselves and commanding the admiration

of the world, then it must be proper to indicate the leading women as models for the young to imitate. Suppose, also, that the leading men in science and invention are doing a similar great work of self-cultivation, and nearly every person will allow it to be so, then they must be imitated. And where else should we look for inspiration and standards of excellence? People of very limited minds tell us to look in the bibles—the Christian bible among others.

All the celebrities in original thought, in literature, and patient scientific research, all are noted for the one prominent characteristic of self-reliance exhibited in vigorously maintaining their discoveries and ideas against obstacles, against heredity, against scorn of every description, whether coming from the church, from society, or from the easy-going multitude who never think, except in order to ridicule a novelty; and, with all the amazing work of the brilliant minds of developed women and men before us, showering their rich blessings upon us, surely we can with confidence present it as the fruit of individual effort to cultivate the innate powers of nature in accordance with natural law. If there be anything in any bible, or any church, which is superior, and if we can find it, then we will present bibles to children instead of giving them wise men and loving women.

A church-training by means of authoritative dogma is of value to some children in order to develop their innate originality. Such training is, however, only a means, a step, a mere use of environment, which is proper for persons born in the church. And it is of the greatest importance to teach young persons the difference between learned church dignitaries and learned students of nature. The pupils will then be at liberty to study both classes, and after due experience will themselves, decide which is best. The innate love in the child cannot decide aright without knowledge derived from the struggles of life. The custom of Spiritualists, and others, who prevent their children learning any church doctrine, and other "false doctrines," as they are called, is a very great mistake; for, without a knowledge of the evil, they cannot value the good. Much good results from the study of much evil.

The main purpose of this argument is to urge the need of self-knowledge in the child. In the child considered mainly as a student of himself. It is well for parents and teachers to have a distinct idea of a pupil as an individual who cannot become useful to society until he has first made himself an object of personal study. Duty to self is the supreme good; and it may be expressed by the term Egoism; a very good word to indicate the natural intuitive desire to cultivate the individual self. Duty to humanity is Altruism; the innate desire to cultivate both self and the companion, for the happiness of both. In children who are born of

Another fact which is especially ignored by European women is the vast work now being accomplished by American women. Millions who do know a little of it, possess very dim notions. Exactly the same may be said of the women in Asia, in Turkey, Persia, Hindostan, Siam, etc., where their condition is worse than in Europe.

It is our duty to promulgate the one great principle that the women of every country on the globe will remain enslaved until they themselves hurl back the burden upon the heads of those who originated it. One of the great necessities is: The man in the church, the priest; and whether he be a Roman priest, a Greek priest, a Protestant, Mohammedan, Hindoo, or Buddhist, is of no consequence, compared with the fact that priests in general lead the way in the universal degradation of the weaker sex.

It may, or it may not be right to accept the teachings of the scientists on this point. We are told that women must "evolve" from weakness to strength, from slavery to freedom, as all other animals evolve in the general march of progress. We are reminded of savage nations who are not yet evolved or civilized, and are also reminded of woman's condition in past ages. Herbert Spencer, among other great men, gives us most elaborate details of evolution in everything. Life, religion, morals, dignity of women, science, law, political revolutions, education and even history; all are presented to us as governed by the most rigid and unavoidable laws of evolution.

All the great school of noble, self-denying, learned, natural evolutionists deserve the highest praise in the execution of their work against the scorn of the church, and for their blazing light which penetrates thousands of the dark alleys of superstition and priestcraft. But their grand achievements, like all other things, are susceptible of improvement and additions, and all the world can see that the scientists themselves are the most anxious to make such additions.

But, so far, they appear to have made but little advance in methods for promulgating the doctrines of evolution among the fair sex, and among children and young folks in general. The principal reason for this exists in the fact that evolution, as taught by scientists in general, is quite unfit for use in public schools (I mean, of course, schools of every country), and a good system of teaching evolutionist doctrines is certainly needed in schools more than anywhere else.

It is one thing to teach a school-girl, or a woman, that she is surely advancing towards a paradise of liberty by virtue of an irresistible natural law; and it is quite another thing to see her advancing herself, and taking possession of the paradise *against* law. Of course, we are aware that the very self-reliance and tremendous will-power, which ena-

rational parents the Egoism and Altruism are very plainly seen; and are very charming and instructive. Neither study can be complete without the other, because both are for the same end. Yet, we make a distinction between the two, because the two persons, self and the neighbor, are distinct. The object is to make both happy, by a life in obedience to Nature. Such life is to be here carefully distinguished from a life in obedience to the God of the Bible.

In practicing this system of ethics, we have to consider duty to self as the Supreme Good, not because the child can act alone in the great work of self-culture; but because the exaltation of the entire community is the certain result when every one exalts himself; when he regards himself first instead of the neighbor.

The Ego, the I, the individual, has a past, a present, and will have a future. So the study of all these is requisite, in order to obtain self-knowledge. The Church says that the individual must study his present, and, above all things, he must study his future. And what of the past? Next to nothing. Certainly the pupil is taught that he must study his past by the story of Adam and Eve; two persons who were created perfect and immediately fell into sin; which proves they were *not* perfect; for, if they had been, they could not have sinned. They were so very imperfect that they yielded to the first temptation; and the sin they committed was so exceedingly dreadful that every child born since is born with that sin; and the sin condemns it to hell. The value of this story I have referred to in another chapter; but for teaching morals to children, it is worse than useless. No one of the thousands of commentators and Reconcilers have been able to explain the horrors of this story. Even the gentle and learned Swedenborg, with all his twenty-five years experience with spirits, and his wonderful "spiritual sense" of the Bible, totally fails; for he too, taught that man was created perfect, and afterwards fell, through listening to the serpent. This serpent, however, he claims to be part of man. We may, therefore, justly conclude, that the Church gives no useful advice to a pupil regarding his past. All the doctrines of re-incarnation, pre-natal influences, heredity, conception, and many others expounded by the best teachers of all time, are all set aside because no information about them is given in the Bible. These vital questions are, however, of late years, treated by the Reconciler-school; but their object is to twist them into agreement with a few passages of Scripture. By this means they hope to "save the Bible from destruction by the Infidels." Their practice in this direction, and the violent efforts they make, shows plainly that the Bible has no power in it to save itself.

The pupil cannot fully investigate his past, without studying the doctrines of re-embodiment. There is not at present any need for

urging school-pupils to study this subject. Yet it demands the greatest respect. It does not involve merely the various interpretations of old books, such as bibles; but it involves the respectful consideration of the testimony given by Theosophists; and by spirits in the seance-rooms. It happens that I have had very little conversation with spirits on this particular subject, and would not therefore dare to give an opinion. The thought of my being incarnated is very unpleasant to me. Still, I would submit, if good to others would result from the process. In any case, I would not ridicule a subject of which I know so little. Least of all would I think of ridiculing any teacher of the doctrines. If I had conversed extensively with them I might, perhaps, be able to judge. (I mean, able to judge sufficiently to suit myself; no one else.)

There is a species of Egoism in the Bible; but it is scarcely worth the name. A command which requires the student to worship only one Lord, appears more like Egotism. Scripture expressly states that Jehovah shall be worshipped by the pupil with all his soul, etc.; and the neighbor as himself. This latter portion is very good Altruism. But we are repeatedly ordered to avoid worshipping any other being except Jehovah. Consequently, selfishness is a very prominent feature of the entire system. Nowhere can we find any mutual study of God and man for the good of both. All are commanded to worship the One only Lord, and are threatened with death if they refuse.

An orderly government of any kind, whether it be divine, national or domestic, must have the two things, Egoism and Altruism, as a basis of its laws and operations. A wise despotism is well enough for young children; but not for persons able to reason for themselves. A community of rational people cannot permit a jealous person to be elevated for worship above all others; neither can he elevate himself. The moment any one, male or female, demands respect, and refuses it to other persons, that moment all mutual love ceases. Jealousy reigns, and, of course, destruction of the organization is at hand. If the downfall be deferred for a time, brute force is the power which prevails; the might is the right, until some approach to order is restored.

But when each person lives for every other, so far as circumstances permit; then, an approach to satisfactory government will result. All the members will learn each other's needs, and dispositions, and act intelligently by having a knowledge of each other's business. It is very different when an unknown mysterious person, (like Jehovah, for example,) is elevated for the worship of girls and boys, or women and men, having reverent ideas of justice and life.

Judging from an immense amount of experience and conversation with spirits, we must conclude that, in the other life, wise spirits are exalted to positions of authority, not by

election; but by virtue of the innate goodness in their actions. With the birth of a good deed is born an energy which dignifies it and exalts the doer, independently of all opinions, judges, committees, and election paraphernalia; although, there are such things in the other life, as elections by majority, but only among spirits of low development. Speaking generally, good and its reward are united; so are evil and its punishment. The terms "Reward" and "Punishment" are treated in another chapter.

## Selected Articles.

### A Convict School.

We have received a most interesting product of convict labor. It is in the shape of a little book of a hundred or more pages, grouped together a number of papers and reports regarding the singular experiment in prison management which has been in progress for some years at the Elmira Reformatory. It is printed by the prisoners themselves. It comparatively little seems to be known by the general public regarding the Elmira system. Only such convicts are sent there as are between the ages of 16 and 30 and have never been in State prison before. They are sentenced to an indefinite term, subject to the discretion of the board of managers, but not to be detained longer than the maximum period for which they might have been imprisoned under the law. If, for example, a man has been convicted of burglary he may be kept in Elmira for ten years, but no longer, because that is the maximum sentence under the law. But if the management, or rather the superintendent, Mr. Brockway—who is practically the head of the institution—believes from his record that he will lead an honest life on emerging, he may be discharged at any time over one year.

To obtain his release he must get a perfect record in three branches—for good conduct, zeal and efficiency as a workman and proficiency and diligence as a scholar. In this latter field is found the distinguishing characteristic of the Elmira system: It is, in fact, a school for convicts, and the results are surprising. On the average, it is said, 60 per cent of the convicts released from State prisons find their way back, but thus far, 50 per cent of the discharges from the Elmira Reformatory during the eight years the experiment has been continued are believed to be permanent reformations. The full significance of this will not be understood unless it is remembered that in the newer prisons every improvement has been introduced, not inconsistent with proper discipline, looking to the health and well-being of convicts. Strenuous efforts have also been made to

surround them with cheerful and elevating influences, but it cannot be discovered that the proportions of reformations has greatly increased.

The Elmira system proceeds upon the principle that a thorough and lasting reform can only be obtained through a decided change in the intellectual character of the convict. Christmas dinners, the privilege of reading good books and an occasional holiday, which are conspicuous among the ameliorating features of life in various prisons, are not believed to furnish sufficiently radical treatment. At Elmira the convict is not invited to read. He is compelled to study and to work over his books as he does over his bench in the workshop, because it is only by making a perfect record as a scholar as well as in the other two branches that he can shorten his sentence. The schools are held in the evening after the eight hours of labor required in the shops have been performed. The subjects run as far up as the higher mathematics, American and English history, politics, English literature and political economy. One of the classes was in practical ethics. This began with only seventy pupils, because the convicts seemed averse to the idea. Yet interest in it grew so rapidly that the membership increased about 300. The discussions turned upon practical questions in the morality of daily life, and had no immediate bearing upon religious dogma, so called.

The course in English literature became so popular that the class increased in less than a year from sixty to more than 500—five-sixths of the entire convict population. The account given by the school secretary of the growth of this course in popularity reads almost like a fairy tale. No regular class meetings were held except at examinations, but the study was followed in private by each prisoner, with help and suggestions through circulars, or in talks with the instructor. The history of English literature was taught through leaflets prepared by him, while the texts of the great masters were read by the pupil, each being assigned every month a portion of an author for study. As with the subject of practical morality, English literature was regarded at the outset as a nuisance by the men selected to form the class. They looked upon it as another method of making it difficult for them to earn the marks which would be necessary to secure a release. Many showed a great distaste for the study, and some exhibited positive anger. Yet it was not many months before the corridors of the prison any night showed a curious spectacle—convicts poring over the Canterbury tales, the story of Evangeline, and even pages of Bacon and Browning. "If one could realize," says the secretary, "the mental processes of a 'tough' from the slums of the metropolis who, after passing up from class to class of our school, is forced to apply his intellectual faculties for the first

time to the careful reading of an essay of Macaulay or a poem of Goldsmith, to enter, in short, the terra incognita of good literature; and, if one could then conceive of the state of the same tough, when after six months of application with growing susceptibility, he reads up for pure pleasure the history of the Renaissance, searches the pages of Dante for illustrations of the text of Chaucer, ransacks our reference library for specimens of early English; if one could do this, he could comprehend in some measure what has been done by our class in English literature." Such work cannot be done, of course, with men who were wholly uncultivated. Some were well educated, and all had been stimulated and developed by the earlier studies.

The experience of those engaged in this work is directly against the theory that intellectual development only increases the capacity of the criminal for wickedness. They find on the other hand, that even the so-called intelligent criminal seems mentally deficient as soon as he passes out of the groove in which he has been accustomed to exercise his cunning. He takes narrow and distorted views of life. The process of intellectual culture which is carried on in this institution, they believe, broadens the convict's mind until he is lifted out of this narrow groove and is able to see the wisdom of good morals. The experiment is unique, and may have a most important influence upon the future of penal science.—*New York Tribune.*

### Selfishness and Greed, The "World's Madness and Misery."

BY LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

Life on earth cannot be desirable except the beast of selfishness can be overcome in social structure. "Corporate immortality," or rather the power to lay life down and take it up again, to clothe and unclothe one's self, must be desirable, chiefly, as facilitating higher uses of the soul's high powers. It must be desirable, so far as we are related to this planet, as means of helping and serving the whole humanity. This service, and the uplifting of the race, can not come except through economic emancipation.

It seems clear that a vast portion of the anarchy of the world, "its madness and its misery," is the result of organized selfishness and ignorance—the selfishness that struggles and schemes to clutch and hold the material possessions esteemed by the darkened, matter-bound mind to be of great value, and indispensable to happiness.

The necessities of mortal life, for which it is good that man, and all men should labor, and in which work there should be benefit and blessing, are put out of his reach by the very agencies that ought to release him from burdensome toil. Were not the fruits of man's brain, machinery, seized upon by the

demon of greed and selfishness, instead of supplanting man's hands and casting him on the desert of destitution from lack of employment, the invention of the machinery would become beneficence embodied, shortening the hours of labor and releasing muscles, to the benefit of body, mind and spirit.

A million of men in this country seeking work and finding none is a far more fruitful cause of "madness and misery" than the fact of physical death. It is madness and misery that must become more and more fierce and destructive. Death is a boon, a glad and welcome emancipator, to such as can find no opportunity to wring subsistence from their productive capacity, because they can not command opportunity. Were the medium of exchange furnished, as it should be, on equal terms, and at cost to all classes of people, enterprise and co-operative associations could furnish employment to hungry seekers for work, and the stagnation and frequent stand-still of productive enterprises would abate, for the *consuming power* of the busy hands would do away with the "over-production" that causes this; and with this would be abate the misery and madness of enforced idleness, empty stomachs, and children crying for bread.

The last enemy to be overcome is death! The first enemy that ought to be overcome in Christendom is the monster greed and its dire brood of monopolies and trusts, its possession of machinery that man's brain has evolved, and its devouring usury. Mammon, the concentrated spirit of devastating selfishness, is the creator of disorder and destruction, (if anarchy is used in that sense).

It makes off law its fortication, while it proceeds to despoil the worker of the product of his labor and to devour the substance of the people. Death is a merciful dispensation to the slave of Mammon. The first human right is the right to the means of subsistence. Mammon in the form of land-grabbing, and speculation in this prime means of subsistence—in the form of an inadequate currency, and a favored class of manipulators of this essential factor of exchange in the form of legal interest—in the form of a robbing transportation system, and consequent power to monopolize all productive agencies—is the supreme creator of "anarchy, madness and misery." It is not the dread of death that maddens the wage-slave or distracts the parent of starving children. The man in Chicago who tried to put himself in the arms death, a short time ago, said in the letter found on his person, and intended as a farewell to his friends, "If a man could get his living by working, as he ought to, without abusing his body by excessive toil, and have some chance to educate himself, it would be worth living. They talk about overcoming death, when the pressure of civilization (so-called) makes an escape from its iniquities to the worker the only desirable relief? What



a mockery must be the claim that "until death is abolished, and the anarchy of the world, its madness and its miseries, are rooted and immovable," to the man (and the instances are not rare) who is obliged to put out such an advertisement as the following:

"WILL SOMEBODY GIVE ME WORK? Am willing to do what I can; have a wife and baby, that must have something to eat, I don't want to beg; must have work immediately to relieve wants."

The intelligent, loving parent who is being dragged to the grave under the Juggernaut of a money-worshipping civilization, and who understands that the industrial system and all the forces of Mammon are preparing inevitably the same wearisome bondage, the same harassing anxiety; the same unremunerated toil, or the still worse want of work for his children, can not be enamored of the idea of "corporate immortality."

The thousands of sewing women in the dismal, dimly lighted attics of cities, keeping soul and body together with poor soup, tea and bread, by making shirts at three or four cents apiece, and other garments in the same proportion, ought to bring anarchy and madness, as it does bring to them misery. The thousands of children robbed of vitality and proper development by confinement in workshops and mines illustrate what is the first enemy to be overcome, in order to rid the world of "anarchy, madness and misery."

Superintendent Halder, of the Sick Children's Mission, in New York, which has relieved 25,600 poor children and their parents in eleven-years, says that "much of the sickness among the young is occasioned by improper feeding and inability to provide nourishing food."

"A poor little girl in the Fourth Ward, as she was dying; said, 'I am glad I am going to die! because now my brothers and sisters will have enough to eat.'

Have we reached the "last enemy," the death of the body, as the most fruitful cause of the "madness and misery" of the earth?

In New York as in London it is so common for children to go without their breakfast they do not think of complaining. A writer says: "When I visited the Italian school in Lombard street twenty of the infant class, averaging five years of age, had come to school without their breakfast, and their main dependence was the mid-day meal furnished at the school. In my whole experience I don't think I ever saw so much concentrated suffering as their appearance expressed."

"O, these are foreign tramps and paupers!" it is said. Very well they are human beings, and their condition inevitably breeds misery; if not madness and anarchy. And why should we content ourselves with seeking corporate immortality or high spiritual attainment as a supreme aim, while a system of industrialism and commercialism that is in its working a stealing of the vitality and pro-

duct of the labor, is oppressing the people, destroying the children, and filling society with "misery and madness?"

If labor organizations "strike," as the only measure available to stay the pressure, that will grind down to a lower standard of life the human working-machine—then loud is the denunciation of the workers who try to keep others from taking their places. When a great and wealthy company discharges workmen by the thousands, for the reason that the toiler is unwilling to accept a reduction of ten per cent., and the only need for the reduction is that the dividends may be kept up to a fixed per cent., no cry of anarchy is raised.

Mammon is the crowned monarch of Christendom. This intellectual and inventive civilization has brought into existence and use potent agencies for man's benefit and improvement if but this form of (*archism*) rulership can be abolished. It is Mammon that is the ruler of madness and misery, destroying the souls of his votaries and the bodies of his victims—Mammon, who sits in the chief place in churches, who revels in counting-houses, and makes of legislators puppets to work his devouring purposes.

In the name of starved children, of fathers and mothers whose lives are a tread-mill of toil, or a nightmare of anxiety, because work can not be found, may every soul who has a jot of love hasten to join the organizers of righteousness, justice and equity, and to begin a victorious warfare on the producer of the anarchy, madness and misery of our fair land, which *must be "rooted and immovable" until Mammon is shorn of power.*

The journals of the labor reform publish the Christmas discourse of the Bishop of London. What a blessed promise of deliverance from madness and misery would it be if every religious publication in Christendom would also publish it! And why should they not? It is only an echo of the words of Jesus, a confirmation of his teachings.

Were the pulpits of the land, together with its moral forces in and outside churches, are ready as the Bishop of London to realize that high-salaried officials, usurers, syndicate-grabbers, and all non-producers, are "living off the labors of others"—were they as brave to denounce this robbery, and stand against the subtleties and blandishments and bribes of Mammon as he—we might expect to see a tide of love pouring through the hearts of rich and poor that would soon sweep away a large portion of the "madness and misery" of the world.

It is the misleading of a Mammon-blinded priesthood, and the misgovernment of a Mammon-bound civilization and legislation, that causes the confusion, violence and discord that is called anarchy. The incoming of a fresh tide of love and purity, when lust of the flesh and the pride of life and an inordinate desire of possessions shall be absorbed in the love of man and of good, is the only

hope of escape from madness and misery. The world will be saved *if there is love enough to save it.*

Corporate immortality!—will it win a listening ear of the poor miners who have no wherewith to pay for coal to keep warm in the depth of winter? In the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania it is estimated that there are 25,000,000,000 tons accessible in a district of 472 square miles. The coal "trust" in Pennsylvania limits the output and fixes the price of this bountiful product of nature. The miners who dig this solidified heat from the bowels of the earth can not have any employment nor coal to keep warm themselves and their fellow-workers in the winter.

There were more evictions of tenants in the city of New York in 1886 than in Ireland. There have been hundreds of evictions of farmers in the goodly State of Iowa. The homes they had builded and land they had brought to cultivation by their toil and sweat, without any compensation, by the rapacious corporations who robbed them.

This anarchy?

Truly, as Pierre Kropotkin says, "the masses understand the incapacity of the ruling classes; it is their incapacity to comprehend his new aspirations; their incapacity for the conduct of industry; their incapacity to organize production and exchange. In the stifling factory, as in the gloomy work-gallery beneath the garret-roof as in the stream-process of formation to-day."

The "anarchy, madness and misery of the world" will no longer be "fixed and immovable" when the moral forces of this country and all the countries of the earth, earnestly to achieve *economic emancipation for the producing laborer*, and to establish industrial, commercial, and financial systems on the rights of man, instead of the empire of greed and the protection of things.

"No man (with a good heart) can truly enjoy even what he earns, what he knows is his own, knowing that millions of his fellow-men are in misery and want. When we think of the famished we feel that it is almost heartless to eat. To meet the ragged and shivering makes one almost ashamed to be well-dressed and warm—one feels as if one's heart was as cold as their bodies."

If "physical death is the result of the law of mortality," *moral death, and the consequent madness and misery, is the result of the law of the law of love, of the law of the race.* Had no demonstration appeared on the planet that this monster-heredity power of woe, misery and madness could be abolished, we should be less guilty and responsible than we now are.

But successful co-operation and cooperative organizations and enterprises in America, England and France, accuse our neighborly apathy. Godin's Social Palace is a stern rebuke to Christendom, proving, as it

these destitution, prostitution, drunkenness, immorality and crime, can be abolished in a community where industry is equitable rewarded, and social privileges and educational advantages are provided on equal terms for all. In the Familistere the world's anarchy, madness and misery are known. The gaunt spectre of starvation, the madness of inebriation, the terror of rent day, the misery of idleness, the woe of the brothel, the woe of the famished child, the corroding anxiety of the struggling enterpriser, the humility of an ostentatious "charity" as the only rescue from want, all these the Familistere has banished.

The ways of equity and justice are dark and difficult only to the Mammon-bound mind. The emancipation of each soul is bound up in that of all other souls. The emancipation of bodies from the overwhelming incubus of unceasing and underpaid toil, or the depressing, maddening misery of a want of opportunity to obtain subsistence, stands first in order as the means by which the world can be restored to harmony, order, sanity and peace.—*The World's Advance-Thought.*

#### Modes of Taxation.

It is understood on all hands, that the question of reducing surplus, by modifying the system of national taxation, will be the great question before Congress this session. It will probably be also the great issue before the people in the approaching general election.

Since all parties and all politicians are agreed that the revenue ought to be reduced, widely as they differ as to the mode of reducing it, we will try to explain briefly the several forms of taxation, in order that the discussion which is to take place may be followed intelligently.

There are two general types of taxation: direct and indirect. Direct taxation is that which is leveled upon persons, either as persons, or as the owners of property. Thus, what is known as a "poll-tax" is direct; it is paid by every person of the class taxed, an equal amount by each such person. So, too, a tax upon real and personal property is a direct tax; each person pays as large a proportion of the whole sum to be raised as the valuation of his taxable property bears to the whole tax valuation.

Indirect taxation is levied upon articles, as distinguished from persons, and from the owners of the articles. It is paid by the person who happens to be the owner or holder of the article at a certain fixed stage of its passing into consumption; but the burden of it does not always, or usually, fall upon the person who pays the tax, since he generally disposes of the article, and adds the tax to the price when he does so.

Indirect taxation has a great variety of forms, some of which are not quite accurately

described in the last paragraph. For example a tax upon incomes, and the taxes which were levied during the Civil War upon watches, pianofortes and sales by merchants; the licenses of wholesale and retail dealers, and other taxes to which the country was forced to resort, were indirect, though not included in our definition. In general we may say that when a direct tax is levied, the amount of money to be raised, previously ascertained, is divided in a fixed proportion between those who are to contribute it; that in indirect taxation the amount is left indefinite, and the revenue under it, derived from varying production, varies with the prosperity, but it is accurate enough to be convenient.

Now it will be seen that under any of these definitions the taxation by state, county and municipal authority, in this country, is, for the most part, direct, and that all the taxation by the national government is indirect.

The national revenues are derived almost exclusively from the taxation of articles imported from abroad, and of spirituous and malt liquors, and tobacco manufactured at home. The situation is remarkable in this: that the real question is how to diminish or abolish taxes so as to do the least harm.

To illustrate this point we will suppose that the tariff duty on some article is thirty per cent.; that is, whoever imports one hundred dollars worth of it must pay to the government thirty dollars. Now, suppose that the rate is reduced to twenty per cent. In many cases the reduction would cause the importation to be doubled, and thus the revenue from that article would be increased one-third, as a result of reducing the rate one-third.

If, now, the article is one in which domestic industry competes with foreign industry, of course the home manufacture may be disorganized by the introduction of the foreign product, and thus the reduction of taxation may do harm. This consideration leads the protectionist to look with disfavor upon propositions to reduce the tariff upon manufactured goods.

While the anti-protectionists admit that some industries would suffer by reducing the tariff, they say that the benefit which these industries receive from "protection" is unnatural, is at the expense of the general public, and even of the protected industries, and should be withdrawn; but they would do this gradually, so as to make the injury of the process as small as possible.

We may divide the opinions on the proper method of reducing taxation into these four general classes, the first and fourth of which are probably small in number, while most people are in either the second or the third:

1. Radical Protectionists; who would change the tariff very little, if at all, and would abolish the internal revenue system—the whiskey and tobacco taxes—altogether.

2. Moderate Protectionists; who would

make considerable modifications in the tariff laws, chiefly, perhaps, by abolishing the tax on sugar, and greatly reduce, but not abrogate altogether, the internal revenue taxes.

3. Moderate Free-Traders, or "Revenue Reformers;" who would, perhaps, diminish the internal revenue somewhat, but who would make the largest reduction in the tariff, by taking off the duty on raw materials and reducing that on manufactured goods. They hold that the necessary duties on goods are sufficient for "protection," and that "protection" should not be a guiding motive in framing a tariff.

4. Radical Free-Traders; who would advance in the direction of free-trade as fast and as far as possible.

It should be said that many of the second class claim the right to be considered as "revenue reformers," and object to the assumption of that title by men who aim at the tariff and the system of protection.—*Youth's Companion.*

#### Ideal Food.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, in recent lectures, has declared that, while man can live on animal and vegetable diet conjointly, and even sustain life on purely animal diet, he is originally a purely fruit and vegetable consuming creature, and with proper selection of his fare can economically live on the latter diet alone. In fact, according to Dr. Richardson, man is a vegetarian, though he can and does eat animal food. There is, perhaps, a probability of his diet in the future becoming of the purer and more humane description. He recommended nuts as a food, instancing the common filbert and the groundnut as excellent foods; and he compared the banana to condensed milk. Dates he also considered a nutritious food; and so are figs. Oatmeal, so largely the food of the old Scotch, was preferred by Dr. Richardson to beef. Prime beef contains 50 per cent. of water, 30 per cent. of fuel food, 15 per cent. of flesh and 5 per cent. of mineral; whereas good oatmeal contains only 5 per cent. of water, with 73 per cent. of fuel-food, 20 per cent. of flesh-formers, and 2 per cent. of mineral food. The latter class, as is well known, support the skeleton and denser parts of the body. The work derivable from one pound of beef is 177 foot-tons (a ton lifted 177 feet), whereas that from one pound of oatmeal is 488 foot-tons. With regard to the question of vegetarianism, Dr. Richardson declared that there was a good deal to be said on both sides, inasmuch as flesh was (at least to persons habituated to it) more easily digested than purely vegetable diet; but he pointed out that children took readily to vegetable diet. Diseases arose from carelessness and uncleanness in using both classes of food. On the whole, the evidence of Dr. Richardson goes to show that the vegetable world is competent of itself to supply the food of man without any help from animal flesh, and to yield what Dr. Richardson has called the "ideal" food—that is to say, the best nutriment for human beings.

# THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL  
DEVOTED TO  
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER ..... EDITOR.

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

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPT. 15, 1888.

## IMPORTANT STATEMENT.

I wish to call the attention of the public to the wonderful healing powers of Dr. Whipple, who is now located at the White House, on Seventh street, opposite Broadway depot. I have been treated by him and can speak from experience. I would advise those that are suffering from diseases to give him a speedy trial. They will surely be benefitted. I consider him the best healer on the coast. His terms are within reach of all.

MRS. A. R. PECKINPAH.

Mrs. Weir also testifies to the great healing powers of Dr. Whipple. She has been treated by him and can speak from experience.  
Oakland, Cal.

## THE "BEASEY BABIES."

San Francisco can boast of having four musical prodigies in the persons of the little Misses Beasey. These children are aged respectively ten, eight, six and three years, and all play the violin with a skill that is something most remarkable. The youngest, who is a mere baby, has already composed some simple airs, and reads difficult music readily. All the children learned to read music before learning the alphabet. They are constantly in demand, and whenever they are advertised to appear before the public large audiences greet them. Ranged in a row upon the stage, with their violins in hand, they present a very attractive picture; and then when the four little bows are drawn across the four little violins the sweet strains that greet

the ear are something marvelous. We have the promise of their father, Mr. William Beasey, that the little girls will play at our usual Sunday evening entertainment, at Washington Hall, September 16th.

They played for the Scottish Thistle Club at their entertainment on the 7th inst., and on the 14th inst. appeared for the Native Sons of Vermont, at Irving Hall.

They have received very flattering offers for regular engagements in some of the theatres of this city, but, as yet, have not accepted, preferring to wait until the little ones are thoroughly accustomed to the stage by appearing at private and public first-class entertainments.

We hope to see a packed house to-morrow evening at Washington Hall.

## AN EVENT OF INTEREST.

From a private letter received from Mrs. M. A. Mayo, of Pine City, but formerly of San Francisco, we learn that she kindly remembers the old friends here and expects to visit them at an early date. We are always pleased to hear from Mrs. Mayo, and would be glad to see her name, and that of some other of the dear friends who were workers among us in days gone by, appear frequently in our correspondence column. Among other items of interest pertaining to her present home, communicated by Mrs. Mayo, is the following:

"Yesterday was a gala day in Pine City. Nearly every person in the camp was assembled to witness the felling of a large tree that stood very near the mill. Between nine and ten o'clock in the morning a gun was fired and the engine gave a shrill whistle as signals, and in a few moments the great tree came crashing to the earth. The tree measured 8 feet in diameter, was 235 feet in height, and measured 110 feet to the limbs, or where it began to branch."

## The Season's Great Event.

Preparations for the grand carnival and bazaar given by the ladies of James A. Garfield Relief Corps, at B. B. Hall, September 19th, 20th and 21st, under the entire management of Mrs. A. P. Slocum, is moving forward as steadily as clock-work. The several committees are going forward with as much zeal as if they had never done anything else, and among the lady volunteers for the booth work the activity is quite unprecedented.

An admirably arranged programme will be presented, consisting of tableaux, vivants, singing and music. From the many tableaux the Shakespeare and Bulwer Lytton will be especially meritorious.

The last night a ball and supper will be given. From what is already known of the affair, it can well afford to come before the public, wholly on its own merits.

Nobody who is acquainted with the direction which the scheme has taken, and the great popularity of the ladies of the Corps, can doubt but what it will be a brilliant success both socially and financially.

## WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

Some people think that Spiritualism deals exclusively with a future life,—is the demonstration of immortality, and that it stops right there. Others believe that it not only teaches us of the life to come, but of the present, and how to live here to be best prepared for the future state of existence. The latter is certainly the broader and more practical view. If the message that Spiritualism brings is only to tell humanity that there is a future life and that the spirits of the departed can return and communicate with mortals, its value can not be great for all would in time know that for themselves; but if it can throw light upon our material darkness, and show us a more perfect way, if it can teach us how to improve our physical conditions so as to alleviate the suffering and misery of millions of earth's children, if it can help us here and now, proving itself a present savior, then will its message be of value, and its coming hailed with joy, when it is understood, by the whole human family. We claim that the latter is included in the message and mission of Spiritualism.

Of what value is it to know that you will live on after the change, called death, has come to you, if the knowledge of that fact does not tend to improve the conditions of the present life. It seems to us that it were as well to remain ignorant if improvement came not with knowledge. Spiritualism teaches, first, that man is immortal, and death only brings a change of conditions and environments. That spirit communion is a fact that can be demonstrated to the perfect satisfaction of the most skeptical individual who, will patiently, carefully and perseveringly search for such demonstration, as they would search for some other scientific truth.

¶ The student of spiritual science should enter upon his search for knowledge with as earnest a determination to find the truth, no matter at what cost of time or self-sacrifice, as does the student of any other branch of science. He should be prepared to patiently investigate, and carefully test all phenomena until its source is positively determined.

As the investigator questions the advanced minds of spirit spheres he will learn that it is the universal testimony that the state of happiness or misery of each individual in the spirit world, is the result of his present material life.

These states are not fixed as rewards or punishments, but in accordance with the inevitable law of cause and effect. The same law that governs here; governs there, and there is no escape from or avoidance of the consequences of its violation. It would seem then, of primary importance to so regulate mundane affairs, as to afford every human being the best possible conditions for growth and unfoldment into all that is good and beautiful while denizens of this world.

Here is where Spiritualism is of practical value to mortals; its teachings are for the high-

est, purest, and best in all that pertains to physical life. It not only insists upon the equality of the whole human family, of its universal brotherhood, but declares that every misdeed, every act of injustice, every false, vile, or wrong thing will have to be met and outlived in the life to come. There is no forgiveness of sin in the creed of Spiritualism. There is no Saviour, no vicarious atonement, but an eternal law of justice which cannot be evaded.

Is there not, then, in this message of Spiritualism something more than pleasing revelations concerning a beautiful summer land where happy spirits dwell in a blissful state of idleness and ease almost on a par with the old-fashioned orthodox heaven? It is a message commanding the education, reformation, purification, and consequent elevation of the whole of humanity. It dispels the clouds of superstition which have held in thrall the intelligence of the past. It declares liberty for the enslaved, no matter who or what the enslaver may be.

Spiritualism is something that takes hold of all the vital issues of life, and pours its light and love unstintedly upon them, so that the earnest laborer in the field of reform may intelligently and understandingly take up the difficult problems of life, and with the light and knowledge imparted from spiritual spheres bring order out of chaos, and harmony from discord. There is no place, no condition, no person, nor people that cannot be reached by this potential, saving power. It has come to humanity like a great light in the darkness, and given its message of salvation from the present ills that afflict mankind. Now it remains for those who have heard and received the message to utilize it for the elevation of the race. Spiritualism is the golden key that, when rightly applied, will unlock the secret springs of knowledge and reveal to the astonished gaze of the investigator a new world lying all around him unseen and undiscovered heretofore, but more divinely beautiful than the heart of man hath conceived of. It is so near that the spiritually illumined can behold its glories, can hear its melodies, and breathe in its invigorating and life-giving atmosphere.

With this magic key in hand, the great problems that are now awaiting some master mind to solve, would become as simple as the first examples in arithmetic to the advanced student.

Here is where we differ from some of our spiritualistic friends: To us Spiritualism is a practical, every-day religion. It is something that can be applied to all of the vital questions of the hour and furnish a solution. It is like all other mighty forces of nature—of no avail unless intelligently applied. The time was when electricity was something to be feared, and considered one of the especial agents of God for wreaking his divine wrath upon people now and then by permitting the lightning to strike a barn, or splinter a tree, or perhaps destroy a church and kill some one, especially if any members of the flock had broken his com-

mandments by going fishing on Sunday or kissing their wives on that holy day. Now, however, man has learned to manufacture the dread agent for his own use, and through its instrumentality to flash his thoughts from country to country, over land and under sea. He has harnessed it to his imperial will, and it propels gigantic machinery, and illumines the darkness of great cities.

Spiritualism, like other unknown and unsolved mysterious agents, awaits the intelligent brains of men and women who can put to use what has already been given them. It is a vast world of thought and of power; where the accumulated wisdom of the ages is stored; where all that is of use or beauty in science, art or invention, has been first planned and outwrought, before the mental picture was framed in the mind of man. As fast as humanity utilizes these superior gifts will they be given. Already have fragmentary pictures of a higher civilization been presented to the superior vision of some illuminated minds. They have attempted to delineate these beautiful conceptions in a manner suited to the comprehension of cruder minds and their efforts have met with ridicule and contempt from the masses, and with silent yet hopeful expectancy from those who could comprehend their import.

The dream of humanity of a millennial day, and the universal brotherhood of man, is not altogether a dream. It is the foreshadowing of what will be, of what already is, in the advanced spiritual spheres. It only awaits the growth of intelligence and spirituality in the world to become a blessed reality. As the sun shineth forever, notwithstanding our nights of darkness, so this sun of truth and light shineth on and on, waiting for humanity to turn their faces toward its brightness, that it may transfigure and glorify every son and daughter of earth.

#### THE LIBRARY ENTERTAINMENT.

The musical and literary entertainment at Washington hall last Sunday evening, in aid of the Free Spiritual Library, was a decided success. The exercises were opened with a vocal solo by Mrs. Rutter, entitled "Edinburgh Town." Mr. Fred. Blue then gave a fine piano solo, to the delight of all lovers of good music who were present.

Judge Swift made the opening address during which he made an earnest appeal for the support of the Free Spiritual Library, and declared it to be one of the most important agents for disseminating spiritual truths that Spiritualists could command; and as such should receive their cordial support. Mr. Swift was frequently applauded and we trust his earnest words will long be remembered and acted upon. Miss Eva Peck recited "The Family Cat," in a most creditable manner, and little Laura Crews entertained with a song and dance which was heartily applauded. Miss Laura was suffering from a cold and her voice

was not as strong and clear as usual which prevented her responding to an encore. Mrs. Park sang "Ehren on the Rhine," in her usual sweet and charming manner, and being recalled sang the "Woman Who was Dumb" which was highly appreciated by the male portion of the audience. Mrs. Eugenia Clark and her sisters, Miss Ada and Violet Wheeler, sang "Come Where The Lilies Bloom," and charmed the hearers with their cultivated voices; as the sweet notes ceased an enthusiastic encore brought them again to the front and Mrs. Clark and Miss Ada Wheeler sang a duet with Miss Violet as accompanist. Miss Ada Wheeler possesses a magnificent contralto voice and creates a sensation whenever she can be induced to sing. Miss Lina Crews the wonderful inspirational pianist sang "Pass Under the Rod" in a tender, sympathetic manner and was heartily recalled and sang "Lullaby." She is a very gifted young lady and extremely sensitive, which makes her the pliable instrument she is for spirit impression. Miss Violet Wheeler gave a piano solo which was delightfully rendered and received an enthusiastic recall. Dr. Schlesinger gave tests to skeptics. Judge Collins presided and at the close expressed thanks on behalf of the Society to those who had so generally contributed their services to make the entertainment a success.

Next Sunday (to-morrow evening) we will have the "Beasey Babies" with us and hope a large audience will be in attendance as they will have a rare treat.

#### BISHOP DEPARTS.

Washington Irving Bishop, known to the world as a mind reader and to this special portion of it as an exposé of mediums, defendant in law suits and other unenviable things, has read his own mind sufficiently well to know that he wanted to leave the city. Creditors may mourn, but Washington Irving cares little, for he is now speeding onward to Mexico, accompanied by his charming lady friend and her bulky purse.

Bishop's career while he had resided here at various times is well known to the public and need not be repeated. It is said, however, that in the East the mind-reader has a wife, which possession nevertheless does not deter him from posing as a lady's man and running off to Mexico with one of the charming sex. This same woman in question and Bishop were acquainted in the East, and the fair one hearing that her Apollo lay sick in San Francisco, immediately posted to this city to be in attendance. Together they afterward betook themselves to islands of the Pacific, and life passed with the pair as a blissful dream. It has only recently been learned that Bishop had such desirable company with him on his wanderings, and but for the case in the Superior Court this week, this fact would still have remained unknown.

The purpose of Bishop's going to Mexico, it is said, is to join Keller, the magician.—*San Francisco Chronicle*, Sept. 1st, 1888.

#### A PLEASANT OCCASION.

On Thursday of last week there was a gathering of about forty people at the Hotel Marquett, to congratulate our friends, Mr. Harry

Wiggin and wife, on their twenty years of happy wedded life. It was a complete surprise to Mr. Wiggin, he having been inveigled away from home to call on Mrs. Seal, she being in the secret. Among those present were Mr. J. J. Morse, wife and daughter; Mrs. Seal, Lena Clark Cook, Mrs. Parks, Mrs. Cressy and daughter, Mrs. Ladd Finnican and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Mrs. Nowell and daughter, Mr. C. Wadsworth, Mrs. Feathers, Mrs. Whitehead, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, and many others. Mrs. Lena Cook was present at Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins's wedding, which took place in Maguire's Opera House, on Washington street, the marriage ceremony being performed by Mrs. Laura Cuppy, who was then lecturing on Spiritualism at that place. The evening was passed most pleasantly in recounting the many pleasant experiences of those present, and songs from those sweet singers, Mrs. Seal, Mrs. Parks, Mrs. Feathers, Miss Florence Morse, and Mr. Wiggin, who favored the company with "The Old Oaken Bucket," reminding many of "Ye olden time." The company then adjourned to the large dining room of the Hotel, where a bountiful repast was served.

Mr. J. J. Morse, Mr. C. Wadworth, Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Seal contributing to the mirth and enjoyment of the occasion, and all wishing the couple many more years of happiness and prosperity. Mr. and Mrs. Wiggin were the recipients of flowers in profusion and other remembrances of their friends.

#### PASSED ON.

We regret to learn that Dr. C. C. Peet, so well known in this city, passed to spirit life on the 23rd of August from the home of his brother in Anamosa, Iowa. Dr. Peet leaves a wife who, although conscious of the truth of Spiritualism and of the nearness of the departed, still is quite heart-broken over the physical separation from her beloved one. Mrs. Peet has the sympathy of a host of friends in San Francisco to whom she and her husband endeared themselves during their residence here. Dr. Peet was a scholarly gentleman, an excellent writer and speaker having very pronounced, liberal views upon all matters of religion, and social equality. He was at one time, before he became afflicted with the dread disease, consumption, from which he had long suffered, a remarkable healer. To Mrs. Peet the DOVE extends its heartfelt sympathy; and would say, be of good cheer, thy darling still lingers near thee and with invisible arms encircles and protects thee. Lean upon him, trust him as in days gone by, for he will not forsake thee, but with the touch of love will soothe thy pain, and kiss the roses to thy cheeks again.

#### Donations to the Free Spiritual Library.

We desire, and intend to give credit to all persons who donate books to our Free Spirit-

ual Library. The following are the names of donors from August to this date.

Mr. Harvey M. Thompson eleven books, Mrs. Henry Elliott two books, Mrs. J. Coleman one book, a friend eighteen books, Mrs. Julia Schlesinger ten books, Mrs. M. Winn one book, E. H. Pinney two books, J. J. Morse one book, Mrs. Hornbrook one book, Miss Florence Bruce two books.

The above books are all good, and valuable works. Besides these Mr. F. A. Davis donated a large number of "White Cross" tracts.

#### PERSONALS.

One Sunday evening, not long since, the Rev. Mr. Bothwell, of Oakland, addressed the people of Pine City. The services were held in front of one of the cabins, seats being arranged around so all could hear distinctly. Nearly every man, woman and child belonging to the camp were present, and the gentlemen spoke pleasantly and interested us all very much. May the time soon come when we shall have regular meetings here, and of the most liberal kind. Mr. Bothwell preaches in Oakland and is a very pleasant, genial man.

Alice E. Helchore, the little grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Mayo, celebrated her fifth birthday anniversary at their residence in Pine City, August 3d. All the ladies and children joined in games beneath the great tall pine trees, and the afternoon was very enjoyable to all present. Many kind wishes were expressed for the welfare and future happiness of the little hostess, and she was the recipient of several very pretty gifts.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee has taken rooms at 841 Market street, where she will give sittings daily and hold circles Monday and Friday evenings, also a developing circle Wednesday evenings. Mrs. Hendee is most pleasantly located, having large nicely furnished rooms and sunshine all day. Her many friends in this city will always find her at home and receive a hearty welcome when they can make it convenient to call. Strangers visiting the city will find that Mrs. Hendee is a most agreeable lady and reliable medium who has earned an excellent reputation during the many years she has so nobly stood by the cause in its darkest days of persecution and tribulation.

Mrs. F. A. Logan, the faithful, devoted worker, healer and medium, is now pleasantly situated in a suite of cosy, home-like rooms at 841 Market street, where she treats patients, holds developing circles, and does a Spiritual work among those who need her ministrations. She has but recently returned from an extended trip eastward of over fourteen month's duration, during which time she was kept constantly engaged lecturing and healing. She has engaged Metaphysical College Hall, 106 McAlister street, for Thursday evening meetings, admission to which is ten cents.

We have filed away in our desk a biographical sketch of Edgar W. Emerson, which we

shall present to our readers in the near future. Mr. Emerson made many warm friends while on this Coast, who will be pleased to see his portrait and read something of his history.

In our Correspondence column will be found a communication from Mr. Coleman regarding the perils to which Miss Valerie Hicketier has been exposed since she has been rusticated for the benefit of her health. We prefer the climate of San Francisco with all its eccentricities, as a life preserver, in preference to the "perils of the deep"—lakes, and rattlesnakes of the "rural districts." Valeria, take the Dove's advice and come home before you break your neck with a runaway horse, as that will probably be your next adventure.

Dr. Atwood and wife, recently from Minneapolis, have located in San Francisco and have taken an office at 841 Market street, where they give clairvoyant examinations daily. They are also agents for the Chicago Magnetic Shields.

At the Wiggin's reception last week, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth favored the company with a choice vocal solo which received the most enthusiastic applause.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton was in Chicago last Saturday and Sunday, after an absence of ten years, during which she has resided much of the time in London and Paris. Although seventy-three she is still healthy and vigorous, with her intellectual powers unimpaired and her vivacity and wit as sparkling as ever. She is one of the most charming as well as one of the ablest women this country has produced. The young and old who come under the magic influence of her presence are delighted with her. Of her conversation one never tires. With her large intellectual head, broad open countenance and snow-white curls, she is a most picturesque figure, not to be forgotten by those who have seen her. She has grown more radical in her religious views, and she has the fullest confidence in the success, in the near future, of the woman suffrage movement with which she has been so long the most prominent and probably the ablest representative of her sex. Among those at her reception in Chicago were Baroness Gripenburg, of Finland, Miss Rebecca S. Rice, Miss Mary E. Breedy, Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman and daughter, B. F. and Sara A. Underwood, Mrs. M. A. Wilmarth, Judge C. B. and C. V. Waite, Dr. Drexia Morey and sisters, Misses Prussing, Dr. A. B. Stockham, Mrs. Adkenson, and many other friends and admirers of the distinguished visitor. Mrs. Stanton left last Sunday evening for Omaha where she will spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Lawrence, who accompanied her.—*R. P. Journal.*

Mr. and Mrs. Wiggin are a charming host and hostess, and know how to contribute to the delectation of their guests in, not only intellectual feasting, but in that more material manner that most of us enjoy so much when seated around a bountifully spread table.

Mrs. Wiggin loves flowers, and her friends being aware of this, sent choice floral tributes on the twentieth anniversary of her wedding and her rooms were made beautiful and sweet with the color and perfume.

J. J. Morse and daughter visited Mt. Hamilton and took a look at the great Lick Observatory in the early part of the week.

We received a pleasant call from Dr. Bowdoin of Stockton last week. He has been rusticating in Santa Cruz.

An able essay from the pen of Mr. Charles Dowburn will appear in next week's Dove.

The "Beasey Babies" will be seen and heard at Washington Hall to-morrow, Sunday evening. The most wonderful violinists in the world.

## Chips.

Beware of those who profess to make *spirit* photographs. They are unquestionably impostors.—*Banner of Light*.

Twenty-five years ago only fifteen women were employed in the whole country as editors. Now two hundred find employment in New York alone.

THE CARRIER DOVE, of San Francisco, is now printed on its own press; it adds four pages to its reading matter and promises further improvements in the future.—*New Thought*.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten having been courteously invited to deliver the closing address of the season for the London Spiritualist Alliance, had much pleasure in complying with the invitation, and at the end of the lecture proposed to answer questions propounded by the audience. In reply to one of the querists concerning the doctrine of re-incarnation, or the re-embodiment of enfranchised human souls in fresh earthly forms—a doctrine now prevalent amongst a certain class of persons—the speaker took decided ground in the negative, and so far as the limitations of time would permit, endeavored to show that the doctrine in question was neither sustained by any authentic proofs from the spirit-world—now in process of active communion with man—nor yet in harmony with any of the known precedures of nature.—*The Two Worlds*.

The Spiritualist Society of Buenos Ayres, which is known by the name of *La Constancia*, has initiated a subscription for the purpose of building an edifice to cost 500,000 francs, to be headquarters of all Spiritualistic enterprises in the Argentine Republic, and to centralize them at that point. The sum of 75,000 francs has already been collected. All persons who shall have subscribed and paid over the sum of 100,000 francs will have the right to a comfortable apartment in the building during the remainder of their lives.

Theodore Parker, one of the brightest souls and greatest reformers the world ever produced, admitted the worth of Spiritualism as an agent in emancipating the human mind. Frothingham, in his life of this grand character, says: "He blamed the scientific men, Agassiz among them, for their unfair methods of investigating the phenomena; rebuked the prigs who turned up their noses at the idea of investigating the subject at all; and took faithful measure of the unbelief in immortality, which pronounced communication between the visible and invisible worlds impossible. He admitted to his friend, Professor Desor, that Spiritualism does two good things: first, it knocks the nonsense of the popular theology to pieces, and so does a negative service; secondly, it leads cold, hard materialistic men to a recognition of what is really spiritual in their nature, and so does a positive good."

The DOVE thanks Mr. Thomas P. Norton for copies of a beautiful piece of music entitled, "Are They Not All Ministering Spirits." Those wishing something sweet to sing at circles or spiritual meetings will find this song quite suited to their requirements. Copies for sale at this office.

The National Republican Committee voted to organize women's clubs all through the country to work for the Republican ticket, and have secured the services of a number of able and well-known women to speak for them. The name of J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, stands at the head as chairman of the Woman's National Committee.

J. J. Morse will lecture before the medium's meeting at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street, on Wednesday evening next, the 19th inst. This is the only opportunity of hearing Mr. Morse during the remainder of his stay here.

## Spiritual Meetings.

### SAN FRANCISCO.

#### WASHINGTON HALL.

The Progressive Spiritualists, last Sunday afternoon, at their regular meeting, discussed the question, "In what do the teachings of Spiritualism differ from those of the church?" The meeting was opened by a few remarks from John Brown, "the medium of the Rockies," who was followed by Mrs. Kellogg, also of San Bernardino, who read an able essay, or communication from a brother of Mr. Brown. Judge Swift, Mr. Mills, Mr. Mead, Mrs. F. A. Logan and Judge Collins also spoke upon the subject in a very interesting manner. Dr. Schlesinger gave very satisfactory tests to skeptics. Mrs. Rutter sang, by request, "Sweet Spirit Hear My Prayer," and the meeting closed with congregational singing.

### METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Another very large audience assembled at Metropolitan Temple last Sunday morning, to listen to the lecture of Mrs. E. L. Watson upon "The Consolations of a Rational Religion." The lecture was one of this gifted lady's grandest efforts, and was replete with chaste and noble sentiments, practical and pertinent to the needs of the age, couched in terms of fervid eloquence, beauty, and power. The concluding poem, a very lengthy improvisation, was one of the ablest and finest rhythmical compositions that I have ever heard fall from this lady's lips. In her lecture, the contrast between the effete dogmas of old theology concerning the character and being of God, the purpose of creation, and the nature and destiny of mankind, and the rational teachings thereanent of the new religion, was forcibly and clearly presented. The greatest consolation of the rational religion, she said, was the illimitable time and opportunity given every human soul to realize and actualize every aspiration and need of that soul, opportunity to rise superior to the evil influences and tendencies incident to this world, the primary school of preparatory work for God's eternal college in the spiritual realm.

Miss E. Beresford-Joy sang two choice selections sweetly and effectively, and Senor Arrilaga, as usual, presided at the grand organ.

To-morrow evening Mrs. Watson will lecture upon "The Judgment Day of Modern Spiritualism."

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

#### IRVING HALL.

Mr. John Slater's meetings on Sunday afternoon and evening, at Irving Hall, 139 Post street, are creating a great amount of interest among the skeptical minds of this city. The hall is always crowded to repletion. The "tests" presented are of such a nature that the most skeptical are puzzled and visit again and again until they are fully convinced of the truth that the spirits of men have an existence and do return and communicate to their friends. The flowers sent by friends are beautiful and costly, and it is a great pleasure to see so many intelligent people who are investigating the truth for themselves.

## Children's Department.

### Other People's Affairs.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"What makes every one love to be with you?" the sweet, simple, unaffected and very lovely Princess Alice once asked here grandmother, the Duchess of Kent. "I am always so sorry to have to leave you, and so are all the others who come here. Won't you please tell me grandma?"

The old lady smiled, and for a moment

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We received a pleasant call from Dr. Bowdoin of Stockton last week. He has been residing in Santa Cruz.

An able essay from the pen of Mr. Charles Dowdell will appear in next week's DOVE.

The "Beasey Babies" will be seen and heard at Washington Hall to-morrow, Sunday evening. The most wonderful violinists in the world.

## Chips.

Beware of those who profess to make *spirit* photographs. They are unquestionably impossibilities.—*Banner of Light.*

Twenty-five years ago only fifteen women were employed in the whole country as editors. Now two hundred find employment in New York alone.

THE CARRIER DOVE, of San Francisco, is now printed on its own press; it adds four pages to its reading matter and promises further improvements in the future.—*New Thought.*

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten having been courteously invited to deliver the closing address of the season for the London Spiritualist Alliance, had much pleasure in complying with the invitation, and at the end of the lecture proposed to answer questions propounded by the audience. In reply to one of the querists concerning the doctrine of re-incarnation, or the re-embodiment of enfranchised human souls in fresh earthly forms—a doctrine now prevalent amongst a certain class of persons—the speaker took decided ground in the negative, and so far as the limitations of time would permit, endeavored to show that the doctrine in question was neither sustained by any authentic proofs from the spirit-world—now in process of active communion with man—nor yet in harmony with any of the known precedures of nature.—*The Two Worlds.*

The Spiritualist Society of Buenos Ayres, which is known by the name of *La Constancia*, has initiated a subscription for the purpose of building an edifice to cost 500,000 francs, to be headquarters of all Spiritualistic enterprises in the Argentine Republic, and to centralize them at that point. The sum of 75,000 francs has already been collected. All persons who shall have subscribed and paid over the sum of 100,000 francs will have the right to a comfortable apartment in the building during the remainder of their lives.

Theodore Parker, one of the brightest souls and greatest reformers the world ever produced, admitted the worth of Spiritualism as an agent in emancipating the human mind. Frothingham, in his life of this grand character, says: "He blamed the scientific men, Agassiz among them, for their unfair methods of investigating the phenomena; rebuked the prigs who turned up their noses at the idea of investigating the subject at all; and took faithful measure of the unbelief in immortality, which pronounced communication between the visible and invisible worlds impossible. He admitted to his friend, Professor Desor, that Spiritualism does two good things: first, it knocks the nonsense of the popular theology to pieces, and so does a negative service; secondly, it leads cold, hard materialistic men to a recognition of what is really spiritual in their nature, and so does a positive good."

The DOVE thanks Mr. Thomas P. Norton for copies of a beautiful piece of music entitled, "Are They Not All Ministering Spirits." Those wishing something sweet to sing at circles or spiritual meetings will find this song quite suited to their requirements. Copies for sale at this office.

The National Republican Committee voted to organize women's clubs all through the country to work for the Republican ticket, and have secured the services of a number of able and well-known women to speak for them. The name of J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, stands at the head as chairman of the Woman's National Committee.

J. J. Morse will lecture before the medium's meeting at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street, on Wednesday evening next, the 19th inst. This is the only opportunity of hearing Mr. Morse during the remainder of his stay here.

## Spiritual Meetings.

### SAN FRANCISCO.

#### WASHINGTON HALL.

The Progressive Spiritualists, last Sunday afternoon, at their regular meeting, discussed the question, "In what do the teachings of Spiritualism differ from those of the church?" The meeting was opened by a few remarks from John Brown, "the medium of the Rockies," who was followed by Mrs. Kellogg, also of San Bernardino, who read an able essay, or communication from a brother of Mr. Brown. Judge Swift, Mr. Mills, Mr. Mead, Mrs. F. A. Logan and Judge Collins also spoke upon the subject in a very interesting manner. Dr. Schlesinger gave very satisfactory tests to skeptics. Mrs. Rutter sang, by request, "Sweet Spirit Hear My Prayer," and the meeting closed with congregational singing.

### METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Another very large audience assembled at Metropolitan Temple last Sunday morning, to listen to the lecture of Mrs. E. L. Watson upon "The Consolations of a Rational Religion." The lecture was one of this gifted lady's grandest efforts, and was replete with chaste and noble sentiments, practical and pertinent to the needs of the age, couched in terms of fervid eloquence, beauty, and power. The concluding poem, a very lengthy improvisation, was one of the ablest and finest rhythmical compositions that I have ever heard fall from this lady's lips. In her lecture, the contrast between the effete dogmas of old theology concerning the character and being of God, the purpose of creation, and the nature and destiny of mankind, and the rational teachings thereanent of the new religion, was forcibly and clearly presented. The greatest consolation of the rational religion, she said, was the illimitable time and opportunity given every human soul to realize and actualize every aspiration and need of that soul, opportunity to rise superior to the evil influences and tendencies incident to this world, the primary school of preparatory work for God's eternal college in the spiritual realm.

Miss E. Beresford-Joy sang two choice selections sweetly and effectively, and Senor Arrilaga, as usual, presided at the grand organ.

To-morrow evening Mrs. Watson will lecture upon "The Judgment Day of Modern Spiritualism."

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

IRVING HALL.

Mr. John Slater's meetings on Sunday afternoon and evening, at Irving Hall, 139 Post street, are creating a great amount of interest among the skeptical minds of this city. The hall is always crowded to repletion. The "tests" presented are of such a nature that the most skeptical are puzzled and visit again and again until they are fully convinced of the truth that the spirits of men have an existence and do return and communicate to their friends. The flowers sent by friends are beautiful and costly, and it is a great pleasure to see so many intelligent people who are investigating the truth for themselves.

## Children's Department.

### Other People's Affairs.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"What makes every one love to be with you?" the sweet, simple, unaffected and very lovely Princess Alice once asked here grandmother, the Duchess of Kent. "I am always so sorry to have to leave you, and so are all the others who come here. Won't you please tell me grandma?"

The old lady smiled, and for a moment

that was all she did.

The Duchess of Kent knew the secret of her influence over her friends, but how to explain it without vanity or egotism to this most natural and truthful little girl at her side was not altogether an easy task. Alice's sweet directness could never be put off with a pooh-pooh or a disclaimer, as the dear old lady knew from an intimate acquaintance with her character.

"I think, my child, that this is the reason," the Duchess replied at last. "I was early instructed that the way to make people happy was to appear interested in the things which interested them—namely their own affairs; and this could only be accomplished by burying one's own grief, annoyance, satisfaction or joy completely out of sight.

"Forgetfulness of one's own concerns, my dear, a smiling face, a word of sympathy and unselfish help; where it is possible to give it, will always make others happy, and the giver equally so."

Such counsel as this took deep root in the heart and mind of the beautiful Princess, and her brief but exceptional life proves the wonderful power of unselfish regard for others.

Where could a better lesson for all our girls be found, than this one, given so many years ago by the aged Duchess?

Other people's affairs? Why, our own affairs are of infinitely more consequence to us, and yet, if we take the trouble to look about us, we are sure to find that the most agreeable and helpful persons are those who lend a ready ear to the sorrows of others, and keep a closed mouth concerning their own.

A most pathetic instance of the power of example and self-restraint came under the writer's observation only a short time ago.

A very bright and intelligent young lady had received a severe shock in the death of a pet Newfoundland dog. Those who love dogs know how bitter it is to lose a faithful friend of this kind, and this girl was passionately fond of her dumb companion. For days she was really ill and utterly refused to be comforted.

There happened to be illness in the family which necessitated a certain amount of daily service which the unnerved girl felt entirely unable to perform. About this time a young lady came to the house to board, and discovering the state of affairs, offered her aid as nurse and general helper.

One day the girl who had so grieved over the loss of her pet came to the writer with a new kind of tears in her eyes—tears of shame, and genuine sympathy.

"I have had a lesson," she said, with quivering lips, "that will last me my life. Why did some one not tell me what a selfish and inconsiderate simpleton I was? For two weeks," she continued, "I have done nothing but mope and cry, and let Miss —

do my work.

"Last night I began to feel that I ought to be ashamed of myself, and started to her room to tell her so. The door was ajar, and I was just going to rap and enter, when I found the poor child was praying. This is what I heard, and how do you think I felt?"

"And oh, dear Father," she said, "will you not send some angel to tell my dear mamma that I am trying to do as she told me, forget my own grief, my own great loss, in work and care for others? And oh, I am so glad that it needs no angel to tell her how much I love her."

"And I was grieving for a dog, and this sweet girl had just buried her mother! Do you think I can ever forgive myself?"

A bitter-sweet lesson, indeed, but just as valuable for all girls as for this particular one.

### Heroic Little Cripples.

The burning of the New York hospital for crippled children, terrible as it was and lamentable for the life lost, has furnished a chapter in the heroism of children which their elders may study with profit.

The spectacle of one little boy, wan and crippled by hip disease, taking a paralyzed companion in his arms and carrying him to safety, and of a little girl, who, after sounding the alarm of fire, went from safety back to the danger in which her bed-ridden mate lay helpless, and "joined hands" to meet death together, must inspire the dullest pulses to a keener and kindlier beat.

Great disasters and resulting panics are unfortunately not rare, but none has ever furnished, among adults, so many examples of presence of mind and unselfish thoughtfulness of others as that which suddenly summoned the exhibition of these qualities among the sick and crippled children in the burning hospital.

It would be a bad world that was not moved in all its ranks by the story. The little heroes have builded better than they knew, for they have drawn attention to the soldier that is in the souls sheltered by the distorted and paralyzed bodies of the little ones whom God has compensated for lack of physical symmetry, in abounding beauty of the spirit.

Henceforth no call will arouse the charitable to such good giving as that made in behalf of others who have with these little ones a common endowment of weakness and misfortune. And upon the lintel of every door behind which they are safely sheltered will be the ineffable inscription of God's blessing upon these weakest of His creatures who have wrought the mightiest for the forlorn and the stricken.—*Alta*.

### Old Sam.

There is in the city of Coldwater, Mich., a

large sorrel horse known as Old Sam. He is the most popular horse in town. In his younger days he was used as an omnibus horse, and he and his mate, a large bay, were so well trained that they would trot up to the principal hotel and back the omnibus up to the sidewalk to let the passengers out without being guided by the driver.

One stormy night the train was late and while waiting at the station for the passengers the driver fell asleep. Old Sam and his companion, after standing about as long as usual started up town on their own account, backed up at the hotel in the usual way, and then went over to the livery stable where they were kept.

When the war broke out, the citizens of Coldwater equipped the Loomis Battery with some of the finest horses that went into the army, and among them was Old Sam. He was in a great many battles, but came out unhurt, and at the close of the war the soldiers bought him of the Government, and presented him to General Loomis, who first commanded the battery.

On the return of Old Sam to Coldwater, some of the people thought they would give him a reception. So they made ready his old stall, filling the rack with hay and the manger with oats; then they met him at the railroad station, and after greeting him with three cheers, turned him loose, and watched to see what he would do.

First he went to the hotel, where he used to stop for passengers, and looked around a little. Then he went over to his old home, walked into his stall, smelt of the hay and oats, and gave a loud neigh, as if to express his satisfaction that everything was right, and then began eating as if he had been away only a few days, instead of years.

"I am in terror," sighed poor Mrs. Goodmother, "every time I hear the bell ring. I know I'll hear something dreadful about Jack. I'm sure he's been into some awful mischief." "What makes you think so?" asked her husband. "Oh, he came directly home from school this afternoon, sat down and studied his lessons for to-morrow for nearly two hours, and has been as good as an angel ever since. Dear, dear, what has that boy been up to. I would like to know.—*Burdette*."

### True Love.

Love, the most precious among the "fruits of the Spirit," is the product of an early blossom in some souls.

Little Philip fell down stairs one day, and injured his face so seriously that for a long time he could not speak. When he did open his lips, however, it was to no complaint or pain. Looking up at his mother, he whispered, trying to smile: "I'm pretty glad 'twasn't my little sister!"



## Equal to the Occasion.

The child has been piously brought up. She has been taught to say grace and her prayers, and everything that a tender mother could do to keep her pure and innocent and make her refined, had been done. She had been out playing late, and when she came into dinner they were all at the table. She threw her hat in one corner, and was immediately told to hang it up. She did so, and then clambered up on her chair. She was about to start in on her soup, when the mother looked reproachfully at her.

"Maria, haven't you forgotten something?"  
"No, ma."  
"I thought I told you you must always say grace."

The child put her little hands together, raised her little eyes towards heaven with childish earnestness, and said simply and reverently:  
"Let 'er go, Gallagher."

## Saving Mother.

A pathetic scene is described in *Winslow's Monthly*. A wretched creature, a woman whose appetite conquered all other motives of action, was brought before a Chicago magistrate for drunkenness. Clinging to her tattered gown were two children, a boy and girl, the former only seven years of age, but made prematurely old by the hardships of his wretched life.

"Five dollars and costs," said the judge sternly. "Seven dollars and sixty cents in all."

Instantly the little fellow started up, and, taking his sister's arm, he cried out, "Come on! We's got to git that money, or mam'll hev to go to jail. Jest wait, Mr. Jedge, and we'll git it!"

The children hurried out of the court-room, and, going from store to store, solicited contributions to "keep mam from going to jail," the boy bravely promising every giver to return the money as soon as he could earn it. Soon he came running back into the court-room, and laying a handful of small change on the magistrate's desk, exclaimed:

"There's two dollars Mr. Jedge, and I can't git no more now. I aint as big as mam, and I can't do as much work; but if you'll jist let me go to jail, 'stead o' her, I'll stay longer to make up for it."

The bystanders wiped their eyes, and a policeman exclaimed, "Your mother shan't go to jail, my lad, if I have to pay the fine myself."

"I will remit the fine," said the judge, and the woman, clasping her boy in her arms, sank upon her knees and solemnly vowed that she would lead a better life, and try to be worthy of such a son as that.—*Youth's Companion*.

## Our Exchanges.

## "Getting Tired of It."

*Religio Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.*

Priesthoods of all religions, pagan and Christian alike, have to the extent of their power, absorbed everything within their reach, under a pretense of devoting it to consecrated and holy uses. Their chief cathedrals and shrines have in all lands and in all times, blazed with gold and silver and jewels, the votive offerings of superstition and servility. Their wholesale appropriations have continued until the secularization of their spoils became a duty and necessity for the civil rulers. In this country to-day the authority of bishops, archbishops, and cardinals is as great an innovation on our free popular institutions as would be the civil sway of imported dukes and kings in our various States. Let demagogues who are so sycophantic to the papacy for the sake of getting votes, consider that sooner or later, it will be a question in our politics how far the interference of a hierarchy, whose head is at Rome, with the affairs of this country, can be tolerated. The large meeting of pure Catholic citizens held in Chicago a few weeks ago, to protest against the interferences of the pope in Irish affairs, was significant of the fact that Catholics themselves, those who have hitherto yielded unquestioning submission to Romish authority, are beginning to revolt. The Irish people, said one of the speakers, had for centuries been continually tossed on the horns of John Bull or of the Romish bull, and the people were getting tired of the exercise.

## Who Are Spiritualists?

*The Better Way, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

As a rule, all are accorded Spiritualists who believe in the existence of spirits, or interest themselves for the phenomena of Spiritualism. But a simple belief in spiritual manifestations, or even taking an active part in their unfoldment, does not constitute a true Spiritualist. Such may be spiritists and occultists; may become the most searching investigators, and produce the most elaborate scientific exposition of mediumship and the spirits' methods of communication with man, but are not Spiritualists unless they accept or practice the spirits' philosophy in connection with the phenomena.

The philosophy which exists in connection with spiritism is Spiritualism as we understand it, and this constitutes the practice of physical purity and humanity in its highest aspects, as far as we have been taught.

Christianity was one step above Judaism in teaching to "overcome," and forgiveness. But this referred only to the grosser physical indulgences, and that form of charity which taught man not to be revengeful in demanding "an eye for an eye," etc. Spiritualism is in advance of Christianity in teaching man to be temperate in all things—even to overcoming his little, worldly fancies, and craving for sympathy. Not from motives of estheticism, but to prevent the approach and control of boastful spirits, who, wise in their conceit, are more apt to lead astray than to teach the truth of things. Overcoming our worldly fancies frees us from passions, and consequently from disease and doctor bills. Craving for sympathy is selfish. God is love, and constantly gives out, and to reach harmony with the essence of the universe man must develop a similar state

of being. This is the only condition of the soul which produces genuine happiness; and those who do not follow these teachings by practical example are not Spiritualists.

To be a true Spiritualist, therefore, man must be modest, temperate and charitable in its highest sense as we understand it so far. Modesty opens the way for higher truths constantly, temperance leads to health, and charity, as a divine principle, elevates the soul above the narrow confines of earthly thoughts and actions, and produces happiness within.

## The Discipline of Trials.

*Wilman's Express, Chicago, Ill.*

We are travelers of infinite and intricate ways, but all the ways, however retrogressive in appearance, however trivial and unimportant, however hopeless and despairing, and however disastrous and ruinous in the limited sense to many or few, lead us in one general direction.

And so by the logic that the result of each individual life contributes indispensable wisdom to the whole, of which it is the inseparable part—no matter what direction these results may take:—I know that the seeming sacrifice, even to death, is not a sacrifice in the universal sense; but is the entering upon better and higher conditions behind the scenes. I have faith to see by this line of reasoning that those who seemingly sink to rise no more are simply taking another direction to get what is needful to round out and make complete their individualities.

The most beautiful thought of all thoughts to me is that everything means something, and takes place in the fulfilling of higher ends always to be attained. In view of this fact, one can easily bear conditions which otherwise he would fall under. The greater the trial the greater the lesson to be learned from it; and the greater the lesson the more reasonable the position; for to whom much is given much is also required. Then if one is singled out in this world to be disciplined by heavy trial, and tried and tempered into the most enduring metal, and given the keys of trust over many possessions, how can that one but feel that his compensation honors and distinguishes him? Yea, especially as he knows that no participator in the lessons that are teaching him (no matter how grievous those lessons may have been, or what apparent ruin followed in their wake), failed to reap his share of the common benefit.

But if there is any word of comfort in what I have written, will now reach others who have felt the shaft of pain—as I have felt it—and who have seen broad fields, all ablossom with hope, droop and die as the hours of a single night wore away—as I have seen. But the waving grain was not fallen. The life that passed out of sight simply disappeared with the disappearance of the road around the hill, only to reappear in a few moments more with the emerging road, just there plain in view; but this time with the added beauty and strength of higher developments and broadened conditions. And who shall dare tell me that this life is lost, or even that it has missed anything of advantage to itself, or that it is possible to sever it from mine in this, our common home, the universe?

Truly may I walk through the valley of shadows, and yet fear no evil; truly may a table be prepared for me in the presence of mine enemies, and still no harm befall; for am I not lapped forever in the unfailing presence of God?

## Poetry.

### A Contemplative Picture of San Francisco and Its Beautiful Harbor from the Summit of Telegraph Hill.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Imperial City, lying at my feet!  
 What can I say of thee so strong and fair?  
 Where, in thy crowded marts the races meet,  
 And by their toils thy golden bounties share—  
 As if by magic, how thy splendors gleam!  
 Thy palaces, the wonder of their time!  
 And thy fair hills with stately mansions teem  
 In mold and architecture most sublime;  
 O, on what shore thy peer, thy rival in what clime?  
 A Hercules thou art, endowed with nerve,  
 To bear upon thy shoulders the estate  
 And untold wealth of nations—whose reserve  
 Of talent forces speeding to the state  
 Of Manhood's prime, but serves to antedate  
 The zenith of thy splendors—prophecy  
 At best, is weak, and all that's fair and great  
 In contemplation doth but dimly see  
 The measure of those powers that lie enshrined in thee!  
 Thou art the promise and the blessed seal,  
 Of civilization the extreme extent,  
 That holdeth in thy arms the fiery zeal  
 Of many a vast and distant Continent—  
 All races claim thee, and the range and bent  
 Of nameless types repose within thy breast;  
 Not even Turk reposing in his tent,  
 Nor swarthy son from any clime, repress  
 Should be in the Great Mart and Fortress of the West.  
 All nations claim thee, and a' nations seek  
 And find a home upon thy favored soil;  
 The German, Jew, the Ethiop or Greek,  
 Each may the blessings and results of toil  
 Their records bear; and in the great turmoil  
 Gain their respective needs; amid the strife,  
 The competition, energy and toil,  
 With which the very atmosphere is rife,  
 Outwork the mighty problems of material life.  
 Great City of the West! in gazing upon thee,  
 I think of life, its blessings and regrets;  
 On what hath been, and all that is to be,  
 Ere the fair sun upon my memory sets—  
 Am lost in contemplation sweet that frets  
 Itself away, not at the crosses sent,  
 For broken threads, where each new link besets  
 The soul with nobler powers, whose chief intent  
 Takes form in meditation, boundless and unspent!  
 Upon a hill of towering eminence,  
 Within a circle of sweet charms I stand,  
 And with a rapture and a love intense,  
 Where feeling, fancy, sight and sense expand  
 To that they feed upon, my eyes command  
 The gorgeous scenes around, that here complete  
 A wondrous picture, where the sea and land,  
 With weird contrasted loveliness replete,  
 In one bewitching clasp and round of beauty meet.  
 Fair are the isles, serene the dreamy shades,  
 That wrap all Nature in a charmed embrace;  
 For 'tis the twilight hour, and slowly fades  
 The sun's last lingering splendor from the place—  
 Oh 'tis the twilight hour, the hour of grace,  
 The time of peace, enchantment, love and tryst,  
 When all things sweet and hallowed seem to trace  
 Themselves in softest hues; whose scenes assist  
 In calling back the charm of memories long missed!  
 Balmy the airs that fan, the swaying wind  
 Into my ear now whispers of the past,  
 Within whose mystic language is enshrined  
 A prophecy and promise holding fast,  
 Through all the shifting scenes unto the last—

What are our little lives, that they should be  
 Enwrought to such fine tension, and o'ercast  
 With these immortal longings? surely we  
 Are but as waifs upon Time's vast and boundless sea.

Fair landscape, charmed isles, enchanted hills!  
 Sweet Benediction of the Twilight Hour!  
 Oh, Great and Mighty Architect who builds,  
 And crowns Thy domes with such majestic power,  
 Oh are thy children worthy? is the dower  
 A compensation for the toil and pain  
 The spirit undergoes ere Thou dost shower  
 Thy better gifts?—surely the woe and bane  
 Is met and measured by the soul's transcendent gain!

On one side are the temples rear'd by Him  
 Who doeth all things well; and wondrous fraught  
 Their architectural graces, lines that limn  
 In types eternal, boundless as the thought  
 That shapes itself in every symbol wrought—  
 And thus in all their loveliness they stand,  
 Crowned with a mystic seal—oh, beauty sought  
 Through all the lapse of years, how doth expand  
 Thy form and image now is this far favored land!

On one side glories, splendors of His hand,  
 And those befitting the reserved estate  
 Of man upon the other—thus they stand,  
 Worthy and suited each to its own state—  
 Nature and Art contrasted in the great  
 And mighty conquest; radiance of the Sun  
 Beside the trembling, flickering beams that wait  
 On civilization—victory won.  
 Long ere the everlasting contest is begun.

Fair crown of hills, and sweetly whispering sea,  
 And city veiled in the weird hues of night,  
 What golden lessons do ye teach to me  
 Of glory, splendor, majesty and might!  
 All sense of beauty quickens at the sight  
 And yet my thoughts and feelings to portray  
 'Twere vain t'attempt—for who can limn delight,  
 Rapture or bliss? or paint the golden ray  
 That darts its cheering light down from the orb of day?

Our fancies lessen as we give them birth,  
 Our music-strains to prosy sermons turn,  
 Clipped are the starry pinions that engirth  
 Our earth bound souls, as in their chains they yearn  
 For full and free expression; yet the stern  
 And sad persistence of our lives deny  
 The grateful meed, whereby they only spurn  
 One-half the thoughts we entertain, and sigh,  
 Where we are forced to grope we vain would heavenward  
 fly.

Oh, harmonies of earth, but faintly sung,  
 Compressed and fettered in the bonds of clay,  
 Where genius only finds a lisping tongue,  
 And inspiration an unfinished lay!  
 Hard is the path, and narrow is the way,  
 Steep the ascent, precipitous the height  
 Of the aspiring soul in its delay  
 With cumbrous sense, ere it transcends the blight  
 Of life, and robes itself in liberty and light.

The twilight slowly wanes, I linger still,  
 Enchanted, enraptured, spell-bound to the spot,  
 Whereby delight doth triumph o'er the will,  
 And all desire is swallowed up in thought—  
 I linger still, am won, and sweetly caught,  
 Like some fond lover in the magic ring  
 Of his enchantress, where each charm is fraught  
 With a mysterious power, within whose spring  
 All things array themselves in loveliness and sing.

Oh, charmed islands, hills and crystal sea,  
 Ye seem a blessed presence of the hour,  
 With fair, uplifted fingers, beckoning me  
 To beauty, immortality and power!  
 And city softly lying neath thy shower  
 Of golden mist, surely, a Magic Hand  
 Enstamped with the fair symbol, type and dower  
 Of Genius made immortal, here hath planned,  
 And crowned with celestial hues some weird Fairy Land!

I fain would not depart, and yet I wait,  
 Oh, fair mysterious magnet, where the bright  
 Imperial radiance of the Golden Gate

Blends its weird shadows with the hues of night,  
 There art thou enthroned; basking in the light  
 That grows serene with time—and crowned with fame  
 Of world-wide annals, and the chief delight  
 Of thine own land; whose sweetest praises claim  
 From thee a seal and signet glorious as thy name!

Adieu, thou reigning glory of the scene,  
 Guardian of wealth, and Mistress of the main!  
 Thy beauty in my memory shall be green  
 Though I should fail to gaze on thee again!  
 Surely thou art in the imperious chain  
 The crowning link, the last great mystery,  
 The nameless charm forever to remain  
 Unmatched and unapproach'd—and but to be  
 Solved in the unfathomed problems of the sea.

### A Busy Woman's Answer to a Tired Woman's Last Words.

BY MRS. M. MAYO.

"That woman was wrong,  
 For there is nothing like working;  
 I suppose she was one  
 Who was eternally skirking,  
 I suppose she did more  
 Than her share of the munching,  
 And then made a fuss,  
 Because after her lurching,  
 The dishes stood round  
 Like dirty young elves,  
 Instead of being smart  
 And washing themselves.  
 I believe, for my part,  
 That the lazy old thing,  
 Didn't even earn her right  
 Among angels to sing—  
 And her friends, I should think,  
 Instead of mourning,  
 Would be glad to get rid  
 Of her sighing and groaning."

### Charity.

BY T. P. NORTON.

There's a wellspring of pleasure,  
 And abundance of food,  
 For all without measure,  
 Both lasting and good.  
 You may reap the rich blessing  
 Without trouble at all,  
 And the cost of possessing  
 Is so very small.  
 You may sow at the dawning,  
 You may plant in the night,  
 'Twill bloom in the morning  
 With the flowers of delight.  
 The result is enchanting  
 From a labor of love;  
 'Tis the seed we are planting  
 For our harvest above.  
 Of Heaven it savors;  
 For 'tis great to perform,  
 Though charity's favors  
 May bless but a worm.

An editor of an Iowa paper being asked  
 "Do hogs pay?" says that a great many do  
 not; that they take the paper for several  
 years and then have the postmaster send it  
 back marked "refused," "gone west," etc.

A company of uniformed young ladies  
 from Greenwood, Johnson county, Ind.,  
 attracted great attention amid the visiting  
 delegations, August 17. Their marching was  
 perfect.