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VOLUME VI.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

NUMBER 47.

The Platform.

The Temple of Life, and Those Who Minister Therein.

An Inspirational Address Delivered at Washington Hall,
by Minnie P. Drake, of Santa Barbara.

For countless ages of the past, the question as to the future state of man has agitated the minds of good and great men. As the tocsin of time has tolled the knell of the departing centuries, and rang in the advent of a more progressive age, they have hailed each other in passing, with the ever-recurring and momentous query, "What of time, what of eternity, what of the future destiny of man? If he dies shall he live again?" To a large majority of earth's inhabitants the query still remains unanswered.

True, the church has professed to answer it, but to the minds of advanced thinkers of this enlightened age, their answers, founded solely on faith, are not satisfactory.

The aspiring soul of man longs for more direct evidence. I shall not, by any subtle sophistry, seek to answer it, but simply set it aside by the assertion, man dieth not.

He is a part of the grand temple of life, whose foundations are laid in the rocky bottoms of the deep-sea waters; where even the tiny coral insects helped to lay the foundation stones thereof, and which rising through three kingdoms—Mineral, Vegetable and Animal, until it culminated in man, whose organization holds some qualities of all grades, of all matter below him, rising to the dignity of a soul, capable of thought, of analyzing matter, of planning, and perfecting his plans.

This man as a finality binds all the component parts of organized matter below him into a living structure, and by his personality, becomes the keystone of the great arch of the temple, of which he is the crowning glory.

As all space below man, from the microscopic atom, up to the telescopic glories of the planetary system, is filled with ever progressive grades of life, so is all space beyond him filled with progressive grades of spirit life, glowing and shining up the golden stairway towards Infinity. Thus the round is run from God to man—from man to God again.

As man is the visible form of the temple

all below him may, to our finite minds, appear as feeble fragments; to the Infinite they are doubtless essential parts of an eternal plan, necessary in the development of higher orders, sustained by the power that used them, until, the fragrance, beauty and grandeur of human life, was developed as the crown of all life, not only because the keystone, but the dome of the living structure, through evolution and progression.

The grosser forms of earlier ages have disappeared as the scaffolding is removed, when the building is completed. But man, as a race, has never been superseded; he has risen intellectually and spiritually, in proportion to the earth's refinement. Nature seems satisfied in the fulfilling of her laws, humanity has been developed, and future ages will be devoted, as countless ages in the past have been, in perfecting the being chosen to embody the divine principle of immortality, this child of Father God and Mother Nature, who has never been superseded, never will be, as he is the crown of life, the highest order of organized matter ever existing, and is but little below the angels.

This living structure, this temple of life, can it have been the work of chance, or constructed by any law born of chance? So grand in its structure, in all its minute details, its perfect adaptability in all its parts, so indestructable, including man, with all his glorious gifts, his undying spirit, so far in advance of the races preceding him, and will not those he antedates, be as far in advance of the present age, in the centuries yet to come? Judging of the past, who can prophecy of the future? Matter is indestructable, and all matter must be matured, although this planet has existed for centuries past computation by the mind of man, it is still, according to the declaration of scientific minds, young and immature! How grand the possibilities of the future! This temple of life has been built up by a divine architect, planned and executed by one possessed of unlimited foreknowledge, wisdom unbounded, and love beyond degree.

An infinite being possessing in his own nature, both the negative and positive powers, which in the finite being are vested in two sentient forms, male and female. Through this power in the God Head vested, guided by the instinct of parental love, through the unfolding of the life, principles, and attributes that permeate all matter; the great central sun, where infinity most fully reveals

itself, became impregnated and imbued with vital force, this life-giving principle, and from its fire mist evolved suns and planets, and rolled them out into celestial space, and these themselves became parents—from its parent sun. Thus was this earth, with its system of planets, born, and when sufficiently matured, through the vivifying, refining influence of the great overruling spirit, progressive life commenced in the bosom of its waters. Then and there were the foundations laid of this grand temple of life.

Science has declared all matter to be indestructible; it may be refuted until the physical sight can no longer discern its form, but the same scientific knowledge and power which caused it to become too ethereal to be visible, can again condense it, to its former state.

If gross earthly matter cannot be destroyed, is it to be supposed that the refined etheralized spirit embodied in man, which is a part of the God Head can be annihilated? Ever cease to exist! Is it not proof of the thoughtful mind, of the deathless nature of the soul?

Mankind are born into the earth life, walk in their appointed paths, lay down the physical forms but the living essence, the spirit that moved and controlled that form, and gave to it its power, its excellence and its beauty, dieth not.

It rises to higher, better life, and commences a new experience. Climbing the spiral stairway, toward those realms where all is known, that can be, of those sublime mysteries of life which all aspiring souls desire to learn; it becomes a part of the spire of the living temple of which in earth life it was a component part of the visible body. This golden spire, with its glorious iridescent light, has risen nearer to the great central sun, the source of all life, whose divine rays reflect back upon the visible body of the temple, in the form of spirit return and communion, and thus become one of those who minister to the inner shrines the soul of man.

But what is the power which, invisible to finite sight, holds planetary systems in their orbits, controls all structural forms, and in unison with nature's law, intervenes between the outer visible forms and the inner life. Which enables the disembodied spirit to return to earth again, and thus become a worker in the temple and minister to its shrine?

It is a portion of the Infinite Spirit, veiled to finite sight, but must be undying, indestructable, enduring and progressive, forever

and ever. Spirits, by returning to earth life, to control mediums, to speak, to write, and in all ways possible strive to help their brother man and sister woman, to a knowledge of the truth, thereby exalt their own spirits. They have drank of the waters of the sweet sparkling fountains of wisdom, love, and truth themselves; their souls have been exhilarated thereby, they have feasted on angel food, and their loved ones have partaken with them, their hearts longing for those dear ones are satisfied, and they ardently desire to bring to the loved ones, still lingering here among earth's shadows, the knowledge that they live and can return, to bless and comfort, guide and guard earth's children. One law of life governs all, both in earth life and in the spirit spheres. Progression and the unfolding of spiritual attributes, is won by laboring for others in a spirit of love; for those not yet emancipated from error, not only by disembodied spirits, but by those still embodied in the flesh, all may improve their condition in thus laboring for those below them calling down spiritual strength and divine help, causing aspiration and inspiration to be showered down upon themselves. Let us all labor for humanity, striving to raise the fallen, and give light to those who are still in the darkness of ignorance, comfort those who mourn and in all ways possible assist those who need assistance in any sphere.

Many who lived selfish lives on earth, acquiring great wealth by oppressing the humble and lowly, have come back to earth, and are laboring to benefit themselves and improve their condition in spirit life by striving to assist others, thus working out their own redemption.

They come, however, as spirits, to work through earth's mediums. Not as new-born entities, to pass another earthly existence here. I cannot see wherein a spirit could find any benefit to its spiritual life in the hereafter by such a return. What certainty that a second sojourn here, would evacuate in a higher degree of spirituality, if no warning light from memory's "Watch Tower" could point out the pitfalls of their past life—as a dweller upon earth. We are permitted to return as workers in the Temple to guide, guard, and watch over our loved ones, and work for humanity—teaching others the truths of immortality and how to win happiness in a future and more exalted state in the life to come. If life is ever progressive, with angel teachers to lead, those born into spirit life, ever onward and upward; where the disabilities incident to earth life are removed; where the brow is no more crowned with the thorns of sorrow and suffering; the feet no more led astray by the temptations which beset earth's children; why is it necessary to be born again into the physical? Why should any child of our heavenly parent, having passed through the primary schools of earth, and risen to a higher grade in the

spheres above, be again returned to the primary class? The facilities for improvement and spiritual growth, for enjoyment, in that land of "Benlah" must be far in advance of those here, in this life. If necessary to commence again on the lower rounds of the golden ladder that leads up from these lowlands of sorrow, to the celestial joys, the unfading beauty and glories of our father land; are there not spheres so near as to be almost a counterpart of this world, can they not, by their experiences there, become fitted for their advancement to the higher spheres?

Some may ask what then? Are these peculiar states of exaltation, a sense of something half-remembered, half forgotten, when thoughts arise, too exalted to be expressed in language? A longing, lingering desire for something higher and better than we now possess; which we feel was once ours, and which we have lost, or drifted away from.

I can only give you my definition, I have thought much, and experienced something of these states.

I have ever believed that life from its inception was, is, and ever must be, progressive; ever tending upward; that spirit partaking of the nature, and attributes of the great infinite spirit—the divine Father—can not retrograde, in their onward march to infinite perfection. But must, at the close of its experience in any grade of life, take a step in advance, when its change shall come.

At the close of one era, it will ever be in the next rise higher and draw one step nearer to the fountain of divine life.

I believe these peculiar states arise from the spark of divine life, inherited from the great prescient God Head with whom, there is no past, no present, no future; but one vast continuity of consciousness—from whom all life springs through the unfolding of his attributes. Those who inherit those attributes most fully, who are most spiritually unfolded, are most impressed with those half recalled, sad, sweet memories.

The more favorable the antenatal conditions, the more gifted, the more fire of genius burns in the soul, the more these mysteries grow upon the spirit. The greater share of the divine affluence inherited before the spirit is born into the material physical life; the more the heart will burn and yearn, with these solemn, mysterious states of feeling. The less inherited the more feeble the ray to show from whence it emanated.

Some strive to prove it is a reflection from a life anterior to their present earthly existence, throwing faint pictures of past scenes on the sensitive soul. I believe it to be a flashing up of the spark of Divinity, inherent in the spirit—not sufficient to kindle the fires of divine wisdom and knowledge, reaching through past, present and future, the remembrance of past heavenly attitudes, but sufficient to awaken a faint ideal, a slight shadow backward thrown. In the next life, this ray of divine life, will shine bright and

clear, and incite us to aspire to regain that we feel we have lost or wandered away from. Many persons say if spirits can come back to earth, why do they not shield us from sorrow and suffering, forgetting it is the fire that brings out the pure gold and gives it its brightness and beauty.

Would the diamond reflect the iridescent rays of light were it not wrought into prisms and facets by the skill of the artificer? Thus the spirit of man is tried by suffering and misfortune, to bring out the latent strength hidden there, and teach him needed lessons. Our Heavenly Father doeth all things wisely and well, although he may sometimes seem to afflict those whom he loves.

In the sweet morning of that immortal day, when you shall lay off the mortal, and are clothed in immortality, when your spirit eyes shall open upon the light of the higher life; how sweet will the pure life giving atmosphere seem to you, as you inhale its delightful aroma. You will gaze on the lovely scenery with delighted surprise. You will rejoice at the purity, youthful elasticity and perfection of your spirit form; for there is no old age there! When the joyful greetings of the dear ones who have preceded you there, are past; and you are rested, refreshed and invigorated, an aspiration to see more of the beauties of the great beyond, to learn more of the great central power as displayed in those realms of space, the beauties and glories of celestial worlds, will come upon your spirit. Baptized and strengthened in the magnetic streams that roll their musical waves on the golden sands of the Summerland, your guardian spirit will become your guide, an angel band of loved ones, will gather around you, they will pour upon you their own inspiration and aspiration, will envelop you in a mantle of spirit aura, beautiful as the rays tinted of morn, will clasp it with gems of will-power, and bidding you exert your own power to rise, will bear you to some lovely star or planet, at an infinite distance from earth. Having viewed the beauties and glories of that exalted scene, they will bid you turn your gaze back to this world, the birth place of your spirit. How infinitely small it will then appear to your vision! The remembrance of your aspirations, your struggles, and hopes defeated, will not seem of the same importance then, as now. But pleasant memories of loved ones, faithful till death, and still grieving because of your removal from their side, will sadden you; a realizing scenes of earthly failures, of duties unperformed; of labors for the good of humanity left undone will overwhelm you with regret; causing you to feel how unworthy you are, how little prepared for the state you are enjoying, your desire for farther exploration and enjoyment will be dampened. Then it is the soul feels its unworthiness and its littleness; then you will feel as others have. O, that I could return to earth again, and find some medium willing to work for

me, comfort the dear ones who mourn for me, then resume the preparation of my spirit; for the enjoyment of life in the heavenly home, the higher and immortal life, by striving to assist and help the humblest child of our heavenly father, laboring to spread the truths of spiritual philosophy, helping them to keep their lives pure and unblemished, to do good to all earth's children and prepare themselves for the enjoyment of that life, where so many loved ones have preceded them, where the joys are unending, the beauties unfading and life progressive and unending; where the purity and ethereal grandeur of all things is beyond the power of an angel's tongue to express, or the pen of a ready writer to describe.

Spiritualists above all others should rejoice, conscious of the glorious truths that their loved ones can return to bless and help them to bear life's burdens, even to this world of clouds and shadows; can impress them with their presence; minister to their souls' needs, their hearts' hunger and soothe their sorrow.

Sweet are the ministrations from the congenial loving ones, who are thus ascending and descending on the rounds of the ladder which reaches from the Temple of Life on earth to the heavenly homes on the sunny vales and starry hills of Summerland. Of those who return to the inner shrine to minister therein to the souls of the dwellers there; they have risen to the beatitude of immortal life and can see more clearly than Earth's children, still dwellers here; what the incoming tides of life will bring to you; as they beat with solemn symphonies on the shores of time.

They come with their beautiful loving ministrations to warn, advise and console you in sorrow and affliction. Bid you do as you would others should do by you, and striving in all ways to prepare you for the last earthly change which cometh to all; which will reunite you to those dear loved ones to part no more.

Where you will clasp again,
The earth loves, broken plain;
With jewels pure and bright,
Together roam celestial plain
And stand on starry height.

(Poem given at close of address.)

When morning's radiant ray light
Pours o'er the mountain's craggy height,
Gilding the waves with glittering sheen,
Reflecting back the lovely scene,
The ocean in its powerful rest,
The billows mirrored on its breast;
No fairer scene to man is given,
This side the golden gates of Heaven.
Nature seems rising grand and great,
To meet the sky in royal state,
Wrapt in a glory most divine,
Earth's varied beauties grandly shine;
Mid fairer scenes beyond the gleam
Of sunshine o'er life's gliding stream,
Fair and sweet as white-robed youth,
Lovelier than the dreams of youth.

Dwell those we love, they seek to draw
Our souls to theirs through mystic law;

Bid us keep pure the inner shrine,
Where dwells a spark of life divine.
They come in love from their high sphere
To teach us heavenly wisdom here,
Strive to impress, our hearts inspire,
Tonech mediastinic lips with fire.

Content if some cold hearts are stirred
By listening to their given word,
His truth desire that all should learn,
That spirits pure o'er mortal yearn:
That we as children of one Father,
Should seek to rise and help each other,
Strive to lift life's burdens dreary,
From Earth's children, sad and wary.

In every breast there burns a fire,
In God's own time that will inspire,
It is a spark, though feeble, dim,
Of God's pure life and came from him.
He rays may be by sin obscured,
The earth life here seem dark and crude
Yet if thy soul doth care to ask,
Henceforth that dusk and sin-stained mask.

There is some good which yet we raise
And claim is a birth right in the skies,
Taught by the spirits pure and bright,
It yet will gain immortal height,
Are we not mortals as the rest?
Stand in our place as God sees best,
Then let us work with head and heart,
It matters not how small a part.

We find to work in, or to fill;
It we but do it with a will,
Here we reach the Gates of Heaven,
'Till be by light to others given.
Then let us work for suffering Earth
And wake us new powers of life to birth,
Till all shall learn an angel band,
Will earnest souls walk hand in hand.

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All who know Dr. Simms will hail with pleasure this tribute to woman from his pen.

Original Contributions.

Policy vs. Principle.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown once called J. M. Peebles a Maypole, and he laughingly retorted that she was his sister lengthwise. When I read your editorial of Nov. 2nd, I felt that I was your sister policywise. I, too, can say "If there is one thing more than another for which I am blamed, it is lack of policy." The question is, "Are we working for ourselves, or for humanity?"

If our own comfort is the thing to be considered, then you and I are making a mistake; if not, then the harvest will be our justification. Before the harvest can come the ground must be cleared. A policy ball, a smooth no cornered course can slip around with but little or no friction, but it takes a grub hoe to dig up roots.

There is plenty of seed being sown, but the ground is not being cleared; the roots are not being dug up, and a smooth policy course does no digging. The consequence is the harvest is not equal to the seed sown.

Perhaps an extract from Jane Gray Swissheim's "Half a Century," will strengthen your hands by showing what kind of policy our anti-slavery workers used, and the perils they encountered ere the black slave was freed; and our work is as much greater than theirs as is a finale to the preparatory steps. When the seed that we are sowing ripens, all forms of slavery will have perished—wage slavery, sex slavery and religious slavery will be no more. Shall we not do and dare with such an end in view?

When Buchanan was up for President, Mrs. Swissheim started a paper in St. Cloud, Minn., decidedly anti-slavery in its character, and of course had to meet the opposition of those who deemed slavery a divine institution. She uttered her strong words. There was no mincing of matters, and she so enraged the opposition that one night, in the small hours thereof, her press was broken, some of her type thrown into the Mississippi, and some scattered along its banks, and the following note left:

"If you ever again attempt to publish a paper in St. Cloud, you will be as summarily dealt with as your office has been.

VIGILANCE."

She says: "The morning brought intense excitement, and the hush of a great fear. Men only spoken whispers, and stood as if in expectation of some great event, until Judge Gregory arrived and said calmly:

"Gentlemen, this is an outrage that must be resented. The freedom of the press must be established if we do not want our city to become the centre of a gang of rowdies who will drive all decent people away and cut off

all emigration. I move we call a public meeting at the Stearns House this evening to express the sentiments of the people of St. Cloud."

"This motion was unanimously carried, for of course those who were sympathizers with the outrage were not there. In the face of what the howling mob might do, Mrs. S. said: 'Gentlemen, I will be there and give a history of this affair.'"

That she apprehended personal danger, perhaps death, is shown by what she did before the meeting. She says: "I began to prepare. James McKelny, a lawyer, and nephew of my husband, drew my will, and I executed it, settled my business, and wrote a statement of the *Visitor* trouble, that it might live if I did not, sent for Miles Brown to come to my room, and saw him alone."

"He was a Pennsylvanian, who had the reputation of being a dead shot, and had a pair of fine revolvers. He pledged himself solemnly that he would go with me, and keep near me, and shoot me square through the brain, if there was no other way of preventing my falling alive into the hands of the mob. My mind was then at ease."

"When it was time to go to the meeting I was dressed by other hands than my own. I knew Harry and my brother-in-law, Henry Swisshelm, had organized for defense, and I asked no questions, but went with them. Elizabeth carried her camphor bottle as coolly as if mobs and public meetings were things of every-day life, while Mrs. Hyke, a New England woman, held my arm, saying: 'We'll have a nice time in the river together, for I am going with you. They can't separate us.'"

As we approached the Stearns House, the crowd thickened and pressed upon us. Harry stopped, and said:

"Gentlemen, stand back if you please."

"The guard closed around me, every man with his hand on his revolver. There were oaths and growls, but the mob gave way."

"The meeting was called to order by Thomas Stearns. The large parlors were packed with women, and every other foot of space, down stairs and even up, was packed with men, while around the house was the crowd. It was a wonder where all the people could have come from. I had no sooner taken my place than there was an ominous murmur outside, and it was discovered that my head made a tempting target for a shot the front door, so he rostrum was moved out of range."

"There was not much excitement till I named General Lowrie and two others as the ones who had destroyed the *Visitor* office. Then there was a perfect howl of oaths and cat-calls. Gen. Lowrie was on the ground leading his forces outside. There was a rush made, stones were hurled against the house, pistols fired, and every woman sprang to her feet, but it was to hear and see, not to shriek. Harry held the doorway into the hall; Henry

that into the dining room; Brown had joined Harry, and I said, in a low, concentrated voice: 'Brown!' He turned and pressed up to the rostrum. 'Don't fail me! Don't leave me! Remember!'

"I remember! Don't be afraid! I'll do it; but I'm going to do some other shooting first."

"Save two bullets for me, I plead, 'and shoot so that I can see you.'"

"I will, I will, but all the time he was looking to the door. Mrs. Hyke was clinging to me, sobbing:

"We'll go together; no one can part us. The mob was pressed back, and when I had finished I began to extemporize; and when I sat down I was as astonished as any one to find that I could speak in public. It was determined to re-establish the *Visitor*, and I requested them to get another editor. 'There can be no peace with me in the chair, for I am an abolitionist, and will fight slavery and woman-whippers to the death, and after it, I said.'"

Such were her words of policy, with a mob surrounding the house, and death looking her in the face. It was a policy that was—to wit, fearless denunciation of the wrong. And now, sister, allow me to say for myself, through your columns:

I am an abolitionist. I fight to the death and after, that system of society which places woman—mothers, prospective mothers, under such conditions that their work in the persons of their children, becomes a life-long agony—will fight to the death, and after that system of Christian marriage which puts the person of the wife in the keeping of the husband—makes it his property.

When in the Portland Convention of the Secular Union, Mrs. Kreckel said, in illustrating Christian morality, "Servants, submit yourselves unto your masters," I so wanted to add, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands," for it speaks even worse for the claims of Christians as being the conservators of morality, than does the other.

The brutal outrages that are inflicted upon woman in the name of Christian marriage—the enforced maternity that fills the world with half-made up children—the agony of mothers as they look upon and are powerless to prevent the waywardness of such children—these, all these, and more, cry to heaven and the wail thereof reaches the spirit land, and we will never cease our opposition to this state of things till it is remedied; yes, "to the death and after," is our motto, for we want no heaven of rest while this state of things lasts.

Against this abolition crusade mobs are not as yet used; or, at least, seldom. No the opposition has grown cunning, and works under cover of law, and those who defend wives against the brutality of men called husbands, are arrested for sending obscene literature through the mails. In the case of the Har-

mans and Walker, the trial has again been postponed. The prosecution knows there is no case against them, but by keeping the question undecided, they are crippled in their business and prevented making such changes as they desire. When court sits again it will have been three years that they have been kept in purgatory. We hope that during the next six months there will be such protests sent in as will lose the grip of the Comstock tiger, and give those brave men their freedom. Christian marriage is said to be in accordance with the command of "Father God;" but Mother Nature speaks through woman's soul, and to her I look to teach us what true purity is.

Oh, the beautiful picture of the independence of woman from masculine dominion that is portrayed in "Looking Backward." Well can I believe that the angels of the higher life inspired the writer.

But I must close, for I know your space is limited, and others have a right to be heard.

Yours for the policy of principle, forever.

Thoughts of the Dying.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

As death closed the door on this life, the greatest anxiety has ever been manifested, to learn what transpired in the mysterious realm beyond. The phenomena was watched by appalled ignorance, eager love and scientific acumen, to catch some glimpse, however faint, which presumably might appear at the supreme moment. The materialist sees nothing but the ordinary manifestations which attend the death of all animate beings. Life goes out as the flame of a lamp when the oil is exhausted. Mind, as the resultant of life, ceases to be, and it would be as rational to expect to hear the song of the bird after it was dead, as any mind after the brain ceased to act.

Those who have found consolation in the last words of the dying, have their staff of support ruthlessly broken by these philosophers. When Goethe cried at the last moment, "Light! more light!" it had been thought he was enraptured by the breaking glory of the supernal spheres, but these materialists plunge us into the depths of their nuck philosophy by saying that it was quite natural that as his eyesight failed and the world grew dark, he should cry for light!

The thousands who have died with words of recognition on their lips of those gone before them, labored under hallucination induced by their belief. When we dream of meeting departed friends, it shows a disordered stomach!

What are the thoughts of the dying? We may watch, and when the mind remains clear, there is no diminution of its powers, and to the latest moment it is able to express itself through the body. Beyond that time, of course, we cannot know directly from the

material side. Those who after passing this point, and are resuscitated, cannot be said to have died, and those who have not been revived must relate their experience from the other side. Persons resuscitated from drowning, or hanging, and epileptics, as a rule say that their thoughts were busy with the events of their past lives. In other words, memory becomes intensely active. Few complain of attendant pain, and the sensations are almost invariably described as pleasurable in the extreme. After the suspense and dread, there comes entire unconsciousness of all that lead to the catastrophe, and unmeasured delight.

There is one remarkable fact noted by the now celebrated Brown-Sequard, that persons, who on account of cerebral maladies have been paralyzed for years, when dying recover their lost sensibility and intelligence. Death then intensifies the activity of the mind, and removes the obstructions which press on the paralytic. Physicians, determined to explain everything on a material basis, gravely say that such results indicate intense activity in the cells of the brain; they all break up and become dead, and the process evolves unusual intelligence! They pettify their way through this mystery, but we demand a theory which shall explain all, and require no special modification.

There are psychical manifestations which are beyond and above the bursting of nerve cells, which can be gathered to an almost unlimited extent. A gentleman in Iowa, related to me his experience when suffering from being frozen in a blizzard which had overtaken him on the prairie. How near he came to death was shown by the loss of all his fingers and a large portion of his feet. He said that until he began to revive under the attention of his friends, when he suffered intensely, he was supremely happy. After the cold, came a feeling of comfort, and flashing pictures of events in his past life. These past and he began to see friends who were long since dead. It was at this point he was aroused, and he felt angry at those who broke the enchantment of the moment.

My personal experience when suffering from an attack of congestion was almost parallel, except that I seemed to sink down, down, and lost consciousness while thus falling, and when again conscious, I saw departed friends, and this state continued for a much longer time, before restoratives brought the blood again into active circulation. I was far over the border line, as the effects on my physical condition afterwards too plainly indicated. The sensations were exactly like those of trance in its profoundest form.

Those who pass into trance need not have any fear of death, for they know what it is to approach and trespass on its domain. We need not wait by the couch of the dying to gather fragments, or catch imperfect glimpses, for the trance reveals everything to us, that may be known on this side, and

those who have passed over, can finish the desired record.

The sense of hearing becomes deadened, and earthly sounds no longer are heard. The eyes fail to see the faces of friends. The senses close on material things. But at this moment comes compensation a thousand-fold. Then it is that the celestial being, released from the limitations of the mortal body, asserts its independence. With the failure of the physical eyes, the celestial vision becomes clear, and sees the faces of those once mourned as dead. The celestial ears are quickened to notes of harmony floating down from supernal spheres, and feeling becomes intensified to the reception of magnetic waves, which give delight to the simple sense of being. Then it is that they who have suffered sore and long from disease, feel the delightful sense of ease and rest. No more pain, no more suffering, no sleepless nights of long drawn agony; no hunger or thirst, but the one delicious feeling of peace and rest. The features of the mortal body catch the expression from the departing spirit, and are placid or even lit up with a lingering smile, as though reflecting its great happiness.

I have watched the butterfly struggle out of the silken shroud the caterpillar wove around its changing form. There was in that struggle something that suggested pain. It came out with drooping wings and remained a few moments motionless. Then it stretched out its wings which became of wondrous beauty, fanned the air with them slowly as if testing their strength, and was away in the ambient air, as though it were its native element. Then I thought, would I reverse the processes of nature, and I recall the beautiful creature, floating as a leaf, sipping nectar from the flowers, and ask it to return into the broken shell, and become a brittle worm, feeding on the crude foliage? The worm lives that the butterfly may be evolved.

When we stand by the couch of the dying, and with spiritual perceptiveness look beyond the shadows and see above the worn and wasted body the processes of a birth infinitely more beautiful, and fraught with incalculably greater consequences than that of the butterfly, shall we in selfish grief, call back the departing spirit, however sorely our hearts may be wrung, and desire it to again enter the wasted temple, and experience the pangs of earthly pain?

This mortal life is for the purpose of the evolution of the spirit. The end has been attained. We will patiently wait assured as we approach the gate over which is written beneath the skeleton's repulsive, emblematic form "Death," that when we pass through we shall see emblazoned with the light of a thousand stars, on the other side "Eternal Life."

BERLIN HEIGHTS, O.

Fools and Frauds.

W. W. JUDSON.

Time will tell who are the fools and frauds of to-day, as sure as history records who were the fools and frauds of the past. A person may hold an exalted position and not necessarily be a fool or a fraud, but no man or woman can exercise authority, simply as such, and be anything but a fraud or a fool. A truly wise man or woman will never hold a fellow being as a serf, slave, vassal or menial, under any circumstances. Mankind move slow, but wisdom and sincerity is the certain heritage of the race. When the dealer in human chattels has been tried in the court of humanity, he has been convicted and convinced that he was a fool. The king and the priest are to-day sitting upon dunce blocks awaiting sentence from their fellow man. The pedagogue may flog his pupil one day and the next the child will convince him that he was an ignorant ass harnessed to a car of education. A court may incarcerate a child eight years old, and torture old age in a dungeon, or force his spirit out of his body, and call it retributive justice, but the day is near at hand when a fearless humanity will publicly brand that same court, the champion fool of the age. Take the man who has accumulated a million of money and eagerly strives for more millions, to clothe, house and feed himself, is he not making a buffoon of himself in the sight of that immense court, universal humanity. Look at that seven by nine religious body who teach and believe that its members are working in an earthly channel, which will insure them all the happiness and comfort there is in a future state. They are not natural born fools; they have become so by an injury to their brain, sustained during childhood. A priest or sectarian school teacher, the fraud and curse of human government, has impaired their reason. Turn to the editorial pages of our dailies and you may there read that there is nothing that fraud is so much in dread of, as a fearless newspaper. After this self-sululating bombast, you wonder why it is that the eight thousand holy-watered, surpliced, robed, acolyted frauds now in the United States, escape exposure. The present age has no more use for Godism, Bibles and priests, than it has for chattel slavery, the lash, and slave driver.

Our forefathers left the old world, and with it they left the divine right of kings to rule. They make the greatest mistake in their lives in bringing the priest, Godism and slavery with them. A bloody revolution had to settle the second divine right, that of Christians to hold the heathen in bondage. Godism, or divine rights, are human tyrannies every time, and die very hard, have to be killed off, one at a time, like wild beasts. To subdue the world to the will of a God, is the principle duty imposed

upon every sectarian educated child, or religious convert, and as in the past, Godism teaches that the greatest work accomplished for the Lord, consist in acts which bring the direst calamity to man. Every prayer to a personal God is an uplifted dagger to sacrifice man, and every plea for humanity is a stab at Godism. A beginning is the promise of an ending.

Mankind show no signs of ever having been created, while every religious Deity originated with some particular tribe. The immensity of the race forbids of its having a beginning, or of being managed by any power narrowed down to one personal being.

It was a brilliant idea of the ancients, that an unseen and unknown personal God created a tangible entity known as man, and then selected as a personal favor a certain race or tribe, that he might lead them in wars of revenge or conquest against other tribes, which he also created, that he chose a minor tribe to be his priests forever, while to day the same priestly honors are claimed by a score of tribes or cliques with the Mormons, from a Biblical standpoint, having decided the best of the contest. As Spiritualists we desire and expect to make radical improvements in the education and freedom of that part of nature called humanity, consequently cannot afford to encourage Godism, or fool factories of any kind or description.

The Woman Question.

BY MARY L. BARKER.

The fundamental principle of the woman question is this: Every human being has a right to work out his or her own destiny, subject only to those restraints of society which are applied to all alike. Every individual has a right to do what he or she can do, and do it well; public places not excepted. Some make the excuse that the polls are not decent places for women; at least, I have heard men thus express themselves. The reason is because women do not go there. Such places will continue to be vulgar until husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, go to the polls together, and sit in the same room together, without the man resorting to an auteroom to smoke; to satisfy a filthy habit which lowers him mentally, morally, and physically. Again some say there are women who do not wish to vote. Agreed; but there are some men who do not care to vote, but that does not deprive their neighbors from voting or take away their right to vote. So if some women do not care to vote, that should not deprive other women from doing so who wish. Honesty, intelligence and ability should be the standard required of man or woman. Some object to women voting because they cannot fight. I was not aware that voting meant mere muscle or strength, but intelligence and conscientious principles regarding the duties of life. As I

look at these great principles pertaining to human rights, I see the need of woman's vote and influence to all men and women up higher out of this animal condition that breeds selfishness and greed, and through ignorance of just principles forces war upon us, which is unnecessary as people come into higher conditions.

The growing necessity to remove wrongs under which woman has suffered is demanding public influence and attention. You see this manifest everywhere. There is hardly a paper but has something in favor of these sentiments, proving woman capable of commanding respect upon this very important point. The signs of the times are foretelling our freedom. We see the index finger pointing to the star of hope, and when this hope is realized, it will be through intelligence, not beastly force, and will be the means of helping humanity upward and onward, to higher thoughts and deeds. Then man's higher wisdom will govern his lower self, and we will not hear it said that pants should make the dividing line between our wisdom and man's selfishness. I will relate a true history of a woman's heroism, and the ungenerous and christian hearts of some men and women, and we have a few of them left to-day.

In 1830, Prudence Crandall, a young Quaker lady, was a successful school teacher in Connecticut. She was induced to establish a boarding school for girls in Canterbury. The school answered the expectations of its patrons. About a year after it started, a very worthy and respected colored girl, a daughter of a respectable farmer in the neighborhood, applied to Miss Crandall for admission into the school. Her name was Sarah Harris, an intelligent and high-minded girl; a light mulatto. She very much desired a more advanced education to teach her own race than she could get in her district school. Miss Crandall felt that a person of principle had no choice, and she must admit her to the school or sink forever in her own estimation, although fearing the consequences. Very soon the parents of the pupils began to remonstrate against what she had done. The teacher told them of her great desire for more education, and the noble use she meant to make of it, but all to no purpose; for they would not send their daughters to school where there was a negro girl. They told her to make her choice; dismiss the negro girl, or they would withdraw the white pupils. Did she submit to this gross injustice? No. She notified the neighbors that she should keep Sarah Harris, and advertised in a paper that the next term the school would be opened expressly for young ladies and little misses of color. When she opened the next term, she had several colored girls from Philadelphia, Providence, Boston and New York. The war commenced. The store keepers refused to sell her anything, and whenever she or her pupils appeared in the street they

were insulted, her house besmeared with mud, all sorts of abominable stuff thrown into her well. When they found she was determined to stand by her rights, they resorted to the legislature, and procured the passage of a law forbidding the establishment of any school for colored people in the State without the consent of the majority. When this news reached the town, bells were rung, cannons were fired, showing the philanthropy of their great moral souls. Under this law Miss Crandall was arrested; refused to be bailed out until after she was put in jail, for she wanted this thing thoroughly tested. She was put in a murderer's cell from which one had just been taken out and hung. Think of this in a pretended civilized country, where they had churches; and this colored girl belonged to the same kind of a church (the Methodist) that these Christians belonged, or better said, her cruel tormentors belonged. She was released on bail, and resumed her teaching until she should be summoned as a culprit into court. This imprisonment of a virtuous and accomplished young lady in a murderer's cell, called forth comment throughout the civilized world, and brought powerful help to the lady's champions. Arthur Tappan of New York, supplied all the money needed for her defense. The trial occurred in August, 1833. Counsel of great reputation were employed on both sides. The jury after several hours stood seven for conviction and five for acquittal. The lady's counsel at once appealed to the Court of Errors, chiefly on the ground of unconstitutionality of the law. The verdict was set aside on technical grounds merely, and the heroic girl still held her position. Legal means failing, the enemy set her house on fire, but it was put out. A few nights after the house was assaulted by a mob with massive clubs and iron bars. Five sashes were destroyed, ninety panes of glass broken, by chivalrous and gallant men who were an insult to the pants they wore even. This heroic young girl was a match for the judges, lawyers, and legislators as long as they used legal means, but when they resorted to clubs, iron bars and midnight mobs, she and her little band of girls were powerless, and she gave it up, conquered by brute force and the passions of unwise men. So brave women have plead and fought all along the line of past history, up to the present time, and will continue to plead and fight with all honorable means until they possess all the rights men now enjoy, or ever may enjoy. Equal suffrage means equal justice, bappier homes and a better race of people. When any party or sect, makes laws that are detrimental to others, that brings injustice to others, they are dangerous laws, and will be overthrown, be they made by the prohibitionists, the W. C. T. U. or the Sunday Rest Blair Bill, or any other power that is dangerous to true freedom. We cannot have religion in politics,

for there would be diverse opinions; each one would insist their religion was the true basis for this Republic to follow, and the great mass of people that profess no religion only to do unto others as you would be done by, who believe when you do a wrong act towards one of God's creatures, they lower themselves, and no Christ can atone for that wrong, but must come through our desire to make reparation, and to thrust all evil from our hearts; then our souls will be purified, and we will have the Christ spirit within us; we have laid a corner stone that leads to glory and to God. When we make the temple pure within we find God without going to any confession, without appealing to any pope or priest, or resorting to any creeds.

Now I stoutly maintain if we want homes of sunshine and harmony, of health and happiness, every person must share alike in the freedom of the country in which they live. I will relate one well-authenticated instance of a shrewd woman, whose husband went wild over the Tennessee coal and iron stock. At their marriage the wife had considerable property and turned it all over to his care. Her judgment was against the buying of the stock in which he had become interested, and on his determination to buy the stock at a high price, she drew out every dollar she had, and sold the stock short. He came home a few nights after with a face as long as the moral law, and a disposition to commit suicide. It was quickly changed when his wife showed him a note from her broker, announcing the closing of her transactions with a profit double the amount which her husband had lost. The husband looked something like a man as he wore pants, but he felt more like an insect. I leave you to decide which would be the most apt to use the ballot wisely. Woman has, through long ages of ignorance, been subject to many forms of injustice and tyranny, which have arrested her best thoughts, and dwarfed the beauties of her spiritual nature, until, through the force of this cruel injustice she is obliged to come out from under these oppressing shackles and demand her freedom. Woman has a right to climb the ladder of fame to her perfect unfoldment, even to the President's chair; and any laws to the contrary are tyrannical and unjust. Through the ballot she is armed for the battles of life, and would prove a tower of strength to man. The unfoldment of her divine life is being felt and uttered throughout our fair land. The Father of life, love and sweetness, that speaks through the rose, the lily, the buttercup and the daffodil, will surely give us a perfect unfoldment if we but desire it, and our hearts rejoice in this field which is opened to us so grandly.

The principles of universal brotherhood endorsed by all thinking and well-developed minds are in favor of woman standing on an equality with man. Women as a class

are more intuitive than men. And the time is near at hand when man shall recognize woman in a truer and higher sense than at present. The conditions of humanity at the present time are at low ebb, for the want of woman's power. It is impossible to enforce the universal principles of love and justice, where women are excluded from the rights which the constitution of the country guarantees all citizens. The great thought realm in being broadened upon the material plane; for intuition begins to take the place of egotism and dogmatic creeds. Our lower natures give way to higher aspirations, and grander fields of usefulness. It is in the reach of all to develop God-like powers, to help make a new heaven on earth. We need woman's voice to plead the cause of the hundreds of little pale faces that work in factories, denied all the sweets of childhood. Parents testifying falsely as to the age of their children's for the mortgage that they may earn. There is more need for women to think now than at any previous time. There is more need for woman's vote now than any time before; there is more corruption, more tyrants to rule over us, more slavery (for unthinking men are slaves) to their political party; and bosses humbug the rest into their votes, by the pretense of the great moral good they are going to do, but always forget to do it. So they have been led on year in and year out, until the iron yoke of despotism in getting unbearable. If men are not capable of making better laws and conditions alone for the human race than at present, why not adopt at once ways and means to remedy this false system by giving the ballot to women.

In many of our cities wives and mothers toil in factories and workshops. Their pale faces and half starved bodies mutely protest against such wrongs. Under these conditions children are gestated and born. There are forty-five thousand working girls and women in Chicago. They work nine, ten, eleven and twelve hours a day, and are so poorly paid as to be compelled to walk to and from their work, even the luxury of over-crowded street cars is denied them through poor pay. They are not the cheery, bright, happy girls of society, but hungry, care-worn, poverty-pinned girls of factory and workshop. We are constantly hearing of the struggles of the working men, and but little of the working women. Who is pleading the eight hour law for these poor working women and girls? In the name of common sense and justice shall we not demand better pay and less hours work for over-taxed women? These Chicago women working are only paid for full weeks' work; if they fail to work a week they lose their pay, and if they complain they are soon discharged. A great swindle on poor helpless women who should have the same pay as men for the same work. This question of female labor is a serious question. Too long have men looked upon women as their infer-

riors, but finding themselves supplanted by them, causes men to think. They find with the introduction of machinery it takes less muscle, and women are being employed. Under this change women are the recognized competitors with men. Justice demands equal rights for all, and let us have them. The largest and broadest organized body of individuals that are working under man-made laws, and working for the equality of the sexes are the Knights of Labor. To better understand and appreciate the noble work they are trying to do for humanity, one should belong to that order, then they know for themselves. As children of the infinite we have a right to sound the depths of true wisdom. We are willing to travel over waste deserts with little rest, if the higher good can be reached at last.

Selected Articles.

How to be Good Though Godless.

BY HUGH O. PENTECOST.

I am now going to have a plain, familiar talk with you about the reason why we who have no belief in a God do things that we believe are right. It is commonly supposed that if we lose faith in that purely hypothetical person called God and in equally hypothetical personal immortality, that we will have no moral motive power left and will be likely to go to the bad. You know that in Christian circles it is honestly believed that infidels are almost necessarily bad people. I, myself, often get letters from Christians, evidently written in much earnestness and sincerity, who believe that I am leading young men and women to their ruin; who think that it is a calamity that such persons as I should be allowed to talk and write to the people.

I know just how these persons feel, because I once felt that way myself. I used to think that if one would not accept Jesus as a savior, according to the well-known theological plan of salvation, it was because the human heart is naturally bad, the carnal mind is enmity against God, and also because the particular person in question was rebellious against God or bent upon the pleasures of this world. And if these unbelievers happened to be upright persons with fine, strong characters, as some of them were, I thought their goodness was of a different quality from the Christian's goodness; I thought the goodness was "mere morality," that would not avail to save them if they had not been washed with the blood of Jesus Christ, which the Bible says, cleanseth believers from all sins.

As I say, it is commonly believed that infidels are bad people. Now, some of you are infidels and so am I, and so, it follows that many of our friends who knew us, perhaps,

when we were Christians think that we have "fallen from grace," that we have suffered moral degeneration by becoming Infidels. But (I know not how it is with you), in my case, I am a much better man than I was when I was a Christian. I have a more serious and earnest mind, a greater desire to do right, a greater abhorrence of doing wrong; I neither love this world nor fear to die as much as I did then. Of course these words will be picked up, and upon the strength of them, it will be said that I am conceited and self-righteous. But that is of no consequence. It is necessary, in order to get out my thoughts to-day that I should talk a little about myself, and I will not be hypocritical enough to say that I think I am a bad man when I know I am not. It is necessary to my purpose now to say that my present manner of thought has made me a better man than I was when I was a Christian, and you are at liberty to inquire among all the people who know me to find out whether there are any stains upon my character or not.

Now, how does this come about? How does it happen that infidelity makes at least one man better than Christianity? That is what I am going to try to tell you, in the few words to which I must necessarily confine myself in this address.

I think the secret of it all lies in that I ceased to be a Christian through hunting for what is true; and this is what I am doing yet—hunting for what is true. I think one cannot very long search for the truth upon any subject without finding it. And when you find it, it becomes a great inspirer and purifier. The average Christian does not hunt for the truth; he searches the Scriptures and accepts what they teach without investigation; he reads the creed; he conforms himself to the traditions and authoritative declarations of the Church. It is not necessary that he should develop what he calls his conscience, because the Bible is, in his estimation, above conscience. I have heard an eloquent minister say that Christians should constantly regulate their consciences by the Bible just as we regulate our watches by the electric time-ball.

It is not logically necessary that a Christian should go scrupulously right every time, because pardon for sins is part of his doctrine. Character is nothing like so important in the Church as salvation. It is better, according to Christian orthodox theology, logically carried out, to be "saved" with the blood of a neighbor upon your hands or the price of a slave in your pocket than to be "lost" with a spotless character. I know, of course, that some of the best people on this earth are Christians—better, probably, than any of you; better, certainly, than I. But they are not logical. They are superlatively good in spite of their doctrines; and, too, a very good Christian is generally more or less heretical.

On the other hand, an unbeliever has to work out his own salvation with more or less

fear and trembling—not because of future torments, but because of the possible loss of his own self-respect and the deterioration of his character. There is no one to help him but himself, and there is no one to suffer in his stead. He has no God and no Devil; no heaven and no hell; no authoritative dogma and no savior.

This seems to a Christian like a very awful kind of life for anyone to lead. It is, to him, a blasphemous, sacrilegious kind of life to lead. But that is where the Christian is mistaken. It is a very true and lofty kind of life.

Most people think that there must be some sort of faith in God and the future life in order to make this life sacred. And yet, if you will only stop to think of it, you will remember that nearly all the beastly drunkards, the burglars, the libertines, the prostitutes and the murderers are believers in God, and many of them are members of the Church. Well, that ought to show that religion does not necessarily make life sweet and clean. There are multitudes of sweet and clean people who are religious. But their religion does not make them so. They would be so anyhow.

Why, only a little while ago the editor of a Newark Sunday paper told his readers that I was in a deplorable state because I did not believe in God. He said he knew I was not stupid, but there must be something the matter with my mental gearing, and he ended his pious editorial by saying: "God pity him!" There is no knowing whether an editor thinks what he writes or not. The average editor will write almost anything for pay. But I happen to know this man, and he actually is a believer in God, but his life is no better than many of his neighbors who do not believe in God.

Countless instances might be cited to show you that a religious belief does not make nor tend to make people good—that is, noble, generous, unselfish, honest and morally clean. Many a religious-colored person down South will go from prayer-meeting to a water-melon patch on felonious deeds intent. Many a Roman Catholic politician will pay for a mass out of the money that he got for doing corrupt things. Many a Protestant churchman will speculate in land, or rob his workmen, or go where he wouldn't like his wife to follow him. The men who murdered Dr. Cronin were too religious to touch the sacred charm he wore about his neck. I do not say that an absence of religious belief is any more calculated to make men good. But I do say that an earnest determination to know and do the truth will tend to make you good whether you are religious or not.

Now, let me explain to you as best I can my moral motive power, for, as I have already said, I do not know anything about the inner workings of anyone's else life. I must speak from my own experience if I speak at all.

I do not believe in God. I do not believe there is any God. Neither do I believe there is no God. This is simply because I can have no beliefs upon a subject about which I know nothing and, for the present, can know nothing, and about which no one else knows anything in a manner that enables him to explain what he knows to others.

I think the word God will, in time, go out of serious use just as the words centaur, fairy and phoenix have gone out of serious use, and for the same reason, viz.: because there is nothing in the universe that corresponds to it. Drive the believer in God into a corner and try to force him to tell you one thing that he knows about God, and he cannot do it. But he hangs on to his belief and his word of three letters just as the believer in Jupiter or in witches did until all men came to understand that there are no such beings.

But this non-belief in God is not meant by me to be blasphemous or wicked, and it does not give me a tendency to be bad. It arises from the fact that I wish to be truthful. I actually do not know anything of God. But what of it? Is that any reason why I should defraud my neighbor or beat my wife or live only for the gratification of my present desires? What has a belief in God to do with these things?

Do you say that I should not do these things because God will punish me if I do? I answer that that is no reason at all why I should not do evil. In the first place, only bad men fear punishment, and in the second place, to punish anybody is precisely what this hypothetical person that you call God never does. There are plenty of frauds abroad—political frauds, commercial frauds and religious frauds—men who lie and steal by every known legal method. But God does not punish them. On the contrary, they are the very people who run God's Church and God's State, and who teach people to believe that Infidels are wicked. If you think that God punishes people, why do you use whipping-posts and prisons and gibbets to punish them yourselves?

Ah, but you say, God punishes mostly in the next world. I answer: that is something you know nothing about, and I, at least, care nothing about. It is enough for me to know that if I do anything that injures myself or my neighbor I make myself unhappy by bringing upon myself perfectly natural evil consequences.

My daily experience is that when two courses of conduct are up before me I know that if I choose one of them I shall suffer loss of self-respect, I shall suffer what I call remorse; but that if I choose the other I shall be at peace with myself, even though I lose money and friends. Money is desirable and friends are delightful. But it is better to have neither than to suffer remorse, than to feel, "I chose the course that is hurtful to my fellow or to myself."

Now, what has God or heaven or hell to do with this? Absolutely nothing. There is that knowledge that this course injures others and myself, and will throw me out of peace with myself and therefore must be avoided. Why I am dissatisfied with myself if I injure my neighbor I do not know. But I know that it is so, and my religious belief, and non-beliefs have nothing to do with the case. I am simply seeking my own highest happiness, and this I will naturally do without reference to God or immortality.

Let me illustrate what I mean from personal experience. I was once in the Church. I suppose by being very careful and politic, never displeasing the influential people in the Church, keeping my doubts to myself and preaching to the rich and at the poor I could have lived very well in the Church. There are ministers doing quite well who have no more brains, nor eloquence nor engaging manners than I have. But instead of all that I was never careful and politic—I declared my doubts and I preached to the poor and at the rich. The result was that by the time the Church was ready to put me out I was ready to go out.

Many Christian people, of course, believe that I am possessed by the Devil, but, on the other hand, many persons praise me for sticking to my convictions. But as a matter of fact I did nothing praiseworthy. I saw that if I stifled my convictions to save my salary and position I should be more unhappy than if I went out and faced poverty and the odium of the Scribes and Pharisees. I knew that in the long run I would rather look at myself in shabby clothing than to look at myself with a ragged and dirty moral nature. And I simply chose that path which would yield me the most moral happiness. There is nothing praiseworthy in that. It is selfishness.

A person with a highly-developed moral nature must be a martyr in this world so long as we are governed by thieves, priests, politicians, policemen and soldiers, and it is simply a question of whether he will suffer poverty and loneliness or the loss of self-respect through the consciousness of moral decay. Some persons choose one kind of martyrdom and some the other. For my part I would rather conduct myself so that other people will be ashamed of me than to be ashamed of myself. It is a matter of no moment to me to be called a crank or to go without shoes or potatoes so long as I know I am saying and doing that which is best for others and for myself; that is, so long as I am saying and doing that which is right.

Now, what has a belief in God or the hope of immortality to do with all that? Absolutely nothing. I don't know where this universe came from or is going to. Your life and mine are equal mysteries to me. I don't understand how we can live after death, and if we are not to live, consciously, after death, I don't see any particular reason why we

should be living now. I don't see how this world can go on forever just as it is now, capable of sustaining human life, and yet if, some day, it is to cool off, like the moon, into a dead cinder, I don't see any sense of its being here at all. I don't see how there can be any God, and yet I don't see how things can be what they are unless there is power, purpose and will somewhere, and immeasurably greater than man's. In short, beyond the simple facts of the movements of nature and the daily experiences of man I know nothing, and neither do you, and neither does the pope, nor the cardinals, nor the presbytery, nor the synod, nor the council.

But what of it? That does not alter the fact that if you do what injures others or yourself you wreck your own moral happiness, and if you do what is for the good of others and yourself you build up your own moral happiness. You certainly can know nothing of God and the hereafter, and it is a matter of no consequence what you believe about them. Whatever you believe will not alter the facts. All that is needful is that you should do right, simply because it is right, as you may say if you believe in the abstract right; but I am more and more inclined to say do right because in that way alone can you be at peace with yourself.

Some of you are afraid to do right because it is so expensive—you will lose your business or be looked down upon; but I assure you your happiness will repay you for every loss. I am growing poorer every month. It is as certain as anything can be that my last days will be spent in poverty. If I look into the future I can see much trouble that apparently awaits me. But each month is happier than the last, because to try to be truthful and do that which is right is the highway of peace.

I know that each of you has his daily struggle. You want to do right but the love of money or the fear of men in some cases tempts you to do wrong. You cannot be happy in that way of living. If you want happiness you must be willing to lose all for the sake of gaining it. You cannot be morally happy if you tell or act lies, if you in any way defraud your neighbor, if you do things that you have to conceal. But real happiness is worth all it costs. Peace of mind is worth more than money or friends. It is worth all it can possibly cost you. It is a pearl of great price for which we should be willing to give all else that we possess, if necessary. — *Twentieth Century.*

Hypnotism in Europe.

The International Congress of Experimental and Therapeutic Hypnotism which met at Paris in the middle of August, was an important occasion, mainly for the reason that it is one of the steps in the slow but like progress of the medical profession toward larger and more liberal views.

It did not develop anything wonderful, or anything to be compared with the results of what is called magnetic treatment practiced

outside of the medical profession, because it is not allowed inside.

The Congress met at the Hotel Dieu, in the amphitheater of Trousseau. It had been proposed by Dr. Bernheim of the *Hypnotic Cabinet*, and was presided over by Dr. Dumont Pallier of the Hotel Dieu, who dates the study of Hypnotism from 1876, although it was amply developed and demonstrated in England and the United States near fifty years ago. But doctors have a way of supposing that nothing is done worth notice until it is done by one of their own clique in official position.

Dr. Bernheim and his party were disposed to make all the phenomena of hypnotism, a mere matter of suggestion—the control of the subject by the word of the operator—which shows how very limited is their knowledge, as the most marvellous phenomena may be produced without uttering a word. The Congress did not generally accept this idea, although they show any broad understanding of the subject.

They resolved that hypnotism as they understand it (which is a very limited understanding) should be introduced into medical education, and that its popular practice should be interdicted by law, being liable to abuse and criminal uses. There is considerable truth in this, but the practice of healing by animal magnetism which is not liable to such abuses, and which vastly exceeds the suggestive business in therapeutic practice was not brought forward in the Congress. The suggestive method requires the patient to be in what may be called an abnormal condition, subject to the dictation of another. It is a condition in which a self-respecting individual would not like to be placed—neither did they show any willingness to see my friend, and in which I have been unwilling to place those on whom I experiment, for I would not subject them to any condition which I would consider degrading to myself.

The dangerous passiveness of those who are controlled by a word, or in other words subject to suggestion, is not a condition that ought to be encouraged or diffused. Its moral dangers would be great. It is an artificial system of falsehood—playing upon the patient by false assertions, and seems to me degrading both to operator and subject. Still it may be used for good purposes, and the physicians in the Congress reported a number of cures, but were divided in opinion, those of the *Solpétrière* party including Charcot, regarding hypnotic suggestion as mainly an affair of the hysterical constitution and abnormal, while the Nancy school of Bernheim claim a very wide range of application.

Dr. Voisin claimed a slight degree of success in treating the insane, but it had no success in idiocy, and Dr. Berrillon claimed some good results in opposing and reforming the vicious character in children. It was also agreed that hypnotism might be used to procure the commission of crimes.

Two other physicians reported its failure in insanity. But two physicians of Amsterdam reported the use of the suggestive method in 44 cases of disease with 100 cures. The Congress recommended that prisoners of the hysterical or hypnotic temperament should be placed under the control of physicians.

This is all that would interest us in a report that would fill a dozen pages. A Congress of those who do not belong to the medical profession would have made a far better display of therapeutic results. A single good magnetic operator could have achieved more than the whole Congress.

THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

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

Published every Saturday by the "CARRIER DOVE"
PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at
841 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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Address all communications, "CARRIER DOVE," 841
Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

\$2.50 per Year. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

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

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 23 1889.

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"IS DIVORCE WRONG?"

The *North American Review* for the present month contains replies to the above question from the pens of three able men of widely different views, and the questions formulated as a basis for discussion are: 1st. "Do you believe in the principle of divorce under any circumstances?" 2nd. "Ought divorced people to be allowed to marry under any circumstances?" 3d. "What is the effect of divorce on the integrity of the family?" 4th. "Does the absolute prohibition of divorce where it exists contribute to the moral purity of society?" The introduction to the discussion, to which some of the most eminent leaders of modern thought have contributed their opinions, is furnished by the Rev. L. W. Dike, L. L. D. This gentleman has devoted the last twelve years to the study and investigation of this subject in all its bearings, and compiled some valuable statistics thereupon. After presenting such statistics the writer concludes that the subject needs a thorough and comprehensive study before much legislation is undertaken.

Cardinal Gibbons, of course, takes the extreme Roman Catholic view of the situation against divorce under any circumstances. He says: "God instituted in Paradise the marriage state, and sanctified it. He established its law of unity, and declares its indissolubility. * * *

Divorce is now a recognized presence in high life and low; and polygamy, the first-born of divorce, sits shameless in palace and in hovel. Yet the teacher that feared not to speak the words of truth in bygone ages is not silent now. In no uncertain tones the church proclaims to the world to-day the unchangeable law of the strict unity and absolute indissolubility of valid and unconsummated Christian marriage.

To the question then, "Can divorce from the bond of marriage ever be allowed?" the Catholic can only answer "No. And for this, his first and last and best reason can be but this: "Thus saith the Lord.

This, to the Catholic portion of the civilized world may be a quite sufficient reason for the continuity of the relationship of husband and wife after every vestige of mutual love and respect had died the death; but to those who have thrown off the shackles of priestcraft and superstition and outgrown the dogmatism of "thus saith the Lord," it is no reason whatever—not even the slightest vestige of authority, for the continuation of a relationship more damnable than open prostitution, because it is fraught with the gravest of all responsibilities—parentage. The bringing into existence of unloved, undesired children, by those who hate instead of love each other, is the very greatest crime against nature—against society, and against God (if there be one) that any human being can commit. Some one justly named such homes "hells where little devils are made." From such unholly unions comes the great army of criminals who fill our prisons and tax our poverty-cursed people for their support, while throughout the land are broken-hearted mothers who see upon the gallows tree the fruit of hate, born of enforced maternity which is sanctioned by church and state.

The Rev. Henry C. Potter states the position of the Protestant Episcopal Church upon the subject as follows:

"No minister is allowed, as a rule, to solemnize the marriage of any man or woman who has a divorced husband or wife still living. But the person seeking to be married is the innocent party in the divorce for adultery, that person, whether man or woman, may be married by a minister of the church. With the above exception the clergy are forbidden to administer the sacraments to any divorced and remarried person without the express permission of the bishop, unless that person be "penitent" and "imminent danger of death." Any doubts "as to the facts of any case under Section II of this can. n." must be referred to the bishop. Of course, where there is no reasonable doubt the minister may proceed. It may be added that the sacraments are to be refused also to persons who may be reasonably supposed to have contracted marriage "otherwise," in any respect, "than as the Word of God and the discipline of this church doth allow."

The law of the church would seem to be that even though a legal divorce may have been obtained, remarriage is absolutely forbidden, excepting to the innocent party, whether man or woman, in a divorce for adultery. The penalty for breach of this law might involve for the offi-

ciating clergyman, despotism from the ministry; for the offending man or woman, exclusion from the sacraments, which, in the judgment of a very large number of the clergy, involves eternal damnation.

The thought involved in this last sentence seems almost incredible—that of "everlasting damnation"—in the nineteenth century.

Last come the opinions of Robert G. Ingersoll, which contain so much of good sense that we reproduce a few selections here.

"Marriage is the most important, the most sacred contract that human beings can make. No matter whether we call it a contract, or a sacrament, or both, it remains precisely the same. And no matter whether this contract is entered into in the presence of a magistrate or priest, it is exactly the same. A true marriage is a natural concord and agreement of souls; a harmony in which discords is not even imagined; it is a mingling so perfect that only one seems to exist; all other considerations are lost; the present seems to be eternal. In this supreme moment there is no shadow—or the shadow is as luminous as light. And when two beings thus love, thus unite, this is the true marriage of soul and soul. That which is said before the altar, or minister, or magistrate, or in the presence of witnesses, is only the outward evidence of that which has already happened within; it simply testifies to a union that has already taken place—to the mingling of two mornings that hope to reach the night together."

Marriages are made by men and women; not by society; not by state; not by the church; not by supernatural beings. By this time we should know that nothing is moral that does not tend to the well-doing of sentient beings; that nothing is virtuous the result of which is not good. We know now, if we know anything, that all the reasons for doing right, and all the reasons against doing wrong, are here in this world. We should have imagination enough to put ourselves in the place of another. Let a man suppose himself a helpless woman beaten by a brutal husband—would he advocate divorce then?

Few people have an adequate idea of the sufferings of women and children, of the number of wives who tremble when they hear the foot steps of a returning husband, of the number of children who hide when they hear the voice of a father. Few people know the number of blows that fall on the flesh of the helpless, every day, and few know the nights of terror passed by mothers who hold babes to their breasts. Compared with these, all the hardships of poverty home by those who love each other are as nothing. Men and women truly married bear the sufferings of poverty together. They console each other. In the darkest night they see the radiance of a star, and their aching eyes give to the heart of each perpetual sunshine.

The good home is the unit of the good government. The hearth-stone is the corner-stone of civilization. Society is not interested in the preservation of hateful homes, of homes where husbands and wives are selfish, cold, cruel. It is not to the interest of society that good women should be enslaved, that the should become mothers by husbands whom they hate. Homes should be filled with kind and generous fathers, with true and loving mothers and when they are so filled, the world will be civilized. Intelligence will rock the cradle justice will sit in the courts; wisdom in the legislative halls; and above all, like the dome of heaven, will be the spirit of liberty.

The real marriage is back of the ceremony and the real divorce is back of the decree. When love is dead, when husband and wife abhor each other, they are divorced. The

tree records in a judicial way what has really taken place, just as the ceremony of marriage attests a contract already made.

The true family is the result of the true marriage, and the institution of the family should above all things be preserved. What becomes of the sacredness of the home, if the law compels those who abhor each other to sit at the same hearth? This lowers the standard, and changes the happy haven of home into the prison cell. If we wish to preserve the integrity of the family, we must preserve the democracy of the fireside, the republicanism of the home, the absolute and perfect equality of husband and wife. There must not be an exhibition of force, no spectre of fear. The mother must not remain through an order of court, or the command of a priest, or by virtue of the tyranny of society; she must sit in absolute freedom, the queen of herself, the sovereign of her own soul and of her own body. Real homes can never be preserved through force, through slavery, or superstition. Nothing can be more sacred than a home, no altar purer than the hearth.

We must define our terms. What is moral purity? The intelligent of this world seek the well-being of themselves and others. They know that happiness is the only good; and this they strive to attain. To live in accordance with the conditions of well-being is moral in the highest sense. To use the best instrumentalities to attain the highest ends in our highest conception of the moral. In other words, morality is the melody or the perfection of conduct. A man is not moral because he is obedient through fear or ignorance. Morality lives in the realm of perceived obligation and where a being acts in accordance with perceived obligation, that being is moral. Morality is not the child of slavery. Ignorance is not the corner-stone of virtue.

If this be true, upon what principle can a woman continue to sustain the relation of wife after love is dead? Is there some other consideration she can take the place of genuine affection? Can she be bribed with money, or a home, or position, or by public opinion, and still remain a virtuous woman? Is it for the good of society that virtue should be thus crucified between Church and State? Can it be said that this contributes to the moral purity of the human race?

Is there a higher standard of virtue in countries where divorce is prohibited than in those where it is granted? Where husbands and wives who have ceased to love cannot be divorced, there are mistresses and lovers. The sacramental view of marriage is the shield of vice.

To me, the tenderest word in our language, the most pathetic fact within our knowledge is maternity. Around this sacred word cluster the joys and sorrows, the agonies and ecstasies, of the human race. The mother walks in the shadow of death that she may give another life. Upon the altar of love she puts her own life in pawn. When the world is civilized, no wife will become a mother against her will. Man will then know that to enslave another is to imprison himself.

Mrs. Dr. Cook, of 224 Post st., the celebrated cancer specialist is still meeting with her accustomed unprecedented success in the treatment and cure of that terrible disease, which, under the old methods of treatment inevitably results in months of suffering and finally death. Mrs. Cook is a regular licensed physician, but her success in curing cancer is entirely the result of her own discovery and something never before applied in such cases. Unless the disease has reached its last stage where a cure would be impossible, it is sure to succumb to Mrs. Dr. Cook's treatment.

DOSE FOR COIN.

Maggie Fox Recants Her Confession.—Affirming Her Faith in Spiritualism—A Strong Denial of All Her Statements of the Frauds of Mediums.

Maggie Fox, one of the leading Spiritualists, who recently recanted and gave a detailed exposure of the tricks of the Fox sisters in Rochester, over forty years ago, and of the devices which she and others afterward practiced in this country and in England, has now made a confession that she was bribed to commit the fraud of exposing Spiritualism by several clergymen.

"Would to God," she said yesterday, "that I could undo the injustice I did the cause of Spiritualism. Under strong psychological influence of a person inimical to Spiritualism, I gave expression to utterances that had no foundation in fact. This retraction and denial have not come about so much from my own sense of what is right as from the silent impulse of the spirits hostile to the treacherous horde who held out promises of wealth and happiness in return for the attack on Spiritualism, and whose hopeful assurances were so deceitful."

"When did you decide to explain the position which you took, or were forced to take, in the alleged exposure?"

"It is not of recent date," she replied. "It is months since I was first urged to do this thing. I did my utmost to repress my uncontrollable desire to make a clean breast of the whole treacherous onslaught on Spiritualism, but try as I might an irrepressible spiritual influence urged me to this course with great vigor."

"What cause led up to your exposure of spirit rappings?"

"At that time I was in great need of money, and persons whom for the present I prefer not to name, took advantage of my situation."

"What was the object of the persons who induced you to make the confession that you and all medium traded on the credulity of people?"

"They had several objects in view. Their first and paramount idea was to crush Spiritualism, to make money for themselves and get up a great excitement, as that was an element in which they flourished."

"Was there any truth in the charges you made against Spiritualism?"

"Those charges were false in every particular. I have no hesitation in saying that.—S. F. Chronicle.

Neatly bound in cloth \$.50, paper \$.25, Hertha, by Elizabeth Hughes.

The ever womanly leads us on.—Goethe.

Address E. Hughes, P. O. Box 1772, Los Angeles, Cal.

Dramatic, Literary and Musical Entertainment to close with a dance, will be tendered Mrs. F. A. Logan, on Saturday Evening, 23rd inst., in St. George's Hall, in honor of her efforts in the upbuilding of the harmonical circle.

THE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM CORNER.

A Full Session—Interested Pupils—Active Measures.—The Approaching Bazaar.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

The wisdom of Love is able to reach humanity, notwithstanding its mistakes and the human spirit feels the prompting of its Maker through all the din of commerce and absorbing care of labor, urging it to steal away from toil some hours for its own refreshment in the blending with its kind in the more congenial atmosphere where its affection is reflected and adds to the gladness of others. Therefore, while the rain was beating on the window-panes last Sunday, and the pupils were somewhat tardy in gathering, the room where the Progressive Lyceum meets, at 909½ Market street, was almost filled with pupils and visitors before it adjourned its session. The usual recitations were not given, but the number of replies upon the adjourned question "What is the Highest Form of Love?" together with the many excellent words of wisdom furnished was satisfactory proof that the pupils had been devoting some of their time to the study of Lyceum topics.

The reward-of-merit cards which were distributed met with great favor among the scholars, and the conductor, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, interested them in retaining the same with the promise that the cards should be a credit to them with the holiday season. The question for next Sunday will be: "Who was the Originator of the Lyceum and Why was it Founded?"

A topic that is interesting some of the pupils is the formation of a young people's literary society and this may yet prove to be a means of harmonizing many spirits in the congenial exercises of such a gathering.

The leaders meeting was a very large and interesting one. Several topics were taken up for consideration with the view to increasing the Lyceum's usefulness and rendering it a place where the spirit should find repose and pleasure. A committee to draft a constitution and by-laws in harmony with the present Lyceum manual recently adopted, was decided upon and the conductor will appoint the members of the said committee at sometime in the near future.

Not the least interesting subject was that of the bazaar and entertainment to be given by the Lyceum at the hall, 909½ Market street, on Friday and Saturday afternoons and evenings November 29th and 30th.

The Lyceum Aid Society requested that all the pupils and friends should, on next Sunday, bring some small, inexpensive article to be put in the fishing-pond that will be one of the features of the bazaar. The committee on programme reported it was making good progress toward securing talent for both evenings. The members of this committee will meet at 9 o'clock next Sunday morning in the Lyceum room to finish their work as nearly as possible.

The Lyceum Aid Society will hold two sessions at the residence of the president, Mrs. A

E. Fossette, corner Noe and Jersey streets, on Tuesday and Thursday. The interest that all are manifesting in the movement is a fair promise that it will be fully as much a success as any previous entertainment of the kind given elsewhere.

Contributions to the bazaar can be left, as heretofore, with Mrs. J. Schlesinger of the CARRIER DOVE, Mr. J. Owen of the *Golden Gate*, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, the Lyceum Treasurer, No. 150 Eddy street, or any person who will ensure their reaching the aid society.

**REPORT OF THE DEFENSE COMMITTEE
IN THE CASE OF THE UNITED STATES
VS WALTER E. REID.**

To all Whom it May Concern:

Since the publication of our statement in August, events have transpired to which we deem it proper to call the attention of all who may be interested in the defense of Spiritualism and mediumship as they are involved in the case of the United States vs. Walter E. Reid.

During the pendency of the complaint, and before the action of the Grand Jury, the fact that said jury might find an indictment materially differing from the complaint, or possibly no case at all, rendered it very uncertain as to what the committee would be called upon to do. Therefore, little or no preparation was or could be made.

Up to this writing the following action has been had:

The Grand Jury has considered the case, and found the indictment published herewith. Mr. Frank S. Donaldson, and other able counsel has been engaged for the defense. Mr. Reid was arraigned, and a plea of "Not Guilty" entered. A motion to continue over the term until March was made, and contrary to our expectation, the Government Attorney admitted that certain witnesses would testify as set out in the affidavit of Mr. Reid, thus leaving no option to the Court under the rule, and forcing us to trial this present term.

The case will be reached about the 20th or 25th of this month, thus giving us a very limited time for preparation.

A motion to quash the indictment was made and argued (press notices of which can be found elsewhere) which was denied.

A motion is now pending asking for a bill of particulars, which, if granted, will tend to further define the issue, which, we must meet, and then we must prepare as quickly as possible. [This motion has since been granted.—Ed.]

At this writing, it is clear to your committee, that Spiritualism and mediumship are on trial, in so far as they are embodied and represented by the respondent in this case.

That his professions of mediumship or ability to procure communications from spirits, is to be made the subject of thorough inquiry, and in so far as he resembles other Spiritualists in his belief and other mediums in his practices, it becomes a test case in which all such Spiritualists

and mediums are interested and practically or trial.

Of course no unfairness can be predicated of the court and jury in this trial, but they are largely dependent upon the evidence, especially in a case of this kind, involving an entirely new field of inquiry.

The prosecution will, of course, put in only such evidence as they may find to sustain the indictment. It therefore becomes necessary, if the truth is to be proven and justice done, that whatever contrary evidence there may be should be presented. It is the business of the defense to do this, and unless they do the court and jury will not be able to know the truth or do justice. The Government has unlimited resources, and its officers and detectives have ransacked the country, and will have all the evidence that money and effort can procure to sustain their side.

It is already well settled that the indictment limits and defines the issue, and cannot be changed in any material part upon the trial. Any person can satisfy himself or herself by its perusal upon which side they are interested, and if it affirms what they are disposed to deny, this committee desires to hear from them at once in the form of either offer of evidence or a cash contribution in aid of the fund.

Again we appeal for assistance in the matter of funds, as they are necessary to pay attorneys, witness fees, and other necessary expenses for a proper defense.

We believe this to be an excellent opportunity for the first time to place upon record in the Federal Court the evidence of spirit communion, and establish the facts upon which Spiritualism is based. If this case prevails, and conviction is had, we believe it will tend to establish the idea that all mediumship is criminal and fraudulent, and should be forbidden and suppressed by law. These opinions are warranted by the allegations set up in the indictment in this case. Do not misunderstand the position of this committee. We are primarily interested in the defense of Spiritualism and mediumship, and incidentally in the respondent, Mr. Reid, in just so much as he represents the belief of a Spiritualist, and the practices of a medium. As such we are appointed to defend him, and not otherwise. As such he is assailed by this indictment.

But little has been contributed thus far, owing to the uncertainty of what the Grand Jury would do, and the committee have had to make advances to the fund. Now the issue is clear and definite, and we shall expect and need a prompt any liberal response. The time is so short that this is our only way of reaching individuals, so do not wait for further notice, but write and remit at once.

All funds intended for this committee should be sent to L. H. Austin, Secretary and Treasurer, 31 and 33 Huron street, Grand Rapids, Mich. The committee will be responsible for the proper use of all moneys received for the defense fund by any member thereof, and for none other. If possible, send express or postal

money order or bank exchange. Direct to the committee. L. V. Moulton, Chairman.

L. H. AUSTIN, Sec. & Treas.
RICHARD A. ROUND, S.
Defense Committee.

STATUTE UNDER WHICH THE SUIT IS BROUGHT.

SEC. 5480.—If any person having devised or intending to devise any scheme or artifice to defraud or be effected by either opening or intending to open correspondence or communication with any other person, whether resident within or outside the United States, by means of the Post Office establishment of the United States, or by inciting such other person to open communication with the person so devising or intending, shall in and for executing such scheme or artifice, or attempting so to do, place any letter or packet in any post office of the United States, or take or receive any therefrom, such person so misusing the Post Office establishment shall be punishable by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, and by imprisonment for not more than eighteen months, or by both such punishments.

The indictment, information or complaint may severally charge offenses to the number of three when committed within the same six calendar months, but the court thereupon shall give a single sentence, and shall proportion the punishment specially to the degree in which the abuse of the Post Office establishment enters as an instrument into such fraudulent scheme and device.

BAZAAR IN AID OF THE ELSMERE FREE KINDERGARTEN.

A Bazaar, for the purpose of raising funds to provide Christmas presents for the children of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, will be held at the residence of Mrs. J. B. Rider, 2513 Folsom street, on Saturday evening, December 7, next. A number of beautiful and tasty articles, including many suitable for holiday presents, will be for sale at very reasonable prices, lower than similar articles can be purchased for at the stores in the city. The handsome display will embrace articles both of use and of *virtu*. Donations of additional articles will be acceptable; and any of the friends of the good work being done by the Ladies' Elsmere Club, who may desire to aid in making the Bazaar a big success, are requested to leave such articles as they may wish to donate for exhibition and sale, on that occasion, at the residence of the Secretary, Miss Libbie Hill, 117 Leavenworth street, or with any lady of the Club. All such will be most thankfully received.

As quite a large sum will be required to fill the big Christmas tree with suitable gifts for the kindergarten, it is hoped, first, that the donations of suitable articles for the Bazaar will be many and varied; and secondly, that the attendance upon the Bazaar will be numerous and the sales extensive and lively.

An excellent mental feast will be served up during the evening, a most enjoyable literary and musical programme, of more than usual

excellence, having been prepared. The ready dialect humorist, Dr. Thos. L. Hill, has promised to be on hand and favor the guests with some of his highly diverting readings. The physical man—and woman—will also be looked after in the shape of sundry toothsome comestibles and potables, which will be liberally provided for all attendants.

It is desired that this Bazaar evening may be a "star" occasion in the progress of the kindergarten work of the Ladies' Club. Let no one fail to remember the time and place, and let the hearts of the ladies be made glad, with the presence of a thronged attendance that evening and a speedy sale of the lovely gifts that will then gladden the eyes and tempt the pockets of the generously disposed.

BENEFIT ENTERTAINMENT AT WASHINGTON HALL.

Next Sunday evening the usual exercises of the Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, will give place to an attractive entertainment for the benefit of Mr. Edward Fair, a well-known and popular speaker at spiritual meetings, who is very ill and in need of assistance on account of long suffering and confinement with cancer and of recent surgical operations.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the popular California test medium, has volunteered to appear on this occasion. Also Dr. Louis Schlesinger the well-known medium will give private tests to skeptics in the anteroom during the evening. The veteran spirit postmaster, Dr. J. V. Mansfield will address the audience. Miss Alice Henshall the inspirational piano player is expected to give us some of her wonderful music. Miss Clothilde Wiegand (aged 13) the Little Flower Girl will also exhibit her magical power in making beautiful paper flowers while entranced and blindfolded.

It is hoped, also, that a noted and popular California humorist will add his attractive recitations. This is a most worthy entertainment and deserves the patronage of all benevolent people. Admission only the usual ten cents. Let the hall be crowded and give the sufferer a much needed assistance in his hour of trial. Good vocal and instrumental music. T.

Victor Hugo, if the greatest poet of his time, was equally great as an egotist. A French contemporary tells a good story, which shows the poet's unbounded self-esteem.

One evening, towards the latter part of the siege of Paris, Hugo was sitting with his family and a few friends deploring the unhappy state of city, girt round with a ring of steel and iron. Hugo was moved to tears, and exclaimed:

"Alas! I fear there is no hope. Only one thing remains to be done. I, Victor Hugo, will go out upon the ramparts. I will expose my breast to the Prussian bullet. The Prussians will have then killed Victor Hugo, and the war will be at an end!"

"Yes, so far as you are concerned," said Ullach, the novelist, whom Hugo bitterly hated ever afterwards.

Correspondence.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: The Doves winged their way from your office and alighted at our door one day last week; many thanks for the same. I have had so little time for writing, as I have been from place to place; "first here then there," but I want to tell you I have been to the *Banner of Light* circle one afternoon when the medium gave communications; it was very pleasant. I passed two Sundays in Lynn with friends. Visited the Lynn Lyceum, a small one 'tis true, but struggling along to do greater things in the future. Heard Frank Elgerton, the "boy medium;" he was very earnest and enthusiastic over a question sent up, "is the world growing better?" The following Sunday I went to mediums' meeting and received a very fine reading of Mrs. Thayer's character, and quite a good communication from her through a ring I laid on the desk.

In the evening I heard Mrs. Kate Styles. Her short lecture was beautiful, and her tests perfectly grand. She is a very quiet, ladylike person, and aims "to be true rather than great;" her own words. I was glad we braved the storm clouds both Sundays to get a little of the spiritual element.

Such dreary weather as we have had here. The sun seems to have gotten discouraged trying to shine, and the clouds are dark and heavy. I shall soon retrace my steps towards the Western Slope. It does one good some times to wander away from home to realize how good our home is, even if it is a rough cabin in the mountains. With kind remembrances to the many loved ones, I remain as ever

Yours truly,

MRS. MAYO.

In proportion as we love truth more and victory less shall we become anxious to know what it is which lead our opponents to think as they do. We shall begin to suspect that the pertinacity of belief exhibited by them must result from a perception of something we have not perceived. And we shall aim to supplement the portion of truth we have found with the portion found by them.—*First Principles*.—HERBERT SPENCER.

There are many good things in our columns this week which cannot fail to interest the thoughtful reader.

If health and strength ever return, we hope to put more *soul* into our work than we can while laboring under present physical weakness.

The friends of Mrs. F. A. Logan, are determined to express their appreciation of her work in their midst by a testimonial benefit to be tendered her this evening at St. George's Hall, 909½ Market Street. An unusually attractive programme will be presented, after which dancing will be the order of the evening.

Spiritual Meetings.

OAKLAND.

GRAND ARMY HALL.

Grand Army Hall was crowded on Sunday afternoon last to listen to the words that come from the trance lips of Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless.

Questions were proposed by the audience. The nature of the questions asked showed an audience of more than the ordinary growths of intellect.

Mrs. Nickless' engagement with this new departure comes to an end this month. We have many regrets that she cannot remain with us longer, as there is need of just such a spiritual worker in our city, which the meetings of the last six weeks show. They have been attended by our best citizens and are growing in number from Sunday to Sunday. In a short time a larger place for meeting would be necessary. We regret very much the departure of Mrs. Nickless and hope the interest aroused by her and her guides will be taken up by others. Let the good work go on. The cause is in need of just such workers as Dr. and Mrs. Nickless.

R.

SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. LOGAN'S MEETING.

On Sunday last at 11 A. M. in St. George's Hall, 909½ Market street. The hall was well-filled notwithstanding the storm.

After the music and invocation Prof. Evens of 84½ Market street recited "Abou Ben Adhem" and gave several remarkable tests which were gladly acknowledged.

Col. Collins, the president of the Progressive Spiritual Society, gave a fine address pertaining to Spiritualism, attracting thousands of years before the Rochester knockings, but more fully comprehended in this era than formerly.

Mrs. Hendee, whose mature years and long experience in mediumship gives her the dignity of priestess in this new dispensation, deeply interested the audience for fifteen minutes, giving many messages of cheer to individuals, and also encouragement to the entire audience. Her silvery locks and spiritual nature indicate a rapid preparation for the beautiful home "over there" where a grand fruition awaits her in response to all she has suffered, all she has done and all she has aspired to.

Mrs. Miller spoke with her usual earnestness and very appreciatively commended the management of the meetings, where all could come with such a homelike feeling and exchange ideas of our beautiful gospel of Spiritualism. She also heartily commended the idea of the benefit social in honor of one so worthy which would be had up stairs in the same building, Saturday evening the 23 inst. and invited every body to come.

Children's Department.

KATIE'S ANSWER.

MISS C. H. TEAYER.

Oehl mo Katie's a rogne, it is thurne.
But her eyes, like the skies, are so blue,
An' her dimples so swate,
An' her ankles so nate,
Share she sized an' bothered me, too,
Till one mornin' I writ for a ride,
Whin, domare as a brine, for my side
Like a darlint she sat,
Wid the wildest hat
'Neath a party girl's chin ever iver tied,
An, me hear, arrah, thin, how it hated
Fur me (Katie) looks so temptin' an' swate,
With cheeks like the roses
An' all the red posies
Ye 'ud see in her garden so nate,
But I sat jist as mute as the dead,
Till she said, wid a toss of her head,
'If I'd know that to-day
Ye'd have nothin' to say,
I'd have gone wid me cousin instead.'
Thin I felt myself grow very bowld;
For I knew she'd not scold if I bowld
Uv the love at me heart,
That ud never depart
Though I live to be wrinkled and owld,
An' I said: "If I dared to do so,
'I'd let go of the bastin' an' I throw
Both me arms round yer waist,
An' be slatin' n' nate
Uv thin lips that are ex-axin me so."
Thin she blushed a more liliant red,
As she said, widout raisin' her head,
An' her eyes lookin' down
'Neth their lashes so brown,
'Ud ye like me to thrive, Misther Ted?'

SALLIE AND OTHERS.

BY JULIA ADAMS POWELL.

Over in London at the great Zoological Gardens there are some very remarkable animals. But the funniest and most amusing of all, I think, are the monkeys, and the chimpanzee, Sallie. Sallie is very much smaller than Mr. Crowley, the chimpanzee which died several months ago at Central Park, New York, but not one bit handsomer. But "handsome is that handsome does," and if all children could see Sallie, I know they would think her very charming and wonderful.

Her keeper is kind to her, and Sallie, in return, shows her love by minding every word he speaks. The day that I visited the Zoo, her keeper told Sallie to give him a straw through the keyhole of the door of her cage. The little lady carefully picked up a slender, unbroken straw from the floor and passed it through the keyhole to her master. He then told her to take another straw and told her to pass it through a smaller hole beneath the keyhole. The little creature did so, and for a reward received a piece of an orange. Sallie loved oranges, but when her master cut the orange into two pieces, a large and a small piece, Sal-

lie, unlike many boys and girls, took the smaller piece. After a while, Miss Sallie Chimpanzee sang us a song. Her keeper led, and Sallie caroled forth a melody of her own. The prettiest trick performed by this wonderful little animal was making a bouquet. Her master asked, "Sallie, can't you give me a bouquet for my buttonhole?" She picked up several pieces of straw and carefully arranged them with the heads all turned the same way. Then she bit off the long ends, and leaning over through the bars placed the bouquet in the man's buttonhole.

There were many monkeys, and very amusing they were too. Some one had dropped an eyeglass into the monkeys' cage, and one old fellow had found it. He held it to his eye, and strutting up and down the floor of the cage looked very much like one of those two-legged individuals sometimes seen on Broadway. He then threw the glass on the floor and tried to use it as a mirror, but failing in that, he ran off to the top of a tree and sat gazing upon those below like some grim schoolmaster. And so we left him, and all the others of the Zoo.

Since I have been at home I have heard of several wonderful animals living quite near me. One is a horse, which eats and drinks at the same time. That is, he will take a mouthful of hay or oats, and then put his nose into the waterpail for a drink of water. I fear he will have dyspepsia if he makes a practice of it.

One of our chickens has left his family and taken up his abode with the horses. He eats the oats the horses drop and at night, instead of roosting, sits down on the floor of the little mare Katie's stall.

If our kind editor will allow me, I may tell another story sometime about other wise animals.—*For our Dumb Animals.*

A CLEVER CAT.

Over at the West End, Boston, there lives a colored family which is noted for possessing a breed of cats which it seems to have a monopoly of—remarkably intelligent animals they are, if not always sleek and handsome. Not long ago a lady on Beacon Hill who was in need of a servant, and to whom a daughter of this colored household had been recommended, called one evening at the little house up an alley where the people lived. A stout black woman came to the door.

"Does Eliza Orangechlossom live here?" the lady asked.

"Yes, she do, ma'am; but she ain't in jes' dis minute," said the stout colored woman. "But ef you'll step in, I'll sen' out arter her."

She led the way in an' seated the lady in the living room of the house. There were several cats present, one of which, a scrawny, but alert-looking Maltese with green eyes, rubbed up lovingly and inquiringly against the visitor's dress.

"You come 'way from dar, you Malty!" exclaimed the colored woman to the cat. "You

Mrs. White, dear little medium, was entranced by Mrs. Eliza McKinly and spoke beautifully.

Mr. Dean, who has not long been a medium, did nobly. Mrs. Logan's appropriate remarks and sweet music by Mesdames Cook and Rutter closed the meeting until next Sunday.

Reporter.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless' meeting at St. George's Hall last Sunday evening was well attended.

The guides took for their subject: "The Wages of Sin is Death!" After the lecture many mental questions were answered and spirits described. It was a grand meeting. The increasing numbers in attendance is conclusive evidence that Dr. and Mrs. Nickless' work for the cause of truth is appreciated. We learn that in December, Mrs. Nickless goes to Santa Cruz, where she will continue her labor for one or more months. There will be two more meetings at St. George's Hall.

Respectfully,

DR. J. R. NICKLESS.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY.

Notwithstanding Sunday was a rainy day the most interesting of any of the afternoon meetings was held.

After Judge Collins had opened the meeting by a few remarks and given notices of mediums' cards and the different meetings held in the city Dr. J. M. Temple took the platform and surpassed all his former efforts in giving most tangible evidence of the presence of spirit friends to many in the audience. We predict that this young gentleman will become one of the first of platform test mediums in the near future.

Mr. Jennings a stranger to this society, made his first effort in public, being forced to the platform against his will to give a test to a lady present which was recognized. Mrs. Miller made the closing speech and was, as usual applauded.

In the evening Prof. Dawbarn gave one of the best lectures he has ever given before this society. The subject was handled in such a logical and forcible manner that many expressed a wish to have it repeated, the ideas were so new to most persons present. After the lecture Mrs. M. J. Hendee gave some tests as did also Mrs. Miller.

Dr. Schlesinger was present and gave private sittings in the anteroom to a great many persons, all of whom expressed themselves as astonished and convinced through the Doctor's wonderful powers.

Mrs. S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary.

The officers in charge of the Bazaar for the benefit of the lyceum request the people to meet as early as 7.30 P. M. in order to permit the parties taking part in the entertainment to be on the floor later.

hyah me? Now you go ober t' de ch'eh and git 'Lizy, and bring her home. You go fetch 'Lizy,' she repeated, holding the door open.

The cat, after sidling and waverin on the threshold a moment, as cats always do in order not to appear too obedient, disappeared through the door.

"Will—will the cat bring your daughter?" the lady asked in astonishment.

"Laws bless ye, ma'am, you wait an' see," said the colored woman.

Some minutes went by, and the lady began to think that the mission was quitted a failure, when the door opened, and a strapping colored girl entered with the Maltese cat at her heels. The girl had hardly got in when she broke out: "Mamma, did you send that 'ar Malty to fetch me?"

"Co'se I did."

"Wal now, I'm tired o' havin' dat cat follerin me up wherever I go. Seems like I can't go nowhere but you send her after me! Dere I was in de pra'r meetin' sittin' quiet in de pew listenin' to Matildy Johnson relat'in her 'sperices wid grace, an' all 't once in walks dat cat right up de aisle, and begins mewin' and yowlin' at the pew door! Oh, dey was all lookin' and laughin' and nothin' for me ter do, 'o co'se, but ter went right out. I hope ye'll 'scuse me, ma'am, but I reckon you wouldn't like ter be latched home way foun de pra'r meetin' by a shreechin' Maltese cat, neither!"

The visitor could not help inwardly reckoning that she wouldn't. But her admiration for the cat was so great that she made a point afterwards to get one of her kittens.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

CARLO IN TEARS.

"He had been owned by Rev. B. C. Phelps, a Methodist preacher, stationed at Danielsonville, Conn. When Mr. Phelps was removed to another charge he made me a present of him. The dog took kindly enough to me, as yellow dogs always do to small boys, and we struck up a great friendship, and had glorious old times hunting woodchucks and rabbits. It was 'hant without a gun,' but with Carlo's help I captured lots of game, such as it was. The dog had not appeared to mind parting from his former owner, and as time went by I took it for granted that he had forgotten that he ever owned any other master than myself. One day, it must have been a year afterward, we had been out on a hard campaign against the wood chucks, and I reached home just at sundown. As we went into the house by one door Mr. Phelps entered by another; he had been an intimate friend of my father's and now walked right in without any ceremony. After greetings by my father and mother, and just as Phelps was seating himself, Carlo came running in, without noticing that he was there. "Why, Carlo!" said Mr. Phelps. The dog stopped, looked, and with a bound was in his old master's lap, and lay across his knees motionless, with his head hanging down, while tears rolled

down from his eyes and dropped on the floor. Well, sir, at seeing the dog weep, Phelps himself choked, and the tears came into his eyes. Father followed suit, and I heard something that sounded like a sob from mother."

DOVE NOTES.

The encouraging letter from Col. C. A. Reed, of Portland, Or., entitled, "Spiritualism Straight," echoes the sentiments of many of our correspondents who are weary of the distractions that have afflicted our cause during the last few years to a great extent. Pure, unadulterated Spiritualism is the demand; let the vagaries of theosophy, re-incarnation, and kindred subjects have a rest. Give us Spiritualism straight.

There are not two standards of right and wrong—one for men and one for women. Nor are there two standards of morality. It is as wrong for a man to be intemperate and unchaste as for a woman, no matter what a depraved public sentiment may declare to the contrary. And this we must teach our children, that there is but one law of right for both man and woman, which is supreme, and from which there is no appeal. *Hall's Journal of Health.*

The *Women's Journal* commenting on the fact that every adult male Indian who takes land in severalty is a voter, asks with exquisite sarcasm, if there is not something a little inconsistent in letting in Red Dog and Spotted Tail and keeping out Julia Ward Howe and Mary A. Livermore.

Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, has announced his opinion that not only should murderers be hanged by way of punishment for their crime, but that the judicial killing should be accomplished as quickly after the illegal killing as possible. Thus do the representative followers of Jesus encourage the practice of the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount! How long will it be before all the world discovers that Jesus taught many things which his modern pretended followers directly and boldly reverse. They worship a man whose precepts, according to the ideas of what is expedient, are not worthy to be followed. It is not a failure to live up to his ideal of goodness, which would be excusable, considering the weakness of human nature, but a flagrant and brazen rejection of his teaching as unworthy of attention or impracticable. And yet, when I say the Church is a colossal humbug it is thought that I am unjust and indiscriminating. If the cardinals and bishops and ministers do not believe in the teachings of Jesus why do they not come out, man-fashion, and say so. Why do they insist that he was God but that he did not tell the truth?—*Twentieth Century.*

We are not concerned with the subject of taxation. The Government has plenty of sheriffs,

policemen and soldiers and can, doubtless, take care of itself as long as the people think it necessary to maintain government by force. We do not feel called upon to turn from a measure that is right because the practice of that measure would leave the government without resources. We say that every person on this earth has a right to as much land as he needs that is not already in productive use by some one else, and that the persons who are conspiring to prevent the landless from taking possession of their own are thieves and man-stealers, who should turn from their wicked ways and restore to their outraged brothers their inheritance. If they will not do this there is no right thing to do but to go on preaching the truth to them until they finally receive it and act upon it.—*Twentieth Century.*

Some of the sweetest songs of the centuries, some of the richest gems of literature, some of the most inspiring thoughts ever written, are but the children of sorrow. Out of affliction's dark night David sung his immortal Psalms. Tasso, Dante, Milton, Bunyan, Cowper, Longfellow, and hundreds of others, have brought forth from the dark night of affliction and sorrow their grandest productions.

The ladies who are working so industriously to make the coming bazaar for the benefit of the lyceum a success, need the aid of every one who is interested in their noble enterprise. Funds are needed to purchase material, and articles for sale are earnestly solicited. In sending contributions, such articles as would be most salable are desired. As Christmas is approaching anything that would make a suitable gift for that time would be specially prized. We hope the friends will move at once and help the ladies during the remaining few days to make the first lyceum bazaar, a grand success.

An excellent cosmetic for pimples is composed of the following harmless materials: Borax, powdered alum, flour of sulphur and powdered sugar; equal parts of the first three and two parts of sugar to be dusted over the skin. Salts of tartar is excellent for cleansing the hair. One recipe is to one ounce of salt of tartar add one quart of water; put a tablespoonful of the solution in a quart of water. Wash the hair and scalp thoroughly: rub dry with a soft towel. When the hair is inclined to fall out clip the ends and bathe the head regularly with strong sage tea, containing a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of tea. Vigorous brushing should be regularly attended to. Half an hour at a time with a good bristle brush is not too much. The difference between hair that is only combed and that which is well brushed is very perceptible. The washes or bleaches which turn dark hair golden are very injurious, causing it to break and in many instances become prematurely gray. The most harmless wash is Bicarbonate of Soda, and it should not be used too strong or too often.—*The Woman's News.*

The entertainment to-morrow, Sunday evening, at Washington Hall, for the benefit of Mr. Fair, is one of those deserving charities that should receive the generous patronage of every one. Mr. Fair has been a great sufferer for a long time past and needs the assistance of his friends during this trying time. Let the dimes flow freely.

The most contemptible specimen of humanity conceivable is one who, after having been lifted from the slums of misery and want, and partaken of the hospitality of another, will turn like a venomous serpent and strike his poisonous fangs into the hand that fed him. Heaven be praised there are but few such vile creatures, yet they are met with occasionally.

There is within the human breast that which will lift us each and all above the power of our enemies to do us harm. It is the inward consciousness of having done our best at all times and under all circumstances. Thus panoplied, we can meet the darts of calumny and hate with composure, and even ask the angels of love and wisdom to bless and forgive our enemies and give them strength to overcome the evil passions which would prompt them to injure another human being. Life at best is a struggle for all, then why war with individuals? better oppose the conditions which made them what they are.

THE MINISTRY OF SLEEP.

A good sound sleep is, in the best and truest sense, what we may call re-creation. In our active and troubled day, the books tell us, the pulse beats faster and faster, and the torrents of life increase hour by hour in volume and intensity. Action, conflict, thought, labour, and care, demand fresh efforts; and through all this, and by it all, as when with file and emery-wheel you work at some delicate piece of mechanism, so all day long, through this process, the fine tissue of life is worn away.

I use my hands and eyes, my brain and muscle, my nerve, and that wonder within the nerve no man can reach, and whatever I use is wasted, or, shall we say, passes into other forms. So the words which are spirit and life when they reach you, are in some sense material substances when they leave the speaker. The finest ideals of the painter reach back into the finest organisms, and draw on these for the pictures as well as on some higher power. And the immortal numbers of the poet, also, are born of a mortal body. Yes; and as the body is, so are the numbers, so that Pope could no more write like Tennyson, or Byron like Wordsworth, or Herck like George Herbert, than grapes can grow on thorns, or figs on thistles.

Here, then, is the worker, but within the worker stands the watcher. All day long there is a guardian angel bending over these fine tissues and substances of life, to see that they shall not be wasted beyond the line at which

they can be made good again, when "God give His beloved sleep." So when the true time comes, if we are wise to heed the angel, he whispers his word and weaves his spell, and we enter, not into the shadows of death, for that is a wretched mistake, but into the portals of a new life. Then these exhausted and wasted powers, fevered and feeble by the long day's work, feel the touch of renovation. If our sleep is that which Nature has ordained, there are workers we know nothing of, so shy that they stop instantly and hide themselves when we do know. These restore the balance for us, weave new tissue for every wasted nerve and fibre, tone down the pulse again to its healthy beat, store new treasures of spiritual force and fire within the brain, transform us into new men and women; and then when all this is done, the bells can ring and call us to our labour or our prayers; but then ring before this at our peril. It is not in the service of God we wake before our time, except there be some clear need which will not be said nay for such waking; and no good man will try to save his soul even at the cost of so badgering and injuring his body. He may well do that for others when the need comes, but not for himself.

ROBERT COLLYER.

HOW LONG!

How long will the Star Spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the bond-holder's laud and the home of the knave?

"Men and women, ye er in not knowing the stuff you are made of. Every act of your life is an insult to your unconquerable. What! Lay down and die because this haphazard thing called Government has thrown vile men to the front, and left you to perish in the mire of their making? Starve because society bids you starve? See your children beggars because that unholy thing called Law bids them be beggars? Look here! Are you not men, with the same brains and the same hands as those other men who dwarf every privilege of manhood for you except the one privilege of furnishing future slaves for them in the bodies of your children? I swear the mothers of those children are beginning to blush for your proflouny. How can you help but hold yourself responsible—you voters—for the inequality of privilege that has turned this country into Tophet? There is only one excuse that you can give. You do not know your own ability. You exaggerate the ability of the men who rob you of your money, and with it build walls of exclusion between themselves and you that you dare not cross, because of your undeveloped self-esteem. The constant effort of capital is to belittle the men it beggars so that they may never know their own worth, and never attempt restitution. But capital has been a liar as well as a thief, from the first. And I now declare that you who read these lines, though your dress be of the vilest stuff devised for the disguise of your manhood—you have all the capacity of the men who dress in broadcloth at your expense, and sit high in places devising laws for your further impoverishment. Yes, and numerically you have the power to prove it, if you will."

GIORDANO BRUNO.

(Giordano Bruno was burned in the Campo dei Fiori (Field of Flowers), Feb. 17th, 1600. On the same spot, June 9th, 1889, a monument to his memory was dedicated in the presence of the King of Italy, and thousands who gathered to do honor to the memory of the martyr.)

EMMA BOOD TUTTLE.

Prothmuous Justice! We have lived to see
How unforgetting thou canst sometimes be;
How strongly patient, than our Wrong confront
And bring thy worthy heroes to the front.
Weaching their names from time-bequoding Fate,
To share the glory of the truly great.

Rome had a dark transaction years ago,
(Almost three hundred—less ten years or so)
When, in her Field of Flowers, by orders dire,
Great Giordano Bruno died by fire,
The "Holy Inquisition" did decree,
For heresy; he burned alive should be.

What heresies? Th' infinity of space;
More worlds than this, which is our dwelling place;
That eternally exist, in our midst true,
These were his heresies—old truths to you!
His rankest heresy was nothing worse
Than this, "Our Earth is not the Universe!"

Christians! in cool, premeditating mood
Thou murderest one who longed to do you good,
Crowd-mad tormenter! though you toss his tongue
With pinners, still to spotless Truth be clung;
Clad in her valor, when he went to die,
He met his fate without a moan, or cry.

You dreamed that fire and death had ended all;
That Bruno slept beneath Ostivian's pall;
You even dared his cruel fate deny,
And crown your hatred with a coward lie
As dark years rolled it, flat, a-slack, in vain!
The ages have writ on your record plain!

Shout! Rome held festival this year in June
When flowers were bountiful, and birds in tune;
The nineteenth Century awoke, at last,
To honor Bruno, martyr of the past.
In Campo dei Fiori, where he burned,
Lo! a grand monument his greatness earned.

Bolded by men of thought, of many lands,
A fine rebuke to Bigotry it stands;
His noble likeness, towering grand and high
With haunt uplifted toward th' infinite sky,
A mighty speaker, standing there to say
How surely wrong and darkness flee away!

And Rome was fall of souls a-throb with light,
Full thirty thousand, rapturous with delight;
One hundred bands of music centered there,
And nineteen hundred banners kissed the air;
Italy's king among the throng appeared,
Saw Bruno's monument, admired and obeyed.

O, grand and righteous triumph! come at last!
The age and wisdom Bruno's mind forecast
Are with us! Bot the Pope—oh—where was he?
Locked in his palace's grim captivity!
And now a priest was seen that day in Rome!
Shame hidden they'd moaned such day had come!
Berlin Height, Ohio.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs WINGLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used by children as cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from colic or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



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There is humor in all things, and the truest philosophy is that which teaches us to find it, and make the most of it.—*Gilbert.*


A barrister observed to a learned brother in court, that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend: "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

Somebody once remarked that the Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; the Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad, and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting.

As the late Professor H— was walking near Edinburg he met one of those beings usually called fools. "Pray," says the professor, accosting him, "how long can a person live without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied the fellow, scratching his head; "how long have you lived yoursel, sir?"

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 - I Love to Think of the Old Times.
 - Glad that We're Living Here to-day.
 - There are Homes Over There.
 - They'll Welcome Us Home To-morrow.
 - Open Those Fearful Gates of Light.
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 - We will Meet You in the Morning.
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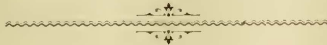


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