

The Carrier Dove.

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

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The Platform.

Answers to Questions.

By the Controls of J. J. Morse, at Scottish hall, San Francisco, Wednesday evening, Sept. 19th, 1888. Four questions selected by the audience.

(Prepared for the CARRIER DOVE by G. H. Hawes.)

Q.—Fraudulent mediums, how best to get rid of them?

A.—A very important consideration in relation to the presentation of modern Spiritualism is a very important question in relation to mediumship itself; a most important question to all mediums and Spiritualists.

That Spiritualism has everything to gain by keeping its service pure and its servants honest, there can be no question; but that its servants are human beings with all the peculiarities, frailties, weaknesses and strength that belong to humanity, is also true, and the same rules of conduct that you would apply to human nature under all conditions outside of that pertaining to Spiritualism, the rules of conduct you have no right to discard when you deal with facts in the ranks of Spiritualism. We cannot allow of separate standards for dealing with humanity, when we turn to any particular form of faith. We have always argued, and we see no reason to change our opinion on which the argument is founded, that the broad principles of universal equity and justice apply just as legitimately to all people within the boundaries of Spiritualism as they do to those who are outside of such boundaries, and when we have to deal with fraudulent mediums, while the offense in regard to Spiritualism and Spiritualists may seem rank and smell to heaven, yet we must remember that wrong is no worse in Spiritualism than it is in any department outside of it. We wish you to thoroughly understand the definitions we use and the conclusions we have to present. It is no greater wrong, as a wrong, for a medium to swindle you than it is for a stock-broker to swindle you. It is wrong in either case; and wrong is wrong, no matter where the wrong may be. The individual circumstance may apparently lend an aggravation to the individual action; but on the broad principle, the wrong is wrong in either case, and you have just as much right to as mercilessly condemn the stock-broker who

swindles you as you do the medium who does a like thing towards you.

Please bear distinctly in mind that wrong is wrong, no matter where it is done, by whom it is done, and being wrong, wrong is the one thing you have to consider.

But here you will ask, and very justly, after all, who can decide, who can erect the standard and say, there is right and there is wrong? Is it not too much of a task for poor humanity? We must answer you, no; the task is not so very hard, for that is undeniably wrong which is a direct falsification of known facts, and the use of that falsification for the injury of another person.

Now, a fraudulent medium is one who pretends to possess the means to obtain certain facts which you desire to know, but at the same time working for his own advantage entirely. We have heard this argument used in extenuation of what are called fraudulent mediums, that you may thereby be led to look into this question more deeply, and find a vein of truth that will lead you up to a realization of all the heights of glory that Spiritualism can unfold to you, and therefore, the old Jesuitical maxim may be acceptable, and "the end justifies the means." But you must remember that in the beginning the means employed to accomplish that end were rooted in deceit, and though the results of it may ultimately benefit you on your side, on the side of the individual who set those results in motion, there can be only degradation and disgrace at last.

But this leads us aside from the real path of the argument. It is admitted, of course, that fraudulent mediums are facts, and we are very glad to find that an intelligent audience of Spiritualists has at last awakened to a very painful experience attaching to their cause. There was a time and doubtless within the memory of many of you here tonight, when the bare suggestion that there were fraudulent mediums in the movement would have been scouted and denied, and people would have said, why, the spirits would not permit such a thing; and when an individual is under control of the spirit world, why, the bare supposition that there can be any fraud in such cases, the very suggestion would be so injurious to the mediums that we must not harbor or entertain it for one moment. Under that loyal and generous faith in the spirit world rather than in the mediums in this world, impostors have crept into your ranks, cheats, charlatans and

frauds, of all sorts have laid hold of your facts and philosophy and so twined you around their fingers to their advantage and your dishonor, and at last it has become so plain and palpable that mediums are only mortal, and just as liable to condemnation and to fall as the rest of mankind at large, and having made this painful discovery none too soon, yet none too late, and now profiting by it you are exercising your minds as to what you shall do about it.

How shall we get rid of them? First, let us instill the principle of justice in your minds. Though you are aggravated against the individual who has offended you and through your aggravation are blinded to the fact of justice in the case, and though some of you pretend to such righteous indignation, let us remember that justice must be done if right is to be vindicated.

Let us first ask how it has become possible for fraudulent mediums to come into your ranks. Have they not come in through carelessness on your part, have not your doors been thrown too wide open and neglected? While you were opening your mouths, closing your eyes, and swallowing the wonderful marvels, you have had falsehood palmed off on you. Have you originally been as careful as you ought to have been? We most painfully confess that we are obliged, to a certain extent, to make Spiritualists themselves responsible for the rascality that has come into their movement. We know this is a very severe statement to make. You have been so grateful to the spiritual world for what it has done for you, have been so overwhelmed with the beauty and glory of it, you have gone along as though all was to be a summer's day, and you was to be cradled and guarded with but little effort on your part.

On the other hand many of you being earnest and enthusiastic yourselves, you have sometimes taken everybody at the valuation they have placed upon themselves, and when they have said, "I am honest and enthusiastic, and I do so love the dear blessed angels, you have taken them in, swallowed them bodily, without the slightest particle of grease, and then not discovered the result until you have suffered through psychological dyspepsia."

A little more discrimination in years gone by would have saved you from the sorrows that have been strewn along your pathway in the past.

The very marvelousness of the whole thing, the new and extraordinary nature of the phenomena you were called upon to witness, the intricate and subtle laws and forces you met with, and in reference to which the most advanced Spiritualists, as well as the most advanced of the spirits who return to you, confessed were beyond the comprehension of present human intelligence to explain, allowed impostors to trade upon your credulity, said, "Respect the conditions." You, having to respect the conditions and finding that you got, as you supposed, some marvels because you obeyed the condition, the cry finally rose up that conditions were everything, and that suspicion of the honesty of the medium was the surest way to drive back the lovely spirits and destroy the phenomena. And it was perfectly true, for when the suspicious enquirer pushed his investigations a little farther the spirits did not come and the phenomena did not occur; you have spoiled the conditions, and until you became as little children and were willing to shut your eyes and open your mouth and swallow whatever the dear angels chose to bring to you, there would be no marvelous results. You were not to blame. Why? You were to a large extent on unfamiliar ground, mortals wandering in darkness; you had to feel your way little by little. But when experience began to teach you that sometimes those who prated the most about conditions were the least worthy of your confidence, then was the time when you should have asserted yourself and stood up in your might for truth. You should have boldly held to the position that the spirit world had nothing to conceal, had not come to dull your minds with mystery, had not come to make you the slaves of an organization far worse than the ecclesiasticism you were escaping from, but who like yourselves, were endeavoring in the broad, open light of day to perfect the communication between the two worlds, to open up the avenues, and to illumine your minds and take away the darkness of ages, to lead humanity out of mystery into truth, and to reveal, not only all these things, but the latent possibilities of man's nature while here on earth. If you had remembered and asserted these things, the spirit world would have sustained you at every turn and you would have avoided the disgrace and exposures you have had.

We know that our remarks are somewhat harsh; but you desire that we should speak frankly, and in justice to you and ourselves we do not abate one single word we have said.

Now admitting that fraudulent mediums have crept into your cause, another point must be considered, and we are sorry to make another charge against you. How many of you can remember some friend of yours who has gone to a medium, paid his money and gone away profoundly disgusted because he did not get anything, and he says

he will never go that medium again? But, another friend of yours goes to that medium, and says to him, "Brown, who came to see you yesterday, says he paid his money, but he did not get anything." Then the medium, being only human and having a stomach, scratches his head and reflects; and perhaps Brown goes to see the medium again, and he comes back and tells you that he thinks he was a little bit rough on the medium at the first sitting as he went and had another, and he never had such a sitting in his life, and that he gave him two dollars instead of one. The medium, not being too liberally endowed with a moral sense has profited by the murmurings of Brown in the first case, and got ready for him when he came and filled him right up.

How many times has it happened that you have failed to recognize that you can only get satisfactory phenomena when the conditions render its production possible, and because the conditions did not render it possible how many Spiritualists have said, "I won't go to that medium again; he is a perfect swindle; I did not get anything," and they say this without reflecting whether conditions were right or wrong.

Now, human nature is only human nature, and you have no right to expect a medium to be better than anyone else, and if you are doing nothing to morally train mediums, nothing to make them better, then you have no right to expect them to be any better than other people. Sometimes their powers are not always in good working order, and being only poor frail human beings, can you wonder that when the temptation comes they are as likely to fall as as you are?

One other little point we will call attention to. We have heard Spiritualists, and of no mean standing, either, loudly denounce every fraudulent medium as the greatest curse in the nineteenth century; that on so sacred and so holy a subject as spiritual communion there should only be the purest and the noblest veneration and service. When the world manufactures a special grade of humanity to become mediums, you will get that kind of service; but so long as mediums happen to be of common clay, made like the rest of you, inheritors of passions, vices and weaknesses, as well as of strength and nobility of human nature, you will have to take mediumship as it is, and realize that it is of itself no guarantee of either moral, intellectual or spiritual purity.

"Well, that is a very bad statement; what shall we do about it?"

Wait a minute and we we will show you. The medium is just like any other person. We go back to our original statement, that wrong is wrong, no matter who does it. A medium who intentionally and with malice aforethought (as the lawyers would put it), deliberately and specifically imposes upon you is just as much, but no more a rogue, than the stockbroker who cheats you; it is

the wrong that is the point, not who does the wrong. It is wrong to do wrong, and the extent of the wrong, philosophically considered, has nothing to do with the fact of wrong. An evil intention executed or only thought, is just as wrong in one case as in the other, and therefore we have no excuse for the wrong of fraudulent mediumship, but we do certainly urge that Spiritualists themselves are not altogether without responsibility for the fraudulent without responsibility for the fraudulent mediumship that has infested their ranks.

Now, having talked very plainly, let us look at the other side of the question. How are you going to get rid of fraudulent mediums? How are you going to get rid of credulous Spiritualists? If you get rid of the latter, you will in all probability get rid of the other. Knaves thrive upon fools just as much as they do upon ordinary folks. The credulous Spiritualists are the stronghold of the fraudulent mediums, and abolition of one will be the exclusion of the other.

Credulity is one of the dangers of the times. Some people say it is better to believe too much than too little. In one sense it is, but it will never advance exact truth, unless the too much belief of to-day is tried in the crucible of reflection to-morrow. You may believe just as you please to-night, but to-morrow sit down and reflect upon it, and bring your beliefs into the narrow compass of your knowledge, and instead of telling the world what you think, fancy, or imagine the spirits have done, tell the world what you know they have done; and between your knowledge and your belief and opinion, you probably find a very wide margin.

Now, the question comes very clearly to us. What shall we do to expel these fraudulent mediums? We must leave the credulous Spiritualist alone for the time being; you have seen him and noticed his enthusiasm whenever he has a little twinge in his toe or somewhere else, Mary Queen of Scots or Plato is acting upon him. You have the sign; let him go—he will grow out of it when he is dead: probably not before.

But you who are not of this credulous character, you should be careful and exact in your observations and conclusions, and you should be content with the smallest fact that is a fact, rather than the greatest amount of theory that seems so wonderful.

But these mediums cheat, and lie, and deceive, they conspire together, and one says, "hand them all over to the police and have them locked up." That is an extremely charitable, generous, high-minded and noble motive.

"These fellows are thieves; they steal our dollars, they trifle with our highest affections, they put the noblest and dearest sentiments of our hearts beneath their feet—hand them over to the police, so they may go to jail; all rogues should go to jail."

Yes, but they do not; and if it became a question of handing all the rogues over to

jail and justice, probably some people who are very anxious to see fraudulent mediums served that way, would join the procession also. The very worst way to make people better is to send them to jail. You might just as well paint a post black and grumble because you could not see it in the dark.

"But shall we not drive them out of our ranks?"

Yes, drive them out of your ranks, by all means, but always remember you are in part responsible for their having got there, and that being the case, there is always a responsibility attaching to you as to the method of how they shall be driven from your ranks. We are pleading for exact justice; no sentiment, but simply asking for right.

When in the practice of what, for convenience sake, we will call commercial Spiritualism, you find that the merchant who is offering you the ware of mediumship is selling you a counterfeit article, do not patronize his store any more; take very good care to say that you are not buying that kind of material just now. And when any friend of yours desires to go there, tell him the goods are not what they are represented to be, and openly, honestly, and candidly state that that dealer is a dishonest one, and do not make any fuss about it. If that person is dependent upon that way of making his living, if there are no customers, there can be no living, and he will have to work or starve. All you have to do is to cease your patronage and place the offense so clearly before the world that there will be no patronage from others.

Do not seek to excuse or palliate it, or explain it away. A lie is a lie, a wrong is a wrong, and you have no right to countenance or support one or the other. That which is wrong and criminal perpetrated in the name of mediumship, we would treat in the same way as any other crime of like character.

But there is another side to the question that we will have to refer to. Those who do not practice absolute fraud, but on occasions simulate their genuine phenomena, and so much so it is difficult at times to decide where the real ends and the false commences. What shall we do in such cases; shall we drive them out?

There are some reformers who do infinitely more damage than they do good by impetuously cutting down the tares and wheat alike. Now, this course is absurd. We have a suggestion that we think will commend itself to the judgment and to the heart of each present. Our suggestion is that the aim of punishment should only be to lead the individual to see that such a line of conduct is the most unprofitable he can possibly pursue; then when the man or woman has done wrong, when you have detected your bogus medium, or discovered that your real medium simulates his phenomena, and made it so plain to them that they can see it is the

worst course they can pursue, shall you receive the real medium back again to your ranks, and foster him and build him up again?

"Oh, no, he has deceived us; he was a rascal at heart, and he has only used his genuine powers as a cloak to cover his deception with; drive him out; we will never tolerate him again."

You have that kind of doctrine no doubt, it is a false doctrine. To drive out an offender without a possibility to reform, without a possibility of reinstatement, is a tyranny that would disgrace the devil himself. The wrong-doer may have a weakness which you do not possess; you are stronger, and therefore can resist the doing of such things, and it is the duty of the strong and powerful to assist the weak and needy. Therefore feeling that wrong has been done, coupled with an earnest desire to amend, that the future right may remove the present wrong, it is the duty of every honest man (not Spiritualists alone, mark you) to take the repenting, regretting one by the hand and use every moral and spiritual power to build that person's character up so strong that they can never stumble upon the highway of life again. But the reform must be attested, mark you, by the character of the individual; no half-hearted measures in the matter; real actual reform is what is called for. And when after years have made amends for past sins, then he who dares to rake up a buried wrong or forgotten scandal to smirch the life, is a greater sinner than the man who committed the first crime.

How will you deal with your fraudulent mediums? Justly and honestly. So long as the necessities of the mediums call for commercial mediumship or professional mediumship, it is your duty to be on the alert and sacredly guard the privileges you enjoy, and do your best to see they are respected by those who are agents in the presentation of them. If thus you will do, fraudulent mediums will soon pass away.

A little less formality, a little more sterling integrity, a little more respect for your rights as well as for other people's rights, a little more reliance upon the honesty of the spiritual world, a little more plain, practical common sense, and you will find the army of fraudulent mediums grow gradually less with every passing month, and there will not be anything like the deception which now prevails.

For a final consideration, let us look beneath all these things and ask what defect there is in human development to-day that renders fraud possible to express itself in a million different directions through all civilized life. It is an imperfect education. The individual life is responsible for the errors of human beings. Remove this by a higher education of the higher impulses. If Spiritualists will labor to reform the individual, then you will not only assist in removing fraud from the ranks of Spiritualism, but you will help to build up an honest humanity which shall reflect the grandeur and nobility of God.

(Concluded next week.)

THE COMING RELIGION.

Abstract of a Lecture by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britton, Given at the Co-operative Hall, Downing Street, Manchester, August 19th, 1888, and Reported for the Lancashire Conference of Spiritualists by H. Pitman.

This is essentially the age of reform. The demand for advanced action and improvement, is the cry emanating from the rank and file of society, concerning all the various departments of life that make up the aggregate of a great nationality.

The leaders of human thought—in Europe especially—ask for reform in governmental and legislative bodies, and begin to question whether the true fitness for these most important spheres of action can be simply hereditary, and whether the wisdom necessary to promote the welfare of a nation, is inevitably transmitted from father to son, or should be sought for in such individualities as are best qualified to realize the noble theorem "Governments were established for the benefit of the governed." Reform is demanded in all commercial transactions, and the question is beginning to be agitated whether the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," is not as applicable to the "sweaters" who rob the poor laborer in the name of contracts, the merchant who demands fair money for adulterated goods, or the monopolist who makes fortunes out of sharp practices, as for the hungry tramp who steals a loaf of bread, or ragged arab who abstracts a garment to cover his unsheltered form. Above all, the cry for reform is arising from garrets and cellars, slums and alleys, tenement-houses where hunger, cold and misery breed filth, disease, and crime, and the vast armies of the unemployed, who wander aimlessly around looking for work, bread, or the rest of a pauper's grave. Meantime the demand for swift remedy and speedy reform, is being echoed around every land of civilization by the voices of good and true men, pitying women, and the pens of a fearless press. Still it seems strange that the question, "Who is responsible for the great wrongs that afflict society?" should remain an unsolved problem, which few, if any, attempt to answer.

To our apprehension, this responsibility rests wholly with the Church. Governments are established to solder together the general interests of the nation; legislative bodies, to enact laws for the repression and punishment of wrong; commercial and mechanical institutions define their aims in their very titles; and schools and colleges are organized to promote intellectual culture; and thus, for the training and direction of man's moral nature, there are no existing organizations but those coming under the denomination of religion, or, in common parlance, "the Church." When it is remembered that for nearly 2,000 years the Church has been lavishly endowed with the people's wealth, permitted to appropriate the people's lands,

honored by the people's unquestioning faith in its *ipse dixit*, and all this for the sole purpose of influencing the moral and religious nature of man, promoting sentiments of justice, charity, love, and "all that makes for righteousness," it will be understood why we claim that the Church is responsible for any dereliction that may exist in the moral order of a nation—nay, more, considered in the above light, it may be questioned whether any department of national existence should be so prompt to inaugurate reform in every direction where wrong exists, as the Church. In order that we may neither mistake our ground nor be mistaken by others, we will define what we mean by that "religion," of which the Church is supposed to be the administrator.

We claim, that religion consists in the knowledge of a first Great Cause, whom we vaguely call God; a perfect understanding of man's duty on earth, or a correct standard of life practice; a thorough demonstration of the soul's immortality, and the results of its earth life hereafter. Now if this be not the sum and substance of religion, we wish to know what else it is? And if the Church be not instituted to teach this kind of religion, we demand, what is the use of it? and what do we bestow wealth, land, time, trust and reverence for?

Turning to the text books of that form of religion which at present dominates the lands of civilization, to wit, Christianity, we find no charge upon the Church to instruct the nation in any or either of the three elements of religion we have named. The text books of the State Church, for example, of this land of Great Britain, are the Athanasian and Nicene creeds, and the thirty-nine articles. Granted that a large body of Non-conformists may dissent from the bad mathematics of creeds—that is, that three is one, and one is three, and that *belief* in this is the only passport to salvation—still the pivotal doctrines around which all claim of salvation and theological faith revolve, are first: the special creation of man and the special creation of a personal spirit of evil, one stronger to destroy than its creator to save; next, the fall of man through this special spirit of evil; God's curse on man for the fall; God's anger and hatred against man, because the curse pronounced by himself necessarily works evil; the destruction of the world by a flood; the re-population of the earth through eight of the original and accursed stock; the renewed working of the curse, and the consequent impotence of man to do any good thing; finally comes God's scheme for the redemption of man from the effects of his own curse, consisting of the immaculate conception; the birth of the only Son of God; the imperative necessity of the murder of this God by his own creatures, and then through a human sacrifice—a blood offering of his own Son—the Creator of all men is reconciled to his creatures, forgives the working of

the curse that he himself has inflicted, and those that believe shall go to everlasting psalm-singing in heaven, and those that disbelieve shall go to everlasting burning in a never-ending realm of torture.

Without pausing to analyze all the details of this so-called divine scheme, let us pause a few moments on the fruits of its promulgation on national life and character. Supposing the tale of the immaculate conception were assumed to be acted out in the next street, in this nineteenth century, we would ask, how long would it be before all the actors in such a divine drama would be in the penitentiary, Magdalen asylum or mad-house? Supposing that any Father should appear before a magistrate of earth, and, having six sons all guilty of the foulest of crimes, should beg that magistrate to take his one innocent ewe lamb—his pure and sinless son—and desire that he should be put to death, and the guilt-stained six go free! Would any human Father upon the face of the earth be monster enough to make such a request? Would any human lawgiver upon the face of the earth be unjust enough to grant such a request? or, would any civilized nation tolerate such a sacrifice? Are then the morals of earth purer than those of heaven? human Fathers more merciful, or magistrates more just, than their God? As to the fruits of such a religion, behold them in the luxury and splendor of the rich few; and the rags, wretchedness, hunger and cold of "outcast London," "miserable London," and outcasts and miserables in every Christian center of the earth!

As to the results of such a religion (*if it be true*) on the destiny of man hereafter, the teaching is, that murderers, thieves, swindlers, gamblers, drunkards, prize-fighters and tyrants all are in heaven this night; and every disbeliever in these horrible doctrines, to say nothing of all the nations that have lived for ninety-eight thousand years, and who, therefore, did not know of and never could have believed in these teachings, all these are in a torture more horrible than the cruellest savage would condemn the meanest animal to this night—aye, and that to last for ever and ever, whilst redeemed monsters of crime sing "Hallelujah," and "Worthy is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." As it is to the door of this infamous perversion of the sacred name of religion that we lay the blame of all the luxury on the one hand and misery on the other that pervades Christian society, so it is in the name of that society, and the dear God who is the Father of all men and Creator of all men, that we ask, before any other reforms, and as THE REFORM OF REFORMS, for a thorough, searching and analytical reform in that which man has desecrated by the name of RELIGION. Is there any hope then that such a reform can be instituted, and how and when will it come? We answer, the air is full of it; the signs of the

times are burdened with its portents, the people have awakened from their long night of theological darkness, and are clamoring for the coming religion. The theologians themselves feel the approach of the Lord of the harvest; already their signs, symbols, and ecclesiastical standards are rocking and reeling in the wild wind of popular opinion, whilst above every muttering portent of the coming storm, deeper than the rumblings of the quaking earth, and higher than the mustering forces of heaven's artillery in the skies, is the shout of the herald angels of the new dispensation, "Let my people go." Now as of old, the clanking of the chains that have bound the necks of the people has gone up to God in appeal for spiritual light and freedom. The pitiful cry for bread, the moan of the outcast and the shuddering sigh of the ragged, the plaint of dying women, and the prayer of millions of broken hearts and ruined lives; "Lord, let thy kingdom come," has been heard and answered, and though the voice that speaks is no louder than the "still small voice" heard of old by the Prophet in the Wilderness, it is the tone of Him that never speaks in vain. He has said it, and none shall let or hinder the fulfillment—"The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!" You may ask, When? Where? and how the earth shall know of His coming? We answer, the time is now; in the dawning light of acquired religion. The place is all over the earth; here, there, everywhere; wherever two or three are gathered together to worship God the Spirit, in spirit and in truth; and the how, the kingdom comes, is in the much-despised and ill-understood outpouring, called Modern Spiritualism. We bid you heed not the sneer of the scornful who call you "spirit rappers," nor the fierce charge of the bigot who reviles you as children of the evil one. Never answer back the denunciation of the crafts you have disturbed, and who would father upon the young life of the new movement all the crime and wrong that has been fostering under old and corrupt systems for two thousand years, but stand up and face the light that has dawned upon you, and see what it has brought you. It has annihilated death, and converted it into the angel of a new and higher life. It has restored to your empty household every friend you have ever lost, and surrounded your earthly way with a guard of angels.

It has opened up to your gaze the reality of a spiritual universe, and enthroned in its midst the actuality of that God who is spirit, the First and the Last, the soul and centre of all being. It has shown you that religion is life; prayer, work; good, the only sermon worth listening to; and every scene of active duty, honest labor, or noble effort, a church—the only church that points the way to heaven. Above and beyond all this, Spiritualism opens up the courts of judgment in the hereafter, upon deeds, words, and thoughts of earth, and proves by the witness

of all past generations, that heaven is a state outwrought from within, and built up only of good—good in acts, words, thoughts, and motives; that hell is as real as heaven, and is also fashioned within the human soul, and consists of evil, wrong, crime, and sins a like of omission and commission.

Think of it, friends! what a gospel is this to preach to rich hereditary governments and legislatures, who are parcelling out the leaves and fishes amongst themselves whilst the people are outcast, ragged and hungry! What a doctrine is this to preach to merchants, contractors, monopolists, and land-owners, who are excused so long as they steal wholesale, whilst the felon's cell is the doom of the wretch that steals bread and shelter for dear life's sake! What a doctrine is this to preach to the hypocrites who grant passports to an imaginary heaven, signed with the blood of the innocent, to all the guilt-stained souls, that this new doctrine declares in tones that ring round the world, must all and each make atonement for themselves for every wrong deed done, every false word spoken, or every good deed or kind word that might have been, but has been left undone. Think too, of the doctrine it may be, must be, to startle the careless rich from their ruinous apathy, and awaken every criminal from the awful delusion of any vicarious sacrifice for personal sin by the verdict of Divine and Eternal Justice, "Man, arise and save thyself!" Friends, believe us. This is the doctrine taught by the spirits who are in judgment, and come from the heaven or hell of their own good or evil deeds to prove it. Had we the tongue of the archangel, or the tone of the thunders of the skies to proclaim our message withal, we could never do justice to one half the good, the truth and the divine meaning of this much-despised Spiritualism. This is the second coming of the Messianic kingdom. This is the power and glory for which we have so long waited, and all that Spiritualism needs is *Spiritualists* to make it God's religion *come*, not merely coming.

It asks for an army—an army of pure-minded, holy, dutiful, unselfish, and devoted workers. It asks for men and women who will forget all petty interests, personal aims, and narrow opinions, and stand shoulder to shoulder as messengers to proclaim the great central truths of this religion by example as well as precept, to a careless, apathetic, fearfully deluded, and priest-ridden age. *Spiritualists!* how long will you too slumber at your posts? In pity to yourselves, in response to the tremendous responsibility that the knowledge of this mighty truth lays upon you, we implore you to be up and doing. Live out your faith in good lives. Let humanity see the effect of your religion in a life sermon, and a triumphant death, and as the final charge of the day, hear the clarion call of the angels for the unity of work and purpose which alone can insure strength in the mighty warfare of spiritual light against

theological darkness; that alone can give you victory over the serried ranks of the foes that oppose you; that alone can obey the voice of Nature that proclaims throughout the entire realm of being, "Unity is strength;" that reiterates the cry of every true soldier of God, "United we stand, divided we fall," and that responds in all this great hour of trial—trial alike of bodily effort, personal knowledge, brotherly kindness and spiritual knowledge—to the call of God and the angels, "Be ye faithful unto death." Do not mistake us; you are neither called upon to be fanatics, nor vain enthusiasts. The days of begging friars and self-mortifying ascetics are ended, but the best men and the truest philanthropists are those that make the best uses of all the opportunities and means that God has granted to man; turned everything into good; making earth the footstool of heaven, and living out as well as preaching our creed of the day:

I believe in the Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man,
The Immortality of the Soul,
Personal Responsibility,
Compensation and Retribution hereafter for all the good or evil deeds done here,
And a path of eternal progress open to every human soul that wills to tread it by the path of eternal good.
—*The Two Worlds.*

Genius and Labor.

It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius with idleness, by showing that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen, and historians, men of the most brilliant and imposing talents, have actually labored as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indices, and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men, is that they have taken more pains than other men. There can be no doubt that exercising the intellectual faculties, like exercising the limbs of the body, will invigorate them, and that individual faculties will thereby acquire increased energy.—*Sydney Smith.*

If there had been any Methodist Conference at the time of the Resurrection, Mary would not have been allowed to tell the good news, for "some man would have been left out without any advantage to the cause." If there had been any Methodist Conference in Paul's time, Priscilla would not have been allowed to instruct the weak and lowly laymen, to say nothing of bishops, priests, presiding elders and circuit preachers. In the Christian Church there is "neither male, nor female. In the Methodist Conference there is "neither female."—*Mary Johnson.*

Original Contributions.

THE GOVERNMENT OF EVIL.

Transmutation of Evil Into Good.

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

(Continued from page 627.)

It is very important for the pupil or student to remember, that this vast scheme of sacrificing one single man for all the millions of millions who shall live afterwards, is useless to all virtuous, good people who do not happen to hear of it; and to all affectionate girls and boys who reject it because their parents and teachers tell them to do so. The scheme is highly favorable to the oppressor, and the most heartless seducer; but the virtuous, who may become so shattered in mind and body that they die without having had "time to repent" are consigned to everlasting flames. All species of goodness, virtue, skill, and affection, are treated with contempt. The church dogma of vicarious sacrifice is one which seems to have been specially invented for encouraging crime of every sort, and ignoring merit. All the greatest, holiest, and wisest women are insulted by its horrible method of elevating the evil above the good. The immense work now being wrought in the world, by all the famous saviours in scientific research, invention, art, literature, and exploration, are degraded by the fact that not one of the most virtuous persons engaged in regenerating the world can possibly be saved from the flames without Christ. The entire work of all the world's saviours is valued at one cypher. And many churchmen maintain that it is evil. It is supposed to be a mere worldly knowledge which leads people to reject Christ and the only salvation.

The proper business of life, in which every person should conscientiously engage, is the destruction of evil. But, to avoid offending those philosophers who teach that evil can never be destroyed, we will say, the business of life is to transmute evil into good. This process does, at least destroy the effects and suffering resulting from evil. Let us ask: How much evil has the sacrifice and atonement of Christ destroyed? According to the testimony of the Church itself, there are more wicked sinners in the world than ever before. It teaches, also, that the sacrifice never prevents one innocent babe being born a condemned sinner. All are born with the sin of Eve just the same to-day, as before Christ was born. Of the vast multitude born only a few accept Christ's work, as their salvation. So, nearly everybody is said to perish eternally. Their wickedness is so great that millions of years in flames cannot burn it out. It cannot be changed from evil into good, in any length of time whatever. And,

the fact that the Church supposes Christ's sacrifice to be everlastingly necessary, is clear proof that sin is expected to dwell with us all the time that the world exists. Churchmen thus acknowledge that the sacrifice is useless to prevent sin, or crime, or disease of any description. It merely punishes some one person; and the one who was punished nineteen hundred years ago is supposed to have been quite innocent; and not only innocent, but to have been God himself.

The work of Jesus, the reformer, among the sick, was far more valuable than his so-called vicarious sacrifice. We may admit that all the stories of his mediumship are fables, exaggerations, or, perhaps, myths. And, if the man himself were a myth also, the fact would not detract one iota from the value of the myth; and there is of course much value in every character or ideal, if it presents originality. Summarizing briefly, we may say that the work performed by Jesus was a work of comforting, soothing, of healing, and of self-denying devotion to his few disciples; and it is, even to this day, sufficiently inspiring to be available as a basis for a large number of organizations, more or less useful, such as mind cures, faith cures, Christian science, mental science, etc. All these systems are built upon the ideals or myths which form in our minds by reading the stories. These ideal creations live, but Jesus, the poor, ragged medium, is dead. And if he were on the earth to-day he would be snubbed by every churchman in Christendom.

The doctrine of Christ's sacrifice is dead, too, or nearly so. It is quite dead in the minds of just, rational women and men. So the value of it may be easily determined. We find that the kind Savior Jesus, was not wise enough to frame a system which could prevent sin nor poverty. Because he could not prevent poverty he could not prevent disease, the sure result of poverty. He could merely cure disease in some few hundred persons—something totally different to preventing it. What is the result? The world to-day decides that the work of the Savior Jesus was only that of one among the multitudes of other saviors much wiser than he. The world is full of saviors now, who can not only cure disease, but prevent it; who can not merely destroy misery, but make new joy and happiness; who can, in short transmute evil into good. The power of the saviours of the present day is so much greater than that of Jesus, that we may confidently expect to cure sin altogether, something the Church never attempts to do. When disease and sin is all annihilated by obeying natural law, what use shalt we find for the everlasting sacrifice of Christ?

From the foregoing facts and arguments we may conclude that the government or control of evil is two-fold. It is necessary for us to control it in ourselves and also in others; for the exaltation of one person at the expense

of another is not in accordance with justice. And thus we can form some idea of how to use the rule which appears in the Table: "Learn how to rule ignorance in other persons in order to prevent them hindering our own development." It is easy to perceive that this applies to the management of all petty annoyances, tricks, swindling, vice, crime and tyranny of every sort.

A criminal who has been educated by means of church doctrines of sacrifice, instead of self-sacrifice, will not be very greatly terrified at the prospect of punishment. Whenever he hesitates to commit a deed of horror, the power which restrains him is not the Church; it is the fluttering of Nature's love. He sees this in the holy aspect of his victim, or he feels it in his own heart. In this moment of hesitation the evil he intends may be transformed into good. It is the mighty power of nature which triumphs over the insignificant church-creed. We can understand also, that the criminal may be hindered in his course by new light or knowledge. If he can learn by some means that he will certainly suffer, perhaps during one or two hundred years, for his crime upon the innocent, he will be restrained, for a time, at least. But his complete reform will, of course, depend upon his affections becoming gradually purified.

We hear much in the Church concerning the crime of "sinning against light and knowledge," "sinning against conscience," etc. All such views arise from the church-idea regarding "blasphemy of the Holy Ghost." Five minutes' examination of these doctrines will suffice to decide that "sinning against light" is merely a change of opinion regarding some previous knowledge. It is only a renunciation of creed; something formerly supposed to be divine truth, but now known to be mischievous error.

The "sinning against conscience," is the same thing, because the conscience (supposed to be implanted by Jehovah), is nothing more than that particular condition of mind which is produced by knowledge and love. Because these things change every day and every hour, the so-called conscience changes also. In the case of a person changing his creed or religion of churchism to a religion of nature, he changes his former ignorance into wisdom, or, if you please, his evil into good. That which he formerly regarded as "sacred, divine truth," is now only a curious reminiscence of deficient knowledge.

What are the principal evils or errors that destroy the young and innocent? What are the monsters which all the wisest law-makers of the world are trying to destroy? We could, if necessary, mention fifty of the most learned Legislators and Scientists who tell us the names of the giants to be exterminated are, Intemperance, Poverty, Disease.

It is generally conceded that these three include evils of all descriptions. Learned legislators, exalted Churchmen, scientists,

and educators of every class are engaged during nearly all the twenty-four hours all over the globe, making and unmaking laws, for the punishment of the thousands of crimes and vices among us; and for the prevention and cure of all diseases in mind and body. As soon as we can realize that this immense system of law-making is actually all the time somewhere in operation, we begin to realize that the evils to be destroyed are real. They are not myths. They are tangible realities confronting us, and confounding the wisest measures of the wisest minds.

Let us briefly examine some of the means whereby this comprehensive effort for reconstruction is exerted. The three principal means are the Church, State and School. In the school, we include, of course, all universities, colleges and schools of technology. The school should be the most potent agent of all; but at the present time, its efforts are hindered, and in some cases, entirely strangled, by the Church. We will attempt to approximately value these three forces. And, because we never know the value of anything until we have first possessed it and afterwards lost it, we will suppose that one of the three powers is vanished from among us. We have lost the Church. How much is involved in the loss? We cannot reply to this question until we know what the Church is; and to obtain the knowledge we must have been both in it and out of it. Then, we get the knowledge by our personal, private judgment; a process of mind which is rapidly destroying Ecclesiasticism, despotism and tyranny of every description.

But, the wisest independent judgment is worth nothing, when we are not allowed to use it. Supposing, however, that we possess liberty to examine and decide regarding the character and use of the Church, we soon discover it to be a mere fabric of doctrine; not a force able to destroy evil and create good. It is a system of ceremonies built upon the numerous translations and versions of a number of little pamphlets termed the Bible. These doctrines and ceremonies are the only things which would be lost; supposing the Bible and the Church to be suddenly or gradually annihilated. All the numerous institutions of learning, universities, schools, societies, and benevolent organizations of all kinds, could, and would, undoubtedly, proceed; and would proceed easier than before. The destruction of all Bible and Church-dogmas would give an immense impetus to scientific research and invention, superior to any the world has yet seen. Certainly, the Church-view is quite opposite. It is quite reasonable for persons who live upon the Church to attempt some kind of vindication of its supposed sanctity. They did not order themselves to be born and educated in the establishment, and are therefore, not responsible for their actions. They are compelled to teach, and thousands sincerely believe it, that with the downfall of their livelihood, all good and truth would vanish from the Universe. Heaven would be annihilated and Satan would reign.

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

NEW SERIES. NUMBER NINE.

Freedom of Thought, Speech, and Action.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Freedom! Liberty! How pregnant these words with man's sweetest, most momentous privileges and immunities! How indisputably sacred and essential rights! Ne'er since time began its eddying, cycling flight has the thorough, full significance, the deep, well-nigh boundless import of these comprehensive, mighty terms, and the sublime, majestic principles which they embody, been so completely grasped, or their utilization so actively and practically prosecuted, as in this steadily-advancing, ever-progressive era,—this wondrous nineteenth century of light and love and knowledge! The world is bestriding e'en but now to visibly desecrate what liberty really signifies and involves,—in what freedom actually consists; that it is not the sentiment, the principle, narrow, circumscribed, constricted, misnamed freedom by our unprogressive, undeveloped ancestors, the philosophers and statesmen of times gone; but that its reach is all-inclusive, all-encompassing, circling in its entirety of sweep all forms and phases of humankind, all states and conditions of being, society, and nationality.

Liberty as now defined by *savants* and thinkers, by the John Stuart Mills and Herbert Spencers of our irradiant time and day, may be summed up in the following aphorism terse and apposite:

The absolute right of each individual or organization to make such use of its inherent powers, faculties, capacities, endowments, as it may deem fit; *provided*, that, in so doing, it does not, in any manner, infringe upon the like rights in others.

The actualization of this basic principle, this fundamental postulate, in universal society, in all avenues and departments of human thought, endeavor, and action, making it the paramount issue of our sociological structure, will be indubiously and inevitably the ultimate outcome of our mental and spiritual evolution. To comprehensively practicalize and render general this cardinal, ever-essential, and all-important principle; to extend its domination, now partially, in some measure, recognized, so as to permeate our social strata one and all,—is the predominant life-work of every true philosophic thinker; the incentive to zealous, sedulous exertions, to heart-felt, unintermitting endeavors, in reforms's wide-extended field of effort, of every unselfish, whole-souled lover of his kind, with ears attuned to the mellifluous, inspiring melody of freedom's euharmonic diapason, of liberty's symphonious unisonance.

But only in souls and minds of high development, in hearts and consciences aflame with the fires of humanitarianism, have these sentiments benign and beneficent found lodgment as a whole; and to secure their perfect recognition, their practical realization and embodiment, among mankind's varied, conflicting masses, the high and the low, the ruler and the peasant, the official and the humble citizen, requires labor, toil, incessant, enduring, arduous; and prominent among the instrumentalities, intrepid and indomitable, nobly, heroically working therefor, busily engaged in inculcating, diffusing, and disseminating the pure and precious principles of liberty, the priceless, invaluable blessings of freedom, to a world reeking with despotism, crushed by tyranny, are notably those of Spiritualism and the Spiritualists.

Freedom of thought, freedom of expression, freedom of action (without infringement of others' liberty), is inscribed upon Spiritualism's uplifted banner, proudly unfurled, floating, swelling, with the breeze; and inspirited by the potent signification of this energizing motto, this impressive watch-word, onward the Spiritual army presses, infusing light, life, and liberty to all encountering its panoplied array of stout-hearted, earnest souls,—affranchising mankind from the tyrannous thralldom of the ages, as manifest in obsequious, cringing subserviency to church and priest, to book and creed, to king and custom.

It bids each think for himself, speak for himself, act for himself; with due regard, ever be it understood, to his neighbor's like prerogative. Be free! it says, be free; and strike to make all others similarly free! Extend to all children of our mother-earth every privilege, franchise, immunity, whether of prominence or of little moment, that is claimed for yourself; recognizing and enforcing, in your every word and deed, the natural, inviolable, and inherent equality of every inhabitant of our globe, of every race, clime, nationality, or sex, according to their distinct and several capacities, calibres, and aptitudes; the possession by any person of the power or capability for the exercise or enjoyment of any function or attribute of his or her existence, being proof positive that Nature designed its operant employment, its growth, expansion, and culture, and any encroachment upon the rights of any individual whatsoever, however humble or lowly, whether by State or Church, man or woman, friend or foe, is a grievous, most pernicious crime against nature,—“high treason” against Heaven's infallible decree, as proclaimed in the soul's interior depths, as attested in the spirit's constitution innate.

Free-thought is making rapid strides in this our day and generation, much to the apprehensive, dismayed alarm of timid conservatives and priest-ridden bigots. Men and women are learning to think for themselves; and more, they are claiming the thorough,

unrestricted, unhindered exercise of that inprescriptible right, in conjunction with their complete protection, legal and authoritative, in the expression and advocacy of their thoughts and ideas: nay, more, are demanding—ay, with its practical exemplification too—full liberty to actualize in deed and work, unobstructed and unfettered, under State and national wardship, the results and the conclusions of their deeply-cherished thoughts, their firm, conscientious convictions,—liberty not alone to think, but to express that thought when, where, and in any manner they elect, in amity and concord; and what is of far greater consequence and preponderance, yea, of primary, vital weight and moment, the right indefeasible and unalienable to guide their actions private and public in accordance with those thoughts, ideas, and convictions, without contravention or inhibition of similar rights in those of differing views, proclivities, or predilections, but covered with the law's same shelteringegis as those opposing or dissentient.

This virtue-promotive, independence-conserving principle, to the value and beauty of which most in our land would, mayhap, give a nominal assent, affirming their recognition of its general truth, is far from being a practical actuality in our midst. Daily, hourly, is it trampled upon, ignored in law and custom, in observance and statute. To remove these unsightly blotches and blemishes upon liberty's escutcheon, otherwise sheen and lustrous,—to establish freedom as a real, positive substantiality, not a flitting, fleeting sentiment, an ill-defined nebulous theory merely,—constitutes one of the beneficent purposes, many and varied, of Spiritualism's puissant hosts, both mundane and disembodied.

“Oh, yes,” remarked Ketchley in a self-satisfied way, “Lulu and I will start out in married life under very favorable circumstances. Her mother gives us a neat little home, her father furnishes it, and her Uncle De Long has stocked one of the neatest stables in the city. Besides, Lulu has a snug income in her own name.” “What part do you furnish?” “Well, principally the name, principally the name.”—*Tiddbits*.

The trustees of the British Museum have given directions that the *Ani* papyrus, a remarkable recension of the “Book of the Dead,” shall be reproduced in fac-simile, with the illustrations in the colors of the original, and the work is now being executed by Mr. Griggs. This hieroglyphic papyrus was written for a royal scribe, Ani, about the commencement of the 19th dynasty—*circa*, 1400 years B. C. It is complete, the first and last vignettes being intact. The series of vignettes is a mine of archaeological information; their artistic excellence is equally great. The papyrus contains a chapter of the “Book of the Dead,” the 175th, not found complete elsewhere. Also one of the illustrations, a group of lamenting women in violent action of grief, is unknown to any hitherto published copy of the book. It is expected that the reproduction will be completed in the course of the autumn.

Selected Articles.

A Dream.

CLARA B. MILLER.

Our good friend, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, was resting in a large arm chair in front of a vine-draped window. The breeze came in and gently fanned her into slumber, and this is what she dreamed:

Mrs. Grundy was seated in state on her throne. We have all heard so much about this person, and few have seen her, though her votaries are legion; but to them she does not disclose herself, preferring to make her rule felt. But I will describe her. She is extremely large in size and gorgeous in apparel, but I must confess she impressed me as slightly vulgar. She is always seated on a throne called "public opinion," and her signia of rule is a wand. Now this wand is different from that of any other ruler; it consists of a single ferule, one end of which she holds in her hand, but the other end is divided and subdivided into little strings or lashes, which reach to the ends of the Earth.

Well, Dame Grundy was seated in state. It was her reception day, and she was besieged with women, young and old. "What shall I do with my girls?" asked one old woman with a family of ten daughters. "Hunt husbands for them—marry them," she cried. The old woman went home and set her daughters at work building men-traps. But sometimes these traps were sprung, or their husbands died, and in some cases they ran away and left their wives and children behind them. The old woman being quite a human mother, took her daughters home again, but where she had sent out one, six came back, and affairs assumed more serious proportions than before. Another visit to Dame Grundy became necessary. "What, oh, what can I do with my daughters and grand-daughters?" wailed the old woman. "Is there no way in which way they can earn their own living?" Dame Grundy put on her glasses and looked severely through them at her suppliant. "Ma'am," said Mrs. Grundy, "it is the duty of woman to be provided for, not to provide; and whenever she seeks to earn a living for herself, she unsexes herself, and assumes man's prerogative. She is a clinging vine that must be supported by the oak."

"I have a large number of vines with no oaks to lean on, and if something is not soon done, they will die for lack of sustenance. If fate has taken the contract to provide husbands for all women, she has made an exception of mine, and I think in that case they will be justified in looking out for themselves."

"No, indeed," spluttered Dame Grundy, (for she was rather infirm of temper and never open to argument) "if they do any such thing they must take the consequences. I hope they have pride enough to die like ladies if they cannot live so."

The old woman went home sorely troubled, for there were traditions and she did not wish to be the first to desecrate them. But matters got from bad to worse. A consultation was held, and the daughters decided that rather than starve, they would go out and seek their fortunes. Accordingly, one morning they bade the old woman an affectionate adieu, and separated, each to find her fortune according to her own peculiar method. Mrs. Bookkeeper had often helped her husband in business before he died, and determined to seek a position. She found one in the banking house of a gentleman. Everything went nicely. She was saving up money, and fondly thinking of sending it home to the old woman to lighten her burden, (for she still had the grandchildren), when she was sharply summoned by Dame Grundy. Not daring to disobey the summons, she went in all speed.

"I am surprised," said the old Dame, in a fury, "that you should act in direct opposition to my advice. Now, here you are, associating yourself with such a vulgar thing as business. I repeat that I am surprised."

"I only went to seek my fortune," said Mrs. Bookkeeper, humbly. "I meant no harm."

"Then you should avoid the appearance of harm," replied Dame Grundy, a little mollified by the apparent fear in which she was held. "A woman's fortune is her husband."

"But I have lost mine," sobbed unhappy Mrs. Bookkeeper. She was tender hearted, and desired to do what was right, and then she had no precedents to defend her conduct.

"Well, well, my dear, you are not so bad as you seem, go home and you will be forgiven."

Mrs. Fine Art's husband had painted pictures when he felt like it, or hadn't an engagement with "the fellows," (fellows was like the unknown "x" in Algebra, and stood for ballet-dancers equally well.) At such times, indeed almost all the time, Mrs. Fine Art was busy at work making "pot boilers," and she was quite successful, as she always put her husband's name on each canvass. The money she made he spent, so they were both kept busy, until he eloped with a pretty singer. Then she could no longer paint pictures. Every one knew her husband was gone, and it would be ridiculous to assume that he was still at home painting. Of course no picture-dealer would handle her work.

Mrs. Fine Art had been at home with her mother for some time when it was decided that the daughters should each seek their fortune. She welcomed the chance gladly, and going to the city she set up an "atelier,"

of her own. But she had a hard time of it, a poor thing. People cheated her in the most shameful fashion. The picture dealers were perfectly willing to handle her work if she would give them a commission of ninety per cent., buy all her materials of them at an exorbitant price, and write the name of some eminent artist in the corner. Mrs. Fine Art would not have objected to the first two conditions, so much, for although ten per cent. of the sale was a small amount, still she painted rapidly, and could live at that price. But fortunately she had a conscience and objected to forgery. But there is an end to everything, even hard times, and Mrs. Fine Art had become acquainted with a brother artist about ten years younger than herself. Being congenial, they had taken a studio together to lessen the rent. Some ladies of liberal views had commenced to patronize them in a business way. Little Mrs. Fine Art was regaining her color, and looking generally healthy and contented; had sent for her little girl to live with her and go to school, when a bomb shell exploded in her quiet life. She was summoned to the court of Mrs. Grundy.

Seated on her throne, and wrapped in her mantle of dignity, she looked contemptuously down upon little Mrs. Fine Art.

"Well, you have gone astray, have you? What have you to say for yourself? I have condemned you, of course, still, I should like to hear what you have to say in self defence."

Mrs. Fine Art fell upon her knees and grasped the hem of Dame Grundy's robe in supplication. But this did not suit Mrs. Grundy. She had a proper sense of her own position and purity, and did not choose to have it sullied by the touch of this woman artist. She coldly drew away her dress.

Mrs. Fine Art, stung by the injustice of the old Dame, rose proudly to her feet, and asked calmly what she had done.

"Done! You have been acting in a most shameful manner. Not content with leaving the protection of the roof tree, you have voluntarily been earning your own living, and defying me still further by associating your business with a man, and that man not your husband. I can not tolerate such actions. You must marry him!"

"Marry whom? That young boy! You surely must be joking. I am so much older than he. Besides we have never thought of such a thing, and I have a husband living."

"Well, of all the mixed-up tangles! It is clear that you are in the wrong. Husbands do not run away from good wives. You are ostracised, and your only chance of extricating yourself is to either hunt up your own husband, or marry this other man. Society can not tolerate you unless you are under some man's protection."

The youngest daughter of the old woman had never been married. She had rather a prejudice against such a step. "For," she

Woman's Political Influence.

BY E. B. CLARK.

"If women are able to rule in monarchies, it is difficult to say why they are not qualified to vote in a republic.—*Senator Anthony.*

It is very singular that women are not considered politically qualified, when all their public efforts and work have always been in the interest of good government; and equally singular that anti-suffragists, irrespective of party, in their extremity gladly seize upon the arguments, appeals, and prescient foresight of the nation's best female logicians to assist them in retaining their supremacy.

Women have made speeches within the last few years, that logic, pith, oratorical brilliancy and withering sarcasm ought to have forever silenced if they did not politically annihilate the average anti-suffrage voter.

Women of mediocre ability can, to-day, talk as understandingly on tariff versus free trade, as the mass of voting masculinity that congregate in country post-offices to tell what they don't know about political economy.

Woman has been taunted with having no political influence, whether she petitioned for a position as post-mistress or for a temperance or suffrage plank in a party platform.

Political influence appears to be popularly interpreted as being *direct voting power*; while the influence that is indirect, that has not actual expression through the ballot-box is altogether lost sight of by the people in general. There are but very few women in this country without more or less political influence, though it is not directly applied as a motor to the machinery of government.

Many a woman would be greatly shocked if informed that she was already in politics; but nearly every woman is the champion of some political party. It is just as natural for women to take sides in politics as it is in a neighborhood quarrel. They cannot be non-partisan if they would. They have a choice of political parties just as naturally and just as understandingly as boys do ere attaining their majority. The father's political views are just as apt to be adopted by the daughter as the son.

Women have political influence, whether aware of the fact or not, though in many cases it only finds expression in the strips of red and white bunting that they fashion into campaign banners for their respective parties. And the very parties that have repeatedly denied her influence outside the home, are to-day not only accepting her aid, but asking that she form political clubs and publicly assist by indirect ways and methods those who persistently refuse to enfranchise her and inconsistently declare that she has no political influence.

Did not Anna Dickenson have untold power when her masterly arguments and impassioned eloquence turned the popular tide in New England and she won victory for the Republican Party in the doubtful campaign of its early history? The same party has already secured her for the present presidential canvass, thereby acknowledging, indirectly, appreciation of her power and past service and faith in what she will accomplish.

Has not Frances Willard any political influence when she makes demands in the name of more than 250,000 followers? Do you suppose that the party which turned its policy-coated back upon her and the cause she represented and petitioned for have come to a realizing sense that prayers and good wishes mean something—that they have *political influence*?

Has not Anna D. Weaver, of Jamestown, N. Y., unmistakable political influence when she sends her Labor Party journal into sixteen or more states freighted with her outspoken views of the political situation? She cannot *vote* for as much as a street-sewer, but she molds the opinions of those who *make Presidents*.

Has not Mrs. Mary H. Hunt political influence when her efforts are being expended for the passage of the Blair Educational Bill now before the House?

Has not Mrs. Bittenbender political influence when able to draft and introduce into the U. S. Senate a bill to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors in the territories?

Has not Judith Ellen Foster political influence that cannot be gainsaid when she controls a larger vote than any ten average voting citizens?

If, as frequently asserted, capitalists and manufacturers, control the vote of their employees, how about the industrial occupations and industries carried on by women who have thousands of both sexes in their employ and on their pay-rolls? Cannot an intelligent woman control illiteracy and dependency on the same basis that a man can?

There is no use denying that woman is already a potent factor in American politics, and the sooner she recognizes the fact the sooner will come about the general demand for full citizenship. Legal authority can ultimately be outgrown, but political minority becomes oppressive when perpetual.

The women here enumerated are only a few types of the thousands scattered all over our country carrying on political work that is making itself seen, heard and felt from Maine to Oregon.

The old cry of "incompetency" grows fainter with every year, while woman continues to demonstrate her ability, even in political lines with a forebleness and a persistency that argues well for her ultimate political enfranchisement. There has never been a reasonable argument produced against woman suffrage while there are hundreds in its favor, and naught but the grossest injustice and prejudice could have so long kept it from becoming as much of an issue as tariff, immigration or any other question which affected the interests of half the population of a so-called republic.—*Woman's Tribune.*

world. "Look at my sisters; they married, and now are not so happy as I. Thanks; I will try the world single handed first. After that we will see." She found a position as a Millionaire. Being in the habit of living on almost nothing, she managed to save a good deal of her salary. With rare good judgment, Beauty (that was what she was called at home) invested her money in town lots. They increased in value. She sold and bought the store, and in time gave up her position in seats, and devoted all her attention to dealing in lots. Others seeing what a clear head she had for such dealings, intrusted her with a little of their business to look after, and she was fast being looked upon as a real estate dealer. But along came the inevitable summons. She hastened to Dame Grundy's court with a firm step and dauntless air. She was about to have a chance to do what she had longed for.

Mrs. Grundy was ill-pleased with her appearance. "A beauty," she muttered; "worse and worse. Woman, give an account of yourself! How is it I find you roaming about alone; setting up your opinion equal to a man's? You have attacked a venerable institution. Women are not made to think for themselves; nothing can be in worse taste: And you have beauty, too, which makes the offence doubly iniquitous. Why do you not marry? Women are like children; should be seen and not heard. You are made to ornament some man's hearth, and minister to his happiness. There is Mr. Millionaire not yet married. Why did you not catch him?" "Madame," said Beauty, dooping her voice several times to make it more effective. "I will have none of your advice. You are a heartless, designing wretch. You are a sneak and a knave. You judge only by appearances, and put the worst construction on them. You have crushed my gentle sisters, but you can not crush me. I am beyond your reach. I have no fear of your stings, because underneath this yielding exterior I wear a suit of mail that is impregnable. You kindly advised us to starve *en masse* rather than assert our independence. I renounce your authority, and my life and money will be devoted henceforth to securing *justice for women!*"

With a start Mrs. Stanton awoke, and marveled at the strange shapes day thoughts take in day dreams.—*The Woman's Tribune.*

The following stories are vouched for by a good blue-stocking Presbyterian minister of Pennsylvania: *Sunday-school Teacher.*—"Who was Esau?" *Small Boy:* "Esau was a man who wrote a book of fables, and sold his copyright for a bottle of potash." During the Christmas review exercises, at a mission school for track hands, in Pennsylvania, the question was asked, "Where was Christ born?" A boy, raising his hand, said, "In Mauch Chunk." The horrified superintendent answered: "Oh, no. Christ was born in Bethlehem." "Well, I knew it was somewhere on the Reading Railroad."

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.

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MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, }

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"DECEIVING SPIRITS."

During the past week a number of articles have appeared in the *Chronicle* of this city, purporting to explain the fraudulent practices of mediums. The series of articles began with the exposure and arrest of Elsie Reynolds in San Diego on the 28th of September, and was followed by the sworn statement of Mrs. Josie Hoffman, which also appears in this issue of the DOVE. Following these statements came a series of articles of a general nature, containing very sweeping charges, involving the honor and integrity of many good, reliable mediums of whom, we are proud to say, there still remains quite a number in this city notwithstanding the number of known frauds that exist. The *Chronicle* does not discriminate between the true and false,—makes no distinction, or even an admission that there are any genuine phenomena. This, it seems to us, is an absurd position for a representative journal to take when the facts of Spiritualism are as well established as those of any other science, with the unquestionable evidence of millions of reliable men and women to substantiate them.

Spiritualists admit that every phase of mediumship can be, and no doubt sometimes is simulated by unprincipled persons; but that does not alter the fact of the existence of the genuine. The *Chronicle* says:

"Go to any medium who gives alleged spirit communications by means of ballots or little slips of paper. He will seat himself at a table, the medium sitting on the opposite side. The medium may or may not go into a trance state. The investigator will be requested to write the

name of some departed friend or relative—observe that it is always one who is dead. When this is done the ballots are folded, and the medium, sometimes placing the ballots upon his forehead, will deliver an oral or written communication purporting to be given or signed by the person whose name has been written on the ballot. The medium will sometimes give the name correctly as written and again will make the most ridiculous blunders. In the former case the name is one not difficult to read; in the latter it is, and if the last, excuses are given, such as that the "conditions are not harmonious," or the like. But whether read or not, and in most cases they are really deciphered by methods known to the initiated, the result is identical whether the investigator writes the name of a living person or a dead one. He gets his communication just the same, and when he exposes the fraud the medium crawls out of the dilemma by saying that the investigator has been trifling and "deceiving the spirits," as if the supernatural could be deceived."

Having had considerable experience with "ballot mediums," and admitting that it is practiced by tricksters, we can safely affirm that all ballot mediums do not operate in the manner described above. We know that Dr. Schlesinger has submitted to all kinds of test conditions; and the stricter the conditions imposed by the sitter the better the test. Parties have visited him with the names previously written at home and sealed in separate envelopes and the doctor's controls have selected the proper ballot and written the full name upon the envelope. An instance of this kind recently occurred. A gentleman came for a sitting, having in his pocket a dozen envelopes each containing a name. Among these were the names of several who were in spirit life. The envelopes were placed upon the table at which the gentlemen were seated, and very soon the ones containing the names of spirits were selected and the full name written upon the envelope by the medium. The gentleman who brought them not knowing if they were correct, opened the envelope, and in each instance the correct name was found to have been given by the medium. There was no "trick" about this; no "conditions" required except honesty and earnestness on the part of the investigator and medium. Another time a gentleman prepared some names and questions and sealed each in plain envelopes and sent them by his son who did not know the nature of the contents. This was done to avoid "mind-reading." Dr. S. gave some names and communications, all of which were carefully noted by the son, who returned them with the unopened envelopes to his father. The next day Dr. S. received a letter from the gentleman saying that the sitting had been a most satisfactory one indeed; and that the names and incidents given were correct.

If there is any loophole for fraud in such experiences the writer would like to discover it.

Speaking of the "Magnetized Slate" dodge the *Chronicle* says:

"Magnetized" slates are a source of great profit to many mediums, and the advertisement of a slate-writing medium appears in spiritual journals offering for the modest sum

of \$5 to furnish two magnetized and developed slates to would-be slate writers and developing mediums. The profit may be easily seen when the slates cost but a few cents each and when "magnetized" by the medium spitting upon their surfaces and rubbing the saliva well in. As some of the mediums chew tobacco, additional quantity of "magnetism" is supposed to be imparted by them. Some of the dupes keep the slates for years, sleep with them under their pillows, write so many lines a day upon them and go through all sorts of manacles to "develop" the magnetism which is almost needless to say, never develops. Thousands of these slates are bought in the hope that the purchasers will become independent slate-writers."

The advertisement above alluded to is a fraud on the face of it; no matter in what journal it appears or by what medium it is inserted. There are plenty of such "magnetized slates" in the woodsheds and attics of credulous people in this city. (We have two pairs at home.)

The medium (?) who advertises in this manner is either a decided fraud throughout, or, possessing genuine mediumship fails to make it sufficiently remunerative and resorts to such questionable methods to obtain notoriety and gain.

The incident referred to in the following statement in the *Chronicle* is an actual fact and was perpetrated upon an intelligent family, by two prominent mediums (?) of this city. A materialized dove or pigeon was conveyed into the house by the medium and when found in the cabinet seemed rather stupid (no doubt from being carried in the medium's pocket), but recovered shortly and was a lively bird from that time on, and did not dematerialize until disposed of by the owners.

"The materialization of spiritual birds, such as doves and canaries is very impressive to the dupe. The medium calls in the believer, and when he is gone a dove is discovered in the house. Of course, the medium says it is a materialized spirit of a bird, and there is great rejoicing in the believer's household, for its appearance is hailed as a harbinger of good luck. Not long ago two mediums in this city fell out, and one exposed the trick to a gentleman upon whom it had been played. There was some fun after this cruel betrayal of confidence, for the gentleman took the bird to the dealer from whom it had been purchased and got fifty cents back on it.

Spirit voices are sometimes heard in public exhibitions, and the audience look upon this as a most wonderful test. In view of the fact that some person is concealed in the rear of the stage and, while they are singing, groans at given and appropriate times, and gets \$2 for doing it, it is not so marvelous as it appears."

Slate writing is also classified among the fraudulent productions and tricks of impostors. Much that passes for such is probably of doubtful origin; but here also are genuine mediums to be found who would scorn to deceive. Among the latter the demonstrations given through Mrs. Francis of this city, and Mrs. Sue J. Finck of Galveston, Texas, who visited San Francisco last winter, were the most satisfactory of any we have ever witnessed.

"Spirit photography" and "independent spirit painting" are explained according to the *Chronicle's* idea of the business; and from our

own experience and observation we believe the *Chronicle* has got it very nearly right. Spirit photography may be possible, (at one time we firmly believed it,) but in the light of later investigations, we feel that most, if not all, of that class of phenomena are of fraudulent origin.

In view of all the disclosures recently made by many parties, it seems to be high time that Spiritualists were awake to the perils threatening the cause and were united in the demand that the phenomena of Spiritualism may be rid of these dangerous excrescences that have fastened themselves upon it, and, let our facts whatever they may be, stand upon their own intrinsic merits without anything added to or taken from them.

If we have but "one little fact," as Ingersoll says, let it be genuine, let it be a *fact*; and it is of more value to the cause than all the astounding phenomena, so-called, produced through "wonderful mediums." Let us have facts, truth and honesty from our mediums, as well as from our speakers, teachers and others; and when the cause we love will prosper and the obnoxious word "fraud" disappear from the columns of our journals and all others where Spiritualism is spoken of. Over-credulity is a greater cause of deception than aught else. Let us be consistent.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT."

This is what every true Spiritualist is earnestly seeking. We want the light of truth to shine upon and illumine the paths our feet must tread in the investigation of all the problems pertaining to our physical existence, and we need its clear beams much more surely in our study and investigation of the psychic or spiritual problems that are of such vital import to the race. Desiring earnestly to know the truth we should all hail with joy its presentation irrespective of the channel through which it is reflected.

It has been deemed by honest Spiritualists, the duty of spiritual journals to keep the public posted, so far as is possible, regarding the genuine sources of investigation, that investigators may not be led astray and become the victims of unscrupulous frauds which, we are sorry to say, infest the ranks of Spiritualists just the same as they do all other religious denominations, societies, crafts, and professions. There could not be a counterfeit, however, if there was not something genuine from which it was copied.

It is not to be supposed that our spiritual journalists have sounded all the depths of knowledge; and are not, therefore, oracles whose word is law; but it is supposed and demanded of them that when they positively know (though their knowledge may have been dearly purchased,) that deceivers are in our midst, to warn the people against them that the innocent be not misled. For the last two years or more these tricksters have done a flourishing business in this city. When the note of

warning has been sounded from time to time it has ever been met with disapproval by the majority, who if not duped and blinded themselves deemed it inexpedient to make the matter public, for fear it would "injure genuine mediums, and reflect discredit upon the cause." Hence, silence in many instances has been imposed, not only upon individuals, but upon journals whose patronage and support was imperiled, if the whole truth was told by them. It was only after repeated exposures had been made and published in the secular journals that some of our numbers began to consider the duty and propriety of Spiritualists, themselves, undertaking the unpleasant task of ridding their ranks of these impostors by showing up their "tricks of trade" and instituting a "boycott" upon them. This work was undertaken and most successfully conducted by a number of prominent ladies and gentlemen who had at one time been greatly duped by the pretenders. When the extent of the deception practiced upon them was discovered they at once set to work "pulling out" others who had been likewise deceived. In order to accomplish this it became necessary to secure the confidence of the tricksters and even assist in their nefarious work. *There was no other way* by which they could get at the facts, and obtain the information they desired to effect a thorough exposure. This work has been done so very effectually that to-day there is not a public materializing medium, advertising as such and holding their shows, which they denominated "seances," in this city.

No arrests were made, no "grabbing" indulged in, but the mandate went forth, saying "close your vile dens, seek other employment, or leave the city." Some of the boldest and most daring have done the latter, and are plying their trade in "fresh fields and pastures new." One of the most unscrupulous still remains; but has assumed another name and is doing another kind of business, not so profitable perhaps as materialization, but safer at present. Another has turned "State's evidence," and before a notary taken oath concerning her former fraudulent practices. Some people are cruel enough to say that they "would not take such a person's oath any sooner than they would her word, and considered neither of any value," but that seems a rather uncharitable view of the matter as the person evidently means to reform and has done all she could to undo the wrong done by undeceiving her dupes. "Let us have charity," is a stale maxim, as we have heard it reiterated over and over again in application to those who did not deserve or ask it; why not, then, apply it to those who are truly repentant and trying to make amends? In addition to the work accomplished by this society of Spiritualists, the spiritual press has aided and abetted the movement by publishing authentic reports of such disclosures as were furnished from time to time. Another move in the right direction that we have observed has been the withdrawal of some of the

most objectionable advertisements that formerly disgraced their pages. The work of sifting the true from the false has been steadily going on and promises to work a thorough reformation in the practice of public mediumship. It remains for honest Spiritualists to sustain and uphold the workers and create such a public sentiment as shall make it impossible for fraud to flourish in our midst.

A NEW VENTURE.

Woman's Public Opinion is a new aspirant for public favor, and hails from Des Moines, Iowa. It is edited by May Allyn Scott, and Sabil Spangler Snoke is the business manager. Its motto is, "Opinions expressed lead to investigation. Investigation corrects opinion." The first issue before us promises good work. It contains numerous well-written articles by contributors, able editorials, general news, etc. The price per year is only \$1.50 for this fine eight-page weekly paper, and, best of all, it is a woman's enterprise, which makes it doubly valuable. The DOVE extends the fraternal hand of welcome.

Mrs. Sarah Seal, so well and favorably known in Oakland and San Francisco as a speaker and medium, left the city in the early part of the week for Los Angeles, where she intends spending the winter. Mrs. Seal was doing an excellent work in this city, and her many friends regret her departure exceedingly; but, like all others whose lives are devoted to humanity's service, her ways are not always those of choice but rather made for her by those whose instrument she is. The DOVE wishes Mrs. Seal abundant success in her new field of labor, and when her footsteps are turned homeward once more, will gladly welcome her return. Mrs. Seal is agent for the DOVE.

AN EDITOR'S WORK

Very few persons outside the rank of the press brotherhood of have any practical conception of the real work devolving upon the occupant of the editorial chair. *The Kansan* of recent date crystallizes this matter so clearly that we feel to give its succinct summary a place in our columns:

"Some persons seem to think that editing a paper consists merely of writing articles for publication therein, while in fact the mere writing has nothing to do with it. Editing a paper consists of carefully considering what is written, eliminating therefrom all that is pointless, useless and unfit for publication, and making more prominent such matters of interest as are properly and imperfectly stated. One paper may be filled with "original" matter and another with "clippings," and the latter be much the best edited paper. If any editor finds that another has placed in type well-expressed thoughts and sound opinions upon any of the questions of the hour, there is no harm nor inability, but rather the reverse, shown by the man who 'clips' it with proper credit."—*Banner of Light*.

MATERIALIZATION.

SWORN STATEMENT OF MRS. JOSIE HOFFMAN
FURNISHED BY THE SOCIETY OF
PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

In the early part of January of this year, I appeared before the Union Spiritual Society in St. Andrew's Hall on Larkin street, and there in a brief address, told the audience the truth as regards the doings of certain so-called mediums of this city. I fully explained and exposed to the best of my ability the materializing seances of Dr. Stansbury and others as well as the shameless and ridiculous spirit photography of the same medium, Dr. Stansbury, all of which can now be easily proved to be just as I stated at the time. Because I told the truth on that occasion I have been persecuted to the bitter end. I was criticised and ostracised by the leading spiritual journals (except by the CARRIER DOVE) in many parts of the country and also by good and honest people who unwittingly believed in the fraudulent manifestations. Now that the Psychical Research Society have through their untiring and ceaseless efforts, proved what I then said to be true both as regards so-called materializing and spirit photography I find myself once more recognized and welcomed by my many friends and co-workers in the cause of true Spiritualism.

After the expose that I made before the Union Society I was besieged on all sides by numberless questions and questions for details and for proofs of what I had stated, but I remained passive, feeling and knowing that truth would prevail.

I then fully determined at any cost to learn the complete art of fraudulent materialization at the first opportunity and then take the platform again and by exposing it completely thereby benefit and protect the Spiritualists and all genuine phenomena. I did not have to wait long to realize my wish, for within the next three weeks, Mrs. Elsie Crindal Reynolds called on me and advised me to retract what I had said at St. Andrew's Hall; this I promptly refused to do, for I told her I had only spoken the truth. It was then that she made the following astounding proposition to me, to wit. She said that a Dr. Gould of San Diego was a firm believer in her materializing seances; that he had presented her with a town lot in that city and that she wanted him to put a house upon it, that the spirits in her cabinet were working to that end. She also said that if the spirits could only come through some other cabinet and appear to Dr. Gould that it might accelerate matters considerably. She proposed to me to proclaim myself a materializing medium to him when he came. To put up a cabinet and allow her to secrete herself in my rooms and give to Gould a sitting; that she would play spirit and appear to him and thus prove to Dr. Gould that the spirits desired him to put a house on the said lot for Mrs. Reynolds. She also told me it was a money mak-

ing business and that she could soon develop me. I never believed in her genuineness and saw it a "glorious opportunity" to learn all her tricks; I took the bait and readily acquiesced.

I was then living at No. 15 Sixth street; I put up a cabinet; Dr. Gould came and had a sitting; Mrs. Reynolds came and secreting herself stepped into the seance room at the proper time and then and there played the part of various spirits; for Dr. Gould, she assumed and personated the spirit form of one Augusta, Edna, "an old sweetheart," Kitty Paisly and Lillie Roberts; this was done three times. I detained Dr. Gould long enough to give Mrs. Reynolds time enough to get to her home. I made a confidant of my landlady. She helped me put up the cabinet, and also saw Mrs. Reynolds hiding in the hall and knew she was playing spirit, and Dr. Gould was informed of these facts soon after, but would not believe them. Dr. Gould came once alone and at the next two sittings brought a Mr. Newton with him.

These peculiar performances became very interesting to me and I wondered greatly that so good and intelligent a man as Dr. Gould could be so easily and regularly deceived by such clumsy devices, but such is life.

What I had seen being only a small part of her repertoire, I determined to learn all of Mrs. Reynold's tricks at any price, that she used in giving her seances. She soon after proposed to me to take a house conjointly and give seances alternately. She agreed to bear half the expense in furnishing, etc., which she failed to do. We hired 1330 Howard street, second and third floors.

The first lesson I had to learn in this false business was that the mopboard in the clothes closet of the seance room had to be made movable and bolted from the adjoining room; this staggered me, but I did not flinch. She said a Mr. Wanzer had often done such work for her and could be trusted, and that he knew just what to do. She engaged him for me, and he removed the narrow baseboards and put in wider ones. He charged me five dollars for his work. I refused to pay so much, but gave him four dollars; Mrs. Reynolds paying him one dollar. Mr. Wanzer did this work on Friday, February 24th, 1888; we moved in the next day. A Dr. Moore and a Mr. Gueptel of this city, on account of having made a too critical examination of this movable mopboard, were ordered to leave the house by Mrs. Reynolds. They left.

On March 3d, Saturday, 2 P. M., I gave my first public seance. Mr. Gould, Mr. Channel and a Mr. Newton were a part of the circle. I took my position outside the curtains of the cabinet, while Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, removing the fastening of the mopboard in the closet back of the cabinet from the other room, and turning the wooden button holding it in place, crowded through the opening thus made and scantily draped as a spirit, appeared at the curtains as a spirit form and gently drew me into the cabinet where I at once disrobed and

played the role of little Nelly, my supposed cabinet child. Mrs. Reynolds during the seance went out to Dr. Gould and many others in the circle. Before this Mrs. Reynolds had given her seances in the same room, and I had crawled through the same trap and played spirit for her, appearing to the amazed circle as a genuine spirit materialization. On subsequent occasions I played the part of spirit and the following named persons also appeared as spirit forms: George Newman, Nellie Christine, Cora Christine (a little girl), Fred Messoreau, and a young man named Otto; all assuming a great variety of spirits, guides, controls, and departed friends as the occasion required. Mrs. Reynolds, by tying a strip of cloth around her head, with two large eyes painted upon it, always playing the part of Lillie Roberts. She was also Mr. Gruff, and by kneeling and assuming a child's voice, always played the part of little Effie. This can be proved any time except when a little girl is brought into the cabinet to take the part as was sometimes done at 1330 Howard street.

I have in my possession many presents such as rings, etc., that were given me by investigators and other attendants and believers while I was playing spirit, they supposing me to be their spirit friend.

We had quite a wordy war as to whom these presents belonged. Mrs. Reynolds claiming their possession. I refusing to give them up or to continue to play spirit any longer, hence our trouble and separation.

Many persons have requested me to make public a full explanation of a so-called spirit photograph, wherein Mrs. Reynolds appears to be entranced and surrounded by five spirit faces, supposed to be Capt. Bird, Mr. Gruff, Lillie Roberts, Carrie Miller and little Effie. On a Sunday morning in April, an amateur photographer named Fred Messoreau came to 1330 Howard street and going into the front room on the third floor took that particular photograph in the following manner. Mrs. Reynolds taking her seat assumed entrancement, while Mr. Wanzer stood for Capt. Bird, Mr. Geo. Newman as Mr. Gruff, the young man Otto as Carrie Miller, a little girl living down stairs stood for Effie Foster, while I stood for Lillie Roberts. Mrs. Reynolds had one hundred pictures struck, for which she paid twenty-five dollars. Although I have seen an unlimited quantity of fraud I still believe in genuine materialization, and that under proper and pure conditions, the psychic form can appear.

Having played spirit for Mrs. Reynolds I have been in her cabinet on many occasion but have never seen the least iota of spirit manifestation at any time and I feel positive that if any existed I would have seen it. I can perform and explain every act and thing done at her seances, having been developed by her. I will cheerfully answer all proper questions asked through the columns of this journal. With a movable mopboard at things are possible in a seance room.

MRS. JOSIE HOFFMAN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this
24th day of Sept. A. D. 1888.

ALVAN FLANDERS,
Notary Public.

[SEAL.]

WHAT ARE LOW SPIRITS?

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS.
M. J. HENDEE.

Much has been said about low spirits. What must we understand by that? Are we to understand that some spirits are higher than others, and that all spirits are the same, and that what we call low is merely undeveloped? Shall we call a diamond low because it is surrounded by a dense body of matter, and is hidden in obscurity, and cannot be developed and brought out by contact with other bodies until the outer surface is removed, and its hidden beauties are brought to light, its brilliancy given to the world to be admired and to adorn a monarch's crown? Shall we pass it by because it is covered with a rough exterior, or shall we develop it? How much more than should we help to develop a much greater jewel—one which is to live and shine forever! Shall we deny the cup of cold water to the parched lips of one who calls for it, because his speech may be ragged, or his exterior rough, or his accent different from our own? O ye of little faith! How would I have gathered ye as ye have gathered her chickens, and ye would not? Because a thing is not according to our minds or liking, must we denounce it as unclean? Because we have seen the light of day, and been permitted to bask in the sunshine of knowledge, shall we deny to a brother the privilege of advancing, if he comes not as we would wish, but when his opportunities allow him to do so? Situated in an atmosphere where he could not develop until now, he still wishes to improve; must we welcome him as an erring and undeveloped brother, or rudely rebuke him as being too low? Must he not be admitted to our circle or sphere, from fear that we should be contaminated by his influence? Such sayings do not bear on their face the right kind of religion. It looks as though we stood on slippery places, and that our houses were built upon sand, liable to be washed away by every storm, instead of upon a rock, firm and enduring.

Let us examine ourselves and see what is to be understood by "low" spirits. God is a spirit. He has given a portion of his own to every man. Is not that pure? and can man ever make God's spirit low or unclean? He may cover it and darken it by outward vice and sin, until it is hidden from view; but still it is there, and will remain so long as God remains, because it is a part of Him. But its possessor has not developed it, or adorned or beautified it, or added any lustre to it, but has kept the beautiful germ hidden and obscured, until it seems lost: and perhaps never again is it permitted to shine until his materiality is laid aside and the spirit is freed from its tenement of clay. Feeling lost by being so long obscured, and beginning to awake to a sense of its own being and to understand and feel its want of development in earth life, by being kept in darkness, for the first time he is told by spirits that, to

progress, he will have to return to earth—thereby acknowledging the errors which draw him to earth—and that by so doing he commences to progress to a higher and more enlightened sphere. Who shall say we are too far advanced in spiritual truth and goodness, to refuse any soul seeking for knowledge, whether in this world or the next? Shall we always preach and never practice?

A NEW JOURNAL.

Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., will commence the publication of a journal entitled *Twilight*, about the middle of this month. It is to be devoted largely to the giving of spiritual messages through the mediumship of Dr. Merrill. The terms will be fifty cents a year, and it will be issued monthly.

Address Dr. H. F. Merrill, 87 Sewall street, Augusta, Maine.

PERSONALS.

Dr. W. W. McKaig preached for the Unitarians of San Jose on Sunday last, morning and evening.

Mr. J. J. Morse has been engaged to lecture for the Spiritualists of Santa Cruz, Cal., on the Sundays of this month. Himself and family will depart for the East at the end of this month. Many will sadly miss them all.

The DOVE unites with their numerous friends in wishing the young couple all possible happiness in their new estate; that their pathway may be strewn with roses; and that love, and joy, and sweet content may crown their lives, at every turn.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee has again changed her residence, this time taking the rooms occupied by Mrs. Sarah Seal, at 108 Sixth street. Mrs. Hendee wishes to feel "at home" wherever she locates permanently, and having failed in her recent moves to suit herself in this respect she decided to make this last change before settling down for the winter. We hope the friends who have so generously patronized Mrs. Seal will not forget that another true, faithful worker can be found in her vacant place and bestow upon Mrs. Hendee the same liberal patronage.

The popular young elocutionist, Dr. Thomas L. Hill, whose inimitable impersonations are so well and favorably known to most of our San Francisco readers, as well as to large numbers in various other portions of this State, tiring of single blessedness, was most happily espoused, on Tuesday, September 18th, to Miss Catherine F. Winterburn. The bride, one of San Francisco's most estimable and charming young ladies, looked exceedingly sweet in her elegant gray traveling costume, beautifully trimmed with gold and white. Immediately after the ceremony the bride and groom left for Lake Tahoe, to spend their honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Hill will receive their friends at their residence, 1609 Gough street, on Thursday evenings, after October 20th.

CAMP-MEETING!

The Spiritualists and other Freethinkers will hold a Camp-meeting at San Bernardino, Oct. 12th, lasting over three Sundays. Location, corner Sixth and C streets. Plenty of water, shade, room for tents, and all inexpensive. Tents can be rented there at \$1 to \$3 per week. Cooking stove, wood and dishes free. Sleeping cots for rent cheap.

Hotels and railroads at reduced rates. Up-coast people come by boat and rail to Los Angeles, then via Santa Fe to San Bernardino. Street cars pass the grounds.

Speakers and mediums first-class, and a large variety engaged. Good music. Literary and musical feast, and social hop during the meeting. Among the mediums engaged are Dr. J. V. Mansfield and Henry B. Allen, from the East. Three lectures on Sundays; two, other days. Seances every day.

Gate fee, ten cents to all public lectures and seances.

Come down from the "Northland" and see this glorious "Sunland." The Southern California Conference will be organized, and every city, town and village supplied with speakers and mediums.

For special information, address with stamp at once,

DR. T. B. TAYLOR,
Pomona, Cal.

Lock Box 903.

THE LIBRARY ENTERTAINMENT.

Last Sunday evening closed the first month's series of entertainments given at Washington Hall for the benefit of the Free Spiritual Library. These meetings have been so pleasant and successful that the committee having them in charge have decided to continue them indefinitely. Excellent talent is always present, and the large audiences show how well the public appreciates the effort to please and entertain that is made by those having charge of the meetings. Fred Emerson Brooks is always present, and always new and entertaining. There is but one Brooks in San Francisco; for in his line he stands unrivalled. Mrs. Parks and Mrs. Clark, the "sweet-singers," are always present, and contribute largely to the enjoyment of all. Every Sunday evening new and attractive features will be introduced, and an entirely different programme will be presented. We hope the friends will do all they can to support and aid this noble work.

F. H. Y. We have not room to continue the matter. Mr. Coleman and yourself have each stated your views, and the matter must now rest. We decline to either deal in or ventilate personalities.

As knowledge without justice ought to be called cunning, rather than wisdom; so a mind prepared to meet danger, if excited by its own eagerness, and not the public good, deserves the name of audacity rather than of courage.—
Plato.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Another good-sized audience assembled at the Temple last Sunday evening, and another excellent lecture, upon the Discipline of Life, was given by Mrs. E. L. Watson. Prior to beginning the lecture, Mrs. Watson returned thanks for the very generous collection, in aid of the Jessie-street Kindergarten, amounting to over \$60, that was taken up the Sunday previous. The following are a few of the many striking thoughts contained in the lecture.

Man stands in the centre of Nature, with permission to advance in all directions for purposes of conquest, with possibilities of victory ever present with him. Through evolutionary discipline the wondrous powers of the human eye have been developed; and so of our whole structure, physical and mental. First the material or physical structure, through discipline, is evolved in usefulness and beauty, and following this, the intellectual man is developed through trial and effort,—through the disciplinary unfoldment of the soul. Darwin tells us that throughout the entire animal and vegetable kingdoms, everything pertaining to the structure of each form is correlated with use, not a shade of coloring but what has its distinctive use in connection with the service of the bird or beast. So with mankind; not an experience in life but what is conserved for purposes of use and discipline, ministering to the needs of the spirit.

All the labors of the world are intended to develop our forces and energies, spiritual and intellectual,—all to be used and applied in a higher order of life than that in this lower, material world.

Activity, progressive action, is the law of the spirit. Our greatest happiness does not arise from the actual possession of that which we strive for; it arises from the anticipation of the possession,—from the coming into possession, rather than from the possession itself.

Each human being on our planet should produce something that no other person can. Nature does not believe in copyists; she believes in originality. Be thou a distinctive note in the symphony of life.

The whole purpose of life is discipline for future work. All work that seems ignoble is discipline. Go on with your labor, do your duty, whatever it may be, with all your might, no matter if it be dishwashing or making shirts at a pittance in a garret. There are loving, unseen watchers even in the lonely garret. Be faithful to yourself; speak for yourself; act for yourself.

Miss E. Beresford-Joy sang sweetly two musical selections, both of which were most apropos to the subject of the lecture. The one preceding the discourse, "Cleansing Fires,"

voiced the truth, that, as the gold when cast into the fire became thereby purified and beautified, so the sorrow and affliction of the human heart are necessary for the purification and upbuilding of the soul. The latter selection, the beautiful ballad of "The Worker," depicted the watchful angel guardianship that attends the faithful toilers of earth, and the joy attending their advent into the Summer Land when their earthly toil is over.

Mr. Watson will lecture to-morrow evening upon Home and its Relation to the Moral Health of the Nation. Previous to the lecture she will make a few preliminary remarks concerning the recent exposures of fraudulent mediums in San Francisco, which have been so freely discussed in the city papers.

WASHINGTON HALL.

At the regular meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, at Washington Hall, last Sunday afternoon, the subject of the prevention of crime was continued from the previous Sunday, and a number of speakers participated in its discussion. The opening remarks were made by Judge Swift, whose address contained many good suggestions, and concluded with the prescription of "Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself," as a remedy for crime. It may be a good receipt, but it will be a long, long time before the nations of the earth, and the individuals comprising them, swallow the dose, or its effects become apparent. In the mean time, if a little friendliness even were cultivated, it might, in the years to come, deepen into something like the love above referred to, and go a long way toward checking crime and reforming criminals. Dr. Poulson, Dr. Mead, and Mrs. Logan also spoke upon the subject. Good music and good tests were also a part of the exercises.

SAN JOSE.

Sunday last concluded the engagement of Mr. J. J. Morse with the Spiritualists of San Jose, where he has been speaking during the month of September. The meetings have been well attended, and the utterances of the medium-speaker fully appreciated. The answers to questions, to which each Sunday morning was devoted, have afforded us much information on a wide variety of topics, the replies in all cases being apt and full of practical common-sense. The lectures at the evening meetings have each been doubly interesting and quite instructive. The closing one on Sunday last, upon "The Old Heaven and the New," particularly so. Undoubtedly Mr. Morse's labors in our midst have sown excellent seed, and will in due time bring us returns an hundred fold. Gentlemanly and agreeable in manner, he won all by his kindness and devotion to our cause.

On Monday evening a farewell reception was tendered him by the united societies, in the elegant parlors of Dr. Bentley, on Santa Clara street, the Dr. and Mrs. Bentley acting as

hosts. Mr. Morse was accompanied by Mrs. Morse, who received a most warm welcome from all present, at which she and her good husband were highly delighted. The evening was enlivened by speeches, songs, and recitations from various friends, among whom were Mr. W. C. Vinter, Dr. Bentley, Mrs. Bentley, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Brown and Miss Parks. Mr. Morse also made a speech which was heartily received and loudly applauded. The company separated about ten o'clock with many warm expressions of good will to Bro. Morse and his wife, mingled with regrets that they would not be seen here again.

ONE OF THE FRIENDS.

WHAT THEY SAY.

The CARRIER DOVE has increased in beauty and bears upon its bright page the best literature of the age. May its patrons increase in number until it shall be known all over the world and be a visitor in every reading, thinking family.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

Editor CARRIER DOVE: Find enclosed \$2.50 for renewal of my subscription. I cannot do without the CARRIER DOVE and *Better Way*. They seem to be so far ahead of all others that they are the only rivals for first place. Respectfully;

J. W. MORRIS.

Dr. Schlesinger, publisher of the CARRIER DOVE, and who also has an extensive job printing office in the old St. Ignatius College building, on Market street, has added to his facilities a Cottrell cylinder press, and an assortment of the latest styles of job letter.—*Pacific Printer*.

The CARRIER DOVE of San Francisco, California, has attained such success that it now owns its own printing office. It is an illustrated weekly of 24 pages, published at \$2.50 a year. Mrs. Julia Schlesinger edits the DOVE in a very creditable manner. In its issue of Aug. 18 and 25, Mr. W. E. Coleman continues his vigorous criticism of Reincarnation.—*Buchanan's Journal of Man*.

Great truths are generally bought, not found by chance.—*Milton*.

Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.—*Tennyson*.

To be ever active in laudable pursuits is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.—*Prince Consort*.

Reason is the glory of human nature. He is next to the gods whom reason, and not passion impels.—*Claudian*.

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians but together.—*Swift—Gulliver's Travels*

Correspondence.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—Please allow me to say that the meetings in W. J. Colville's College Hall 106 McAlister opposite the New City Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, are becoming very interesting.

A short speech by the writer prepares the minds of the audience for what is to follow, and all who wish to express a few thoughts; recitations by the accomplished Mrs. A. H. Adams of New York. Tests by Mrs. Gentry Myers and other mediums, and psychometric readings by Mrs. M. J. Hendee, a faithful worker in the cause of Spiritualism on this coast, giving universal satisfaction. Other latent powers may be unfolded into usefulness by these harmonious gatherings. We would wish that such meetings could be instituted in every precinct in the city, and throughout the universe believing that much good would result therefrom, for the best of all.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN,
841 Market Street.

San Francisco, Oct. 1st, 1888.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—Mrs. Foye has given four very successful seances before the Young People's Progressive Society during the month. Our audiences have not been large, but have continued to increase at each meeting. Very few curiosity seekers attend our services, for we command respect, and any applause or disturbance is promptly hushed. Persons earnestly seeking the truth constitute the greater part of our audiences, and though no financial aid is offered to us, we continue to grow stronger and more zealous in our labor. Mrs. Foye's seances are just what is wanted to open the eyes of our skeptical friends, and I assure you they do open them with the greatest astonishment. An informal reception in connection with the regular social entertainment was tendered the lady on Thursday evening, and a number of ladies and gentlemen greeted this remarkably gifted medium.

A. L. COVERDALE,

Chicago, Sept. 25th.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Mrs. F. A. Logan's meeting in W. J. Colville's College Hall, 106 McAlister street, opposite New City Hall, Wednesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30 o'clock, are growing in interest and in numbers.

Mrs. Dr. Farrar, a fine inspirational pianist and singer, enlivens the meeting with recitations, also Mrs. A. H. Adams, of New York, a recitationist, author and psychometrist, gives us one with health and happiness (as the adage goes to "laugh and grow fat"), and her poems with earnestness and a whole-souledness indicative of the woman.

Mrs. Logan's remarks are pertinent and to the point, interspersed with original poetry; all calculated to prepare the minds for the circle which is arranged around the hall for development.

The inner circle for mediums who give tests and speak as the spirit giveth utterance.

Psychometric readings and delineations of character are given correctly by Mrs. Hendee and others. Perfect freedom is given for remarks in which Walter Hyde and others participate with much credit.

Mrs. Logan seems well adapted for this work; good order and harmony prevails throughout, and not only souls are benefitted but the diseased body also.

These meetings Wednesday and Thursday evenings are to be continued.

R. A.

Our Exchanges.

Coincidences.

A few years ago one of Chicago's most prominent preachers made a statement in one of his sermons, the truth of which was afterward denied, and he was called upon, to either give his authority for the statement, or to retract it. He had read the statement somewhere and believed it to be true, but when called upon to verify it, found that he had failed to note where he had found it, and was utterly unable to recall where he had seen it; whether in a book, or pamphlet, or newspaper, he did not know, and had no means of tracing it. The positive manner in which it had been denied, had so disconcerted him, that his memory entirely failed him; it had been long since he had read the statement, and chances very slight of his ever being able to find it. Two or three months of mental purgatory, failed to aid him in the matter in the slightest degree, and forced him to conclude that it would be best for him to confess that he had made a statement that he could not verify, and which was pronounced to be false. On consulting with his wife, he concluded first to make it a subject of prayer. They knelt down; the prayer was sincere and earnest. Before he got through, the answer came; he arose from his knees, went to a shelf in his library, took out a book, and turned at once to the page containing the statement he was so anxious to find.

A distinguished Chicago lawyer gives the following coincidence:

He was retained in a case in which it was necessary to prove the prior use of a certain mechanical movement. He was certain as to this fact, and believed he could readily produce the proof. When the time came to use it, he looked, but to his surprise was unable to find it. Knowing that his "case" depended on this one fact, he began to search in earnest; went to Washington and spent eight days, looking into every patent and book liable to contain what he wanted, and finally was obliged to give it up; that which he supposed he could find in a couple of hours at any time, he could not find at all. The last evening of his stay in Washington, he wandered down one of the avenues in no comfortable frame of mind. Aimlessly he went into a book auction room, just as a lot of old English magazines were put up for sale; after some delay a bid of twenty cents per volume was made. Mechanically our Chicago friend bid twenty-five cents, and to his surprise and chagrin, they were knocked down to him; uncertain what to do about it, he asked that they be set aside until morning.

After breakfast next morning he went to look at his purchase, to see if they were worth the freight to Chicago; picking up one of them, he opened it and the first thing that met his eyes was a cut and full description of the movement he was looking for.

How these "chances" can be explained scientifically, I confess I do not know, so it is perhaps wisest for science to deny these reports, and declare that the narrators are lying.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Chicago, Ill.

Some Strange Sight.

Mrs. A. M. Gledding, the spiritualistic medium from Doylestown, Pa., in a public seance at No. 6 Sixth street last night, went up to a lady who was dressed in deep mourning. Although her hair was gray she seemed prematurely old. The two women had never before met.

"I see tender hands hovering about you," said the medium, "trying to push back the gray ringlets from your forehead. They are white spirit hands. I am able to see you as you were once with roses in your cheeks and a bright sparkle in your eyes. You were young, happy, and surrounded by roses. But at the age of 28 years three roses were taken from you by death. [A confirmatory nod from the subject.] Then at 38 years another coffin stood before you. [Another nod.] Now, you are old before you should be, from the sorrow over plucked roses. But I go to a graveyard. The spirits tell me I must go away from the city to find it. And there, in a little burial place to the right of a country church, I see two mounds, one larger than the other. [Here the subject nodded that the description was perfect.] A shadow crosses over the graves, and I see two outstretched hands beckoning to you, and I hear two voices saying, "God bless you!"

Perhaps the next most interesting test of the evening was that in which Mrs. Gledding said to an old gentleman that the spirits showed her a large dark hand waving over him. It was so large, and seemed to her so material, that she could almost hear it rap. She asked the gentleman if he hadn't a daughter at home about four feet high. He replied in the affirmative. "Then this hand will part all the branches in her pathway, and she will walk through life without difficulty. I see also a pale-faced woman. The girl, the woman, two men and yourself will form a circle in October, and for the spiritualistic results you will then experience you will praise God."

The gentleman made this remarkable prophecy all the stronger by publicly declaring that he had heard rappings by spirits at his home the other night.

Striding up to a handsome woman who was intensely interested in the proceedings, Mrs. Gledding said: "The spirits point out three doors which you are close to. In October you will open one. Don't enter that door. In the latter part of December there will be another latch for you to lift, but you must not go in the door, but must help another push the other person in. Along in February you will reach a door through which you may pass and be happy."

"Is the person I am to push through the door a gentleman?" asked the handsome lady.

"He is," replied Mrs. Gledding.

"That's right. I understand you thoroughly. Thank you and God bless you."

And with these words the woman locked up the secret of her romance again, and the audience was none the wiser, but a great deal more curious.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Poetry.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

In Memoriam.

BY MRS. S. R. PECK.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Through the dark valley and shadow of death
Thou leadest me;
I enter its gloom, with fluttering breath,
Following Thee.
In the silence of night the summons came
From the other shore;
I heard a loved voice whispering my name
Calling me o'er,
And with glad accord I gave him my hand
Was drawn to his breast;
Through the vale was drawn to the better land
Of perfect rest.
Dear mother this message, receive from me,
May it comfort give;
From Temptation's bonds, Death has set me free,
And I still live.
And oft will return to my earth home and thee
With tidings of love;
I know the dark past will forgiven be
By a mother's love.

Beyond.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country—the Beyond;
And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond,
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant regions near.
So close it lies, that when my sight is clear
I think I almost see the gleaming strand,
I know I feel those who have gone from here
Come near enough sometimes, to touch my hand,
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find Heaven right round about us lies.
I cannot make it seem a day to dread,
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones, so long dreamed about.
I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.
I never stand above a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face
But that I think, "One more to welcome me,
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one 'over there,'
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair."
And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory.
It is but crossing—with a bated breath,
And white, set face—a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

The Same Old John.

Marriage makes no change in men,
A wife observed with clouded brow.
My John is just the same, I see,
As when he came a-courting me,
For home he never would go then,
And home he won't come now.

"Good-Bye."

BY J. W. LOVELAND.

It came again to-night, that same sad feeling
That long ago I thought had passed away—
That one old wound which still resists all healing,
That pain not even time can quite allay.
The mists close in, but faintly through them stealing
I catch an echo that will never die;
For, all the memories of the past unsealing,
Come those two tearful words of her's, "Good-bye."

A touch of hands, few hasty words in parting—
I see and hear it all again to-night;
A host of recollections now upstarting
Brings the whole scene again before my sight.
"Good-bye!" The low, sweet voice that spoke it faltered;
The eyes were dim that shone so bright and shy.
The memory of those words has never altered—
Those two sad whispered words of her's, "Good-bye!"

What might have been! God only knows; we never
Can draw the curtains from the dim unknown;
And yet, and yet, before me rises ever—
But fainter since the shadows deeper grown
Have fallen on my heart and brought it sadness—
A vision of her face, the one strong tie
That carries with it somewhat of the gladness
I knew before those words of her's, "Good-bye!"

The music in my soul can never brighten;
The minor chords are all that sound to-day;
And mournful strains, which nothing seems to lighten,
My life, my soul, my very being sway,
The harmony is incomplete; her fingers
Could touch the chords and swell the music high;
Now, in the notes a painful discord lingers,
The string was broken by those words, "Good-bye."
—Home Journal.

A Little Child.

BY MRS. S. C. HASLETT.

Only a tiny hand clasp,
Only an accent mild;
Only a pattering footstep.
But that of a little child.

Only blue eyes uplifted,
Only a pleading filed;
Only a heart in yearning,
And that of a little child.

Only a trust in keeping,
Only to be beguiled;
Only glistening tear-drops,
The blood of a little child.

Only a heart grown callous,
Only a soul defiled;
Only a saddened memory—
A neglected little child.

Shall I Look Back?

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

From some dim height of being, undescribed,
Shall I look back and trace the weary way,
By which my feet are journeying to-day—
The toilsome path that climbs the mountain-side
Or leads into the valley, sun-denied,
Where, through the darkness, hapless wanderers stray,
Unblessed, uncheered, ungladdened by a ray
Of certitude their errant steps to guide?

Shall I look back, and see the great things small—
The toilsome path God's training for my feet,
The pains that never had been worth my tears?
Will some great light of rapture, bathing all,
Make by-gone woe seem joy; past bitter, sweet—
Shall I look back and wonder at my fears?

—Youth's Companion

Where Heaven Is.

Oh, Heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look, with a trembling dread,
At the misty future that stretches on
From the silent homes of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle in a boundless main,
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.

No: Heaven is near us; the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye
That we cannot see the angel bands
On the shores of eternity.

Yet oft, in the hours of early thought,
To the thirsting soul is given
That power to pierce through the mist of sense
To the beautiful scenes of Heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall:
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel call.

I know when the silver cord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be
To the realms of endless day.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour
Will open the next in bliss!
The welcome will sound in a new world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost:
And those smiling faces will greet us then
Which here we have valued most.

Two Singers.

BY MARGARET LAWLESS.

"Would I could sing a song," a poet said,
"And let the tears that all earth's suffering ones have
shed

Run trembling down my voice,
With children's glee when happy hours are sped,
And strong men's sighs at some regretted choice,
And stifled groans of all the world's oppressed,
And madman's laughter mingled with the rest;
Then would immortal fame to me belong;
All men could hear their own lives' echoes, in my song"

"Ah! why should men weep twice," another said,
"First o'er a wrong, then at the wrong remembered!
Oh! let me sing instead

A glorious strain that will make men forget
Life's wounds and scourges and its black regret,
And long for Heaven with such intensity
The Heaven in their own hearts will come to be.
Time's mighty hammers might assail in vain,
They could not beat to lasting silence that refrain."

A Woman's Touch.

BY WILLIAM W. LONG.

She touched the gloom of my shadowed life
With a beautiful rosy blush,
And bathed in splendor all my heart,
With a gentle, tender flush.

I will take up the task of living again,
And strike with a stronger blow,
And life will hold far me happier things,
Crowned in Faith's pure glow,

I will make my life so grand and pure,
The world will wonder and marvel much;
But only I in my heart will know
It came through one true woman's touch.