



EDGAR EMERSON.

The Carrier Dove.

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

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The Platform.

ELSMERE AND ORTHODOXY.

A Discourse by H. W. Thomas, D. D., Pastor of the People's Church, Delivered in McVicker's Theater, Sunday, November, 4.

Give attendance upon reading.—1 Tim., iv, 13.

Speculative philosophy and theology deal largely with abstract principles and truths. The drama and the novel concrete truths and principles in personalities and represent them in life and action. These forms of literature naturally appeal more readily to the popular mind and heart; and hence it is possible to employ them so effectively in the presentation and advocacy of any great cause. The abstract principles of liberty and slavery had been discussed by statesmen and moralists from the foundation of this government and with little effect upon the masses north or south; but when Mrs. Stowe concreted these principles in the form of a story, and when this was put upon the stage the millions were moved to tears and aroused to indignation at the thought or sight of this monstrous iniquity as portrayed in the scenes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Before the invention of printing the stage was used by the church to present the stories of the Bible; but with the coming of books the strictly religious drama has largely disappeared. The novel in literature, is in some form as old and as universal as literature itself; and the appearance of this form of teaching in religion is by no means new. Even our Savior employed fiction, or imaginary instances and characters to embody and illustrate his doctrines; for we need not suppose that he had in mind any one family in the story of the prodigal son; nor that the events as narrated concerning a "certain man that went down from Jerusalem to Jericho" and of the priest and the Levite, actually occurred.

And thus the novel has a legitimate place in religion, and may be used as a great power in reaching the public mind and heart; and especially so in this wonderful age of books and reading; and it has been thus employed very effectively in the last half century in advocating a broader and purer and more rational theology. Such was the nature of the religious novel called "Yeast,"

by Charles Kingsley; then came "The Nemesis of Faith," by Froude, and the writings of George McDonald; and in this country the moral and religious stories by Mrs. Stowe, and Eggleston and others; and by a strange coincidence within the last two months have appeared "Robert Elsmere" by Mrs. Humphrey Ward of England; and "Ward, The Preacher," by a lady of Boston; and "Love and Theology," by Mrs. Woolley of our own city; and all in the same line of thought and tendency, though with a different placing of characters.

Very few books of this or any time, perhaps, have met with so rapid a sale as Robert Elsmere; and the demand has been mainly from the more thoughtful classes; for there is nothing in the world that appeals to the vulgar, and very little that is even exciting or in any way sensational. The thought value of the book must be placed as far above the average; the expressional value is almost faultless; and the impulsive and emotional value is certainly pure, humane and stimulating in quality; but judged from the orthodox standpoint, the work is one of the most subtle and dangerous attacks ever made upon the Christian religion. Indeed, so great has been the alarm from this quarter, that the defenders of this form of faith have rushed to the front to warn their flocks, and, if possible to ward off the deadly blow dealt by this one fair hand. A hundred thousand clergymen trying to defend their boasted orthodoxy of 1400 years against the words of one woman!

We can hardly suppose that all present have yet found time to read this much discussed book, and hence for their sakes, and for the sake of clearness in my remarks I will give the briefest outline of its contents. The work is wide in its scope, and brings in, in one way and another, many types of character, phases of modern life, and especially of English society, such as poverty and wealth, the condition of working classes, their indifference and infidelity in reference to the religious teachings of the day; and hence the need of clearer statements of religious doctrines, and of more practical work.

The story is woven around the life of Elsmere, who whilst a student at Oxford is drawn by his emotional nature and the imposing ceremonies of the church to enter its ministry. His wife is of strong Puritan type; they enter upon their work, are devoted and

successful; but with reflection, wider reading and under the influence of a skeptical thinker, he comes to doubt and deny the historic evidences of the miraculous in the Christian religion. All this involves much struggle, and is a deep sorrow to his wife; but he resigns his parish and goes into London and takes up a work among the ungathered masses, goes into the debating clubs where Christianity is ridiculed, and wins the scoffers over to reverence and faith in that which to him is a more rational faith; and then, worn out by work and suffering he dies, and his wife, having been partially won over to his broader thought, after attending her own service in the morning goes and sits in silence in the meeting he had established.

Aside from its high literary merit, almost the whole interest of this story of 700 pages centres in the religious thought and struggles of its leading characters. Take these out, and the work would possess no public interest. And now several questions arise, and the first is: Why are the millions of Christian readers in England and America so interested in this story of a clergyman giving up his old views? We can hardly account for this upon any other theory than that somehow the people are in a state of mind to expect and to welcome and encourage some new form of belief; and this suggested again that they are uneasy and not fully satisfied with the faith that is commonly taught; and such is the simple fact in our day; and it is not that the people want to doubt, but that they cannot believe in many of the old doctrines. Their rational and moral consciousness make it impossible. They do not want to sink down into unbelief; and hence they are so hungry for a religion that will satisfy both the reason and the heart.

A second question is: Why are the orthodox clergy of two great countries so uneasy? Why do they so dread the effects of this latest religious novel? Why are a hundred thousand preachers so disturbed by the words of this one woman? England and America have been under orthodox teaching for centuries; these teachings have the sanction of age and the support of wealth and learning and social position. If all these preachers were at all certain that they are right; that their positions can stand the test of critical research and unprejudiced reason, why should they be so anxious? Are they

afraid to trust the common sense of mankind? Are they afraid that the real foundations of Christianity will be undermined.

Does not all this alarm suggest that many of the clergy have themselves felt the difficulties and the uncertainties of some of their positions, and are afraid to have the people think upon such matters? My good friend Dr. Gunsaulus has confessed that the doctrines of Elsmere are preached at a time when men are most ready and best prepared to receive them?" and that they "take hold of men with an almost fatal grasp." But why is this so? Why is it so difficult to hold the world to the orthodox faith? Why is it that the children rocked in the cradle of orthodoxy, and sent to its schools, and many of those even who have been educated for its ministry, find themselves growing out of these old beliefs? If in the change they lost their faith in God and righteousness, and their love and reverence for the good, the explanation might be found in the resulting moral darkness. But such is not the case. Elsmere's faith in God and religion is if anything stronger after the change than before; and he is no less earnest in his love for man, and his efforts to do good; and such is the general experience of those who come into large views. The very fact that it is so hard to hold the world to any form of faith suggests the suspicion that there is something wrong in that faith.

To thoughtful and unprejudiced minds who really believe in the Christian religion, it is a pitiful sight to see that religion is exposed to attack, and so weak in its positions and defenses as to be disturbed by this simple story of a woman; and it is pitiful to see the entire orthodox church, Protestant and Catholic, in Europe and America, unable to answer Col. Ingersoll. There must be something inherently weak in Christianity itself, or there is something wrong in that conception of it called orthodox that constantly needs bolstering up, and then is never secure.

The weakness, my friends, is not Christianity; but in the methods employed for its advocacy and defense, and in the weak, unreasonable, and often wicked doctrines, taught in the name of Christianity, and put forth as themselves being Christianity, and it is just here that the New Theology is taking its place in the world and in the New Reformation of the 19th century, and is trying to free the Christian religion from the accretions of error that are exposing it to so many sources of attack, and making it appear so weak and indefensible.

Mr. Ward in her novel has not gone deeply into the question of theology; and it is not in this form of literature that they are to be settled; but upon the higher planes of debate. Nor is there anything new in what she makes her imaginary characters say. But the fact that a woman has written such a work is very suggestive, and it is this that makes the orthodox preacher so uneasy; for it is

matter of common knowledge that many of the open-minded men of these churches have long since ceased to believe in much that they hear from their pulpits; but they are held to the church by social ties and pecuniary interests. They have helped build these places of worship, their wives and children attend them; and they think the moral influence is generally good; and hence they remain and support them. But what if the women begin to think and to question the very doctrines that the men have ceased to believe in any thorough and realizing sense? That is what orthodoxy fears; and that is the danger that threatens it in this age when women are coming into the foreground of thought and action.

Mrs. Ward in her book has really touched but two phases of modern doubt; that of the miraculous in its bearing upon the authenticity, and hence the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, and the divinity of Christ; and upon neither of these does her preacher express precisely my own views; for from my own standpoint, I do believe in the incarnation and the divinity of Christ, but not in the gross Trinitarian conception and statement of that doctrine. I believe in the immanency of the divine in nature; that God is in nature, and not outside of it, and that at the centre, or germinally man is divine, and that the fulness of this divine nature was revealed in the Christ; differing not in kind, but in degree, from the divine in man. Hence, placing the divine in nature, and not outside, we arrive at a different view of the supernatural; for from this standpoint there is the higher and the lower in nature, and each thing is natural upon its own plane, and hence the great evidence of the divine is in the eternal order of nature; and not in any supposed violation of that order. Hence, whilst I do not feel called upon to deny the miracles of the New Testament, I would say that if the events occurred, they were in accordance with a higher law; but I would not rest the Christian religion upon these miraculous stories; not even upon the literal bodily resurrection of Christ. The evidence seems quite strong that he did appear in the body that was crucified; and the disciples and Paul believed as much; but is it the best evidence to us? I think not. Historic evidence addressed to the senses and to us now unverifiable, is not as strong as that addressed to reason and the present experience of mankind. The essential fact is that the Christ now lives; and this essential Christ never died; death had no power over him; and the life of Christ in the souls of men is not denied by any. It was natural once to insist upon the resurrection of Christ's body; and of all human bodies; but who believes now that the bodies that die will be raised?

Moral truths are not dependent upon miraculous attestations; they appeal to the reason and moral consciousness, in man; and on that foundation they are forever secure. Dr. Barrows says, referring to miraculous works of Christ, that "miracles are the jewels which naturally adorn the brow of this celestial king. Yes, you cannot put too many jewels in that crown to suit my reason or my heart; but let them be the jewels of the eternal moral order and glory of the uni-

verse; the jewels of the divine love in suffering, and of the present moral and conquering power of that love and life in the world; and let us not bar mankind from this life by any such conditions as that they must believe in the resurrection of the body of Jesus so long ago. The real miracles of early Christianity were in the presence and power of the Holy Spirit; and that miracle—if such we call it—may be a blessed fact in the experience of praying souls to-day.

It is not necessary to believe everything in order to believe something; and in what the orthodox call this loss of faith by Elsmere, he still had undoubted faith in God; but that faith was saved—by giving up what he could not believe; for he says to the orthodox, "If I could see life and God for one hour as you see them I should cease to be a Christian the next." He still believed in the great human Christ, in whom the beauty of God was revealed; and he went into the worst places of London, and redeemed the name of Jesus from low abuse. He had faith in God and right, and the future.

The orthodox preachers seem to think Elsmere gave up all faith; or rather they say, "he had nothing to give up." Well, he gave up his living, his parish, and that is more than a great many who claim to be orthodox preachers are willing to do. They hold on to their pulpits and salaries. Elsmere was counselled to do the same thing, but his simple answer was, "I prefer to be honest." He did not give up his sense of manhood; but to keep it, he had to give up all the early associations of life—his church relations and friendships, and to be looked upon and branded as a heretic. Oh! this world will never know what the narrowness, bigotry, and severity—not of Christianity proper, but of orthodoxy, has inflicted upon suffering hearts and lives. The hearts that the Christ loved, orthodoxy has persecuted and cast out, and imprisoned and burned at the stake.

The orthodox preachers of this troubled, and doubting age owe it to themselves and to the future to lighten some of the burdens that the darker ages put upon Christian faith; the cold, external Latin accretions, such as the doctrine of original sin, and a penal atonement and everlasting punishment, that formed no part of the Christian faith as it was taught by the early Greek Fathers of the Church, and by the apostles and Christ. Will they do it? or will they compel the reason of this age to stay outside of the Church? The Young Men's Christian Association tells us that 75 per cent. of the young men of this country are never seen in the churches; that not over ten per cent. are church members, and less than five per cent. communicants.

Poor Elsmere said, "Christianity seems so small to me, with all God's great works without." Yes, "small," as usually interpreted for the orthodox limit it to their narrow views; and limit salvation to those who accept their views; and Secretary Smith of the American Board says, that "not one in 400 in China ever heard the name of Christ; and that there is but one missionary to every 818,000 souls." But thank heaven, the love of God is greater and his truth larger than the measure of these narrow minds; and O, friends, who love the truth, who love the liberty of the truth, who love man and God; who love the Spirit of Christ, and really believe in his religion of humanity, of justice, and help build up a great church that will welcome all that is true and beautiful and good; a church where the millions may find rest, and peace and joy.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Original Contributions.

The Croaking of the Frogs vs. the Anthems of the Larks.

BY G. C. DRIVER.

"I charge it (Spiritualism) with being a curse to moral and civil relations and conditions! The very foundations of society are being shattered and 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 the harmony of the body is destroyed. As to the mind, go to our asylums and you will see the evidence of its work, while it ruins and kills the soul." Sermon of Rev. Dr. M. Gibson of the United Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, Cal.

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day." *Hamlet*.

Is the Spiritualist's repose upon the Fatherhood, love, and justice of the Supreme Spirit, and the Motherhood of Nature a moral curse? Is the tenet of the Brotherhood of all men, and the sisterhood of all women, a social curse? Is the doctrine of the soul's immortality, and its progress up ward and onward toward the Infinite Over-soul—ever growing in wisdom, strength, beauty, and purity, through the ages—likely to shatter the foundations of society, whatever effect the contemporaneous proof positive evidence, by the agency of sensuous phenomena, may exert upon mummery? Is the belief in personal responsibility for our deeds and actions inevitably wedded to the ruin and death of the soul? In what manner can perennial affection for, and either direct or satisfactorily derived intelligent communication with the loved ones who have passed just outside the boundaries of the physically visible, destroy the sanctity of the home fireside? Does the transition to the Second State transform our kith, our kin, and ourselves into Jack-o-lanterns, fiends, or dragons? What is the significance of the indestructibility of the human spirit? What is the essence of the Ego, the individual self-consciousness, the intelligent will? Is it an atom of oxygen or ether incased in a miniature bubble of protoplasm resident within the pineal gland, or is it a hippopotamus, Brother Gibson? Why should the benediction of a Holy Ghost impart sweet peace to the careworn and perturbed pilgrim, the presence and blessing of a sainted relative, in spirit-body organism, degrade and hasten him to a mad-house? Statistics attest that a smaller number of Spiritualists than of any other denomination, reside in lunatic asylums. Do not shysters abound among lawyers, quacks among physicians,

and unenlightened asses among the clergy, yet are not these honorable professions? Are all Christians hypocrites and mammon-worshippers because Judas betrayed his Master for thirty pieces of silver? Should Christianity be responsible for its score of false Christs who were predicted by, and have flourished since the times of the Anointed? Must Spiritualism be responsible for the stultification and moral degradation of two of the Fox sisters, initiated, during their childhood, by unpropitious contact with the Roman Catholic priesthood, through enforced acquaintanceship and tribulation with the Kane family; or for the superfluity of ear-trumpet and dearth of brains and common honesty which have, heretofore, characterized the Seybert commission? Calvinism consigns the souls of non-elect deceased infants to the fiery crested waves of seething perdition. Through Spiritualism it is revealed that *all* of the babies—"God bless 'em"—are, when they depart, taken in charge at once by foster fathers and mothers, provided with homes, nurtured, educated, placed amid beautiful environments, and thus grow to spirit manhood and womanhood. Why should the former belief promote a calm and holy resignation in the bosoms of the bereft, and the latter revelation "So act upon the nerves that the harmony of the body is destroyed?" Does a hawk resemble a hand-saw; or a United Presbyterian commemoration of the Eucharist recall the orgies of the bacchanals in the fastnesses of the Brocken, on Walpurgis night or May-day eve? Not even to that extent is Modern Spiritualism, *sui generis*, identified with demonology, fortune telling, palmistry, ventriloquism, legerdemain, jugglery, trickery, or fraud,

This New Dispensation has had no founders on the earth-life side, in the common acceptation of the term; hence can have no indispensable representative apostates. The knockings and rappings in the Hydesville dwelling began four years previous to its occupancy by the Fox folks, as they had, years before, among the Shakers; and, simultaneously with the discovery that the three sisters were mediums, Reverend A. H. Jarvis, a Methodist minister, Mr. Lyman Granger, Reverend Charles Hammond, Deacon Hale, and other gentleman of wealth and influence, both in Rochester and surrounding towns and country, had similar phenomena, through mediumship, in their own homes.

The manifestations in 1848 were only the inauguration of a more concentrated and systematic movement by the stalwart spirit pioneers—led by the illustrious Benjamin Franklin—to permanently bridge the chasm between the natural and the spirit world; and, to-day, Modern Spiritualism, distinctively so termed—this glittering diamond from the coronet of the Divine—presents so many facts; its phenomena are so diverse; its literature and belles-lettres so extensive; its philosophy so sublime; and its 8,000,000 of

disciples, in the United States alone, present such a compendious encyclopedia of varied personal experiences, that the denunciation of it from the standpoint of theory, fancy, imagination, fear, malice, prejudice, policy, preconceived opinions, superficial investigation, sectarian jealousy, or conscientious bigotry, is only "As sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." It is based upon incontrovertible facts, and they are stubborn things.

"Canst thou draw out the leviathan with a hook, or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?"

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

"Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

"Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven; canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?"

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. December, 1888.

"Thou God Seest Me."

ELLA L. MERRIAM.

In the sunshine of prosperity, and among the cold shadows of adversity. Upon the golden capped mountains of spiritual acness. In the fragrant blossoming meadows, or upon the burning desert sands of despair. Where all is peaceful and serene, where true friendships brighten and bless, and where cruel deceit and estrangement have left their poisonous trail upon the gardens of the mind. In the bitter frosts of disaster, and floating along the gentle balmy zephyrs. Upon all the sound rungs of upward moral acclivities, as in the slums and pitfalls of vice and crime. In the shimmering brightness of "golden deeds," and in the mouldy caverns of secret sins. Where the melodies and harmonies of Nature's sublimest sympathies, reverberate and re-echo their sweetest expressions, as well as amidst the conflicting chaos of undeveloped forces. Even reflects upon the silvery purling stream, and thunders forth in mighty cataract. No situation, no location, no condition, can separate or alienate the human soul from this All Pervading, All Sustaining, Ever-Loving Spirit of the Infinite One. O, be receptive to this glorious truth! Let its omnipotent arm buoy you up in every struggling, fainting hour. By this omniscient force, be upborne above the billows of earth's surging, seething tides. This Master Intelligence, call it by any title or appellation you choose, is within and without, above and beneath, around and about you to sustain, restore, guide and bless you, in unnumbered ways. Draw upon this inexhaustable fountain. Lave in its balmy waters. Feast upon its undying bounty, and drink, oh, so deeply and joyfully, of its perennial spring, that you may behold more clearly and demonstrate more nearly the honor, the power, and the glory of immortality.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 19, 1888.

Answers to Questions on the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism.

BY G. F. BRADFORD.

In the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Nov. 24th appeared a number of questions addressed to Spiritualists, the object being the acquisition of certain data and facts pertaining to Spiritualism and Spiritualists, the compilation of which would undoubtedly be of great value and lead to a better understanding and appreciation of our philosophy. For the purpose of encouraging intelligent answers, and believing that Mr. Bundy will be quite as willing to gather his answers from the columns of the CARRIER DOVE as from the mails, and because I am personally known to the CARRIER DOVE's editress, I forward my answers to the CARRIER DOVE for publication.

The questions referred to are as follows:

QUESTIONS.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the inter-communication between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

REPLIES.

No. 1. I was brought up in the Baptist faith, but became a free thinker in early manhood.

No. 2. About four years.

No. 3. I was led to investigate Spiritualism because, as it was explained to me by some of the most intelligent of my acquaintances, it appealed to my reason as being the most natural interpretation of immortality (which was always a necessary inference with me,) that I had heard of; no other explanation placing immortality within the pale of the Conditioned; and the term "continued existence," which blends so harmoniously with the laws of Conservation of Energy, proved so attractive as a matter of investigation, that I commenced sitting twice a week with a brother for development. In about a month raps were heard, strong and clear, sometimes sounding as though made with the knuckles on the ceiling, floor, windows, mirror or else-

where, at other times more like a drop of water or grain of rice falling from a considerable elevation. At first we could detect no intelligence, but two weeks later the raps were, all at once, confined to the table at which we sat, and none appeared to be made without an intelligent motive, as we proved by asking questions and calling the alphabet, the raps only appearing in answer to questions or in indicating letters of the alphabet. As all questions were answered correctly, even when the answers were unknown to us, and as the letters indicated invariably formed correctly spelled words and sentences, often about subjects unfamiliar to us, we were in time forced to the conclusion that the raps were produced, as they claimed to be, by the spirits of friends who had passed through death, operating on some force, as animal magnetism, generated by ourselves while sitting quietly with our hands on the table.

No. 4. Remarkable incidents very numerous; in a year's time we were receiving weekly messages by raps of from one to two hundred words, an error in the choice of a letter being at once indicated by a succession of raps which continued until the mistake was discovered.

My brother R—, who was for sometime skeptical as to the necessity of the theory of spirit power and intelligence in accounting for the communications received, claiming that they might come from the sub-conscious sides of our own minds, received the following message. "R— we give you a pass to the theatre; to-morrow night go to the Bush-street theatre, walk in and take the best seat you can find." He went, passed in without question, and secured a good seat. It seems that unknown to either of us, a friend of R—'s had taken the place of the regular door-keeper for the evening.

An incident that tends to discredit the theories of unconscious cerebration and involuntary muscular action, occurred as follows. One evening, as at the pre-arranged signal of five raps I called the alphabet, the following letters were indicated in succession "w-h-e-n-d-i-e-d-i-e," here I remarked that this was nonsense, as these letters could form no words, and scratched out the letters which I had written down, and began again; to my disgust the same letters were repeated; quite annoyed, I scratched them out again, to have them repeated again in the same order. Something was wrong evidently, and I was about to arise, when my brother proposed continuing the alphabet, and seeing what would follow. I did so, reluctantly, and obtained s-h-e-w-i-l-l-b-e," etc., forming the words "When Die dies he will be," etc., referring to a dog to which the spirit communicating and myself had been much attached. My brother was neither acquainted with this fact nor the dog's odd name, "Die."

No. 5. I regard Spiritualism as a religion, because it offers a theory of man's relation to the Universe, which may be said to be the

one central idea running through all religions, from the lowest to the highest. As each successively higher form of religion has been evolved, it has placed its First Cause or God, farther and farther away from consciousness.

Spiritualism being a later and higher development of Religion, is hardly considered as such, owing to the fact that its First Cause, or God, which it simply names the Spirit of the Universe, is placed so far from consciousness as to appear to those who have not studied deeply enough into the matter to be entirely left out of consideration; and as the idea of a God of some kind is recognized as a necessity in all religions, it is easily understood why the question is asked, "Do you consider Spiritualism a religion?"

Numbers 6 and 7 I will endeavor to answer in the next issue of the CARRIER DOVE.

A Plea From Mrs. Thompson.

"The well-known philanthropist, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, who gives her entire income, which is very large, to various enterprises for the benefit of humanity, retaining for herself enough to meet the simple needs of her quiet home life, writes me as follows, and I think the words so golden that I wish every woman in America would heed them. Will not those of our readers who agree with me in this be at the pains to clip out the paragraph, and secure its insertion in the local papers of their various towns and cities, with the explanatory statement herein made? Coming from such a source, these words have peculiar weight, for Mrs. Thompson is one who lives her belief, and knows its blessedness by every day experience: "I wish the women of the world would call on the men to give up this wild, ungovernable chase for more money, and the women govern themselves accordingly. Who is the happier for such extravagance in dress, furniture, useless decorations, grand equipages, etc? Are they not more or less procured at the expense of the moral and physical nature? What is there that many men and women too, will not sacrifice for a few dollars more to be spent for that which enriches them not, but makes them poor indeed? Are they wiser, better, or in any way happier for having gained this surplus sum? In my experience I have found more health and contentment, more kindly feeling among the laboring class, than I have ever seen among that class who make money merely for the sake of display. There is more truth than poetry in the saying that "enough is as good as a feast." Few realize the true significance of industry and economy. But why do I talk? I am so weary of words, words, words, and yet some good may come of words. Are not all great and good things simple? And might it not be well for more people to set the example of a simple and well-ordered life, that the young might not be tempted into such extravagance as is now the bane of life?"—*Union Signal*.

Selected Articles.

Interesting to Women.

The contest for the emancipation and elevation of women has many pleasant and amusing as well as deeply tragic aspects. It is rather funny to find them running Belva Lockwood for President, Linda Gilbert for Governor of New York, and Miss Alice Stockton as Governor of Massachusetts; but this is a persuasive way of familiarizing the masculine mind with the idea of electing women. When the women do, generally and earnestly, demand any right they are pretty sure to get it, and there will not be much of a contest.

We have a good example in Africa of women demanding their rights.

THE AKONA TRIBE IN AFRICA.

Mr. Pauli, who lived for some time in the Cameroon region, West Africa, says the *New York Sun*, tells of a highly successful woman's right movement awhile ago in the Akona tribe illustrating the fact that when women unanimously assert them in savage lands, as well as elsewhere, they are a great power in the community. In that benighted region women are not supposed to have any rights. When a girl is thirteen or fourteen years old she is sold to anybody who has property enough to pay the price her father asks for her, and thereafter she works like a slave for her board and lodging, and is subject to all the caprices of her lord and master. Even the bondsmen in the community have more privileges than the free women, and some of them, in time, are able to support rather extensive harems of their own.

"It happened that there were some strong-minded women among the Akona people, and they lifted up their voices in public places in favor of some radical social reforms that would make the lot of womankind rather more endurable. They were jeered at as women reformers have been in some other lands, and were advised by the superior sex to keep on digging in the fields and pounding manioc root, and thank fortune that their lot was not less tolerable. Reform was evidently not to be secured by any amount of feminine protest, and so these strong-minded women put their heads together and decided upon radical and far-reaching measures.

The tribe is a small one. Nearly all the adult females in it enlisted under the banner of women's rights. One day there was an enormous commotion in that little community. It was almost wholly confined to the male population, the fact being that there was hardly a woman there to share the excitement. The mothers and wives, in a most unexpected and heartless manner, had suddenly dropped their implements of drudgery, and, with their children in arms

and marriageable daughters, had hied them through the forests to the territory of another tribe, where, at the distance of eight or ten miles from their own garden patches, they were prepared to open negotiations with the lordly chaps they had left behind them.

They knew beforehand that they would meet with a hospitable reception in the tribe which they took refuge. It happened that this tribe was larger than the Akona, and did not like them very well, and it tickled them half to death to see the pickle in which the Akona men suddenly found themselves. The women set themselves to work earning their daily bread, and waited without a bit of impatience for an embassy to put in an appearance.

The Akona tribe was of the opinion that they could not continue in business without the female members thereof, and they wanted the women to come home. The particularly strong-minded spokesman of the refugees said she was glad to learn at last that the women of their tribe were regarded as a desirable element of the Akona people. As the women had taken care of all the men, it was evident they were able to take care of themselves, and they hadn't the slightest intention of going home except on certain important conditions, which she specified. Then the embassy went home to consult the chief men, who, as their harems were the largest, were the greatest sufferers by the flight of the fair sex.

The women stipulated that they would come back if a considerable part of the agricultural duties of the community were in future turned over to the slaves, if the mothers were permitted to have something to say about the disposal of their daughters, and if several other conditions were complied with. It did not take long for the gentlemen of Akona to decide what to do. A day or two later the women went back in high feather, having achieved a complete victory, and they have been treated very well ever since.

Women are gaining their position and influence by entering into business with higher ideas of their capacities—aiming at higher marks.

Their achievements in literature are too extensive and important to be mentioned here. In medicine it is but forty years since I procured the opening to women of a medical college for the first time in this country. Now female physicians are beginning to form a national association.

Beside their rank already established in medicine they are establishing a rank in law. In Philadelphia, Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore is highly respected for her ability. In California, Miss Alice Parker has been admitted by the Supreme Court after an honorable examination. She is the third lady lawyer—her predecessors being Laura De Force Gordon and Clara Foltz.

The Supreme Court at Washington has admitted Mrs. Bittenbender, of Lincoln,

Nebraska. She is the third admission, Belva Lockwood and Laura De Force Gordon being her predecessors.

At Dover, New Hampshire, Mrs. Mary E. G. H. Dow was made president of the Horse Railroad Co. in January, 1888, when the stock was worth from \$5 to \$7, and now the stock is worth \$100, and the Company has made a 20 per cent. dividend.

The handsome Miss Kitty C. Wilkins, of Idaho, has a ranch with 700 or 800 horses,—Percherons, Morgans, Normans, Hambleton, and so on. She is well educated, and thinks horse-raising a fascinating business. When she was two years old she had a present of forty dollars, which her father invested in a phillie worth twice as much, from which her stock has grown. She thinks horses twice as profitable as cattle, and recently sold two carloads at Omaha.

Miss Annie Thomas, of Billings, Montana, conducts a 6000-acre ranch, looks after valuable lumber property, and has an interest in two paying mines near Butte City.

According to the *Home Journal*, "The Cræsus of South America is a woman, Dona Isadora Cousino, of Santiago, Chili, and there are few men or women in the world richer than she. There is no end to her money, and no limit to her extravagance, and the people call her the Countess of Monte Cristo. She traces her ancestry back to the days of the conquest. She has millions of acres of land, millions of money, flocks and herds that are numbered by the hundreds of thousands, coal, copper and silver mines, acres of real estate in the cities of Santiago and Valparaiso, a fleet of iron steamships, smelting works, a railroad and various other trifles in the way of productive property, which yield her an income of several millions a year, that she tries very hard to spend, and under the circumstances succeeds as well as could be expected. From her coal mines alone Senora Cousino has an income of eighty thousand dollars a month, and there is no reason why this should not be perpetual, as they are the only source in South America from which fuel can be obtained, and those who do not buy of her have to import their coal from Great Britain. She has a fleet of eight iron steamships, of capacities varying from two thousand to three thousand tons. In addition to her landed property, and her mines she owns much city real estate, from which her rentals amount to several hundred thousand dollars a year. She is also the principal stockholder in the largest bank in Santiago. Not long ago she presented the people of that city with a park of one hundred acres and a race-course adjoining it."

AMERICA HAS MANY RICH WOMEN.

"Hetty Green is credited with being the most of a capitalist of her sex in the United States, writes a New York correspondent. Her wealth would foot up from \$35,000,000 to \$40,000,000, I suppose. She inherited \$13,000,000, married \$1,000,000, and has made the

rest by shrewd financiering. Another clear-headed woman is Miss Elizabeth Garrett, who must have \$20,000,000 or more, and who knows how to take care of it. Mrs. Mark Hopkins is richer than Miss Garrett, though her neighbors, the village folk, are less enthusiastic about her than they used to be before she put up a high fence or Chinese wall about that \$2,000,000 palace of hers at Great Barrington. Mrs. Hopkins is not worth less than \$30,000,000 or \$35,000,000, probably, and she, too, is noted for her charity. Mrs. Emily H. Moir, the heir of the Morgan property, pays the largest personal assessment, of any woman in New York, and Mrs. Sarah H. Green comes next to her. Mrs. John Jacob Astor has a tidy sum of from \$7,000,000 to \$9,000,000.

Rich New York widows estimated at from \$1,000,000 to \$5,000,000 abound, and there are some hundreds of unmarried women under thirty who have from \$100,000 upwards in their own name. Mrs. W. E. Dodge has invested her money well, and it amounts to \$5,000,000, perhaps Commodore Vanderbilt's widow has something more than double what her husband left her. Mrs. Robert Goelet and Clarkson Potter's widow are not poor. Miss May Callender must be worth a million. Mrs. Frank Leslie must have \$1,000,000. Mrs. Hicks Lord has several millions.

There are some married women in New York who have private fortunes. Mrs. Whitney has plenty and will have more. White-law Reid got his money with D. O. Mills' daughter, and Mayor Hewitt his with Peter Cooper's daughter.

A rich New Englander is Mrs. Sutton of Peabody, Mass. Her husband left her \$5,000,000. She has made it not far from \$6,000,000. She has endowed a magnificent reference library room in the Peabody Library, founded by George Peabody, and her boy's picture, framed in gold, hangs on its walls. Mrs. Frederick Lenoir, of Springfield, is another rich Bay State woman, owning perhaps \$4,000,000. Agassiz's daughter, Mrs. Shaw, of Boston, is made wealthy by her husband's gifts, and supports great numbers of free kindergartens.

The Drexel sisters of Philadelphia have some millions apiece, and the widow of Tom Scott, the railroad president, had \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000 left her by her husband. There are dozens of rich Philadelphia widows and some good catches among the heiresses."

In London it is said, "Among the opulent ladies who still remain in London the pastime of "slumming" has been revived. When the agitation for the improvement of dwellings of the poor was raised a few years ago, ladies, touched by the bitter cry of out-cast London, made pilgrimages to the impoverished districts to see the poor at home with their own eyes. In the Isle of Dogs, in the squalid districts of which the poor have been driven out of house and home

by a flood of abominable sewage, the carriages of the great have again been seen."

But women are nowhere recognized as equals. In America women can travel alone without insult, but they are not received on terms of equality at hotels. A lady of superior intelligence in New York told me of her mortification that to obtain admission to a hotel she was obliged to take her son with her. This is a practical wrong that women should have rectified. In Europe women are wretchedly cramped by society, even the best society. It is absolutely impossible (says Max Elliot) for Frenchmen or Italiansto understand the liberty American girls are permitted in their own country in their daily life, and, in spite of the continually increasing number of American residents now scattered over Europe, it is equally impossible to overcome the prejudice Europeans have regarding conventionalities, particularly where the female sex is concerned." "It was simply impossible for this young lady to venture beyond the portals of our hotel, if but to carry a book back to the English library across the piazza upon which the building faced, without being assailed by some amatory Italian."

"At the foot of the steps of the church there is a quaint boat-shaped basin, in which a fountain plays, and as the two girls reached this fountain within sight of the windows in our private sitting-room in the hotel, two well-dressed, swarthy men of middle age accosted them in a familiar manner, and attempted to detain the pretty blonde daughter of my fellow-boarder. When they arrived home my own friend was on the verge of hysterics, and the fair-haired daughter of my neighbor was scarcely less composed. This is but an instance of experiences that are almost of daily occurrence with pretty American girls in Italy. In Milan, where hundreds of Americans now reside, a young woman would no more think of venturing alone on the street than a little child would be allowed to attend the theater in this country in the evening. The mere fact of a girl walking in the street unattended invites the coarsest jests from the men as she passes by. This is too often the case of men who pose as gentlemen; but the American girl's idea of a gentleman in Europe becomes much confused, and her faith in their courtesy pretty well shaken ere many weeks elapse. Even in foreign churches scenes are frequently enacted that bear anything but an ecclesiastical character."

Mr. Elliot tells further how a young lady visiting a church with her friends was insulted by an ill-looking Frenchman, whom her brother knocked down; and when the whole party were arrested and fined, the judge, instead of excoiating the Frenchman, rebuked the young lady for her freedom in going about.

But these are light matters compared to the terrible burden that rests upon young

women who have to support themselves, the terrible burden of starvation wages arising from the lack of industrial education and the competition of unskilled poverty. The *Chicago Times* and *New York World* and *Sun* tell terrible stories, from which I would select a few naked facts. The *Times* speaks of a girl at the Western Lace Factory in State Street, who had been crocheting mats from January to July 10 and received only fifteen dollars. The company paid sixty cents a dozen for mats,—a dozen being an ordinary week's work! At another factory women working in a foul atmosphere were paid sixty cents a dozen for making jerseys. Many of them had only dry bread for dinner, and many had no dinner at all. In the sales room, this jersey made for five cents was sold for \$2.50. For making a lady's cloak worth \$35.00 the maker was paid only sixty-five cents. At a factory near Wabash Avenue, the average wages were \$.50 a week. At the factory of Stein & Co. one girl worked three days for sixty-five cents, another two days and a half for forty-five cents. At the Excelsior Underwear Works eighty cents a dozen was the pay for making shirts. Ah, how patiently these poor creatures submit to a condition worse than African slavery! There would be terrific mobs and conflagrations if men were treated thus.

In the slop shops of New York, of which the *World* selects Freedman Brothers, of Lispenard Street, as a sample, girls have to work in a crowded, filthy room, in contact with vulgar, demoralized men, the best wages being three dollars a week.

It was no wonder that meditating on these social ills has inspired a poet to make an indignant satire on the philanthropy which spends a thousand dollars to convert some dark-skinned foreigner, while the white women at home are left in the misery of a lingering death. Yet not women alone in the old world. A writer in the *Herald* (Wm. Maverick) says, "I travelled in England, city and country, and I was shocked at the exhibitions of poverty and wretchedness to be seen on every side. Nothing like it had ever fallen under my observation in the large cities of this country, with which I am somewhat familiar, or even among the unfortunate drought-stricken people of the Southwest. While in London my attention was constantly attracted, and my sympathies touched, by the wretched poor who thronged the streets by day and slept at night on the steps of the churches, under the shelter of the statues in the public squares, or in the doorways of private dwellings. This was not in the poverty-stricken East End, but in Charing Cross and Piccadilly. One night, while returning from the theater, I passed through the 'Seven Dials,' and no longer wondered that the Londoners shuddered at the mention of this locality and its inhabitants. When I was about to enter my lodging that night I heard a voice of heart-rend-

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ing despair calling from the opposite side of the street. Turning, I found it proceeded from the bundles of rags lying on a doorstep; the pale, gaunt features of the owners of voice and rags just discernable in the dim light of a neighboring street lamp. 'Kind gentlemen,' said one of the women, 'have pity on the poor of London of a night. There is no work, and we do starve.' Alas, I knew the story was the statement of thousands in that same London, and that 'the vast army of the unemployed' was no meaningless phrase, for I had met its unwilling recruits on every hand—great, strong, willing men with no sight of their poverty robbed the galleries of their beauty, the great buildings of their grandeur, and the splendid parks of their attractiveness. 'We have no work, and do starve,' was heard on every side in the metropolis of the world, even under the walls of the Bank of England. The condition in the rural districts was nearly as bad, destitution being visible everywhere, and despair being expressed by the laborers whom I questioned in the field, in the factory, on the public highways."

Mr. E. Nisbet, in the following lines addressed to English women missionaries, points out a better field than India by a parody on Heber's missionary hymn:

From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand,
Comes no distinct appealing for England's helping hand;

The poor, benighted savage, compelled, unclothed, to dwell
Without our cost-price Bibles, enjoys life very well.

What, though the spicy breezes are very nice and dry,
And every prospect pleases a missionary eye?
In vain with lavish kindness the gospel tracts are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness does better left alone.

A happy, soulless creature, he lives his little day;
Distantly on conversion it seems ensues decay.
Why seek the cheerful heathen to tell him he is vile?
Ah! leave him gay and Godless upon his palmy isle.

From England's greatest city, through all her pomp and pride,
The bitter cry rings ever, unsilenced, undenied;
From Brompton's crowded alleys, from Bethnal Green's close lanes,
Men call us to deliver souls from the Devil's chains.

And women call—our sisters—blind, mad, with want and wrong
They call on us for succor, poor, driven, goaded throng,
By all their griefs and curses, by all our joys and prayers,
They call on us to save them from death-in-life like theirs.

O women, sister women!—do you not hear the cry
Of those who sin and suffer—are doomed in life to die;
Of those whose lives are withered, whose youth is trampled down,
The victims and the scourges of every Christian town?

Women who have no chances, women with chances lost,
The outcast and the branded, the weary tempest-tossed;
These call to you forever—"Help! for in life we die!"
What foreign dreams can stifle that everlasting cry?"

In every direction women are advancing,
and it would require all the space of the
Journal to tell their progress.

In Japan the Mikado has just instituted an order to be bestowed only on women, and upon all such of them as shall in any way distinguish themselves.

In Turkey "two sisters of St. Vincent de Paul recently captivated the sultan. A poor Mussulman of Constantinople had been condemned to death for a trifling offence. He had a large family, and the sisters were moved compassion by the distress of his eight children. They decided to visit Abdul Hamid. He received them graciously listened to their appeal, and sent them to the prison with a state officer that they might release the condemned man with their own hands. He further told them not to forget the way to his palace, as they would always be welcome."

There are many of these gracious acts where women use their influence. The newspapers tell that "two independent little maiden ladies who live on a farm down in Georgia determined to build a fence about their grounds, and secured a lot of rails for that purpose. Unknown parties came at night, gathered up the rails which lay near at hand, built the fence by the light of the moon, and left the occupants of the farm in blissful ignorance as to who had performed the kind act."

It is the function of woman to perpetuate on earth that love without which life would not be worth living. Her whole constitution tends in that direction, and it is a remarkable fact, which has not been mentioned by writers on such subjects, that any given conformation of brain will manifest a higher and more amiable character in a woman than in a man. In estimating the effect of any development we cannot overlook the ruling influence of sex. It is true there are some small differences between male and female brains, but the very same conformation of brain or measurement of cranium will show a different character as it belongs to a man or a woman.

The whole subject of sex and the proper relations of the sexes is but very imperfectly understood at present, and will not be fully understood until illustrated by a complete anthropology. The recent discussion in English and American newspapers of the question, "Is marriage a failure?" has thrown some little light upon it by showing that it is often a mistake, or a union of those who should not have united, and consequently in such cases, a lamentable failure, needing the relief of more rational and liberal divorce laws than we have at present. But the thought that marriage as a whole is a failure is a pessimistic error, which is everywhere refuted by the melancholy countenances of widows and widowers. How many are there whose grief undermines their reason and leads them to seek refuge in death. Among the earliest childish recollections of the writer was the marriage of his aunt to one altogether worthy of her, and ten years later, her death, and the sorrowing letters from her survivor—who could find no relief from his sorrow but in the opium with which he ended his life.

If woman is the conservator of love in this life and the next, the increase of her influence is the true progress of civilization.—*Journal of Man.*

Before Congress.

Mrs. E. P. W. Packard of Chicago, Ill., introduced the following bill in February, 1888, with a statement of facts as following:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled,

That the common law as to the disabilities it imposes on married women during coverture and its effects upon all her natural rights of womanhood is hereby totally abrogated, and the wife shall retain the same legal existence and the same legal personality after marriage; and for any injury sustained to her person, property, character, reputation, maternity, or any natural rights she shall have the same right to appeal, in her own name alone, to the courts of law or equity for redress and protection that the husband has to appeal in his own name alone.

SEC. 2. That the rights and responsibilities of the married parents to the custody, control, and earnings of the children shall be equal; and in case of the father's death the mother shall come into possession of the children and the estate just as the father does in case of the mother's death: *provided:* That this act shall not confer upon the wife the right to vote or hold office, except as is otherwise provided by law.

SEC. 3. That all laws, statutory or common, in conflict with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 4. That this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

To the honorable Senators and Members of the Fiftieth Congress of the United States:

GENTLEMEN: A new discovery has recently dawned upon the American Republic. It has been discovered that the common law of marriage still holds a married woman a legal slave, and that she has never been emancipated. In our ignorance we had supposed that when negro slavery was abolished we were a free people so far as chattel slavery was concerned.

But God in his providence is opening the eyes of the American people to see that this is a delusion—that chattel slavery does still exist in almost every State in this Union, under the common law of marriage, because married woman's legal status has not yet been changed from a slave to a person in law; and this common law will continue to obtain until set aside or superseded by a special statute.

The reason this relic of barbarism has not been discovered before and exterminated long since, is that the customs of civilization are so in complete conflict with this fact that no marked case has occurred to give it recognition, until recent providential events has developed a case showing that the slavery of the married woman is still shielded by the common law of marriage, as has been demonstrated by this great modern revelation of facts, the principle of which will, under com-

mon law, apply to married women in every State in this Union except Louisiana.

A STATEMENT OF FACTS.

My father and my husband were Congregationalist clergymen in Massachusetts. My husband connected himself with the Chicago Presbytery about the year 1857.

I have been educated a Calvinist after the strictest sect, which principles, my developed convictions have led me to doubt. When these doubts found expression in a Bible-class in the Presbyterian church over which my husband was pastor, it disturbed the conservative element lest their Calvinistic creed suffer serious detriment thereby, and complaint was made to my husband that I had so unsettled the minds of those forty-six Bible-class men that not one of them now believed in "total depravity" or "infant damnation," and thus their whole creed was imperiled.

To meet this emergency, my husband, who had read common law extensively, concluded to enforce the marital power of subjection as licensed by this common law, and compel me to "recant."

My first intimation of this determination was by two men entering my room with himself on the morning of the 18th of June, 1860, and "kidnapping" me for the insane asylum at Jacksonville, Illinois, which "kidnapping" was legalized by a statute law of Illinois, allowing the husband to incarcerate his wife "without the evidence of insanity required in other cases."

This law now stands on the 96th page, section 10, of the Illinois statute book, under the head of "Charities!" It was passed February 15, 1851, and repealed March 5, 1867, through my agency.

I inquired: "What reason have you, husband, for treating me thus?"

"Wife; I am compelled to do so to save the cause of Christ—our creed—for we can not cope with your argument in the Bible-class, as it is such invincible logic, so I have concluded to represent you as insane until you 'recant,' and then I will claim that you are cured of insanity."

"But, husband, does the law allow you to coerce a citizen of the United States in religious belief?"

"You are not a citizen of the United States while you are a married woman, because all your rights are 'suspended during coverture.' You are a legal nonentity. You are not even a person in law. Therefore you have no rights as a human being for the law to protect, except the right to be hung for murder or treason."

"But, husband, I cannot believe at my option as when I was a child. I must now believe according to light and evidence as my own reason apprehends it; and therefore if I say I believe in 'infant damnation,' when I do not, I tell a lie, and my conscience is defied."

"Conscience! what right has a nonentity to talk about a conscience? You have not even a soul in law. You are a chattel—my property—as much as my horse is—and you have no more human rights than my horse has. I judge for you. I am responsible for your deeds—your torts and injuries—for all your personal rights are merged in my own personality. You are I are one person in the law, and I am that person. It is because you are irresponsible that the law classes you with infants and idiots."

"Well, husband, if the law does not hold me responsible, God does. I cannot tell a lie to regain my personal liberty. No! not even to get my darling babe or my six precious children! I will trust God to deliver me by doing right, not by doing wrong."

"Then, wife, here you must stay until you will be subject to my authority by saying you will believe as I tell you to believe in infant damnation, for my conscience tells me I must shield my children from your heresies."

And there I did remain three long years incarcerated among gibbering idiots, and raving, howling maniacs, because I was in law a "nonentity;" with all my human rights merged in my bigoted husband, so that no law could reach me except through him who would not allow me to appeal to the law. Even the writ of habeas corpus was denied me, by his refusal. And having no legal personality of my own. I was nowhere to be found in the law, except merged in his own personality. At that time, 1860, there had been no modifications of this principle of common law, by which my personality could be established through a third party. But this bill, gentlemen, declares that "married women shall retain the same legal personality after marriage as before marriage," and thus, by exterminating the root of this evil, supersedes the need of any modifications. It furnishes a direct, radical, and complete remedy for all the evils germinated by this merging of one's personal rights in those of another person. Instead of cutting off the twigs growing out of this evil root, one by one, by a multiplicity of statutes, you exterminate the root itself by one simple declaration of legal justice.

One more question I asked this "Solon" of the common law.

"Husband, you speak of shielding your children from my heresies. Are the children not our children? Have they not a right to a mother's teaching and training as well as a father's?"

"No! The children are not 'our children' but mine. You have no more legal right to them than any other woman in the world, and your teaching and training is subject to my authority. You are my slave, legally, and the children born of a slave are owned by the one who owns the slave; and no law or judge can give a "nonentity—a slave—a right to a child."

"But how is this? Don't the judge sometimes give to the married mother one or more of her children?"

"Never! while she is a married woman. She must either be divorced or legally separated before he can give to the mother a child."

"But, husband, have I not as good a right to a child born in the marriage relation as out of it? A harlot has a right to her child fourteen years. Has not a married mother as good a right to her child as a harlot?"

"No! You have not even a harlot's right, for she is an identity—a woman—while you are a 'nonentity'—a chattel. You are my property. You cannot even prosecute for a broken limb; it is mine, not your own."

And, gentlemen, some State records in this Union disclose the fact that men have actually sold their wives, and the judge's decision declared these sales to be legal on this common law basis. And Blackstone's commentaries on the laws of England, vol. 1, substantiates every principle involved in my husband's delimitation of marital rights. He argued from the standpoint of common law. I speak from the standpoint of custom. And since law in courts supersedes custom, this common law of barbarism should be made to correspond to the customs of modern civilization.

Now, gentlemen, this subjected condition may have been adapted to the childhood of our race, but you need not be told that it is not adapted to the full-grown womanhood of the nineteenth century. This womanhood is now asking for what is her legitimate, God-given heritage. It is simply restoring to her those human rights which the law of marriage "suspended during coverture" by changing her legal status from this chattel basis to a human being. This places her on the same plan of equality before the law with her husband and all of her American citizens. It does not endow her with one man's rights, such as the ballot would confer. It protects her womanhood in her woman's sphere, just as her husband's manhood is protected in his man's sphere. And can you, gentlemen, as fathers and brothers, hesitate to bestow upon your own dear married daughters and sisters this simple act of legal justice, and thus kindly shield them from such legal liabilities as my case has shown to be of possible occurrence?

In closing I will simply add that the restitution I ask of my Government for the wrongs it has inflicted upon me is, that Congress now enact such a law as will henceforth make such injustice to married women a legal impossibility by the prompt passage of the bill "to change the common law of marriage to the customs of modern civilization by the emancipation of married women within your jurisdiction," and thus aid me, by your sanction, in getting this bill passed in those States that have not already passed it.

And, honorable members of the Fiftieth American Congress, what greater honor can you covet than that of being the first Government in the world to transfer married women from the legal subjection of barbarism to the legal protection of civilization?

Very respectfully submitted in behalf of the married women of America.

E. P. W. PACKARD

LORD TENNYSON'S TRANCE.

An Unpublished Autograph Letter of the Famous Author.

It relates a Remarkable Power to transfer His Consciousness from the Body Into Spirit and Pass Into the Infinite and Eternal—A New Light Upon a Noted Poetic Passage from the Pen of the Poet Laureate.

It is well known that among the higher scientific circles of England, Spiritualism made a few years ago rapid and remarkable progress. Wallace, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the principle of natural selection; Prof. Crookes, the eminent chemist on whom the French Academie des Sciences conferred a gold medal with an honorarium of 3,000 francs for his discoveries in molecular physics; Sergeant Cox, the noted psychist; and Prof. Huxley himself, a skeptic of skeptics, were concerned in a series of experiments, chiefly with the medium Home, which attracted wide attention at the time. None of the scientists could explain the phenomena produced by the medium, and the report made by Prof. Crookes is held by the professors of the Spiritualist belief an overwhelming testimony to its genuineness.

The name of the poet Tennyson has never before been connected with Spiritualism. A letter written by him has come into the possession of *The Tribune* which shows that he holds the conviction that consciousness may pass from the body and hold communion with the dead. This is essentially Spiritualism; but in Tennyson's case, at least so far as the letter indicates, he is his own medium. The statement he makes is curious.

The letter is in the poet's handwriting. It is dated Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, May 7, 1874. It was written to a gentleman who communicated to him certain strange experiences he had when passing from under the effect of anæsthetics. Tennyson writes:

"I have never had any revelations through anæsthetics; but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name) I have frequently had, up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently till, all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this not a confused state but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life."

As if conscious of the incredible significance of the statement thus compacted, he adds:

"I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words?"

This is not a vulgar table-tipping Spiritualism. It is the most emphatic declaration that the spirit of the writer is capable of transferring itself into another existence almost at will; that other existence is not only real, clear, simple, but that it is also infinite in vision and eternal in duration. For he continues that when he comes back "to sanity" he is "ready to fight for the truth" of his experience and that he holds it—the spirit, whose separate existence he thus repeatedly tests—"will last for æons and æons."

It is pointed out by Prof. Thomas Davidson, who has seen the letter, that the same conviction, if not the same experience, only with another, is described "In Memoriam," XCV. The stanzas are generally passed over as referring to a mere poetic frenzy of grief. But reading them in the light of the calmly penned prose puts an entirely different aspect on the incident contained in the lines:

... And in the house light after light
When out and I was all alone.

A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year which once had been
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green
The noble letters of the dead.

And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and strange
Was Love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth, and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back;
And keen through wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell:

So word by word and line by line
The dead man touched me from the past
And, all at once, it seemed, at last,
His living soul was flashed on mine.

And mine in his was bound and whirled
About empyreal heights of thought
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.

Æonian music measuring out
The steps of time—the shocks of chance—
The blows of death . . .

The idea of the actuality of the unseen is conveyed in the letter in terms which correspond nearly to those in the rhythmic expression. That "which is" is certainly a confirmation of the state, "surest of the surest;" and the lasting "for æons upon æons" finds its counterpart in Æonian music." As Tennyson has never been connected in any way with psychic science or Spiritualism, the letter, not to mention the now clearer reading of the poem, will create not a little surprise.—*Chicago Tribune*. Dec. 3, 1888.

An extravagant man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false generosity, is often more beloved than a person of a much more finished character, who is defective in this particular.—*Addison*.

Diphtheria.

In some sections of the country the disease designated diphtheria has become epidemic—so prevalent, in fact, that it baffles the skill of the so-called "regular" physicians, many children and those of older growth becoming victims of the terrible scourge.

Some three years ago a proprietor and editor of a paper in Boston, had a young daughter, of some six years of age, who was stricken down with the above-mentioned disease. The family physician had some thirty patients sick with it, and he informed some one that three of these patients were past cure—naming them. The information reached the ears of the father of the child who was fated, and instead of going to the doctor to consult with him further, he at once purchased some oil of tar and turpentine, according to a prescription printed in the papers at the time, and which was reported to have been very successful in making cures. He took his child's case into his own hands and was successful. He informed the writer of the *modus operandi* he made use of in her care—which was as follows:

He obtained a saucer, and put in it one tablespoonful of the oil of tar, also one tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine, and then placed the saucer in a large pan, to prevent damage, and ignited its contents. The pan was placed some distance from the bed where the little girl was suffering. Immediately the fumes of the burning ingredients extended to the child, causing her to cough, thus breaking or destroying the false membrane generated by the disease, and giving relief at once. This was repeated three times. The attending physician himself watched the results of the last two operations with great pleasure and satisfaction. The child was soon on the road to health, but the two other "fated" children alluded to are numbered with the majority in the spirit-world.

In making use of the above ingredients, due care should be exercised; everything in the apartment that the thick black smoke which results would be likely to injure, should be removed.

I have also been informed that a policeman in an adjoining city heard the lamentation of the mother of a child who was afflicted with this disease, and who had been informed that it could not live, by the family physician. The policeman made the application of this remedy in a simple form, and the child recovered.

If parents, as a last resort when informed by the family physician that the case is beyond his skill and medicine, would not give up the patient as incurable until this simple remedy is fully applied, I believe a large saving of mortality would be effected.

Should such really successful treatment be prevented statute laws, on the ground that the cure made is made by an "irregular" method?—*Banner of Light*.

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EDGAR EMERSON.

BY GEORGE F. RUMRILL.

Edgar W. Emerson, son of Francis A. Emerson and Julia A. (Sherman) Emerson, was born April 13th, 1855, in the town of Boscawen, county of Merrimac, State of New Hampshire. He became a member of the Methodist Church in 1868 and was a worker in that Denomination until April, 1878, when the spirits developed the mediumistic power and he has been a laborer and for the cause of Spiritualism since that time. He has been very successful, and his spirit guides have with him until his name and the name of one of the band, "Sunbeam" have become as familiar as household words, in many places.

His reputation is such, here, in the East, that his engagements or calls came in more than he can possibly fill. He has a widowed mother and a sister whom he supports in good style and with plenty. He is truly a good boy to his mother, as all the neighbors can testify and his reputation is high here in his own city, and I have known him ten or twelve years.

ARE YOU WITH US?

With this issue, closes the fifth volume of the CARRIER DOVE, and we enter upon the sixth with a greater degree of confidence, and with a more flattering promise of success than ever before. We have passed safely through the breakers, and are now well out at sea where it is smooth sailing; and unless a hurricane sweeps over us

the voyage will be a safe one. We trust none of our old subscribers will "desert the ship" at this point, but continue to keep us company.

You need us, and we need you; let us go hand in hand. We have aimed to make the DOVE a welcome household treasure, containing something of interest to old and young, male and female. Our columns are open to the discussion of all questions pertaining to man's higher spiritual education and also to those reforms pertaining to the improvement of his physical condition; believing as we do, that the former is dependent upon the latter, and that, therefore, the greatest efforts of our spiritual teachers should be in the line of work and thought that will devise ways and means for the amelioration of the misery of the race from poverty and its attendant evils. The economic questions of the day are of vital importance and must be solved before rapid strides in spirituality can be made.

We are aware that this subject is quite at variance with that entertained by our Christian Science friends, who maintain that the spiritual nature must first become unfolded, and then material conditions will improve accordingly. But when thousands are almost naked, destitute, and starving, we cannot conceive of a greater good than physical comforts; neither can we understand how the spiritual natures of such people could be developed. A comfortable home, good clothes, and wholesome food will go farther towards making people spiritual-minded than all the preachers, and bibles in Christendom. A person can serve neither God nor man to any advantage on a long-continued empty stomach. Whatever of influence therefore, the DOVE may possess shall be cast in favor of the down-trodden and oppressed of all classes, no matter what the nation, color or sex. Those who sympathize with us in this work can best aid us in it by subscribing for our journal and inducing others to do so until it is found in many thousands of homes throughout the length and breadth of the land. In doing the work here outlined we feel that we are following the inspirations of those great, humanitarian souls on the "other side," who, seeing the vast amount of human woe, and hearing the piteous appeals to God, for his aid, by the afflicted and distressed of earth's children, are diligently seeking every available channel through which higher and better conditions may be established. Our Spiritualism is so high, so deep, so broad, that it permeates and embraces all that pertains to life physical, and life spiritual. Its origin extends back to the time "when the morning stars sang together," and will end only when time itself shall cease. Are you with us upon this broad and comprehensive base? Are you with us in this grand and holy work?

No soul is capable of measuring its own worth to others. As long as breath lasts he who speaks the best he knows is a benefactor to the race, though no word of recognition or appreciation ever reaches him. HELEN WILMANS.

THE DOVE WISHES ALL ITS READERS A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

It seems but a short time ago since we sat, pen in hand, trying to say a few words of Christmas greeting to the many readers of the DOVE. Yet a year has passed since then, and in its flight has brought many changes to the most of us. Some have parted with dear friends, who have gone on long journeys, from which they may never return in the physical form; others have laid their dear ones to rest, "under the beautiful daisies," as they suppose, and are carrying about sore and aching hearts over the loss of their beloved, not having yet come into possession of the knowledge of immortality, and the continued presence of the departed. To this class, who are bearing unnecessary burdens, we would speak words of hope and encouragement. We would tell them of the immortal life—of its living and blessed realities; of the radiant faces waiting to smile a glad welcome upon them, and aid them in their struggle toward the highest and best. And aside from the comfort derived from the communion with angels, we would fain impart some comfort into the *present*. It is the *now* that absorbs us; the every-day trials and cares that weigh so heavily upon us; the conflicts, temptations, daily battles with self, that come so near shipwrecking us all. There is a sure and certain remedy for all these ills; or at least, a panacea for them, if we will but accept it. It comes only to those who seek it, and remains only as they most earnestly desire it. That panacea is the possession of an even mind; allowing no storms from without to disturb the sweet serenity of soul within. That is a condition attainable by all. It is that self-poised, soul-centered state that is impregnable to adverse influences, no matter from whence they come, or in what shape they may present themselves. An individual thus fortified can laugh at misfortune and adversity, can smile upon his foes, and ever in his heart keep the fires of love burning, and the songs of hope ringing. This is a state worth striving for, a condition worthy of our highest endeavors; and now upon this New Year time let us aim for its attainment, until we can join in spirit in the sweet song of "Peace on earth," good will to all humanity.

THE ANNUAL LYCEUM FESTIVAL.

Those of our readers who may receive the DOVE in time, and have forgotten the children's festival, are hereby reminded that this, Saturday evening, is the date of the entertainment, and St. George's Hall, 909½ Market street, is the place. The children expect to see all their parents and friends, and among them their best friend at this season—Santa Claus. We do not know whether he intends to be there in person, or send a deputy to distribute the beautiful gifts he has in store for the good little girls and boys. At all events, a happy time is anticipated, in which it is hoped all will participate, and make it a memorable occasion to old and young.

Chips.

A solitary couple might have been seen sitting on the bench at Coney Island. "How clear the air is to-night, dear George!" "Yes," replied dear George, "the coast does seem clear," and he suited the action to the word.

"Ten dimes make one dollar," said the school-master. "Now, go on, sir. Ten dollars make one—what?" "They make one mighty glad these times," replied the boy, and the teacher, who had not received his last month's salary yet, concluded the boy was about right.

A little boy from New York went into the country visiting. He had a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips, "Yes, ma'am. I was wishing our milkman would keep a cow."

A skeptic, who was badgering a simple-minded old man about a miracle and Balaam's ass, finally said, "How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man?" "Well replied the honest old believer, with meaning emphasis, "I don't see why it ain't as easy for an ass to talk like a man as it is for a man to talk like an ass."

"My son, would you like to steal one of those melons?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "You would, eh! I am sorry to hear that. If you should steal one of those melons, my boy, do you know what the result might be?" The lad scratched his head, surveyed the pile again, and answered, "I 'spect the plaguey thing would be green all the way through!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A canny Scott, who had accepted the office of elder because some wag had made him believe that the remuneration was sixpence each Sunday and a bowl of meal on New Year's day, officially carried round the ladle each Sunday after service. When the year had elapsed he claimed the meal, but was told that he had been hoaxed. "It may be sae wi' the meal," he replied coolly, "but I took care o' the saxpence mysel'."

A Hungarian applied to be naturalized at the court of common pleas in this city last week. The court officer asked him if he swore or affirmed. He replied that he did neither. He was asked if he did not believe in a God, and he answered that he did not believe in a deity of any kind. Judge Arnold promptly told him that he could not be naturalized, as he could not take an oath of allegiance, and added: "We do not want any more infidels in this country. There are enough in it as it is." The applicant left the court discomfited. And yet, if this man had been dishonest enough to profess that he believed in a God, and taken oath of allegiance accordingly, his application would have been granted. Can a true citizen be tested by any such rule?

Art receives rather an awkward criticism from a free-and easy young man, who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus: "Er—er—so you are the man—er that makes—er—mud heads." And this is the artist's reply; "Er—er, not all of 'em—I didn't make yours."

A doctor is the family physician to a plumber. Some days since he sent a bill for professional services, which was itemized: "To visit daughter" "visit self," etc., with date and amount set opposite. The plumber has done some jobs for the physician, and transmitted with remarkable alacrity his account, with items mentioned thus: "Debtor to visit pump," "to visit tub."

A joking Harvard student recently called for a doctor in great haste, directing the servant where he should go. The doctor came, but found his services unnecessary and his cause a hoax. So far it was all very well, but the servant recognized the caller, and the next day the doctor called on him and asked him whether he would rather pay twenty dollars or be arrested. He said he thought so, too, and paid the twenty dollars.

A stranger recently dropped into one of our city restaurants, not long since, and ordered what he heard the man seated opposite him call for—"Apple dumpling—both." Having managed to make way with the sauce, the waiter kindly if he would "Have some more dumpling, sir?" "No sir, thankee," was the reply; "but I will thank you for a little more of that 'ere 'intment." Upon which there was an audible smile from several individuals near by.

"Oh! my husband is quite a paragon of perfection," said Mrs. A. to Mrs. B. "Ah, indeed! Don't he drink any more?" added Mrs. B. "No," said Mrs. A. "About two months ago he came home intoxicated, and I told him if ever he did so again I'd go home to ma, and he don't drink now." "That accounts for it," said Mrs. B. "The other night my husband met him in the street hanging to a lamp post, and asked him why he didn't go home, and he said he would as soon as he got sober." When Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. pass each other in the street now the coldness is as thick as a quart of ice-cream.

Another new tract is ready. It is on "Inspiration," and is written by the liberal Episcopalian minister of New York, Heber Newton, —him who wrote the book on "Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible." It traces the gradual widening of man's consciousness of inspiration; first, belief in the inspiration merely of the men who wrote *our* Bible, then of the men who wrote *other* bibles of the race, then of the saints of all the times, then of men who in every sphere of life seek truth, and do their fellows service, and at last, the full thought of an inspiration of God working within all men in all lands, in all ages, all activities of mind. As to the general trend of the thought, we where to find a simpler, broader, attainment of his theme.

Children's Department.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

KRISS KINGLE—FOR DOUBTING TOMMY.

BY T. P. NORTON.

Kriss Kingle on the chimney top,
Kriss Kingle down below,
But who he is, and whence he comes
You say you want to know.

Of course you think he's very smart.
You never caught him yet;
Although you think he comes and goes
Like any household pet:

And knows exactly what you do,
With all you leave undone;
Coming at night when yours asleep
As if he liked the fun.

And as I know you're waiting now
To whisper it to "Sis,"
I'll tell you why you never see
Your friend the sly old Kriss.

Do not believe the nurse's tale,
'Tis neither wise or true;
But only told in foolishness
To please, and puzzle you.

He's but a myth of olden time,
Whence foolish stories come;
And all the friends you ever had
Are never very far from home.

There always is some one who loves
You when you're good, and wise,
And so they hide their gifts away
To give you a surprise.

So when you hear of Kriss again:
From anyone forsooth,
Remind your ma of what she said,
That "you must speak the truth."

LYCEUM DIALOGUE.

Characters: NURA (*Lyceum Scholar*). MARY: (*Sunday School Scholar*). Meeting each other.
MARY: Why! Nura, I am glad to meet you. I have not seen you at our Sunday class for months.

NURA: No, my parents are Spiritualists, so I go to the Lyceum.

MARY: I heard something about it. But I do not understand exactly what a Lyceum is.

NURA: I cannot explain fully now. But the Lyceum is something truer and higher than the Sunday school.

MARY: I hear that you have marching, like soldiers, and funny ways of throwing your arms about, and have banners.

NURA: It is true, and the object is to unfold all our powers of body, mind, and spirit.

MARY: But the teacher tells us that we are born in sin, and that God will not save us if we do not believe that Christ's blood can wash away our sins. Is that what you learn?

NURA: *Our* teachers tell us, God our Father loves all his children and "what we sow, we shall reap." If we love everyone as God loves us, we shall be like Him, and need no saving.

MARY: But don't you believe in Christ's blood cleansing from all sin?

NURA: I never did like to see, or hear about blood; it seems so horrible and unnatural; and I think if our teachers had not taught about hell and blood, men would not have repeated such wicked words in the street. *Believing*, I do not think will save us; but right doing will.

MARY: But you really march, and use your arms like windmill sails, *on the Sunday?*

NURA: We use our arms, and tongues, and ears, and eyes as we do on week-days. Why should we not?

MARY: Well, I do not know; only Sunday is a holy day.

NURA: So is every day, and we should try to do what is right week-days as well as Sundays.

MARY: But do you have the table rapping and jumping at your Lyceum?

NURA: No, we we only try to make our bodies strong, and our minds pure, and then we try to understand what what spiritual gifts we may possess.

MARY: But our teacher says spiritual gifts are not necessary now, they ceased with Jesus and his Apostles.

NURA: Paul said, we were to strive after spiritual gifts. And just such gifts are bestowed at the present time, and always have been.

MARY: Teacher says it is the devil doing them, to ensnare our souls.

NURA: Well, Mary, if the devil heals the sick—causes the blind so see—the lame to walk—the deaf to hear—and helps our dear parents, brothers, and sisters to come and tell us that they are not dead, but are near us, and love us, even more than they did on earth, he must be a better devil than they say he is.

MARY: Why! Nura, it seems more like God than the devil, who, teacher says, "goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." But can spirits come back so that they may be seen? No one can see spirits.

NURA: Do you not remember, Mary, teacher reading to us the wonderful account in the Bible, about Baalam's ass seeing a spirit when Baalam could not? and how he beat the poor animal, and how the ass spoke to him?

MARY: Yes. But God gave the ass power to see the spirit and to speak.

NURA: Well, if God gave the ass power to see a spirit, think you that he would withhold that power from his children?

MARY: You puzzle me, Nura. Still, I don't know what I must believe.

NURA: We are all spirits now, only with earth bodies; and we all have spiritual perceptions, if we will but use them. Some persons have these powers so that they can see and hear spirits. You know Samuel heard the spirit voice. It is so related in the Bible.

MARY: Yes, that 's true about Samuel. But are there really people who can see and hear spirits now?

NURA: Oh! yes, a great many such; they are called clairvoyant or clairaudient mediums—that is, clear seers or clear hearers.

MARY: Oh! how I should like to hear from my dear mother. You say she is alive now, and not in the grave until the day of judgment?

NURA: No, indeed; our real self—our spirit—leaves our earth body, which it no longer needs. In the spirit world we have a spirit body, and the more pure, unselfish and spiritual we have been on earth, the more beautiful we shall be hereafter.

MARY: Then there is no great judgment-day, when all in their graves will come forth to be judged by Jesus, God's well-beloved son?

NURA: God has no favorite children; Christ is God manifest in all humanity—not in one individual: and when we leave the body each soul judges itself, and passes to the sphere adapted to its progression.

MARY: How wonderful, and yet how beautiful! But shall we really know one another?

NURA: Yes; as was the earthly, so will be the heavenly or spiritual body; only if we live rightly here, we shall be more beautiful.

MARY: But our spiritual bodies will resemble our earth bodies, I hope, so that I may know my dear mother.

NURA: Yes, Mary, your mother who was so kind and good when on earth, will have the same form, and the same peaceful, loving face.

MARY: You set me thinking, Nura. It is so different to what our Sunday-school teacher tells us. I thought, somehow, we were made children of God by believing that Christ died for us. But I see now the truth more clearly of "What ye sow, so shall ye reap." It is by doing—living rightly here, that we shall get to heaven.

NURA: You must have heaven in your soul here, or else, how can you enjoy heaven hereafter?

MARY: Yes, I see; wicked people here do not like to be in the company of good people. They do not feel comfortable except with people like themselves. But will they always be wicked spirits?

NURA: No; they will be under the love and care of their father God and his ministering spirits, who in time will cause their spiritual eyes to open. Then they will see how they have been punishing themselves, and desire to be better. They will have great pain and sorrow for their misspent life, and will strive to progress in goodness and purity.

MARY: Oh, Nura! God must be good and merciful. It makes me think of the parable of the Prodigal Son, and I am sure if I came to the Lyceum I should learn more of "our dear Father God," as you call him—I never thought much of him as a father before. I was always afraid of him; now I can love him.

NURA: If you come to the Lyceum, it will unfold all your powers, more than the Sunday school; it has mine.

MARY: That it has, or you could not have spoken to me as you have. It is more than my teacher could do. I should like to come to the Lyceum, and will ask father's permission.

NURA: And I will ask our conductor and your father "The Children's Progress Lyceum Manual." Then, when you get there, you will know what the Lyceum means.

MARY: My father did attend the spiritual meeting last Sunday, and heard a lady speak.

NURA: That was Mrs. B—, and a fine address she gave. What did your father say about it?

MARY: Our class leader came home with him, and I heard father say to him, "There was nothing like witchcraft about the speaker. He believed she spoke the truth, and made out God more wise and merciful than parsons or preachers do, and he should go again."

NURA: Then I think he will be sure and let you come to the Lyceum. But what did the class leader say?

MARY: He said, "Satan could make himself as an angel of light, to deceive souls, and father was risking his soul by going to such meetings. Do you have classes, as we have at the Sunday-school?"

NURA: We have groups, like classes, according to the children's ages; each group has a name and a colored badge.

MARY: That seems real nice. Do you learn hymns or pieces of poetry?

NURA: Oh, yes, plenty! and beautiful songs, too.

MARY: Well! I am glad I met you, Nura, and I hope soon to be with you at the Lyceum.

NURA: Good-bye! I hope so, too. I know you will learn more, and I am quite sure it will make you better and happier.

(They shake hands and part.)

—The Two Worlds.

GRAN'MA SURRENDERS.

"Gran'ma," said a sweet boy of nine years, "how old are you?"

"About sixty," said the grandmother.

"You'll die soon, won't you, gran'ma?"

"Yes, dear, I expect to."

"And when I die, gran'ma, can I be buried side of you?"

"You, dear," said she, as her heart warmed toward the little one, whom she folded closer in her arms.

"Gran'ma," softly whispered the little rogue, "gimme ten cents?"

STONE DEAF.

"Carrie! Carrie! Carrie, come and see this pretty little ring with a stone in it Uncle George has brought you. Carrie, why didn't you come the first time I called you?"

"Mamma, I 'spects I'm kinder hard of hearing."

"But you heard quickly enough when I spoke of the stone ring?"

"Yes, mamma; I said kinder hard of hearing, but I isn't stone deaf, you know."—*Boston Transcript*.

Flossie (aged four)—"Bobbie, why do they call ministers doctors?" Bobbie (a lad of con- siderable information)—"'Cos they make folks sick."—*Epoch*.