

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME V.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., DECEMBER 1, 1888.

NUMBER 48.

The Platform.

Spiritualism,—its Progress and Influence in the World for the Next Twenty Years.

A discourse delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at Chicago, Sunday, October 28, 1888.

"Spiritualism is dead!" Spiritualists throughout the country and the world have been edified by this announcement from the press and the pulpit, and the cause of it is from the lips of one who was among the first of the mediums for modern manifestations.

If it is true that Spiritualism is dead; then we shall have a church directly; we shall have creeds, ceremonials and forms; we shall have respectability and wealth. Because upon the foundation of the dead Christ the church in Christendom was reared. Judas was there to betray the living Christ and there is no doubt that Spiritualism must have its Judas also; not one but many; as it has many forms of real expression so there must be many forms of Judases; and Spiritualists are too much accustomed to these to either heed the betrayer or in any way be affected by it other than the danger that it may bring to the living cause of Spiritualism by men claiming that the form is dead, and then upon its ashes must appear a memorial like that which has been erected throughout Christendom to the name of Christ. But it is not true: either that the form of Spiritualism is dead, or that its spirit is any less alive than heretofore. It is because the spirit is more alive that nothing will be allowed to exist, even in the form of Spiritualism that is not in keeping with its spirit.

Come with us to Hydesville forty years ago. There a humble and very obscure family, untutored in any worldly ways, unaccustomed to any guile of civilization, or the falsehoods of mammon, were startled with unusual sounds. Little innocent girls of five and seven years of age, and one older, in her teens, were those in whose presence these sounds came. The family were startled; communication was established with these sounds and intelligence responded. For a series of years those girls were subject to the most crucial tests; investigating minds from all professions, from every rank and grade in life, and they, untutored in the arts of deception, because of their years and simplicity, bore the ordeal and the manifestations came

out triumphant. But the spirit of Spiritualism did not enter into their lives; did not take possession of their hearts, and the contact with worldliness seared over the innocence of these girls while the serpent of temptation came unto them. It is well known to many Spiritualists who have for many years covered this subject with the mantle of their charity, that these women could not be relied upon as they could when they were little girls. It is not usual for us to parade individual faults before the world, it has been done sufficiently; but so far as it stamps and proves the falsity or veracity of the individual lives it must be referred to: that no human mind can be morally responsible which for years has been subject to the temptation of the physical appetite. Therefore at this hour the spectacle is not one that affects Spiritualism, but one that all Spiritualists regret because of the exposure of these two women whom they have endeavored to shelter with the mantle of charity, and because of this many lips may be silent to-day. But because of Spiritualism many voices will be compelled to speak, to attest to what they know of the evidences in the presence of those two mediums. But let it be known and understood forever that if there had been no manifestations at Hydesville; if in that family those three girls had never been mediums; if they had never received any manifestations since the first raps occurred, it would have nothing to do with the present status of Spiritualism in the world. It was only a convenient starting point, a data for such as had been unaccustomed to consider any phenomena of a spiritual nature as being in existence. But previous to that there had been startling manifestations, and have been in every age of the world.

There were wonderful manifestations occurring simultaneously in many parts of the country at that time. Those occurring notably in the house of Dr. Phelps, a relative of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (who has taken pains to declare that she is not a Spiritualist,) those manifestations had nothing to do with the "Rochester Knockings," as they were called, they occurred in the house of a clergyman in the presence of ministers, doctors and neighbors who all endeavored to exorcise the "evil spirits." Simultaneously, and even before, clairvoyants developed a new phase, of attesting the presence of spirits, revealing and describing their personal natures and characteristics, declared messages which

those spirits brought; while all over the civilized world mediums appeared: mediums in whose presence knockings came; mediums who were lifted bodily into the air; mediums who described the presence of spirits, identifying them by their names, identifying them by personal characteristics, these sprang into existence by the hundreds; and the mass of testimony that is in the world is not from the Fox family. It is true, that it forms the basis of the data of Modern Spiritualism and will continue to do so: for no one can deny with the word of mouth successfully that which years of well attested experience has established. And the falsehoods rest not in the mouths of innocent children, but where it belongs in the slums of a crowded city. Thus Spiritualism with even this, as it is called great shock, rises but to know more clearly and surely that which one receives as evidence; when conviction is fully established in any mind it cannot be obliterated. The kind of evidence that you each have received has been the conviction of your hearts and lives. You have not taken the testimony of any one, neither have you taken the testimony of your senses alone, for those are treacherous. To the testimony of the senses has been added that inner conviction, the testimony of the affections. When you receive a message from father, mother, brother, sister, or friend, you know it by the inward evidence that belongs to your relations with them. It is not enough for a spirit to say: I am your father or your mother, you have such evidence as only your father or mother could give. It is not enough for them to say or declare (speaking out the name), I am such an one, but the personal qualities and characteristics, in fact instances related known only to you and them; these have over and over again been given you. You understand when you get a message from the spirit world that it has passed through all the stages of evidence which the human mind is capable of receiving. People do not base their conclusions in this matter upon that which is trivial, upon that which is light. Every Spiritualist has been convinced through hardened skepticism. There were not twenty-five people in all the breadth of this land who were ready to receive Spiritualism ideally without the strictest kind of evidence, such evidence as in a court of justice would make a man responsible, such evidence as would condemn or save the life of a man if he were on trial. This is the kind of

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Spiritualism that is true and that is in the world. As we said on a recent morning when a question was asked concerning this subject; if every medium in the world at this moment should deny the truth of the manifestation given through them you would know they were telling a falsehood, because you have the evidence in your experience. Consequently the denial or affirmation, or accusation by others, or anything that partakes of the nature of superficial exposure of Spiritualism have never affected for one moment the mind of any intelligent Spiritualist, and there can be no real Spiritualist who is not intelligent. Consequently the movement, and it is a movement, must continue to go on its own way.

Notwithstanding the rejoicing of a church that instituted the tortures of the inquisition and is able to apply the moral inquisition to-day as at any other period of human history; notwithstanding the influence of a servile press, that is only too glad to escape from the certainty of spirit presences brooding over mundane affairs; notwithstanding the rejoicing of the Protestant clergy who are only too delighted to escape from the machinations of a hypothecated devil to something that at least bears the semblance of mankind; but if this exposure were true what becomes of the wisdom of those reverend clergymen who could find no other explanation for Spiritualism excepting the supernatural one: that of Satanic origin? In this, one more deathblow is delivered to his Satanic majesty if it is proven that he had nothing to do with these manifestations at all, he will be relieved from this additional sin.

But taking the present basis it seems to us that all intelligent minds the world over will see a deeper lesson than is evident upon the surface; while it is absolutely true, and must remain so as long as human beings require external or phenomenal evidence, that these various claims at exposure in some way seem to militate against physical phenomena, it is only for this purpose: that you may be more certain of your individual grounds and that the spirit of Spiritualism may attest itself more strongly. When the body of your friend is feeble you turn to the mental virtues, to the strength of the spirit and worship that; and when the body of your friend is laid away in the grave you turn to such comfort or hope as you find in religion, such certainly as you find in Spiritualism for the knowledge of his or her spiritual life or presence. Now the form of Spiritualism, in its outward manifestations has passed through many transformations; it has been in its chrysalis state; who knows but that it is to burst that bond and from the worm become the more fully winged and beautiful light that it is? Who knows but what the powers that bear this message to the world see too great tendency to dwell in the senses, too much inclination to follow the mere material expres-

sion without reference to the spirit of it? But to the honor of all Spiritualists be it said: that the mere fact of a sound, or the sight of a form, or the picture of a face is not the real fact; does the sound bear any message; is the form recognized by any one, or does it bear in its whispered words a loving and truthful message; is intelligence upon the pictured face? After all the phenomena of Spiritualism the message that comes to the individual heart and life is that which makes them valuable.

So, while there is much seeking, even among old and well-trying Spiritualists, for the phenomenal expression, and while to their credit the majority of them up-hold the manifestations that appeal to the senses because they know that these must form the basis of many investigations hereafter, as they have in the past; at the same time the under current of Spiritualism in the world is not in the physical signs and tokens. The under current is the benign presence of a voice from the spirit world; the knowledge of the spiritual atmosphere that is around in the form of those intelligences and the consciousness that the individual life of the friend exists in a state that cannot be recognized because of the human senses, and human immurement in the dust. Therefore when the seal of silence is broken it is because man is trammelled by the senses, not because spirits are low or degraded. Thus the great heart-beats of Spiritualism to-day, if every physical manifestation were wiped out, the inward conviction, the intuitive knowledge of that which one has who has conversed with a friend, and that with the message of the skies is making an atmosphere that is known and felt, and understood in the world.

Many will ask, therefore; is phenomenal Spiritualism to cease? Are the premonitions and warnings, and physical manifestations not to occur? Is the persecution of physical mediums within the rank of professed Spiritualists, and this Judas-like betrayal an evidence that the physical manifestations are no longer to be prominent? We answer: among those who have well authenticated evidence, of spirit presence, who have intuitive, clairvoyant, inspirational or written evidence of the existence of spirit friends and their presence there may not be as many physical manifestations as heretofore; but when they cease with you they will visit that outside world and prove to that outer world that mediums and Spiritualists are not all conspiring like babbling idiots to deceive one another. In many places has this transpired. We have predicted from this platform before, that more and more these physical manifestations, in the form of haunted houses, and startling occurrences would appear in unexpected times and places. Supposing it were in the very heart of the Roman Catholic Church; supposing when one of the priests swings his solemn censer that a manifestation

should occur over there, what Judas will declare that it is deception then? Supposing on some cathedral dome or at some sacred spring the form of the Virgin Mary appears healing the sick as has been the case in Ireland and France? All this is well when it comes within the pale of the Church and under the sanction of its authority in the form of the Virgin Mary or saint, but it is not well when it comes outside of the Church, so say the priests. More than twenty-five years ago this same betrayer of her own conscience joined the Roman Catholic Church, received the sacrament and promised to forsake Satan and all his works; but a special permit was given for the exercise of mediumship, and now when enfolded safely within the pale of that church do you suppose the manifestations will cease? Have you any idea that the powers that have charge of this movement intend that this evidence shall be blotted out as long as it is desirable that it be included? The testimony that shall come will be, as said before, in such times and places as will be heeded by the world.

If the testimony that Spiritualists have received were published in printed form the volumes would fill this room; but neither clergy nor press, neither church nor Mammon would give the slightest heed to the evidence thus multiplying. For while Spiritualists are among all classes, while the evidence given is given from minds that are perfectly clear and intelligent, competent to sit upon the jury everywhere, the moment it is given in favor of Spiritualism the world denies it. Then the enemies of Spiritualism shall be made to testify, those who deny it shall be made to retract their own words, those who have refused to receive the evidence given through the chosen channels of Spiritualism shall find it walking into their own dwellings, taking possession of their own firesides, as it has in many cases marched up to the pulpit, confronting the so-called, man of God, who needs its continued presence. There have been clergymen, whose consciences were quickened and alive to spiritual truth, who have made this acknowledgement of the spiritual truth of the of the spiritual truth of to-day. There are others who will be compelled to meet it. You need not be surprised if the arch-denunciators of Spiritualism shall be made to take back the utterances that they have made by the testimony that will have come to their own lives.

If Judas is not dead, neither is Paul: as an illustration of one persecuting the truth of his day he was confronted by overwhelming evidence. We have many Pauls in the world to-day. So as the truth is here it may overtake them in their journeyings, in their places of business, or anywhere. Nor need you be surprised if it shall baffle as it is heretofore, the skill of all scientific investigation, if the new generation of scientific minds shall undertake, as Zoellner, Crooks, Wallace,

Hare, Mapes have done in the past, to find the near "natural law" which governs Spiritualism; you need not be surprised if they too shall be startled with the evidence, if their testimony be given in favor of the genuineness of the manifestations, and if it shall receive its measure of scorn from scientific bodies. But all the time it will make its steady impress upon the world.

There is more belief in the active manifestation of spirit power in the world to-day than in any other given time of human history. If it is not called by the name of Spiritualism it is called by such names as mean spirit power. Refer to the agitations and discussions upon the subject of theosophy; refer to the great power and progress of that which is called Christian science and metaphysical healing (spiritual healing under other names); refer to the fact that there can be no well published book nor magazine that does not contain something that impugnes upon the spirit power and force; also refer to the fact, whether it is in Mr. Crooks' own articles in the *Psychological Review*, or in the ideas introduced subtly in novels and poems; that there still is a deep undercurrent of spiritual thought in the literary world that confesses the active manifestation of spirit power.

But a deeper and broader significance is here: if you have come to a turning point, if it is true that you can receive and accept outward evidence as you would receive the alphabet, or the indication of the presence of a friend by the rap on the door or something in the outer hall, then if you can pass to the deeper and inner meaning, can accept the spirit of Spiritualism as the impelling force in the world, and can well understand that if it were possible, as in past time, for every medium to be put to death; burned at the stake, drowned or persecuted until they perished; if it were possible for every phase of the physical manifestations to cease because of this, at the same time the light of spiritual truth would go on as the sun's splendor moves the world forever, and that you individually would be moved by its presence, would turn to its light; for if you have depended solely upon the evidences of the senses for your Spiritualism we are glad if you have had a shock to-day; if you depend solely upon the testimony of the physical man or woman for a knowledge of spiritual truth, we shall be glad when that is put to the severest test; for the light of Spiritualism is a living light within the soul. Whatever may break the bonds and let that spirit come forth it will find its way through the caverns, dungeon cells, the warfare and struggles of human life.

The safety of the world at this hour is not in the form of church nor state, in any external manifestations of immortality to man; but in the immortal spirit that pervades the world more and more, and makes of Spiritualism a living light from within the soul.

But for this there could be no manifestations; you could not hear ideas, or words and sentences freighted with immortal meaning unless there were an immortality within each life, and the knowledge of this being brought more to each individual heart will more fully touch the lives of Spiritualists and bring to them the consciousness of this deeper nature, make the active spirit of Spiritualism more potent and reveal itself in a thousand ways that utterly refuse denial.

In the presence of absolute truth falsehood shrinks away; in the presence of absolute purity vice hides its diminished head. In the presence of such light as this in the world neither imitator, nor the perjurer can stand for one moment. The light of immortality is so strong in the human heart that it cannot be quenched, that it cannot be set aside though a thousand betrayers were here; like love, liberty, and truth itself, though betrayed a thousand times it would become triumphant in the world.

Meanwhile it will go on asserting, attesting its presence, and the lines of spiritual light will draw societies of men and women more closely together, there will be a deeper and more perfect bond of sympathy between them. The true and false, the real and superficial, the spirit and the shadow will undoubtedly be separated; as yet they have been so intermingled, not only in the world, but in each human life that there could be no severance of them. But at the same time truth must have its chosen altar, establish itself in the eyes of individuals: it is no external altar nor outward shrine, nor ritual, but it is the light of truth, so strong that like the morning rays, you cannot deny it, that like the noon-day sun you cannot set it at naught. This cometh on apace, it giveth its full testimony in this day and hour, when nations are imperiled, and society is undergoing the throes of great changes, it is in this hour that Spiritualism will make more manifestations.

If any of you recall the years of the war between the North and the South, and immediately following these, were great years of activity for spiritual messages, not only the martyred Lincoln, but members of the cabinet and hundreds of public men everywhere were imbued with spirit of Spiritualism. The armies that had been hurled together in that fratricidal war yielded such a harvest of spirits. So many homes desolated, so many hearts to be comforted, beside there was the great sword of liberty that pierced through and through and invited spirits from their heavenly homes to assist in the perfection of Freedom; there were more messages then from the spirit world than at any other given period of time. If you verge upon any such agitation, if there come to you the throes of social and political agitation, if out of the disturbing influences that are in the world to-day, man shall, urged by the blindness of human passion, be thrown

against one another in warfare is it not certain also that the gateways of the skies are flung wider open, for the spirits thus ruthlessly set free will have messages to give to the world. Even as Abraham Lincoln said through the medium after he was caught up to the spirit state; "it is better for the interest of peace and liberty that I should have perished, for as a spirit I have more power than as a mortal."

Thus out of the darkness and agonies of earth, out of the seeming shadows and perils of material strife, even through human bloodshed and carnage the angel of truth carves a pathway for man, and the light of immortality becomes stronger and stronger, while kings, and potentates, and powers and even servile slaves of mammon will confess the presence of that God, and the angel of the world, and those ministering spirits that cannot be denied, that will not be put aside, that where there is human sorrow, or human weakness, or human despair will the more fully testify their presence.—*Weekly Discourse.*

Ignorance Is Bliss—Especially When a Big-footed Girl Buys a Pair of Shoes.

She walked in a fashionable store and said to the polite clerk:

"You may show me a pair of walking boots, No. 4. I used to wear 3's, but I go in for solid comfort now."

The clerk tried the boots, but they would not go on.

"Strange," she murmured, "It must be rheumatism. Try 4's B width. I know I can swim in them, but my feet are so tender."

While the clerk was getting them on, she said:

"I used to have a beautiful foot, not small, but such a good shape. I never had a small foot; but I wore 2½ sizes for years, until I walked so much and grew heavier.

"Your foot is a peculiar shape, the instep is so high—that is why you require a large size," said the clerk, who had no fear of Ananias before his eyes.

"I've heard," she said, "that the Venus de Medeechy wears No. 5, and she is a model of true proportion."

"Exactly" said the clerk, growing red in the face as he pulled and tugged to get them on. He had never heard "de Medeechy," but he was up to a trick or two himself. "After all," he said, "these are too large. You'll find the 4's just right.

He was only gone a moment, but in that time he had erased 5 E from the inside of a pair of shoes and substituted 4B.

"There, I thought it was strange," she said, when they were on and paid for. "why, those are just as easy as my old ones. I believe I could just as well had 3s after all." And the young-man-without-a-conscience went back to his duties with the air of one well satisfied with himself.—*Detroit Press.*

Original Contributions.

OUR WEDDING.

An Inquiry Into the Success of Our Union.

BY CAMERON KNIGHT.

"And now 'tis more than twenty years ago, my dear, and your wisdom is certainly twenty years the better. I'm dying to know what you think of our marriage. I hear so much, and read so much, of the learned discussions concerning the facts, the joys, and sufferings of matrimony, that I cannot resist the temptation to ask you a question which I have for a long time buried deep in my heart. I often fear you do not feel as happy as you ought, and I long to know whether we both are as happy as we might be; and whether we have omitted anything of importance that might have increased our happiness and made us more useful to others."

These words were affectionately spoken by Mrs. Lizzie Elwood to her husband. The Elwoods had arrived at what is termed a competency. Mr. Elwood had been industrious at his business, and economical enough to acquire a neat little sum, which he was clever enough to keep secure from business-marauders of various kinds; and one of his plans consisted in buying two government annuities for himself and wife; he thought this preferable to hoarding up a sum of money in a bank, that might, perhaps, be governed by reckless, flinty hearted officials having peculiar opportunities for robbing the innocent.

And so they were at leisure to think now and then. How few of us realize the bliss of proper, healthy thinking! Many of us are far too ready to suppose that thinking can be done anywhere at any time, in the midst of poverty, disease, and other terrors. But we always discover, sooner or later, that time and a full stomach, are both essential for a proper process of thinking, or study of anything, whether it be ourselves, or some one else; especially if we thereby intend to derive wisdom which may be good enough to impart to the young folks around us.

Mrs. Elwood had not enjoyed that connubial bliss which she had expected; neither had she suffered the misery she had witnessed in other married women of her acquaintance. Since the day that she had wedded Mr. Elwood, in the quiet village church, about a quarter of a century previous, she had never experienced any of that ineffable joy of which she had read in many of the good novels of the time. She had, however, made the discovery that novels in general are far more valuable and instructive concerning the duties of life, than any or all the bible-doctrine and bible-preaching she had ever heard. She felt that she was competent to judge somewhat of this subject, because she had, during the past twenty years, attended numerous Christian churches in many different places. And, now that she had two beautiful daughters just budding into beautiful womanhood,

she often inquired of her own inner self: "What have I learned regarding these vital subjects, and what shall I teach my children?"

Mr. Elwood was not, at the time, under the spell of ecclesiasticism, but his wife was still suffering somewhat from its superstitions and tyranny. He felt, therefore, greatly interested in her questions.

"Lizzie," said he, "speak personally and freely, for once, of your own self and private happiness. Do you suppose, in the first place, that you are as happy as you deserve to be? Could I not have made much more joy for you during all these years, if I had known how, and known you suffered for want of it?"

"Frank, I am certainly not perfectly happy, neither do I expect to be. And I may say I have often forced myself into a condition of quiet contentment, that is, I presume, neither joy nor sorrow, happiness nor misery. I have, of course, often thought you could have made more comfort for me if you had been a little wiser, and had possessed more will, more determination, or whatever it may be. Many times I have longed to know some of the hidden things and laws belonging to married life, and especially how to prevent its miseries. For instance, what is marriage? What is its origin, and what is to be the good of it all in the future? Do you think, Frank, it is right for a man and woman to remain together and force themselves into a contented slavery, after they have discovered they are not suited to one another? I used to believe all that the Church authorities teach on these things; I guess I ought, but—in short, I don't seem to want to. We women are all the time being accused of meddling with things we do not understand. But I have a little suspicion that if we meddled a little more, we would soon understand as much as we ought. In any case, I, for one, intend to make the attempt."

"Lizzie, you are, I think, on the right track. We may see plainly that all the surprising achievements and progress lately effected by the brilliant lights among the feminine world, is being accomplished by themselves, and in opposition to the ridicule and sneers hurled against them from the Church."

"Never mind the sneers, Frank. But I do want to know something of what marriage is, and who started it. I feel a little tired of the Church-idea that marriage was instituted by Jehovah in the garden of Eden."

"So do I. But I don't know who first started the ceremony. I might, however, shortly state what it is; I mean what the custom is—or the fashion. If we trace the rite back to about the time of Christ, and thence forward to the time of Constantine, we find that marriage during that time was regarded as a ceremony which was sacred. People in general believed it came from God. But really it was nothing more than a modi-

fication of pagan marriage with God's name added by the priests. The ceremony always bound the woman to the man until he became tired of her; but it never bound the man to the woman until she became tired of him. She was not considered of enough consequence to have any rights or claims in the affair, except to the merest necessities of life, because the Bible taught that she was specially made to please the man and cure his loneliness. She had, however, the privilege of doing all the hardest housework, and struggling with the children. If she were fortunate enough to be happy, she did not wish to leave. But whether she became tired of the man or not, she could never release herself from the bondage, except by violence of some description. Often it was crime, strategem, and suicide. These means, however, cannot be used by an affectionate mother devoted to the happiness of her children. The exercise of brute force over woman seems to have originated with the Church, or, if we prefer the word "Priesthood," which is more ancient and means the same thing. So we cannot blame the Christian system, so far as origins are concerned; but we may justly blame it for perpetuating the tyranny. Neither may we blame the Hebrew bible, because the female slavery therein depicted did not originate with the Hebrews, but with the Egyptians and other nations yet more ancient, who flourished ages before Moses and the pentateuch he is supposed to have written, were thought of."

"I guess, Frank, I don't want to know much about origins. But is there any holy character, or sanctity, belonging to the Church marriage ceremony as we use it to-day?"

"No, my dear, not a particle. It is no more holy, and no more binding, than the union of a couple of Kamskatkans, or of an Indian squaw with her brave; and often it is not nearly so holy. The tender, Natural love in a squaw may be as easily outraged as the love of a polished lady belonging to a Christian church. But Christians sometimes have a habit of trampling the one under foot, and dignifying the other with a divine, holy quality which gentle squaws are supposed to know nothing about. I am inclined to think that the impulsive love of affectionate girls is being daily outraged as much by the priestly system of marriage, as by any other system."

"But, Frank, surely you don't mean that the Church-marriage ceremony is useless and ought to be abolished, so that everybody might have liberty to live like savages?"

"No, Lizzie. I think the ceremony is useful, and has always been useful to millions of superstitious persons who cannot understand anything of true, Natural marriage. They cannot be kept in order by the study of Natural Law, because they are too full of Church-Law, Canon-Law; or some other priestly law, which was born in them and

will be born in their children. And you must remember, too, that if priestly laws were abolished, we would not, for that reason, be at liberty to live like savages, but we would be at liberty to live more like Natural men and women."

"Frank, I want your opinion of the monogamic idea. Is it better or worse than the Mormon idea, for example? Is the one man to one wife doctrine the only good plan that might be utilized for producing healthy, happy children?"

"No, indeed, it is not the only plan. The Mormon idea, however, is barbarous, because it is built on the obsolete customs of the ancients depicted in the Hebrew bible. Such old examples of selfishness and tyranny can never rank with nineteenth century ideas of Natural processes for producing good girls and boys. Perhaps we may say there is no hope of anything better from the Church until it chooses or is compelled to become Natural. At present it binds together for life two persons who may be either criminals, idiots, or hideous monstrosities which ought to be exterminated. What you term "producing" might be better named "creating;" for a man and wife are more entitled than Jehovah to the name "creator." With respect to our ideas concerning the creation of children, we must never forget that all the best teaching on the subject is given us by the ladies, although we have some very original ideas belonging to the gentlemen."

"Your notions about women, Frank, are altogether too good. I have known some horrid women in my time. In fact, the very worst people I ever knew anywhere at any time, were women."

"Possibly. But still the fact remains that even the worst of them would be better if they possessed better opportunities, and had been born of better parents. Perhaps the bad women are produced by bad men."

"It may beso, Frank. And who is it produces the multitudes of bad men? However, I presume that as soon as people in general begin to realize they themselves can create, independently of Jehovah, they will change all their views about the whole subject. What are termed "failures in marriage," and "successful marriages," will then appear in quite a new light. New ideas of Love will arise; new ideas about matrimony and the sexual relations, and of conception, infant training, and education in general."

"Just so, Lizzie. In fact, the sensible people have already changed their views. Millions have new ideas, but are prevented, by various circumstances, from making known their opinions. If we look around the world we will see vast multitudes of persons who were, as the Church and the Law say, "born out of wedlock!" Not one of these persons is any the worse for it, except so far as the Church has made them objects of contempt, on account of their misfortune, so-called.

Select and examine any nation we please, and we will find that the miserable, diseased, idiotic children, are not those who were born of unmarried persons, they are born of priest ridden communities. They are either Christians, or otherwise subject to a priesthood. Disease and poverty are the producers of miserable, imperfect children, whether they be born in the church or out of it. But we cannot blame poverty for the immense number of imperfect, malformed individuals who are born in aristocratic, imperial and royal families. In these cases we may safely say such failures in marriage are the results of too much ecclesiasticism, and too little Nature; too much Church and too little common sense; too much reliance on the "Divine right of Kings," and too little knowledge of Nature's demands. Some of the most wretched idiots in existence are born of persons who are church-members, or Christians of some sort. And all Christians suppose the idiots are created by Jehovah, in accordance with the doctrines of man's fall in Eden, and the consequent original sin."

"But Frank, it seems to me a little blasphemous or profane to speak so disrespectfully of God, who could destroy us all in a moment by the breath of his mouth."

"If you mean "Jehovah," Lizzie, when you say, "God," you are in error, for he could do no such thing, and he—in short, my dear, there is no evidence whatever, that Jehovah exists at all. He is only a myth. There is some reason, however, for thinking that "Jehovah" is the name of a cruel, powerful spirit, very ambitious and anxious to make every one worship him alone. The terror you exhibit at the thought of dishonoring God, is only the fear which was originally implanted in your mind by the Priesthood. Certainly, there are thousands of persons, priests included, who worship Jehovah because they sincerely believe he exists, and is the Creator of the Universe. But we are in no way bound to imitate them unless we choose to submit to their dictates. All the reverence you manifest for God, and all such reverence in other persons, is the result of education. Suppose now, that we had no priests, no preachers, no Sunday-school teachers, and no bibles, how much would we know concerning Jehovah? Nothing whatever; no more than is known by the savages of Terra del Fuego and Australia. These people, and thousands of others, have no idea about bibles and Jehovah, because they have not been taught; not because they are born with the sin of Eve; nor because they have rejected Jesus and "blasphemed the holy Ghost," but simply and solely because they have not been taught."

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"But, Frank, I still feel that there must be some portion of God's truth in the Bible, and, I suppose, there must be plenty of error too. I used to believe every word, or pretended to. But now I don't care much whether it be true or not. I desire above all to know how good, healthy children may be obtained, and how to prevent the miseries of married life. I am willing to use bibles, church-dogma, Spiritualism, or any other ism, if I can thereby learn, and teach others, how to secure "successful marriages," and destroy some of the horrors of matrimonial failures."

"Yes, yes, my Lizzie. All women look to the end rather than the means. They perceive the good results of an idea while we men are contending and losing time over plans and processes. And, I think it must seem queer to you when you make an attempt to believe that Jehovah is so helpless he cannot create one single pure infant in 6,000 years. Every one of them is born with Eve's sin, and is subject to all its curious and horrible results both in this life and the next."

"It does, indeed, make me feel queer, though, I must confess, I do not really devote much thought to such foolish notions, and if everybody who desires to be pious must believe such things, I fear I shall be very impious. The thought of a man, a God, or any other being, possessing such a compound of helplessness and cruelty, making infants all the time who will be doomed to the flames,

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"Exactly, my dear, and henceforth you will, no doubt, allow your Natural impulses to prevail over the old dogma. Get knowledge and unite it to your love. Such a combination makes a real creator, savior, and regenerator. You will soon see that the entire marriage code needs remodeling. No reason whatever exists for the continuance of monogamic laws, except the Natural law by which an equal number of males and females are produced. But in the near future we will be able to produce as many males and as many females as circumstances may require, in any given place. By that time we will know whether one woman is sufficient for one man, or one man is sufficient for one woman. We are, all of us, far too ready to blindly follow our leaders in the Church. We do this while we think we are acting in accordance with State-Law or Civil Law only, forgetting that the ecclesiastical system, in all the time more or less modifying the state, political and legal systems. Women especially, are blind to these facts, and are very apt to judge everything by what they learn in the Church. Not until she becomes more selfish, and more able to rule man by means of her extra knowledge, will she be able to release herself from her bondage and superstitious reverence for something beyond herself; this something is "The Man in the Church," or "The Priest."

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2. It destroys all fear of death.

3. It annihilates the dogma of eternal punishment, demonstrating unending progress for all mankind.

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13. It is thoroughly rationalistic, recognizing Reason as the only guide of man.

14. It proclaims with emphasis the brotherhood of man, and was a potent instrumentality in the accomplishment of the downfall of African slavery and Russian serfdom.

15. It is a persistent advocate of Woman's Rights,—equality with man in all departments of being.

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Day gave place to evening, and night descended over all. On, and on, we rolled, the ceaseless rattle of our wheels echoing over hill, plain and valley, past wild wastes, small hamlets, flourishing towns, a city, even here and there. Soon California's sunshine gave place to sleet and snow, and on reaching Ogden we got our first touch of winter in seventeen months. We all felt much like the proverbial "wet hen under a barn," but, finally found shelter in the cars of the Denver and Rio Grand R. R. en route for Salt Lake City. We arrived in the city of the saints by noon on Sunday, dined, and then were driven round to see its lions. Outwardly a fine city, prosperous and flourishing. Its buildings stone and brick, its streets wide and well kept, its condition creditable to its government. Our guide was a Mormon, he painted the picture *colour de rose*. We saw no signs of poverty; he only directed our attention to the brighter side of his city and his faith. We visited the great Tabernacle; it seats nearly 10,000, but the attendance was but light. Two thirds of the citizens are Mormons; our conductor asserted that but a comparative few were polygamists. The Church is having a hard time just now, but, if the United States confiscates the property of any church over \$50,000 in value, why not turn the same law on to certain other rich churches outside of Utah? Other churches "do not sanction the social plague called polygamy," I am told. True, but, like a certain insect mentioned in a popular song, their members frequently "get there all the same!" Religio-social problems are curious questions ever. Apart from its theological and social peculiarities, with which, individually, I have no sort of sympathy, Salt Lake City is a marvellous monument in honor of zeal, perseverance and pluck, under disadvantages that would, in all probability, have entirely discouraged a people unsustained by theological fanaticism. It was a visit ever to

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A Letter From J. J. Morse.

Two brief weeks have passed away since we bade farewell to the little knot of sympathizing friends in the Oakland depot, and our train steamed out upon its appointed journey. To avoid needless pain in parting, and all unnecessary fuss, we refrained from making public the time of our departure, but a few tried friends thereof, it was better so, for often those who are loudest in their regrets are the least sincere in their expression. The sky was cloudless, the sun shone brightly, the air was balmy. California looked her best as we waved our adieux, and the familiar faces faded in the distance. It was a sad party, though each tried with smiles to salve the sorrows of the hour. We look back, good friends, and thank you for your sympathy, the things of good cheer, and the friendly words bestowed upon us as we started on our long ride towards the rising sun.

Day gave place to evening, and night descended over all. On, and on, we rolled, the ceaseless rattle of our wheels echoing over hill, plain and valley, past wild wastes, small hamlets, flourishing towns, a city, even here and there. Soon California's sunshine gave place to sleet and snow, and on reaching Ogden we got our first touch of winter in seventeen months. We all felt much like the proverbial "wet hen under a barn," but, finally found shelter in the cars of the Denver and Rio Grand R. R. en route for Salt Lake City. We arrived in the city of the saints by noon on Sunday, dined, and then were driven round to see its lions. Outwardly a fine city, prosperous and flourishing. Its buildings stone and brick, its streets wide and well kept, its condition creditable to its government. Our guide was a Mormon, he painted the picture *colour de rose*. We saw no signs of poverty; he only directed our attention to the brighter side of his city and his faith. We visited the great Tabernacle; it seats nearly 10,000, but the attendance was but light. Two thirds of the citizens are Mormons; our conductor asserted that but a comparative few were polygamists. The Church is having a hard time just now, but, if the United States confiscates the property of any church over \$50,000 in value, why not turn the same law on to certain other rich churches outside of Utah? Other churches "do not sanction the social plague called polygamy," I am told. True, but, like a certain insect mentioned in a popular song, their members frequently "get there all the same!" Religio-social problems are curious questions ever. Apart from its theological and social peculiarities, with which, individually, I have no sort of sympathy, Salt Lake City is a marvellous monument in honor of zeal, perseverance and pluck, under disadvantages that would, in all probability, have entirely discouraged a people unsustained by theological fanaticism. It was a visit ever to

be remembered for its information and subsequent reflections.

On again through snow and rain, until the Black Canon of the Gunnison is reached, and the Needle mountains tower above us. To attempt description seems profanity. Towering rocks, whose rugged sides and jagged peaks had been seared and scarred with an age's storms, a swirling stream blindly, madly, leaping as if to escape its stony prison, rugged gorges' seemingly impassible for miles and miles, until it looked as if our end must be into the bowels of the earth itself. Then came the Marshall Pass, zig zag up the sheer mountain side until nearly 11,000 feet above San Francisco, and then down to the level on the further side. Still onwards until we reach at last the ever marvellous "Royal George," which is more than 'Royal' it is awful in its sublimity. The dullest is thrilled by it; it is one of nature's grandest poems, cast in her most heroic measure. Here the railroad crosses the boiling torrent upon a bridge swung athwart the stream, literally hung between the ten thousand feet high walls that hem us in on either side. To such marvels speech is an impertinence; silence, alone, is the truest homage.

Nature and her marvels are left behind, man and his works again assert themselves, and our scenic ride ends in Denver, where we arrive on election day. Full of life and animation, instinct with all the vim that pertains to mining and frontier life, Denver is a more than interesting city; it is a marvel of enterprise, push and success. It must become the inland metropolis west of the Missouri river.

Six hours were pleasantly spent in viewing this thriving centre, then on again to Council Bluffs, the ride uneventful and uninteresting. Three hours to wait, then "all aboard" for Chicago, and our handsome vestibuled "Pullman" attached to the Rock Island "Flyer," rolled out into the rain, the darkness and night. Eighteen hours and then our feet stood on Chicago's streets, a blinding rain storm baptising us on arrival. Twenty-six hours rest, in the elegant and hospitable home of Col. J. C. Bundy, was now in order, a most pleasant season being enjoyed, hosts and guests finding many things to talk over of mutual interest. A brief visit to Birdie Foye, with whom our daughter passed most of her stay, and then off again, for New York this time. In the dead of night that bane of railroad engineers, who run fast trains and desire to be "on time," a "hot box," turned us all out of our sleeper and caused us to enter another while at Detroit, but afterwards all went well. Niagara Falls were passed in the cold grey of a rainy morning, but the mist veiled much of their glory. Then rushing past Rochester—memorable place to us all—until, finally, on Saturday evening an hour late, we arrived at the commercial metropolis of the United States, and once more heard the roar of the

winds as they rushed in mad sport up the bay from the wild Atlantic just beyond us, and our ride from sea to sea was done.

Such, in brief, is the chronicle of our journey. The good wife and daughter bore its fatigues excellently, though all of us were tired, and glad to have it finished. It was a memorable ride in many ways, and as we look back upon its incidents we feel that the angels were there and that all is ordered for our ultimate good. Little more is there to add this time, save that my Eastern work opened most auspiciously—with large and enthusiastic audiences—in Paterson, N. J., on Sunday last.

With our hearty greetings to all sincere friends, and every good wish for the DOVE, and its earnest workers, for this time, let me close.

J. J. MORSE.

541 Pacific street, BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 15th, 1888.

PROTECTION.

By Whom? Against Whom?

BY LUPA.

The opponents of equal suffrage declare it unnecessary, because man is woman's natural protector; thus intimating that there is danger, either seen and unseen, waiting for her. As we read the police and criminal records we should conclude that the latter is true, but if we had not been told better, should suppose man to be the enemy we need protection from. Count the crimes of men against women (and only a small proportion is known to the public) then sum up those of women against each other. Note the difference and remember that many of these can be traced directly to man's requirements. The public shudders at the thought of entrapping unsuspecting girls to hold by force at the logging camps of northern Michigan, yet why spend all our energy in reviling the effect without considering the cause, and why be inconsistent in our reasoning? If man is to protect us he must do it in his own way—by vicarious atonement. If it is natural, and therefore right, for him to be as he now is, one class of womankind must be set apart to share his transgressions and bear the weight of their consequences; therefore, if we can only be safe at their expense, should we not, instead of despising, or even pityingly speaking of "fallen women," reverence them as martyred saviors?

Mrs. Obenauer, the 'northwoods missionary' of the W. C. T. U. says: "If it necessary; that some of our girls should go into hives of degradation and misery, then let us divide the responsibility equally." How many of us are ready to carry that out further, probably than she meant, but where it must go to be consistent, and encourage our innocent little ones in looking forward to such a martyrdom that others may walk the streets unmolested?

What mother, what daughter, would accept safety at such a price if asked to deliberately choose? And yet it is said to be so gained and in the name of the law.

If we cannot do this, have we not made a mistake at the beginning, are not our premises wrong and should not the "fallen men" be avoided by the rest of humanity as something vile also?

Elizabeth Cady Stanton says, "Their protests have been loud and long against women entering the colleges, the professions, the world of profitable work, but they have never made any organized opposition to the customs that degrade and defraud them."

It is very easy to see why. Both opposition and apparent indifference, which is encouragement, were based on the idea that woman was made for man not for herself, and his wants, which are not always his needs, must first be considered.

But does not this protection fail to protect? If not, whence come the demand and supply that multiply divorce laws and lawyers? If women feel safe and satisfied, what has roused the rebellious mutterings that are now heard on all sides? Let our rulers consider their ways for the eyes of mother, wife and daughter are upon them. Not much longer can these be deceived as they see an occasional law or resolution for their defense voted on, both indirectly and directly, by the vicious, (for not all of that class are out of Congress—for proof visit a certain fine, three-story building, not out of easy distance of the Capitol at Washington) while we, the interested ones, do nothing but talk and help pay them for their dear breath, or, perhaps, they legally strangle one too helpless to get out of their power while they father hundreds no better.

I have no patience with all these words about protection. Protection produces dependence, dependence kills self-reliance and weakens the whole nature, thereby encouraging encroachments on personal rights and impositions of all kinds.

Woman's protection must come from within herself against herself, against her own weakness, against her overpowering affection and longing for love, a longing which causes her to endure miseries and degradations unnumbered. Notice how they applaud when a public speaker calls love the ruling passion of the world. What sort of a love is it that the majority mean? Look into the faces of the women you meet and read the answer. It is a love which scorches its object into a pale, shriveled, sad-eyed, hopeless creature, who brightens the white cheek with artificial color and sips the stealthy glass of wine to bring back the light to the eye and the lost animation to the manner. I looked on one such as she lay sleeping and my heart ached over the story her quiet face unconsciously told; yet in her waking hours she appears as one of the gayest. Will not such concealment, which is not triumph over con-

Selected Articles.

A PUZZLE FOR MATERIALISTS.

A Proof of Clairvoyance and Prescience.

In the month of November, 1845, the ship *Sophia Walker* sailed from Boston, bound for Palermo. The owners, Messrs. Theophilus and Nathaniel Walker, had invited their brother-in-law, the Rev. Charles Walker, to go out to Palermo, as passenger, for the benefit of his health.

Among the crew was a young man named Frederick Stetson, the eldest son of the Rev. Caleb Stetson, at that time pastor of the Unitarian church in Medford, Massachusetts.

Frederick had been in a store in Boston, but, not being well, returned home to be under the care of a physician. His health did not improve; and Dr. Bemis, of Medford, advised a sea-voyage as most likely to restore his vigor. Frederick was delighted with this prospect, and his parents reluctantly consented. It was thought best for his health that he should go as a sailor.

In common with other friends, I sympathized deeply with Mr. and Mrs. Stetson in parting from their son under these painful circumstances, but domestic cares and other scenes gradually effaced these impressions, until I forgot the length of time he expected to be absent, and indeed lost all recollection of his voyage.

During the latter part of February, 1846, the death of my mother, Mrs. Leonard Woods, of Andover, was succeeded by my own dangerous illness. In March I was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs, and lay for days hovering between life and death.

One night, when the crisis seemed to have passed, a member of my husband church, Mrs. Sarah Butters, who had been watching with me, retired soon after midnight to give place to my husband who was to watch with me till morning.

I was endeavoring to compose myself to sleep, when, with the vividness of a flash of lightning, the following scene was before me: A tremendous ocean storm; a frail vessel pitching headlong into the trough of the sea; a billow mountain high ready to engulf her; a slender youth clinging to the masthead; a more furious blast, a higher wave, and the youth, whom notwithstanding the darkness, I instantly recognized as Frederick Stetson, fell into the foaming, seething deep.

As he struck the water I shrieked in agony; and my husband sprang to my side.

"What is it?" he asked.

I motioned him to silence, unable to withdraw my eyes from the scene. I still heard the roaring of the angry billows, the shouts of the captain and crew.

"Man overboard!" "Throw a rope!"

"Let down the life-boat!" "It's no use; the ship has pitched beyond his reach!"

Then I passed into a still more remarkable state. Heretofore, I had seen what was going on at that moment; now my mind went forward, and saw events that occurred five days, two weeks later.

The storm had abated. The vessel, though injured, was able to proceed on her way. It was the Sabbath, March 15; the crew were sitting in silent reverence, while the clergyman, Rev. Mr. Walker, read, prayed, and preached a funeral sermon, caused by the sad event of March 10. Every eye was moistened, every breath hushed, as the speaker recounted the circumstances connected with Frederick's voyage, and endeavored to impress upon the minds of his hearers the solemn truth of the uncertainty of life.

Another scene. Our own chamber; a messenger coming in haste with a letter from Captain Codman announcing Frederick's death. The words of the letter I could read.

One more scene. I seemed to be again on board the *Sophia Walker*, after her arrival home. Mr. Stetson was there, standing by Frederick's open chest, into which the captain had thoughtfully placed every article belonging to his late clerk. The father's tears fell copiously while Captain Codman dilated on Frederick's exemplary conduct during the voyage.

All this passed before my mind with the rapidity of lightning. I lay trembling with agitation, until startled to present realities by my husband's voice, while he held a spoon to my lips.

The first question I asked was, "What day of the month is it?"

"The 10th of March."

"What time did you come into the room?"

"It was past twelve when I gave you your medicine. Soon after, you seemed greatly distressed. Can you tell me now what it was?"

"It is dreadful" I whispered, "Frederick Stetson is drowned. I saw him fall into the sea."

"Oh," was the cheerful reply, "You had been thinking of him and you dreamed it."

"No; I was wide awake. I saw him fall. I have not thought of him for weeks. Oh, what will his parents say?"

Soon after this, exhausted by my terrible excitement, I fell into a troubled sleep. When I awoke, it was dawn, and I immediately commenced narrating to my husband the scenes I had witnessed, he making a note of them, and their precise date.

My husband said the vessel, at that time, must be on her return voyage, and that we would soon know.

At an early hour Dr. Daniel Swan, my physician, came to my bedside. He expressed disappointment at finding my pulse accelerated, and asked the cause.

I repeated to him what I had seen, my husband being present also Mrs. Butters, and

quered feeling, be reproduced in the next generation as deception or blackest treachery? Woman's state of life and happiness must not depend on man's favor, must not be bounded by the walls of her home, or, when she fails in that, no resource is left to her.

"But I want to be loved," is the wishful cry, and the craving hunger overcomes the feebler wills and reason, because for generations the idea has prevailed that it is the duty and "the glory of woman to submit" unquestioningly to man. Even in the church of the new dispensation there is too much meek reliance on the guides and the angels, which is the same feeling under a different name that was taught in the old church. "I want" does not decide what we are to have as adults any more than as children; not entirely because some higher power sees our folly and prevents it, (else why are not improper things always withheld?) but because we have not learned, are unable or do not choose to employ the necessary means.

We have been told that, "It is not all of life to live," neither is it all of life to love, whether the loved object is in this grade of existence or the next, so "I still live" is more important a message from the other side than "I still love," for, if spirits are in harmony, affection will be a consequence of life, while no nearness of physical relationship will prevent the inharmonious from growing apart.

When woman has outgrown that timid, frightened dependence, that morbid craving for love and for the life of ease and irresponsibility which she thinks that wealth will bring, there will be fewer disappointed and desperate women, and children will be of a hundred-fold higher grade, for marriage will become an independent, mutual attraction between those who have gained a knowledge of human nature and learned the resultant self-control. Then may the dusty statutes devised for the protection of women, which are now cumbering the shelves in each law office, be flung on a funeral pyre whose flames will be scarce brighter than the eyes of those who no longer need to be "protected" because both man and woman have become convinced that the natural rights of citizens and human beings belong equally to each.

The Proper Caper.

If you want to be fashionable this winter you must call a bouquet a "posy," speak of feminine walking shoes as "boots," of rubber overshoes as "goloshes," and of rubber overcoats as "mackintoshes." Never say dress, but always "gown," and always say "top-coat," instead of overcoat.

If you do not, you will be marked down as a plebeian and relegated to the ranks of those who have never crossed the big pond and imbibed proper English ideas.

a woman who had lived in my family for years.

In the course of a week several persons were made acquainted with these facts, though from the fear lest they should reach the ears of the parents, they were told under an injunction of secrecy.

It was two weeks before the ship arrived, but I was so far convalescent that I was permitted to sit up for an hour or two each day. On one of these occasions, while Mr. Baker and the family were at dinner, the bell rang, and presently I heard my husband, in answer to the summons of the servant, hurry to the door.

It was scarcely a minute before he entered my chamber, pale, and evidently trying to conceal his emotion. He had an open letter in his hand.

"You have Captain Codman's letter," I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "and in almost the words you repeated to me."

I held out my hand for the sheet, and read the following lines, evidently written in great haste:

MY DEAR SIR: I must beg you to perform a painful duty. Poor Frederick was lost overboard in a gale on the 10th. You must tell his father. I can not.

"I never had anything occur that has given me so much pain. He was everything that I could desire; and I can truly say that I never had occasion to reprove him, and that his uniform good conduct won the esteem and love of us all. There was this satisfaction—that no one of us was so well prepared for death.

"I will detail the circumstances at more leisure; but enough to say now, he was lost from the foretop sail yard in a gale of wind, and human exertion could not save him. You can best administer consolation to his distressed parents. Show them the sermon preached on the Sabbath following his death, which accompanies this, and assure them of my heartfelt sympathy.

"Yours truly, J. CODMAN.

March 25, 1846.

While my eyes glanced over the lines, familiar as if penned by myself, Mr. Baker was making preparations to go to Mr. Stetson's.

"Young Hall brought it out," he explained. "Captain Codman wished me to have the letter at once, lest the parents should hear the sorrowful tidings in an abrupt manner.

After seeing Mr. Stetson this evening I am to go to Boston in the morning, to see Capt. Codman, and as he is anxious to see the boy's parents, I shall ask him to return with me."

I recalled the last scene on board the *Sophia Walker*, and said, "I thought Mr. Stetson himself went to Boston. It is the first thing not exactly in accordance with my vision."

I called it vision, for I was not asleep, and therefore it could not be a dream.

The next morning when Mr. Baker called at Mr. Stetson's house to take any additional messages, he learned that, impatient and restless, the sorrowing father had found it impossible to wait, and had taken the earliest conveyance into Boston, where a scene occurred like that I had witnessed.

It is worthy of note also that the sermon on the death of young Stetson, preached by the Rev. Mr. Walker on board ship, a copy of which was sent home and published, proved an exact fulfillment of the second scene of the vision, being word for word as I had seemed to hear it. The fly leaf of the discourse contains this entry:

"A sermon preached on board the ship, *Sophia Walker* on her passage from Palermo to Boston, March 15, 1846. Occasioned by the death of Frederick Stetson, who was knocked overboard in a gale, March 10, near the banks of Newfoundland. By Rev. Charles Walker, A. M., one of the passengers.

During his life my kind physician frequently urged me to publish an account of these remarkable facts, but the fear of being classed with visionaries and Spiritualists prevented me. Recently I consented to do so, and after finishing the account I sent it to Rev. Mr. Stetson, who, being ill, requested his wife to write. The following is her letter:

DEAR MRS. BAKER: We have read your manifestations with the deepest interest. You have expressed so clearly and correctly the whole subject, as it has lain hidden in our memories; and so vividly, too, have you portrayed it, that the sad event of by-gone years comes to us with the freshness of yesterday.

"Mr. Stetson also wishes me to add that it might be well for you to procure the testimony of those who were informed of your wondrous vision before the event transpired, as so many years have passed since that fatal storm of March 10, 1846.

"With our best wishes for yourself and husband,

"Most affectionately yours,

"JULIA M. STETSON."

"LEXINGTON, February 19, 1876."

Acting upon the suggestion contained in the above note, I have received the following communications. The first is from the daughter of the Rev. David Osgood, D. D., a predecessor of the Rev. Mr. Stetson, and for a long course of years pastor of the First Church in Medford.

"DEAR MRS. BAKER, In answer to your inquiries, I could state that I have a distinct recollection of hearing from you in your sick chamber an account of your vision in regard to the death of Frederick Stetson, immediately after the sad events which you have so vividly portrayed. The circumstances made a deep impression on my mind, and I have always considered your mental state as remarkably analogous to all I have ever heard of Scotch second-sight.

"Most truly yours,"

L. OSGOOD,

"MEDFORD, March 5, 1870."

From Mrs. Sarah Butters, to whom I have already referred, I have the following testimony:

"This certifies that I was acquainted with the remarkable vision narrated by Mrs. Baker before the knowledge of the death of Frederick Stetson reached me by the arrival of the ship *Sophia Walker* in Boston, on the 25th day of March, 1846, and its exact correspondence with the circumstances of that sad event so impressed me at the time as to leave in my mind a distinct recollection both of the vision and its fulfillment. SARAH B. BUTTERS

"MEDFORD, March 2, 1870."

The following testimonial is from my husband, Rev. A. R. Baker, of Dorchester Mass:

"I am happy to bear my testimony to the truthfulness and fidelity of the record of facts contained in this nar-

ative. I thought them at the time, and have ever since considered them, among the most remarkable mental phenomena of which I have any knowledge, and worthy of a place in the history of metaphysical science.

"A. B. BAKER."

"DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, March 8, 1870."

I find it impossible at this distance of time to recollect all the persons to whom these operations of my mind were made known before the letter of Captain Codman gave reality to my vision. Among them were Dr. Swan and two female friends who have since passed beyond the scenes of earth.

HENRIETTA W. BAKER.

Many Orthodox clergymen are adopting the grand notion of the Romish priests, that Spiritualism is the work of the Evil One, and thus they return to their old faith in a personal devil. They have no other way to account for that which they call "sorcery." Ordinary intelligence would prove to them that there is no such thing as sorcery, and that the Romish priests, whose power is almost wholly in the ignorance of their subjects, know this full well. To the intelligent mind there is no greater mystery in Spiritualism than there is in the production of a beautiful flower from the hidden germ in the uncouth seed. Whence come these quick returning blossoms of the summer which greet us morn and eve in all the radiant glow of lusty life? Watch the process carefully, and when you have resolved the "sorcery" it comprises we will explain to you fully all that appears abstruse in occultism.

But a word upon the devil theory. Spiritualism has reformed more drunkards, and saved more men and women from a life of crime, than any agency of which we have information, and it is doing this every day and hour of the cycling year. We can point to members in the spiritual societies of most of the great cities who but a few years ago were given up by their friends as confirmed sots, but are now good citizens, sober, industrious, and in some instances prosperous. We have positive knowledge that an effort was made to reclaim some of these through the Church and temperance organizations, with no promise of good.

Why was Spiritualism effective?

When it was known that the spirit of father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, brother, sister—one or more of these—is always with you and conversant with your every act and thought, and that every wrongful act on your part gives them inexpressible pain, you must, if you have a heart, strive with all your strength to do right. The presence of these spirits is the positive knowledge which comes to every Spiritualist, and it is usually accompanied by an expression of their desires, and directions for stipulated performance on your part which will contribute to their happiness. Can you resist an influence so gentle and holy? If you can you ought to be given into the exclusive charge of the Evil One, but if otherwise, you are very far removed from his machinations. You are guarded by an angelic host whose love will ever crown you conquerer.—G. H. Romaine.

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REPLY TO DR. GIBSON ON SPIRITUALISM.

In the *Chronicle*, of this city of date Nov. 26th there appeared a very lengthy report of a sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Gibson, of the First United Presbyterian Church, on Sunday evening last, in which the reverend gentleman attacks Spiritualism in the usual unjust and untrue manner characteristic of the "Priests of God."

"He says, 'Everything connected with this 'ism' can be explained as common trickery, as it has been explained and exposed time and again.' We beg to differ with the learned doctor on this assertion. No one has ever yet explained or *successfully imitated a spirit rap* such as are produced in the presence of Mrs. Ada Foye of this city, and many other mediums. The *attempts* to do so have always proved bungling failures as anyone with an unprejudiced mind would at once discover. That there has been, and still is, a mass of rubbish attached to the movement, all intelligent Spiritualists know and admit; and it is through the efforts of such people that the revelations recently made in the *Chronicle*, (which Dr. Gibson so heartily commends) have been given to the public. It was done largely by Spiritualists themselves who had spent many months in patient investigation and had unearthed the diabolism practiced in the name of mediumship and warned the public against the impostors. These same earnest investigators found many pearls of great price, truths of inestimable value, and indisputable evidences of spirit return among the genuine, honest mediums of this city. They found the true and the false and sifted them accordingly.

Again the Reverend Gibson says: "Spiritualism! There is nothing spiritual about it at all—it is material!" This statement is entirely at variance with the facts in the case, as is demonstrated in the lives and experiences of all truly spiritual Spiritualists. Very few Spiritualists are such because of any material, tangible, evidences they have received of spirit presence; but are such rather because they have outgrown the narrow, soul-destroying creeds and dogmas that originated in the dark ages of a savage, barbarous past, and have been perpetuated by force of kingly rule and priestly arrogance in State and Church for centuries. They have outgrown the horrible doctrine of a veritable hell—a lake of fire and brimstone—and the equally absurd and ridiculous, narrow, contracted, New Jerusalem heaven. They have searched for a natural God, instead of an unnatural, tripple-headed monstrosity, and they have found the object of their search. They hear his voice in the laughter of little children, in the songs of birds, the murmur of the waves, the roar of the cataract; and in all things in nature they behold his outward form and expression. They have attained that degree of progressive unfoldment where the soul becomes receptive to the divine harmonies and illuminations, and the angelic spheres become blended with their soul spheres in such sweet accord that they walk and talk daily with the pure in heart who have passed on to the higher planes of existence. They need no *material form*, no *physical* manifestation of the presence and loving guidance of angelic beings. The awakened and quickened intuitions, the interior spiritual illumination, is an ever present and abiding knowledge, that nothing can shake nor overthrow. This "communion of saints" is as no idle dream, or vain imagining; it is a living and blessed reality.

For cold, unfeeling, heartless *materialism* go into the churches. There you will behold the outward form, the ceremonies the altars, the pictures of saints, martyrs, Madonna and Child; the gowned priest officiating at an altar erected to an unknown God; you will hear long prayers from those who are celebrated for "their much speaking;" you will witness the outward semblance of a religion from which the *soul* has long since fled; you will find it *material* wholly and entirely.

At the close of his sermon Dr. Gibson gives utterance to the following charges which every intelligent person who has ever given a moment's thought to the subject, knows is a vile slander, and the man who uttered them is unjust and unworthy the name of a gentleman, for he hereby villifies thousands of the best and purest people who are living upon the earth today. Here is what he says:

"I charge it with being a curse to moral and social relations and conditions. They are sundering the ties which bind families together. The very foundations of society are being shattered, the sanctity of our homes destroyed by the degrading influence of the system. It destroys the mind, the body and the soul. It so acts upon the nerves that harmony of the body is destroyed. As to the mind, go to our asylums, and you will see evidences of the work, while it ruins and kills the soul. I tell you that when a person puts his foot inside a seance room, he is

half an infidel, and when under spiritualistic influences, is wholly one, and he goes to those creatures who, if not trained,

"What are we to do to meet it? Why, hold up the blessed work of God, and hearts will not want to go elsewhere for consolation, for that lies in the divine word of God. The guiding, the comfort you need, is found in the illumination of the Word of God and not in the sayings and teachings of these debasing creatures, who seek to dupe and lead you to your destruction."

The miserable slander above expressed is too contemptible for notice, and would not be inserted here were it not that there are some namby-pamby persons claiming to be Spiritualists who are so much afraid of "antagonizing the churches" that they cannot be made to see that it is the "churches," who are doing the "antagonizing" business by such frequent and uncalled for slanderous attacks on us. Just think of the statement of this "Reverend," "*Spiritualism destroys the mind, the body and the soul. It so acts upon the nerves that harmony of the body is destroyed. Go to our asylums and you will see the evidences of its work, while it ruins and kills the soul.*"

Now, friends, there you are—a set of moral and physical imbeciles, and as for your souls—why, they are doomed to the bottomless pit, which, it is falsely claimed, "Beecher knocked the bottom out of," when it never had any in.

Think of the many learned and scientific men who have thoroughly investigated and accepted Spiritualism, and become its advocates and expounders being called fools by a man who can by no means compare with them in intellectual or scientific attainments.

Let a committee be chosen to visit our insane asylums and see what is the greater cause of insanity—religious excitement or Spiritualism. Where you will find one Spiritualist you will find hundreds who are not: No one ever heard of such disgraceful scenes being enacted at the meetings of Spiritualists as are of common occurrence at revivals, and especially among the class of fanatics lately become prominent, known as the Salvation Army. If Spiritualists should go marching through the streets every night—men, women, and children, through rain and mud, making the hideous noises called vocal and instrumental music, that this class of religious fanatics do, why, the whole city police would turn out and march them off to the city prison. But then it makes all the difference in the world "*whose ox is gored.*" After the Beecher-Tilton affair, one would suppose that other members of the clerical fraternity would hold their peace about "breaking up families," and that sort of talk they have indulged in concerning Spiritualists, and look among themselves for shortcomings and frailties. We scarcely pick up a newspaper without seeing something concerning the licentious practices of some minister. As for morality, honesty, temperance, and general good behavior, the Spiritualists, as a body, are far ahead of the average church member. The Spiritualist knows that if he violates any moral or physical law of his being that he must suffer the consequences, and atone for the wrong committed. He knows

that no "blood of Jesus," or any other of the many saviors, can make atonement for the sins he has been guilty of, and consequently having no "scape goat," as the Christians imagine they have, to bear the burden of evil deeds it behooves him to look well to his ways and live and act uprightly in his daily life and dealings with all men that no pain or regret shall come in after years, either in this life or the next. And then another thing; the true Spiritualist does not act uprightly through fear of the punishment he knows would inevitably follow wrong doing, but because it is right; because of the peace, joy, and happiness that follows obedience to the higher law—the unwritten law of Nature. This is his "Word of God," his ever-present friend, counsellor and instructor. It is the "light in the darkness" that reveals to him the sure and perfect way wherein he can walk with safety. In this "Word of God" he reads no fearful tales of blood and sacrifice—no direful threats of a revengeful Deity,—no improbable and impossible accounts of "creation, and the fall of man;" but he reads the sweet assurances of the tender, brooding love of a Father and Mother God, whose creative energies are as active in the world to-day as they were six thousand years ago; and "finished "but renewed forever," the creation will still go on throughout the vast cycles of the future.

In the pages of this wonderful book he reads that man is a creature of evolution and destined to pass through successive and continuous processes of development, growth, and unfoldment until he arrives at the perfect state, of which no mortal can, as yet, conceive. He sees *law*, and *order* written on every page, and knows that only through obedience thereto can he grow and growth is the one thing desirable. In conclusion we would exhort our erring brother—the Rev. Dr. Gibson and his ilk to lay his bible upon the shelf, for awhile and study the living word of God,—the bible of the Spiritualist. It will teach him to be just, to be truthful, to avoid evil and malicious slandering, to look upon all humanity as one common family, with one "Father over all;" and when fully imbued with its divine teachings he will come out of his narrow, limited, present-day religion and take broader, grander, loftier, views of God and man, and be ready to exclaim with the immortal Thomas Paine, "The world is my country; to do good is my religion."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Board of Directors of the California State Campmeeting Association have decided to make an effort to pay off the indebtedness of the Association by private subscriptions, and would solicit the aid of friends of the cause to successfully carry out this plan. Any subscriptions, either great or small, will be thankfully received.

Communications can be addressed to C. E. Eliot, Treasurer, Henry House, Oakland, or to G. H. Hawes, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco.

"WHAT THE STRUGGLE IS FOR."

"The *Journal* is struggling to establish a broad and rational religion—not a theological sect—posited on a scientific basis, a religion which shall bring prosperity, comfort and happiness to every enlightened soul on earth and make of heaven a better place than it now is by peopling it with those who have lived rightly here from the pure love of right; a religion which shall stop the hegira to heaven of the spiritually pauperized, the soul deformed; stop it by stopping the propagation of such mal-formed creatures here."—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

The DOVE is in hearty sympathy with the above expressed sentiments of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. It is what we have been struggling for in our humble way for over five years through the medium of the DOVE. "A religion which shall bring comfort, prosperity, and happiness," is worthy of our noblest and best endeavors; and such we deem Spiritualism to be.

When it shall have become the universal religion there will be no such evils as poverty and its consequent—crime—for the reign of justice—which means equality, will have been established and there will be no more want, woe, and misery upon the face of the whole globe. Steadily the people are growing into higher conditions, and through pain and suffering arriving at a more perfect knowledge of nature's laws—a thorough understanding of which and obedience thereto will bring about the great *desideratum* embraced in the closing paragraph of the above quotation. When the propagation of mal-formed creatures is stopped, and as much attention bestowed upon the proper generation of human beings as is bestowed upon animals, a new race will soon people the earth, with all the higher nobler, attributes developed while the lower and baser attributes will be expunged or become subject to the control of the higher. Spiritualism has come as an educator and purifier and is destined to work the redemption of the race from present ills, through the enlightenment of the people. Its earlier work was iconoclastic, because the old, moss-grown edifice of Superstition had to be torn down, and the rubbish cleared away, before the new spiritual temple of truth could be erected. This work is far from being completed; in fact, it has but just begun. We see, on every hand, the evidences of the soul-destroying power of superstition. We see all that is best and noblest in humanity made subservient to the powers that rule, through the assumed prerogative of right, based upon the theological doctrine of the divine right of kings and the command to "submit yourselves unto the powers that be for they are ordained of God." It is the violation of this command that has brought whatever of political, social or religious freedom that the people now enjoy. As spiritual reformers we have a vast work to do; and it must be done according to our highest, purest, and holiest convictions of right, justice and equality. It must begin with the individual, the home, the immediate circle of friends and extend to societies, and through them the people must be taught the principles of self-government and religious liberty.

"THE BEASEY BABIES' CONCERT."

The grand concert in benefit of the Beasey Babies was given at Irving Hall, Tuesday evening last. A large audience was present, insuring the financial success of the enterprise; and as for the concert, that was an assured success beforehand; it could not be otherwise with such talented little artists as the babies themselves and their celebrated assistant Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt. Miss Annie E. Nevers, an accomplished vocalist, also assisted with some sweetly rendered selections. The following programme was strictly carried out, to the delight of the audience who responded with frequent and repeated encores. The floral offerings were numerous and elegant.

PROGRAMME.

1. Violin Quartette.....Tyrolean Airs.....*Kofka*
Beasey Babies.
2. Duo, for two pianos.....Sonata 3, Op. 55.....*Kalbin*
Butterfly and Mayflower Beasey.
3. Violin Duo.....5th Air Varié.....*Dancie*
Mayflower and Violetta Beasey.
4. Song....."The Return".....*H. Millard*
Miss Annie E. Nevers.
5. Violin Solo.....Selections from "Bohemian Girl".....*Balfé*
Violetta Beasey, the Infant Violinist.
6. Grand Duo, for two pianos,"Hungarian Rhapsody,".....*Kellner*
Miss Jennie Beasey and Mr. Hugh Mansfeldt.
7. Grand Duo, for violin and piano, "William Tell,".....*Osburne & Berrut*
Miss Jennie Beasey and Mr. Clark Reynolds.
8. Song....."Cavatina from Robert le Diable".....*Meyerbeer*
Miss Annie E. Nevers.
9. Violin Trio....."Carnival de Venice,".....*Thorbull*
Misses Jennie, Butterfly and Mayflower Beasey.
Mr. Clark Reynolds, Accompanist.

These four little musical prodigies are Native Daughters of the Golden West.

Jennie, the eldest, first appeared in public as the Baby Pianist, at the age of six years, leading an orchestra of thirty-two violins, at a charity concert in the Mechanics' Pavilion, December 4th, 1884. She has also produced several compositions of her own for the violin and piano.

Butterfly and Mayflower play both violin and piano. They read difficult music at sight, as all the children learned to read music before learning the alphabet.

Little Violetta, the Infant Violinist, when four months old, would sing the pieces her sisters were playing, and beat the time on the table of her high chair. When seated at the piano she will pick out some little melody or composition of her own. She has composed quite a little melody for the violin, which she plays with wonderful skill for one so young.

The children are equally bright in their school studies. Jennie was honorably promoted into the Fourth Grade. Butterfly was honorably promoted into the Seventh Grade, and Mayflower, after three months in school, was advanced into the High Eighth Grade last term. So most of the children's time is spent in school studies.

The children appear before the public unprepared to do themselves justice.

Jennie has had nine months' lessons on the violin, and not over ten months' instruction on the piano in the last three years.

The younger children have never taken lessons on either instrument, except from their parents and sister Jennie, who takes great delight in teaching them.

Their mother has her household duties to attend to; their father his business; so the parents have little time to assist the children in developing their musical talent. Therefore their performance is the result of their own talent and genius.

FIRST SOCIAL OF THE LADIES' AUXILIARY TO THE TEMPLE SOCIETY.

The initial dime social of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Spiritual Society holding services at Metropolitan Temple, was held on Saturday evening, Nov. 24, at the residence of R. A. Robinson, Esq., 308 Seventeenth street. It was an unqualified success in all particulars. The attendance was very large, including quite a number of new and strange faces. The utmost harmony and good will prevailed, and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves heartily.

After an hour or two being spent in social intercommunion of thought and greeting, refreshments, consisting of coffee, tea, lemonade, and cake, were served up in profusion. The assemblage was then addressed by Mrs. Wheelock, President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, who gave a brief report of the organization and workings of the Auxiliary. During the few weeks of its existence it had collected over \$41 for the Society and secured several new seat-holders. In addition to this, Mrs. Robinson announced that \$25 more had just been given to her for the same purpose. A collection was also taken up during the evening, augmenting the amount received over \$15 more; and two cakes donated for the purpose, were auctioned off in a spirited manner by Mr. W. H. Mills for \$3 50 additional.

Following Mrs. Wheelock, Mrs. Watson made a few remarks. The conflict of emotions consequent upon the announcement that she was about to make prevented her from speaking at first, but after her feelings had found vent in tears, she began in a tremulous and broken voice. She announced that she should deliver on the following evening her farewell lecture in the Temple, for the present at least. The strain upon her, both mental and physical, was too great to permit her to continue; and if she did not at once stop her public work, she would soon become completely prostrated, and probably in a short time would pass to the other world. Her duties to her young daughter and her little home demanded that she conserve her remaining strength for her pressing domestic work. This announcement was most sorrowfully received, and great regret at the necessity calling it forth was expressed on all sides. Mrs. H. E. Robinson said that the weekly meetings and monthly socials of the Ladies' Auxiliary would still go on, and at the latter Mrs. Watson would doubtless sometimes be present. She also expressed her hope that the Society would not give up its meetings, but that

gatherings might be held in private houses if not in a hall; and she tendered the use of her parlors for the purpose for as long a period as it was desired to occupy them. Mrs. Mary V. Priest, recently of Chicago, also expressed a strong desire and hope that the Society would continue its meetings, availing itself of its home talent. Mrs. Watson concurred in this wish, and hoped that the services of Mrs. Priest, who had had considerable experience in lecturing in the East, might be utilized. Mr. W. E. Coleman also expressed the hope that the work of the Society might continue, as suggested by the ladies.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

PERSONALS.

A number of new mediums have located in this city recently.

Judge Swift will reply to Dr. Gibson tomorrow, Sunday evening, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street.

W. J. Colville has returned to the Pacific Coast and is speaking in San Diego. He will visit San Francisco at an early date.

We are pleased to present our readers with an interesting letter from J. J. Morse to his many friends in this city, in this issue of the DOVE.

Attention is called to the advertisement in the "Mediums Directory" of Mrs. Dr. B. F. Farrar, who is spoken very highly of by her patrons and those who have made her acquaintance.

George P. Colby writes us a very interesting letter from his plantation at Lake Helen, Florida. His control—"Seneca"—sends an encouraging message concerning the DOVE, and what the "spirit folks" are trying to do for it.

There will be a medical and literary entertainment at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy St., this (Saturday) evening at 8 o'clock. A fine programme has been prepared and dancing will follow. This entertainment is for the benefit of Mrs. Louisa Rutter, who has sung gratuitously at the Sunday afternoon meetings of the Progressive Spiritualists for nearly two years. We hope there will be a large attendance as the lady is well deserving the compliment thus tendered her.

The "Nun of Kenmare," appointed by the Pope as mother superior of the Sisters of Peace, whoever those females may be, has resigned her position. The event is not of a startling nature, but her casual admission, made in the resignation which she forwards to the Pope, that "working girls have been the great support of the Catholic Church," reveals a disgraceful fact. Think of thousands of fat priests living chiefly upon the contributions of working girls! An able-bodied man who subsists on the earnings of a woman is not usually regarded with respect. Why should a priest form an exception?—*Free-thought.*

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

The lecture of Mrs. E. L. Watson last Sunday evening upon "Thanksgiving" was listened to with marked attention by the intelligent audience present. It was an able, earnest, eloquent effort, replete with imagery and word-painting of more than ordinary beauty and expressiveness.

The earlier portion of the lecture was devoted to a glowing panegyric of the world in which we live, the first reason stated why our thankfulness was due being the fact that we have been born into and are blessed with life in a world so beautiful and beneficent as this our planet. Thanks should be rendered for the innumerable material or physical blessings conferred upon us here, next for the intellectual and moral advantages which are secured to us. Attention was invited to the great progress made during the past fifty years in religious and political freedom, for all of which we should be thankful. Our thanks should be rendered not only for life in so beautiful a world as this, but also that we are endowed with life eternal,—a life of physical beauty and moral and intellectual grandeur.

Among the subjects for thankfulness was named the fact that the American people had just passed through an exciting presidential campaign attended with less defamation and evil practices than any preceding one. Especially, also, should be thankful for the gift of angel presence. It should be particularly borne in mind that there was nowhere any monopoly of spirit power, or of the inspiration of the angel host, but that in every place where there was soul-inspiration, there were present angels of sympathy and of moral purity and power.

At the conclusion of her discourse, Mrs. Watson announced that that would be her last public lecture for the present. It was impossible for her to continue her public work in her present physical and mental condition. I am not going to say farewell or goodbye, but rest, complete rest from these services is imperatively demanded, and I feel that if I am ever to resume my labors with you I must now cease from work here. Coming back to you just after I had suffered so heavy a bereavement in the loss of my boy, my prostration has been so great after my every lecture that I have cried out 'I cannot go on with my work.' I am sure that if I do not now stop I shall speedily be completely prostrated.

If I become sufficiently recuperated, and it is deemed best that I come back to you, I shall come. While I am speaking to you the stimulus upon me gives me strength for all my work, but after I am through the reaction leaves me depleted and prostrated, and I go home per-

fectly demoralized, so to speak. Mrs. Watson concluded with a fervent "God bless you all." In referring to the publication of her lecture on the "Discipline of Life" in the next number of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Chicago, she said that in that paper would be found no support for frauds, no twaddle, no "Sun Angel Order of Light," no messages from the planet Jupiter; but instead of this there would be found plain common sense and pure Spiritualism.

Miss E. Beresford Joy sang most excellently two selections appropriate to the services of the evening. Senor Arrillaga presided at the organ and pianoforte.

Notice of the resumption of the meetings under the auspices of this society will be duly published in the DOVE and the daily papers of the city.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

WASHINGTON HALL.

I was present last Sunday evening at Washington Hall, and enjoyed, as did the audience, the very interesting exercises, which consisted of songs by Mrs. Jennie Clark, a very able and interesting address by T. J. Stayner of Philadelphia on the subject of "A Medium at a King's Court," in which he demonstrated the power of mediums, according to Bible-history; to tell a king's dream, and the interpretation thereof, and that this wonderful gift was acquired by and through a pure and holy life; and urged upon the mediums of the present age to practice and to follow the example of Daniel, one of the mediums of the Hebrews. His mediumship and power to tell the king what he had dreamed and the meaning of the dream saved his life and the life of his brethren from the murderous wrath of the king. This is a phase of mediumship much to be desired.

The address was of considerable length, which necessitated a shorter space of time for the platform tests of Mrs. D. N. Place, which were given in her usual easy and graceful manner, with perfect satisfaction to the audience. Mrs. Place, though young in her mediumship, is really one of our best.

A very interesting feature of the exercises was the convincing tests given by Dr. Schlesinger. The Doctor solicits *doubters* and *skeptics*, a class which most mediums steer shy of; but the boldness of a medium to publicly announce that he or she desires to give sittings to "skeptics only" is truly rare courage for the usual timid mediums.

The Doctor, in doing this knows his strength and power; for seldom does he ever fail, for the acknowledgements of the proof is demonstrable as well as convincing and astonishing.

These meetings will be continued every Sunday evening as there is a manifest increasing interest.

REPORTER.

THE NEW HALL.

The opening of the new spiritual hall on Sunday last by Mrs. E. R. Herbert, in the Murphy Building, corner Market and Jones streets, was a decided success, so far as attendance and the exercises for the occasion went. The hall

though not large, was taxed to its full capacity, while many were turned away for want of room. Mrs. Herbert being a fine medium, spoke while entranced, and gave many tests of the return of spirits to their friends and relatives in the audience. The people wish tangible proof of spirit return through physical phenomena that come to their individual senses. In this hall there will be a nucleus formed for that kind of work in the form of public tests each Sunday, by Mrs. Herbert and other good mediums and speakers. These meetings are intended especially for the further advancement of many new mediums.

Mrs. H's spirit band have been developing in the last few months in San Francisco. Here these new mediums will for the first time give their power to the public, under the developing band's own conditions, as a sample of what can be done in the way of developing new mediums for the work.

Next Sunday, 2 P. M., and in the evening there will be good mediums and speakers present at this new hall, and all are invited to take part in the exercises.

A. M. S.

WASHINGTON HALL.

The meeting at Washington Hall on Sunday afternoon was a very interesting one. The attendance much larger than usual. Among the audience we noticed very many strangers, showing that notwithstanding the efforts being made to kill Spiritualism, it still lives, and the people will go where they can hear it discussed, and the phenomena presented, as it is every Sunday afternoon at Washington Hall. The question of "What Is Spiritualism?" was opened by Prof. A. P. Bouton who gave an interesting address of one-half an hour, after which Mrs. F. A. Brown, a medium and psychometric reader, lately from Oregon, gave a short address, also several readings to persons in the audience. Speeches were made by Mr. E. Fair, Mr. Kohler and others. Solos by Mrs. E. Clark, and Mrs. L. Rutter. As usual, Dr. L. Schlesinger gave to skeptics their first knowledge of "What Is Spiritualism," about a dozen receiving tests. The President, Judge Collins, made a strong appeal in behalf of Mrs. M. Miller, who is very sick and in need of assistance, and as everybody is acquainted with our good friend and medium, the audience nobly responded, and the sum of \$57.50 was contributed for her benefit. Our meetings are free and all are invited.

Our Methodist brethren at their Monday meeting discussed the prospects of society called the Young People's Methodist Alliance. Mr. Geo. Cole, corresponding secretary of the organization, stated that all who joined the alliance pledged themselves not to go to theaters, parties, balls, and like places, but to "rely only on religious services for amusement." It would be difficult to conceive of a more hilarious existence than these young people will lead if they keep their pledge. Methodist services, varied with an occasional funeral, cannot be excelled as sources of innocent diversion.—*Free-thought.*

Correspondence.

MEDIUMS WANTED.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Just as the good citizens of Portland were waking up to the fact that Dr. Schlesinger was among us, came the telegram that he was wanted immediately at home. May the loved ones that called him hence be fully restored to health ere he reaches home, and may the Doctor again visit Portland, is the earnest wish of his many friends here.

There is a work for him to do of great importance to the cause of truth. Never was there a time, since the advent of Modern Spiritualism, when there was a deeper interest felt; a more earnest effort made than now. The very exposure of fraudulent mediums only shows the more clearly the fact of the genuine, and while it is true that the masses are ever seeking the marvelous in phenomena and are ready to be sold time and time again, there always remains a large percent of philosophical ones who have seen the light and in whose hearts and souls germinate the seeds of true Spiritualism; these precious souls have drunk so deeply at the fountain that they neither hunger nor thirst after the more phenomenal. They admit the fact as a matter of course, and, as something necessary to awaken the materialistic mind to the great fact that there is an unseen force, an intelligence that we do not recognize with our material eyes all around us; hence the need of mediums in order to snatch from the burning souls being lost in cold materiality.

C. A. REID.

PORTLAND, Or., Oct. 30, 1888.

THE CAUSE IN PORTLAND.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Your messenger the DOVE, has not made its appearance the past week. The last number received is Nov. 3d. We are very well pleased with the DOVE and hope its pages may gladden the hearts of thousands with the great truths it proclaims. Our meetings in G. A. R. Hall, corner First and Taylor streets, Portland, Or., have been made very interesting in the past month by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, from Ottawa, Canada. Their interesting efforts to render us all the assistance possible to make it interesting for all who attend, and the attendance is increasing constantly. We have instituted a new feature in our Sunday meetings which are very well received and becoming very interesting. It is an auxiliary to the membership by way of an investigating club and we have nearly fifty names at 50 cents per month. We meet in the Hall every Sunday at half past five in the afternoon, for the express benefit of new mediums and investigators. The circle is presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, who, by the way, are the best regulated mediums that have ever been in Portland to my knowledge, in

the past twenty years. The peculiar phase of Mrs. Wheeler's mediumship is one which we have never before witnessed. She is a remarkable healer, and in her healing she obtains an oily substance in her hand or both hands if need be, by holding them over her head; or, in other words, the medicine is prepared by the spirits and condensed in the atmosphere into her hands and given to the patient. This may appear strange to those who are unacquainted with the laws of spirit control of matter; but if the power of mind or spirit is true in this world why should we lose any of our power by a mere change of condition and that for the better. We are in correspondence with Mrs. Whitney of Boston and some other mediums of note who we hope to induce to visit Portland and see to it that all who will may have opportunity of seeing for themselves some of the great truths in spiritual phenomena.

Hoping to see Dr. Schlesinger soon and witness some of the remarkable tests that are given through his mediumship, we are fraternally yours,
D. H. HENDEE.

PORTLAND, OR., NOV. 19.

A REVIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: The Spiritualists of the Atlantic shore are indebted to the Coast for the services of its great phenomenal medium, Mrs. Ada Foye, whose guides have sent her to them in a veritable time of need.

Believers and unbelievers, alike, are agitated upon the important subject of spirit return owing to the notoriety given it by some of its weak and besotted instruments; and it is especially gratifying at this time to be able to show genuine manifestations through a genuine medium—one whose life and works are in accord, and who has never wavered from her allegiance to the cause of truth.

So great is the appreciation here of the work of Mrs. Foye that the large hall of the First Society will not accommodate the crowds who flock to see and hear her, and many who have never before received satisfactory evidence that their loved ones live beyond the change called death, find all their doubts removed—washed away in floods of grateful tears.

LYDIA R. CHASE.

2139 Glen Place, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

MISFORTUNES OF WOMEN.

The most terrible exposition of our wretched social condition is given in a tract entitled "Wages and Vice," by Rev. Dr. A. N. Lewis, which shows how women are driven to despair by low wages and poverty. It is stated that, of two thousand "fallen" women of New York and Brooklyn, it was ascertained that before they fell, and while they were trying to get a living by virtuous toil, 534 were getting one dollar a week, 336 were getting two dollars a week, and 230 were getting three dollars a week, thus proving that they were driven to despair by low wages. Surely the question of Industrial Education for women should be in the foremost rank of reform.—*Journal of Man.*

Ships.

Sleeze upon truth, wherever found—
Among your friends, among your foes;
On Christian or on heathen ground,
The flower is divine where'er it grows.

Remember the social and dance to-night at Washington Hall for the benefit of Mrs. Rutter.

Example is more powerful than precept. People look at me six days in the week, to see what I mean on the seventh.—*Cecil.*

The new reading room is very fine. It is large, light and warm, and a most comfortable, cosy place to sit and read, or write letters. The friends are always welcome. First door to right of main entrance.

Mrs. E. R. Herbert has removed from room 94, Murphy Building, to room 9, first floor of the same building, and will hereafter hold seances and conference meetings at that place at 8 P. M. and 2 P. M. Sundays. Admission 10 cents.

Do those things which you judge to be beautiful, though in doing them you should be without renown. For the rabbit is a bad judge of a good action. Despise therefore the reprehension of those whose praise you despise.—*Pythagoras.*

They who know the truth are not equal to those who love it, and they who love it are not equal to those who find pleasure in the practice of it. He who attains to sincerity is he who chooses what is good, and firmly holds it fast.—*Confucius.*

"All tradesmen cry up their own wares;
In this they agree well together;
The mason by stone and lime swears;
The tanner is always for leather;
The smith still for iron would go;
The school-master stands up for teaching;
And the parson would have you to know,
There's nothing on earth like his preaching."

We are a little late in congratulating the CARRIER DOVE on owning its own plant which includes the finest press owned by any spiritual paper in the United States, but "better late than never." The DOVE ever brings us messages well worth reading and preserving.—*Banner of Life.*

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Enclosed you will find money order for \$2.50 to apply on my subscription to the DOVE. I beg pardon for being so tardy. I am glad you are prospering in our glorious cause. I cannot think of doing without the DOVE; I take great comfort from reading it. May good angels bless and protect you through all time, yours truly, E. C. Young.

The perfectly just man would be he who should love justice for its own sake, not for the honor or advantages that attend; who would be willing to pass for unjust while he practised the most exact justice; who would not suffer himself to be moved by disgrace or distress, but would continue steadfast in the love of justice, not because it is pleasant, but because it is right.—*Plato.*

The true use of a man's possessions is to help his work; and the best end of all his work is to show us what he is. The noblest workers of our world bequeath us nothing so great as the image of themselves. Their task, be it ever so glorious, is historical and transient; the majesty of their spirit is essential and eternal.—*J. Marcineau.*

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

We are informed that John Slater will return at once to this city, and resume his public meetings in the now vacant Metropolitan Temple. This is indeed good news, and John will ever find a host of warm friends to welcome him back where his services are so much needed. Good platform test mediums can always fill large halls in this city, for people are anxiously seeking after truth; but they do not care for a long string of names that have been served up night after night on our public rostrums, and which are well known to everybody. They are not tests, and none are deceived into believing them such.

In a private letter received from Dr. T. B. Taylor, of Los Angeles, we are requested to publish the regrets of the Board of Directors of the Southern Cal. Camp Meeting Association, that the report of their late camp-meeting at San Bernardino, which appeared in a recent issue of the DOVE should have contained no mention of the services of Dr. J. V. Mansfield. The omission was not intended, but was owing to an oversight on the part of the Secretary, who prepared the report for publication. The society consider the services of the Doctor valuable, and worthy of their grateful acknowledgments, and take this method to set themselves right in the matter.

Mr. Geo. F. Perkins is making arrangements to commence the publication of a paper in the interest of Children's Progressive Lyceums. This is a vast and much-needed work, and deserves the aid and encouragement of parents and teachers who are interested in the right education and training of the young. We wish it every success, and would urge our readers to give it their support at once. We are personally acquainted with the workers in this cause in this city, and know them to be a band of earnest faithful souls, who are devoting their time and talents unselfishly to the work. When *The Lyceum Advocate* makes its appearance on the Pacific Coast and eastward, is the DOVE's earnest wish. Communications can be addressed to Prof. G. F. Perkins, 104 Powell street, S. F.

Children's Department.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Long ago in the olden day,
On a slope of the Tuscan hills there lay
A village with quarries all around,
And blocks of marble that piled the ground;
And scattered among them, everywhere,
With wedge and hammer, rule and square,
With the dust of the marble powdered white,
Sat masons who chiseled from morn to night.

The earliest sound that the baby heard
Was neither the whistle nor song of bird,
Nor bleating of lambs, nor rush of breeze
Through the tops of the tall old chestnut trees,
Nor the laughing of girls, nor the whoop and shout
Of the school at the convent just let out,
From the dolphin's mouth in the village street.

But foremost and first that sharp and clear
Arrested the little Michael's ear,
When he waked from sleep, was the mallet's knock
On the chisel that chipped the rough-hewn block;
From the dawn of the day till the twilight came,
The clink of the tools was still the same;
And, constant as fell the fountain's drip,
Was the tap-tap-tap! and the chip-chip-chip!

And when he could crawl beyond the door
Of the cottage, in search of a plaything more,
Or farther could venture, a prying lad,
What toys do you think where the first he had?
Why, splinters of marble, white and pure,
And a mallet to break them with, be sure,
And a chisel to shape them, should he choose,
Just such as he saw the masons use.

So Michael, the baby, had his way,
And hammered and chipped, and would not play
With the simple and common sort of toys
That pleased the rest of the village boys
They laughed at the little churches he
Would daily build at his nurse's knee;
They scouted the pictures that he drew
On the smooth, white slabs with a coal or two;
They taunted and teased him when he tried
To mold from the rubbish cast aside
Rude figures, and screamed, "Scultori!"
His bits of marble he shaped like men.

But who of them dreamed his mallet's sound
Would ever be heard the earth around?
Or his mimic churches in time become
The mightiest temple of Christendom?
Or the pictures he painted fill the dome
Of the Sistine—grandest of sights in Rome?
Or the village baby that chiseled so
Be the marvellous MICHAEL ANGELO!

—Wide Awake.

BIRDS FOND OF MIRRORS.

Do you know that the little canaries you keep
in cages are fond of mirrors? We have seen
little girls, and older ones, too, who were fond
of mirrors; but whoever heard of birds that
used them? I will tell you about a little canary
that lives at the house where I board.

Some time ago our landlady got a canary and
put in a cage alone. The little bird was taken
from a large cage holding a dozen birds. He
was very homesick and lonesome, just as you
would be if you were taken off among strangers,
away from mamma, papa, sisters, brothers and
everybody you knew.

Just so our little birdie cried and moaned, and
would not eat nor sing. It wanted to go home

and see its mamma. The lady did all she could
to comfort it and make it feel at home. She
talked to it and petted it, giving it clean water,
good seed, apples and everything she thought
it would like. But it was of no use; birdie kept
crying and wouldn't make friends, but wanted
to go home.

One day his mistress brought him a large
piece of a broken mirror, as big as my two
hands, and placed it on one side of his cage
where he could see it readily. Do you suppose
he cared anything for that? Indeed he did. He
hopped down, and going up close, looked in,
seeming to be perfectly delighted. He chirped
and hopped about singing and putting on all
the airs he was master of. He was not home-
sick at all after that. He spends much of his
time before the glass, and when he goes to
sleep at night he will cuddle down just as close
to the glass as he can get. You see, he thinks
he is sleeping close beside that other little bird.
His mistress often lets him out into the room,
where he can have more liberty. She may put
that glass anywhere in the room, and he will
find it, and spend most of his time before it.—
Colman's Rural World.

CAPTURING A SCHOOLMA'AM.

"Yes," said the young man as he threw him-
self at the feet of the pretty school-teacher. "I
love you and would go to the world's end for
you."

"You could not go to the end of the world
for me, James. The world, or the earth, as it is
called is round like a ball, slightly flattened at
the poles. One of the first lessons in the ele-
mentary geography is devoted to the shape of
the globe. You must have studied it when a
boy."

"Of course I did, but—"

"And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavi-
gators have established the fact."

"I know, but what I meant, was that I would
do anything to please you. Ah! Minerva, if
you knew the aching void—"

"There is no such thing as a void, James,
Nature abhors a vacuum; but admitting that
there could be such a thing, how could the void
you speak of be a void if there was an ache
in it?"

"I meant to say that my life will be lonely
without you, that you are my daily thoughts and
my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be
with you. If you were in Australia, or at the
north pole I would fly to you. I—"

"Fly? It will be another century before man
can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are
successfully overcome there will still remain,
says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of
maintaining a balance—"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth,
"I've got a fair balance in the bank and I want
you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light,
I—"

Let the curtain fall.—*Boston Courier.*

A REPORTER'S REVENGE.

Notice had been taken of the Duke of Cam-
bridge's visit to Liverpool, but one remarkable
episode of that visit is now nearly forgotten. A
newspaper man who was then in Liverpool gave
a graphic description of it the other night. The
Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Cardwell, and several
other distinguished men were to dine with the
Mayor at the Town Hall. Their speeches were
expected to be of European importance, and
great interest attached to the occasion. Owing
to the great attendance, the Mayor could find
room for only one reporter. There was much
protest on the part of the press, but it was of no
avail. An expert named Murphy was selected
for the work, and arrangements were made to
supply all England with the report which he was
to dictate. But Mr. Murphy was treated with
the utmost discourtesy by the Town Hall offi-
cials. He was placed apart from the guests in
an orchestra occupied by the fiddlers.

He took his revenge when he returned to the
office where a dozen reporters were awaiting
him, he smiled benignantly upon them and told
them to go home. "Go home! What do you
mean? Have you not got the report? I have
taken down every syllable," said the redoubt-
able Murphy, "here are my notes," slapping his
pocketbook, "and there they remain. I have
been grossly insulted, and not a line of the
speeches shall ever see print." He was as good
as his word, and so far as England and the
world were concerned, the great men at the
Town Hall might as well have uttered their
words of wisdom, congratulation, and warning
in a thunderstorm from the top of Snowdon.—
Liverpool! (England) Post.

A LESSON IN ETIQUETTE.

A young man stood in a doorway on Saturday
evening. Another young man and a young
woman passed. "Hello, Mary!" called the
young man who stood, loudly, to the companion
of the young man who walked. That young
man stopped walking, deposited his girl in an-
other doorway, came back to the other young
man and gave him a thrashing. "What did you
do that for?" demanded the vanquished one as
soon as he had a chance to speak. "You in-
sulted that lady I was with," was the reply. "I
didn't do anything but say 'Hello, Mary!' and,
anyway, don't you know she is my sister?"
"Yes, I know that, but you had no right to at-
tract attention to her on a crowded street by
hollering at her. Do you suppose that the
crowd knew that you were her brother? What
would they think of a girl thus accosted?" It
was a lesson in street etiquette.—*Buffalo Ex-
press.*

"How is the earth divided, James?" asked
the teacher. "By earthquakes, sir," James re-
plied.

The Prince of Wales has seventeen brothers-
in-law, sixteen uncles, fifty-seven cousins, and
and fifty-eight nephews and nieces.

Poetry.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

The Bibles of the Universe.

BY CHESTER F. NORTON.

Bible of bibles! "Book divine!"
 "Precious treasure, thou art mine,"
 Mine, because each human soul
 Is a portion of the whole;
 Mine, because its word is free
 From the least uncertainty;
 Mine, because its Author knows
 All my needs and all my foes:
 All the ills of ignorance,
 And the road to recompense,
 Blessed volume! Ever bright!
 Heaven's exclusive copyright:
 Bound in truth and illustrated,
 Art and beauty concentrated.
 Love upon its title page,
 Wis lom for the saint or sage:
 Deepest problems to the mind,
 Where philosophy is blind;
 Premonition—inner sense—
 So-called evil—recompense—
 Order, justice—all appear
 In the light of reason clear.
 Loving logic, wholesome laws,
 Worthy of a Supreme Cause:
 Nature's precepts, loud and terse,
 Ringing through the universe.
 Magic mirror, plainly seen
 Glittering with celestial sheen;
 Where an angel, or an ass
 See themselves as in a glass;
 Where the mythic gods of man—
 Golden calves, Jehove or Pan,
 Pale their lustre at the throne
 Of the great Supernal One.
 In each blade of grass is read
 Resurrection for the dead.
 In each floweret wet with dew,
 Peace and joy is sparkling through;
 Emblem of a loving Power,
 Rolling—guiding, every hour.
 Blessed chart, in mercy given:
 Only guide to truth and heaven:
 As I read thy pages o'er,
 Laden with immortal lore,
 I may view the promised land,
 Looming o'er the glittering sand;
 Where the morning stars are twinkling,
 With the reassuring inkling
 Of the soul's divine fruition,
 And the glorious transition
 Of the dearly loved and lost—
 All the tried and tempest-tossed,
 Who have passed the dark waves o'er
 To a brighter, happier shore,
 Where the purest waters flow,
 And the flowers immortal grow,
 Fragrant with the sweets of love
 From the radiant spheres above:
 While I hear the echoes ringing,
 And the loving angels singing
 Those glad tidings once again,—
 Peace on earth, good news to men,
 With the moonbeams glancing through,
 Gently as the silent dew
 Comes the voice of inspiration,
 Whispering of the new translation,
 When the angels deign to greet us,
 And our spirit-friends will meet us,
 Face to face, and eye to eye,
 In the welcome bye and bye.
 Book of books! God's testament!
 Teeming to the soul's content,
 All mine own, and mine to be
 Gospel through eternity.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

Discouraged.

BY LUPA.

What does it count doing over and over,
 Small, daily tasks that are daily undone?
 Where is the eye that takes note of the effort,
 Spent ere night ends what the morning begun.

What does it count when our tears and lamentings
 Gather like mist or the slow-coming rain?
 Ever returning, they beat in our faces,
 And, in their coming, but echo our pain.

What does it count when we suffer for others,
 Striving to help them in deed and in thought,
 If, with a sneer or a laugh, they repel us,
 If they remind us our aid was unsought?

Could I but know, as I crouch in the darkness,
 Watching the moonlight on water and tree,
 One saddened life had been blessed by my living,
 One erring heart had grown better for me;

Then would I straighten up out of my shadow,
 Gather new courage of hand and of brain,
 And to the music of fond, grateful voices,
 Thankfully carry life's burdens again.

Dear, patient Earth! Mother, Muse and Grave-digger,
 Toiling each summer with steady unrest,
 Moaning and crying each sorrowful winter
 Over the death of thy fairest and best,

Where is the hope, the promise, the surety,
 Where hides the knowledge of beauty to come?
 How can we know what has been will forever
 Gather the music from lips growing dumb?

Where is a sign of the spring's resurrection,
 Recompense bringing to worlds and to souls?
 Is it in motion, in question, in struggle?
 Softly around thee the radiance rolls,

Which, in its flowing, uplifts, warms and brightens,
 Light, blessed light! Sustainer and Life!
 Yet, 'tis dead life, so men say in their wisdom,
 All conscious self-hood burned out in the etrife.

Gnawing, consuming and blasting the surface,
 Leaving the heart with its glowing unrest,
 Must we consume every selfish expression
 Ere we can shine at our brightest and best?

Must we, to rise to the life-giving power,
 Toil without thought of the cost or the gain;
 Seek for no recompense, ask no thanksgiving,
 Paying no head to the pleasure or pain?

Then would we grow to be suns and creators,
 Finite approach to the Infinite God,
 Craving no longer but freely dispensing,
 Life, with its riddles, at last understood.

Forgive and Forget.

Oh! forgive and forget, for this life is too fleeting
 To waste it in brooding o'er wrongs we have met;
 It is better far better, to smother our anger,
 To teach the proud heart to forgive and forget.

In the path we must tread, leading down to the valley,
 Are crosses and trials to lift and to bear,
 And the chalice of life from which we are drinking
 Oft bears to our lips drops of sorrow and care.

But life is so short, be it sunshine or shadow,
 That we cannot afford to brood over a wrong;
 Let us lift up our burdens and bear them on bravely,
 We'll lay them down shortly, it cannot be long.

Then forgive and forget! If the friends you love fondly
 Prove themselves to be false and unworthy of trust,
 Deal with them kindly, for they are but mortals,
 Erring, like us, for we, too, are but dust.

Deal with them tenderly, pity their weakness;
 We know every heart hath its evil and good.
 We all have one Father in Heaven, hence are brothers,
 Then let us forgive and forget as we should.

Beautiful Winged Thoughts.

BY LAURA BELL.

Beautiful birds have plumage,
 Beautiful thoughts have wings;
 Stars shine far above the sigh
 Of earth's vague whisperings.
 Under the earth's broad bosom
 Never beauty lies
 But shall burn its way to the rim of day,
 And flash to our wondering eyes.

Beautiful gems lie hidden
 Under the fold of earth;
 Even the slime hides a thought sublime
 Till the time of the lily's birth.
 Even the birds went creeping
 Wingless and featherless,
 Till plume by plume, like the roses bloom,
 They borrowed the singer's dress.

Beautiful birds have plumage,
 Beautiful thoughts fly high;
 The poet's song cannot slumber long;
 Its track is the boundless sky.
 Under the infinite heaven,
 Never a wing unfurled
 But shall find its way to the verge of day,
 And flash on some wondering world.

Kiss Me Good Night.

Kiss me good night, my love, kiss me good night.
 For my pulse halts long, and my heart beats slow,
 And your beautiful eyes grow dim to my sight,
 Or have they, my pet, lost their usual glow?

All now seems vague, except memory, dear,
 So I wander back to our young love's plight,
 To that evening when hope dispelled my fear,
 As you kissed me, sweet, your first good-night.

And I see you, too, by the altar stand,
 While the blush succeeds the pallor's flight,
 When you give to me your trusting hand
 Which I kiss again, with my last good-night.

I remember, too, at our baby's birth,
 When his young eyes opened to the eager light,
 That such joy as mine was not of this earth,
 As I kissed you, darling, a sweet good-night.

I stretch you my hand, growing cold in death,
 And strain you my eyes in their failing sight,
 And, darling, repeat with my latest breath,
 Kiss me good night, my love, kiss me good-night.

But the kiss she gave was no mortal kiss,
 For there flew to her lips her heart's full love,
 Her soul reached far—'twas a moment of bliss—
 She kissed him from earth, he kissed from above.

Our Own.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
 And smiles for the sometimes guest;
 But oft for our own the bitter tone,
 Though we love our own the best.
 Ah! lips with the curl impatient,
 Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
 'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
 To undo the work of the morn,

New Doxology.

To God the Father, Man the Son,—
 To Mother Nature, faithful one,
 And every Holy Ghost from Heaven,
 Be love, and praise, and duty given.