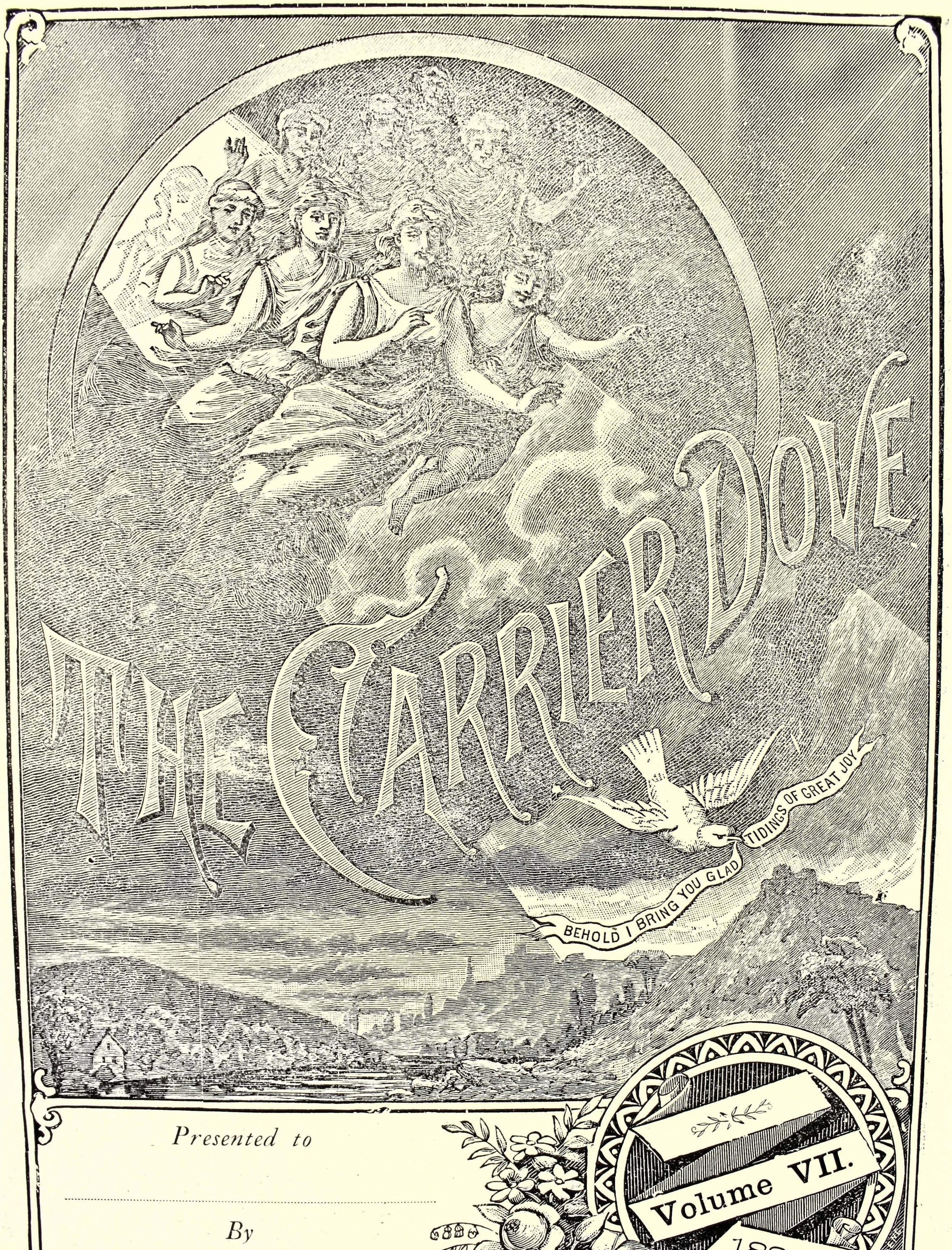


Presented to

.....

By

.....



Sarah Sargent Coleman.

The Carrier Dove.

"Behold! I Bring You Glad Tidings of Great Joy!"

VOLUME VII. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., APRIL. 1890. NUMBER 12.

The Platform.

Spiritual Tribute to the Memory of Alfred W. Dodge.

An Inspirational Discourse by Elizabeth Lowe Watson, Delivered at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday, March 16th, Stenographically Reported for the "Carrier Dove," by G. H. Hawes.

INVOCATION.

Thou infinite and eternal Spirit, who dost bring forth from our seeming death the resurrection of power and glory of life immortal life, thou art in every place; we live in thee and thou in us, and the faintest sigh of human sorrow thou hearest and answerest. Thou art in the baby smile and in the flower's bloom, and in the music of the stars; and thou art also in the darkness of chaos and in the midnight griefs of human life, and always thou art life, thou art power, thou art love.

We thank thee for all thy tender ministrations unto thine earthy children. We thank thee for the ties of love that bear such fruit as this young soul, now born again through the operations of thy benignant law into the glory of everlasting life. We thank thee for every sweet gift of our human existence; for our beautiful homes, for our children's smile, for our father's and mother's tender care, in all of which art thou variously manifested unto us. And, O, spirit of love, we thank thee for the sacred, all-sufficient ministrations which have been vouchsafed to these dear friends in this greatest trial of their lives; for the gentle, watchful eyes of angel friends whom thou didst permit to draw most near when needed most; for the whispers of courage and the strength of love that came to the mother of this young man through all those painful watches of night and day, in which thou didst watch and work with her; and at last thy holy love did triumph in the freedom which thou gavest this immortal spirit.

And, O, Eternal One, we know if thou dost not always answer our human cries according to our ignorant asking, thou dost according to a higher wisdom, and a more unselfish love.

To voice the gratitude of these parents' hearts for the gift of this dear son, would be eloquence indeed; but thou knowest without our feeble words; thou knowest that their hearts have brooded him through seasons of sickness, beholding with joy thy sweet prophecies written in his dear face, beaming from his starry eyes, unfolding like fadeless blossoms, in the virtues and beauties of his daily life; we know that he is not dead, but that even as thou carest for all thy creatures everywhere of whatsoever order, so thou wilt care most tenderly for him and all the ties of human love, which through death are purified and eternized. We know that though he has left this prison house there still remains a blessed work for him to do, which shall enrich the lives of those on earth, adding to their virtue, truth and joy.

We thank thee for the strength thou hast given to the mother, whose voice has in this dark hour has been raised in triumphant song, while the soul sought rest in the bosom of thy everlasting love. O, be with these friends consciously in the lonely days to come, and let them not lapse into the shadow of unbelief, but may they hold fast to the blessed promises, the sacred knowledge, the bright visions, which thou hast vouchsafed to them of the life immortal.

We thank thee for the lesson of this young life, so full of virtue, courage, rectitude and love, and for the intelligence which materialized in the work of his young hands to bless the world for many years to come.

And we thank thee for the welcome that met him just outside the prison gate of the flesh, beyond the shadow of mortal sorrow, the welcome that waited him in beaming faces, in outstretched arms, in words of greeting, which made that new birth seem to him a sunny holiday.

We thank thee for every beam of light that breaks in upon our mortal life, and for these revelations that come to us through the ministration of death, drawing us nearer and nearer unto thee.

ADDRESS.

Dear friends, there are griefs which all the wisdom of this world cannot assuage, and only in God's great book of life can we read a lesson of comfort at a such a time as this. This book is before us every hour; its golden lessons are daily breaking through the shadows of human ignorance and doubt and fear, and preparing us to meet just such changes as has come to this dear young friend; the lesson of life rising out of death. The very universality of death should prove to us its divine necessity; and if a necessity, then naught but good can come of it. Let us not question of the past, of men's doubts and fears, nor look only upon the outward signs of the divine in this world, though we may find God's truth in such symbols as even fragile flowers, the rising of the sun, the changing seasons; everywhere His love is manifest, and His finger-marks of wisdom are on every line of the world's great history. But above all and most clearly do we apprehend Him and His goodness when we turn to the spiritual realm, which is so close to us, the glories of which overflow our outward life, evermore breathing tender message into the sorrowing soul.

What is the significance of earth life? is a question that we all ask from time to time, when our burdens become heavy and our grief is sore. Our dear young friend felt it to be a preparatory condition, in which to test and unfold latent powers; a battle with material problems, the solution of which fits the soul for wider fields of nobler work. And most faithfully did he demonstrate his desire to fulfill the divine decree.

This young man seems to have died prematurely, but it is not so, since his life from its beginning to its earthly end was one series of bright successes, yielding to the parents such precious treasures of tenderness, truth, and joy that every moment of his existence was fraught with good for them. While yet a mere boy in years he grappled with great mechanical problems with such energy and will, that he wrenched victory from apparent defeat, and in spite of the body's weakness, the strong soul pressed forward until the goal was won. You may ask "So soon could it be won for him?" And I answer, that that life which has used to its utmost its opportunities, allowing none to pass until it had yielded to the soul some treasure of strength, intelligence and spiritual expansion, is a successful life; and when the

tools with which it works here in the mortal world have become inadequate for that spirit's use, and it longs to break away from the thralldom of the physical limitations, then is the time ripe for promotion into a realm of larger opportunity, where the aspiring soul, newly equipped, may joyously spring forth into prouder activities.

So beautiful and useful was the life of this young man that at the age of twenty-one he had accomplished more than many who have lived to be three score years and ten. There was no gap of dissipated powers; no broken link of love, no day or hour lost; it was a life full of precious labors, sweetened with perfect love. He was not only a son in that home from which the form is taken this day never to return again, but he was comrade, co-worker, companion, sympathizer in their griefs. What came to the father as suggestion, kindled into definite ideas in the young man's bright mind, and as though by inspiration, he caught the father's thoughts and moulded them into practical outward form. It seemed as though the father's life was not complete without the son's. Every day's labor was lightenened by this union of effort and every stroke of the son's hand, so artistically given, seemed inspired by his love for those who gave him being. To the mother in particular was he more than a son, each day coming to her with cheerful smile, giving her a history of his task for her approval, that she might enjoy with him whatever of triumph he achieved.

This human life of ours is but a series of opportunities in an eternal life, a portion of which we are living every day. Our burdens oft seem heavy, we grow tired of the struggle, and sometimes faint by the way. But, oh, take comfort, friends in this sweet this sweet thought, that never again when the task is partly done will this dear one lay it down in weariness and say, "I cannot go on longer; I must rest." The rest has come; not that rest of inertia, which some of us may think waits on death, but the rest of renewed energy, of changed activities, in which he feels the quickening of every power of the mind, the influx of God's very life upon the new form which will be forever free from pain.

Such a life as this is missed more than words can tell, and yet it is not entirely withdrawn from your sad world; it will live with you in memory, and his young friends will feel his presence now and then, and the thought of him will restrain them from any evil act, for they will remember how from those things shrank his pure soul, and how quickly he turned from temptation and sought his home, where mother love helped to keep him safe and pure.

His life was eloquent in deeds of love and usefulness, and day by day there was ripening in his soul such powers and principles as make the eternal life most glorious, when the earthly form is put away; for, as I said, earth life is but a series of opportunities; it is a primary school in which we are prepared to take up more serious work by and by. From this school he has graduated. He is not dead; no power of this young soul is quenched, but renewed and beautified and rehabilitated. So that now in the strength of your manhood, with friends on every side, and with the opportunities which this life could not afford opening out before him, he passes on and up into the sublime realities of spiritual existence. And looking into the hearts of his dear friends to-day, he must feel that their sweet thoughts of him are among the most precious of his treasures. Think of the difference between a life so pure, so noble and so sweet as his, when ended for the earth and begun anew in the bright kingdom of enfranchised souls, and a life all smirched and blurred with ignorance and sin.

He had had some glimpse of the life he has now entered upon, and it helped to keep him pure. If he had passed to that life all stained and trembling with the memory of evil deeds, how could he look the angels in the face, how hope the dear and pure ones who had gone on before would hasten to welcome him? And in that solemn hour when he kissed the blessed mother thanks for her tender ministrations, in that last good-by, there was in his soul the shadow of no sin; no specter of mortal fear, no dread of what the next moment would hold for him; but with a cry to God to receive him, he went out gladly, leaving his benedictions on the mother's breast, sending messages to absent friends, glad to be freed from pain. And, mother, that moment in which the angels' smile swept over that face of clay, your boy had caught the glimpse of the group which had gathered around the bed of pain; there were faces familiar, wreathed in smiles of love, and out of the shadow of your sorrow he slipped into the joy of heaven's welcome; and the light of that joy fell across the mortal face, leaving its impress as a token of his peace. Hug it to your hearts; let it not go from you in the sad seasons that will come. And remember this, the joy of dying is the thought of our having done some good on earth.

These dear friends who cluster around us to-day are only loaned to us; this young life was only loaned to you; see how wisely you can use the love that is yours to-day. The sting of death is the soul's regret. In the re-birth of this young soul there is no regret, save that you cannot share with him the joy of his triumph over pain. The part of life which you see here in the flesh is but a fragment of life everlasting; you have held only the shining fragment of his life unto your hearts; you have sipped the honey of its love; you have been strengthened by his courage, cheered by his service, and this little fragment of his immortal life will shine forever in your memory; it will be with you in the work he leaves behind him, in the love that warmed and cheered you for one and twenty years. Remember, friends, that every part of life belongs to God, and now this form of clay will be converted to such uses as He deems best—not a single grain of this dust, so precious to you, is lost—so the soul, whose precious ministrations are loaned to you for a little season, belongs to Him. He made place for it here; He gave it a work to do, and tools with which to work. He made a place for it over there in those wider fields; love's welcome was there to meet him as it was here when he came into your arms. And there the field of labor widens, and instrumentalities await for him to wield for noble ends. So that out of his life drops no usefulness; no fragrance is lost, no beauty gone, but all is gathered up, as though in the hollow of God's hand, remolded into still higher uses, to re-appear to you in a place by him prepared that will make death for you more beautiful than life.

It is a blessed thought that in the hearts of his friends there is no shadow of fear for him. Death means to these bereaved ones only temporary separation from the fair, outward form. They do not need to be told that the dear boy will come again into that home. The mother's spiritual vision will be gladdened by his presence from day to day. It is only the outward manifestation that they will miss. From God's Book of Life they have already learned the lesson of immortality.

Day by day the gentle influence of the strong and free young soul will pervade the places most frequented by his earthly friends. In ways you know not of his withdrawal from the coarser planes of action will redound to the good of others, through subtle ministrations from his brave and faithful heart. There are no barriers between your lives and those of spirits enfranchised; no dark tides roll between your souls and his; the seeming barriers melt beneath melt beneath love's holy light, and chasms are are bridged by your prayerful thoughts. Death's tide is crossed and recrossed every hour by pure spirits who come sweetly ministering to every home.

Once more death's mystic portals ope
To let a precious spirit through,
Into a realm of larger hope,
And life more beautiful and true.

As quickly vanished as a dream
Are visions of our earthly pride,
Or like a laughing mountain stream,
Soon lost in ocean's rolling tide.

And what we fondly call our own
Becomes another's in an hour;
And every joy our hearts have known,
Is e'er reclaimed by higher power.

And now this dear and noble youth,
Just rounded up to manhood's morn
So rich in joy, in love, in truth,
Into another world is born.

But let your hearts be comforted
By this sweet thought; no barriers frown
Between you and the so-called dead,
Which faithful love cannot break down.

And though the future of your boy
Is now withdrawn from your control,
No power can rob you of the joy
That God vouchsafed through his bright soul.

For one and twenty years the ties
Of home and love have bound him fast,
And though he climb to Paradise,
You will possess that happy past.

A thousand golden memories
Will mingle with your daily cares,
Like music borne o'er summer seas,
Or laughter linked with solemn prayers.

And now through mist of falling tears
Behold this blossom of your life,
Full-blown in one and twenty years,
With every precious virtue rife—

Borne up beyond the reach of blight,
And earthly beauty's swift decline,
Transplanted to life's shores of light,
Protected by a power divine.

A few times will you wake and sleep,
A few days' work, then dream again;
A little while to laugh and weep,
Then over—past all mortal pain,

And Nature's last, long lullaby,
Droned softly into dying ears,
Will hush your spirit's fainting cry,
And end forever foolish fears.

And as spring's budding beauties break
From winter's cold and white embrace,
So will enfranchised souls awake,
And meet love's treasures face to face.

He whose promotion you behold
In symbol dread of pulseless clay,
Will greet you then e'en as of old,
As tho' death were life's holiday.

Then every promise that foreshone
In his young life, so quickly chilled,
You'll find in God's great spirit-zone,
Renewed and perfectly fulfilled.

The art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things. If we pitch our expectations high, if we are arrogant in our pretensions, if we will not be happy except when our self love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life.

Read books, pamphlets and newspapers; anything useful, amusing, instructive, and full of lessons. Get your mind off yourself at some rate, or you are doomed never to amount to anything or have a friend worth having.

Original Articles.

From Darkness to Light.

BY J. S. BORDEN.

(*Concluded.*)

As these thoughts were passing through his mind, the control told him she must go, as Ethel was waiting to take possession of her body; this brought him to a realization that the spirit of his wife was present, and was to leave. He thanked her for coming, and for the proof she had given him of her individuality and power to return, and begged her to return again, which she promised to do, and told him if they would have a sitting and seance with some good materializing medium she would materialize for them, to which he eagerly assented. She told him there was work for them to do in the cause of Spiritualism Carl and Ethel with their mediumship, and he with his money and influence, and that they must continue to sit for development and to select a few congenial friends to sit with them, and in time others would develop in the different phases of mediumship; that there was to be a grand spiritual awakening, and much good would result therefrom. With this she bade them good-bye and quietly withdrew, and Ethel as quietly repossessed herself of her own organism, and with a slight start asked if she had fallen asleep, for so it seemed to her, or that she had been away to spirit land, and had seen and counseled with her own mother; yes, her father, too, whom she had never seen in earth life, he having been "killed" by an accident a short time previous to her birth. She gave a description of him and many of his peculiar oddities (he was called a very strange and eccentric man by those who knew him—in reality he was a medium, but even he himself did not understand it) which the Deacon declared to be very correct. Ethel said she was so glad to have seen him, for she had wondered many times how he looked, for she had no picture of him—one of his oddities being that he never would have a picture taken—now she had a mental picture of him that would never leave her. Ethel being told what had taken place through her organism was somewhat surprised and greatly pleased, while Carl rejoiced exceedingly, for he, like Ethel, was an enthusiastic worker in the cause of spirit return, and gladly welcomed each new phase of mediumship as so much more evidence to the world that Spiritualism is indeed a fact. For a long time he had been convinced that the world had passed that stage of its infancy when simple, abiding "faith" in all things pertaining to religion was almost universal. "Faith" had swallowed too many unpalatable and nauseous monstrosities to be longer trusted, and now the world having grown wiser through the adversities and calamities that follow in the wake of simple faith, demands everywhere that positive demonstration be given them to substantiate anything that savors of the strange, the wonderful, or from "the beyond." The utter inability of the church to prove or demonstrate any of the many wonderful things recorded in the Bible, he felt sensibly and keenly, and his own soul cried out with sorrow and shame because the church through designing priests and teachers closed their doors and hearts against spirit return, the only channel through which it is possible to satisfy the reasoning portion of the world that there is aught in existence other than the material "ot the earth earthy." He fully realized the rapid strides doubting Agnosticism, rank Materialism and rabid Atheism, were making in the world, and as fully realized that the church is to blame for these infidelities through teaching that many wonderful things had taken place long ago in the days of Christ and the prophets, but that it was against God's will for them to be performed now. He knew this was only an excuse and not the real cause why God had ceased to manifest to his people through the church. The church had been arrogant, dogmatical, and truth and goodness must of necessity seek other avenues to the world to prove the continued existence of the whole human race after the change called "death," which in reality is but a birth to a higher, nobler, grander state of existence, when every one, without exception, eventually will be saved, not by "the atoning blood of Christ," or faith in his "immaculate conception," nor by a knowledge of "The plan of salvation," etc., etc., so elaborately set forth by his would-be embassadors, but by a Christ-like purity of heart and life; by doing right because it is right, and not from fear of future punishment, or hope of future reward, by tempering justice with mercy, "rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," and a faithful, heartfelt adherence to the "Golden Rule," for as we are all his creatures, created by Him, out of a portion of himself, (Carl knew something could not be created out of nothing) a living branch springing from the "Fountain Source of all Good," we know He will not destroy nor disown a part of himself, but will care for, and save his own. He knew the church by repudiating spirit return had become a "blind leader of the blind," and he ardently longed for the time when she would be again as "a city set upon a hill

that can not be hidden, and his only hope to accomplish this was through what is termed "Modern Spiritualism," which simply means a knowledge of spirit return, of a future existence, and by becoming more spiritual ourselves, here and now. He knew all that was necessary to have spirit manifestation in the churches, was to induce the members to open their hearts to these heavenly messengers and all would be well, knowing if once they began receiving truth direct from its fountain source through his own messengers or "ministering spirits," they would soon be able to discern the truths in which the Bible abounds, and select and purify it from the many errors found in the same book, many of which, as the ages rolled on, were put in by designing priests, who, determined to be teachers and rulers of the people, found, as they had no "gift of prophesy, tongues, nor healing," they must resort to subterfuge if they would succeed in their designs, hence much that is contradictory and false has crept into the Bible and led many astray, and been the cause of much tribulation and bloodshed. He knew to accomplish this was a great undertaking. To teach the church and the world too, to unlearn much they had learned erroneously, to root up and eradicate many of the errors that had grown sacred through antiquity for which many thousands had lost their lives. To a person less courageous and hopeful this would have appeared to be impossible; but not so to Carl; he knew he had assistance from the bright spirit world, which was so potent and yet so pure and ennobling that he felt able to cope with all the old traditional errors as well as those less antiquated, that had dared to cast a shadow on the fair face of resplendent truth. "Why!" he exclaimed "when this power is upon me, I could meet anything, even that mythical personage, the devil himself; fear seems unknown to me, and I gladly stand forth to battle for the right." He had long known he was receiving assistance from a higher source; he felt inspired to grander, nobler thoughts and deeds, but supposed it was God's spirit or the Holy Ghost, attending him. He did not know that the spirit of his father, "Amos Evingston, who had been a faithful minister before him, and many of the good old fathers and mothers of long ago were the direct source of his aspiration and inspiration (from God, it is true, brought by his angels who are ministering spirits) until a clairvoyant medium—also a member of his church—described them to him as she had seen them around him in the pulpit many times, while he was ministering to his flock. Since then he had become clairvoyant and clairaudient himself, and now saw and talked with them face to face to face. From childhood he had felt that work was necessary to accomplish anything,and now fully understood,and knew if mankind was ever lifted to higher levels, it must be through education and enlightenment—that a greater part of the work to accomplish this must be done by mankind themselves, assisted and strengthened by our spirit friends who are ever near us, willing and anxious to do what they can to alleviate our sufferings and smooth our pathway for us, but we must save ourselves, if we are ever saved, not from sins against God, but sins against ourselves and against every living thing that we have ever wronged; for there is no "sin" unless an injury is done (sin is injury) to ourselves or something, and he knew it was, and is, impossible to injure God, hence a "sin against God" is impossible, He still fully believed in the "Christ principle," but had for sometime been convinced that no greater wrong had ever been done the teachings of the gentle Nazarene," than the idea that his death saves any one from all sin by simply calling on his name and asking forgiveness; he realized more fully each day the sin against the whole human race in promulgating the nefarious doctrine of "vicarious atonement," and was now striving with his whole soul to impress on the minds and hearts of his hearers the necessity of saving themselves—no longer depending on the teachings of orthodoxy as a means to salvation. He had become convinced by his own reason (so much abused and misused by so-called *r*easoners, or free-thinkers, who reason themselves out of reason, and then being "liberal" (?) very illiberally condemn all who differ from their unreasonable reasoning) and the blessed teaching of dear ones from the "thither shore," that God is not,and never was, the horribly unjust, unreasonable, jealous, unrepenting, repenting, complex-admixture commonly believed and taught by "orthodoxy," but that he is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever," a just, wise, benevolent, loving, lovable, pure, holy trinity,and all the malign theories so vulgarly displayed by his would-be ministers, are without foundation other than in the hearts and minds of these same ignorant bigots and their mistaken followers who, nevertheless, like the illiberal "Liberals" conscientiously believe they are right, and all who differ from them are wrong and ought to know it. But one thing is full of deep consolation to all searchers after truth—she never changes, never varies, and through all the malicious slanders, back-biting, wars, bloodshed and murders perpetrated in search of her, and in her name, she still stands forth in all her unchangable resplendent beauty, as pure and bright as though no brutal carnage had ever risen like a black, ominous cloud, between her and poor, striving, erring, ignorant humanity. All this was plain to him now and he longed, greatly, to assist others to search after, and find this beautiful aud consoling truth; to be their helper in times of darkness and distress; to be able through spirit aid to point out the way of truth to blind, credulous humanity, and help them to rise above the petty bickerings, so common among mankind—about that which no man knows anything, other than it is mere personal prejudice, coupled with traditional superstition —and place their feet on the broad and truly liberal foundation of the fatherhood and motherhood of God, and the brotherhood and sisterhood of all mankind, where all can meet as brothers and sisters,regardless of previous faith or opinions, and unite in one grand harmonious whole in search of all things pertaining to the upbuilding and spiritualizing of the entire human race, both here and hereafter. After the little home circle, mentioned in our last chapter, the Deacon was enthusiastic in his advocacy of spirit return, and read his Bible in a new light and understandingly—rejoicing exceedingly, now that he had truly found the "pearl of greatest price." His Bible seemed like a new book to him, so much was its real meaning brought out by the knowledge of spirit return; and although he met with many difficulties in making parts of the Bible agree with the teachings of Modern Spiritualism or, even with other parts of the Bible itself, he wisely concluded to let ancient myths and mysticisms, along with "contradictions," etc., etc., remain in oblivion so far as he was concerned, and "let the dead past bury their dead," while he assiduously sought out the beautiful truths of the ever-living present, and coupled them with the equally resplendent truths of the past,aiding their promulgation by all laudable means, spending his money freely in the investigation of spirit return and the needed support of worthy mediums—the building of a spiritual temple in the city of Brookville, and supplying the rostrum of the same with the most gifted mediums for all phases, receiving in contestable proof through the five senses that Spiritualism was and is a demonstrable fact and one that "has come to stay"—meeting his dearly beloved wife in full materialized form in broad daylight, whom he fully recognized. He saw the church house occupied as a Lyceum for the children—for it soon became too small to accommodate the gathering crowds who came to listen to the new—yet old—gospel of "peace on earth and good will to man"—wherein they were taught the needs of the physical as well of the spiritual body, preparing them for this life and the life to come. He joined Ethel and Carl in many of their

increasing labors for the elevation of all life—witnessing their union in wedlock with pure, true love,and physical, mental and spiritual adaptability—rejoicing with them in their full development as "spirit mediums," and the wonderful truths made manifest through their organisms,the now truly good old Deacon passed the remainder of his earth life in the full realization and knowledge of a life to come, and at a ripe old age, one calm evening in autumn with full consciousness of the transition taking place, he bade them all a loving and cheerful farewell, and was joyfully received by the spirits waiting to welcome him to the joys and wonders of spirit life, that awaits all who seek out truth and truly follow it! But, dear reader, do not suppose for a moment that they—the Deacon, Ethel and Carl—had nothing but "smooth sailing," that there were no trials to be met and troubles and bitter opposition to overcome, for truly that is not the life of any reformer, or teacher of truths, and they were not exceptions to that rule. They had their troubles and sorrows, all caused by "the inhumanity of man to man (that) causes countless thousands to mourn." They were accused of all the evils in the annals of crime, and of being in collusion with the Devil, etc., etc., but with a steadfastness to truth that was beautiful to see they pressed ever onward in the pathway of duty and rectitude, cheering, comforting, encouraging; and leading forward, poor suffering, erring humanity to a knowledge of the life to come, and the best possible preparation here, to enter into the beauties of "the home over there"—being a life as near faultless as it is possible to live—an actual knowledge of a future life, and a love, with the whole heart, of truth, justice, mercy, and the doing of good works and an abiding faith in one another. Thus, dear readers, we leave them in their good work and say to you all, "Go thou and do likewise."

VALLEY CENTER, CAL., Feb. 4, 1890.

An Outrageous Act.

W. W. JUDSON.

On March nineteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety, in the year of our reputed lord and savior, Jesus Christ, the saloon keepers of San Francisco sold whiskey to a woman with a three weeks' old babe in her arms, until she became crazed with the liquor, and attempted to kill her child by throwing it before a passing street dummy. Whiskey saloons in San Francisco are not owned or run by despised and persecuted Chinese. The buildings and fixtures, as well as the stock, are the property of men and women from enlightened Europe, mostly the cultured children of Christian foreigners who pay regular tithes to support a Christian priesthood. They are the ones who are licensed, honored, and protected in the inhuman business of publicly poisoning the body and destroying the intellect of a human mother nursing a babe on the streets of San Francisco. Talk about improving the morals of the city by removing Chinatown and letting such brutes as saloon keepers occupy any part of the city. The highbinder clique and keepers of brothels in Chinatown are about on a par with the demons in human form who keep a corner or cellar gin mill, rent pews in Christian churches for wives and children, and take an active part in the pollution of politics. If a Chinaman was to furnish whiskey to a mother and babe, as was done in the case of Catherine Nolan, the people would not stop to pass an ordinance removing him to Butchertown, but a just indignation would run so high that only strong walls and armed men would save him from being publicly lynched. The Jew could never be induced to support the Greek Roman Catholic Church, hence in Russia, restriction, expulsion and persecuting acts were passed. We know it is a hard matter for Christian priests, either Protestant or Catholic, to collect tithes from Chinese; but there is a good reason for it. The educated Chinese know, through their own history that Chinese sages were teaching a rational philosophy in China long before, and during the very time that it is alleged the Christian God was making the earth, sun, moon, stars, and Adam.

The man or woman who will encourage special laws for persecuting the Chinese in this country ought to be converted into Jews, and sent to Russia to live out their natural lives; and a human vampire or political vagabond who runs a gin mill ought to take the place of some state's prison convict and let a better man go free.

There is just one way to keep a republic on its feet, and that is by annihilating the office and influence of priests altogether, and by opening, or closing the national doors to all nations alike. Close up the Catholic rum holes, the Chinese opium joints, the bagnios on Dupont street, and the Chinese brothels on Bartlett alley at the same time.

Wherever unselfish love is the mainspring of men's actions, wherever happiness is placed, not on what we gain for ourselves, but on what we impart to others; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and our mothers, our sisters and brothers, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends, we are sure to attain all the happiness which the world can bestow.

Breezes.

BY MAY B. RIGHT.

Is there anything the matter with this jolly old planet of ours. To hear the grumbling one would think there was. We grumble if it rains, and we grumble if it don't; we grumble if it is foggy or if the sun shines too long or too hot to suit our pleasure; if the north wind blows we grumble because it makes our heads feels so uncomfortable; the farmer grumbles if eggs or butter fall in price, the consumer grumbles if the price advances. We grumble because we have to work, and again because we cannot get work. We find fault with society, do we help to make it any better? We grumble at the liquor traffic, are we trying to educate the masses above the appetite for intoxicants? We rail at the the religions of to-day but does each individual try to live up to the best of his or her understanding of things spiritual by following the Christ principle in doing to others as we would have them do by us? If we would try that awhile we would soon be living in a state of universal brotherhood. We fret and stew because our boys and girls don't think and do as we did. Thank God they don't; that straight-laced, abominable, old-time teaching is the cause of all the depravity of to-day; their ideas progress, but instead of being taught the science of being, and shown the mysterious working of nature's laws, they are allowed to grow up with a feeling that there is something dark and secret to be found out as best they may. Lay a stick of candy or a tempting bit of cake on a table in plain view, and every child will pass it without giving it a thought, but place it out of sight on a high shelf, and give them the idea they must not have it they will find a way to get it or "perish in the attempt." Such is human nature. But what good does all our grumbling and fault-finding do? Does it make the rain stop falling or the wind cease blowing? Does it make any difference in the price of eggs or butter? There is a remedy for every evil, it is said, then there must be one for this universal dissatisfaction.

Suppose each individual should lay out a creative plan to his or her liking, there would be as many plans as there are individuals now existing so there would consequently be greater dissatisfaction, then that plan would not work. The Theosophist says all the suffering and trials of this life are the effect of past Karmas the skeptic then says if we take it into our own hands to help those who are in bondage are we not frustrating the plan of God? By no means it; is God or Nature's law that we help one another in this life. As we have no recollection of the past

Karma we should help raise the yoke that is galling the neck of the working class (it is the laboring class who suffer most) and thereby give the intellect a chance to grow. Again suppose we should all, rich or poor, bond or free, lay aside our pride and selfishness, and work together for one common end—that of abolishing poverty, what would there be left to grumble about? It is poverty and its attending evils that makes us grumble and find fault. If the nation controled the industries so that the supplies of each were properly stored for time of need, we would not need to dread the rain and its consequent high price of food and fuel, prices would then remain the same. We would all be comfortably housed and fed. No need then of starting subscriptions to provide starving men and women with the wherewithal to keep soul and body together; there would be no bodies of suicides from poverty to keep the coroners busy, and in the furied battle for life intellect and mechanical talent could be exercised to its full extent. Nationalization of industries seems the only remedy for the present state of dissatisfaction. Is there anything that will bring greater content than to be warm and comfortably housed? It will be found almost invariably the case, if you take a person who seemingly has no desire for order or refinement as to living quarters, and place them in good, clean, comfortable homes, surrounded by others of refinement and taste they will soon show a taste or desire for keeping themselves clean and orderly. To bring about a general disposition of this kind among the lower classes those of higher and more developed tastes must expect to meet with much that is not pleasant but this has got to be done, those in the higher walks of life must reach down a helping hand and say "come up higher brother, sister, we will help you." And the sooner we set about it the better for all concerned.

In the Oakland police court the other day a poor, degraded woman was arraigned for drunkenness, the judge sentenced her to thirty days in jail, at which she heaved a sigh of relief and exclaimed "Thank the Lord." Is it not a disgrace to civilization that a woman should have to commit some misdemeanor in order to find food and a shelter from the storm. True, it took money to buy liquor, but who knows how it was obtained that the four walls of a prison cell should be preferable. She is a human being and it is our duty, yours and mine, my friend, to exert ourselves to the utmost to save such as her those who know better are not in such urgent need of help. If you can do no more you can use your influence and will power to this end.

The Man Who Laughs.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

We find in the Chicago *Sentinel* extracts from a story by the matchless Hugo, the plot of which is:

A lord is exiled, and through the malice of the king his infant son is seized and his face so mutilated by the surgeon's knife as to be distorted into a horrible laugh. He is then given to a band of strolling mountebanks who utilize his deformities by exhibiting him to the public.

But, the law and order class enforce the laws and drive them out of the country; so Gwynplaine is abandoned. They cannot take care of him unless they can use him, but he is picked up by a strolling mountebank whose only companion is a wolf. Gwynplaine grows up with this man and a blind baby girl that he rescues from the storm.

His life throws him constantly among people whose hard ways of eking out an existence make him familiar with poverty and want. At last fate makes his history known; he is restored to his legal birthright and takes his seat in Parliament. There is a bill to increase the people's taxes and all favor it but Gwynplaine, now Lord Clancharlie, and he has to give his reasons for opposing it.

By tremendous effort he brings the grin upon his features, the diabolical work of the artist surgeon, into subjection and looks grave, but mark the effect upon the house of Lords:

"An indescribable shudder ran along the benches. That forest of hair, those cavernous sihkings under the eyebrows, that deep outlook from an eye that was not visible, the fierce modelling of that head—horrible mingling of light and shadow—it was wondrous. Imagine yourself upon a mountain reserved for the gods, and upon a serene evening the whole assemblage of the omnipotent gathered together, and the face of Promethens torn by the peckings of the vulture's beak, appearing all at once, like a bloody moon upon the horizon."

"Who are you? Whence came you?"

Gwynplaine answered: "From the bottomless pit," and crossing his arms he eyed the lords.

"Who am I? I am wretchedness. My lords, I have something to say to you. I impart to you a novelty. The human race exists."

In Victor Hugo's Gwynplaine we have a symbol of a crushed humanity and our competitive system of industry is the artist surgeon who has so cut away—so dwarfed and degraded the outcasts that they naturally laugh in the midst of their degradation. Laughter and revelry are found in their haunts. But Gwynplaine symbols more than the outcasts, he symbols those who plead for them. He symbols the unattractive, but earnest reformer who tells plain, strong truths. He says:

"For myself I am nothing save a voice. The human race is a mouth and I am its voice."

Oh, readers of the DOVE, how often earnest workers feel this, but feel that the voice lacks force, it is too feeble. It is

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

That cry awakens opposition; its persistence irritates. "Tell us what you want or be quiet. You can find fault, where is your remedy?" This is what they have said to us, and Bellamy has become an intelligent voice and the "House of Lords," the money kings and their tools ridicule him. In the *Oregonian* of March 9th, there is an editorial, the first on the page, headed, "The Quackery of Nationalism," in which the editor says: "The attempt to make the sober and industrious carry the lazy and intemperate cannot succeed."

Such a statement is enough to make the "man who laughs" laugh still louder. As well say that an attempt to lay a cable beneath the ocean cannot succeed when it is already a fixed fact. Mr. Scott fails to recognize the natural result of the system he advocates, even as the noble lords to whom Gwynplaine spoke failed to recognize in him a picture of the people they taxed for their own benefit.

It is the industrious poor who carry the lazy and the intemperate of all classes, but Nationalism proposes that each shall do his portion of the work to be done according to his or her ability to do, and that they shall be rewarded from the highest standpoint known, to wit. the moral—the intent, the purpose, and if the moral motive power will "level down," then there is no hope for the race.

Mr. Scott says:

"All the people in the world among whom there are no persons of distinction none of superior powers, none of greater wealth than others are miserable savages."

No one proposes to abolish persons of distinction, or of superior powers, but we propose to base distinctions on something better than money. He proposes to confer its honors upon those who use inherited talents for the good of humanity and what he says of the lack of such differences among savages is not true.

Mr. Scott next proceeds to quote Edmund Burke thus:

"The rich are the trustees for those who labor and their hoards are the banking houses of the latter. * * * Nothing can be so base as the political canting language, 'the laboring poor.' Let com-

passion be shown in action, the more the better, according to every man's ability, but let there be no lamentation of their condition. It is no relief to their circumstances; it is only an insult to their understandings. Patience, industry, sobriety, frugality, and religion should be recommended to them; all the rest is downright fraud."

Downright fraud on what, Mr. Burke? Downright fraud on what Mr. Scott?

On the divine right of king's claim. On the idea that the poor, "the laboring poor" are in the place God assigned to them. Burke wrote a hundred years ago.

"Backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight,
And fold in your arms again, just for to-night,

the editor of the *Oregonian* and all like unto him.

But Gwynplaine says: "You take advantage of the night. Have a care, there is a greater power, the morning. The dawn cannot be vanquished."

No, the dawn cannot be vanquished, and in its light that which Gwynplaine represents, to wit., our competitive system of society, will look so hideous that even Mr. Scott will grow sick at the sight. He begins to see the dawn even now, but he stands with his back toward the east and thinks that a few more electric lights are all that is needed. Yes, there is light enough now for even the editor of the *Oregonian* to see some things. Hear him.

His next editorial, and right beside the first, tries to show why women shirk maternity. He says:

"It is the duty of the civilized man to relieve the civilized woman of every labor and function except those connected with reproduction and the rearing of children." He sees through a glass darkly, but he begins to see that woman must have better conditions for motherhood. He says further: "We have carried woman up (we have) to a social plane whose complex conditions and necessities demand that if she is to do her duty as a mother, all other social functions should be done for her by men." He goes on to deprecate the condition of the "household drudge even in middle class homes, the depressed and anxious attendant upon the chances of a doubtful existence," says "the woman of the future will be above all a mother, but society will give her a mother's rights."

Yes, sir; but how can society do this if it is to be left to the individual man, and a large majority of said individual men, dependent upon their daily toil for their bread. Can the wives of such men have "a mother's rights," or do you not count them as civilized?

Only in a collective capacity, only as woman is perfectly free from dependence upon the individual man for her support can she have a mother's rights, to wit., the best conditions for motherhood, and such freedom is secured in the system known as Nationalism, and for this, if for no other reason, would I advocate it.

The matchless Hugo makes his Gwynplaine say: "I made my entry into this gloom you call society. The first thing I saw was law under the form of a gibbet; the second was wealth—it was your wealth—under the form of a woman dead of cold and hunger."

Who does not know that this is true? Laws to protect property at the expense of the producer of property—the producer, but not the holder; money to tempt the needy, murder to gain possession of it and then the gallows. Wealth centralizing in the hands of the few, and women and children dying of hunger—women dying of cold and hunger when they can no longer sell themselves for bread; oh love, oh justice, where art thou?

Such can say with Gwynplaine to the wealthy: "I can tell you how much you weigh," yes, they can tell by the pressure upon themselves. And yet men like the editor of the *Oreganian* can say: "Differences of condition among men are chiefly due to themselves."

In the face of existing facts the falsehood of such an assertion is only equalled by his stupidity.

John Smith and Henry Gould reach their twenty-first birthday in the same month. Henry has a good business education, but James has only the rudiments of a common school training; he has had to help his father raise the interest to pay on the mortgage held by Henry's father. John must work by the day or by the month as best he can and, at the best cannot get (I do not say earn) over $350 per year and his board.

Henry's father, on the day he is twenty-one hands him a check for $10,000, which at 7 per cent. interest gives him just $700 a year and he need not do a stroke of work.

Poor John, it is his own fault that there is such a difference between himself and Henry! Why did not he decide to have a rich man for his father?

But Mr. Scott only mouths the objections of the money lords of competition against Nationalism, while the "man who laughs" says: "Paradises built over hells totter; there is suffering, there is suffering, there is suffering, and that which is above leans over; and that which is below gaps open; the shadow asks to become light; the damned discuss the elect; it is the people that are oncoming. Ah! this society is false. One day the true society will come."

Prosperity is a great teacher, adversity a greater. Possession pampers the mind; privation strains and strengthens it.

Justice—The Basis of Economic and Social Reform.

BY DR. E. J. SHELLHOUS.

In every human being, there are more or less developed, two apparently conflicting incentives to action. The first of these is in the the *Ego* love of self. In its imperfectly developed state it is manifested by individual selfishness without regard to the welfare to the others. The second incentive to action is in the *Alter* and it springs from a love for others. From this latter, society takes its rise, and it involves all the considerations pertaining to man's relation with with his fellow beings.

The activity of the *Ego* is prompted by self-interest and self-enjoyment; that of the *Alter* by the requirements of man's social nature. The demands of life require food, clothing, shelter, protection and the supply of one's mental needs. These are the products of labor, and give rise to industry. The products of industry may be separated from the producer and transferred to another; and because of the necessity of the diversion of labor such transfer becomes a necessity. Hence arises the process of exchange.

If the incentive of the *Ego* is the stronger, unequal exchanges will be effected, but if the two incentives are equal the exchanges will be equal. Industry and society are based upon Egoism, which gives rise to production, and Altruism which gives rise to exchanges. Here are presented the individual and society. The relations between them are regulated by customs which arise from necessity, and become fixed and formulated into laws and institutions. Politics, in the true and larger sense, expresses these relations; in those of industry, it is political economy; in those of ethics, it is jurisprudence.

Industry is divided into production and exchange. The agent of production is labor, that of exchange is money. Production includes transportation, storage and delivery. These are effected by labor, and each adds to the value of the product. Exchange is the transfer of values measured by a definite unit represented by an assurance of acceptance for value transferred and supported by a legal tender in exchange for values. Its unit, is for convenience in computation; its assurance of acceptance is for the representation of values, and its legal tender is to prevent any fluctuations of its face value.

As the source of production is in the land and labor, its agent, is in the individual, the laborer must have free access to the land. As the source of money is in the people, and consists of a mutual agreement among them to accept a formal token for a value, it must be in volume sufficient to effect freely and readily all

necessary exchanges. Under these conditions, land monopoly and the capitalistic control of labor would be impossible.

All that is here stated is as clear to the reflective mind as any axiom in mathetics, and resolves itself into the simple question of justice. Society is the aggregate of individuals, and as all action is in the individual, the character of society must correspond with individual character. Justice in the one means justice in the other. Justice is impossible if self-interest dominates.

In the main self-interest does predominate; hence the civilized world is filled with injustice and its concomitant evils. If the rule of justice prevailed all would be changed; the result would be liberty, competence, harmony, love, happiness.

Justice cuts the gordian knot instead of attempting to untie it by legal and customary methods, which cannot be successfully done because these methods are unjust. The intricate entanglements that environ social life are the result of ages of injustice, crystalized into laws, customs and opinions. The fallacy is in the acceptance of these as the proper means in the attempt to adjust the equitable relations of society. The difficulty is not in the comprehension of the existing complex and arbitrary relations of society, but in the lack of the appreciation of justice. Egoism and Altruism must be equally balanced. "Equal and exact justice to all," is the standard of measure which, existing, makes the Golden Rule the supreme law of the land.

The difficulty is in the moral not in the intellectual powers. We are loooking for the solution of the social problems by intellectual processes, as we would in the solution of mathematical problems. In the former the factors are justice and the disposition to render it; while in the latter the factors are certain specified conditions and their logical relations fixed and definite, and the solution consists in the perception and logical arrangements of these relations.

No one is a stranger to the sentiment of justice. There is no one unable to bring to his consciousness the manner in which he would like to be dealt by, and consequently, the manner in which he should deal with others. These he knows. The true solution of all social problems is to establish justice in all the relations of life.

But who are to establish justice! It never came from the dominant power. History shows that in its slow and painful progress, it comes by forced concessions from the dominant class. One step prepares for another until in republican governments the ballot is put into the hands of the citizens. Thus, while under such governments, the hand has the ability to execute justice, the moral power is yet too weak to dictate it.

When the people demand free access to land for purposes of production, and free money in the exchange of values, the conditions for the establishment of justice are neither far away nor difficult of establishment.

It only remains, then, for the people, ignoring the measures of the dominant class, who are their creatures, to control the land and its products, and money for the exchange of products.

While justice is the rock upon which the material relations of life are formed, the higher and nobler plane of life is ruled by the power of love. But justice must prevail before love can exercise its elevating and ennobling influence. So long as man suffers from injustice; from poverty, oppression and slavery; so long as he is the victim of greed and the plaything of those in power, he is filled with resentment, and in a spirit of retaliation; as a means of self-defense, he resorts to fraud, hypocrisy, crime, and the indulgence of low and debasing passions.

These are far from the cultivation of the nobler powers of the mind, and render it impossible to live a pure and virtuous life. Therefore it is evident to all reflective minds that the pressing demand of the age, is free access to the land for the people and a full and free volume of money for exchange of values.

Free land will furnish employment for all who would engage in agriculture and mining, and to employ such as wage-workers capitalists would be obliged to offer better inducements than their labor on free land would afford.

Free money would enable the people to carry on business without credit, and thus escape the robbery that a shrinking volume and private control of the currency now enable capitalists to impose on them.

The main evils from which the people now suffer, directly and indirectly, can be traced to the monopoly and control of the land and the currency of the country.

AMONG THE ROSICRUCIANS.

An Addendum.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Referring to my article in the DOVE of Feb. 22 and March 1, entitled "Among the Rosicrucians," I find that there is an important omission in it. The advertisements announcing the publication of Dr. Franz Hartmann's work, "The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" state that for three centuries these symbols have been hidden away, and that now they have been copied and translated from an old German manuscript, exactly duplicating the originals which Dr. Hartmann secured during his researches among ancient manuscripts and occult works in Germany.

The truth, in this case, happens to be something quite different from that stated in Dr. Hartmann's advertisements. In the first place, so-called Rosicrucianism has not been in existence for three centuries. The movement bearing this name first came into being about A. D. 1610, or some 280 years ago; and there is nothing to show that the symbols published by Dr. Hartmann date back as far as the foundation of the so-called Rosicrucian Society; rather is it probable that the plates are less than two centuries old, or it may be that they are not more than one century old. Instead of this book being a translation of a manuscript which Dr. Hartmann came across in his researches, it is really a translation of a well-known German printed book—"Geheime-Figuren des Rosenkreuzer aus dem 16ten und 17ten Jahrhunderte"—published at Altona in 1785-88; which book contains all the plates in the alleged recent discovery of Dr. Hartmann. More than this, the letter-press in the original German work is much fuller than that in Dr. H.'s translation. For prudential considerations perhaps, Dr. Hartmann mutilated the work which he translated. In view of his published statements about the plates having been hidden away for three centuries, and his having copied them and the letter-press from an old manuscript (both of which statements are destitute of truth), mayhap it was not safe for him to publish the letter-press of the work in its entirety; so he palmed off upon the world an emasculated edition of the book, although he professed to be publishing an "exact duplicate" of the long-hidden originals.

It is a matter of doubt whether the alleged original Simon-pure Rosicrucian Society ever had an objective existence. About A. D. 1610 certain books were published purporting to be descriptive of the nature and objects of the Rosicrucians, who had been until then unheard of; but it is probable that the society, as an organization, was imaginary, and the works descriptive thereof largely fictitious. Since that time there have been various societies, calling themselves Rosicrucians, in various parts of the world, and a number of books have been published during the past two centuries purporting to be Rosicrucian in character; but it is very doubtful if any genuine connection exists between them and the primitive Rosicrucians so-called. The fraternity depicted in the original Rosicrucian books (A. D. 1610 or thereabouts) was largely of a religious order; it was strongly Protestant and anti-Catholic, with a philosophico-mystical tendency,—a peculiar combination of Lutheranism and the doctrines of Paracelsus.

There is no trace of Rosicrucianism before the seventeenth century; and as this is the

nineteenth century, how it was possible for the "Secret Symbols" of Dr. Hartmann to be hidden away for *three* centuries, an ordinary unreincarnated non-theosophist finds himself unable to determine. The German work from which Dr. Hartmann translated his "Secret Symbols" was published just about one hundred years ago, and like various other similar works, it is of a pseudo-Rosicrucian character. It is devoted to alchemy and the philosopher's stone, including the transmutation of baser metals into gold. Now, the alchemy of the original Rosicrucian books of 1610 was of a non-material nature; a spiritual alchemic reconstruction of the world appears to have formed a part of their *magnum opus*; and all professors of the purely physical process, which they called "the ungodly and accursed gold-making," were indiscriminately condemned (See Waite's "Real History of the Rosicrucians," pp. 206, 207). The book on the "Secret Symbols" translated by Dr. Hartmann was a spurious latter-day fabrication of the eighteenth century; and it is probable that the alleged "Secret Symbols" which were asserted to date from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were partly, if not wholly, manufactured to order in the eighteenth century. There is nothing of a historical character in the original work, and nothing to indicate that the plates of Symbols were of any antiquity.

Note the incorrect statements made by Dr. Hartmann concerning his republication of this book. He says that he copied and translated it from an old German manuscript discovered by him during his researches among ancient manuscripts and occult books. Instead of this, he simply obtained and translated a copy of the well-known German printed book, of which plenty of copies are in existence, and of which such a thing as a manuscript copy is unknown. As it needed no research among "ancient manscripts" to find this book in Germany, the statement that it was found while research was being made among old manuscripts, is as evidently untrue as is the other statement that it was copied from one of these alleged ancient manuscripts. The statement that the plates are copies of those that have been hidden away for three centuries involves two untrue assertions,—(1) that the plates are at least three centuries old, and (2) that they have been hidden away all that time. In place of having been hidden for centuries, they have not been concealed at all for the last hundred years, being found in a printed book open to the inspection of every one; and there is no proof that prior to their publication in 1785–88 they had been hidden away. As before stated, they were probably manufactured to order a short time before the book was published. It is thus manifest that the advertisements of this book are a mass of deliberately prepared misrepresentation, calculated to enhance the attractiveness of the work in the minds of the lovers of the mystical and the marvelous, and thereby increase its sale. Its purchasers have, therefore, been deluded into believing that they have secured a wonderful relic of antiquity, which had been lost to the world until resurrected by Dr. Hartmann, while delving amid the mystic lore of long-forgotten manuscripts; whereas the truth is that they have gotten only a mutilated English version of a common German book.

The ethics of this matter is of quite a theosophic quality; it is in keeping with much that emanates from theosophic headquarters. Dr. Hartmann appears to be desirous of emulating the peculiar tactics of his leader, Madame Blavatsky. In like manner as her doctrines and the bases of her writings are said to emanate from certain mythical Mahatmas, concerning whom a veritable mountain of falsehood has already been given to the world, so does her Rosicrucian (?) follower, Dr. Hartmann, claim fictitious origin for his "Secret Symbols",—first, that he received it in a magical manner from an "adept" in a Rosicrucian monastery situated in an unknown Alpine retreat; and secondly, that he copied and translated it from an ancient manuscript found by him during his researches in Germany. (It may here be stated, *par parenthese*, that there is, in none of Dr. Hartmann's publications, the least evidence that he has ever seen an ancient manuscript, or, indeed, an occult manuscript of any kind.) So far as ingenious manipulations of the truth are concerned, I think that no one will dispute that both Mme. B. and Dr. H. are more worthy of the title of "adepts" than of "initiates."

According to Dr. Hartmann's theory, to which I have adverted in previous papers, the passions and evil qualities of mankind are due to the indwelling presence in the human soul of various species of elemental spirits.

If the Doctor be correct in this, then, in view of the peculiar character of his advertisements of his work on "The Secret Symbols," there can be little question that a gigantic elemental, of the species *Mendax*, has assumed dominant sway over his mentality.

Sarah Sargent Coleman.

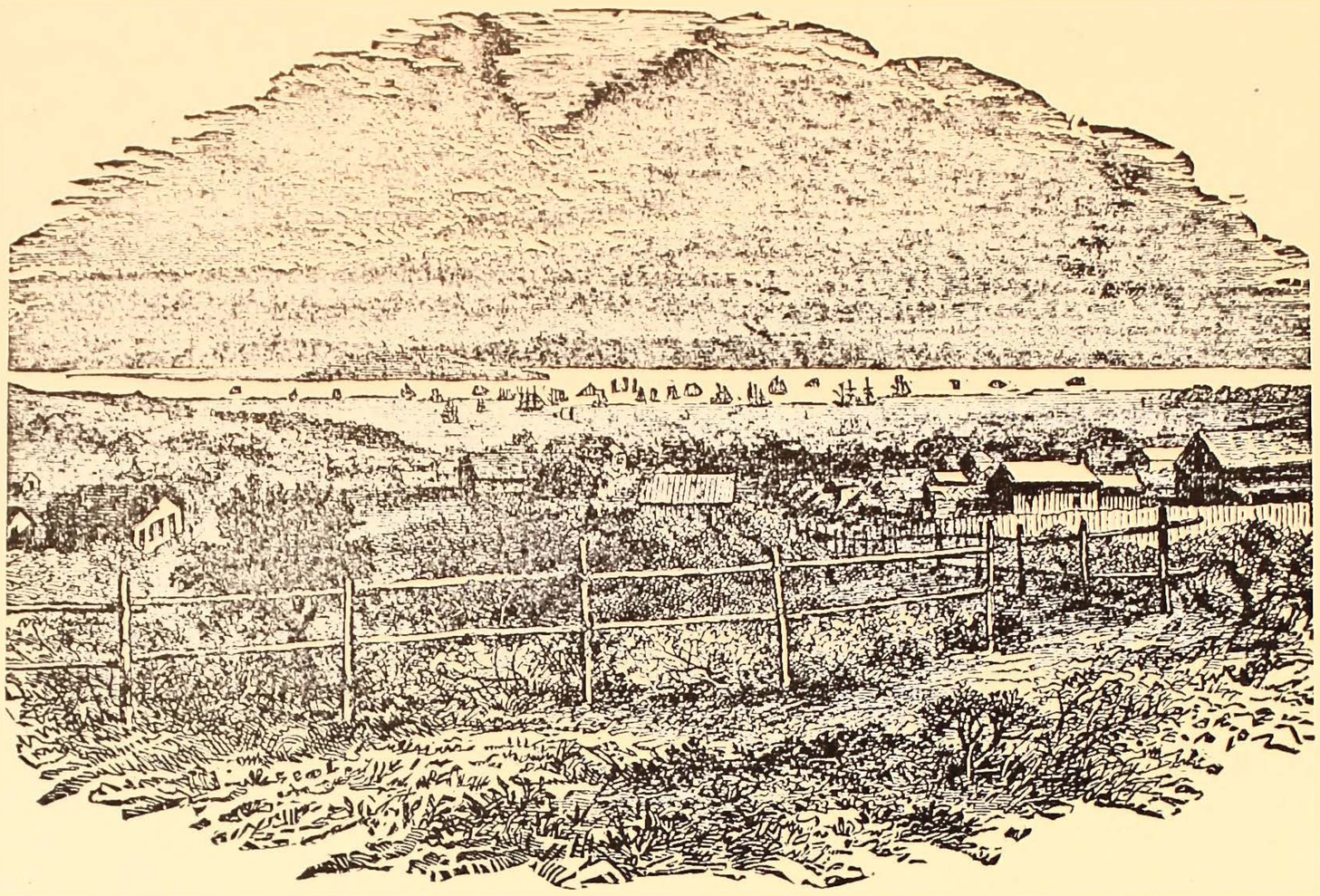
This estimable lady passed to spirit life September 22, 1889, from her late residence, 926 Folsom street, San Francisco, at the age of seventy-two years and six months. In early life she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which her parents were members. In the chuch she distinguished herself by her activity in all branches of labor for the promulgation of pure and undefiled religion. After many years of zealous toil in her endeavor for the promotion of Christianity in that church, she became satisfied and eventually severed her connection with the church.

In her travels from home she visited the Canterbury Skakers. Their novel worship absorbed all her religious nature, and she became happy in the new faith. Her mind was greatly exercised over the change, and it was not long before the entrancing mazes of the dance and the fervor of devotion among the Shakers led to the development of her medial power. She was entranced and saw and talked with Indian spirits. The materialized forms of warriors passed her and went into the dwelling with their bows and arrows. This made a lasting impression on her mind. There were many others among the Shakers who were entranced at that time, among whoms were several girls all under the control of Indian spirits, who at times led them wild races over the snow, the fences and hills. Mrs. Coleman heard spirit rappings, musical instruments played by spirits, and witnessed other phenomena many years before the time of the Rochester developments.

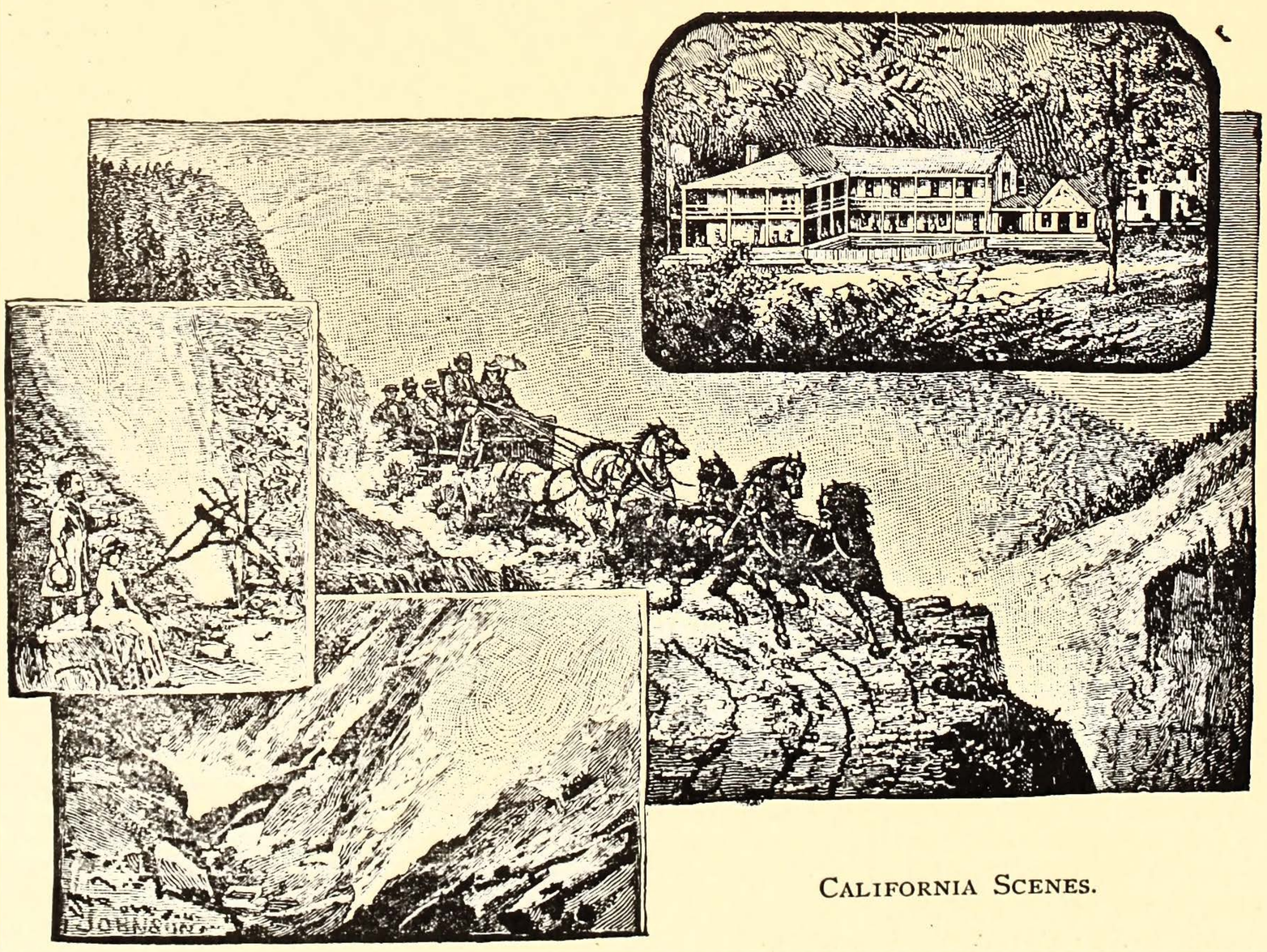
In after years, when Spiritualism was making a great stir in the large cities, and Shakerism was not alone in spirit development, she learned that a new way had dawned upon the world by which we could prepare ourselves for a better life, and that she needed no *creed*, no other religion than Spiritualism, to lead her to the spirit world. She then left the society and went to Boston, where she could investigate the phenomena in its different phases. There she enjoyed communion with her spirit friends. She was a constant attendant on the circle meetings held at the Banner of Light office, the communications at that time being received through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant. Mrs. Coleman was herself cognizant of a band of spirits "hovering round" to comfort her. She labored hard to unfold spiritual knowledge to her brothers and sisters; but most of them were so wedded to the church she could do but little for them. One of her sisters lost a little boy of whom she was very fond, and in due time that little one appeared to his auntie through a medium. She heard the merry prattle of his well known voice, telling how he was getting on in spirit life. He brought with him the sweet fragrance of flowers, "a bouquet for Aunty Sarah." He would some times say, "Tell mamma and papa that Eddy is going to school now, and not to worry, for he is happy."

Mrs. Coleman was very fond of spiritual camp-meetings, for they brought together those who in truth believed in spirit return, and she often spoke of a camp-meeting held near Boston many years ago. How they met as a happy family, and such spirit communion was manifested as to cement all into a brotherly and sisterly love for one another.

Mrs. Coleman was beloved by a large circle of friends, for her kind, sympathetic nature was ever prompting her to deeds of charity and love. She was a true friend when clouds of adversity darkened the sky, or when affliction's hand rested upon those who came within the sphere of her helpfulness. Having been for years a watcher at the bedside of pain, in her profession as a nurse, she had developed a great tenderness and sympathy for the woes and sufferings of those around her which led her to seek the alleviation of distress wherever found, in many quiet, unostentatious ways, which were, nevertheless, far-reaching and effective in their results. As an example of what may be accomplished by prudence and care, Mrs. Coleman, during a period of ten years, saved from her earnings as a professional ladies' nurse, the sum of three thousand dollars, which she deposited in bank in small amounts untill it reached that proportion. Sixteen years ago she was married to John E. W. Coleman, and the union was an exceptionally happy and congenial one. She prized her home above every spot on earth, and was never absent from it a single night in all that time. Her husband has the sympathy of many friends who will miss the tender ministrations of the devoted woman who went about like an angel of mercy, intent on doing good.



San Francisco in 1849.



California Scenes.

Selected Artiles.

Noisy Hobgoblins.

This city, for more than five years past, has had within its limits many haunted buildings, that have led many to believe that ghosts were a reality and disembodied spirits are free to act and often materialize and assume the form of human beings. The Delaware mills, that stand on the north bank of the Kaw river, have during these years caused a great deal of comment among skeptics who are slow to believe in modern ghosts as they come down to us from the past.

In 1861 Orlando Darling, native of Vermont, came to this place, and, with the assistance of a banker, erected a sawmill on the site where the Delaware mills now stand. Business began to boom, and several young men found employment in the mill. Among them was a man named Thompson, who one evening was shot in a row at a dance and fell dead from the effects of a bullet from a revolver in the hands of a young man by the name of Crone. Thompson fell to the ground and expired almost instantly. His remains were brought to the mill that evening and lay in state about twenty-four hours, viewed by hundreds of his friends. His body was sent East to his frienes for burial. Crone, the murderer, was arrested and confined in the county jail for several months, but was afterward released on condition that he would enlist in the United States army, which he did, and served until the close of the war. A year or two later Darling's mill was converted into a flouring mill and remained such for several years, when the proprietor failed and left the country for California. The property then changed hands, and after two or three transfers became the property of the Union Pacific railway, and since then, or about five years ago, it has been abandoned and used as a harbor for tramps.

Since these mills became the property of the Union Pacific Railroad Company great stories have been told by many who claim to be eye witnesses to nightly visitants in the form of spirits under the captaincy of this man Thompson, who spent his last days on earth in and around the old building. These ghosts are said to be noisy by the immediate neighbors living near the mill. These spirits to the number of thirty or more, meet about ten o'clock in the evening and then clear the room of all lumber and other material lying around loose in the third story of the building Then they commence their gymnastics with yells and shrieks that would cause a demon from the infernal regions to give an audience for a few moments. After this programme is filled then come musical instruments of a heavenly order, f r transcending anything ever heard before. This music continues until 1 o'clock in the morning, when a general roll call ends the performance

These nightly visitations and apparitions have caused a terror and almost general stampede among those having property within rifle shot of those mills. The existence of the building has been threatened time and again, but the demons who hold sway in the sway in the mill keep vigilant guard over the property. The citizens on the north side of the river have repeatedly warned the officials of the Union Pacific Railway Company that this old building has lived beyond its usefulness, and its safety is not secure,and at any moment it is liable to be in flames, notwithstanding the strong guard of spirits that many suppose are there in the evening. The above is a plain statement of the old haunted mill that for four or five years has been a specter to all the inhabitants.—*Lawrence (Kan) Special to Kansas City Times.*

Drifting or Guiding ?

In the ocean of life which surges round our globe, each individual of mature years is either drifting or guiding. If you were about to cross the Atlantic, would one take passage in a vessel which one were assured from the start would be allowed to drift blindly on its course? And yet how many individuals allow their own mortal barque to drift aimlessly about on the uncertain sea of life! Each one of these barques has in it the divinely furnished pilot, reason. Unthinkable millions have crossed the troubled waters of life's great sea to the ports of the hereafter. For nearly a half-century they have been giving those still afloat on the tide, charts and directions for guidance in the voyage. Are we standing agape at the tidings they bring us, foolishly feasting ourselves to a state of torpid inaction thereon,or lazily lolling along in the absurd notion that the spirits will manage it all for us? Ought we not rather to set ourselves about an earnest endeavor to comprehend these charts and instructions, and assiduously seek to qualify ourselves to properly use them in the voyage before us? Not only this, but is it not our duty to so collect, arrange and classify as to render them the most useful to those who shall follow us? How else can we show ourselves worthy of the great benefactions which have been vouchsafed the age? Who will continue benefactions when they are but selfishly received, half appreciated, and scarcely used? In such a case, would it not be wise to withdraw them altogether?

Is it not with a movement much as it is with an individual? If allowed to drift, will it not inevitably gather in its mass much debris? Who has not seen masses of floating driftwood in a river, lake or ocean? They are apt to contain much that repels and little that is attractive unless it be to plunderers and beasts and birds of prey. Dead carcasses, old hulks, ruin and decay often mark them with—sometimes rendered all the more striking by its hideous environment—a form of symmetry, utility and worth, worthy of all effort to obtain, copy, and preserve. Aye, there may perchance be found material wherewith to construct staunch, seaworthy vessels for perilous voyages of discovery which are big with promise to the hardy voyagers. But how much better one goodly vessel, leaving port in the hands of trusty pilots, than all these masses of aimlessly-drifting miscellany!

Modern Spiritualism is the heir of all the ages. In its forty years of progress has it gathered somewhat of driftwood? Let us bestir ourselves to cull therefrom all of symmetry and worth that we may appropriate it to wise purposes and change the mere drifting into beneficent guidance. Let us bury the foul shapes, carrion and decay in the generous soil of truth, or burn them in the consuming fire of just love to the end that they may no longer attract plunderers, hyenas, or ghouls. Has it not thus gathered? Let us man the mighty ship—nay, make it a fleet which shall not drift, and so gather an unsightly mass in the future, but shall be guided by the helm of reason, impelled by the force of love. Thus, under our immortal chart of instructions, shall the brotherhood of man, under the Fatherhood of God, cross all the sea of life. And if it encounters on the way the sunken rocks of ignorance, the whirlpools and reefs of prejudice, the frozen waters of scorn, or the psychic hurricanes of hate, ride safely through them all gaining but added beauty, strength and security from the obstacles it met and overcame. And as rays of limpid light through the darkness scatter and dispel it, so shall the voyages, of our good fleet ship, Spiritualism, hither and thither through all the highways and byways of the great sea of human life, render impotent or dispel the causes of wreck and disaster.

To organize the ship and the fleet—what a work! what a privilege! Where are the builder's? The angel world has already furnished a goodly supply of material. Man's investigations of the infinite bounty has discovered others. To wisely combine them into organic, guided usefulness, requires time, talent and money. Happy he who can furnish all these. Blessed he who will furnish either, or all.—C. W. Cook in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

DRAWN BY A SPIRIT.

A Chart That Revealed Sir John Franklin's Fate.

BY J. HENRY SKEWS.

There has recently been published in England a remarkable book by the "Rev. J. Henry Skews, vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Liverpool, and president of the Liverpool Mental Association," entitled "Sir John Franklin: The True Secret of the Discovery of his Fate. A Revelation." At first glance one is surprised at the delay that has attended the publication of this evidence of abnormal interference by the spirit world with mundane affairs. We are told that "for sacred reasons" the narrative was kept back until this year of grace 1890. A few only, including Lady Franklin, Miss Cracroft, niece of Sir John; the brothers Horsfall, of Liverpool; Sir Robert Ferguson, M. P., secretary of the Admirality; the late Charles Dickens and some more of the immediate actors in the discovery of Sir John's fate were privy to the startling facts.

Divested of much unnecessary padding, the narrative is this: Capt. Wm. Coppin, in the month of October, 1849, was resident in Londonderry, North of Ireland. He occupied a prominent position in the maritime world and was surveyor to the Board of Trade and a prosperous and experienced man of about forty-five years of age. His household consisted of his father, his wife, her sister and four children, aged nine and a half, seven, six and two years. Five months before a child of four, Louisa ("Weesy,") had died of gastric fever. She seems to have haunted the house continuously after her entrance into the spirit world. To use the childrens' expression, as quoted by the Vicar of Holy Trinity, "she was always about." Shortly after her funeral, Capt. Coppin was called away on business and did not return for three months. When he got home his wife told him of a certain ball, bluish light which the children had seen and connected with "Weesy." This appearance the captain himself soon saw, and heard from the children further particulars of the constant appearance of their sister, especially at meals, when a chair and knife and fork were placed as for her use.

In the month of October, 1849, all England was anxious and excited as to the fate of Sir John Franklin. The general opinion was that the neighborhood of Wellington Channel was the place to be searched by an expedition which it was proposed to fit out. One of Captain Coppin's children was asked by the aunt to inquire of "Weesy" whether she could throw any light upon the problem. "Weesy" being questioned "disappeared, and almost immediately after there appeared on the floor a complete Arctic scene, showing two ships surrounded with ice almost covered with snow including a channel that led to the ships. This scene in the form of a chart the child drew." In answer to further questioning as to how Sir John Franklin was to be reached, "there immediately appeared on the opposite wall, in large, round-hand letters, about three inches in length, 'Erebus and Terror, Sir John Franklin, Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent Inlet, Point Victory, Victoria Channel!' As to the channel seen by the child and drawn on the chart, no such place at this time was known, much less marked on any chart or map of the Polar regions." There was no chart of the Arctic regions in the house, and so far as is known the child had never seen a chart, and had certainly not drawn one. Captain Coppin, convinced of his child's truthfulness, set to work to work to copy the chart and write out the narrative of its production and send it to Lady Franklin; but his heart failed him, and the MS. remained in his desk for six months. It was in May, 1850, that he did at last see Lady Franklin, and put her in possession of his facts. She was fitting out an expedition to go to Wellington Channel, a direction very different from that in which the ships were eventually found. As she heard Captain Coppin's statement she remembered that Sir John had told her that he should, in case of difficulty, "go up by the Great Fish River and so get to the Hudson Bay Territory." There came into her mind there and then, that the revelation to the captain's children was true. As she was fitting out the Prince Albert at a cost of $20,000 to go to Wellington Channel, under the new conviction it was proposed to send out a consort to the Prince Albert, and Messrs. Horsfall readily promised to place at Lady Franklin's disposal their brig Jemina.

"It was finally settled that the indications of this chart automatically drawn by the hand of a child should be followed, and when the Prince Albert left Aberdeen on June 5, 1850, it was to the south and not to the north, through James Ross Strait into Simpson Strait, the area marked on the chart, that her commander was directed to go." It is not necessary to mention all the tentative efforts which were made to discover the point indicated on the child's chart. Sir Leopold McClintock was eventually selected to command the search expedition which achieved final success. He sailed from Aberdeen in the Fox on July 1, 1857. On August 10th he made Beechy Island and on the 20th he found the open strait alluded to in the spirit communication, now called Belot Strait, and after two unsuccessful attempts, penetrated to Franklin Channel. There the Fox was laid up for the winter, and the real search commenced in the early part of April 1859. "He had learned from the Esquimaux that they were in possession of relics from a ship crushed in the ice on the west of King William Island—that is Victoria Channel—words contained in the spirit message. McClintock and Hobson, his coadjutator, met at Point Victory, a place specified also in the communication, and there was discovered a cairn containing a tin cylinder in which was a record of the safety of the Erebus and Terror and of the departure from the ships of a party of two officers and six men on May 24, 1857. Round the margin of the paper however, was inscribed a subsequent record of the death of Franklin on June 11, 1847." It was thus clear at last that Point Victoria, Victoria Channel, was accurate and that the ill-fated Erebus and Terror lay sunken off that position in that channel.

The reverend gentleman states that he will willingly give anyone who seriously questions the facts presented in his book convincing information. "All the children of Captain Coppin are still alive," but "for purely personal reasons their names are withheld." There are also "important original documents" in the author's possession, "for which publication up to the present permission has not been obtained." In reply to some criticisms in the newspapers, the Vicar of Holy Trinity says among other things:

"I fearlessly assert that amongst all modern records there can be found nothing so remarkable and valuable as that which my book contains. From the inception of the revelation in 1849 to its fulfillment in 1859 it forms the integral part of the lives of several, and also brought into active sympathy government officials, clear-headed merchants and bankers, and people of the most matter-of-fact kind. I stand at the bar of all your readers and supporters and challenge the least disproof of my statement.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

It is a pity that so many people suffer from insomnia when such a simple preventative is in reach. I have a relief which never fails. When I find myself tossing I get up, walk across the floor once or twice, and then get an apple, a bit of bread, anything to arouse my stomach and set it working, says a writer in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.* The moment it commences it attracts the attention of the nerves, so to speak; the nerves forget they are "on edge" and are soon soothed in slumber. Commence on the inside to cure sleeplessness, not externally, nor with drugs, for they are base deceivers.

WOMEN IN COURT.

A Plea for Their Presence in the Halls of Justice in the Prisons.

A friendly Judge has often said, "Women ought to attend court; every week cases are tried that concern boys and girls. Why do you not come?" But we mortals are last to drop off our chains of custom even after they are unriveted; we want them broken, yet dislike to part with them, so we cling to ancient evil, though we know that it is evil and only drop it at the trump of duty. One case was this, one that concerns every mother of boys. A vagabond boy of 17 ran away from a band of gypsies, and by permission, slept in the barn of a good woman, who, when she found that he was willing to work, but on account of heavy storms was unable to find work, fed him when he had no other resource. His manners were good. He made himself as clean as possible, even to washing his teeth—the crowning virtue of boys. And she learned that he motherless, had left home for work, and had been promised fine things by the gypsies to travel with them as hostler, engaging in pugilistic combats for extra pay. Finding himself sold he stayed on this woman's premises, doing nothing objectionable, though she had a family of young children. She could not make him one of the household. One night the policeman came and arrested the boy, John, and she interested herself enough to know that the only charge against him was that he frequented hotels and saloons evenings, was ragged, dirty and unkempt, sat by the warm fires and ate the free lunches, not patronizing the house. For this heinous offense the boy was sent to jail and boarded at the hotel which caused his arrest at 75 cents per day. This woman and some others concluded to go and see the boy and give him a chance for decency, as otherwise he would very likely be sent to the County Jail and set to breaking stones with regular toughs, because he had made himself comfortable in a hotel without buying its liquor. The officers were more than courteous, and unlocking the great jail bolt, opened the door. Behold a room, 7 by 9, a window never washed, a floor black as the ground; on it, a thin mattress the same color as the floor; walls filthy and not a chair, table or bench; absolutely nothing but a horrid mattress. There was no choice but to stand or lie down, yet that prisoner was costing the city 75 cents per day for meals, say nothing of attendants' fees, when by setting the prisoners to work, making them keep their quarters clean, furnishing a fire this cold weather, with plain rations which they could cook themselves, they might live like human beings and much money be saved to the town. The next morning the same ladies attended court and were warmly welcomed by the Judge, who said he would gladly see them at every trial. Several saloon men were called, all but one of whom testified that the boy never patronized them to the value of one cent. One testified that he had bought cigarettes, and the boy was let off without bail to return in a week. He said: "Judge, I would rather stay in jail. I have nowhere to go, and I am sure, if there, of something to eat." The ladies assured him of provisions and a chance to work, and he made excellent promises. The Judge gave him good advice, but public influences are such that he must be a hero to grow into a good man. The trial elicited this: He had been turned out of many shops and stores because of his ragged, dirty clothes; for weeks he had been on the streets hungry and cold, yet no father had made an effort to help him, but once the crowd, in a good-natured way, raised $5 and promised to give it to him or another vagabond boy if they would engage in fisticuffs; the one who proved most of a bruiser was to have it: the other boy backed out and so the money was given to this one, and instead of spending it in saloons he bought some meals and overalls and had some washing done. The jail and the court suggest two things: Could not women manage a jail so that able-bodied boys need not live like pigs at the rate of 75 cents per day? Could not such boys be allowed to keep themselves free from vermin, for soap, water and elbow grease are cheap? Could a collection of mothers be found, who would withhold food from hungry boys until they had fought like brutes and pounded each other into jelly, to entertain those women? Is not the courtroom, where human beings, both guilty and innocent, are brought to trial, the proper place, for under our present management the friendless boy or girl charged with crime is made the companion of roughs, and can hardly have a chance to reform, however well disposed. Misfortune or unwisdom, with no evil intent, might place anyone in such a position. Surely the mothers of human beings must arise to duty, must have the right to help decide such matters, if they would stop such wholesale manufacture of criminals. Bad Judges do not want our interference, but good ones greatly need to be upheld by a moral constituency.—S. S. in *San Francisco Call.*

It was a saying of Dr. Arnold that no student could continue long in a healthy religious state unless his heart was kept tender by mingling with children, or by frequent intercourse with the poor and suffering.

Nationalism.

Extracts From a Paper read by Mrs. H. R. Houghton before the San Francisco Nationalists Feb. 6, 1890.

Nationalism is one of the leading topics of conversation among thoughtful persons in the United States. Hundreds of men and women of more than ordinary culture have become converts, and with trained minds and eloquent pens are rapidly molding thought. If this movement was confined to the laboring classes only it would be slow in maturing; but as it is otherwise it will leap into prominence with mighty bounds, and carry with it all the progressive and sympathetic people in the country. Nationalism is a movement which broadens the mind and awakens the soul.

It were an easier matter to stop that mighty mass of water that flows over Niagara than to arrest Nationalism in its onward course.

Human greed with cold heart and tearless eye, has seen thousands of men, women and children toiling for a pittance, that it might amass millions.

By its selfishness comes its downfall; by the tears it has made to flow; by the lives it has ruined; by the deaths it has caused, Nationalism has been born. Most persons are willing to die because they know death cannot be averted; but if there should be a mineral spring discovered which could prolong life and youth for a thousand years, they would not be as resigned, and nearly the whole world would be drinking from this "fountain of perpetual youth." Thus will it be with Nationalism.

When the workingmen and women of the United States find that there is no necessity for them to toil unceasingly, when it is proved to them that four hours work per day, under a co-operative form of Government will give them as much yearly in buying capacity as six thousand dollars will now purchase, do you think they will be so indifferent to their own welfare as to pay no heed to Nationalism? Will mere love of party cause them to vote against a movement which is pure and unselfish, and deals entirely with their happiness and prosperity?

No! They are too intelligent for that.

Nationalism addresses itself to a nation of people educated in the public schools—not to a nation of peasants who can neither read nor write.

At present the world is full of selfishness and darkness, and Nationalism is rising like the sun on a cloudy morning. All the hills and valleys are clothed in mist, when far away in the east comes a tiny gleam. How faintly it glows, how insignificant it appears, and a person who had never seen the sun rise would feel quite sure that the great masses of mist could never be swept away. Slowly the sun expands and shines with dazzling brightness. The mists rebel one

one moment only, then melt into the atmosphere, and warmth and radiance and singing birds proclaim the advent of the sun.

The whole world is seeking happiness, but the whole world is not finding it. It can never find it under our competitive system, for happiness springs from many causes. True happiness comes only from doing right from being just, manly and moral. When a man has outlived his better nature, he has lost the capacity for enjoyment.

Our competitive system, by its pernicious influence, destroys youthful candor and truthfulness, and implants deceit in many a boyish heart. That boy may become a Gould or a Huntington, but there is always danger that he may become an embezzler and an outcast from society. Great thieves escape punishment; the small ones go to prison and expiate their crimes.

Nationalism would lessen crime to such an extent that not one crime would be committed where there are now one thousand. Under Nationalism, murder would be almost unknown, for murder is usually committed for gain, or owing to ill-feeling which money matters have brought about. Burglary would rarely occur, for a burglar would have no way to dispose of what he had stolen, and the risk of detection would be so great that few persons would care to incur it. Suicide, with its saddening and horrifying influence, would be greatly reduced, for suicide is usually the result of failure to find work with which to continue existence, loss of money and loss of health through overwork. Forgery and counterfeiting could not occur, nor bank defalcations, because there would be no bank. As the Government owns all buildings, there would be no benefit to be derived from arson.

With the downfall of the competitive system, perjury, envy, lying, cheating and deceiving would almost entirely vanish, and truth and candor would be written upon every face.

Children are truthful and free from deceit; they would remain so all their lives if they did not come in contact with social deception, business intrigues and dissimulation. Our competitive system is like a vast malarial swamp, poisoning everyone who breathes its noxious atmosphere. Human nature will never be any better until Nationalism purifies the world and sets a higher value upon morality.

Priests and ministers claim that they take up the profession of preaching because they love God, and desire to save the souls of their fellow men.

If this be true, then Nationalism may expect to have the support of all the preachers throughout the land. How can it be otherwise, when they know that poverty will vanish from the earth, that it will lessen crime and remove selfishness and deceit from the human heart and make it responsive to divine truths.

Surely they have hearts of stone who desire a system continued that harms the health of many innocent babes, saddens and destroys their childhood, rears the masses in ignorance and vice and makes life one long, weary struggle for an existence containing little pleasure and much pain.

Nationalism is only a year old, and we do not expect all the ministers in the country to be interested in it immediately; but we do expect them to become interested during the next few years. Nationalism is not difficult to understand, if a man is fortunate enough to possess a heart and a sense of justice.

A man who loves humanity, and desires to benefit it, will work for Nationalism; but a man who cares for no one but himself will naturally advance all manner of objection to it. So it will not be long before mankind will plainly see what preachers are its friends and what preachers are its enemies; who believe in the teachings of Jesus and earnestly seek to follow them, or who pretend to believe in Jesus, but by their conduct plainly prove that they are insincere. Judas Iscariot betrayed his master for thirty pieces of silver. Let us hope and pray that the preachers of this country will not join with the rich and mighty to betray the interests of the rich and mighty or betray the interests of the people by preaching against Nationalism, or by remaining silent when it is their duty as professed servants of God to make every effort to bring it about.

There are nearly ninety thousand preachers in the United States, and they can do noble work for Nationalism and be the means of bringing it about many years sooner than if they remained silent. We have a right to expect more of the priests and ministers of the country than of men in ordinary life, and we shall hold them to a strict accounting. "He who is not for us is against us"—we shall take no other ground; and to know the way, and walk not therein, is to sin grievously.

Nationalism is not simply a matter of sentiment, not a mere fad that people are taking up for the purpose of amusing themselves, but an earnest determination to benefit humanity.

It has for its foundation eternal truths; it has for the present glorious inspiration, and for the future limitless possibilities for the elevation of the human race. It is scientific and philosophical, and has justice written on its fair brow in letters that glow with the radiance of the stars. Nationalism is a mighty crusade; all nationalities and creeds will flock to its standard, and love of mankind will be its motto.

The old crusades summoned all brave and gallant knights, and swiftly they came, with mailed armor and glistening steel. Our modern crusade will attract nobler men, for t is a nobler cause. There is no height, nor idepth, nor breadth, nor limit to the grandeur of Nationalism. Not only through it may our own country be free, but other nations will model their Governments after ours, until the whole world shall be like one happy family.

Shall we seek to attain this great good, or shall we idly fold our arms and say, "It cannot be." Nationalists say it can and shall be, and will is mightier than all the armies of the world.

Man and Woman.

[The following we extract from an address given by Mrs. Orpha E. Tonsey, before the "Political Equality Club," Lily Dale, New York. Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Because we, as women, feel ourselves to be man's equal, doos not prove that we expect or desire to think or act as man does, or that we feel qualified to compete with him in the same vocations. This is not the question at issue. It is the question of justice to woman and to the race. We desire to use our reason and intuition in our own way, and that man should do the same, and when both are unselfish there will be no collision.

It is a self-evident fact that the purity and civilization of society have advanced just in proportion as woman has advanced toward a position of moral, social and intellecual equality and responsibility with man.

What is the effect, thus far, of this enlarged liberty of woman—upon herself, upon man, upon the family and upon society at large? Has the enlargement of her sphere caused her to be less efficient in the home—less refined, less graceful, loving and tender as wife, daughter, mother, sister or friend? Can she not, and does she not, fill the sacred mission of motherhood the better when she is intelligent upon all subjects and is free to exercise her intelligence? No person is a better friend or a better companion for being ignorant, weak and helpless; and whatever stimulates either man or woman to be a better thinker, a deeper philosopher and a wiser financier; makes him or her a better father or mother and a better citizen. And I verily believe that, notwithstanding her present environments, the influence of the good and intelligent in the sphere of wifehood and motherhood is far greater in a moral and spiritual sense than that of man, with all his freedom of open air, halls of legislation and power of statesmanship. This I am well aware is one of the arguments which the opposers of woman's suffrage bring up to prove that woman is better without the ballot. They say it will make her coarse, and that her tender and loving influence over man and in the home will be lost. But this very difference in their natures is one of the imperative reasons why man needs her in every sphere of life. And as man unfolds in intelligence and spirituality he comes more and more to recognize this need and to welcome, nay, to invite her to

participate not only in his joys and sorrows, but to blend her intuition with his denser reasoning faculties in conducting his financial and business proceedings; and in most instances he is ready to concede to her an ability of foresight far beyond what he can attain through his processes of reasoning.

Man's methods of reasoning and his plane of action are material, physical and passional; woman forms her conclusions through her sympathies and intuitions. Man's organization enables him to take the stronger, coarser and more external forms of activity; woman to take the higher and more ethereal; and the two united constitute both strength and beauty and the pertect *one*.

It has been said that each sex has something of the other's gifts, and each a superiority of its own over the other. If this is true, and I do not doubt it is, the highest and best results can only be attained when both the peculiar traits and powers of manhood and womanhood are united. This combined influence cannot have its full force until woman finds her place everywhere where she is capable of going. She must have a voice in the choice of those who are to administer laws and dispense justice. She must have the privilege of measuring them by her own moral standard—not man's—and to do what needs to be done for her own self-protection, financially, intellectually and morally. She must have a voice in governmental affairs. The woman and mother-element must be brought into those functions which are to affect the destinies of our sons and our daughters, into those functions which are arbitrary, one-sided and gross without that element, but which with it will ripen to a full disclosure of the superiority of spirit over matter—of education in its intergral sense, instead of brute force and punishment as a preventive of crime.

Equality is not to be desired for woman's sake only, but for man as well as for woman—for society and for the world. To insure success in the hightest sense woman and man must be united in social, financial and political affairs as much as in the affections; they must walk hand in hand, and with equal step, regarding each other as indispensable co-partners in the evolutionary work which the times demand that we should enter into an earnest endeavor. Man will then reverence woman as his presiding genius, and will become more watchful, more tender, more gentle and unselfish. Men rob themselves and the world of an element of purity and spirituality when they prohibit woman from participating in all the affairs which are of common interest to humanity.

In the political world the man-element holds almost absolute sway, and in that department we find affairs marked by the faults which naturally accure from the preponderance in them of man-influence. Intemperance, fraud, extortion, oppression, profanity, and all sorts of uproarious and belligerent conduct characterize it in every department. "Man without woman is like the trees on this wintry night. He is strong enough of root, strong enough of trunk, strong enough of branch, but without a leaf, and without a blossom;" or like an isolated cliff upon some polar sea—cold, desolate, barren and forbidding, without verdure or blossom.

Woman without man is like the vine which reaches and searches continually for some thing permanent and substantial around which it may wind its delicate, clinging tendrils, but failing to find what it seeks, is often found creeping hither and thither over unsightly places, covering their defects with its bright leaves and tender blossoms; wherever found its course is onward, upward sun-ward and heaven-ward

Woman is the element of refinement in the household, in the church, in literature and in society; and when she finds her place in the political world will work a commensurate reformation in civil and public procedure.

The ballot is the fulcrum upon which laws, institutions and public policies rest—politics the lever which elevates or lowers the condition of races; and woman standing side by side with man—her intuitive preception combined with his executive force—is the only power that can conduct the Ship of State safely over the shoals and sandbars of these perilous times.

The intelligent, the good, the true, the humanitarian souls are the leaders in all reforms, though their influence is for the most part silent and unrecognized. It is to them that we appeal for aid and reinforcements, and we are sure of getting them, and that in time the "right will come uppermost and justice be done."

Hope Represented by Woman.

Hope is represented by woman, and it has often been proven that she possesses a certain unquenchable uplifting of the in dark places. Where men faint and fall women seem absolutely enveloped in hope. They do not appear to know what it is to despair. They hope against hope. This has been observed in cases of distress times without number, and was a marked feature among the circumstances of trial and enforced endurance placed upon the early pioneers of California. The women broke down in weariness and despair. When a woman's heart is fully bound up in her husband's life it is safe to say she will always hope for him as long as his life lasts; for when a woman loves, she hopes.

And I notice that in the Woman's Column you generously devote considerable space to woman's wrongs, and woman's woes, and even woman's rights. You seem to be glad to record anything which shows on the face of it an intellectual, moral, or any other force or power belonging to woman. Through your columns we hear of the superior qualities of the daughters of Cassius M. Clay and many others in distant lands, who do not have renowned fathers.

As I sat the other evening in a Nationalist Club meeting and listened to Mrs. Houghton's words of fire, I wondered if some of this power in women had not arrived in San Francisco, and was not, even now, to be found at our own doors. Mrs. Houghton possesses a delicate temperament, capable of such enthusiasm. Her voice and manner of speaking are simply superb, every word she utters is as distinct and clear-cut as a jewel. Few persons, either man or woman, are so fortunate in elocutionary powers. Her magnetic voice strongly and favorably impresses people with what she says, whether they believe in the sentiments she expresses or not. Hope certainly sat upon this lady's brow, though she gave no possible clew as to how reforms of which she spoke are going to be accomplished. The words of her song-like address, for it was a suggestive song from beginning to end, seemed to shine forth with such confidence that at least her audience was perfectly illuminated with faith. Standing there she truly looked like a personified Bible Miriam with a manuscript in her hand, instead of a harp or timbrel. Every one knows that to plunge in is more than half the battle, and Miriam had only got beyond the Red Sea when she burst forth in song; for it will be remembered Miriam sang her song before she got out of the wilderness, and even before she had found any good water to drink—Mrs. Houghton is doubtless drinking Spring Valley—but woman's hope inspired the first lyric ever sung by woman. Mrs. Houghton takes the ground, which all Nationalists do, that reforms are going to come to pass, because it is justice and an enlightened knowledge of what is best for humanity. By the way, this new ism is a fortunate one for woman, for it is a way they do most delight to reason. To affirm a thing is so and going to be so, because they know it, is the joy of their innermost hearts.—AUTUMN LEAF in *San Francisco Call.*

One farmer of Big Bend, Wash., lost all his stock, except one cow. He keeps her alive by feeding her with flour. A mail-carrier from that country reached Walla Walla recently and said he did not believe there was 100 head left in the whole country.

The Salt Lake *Herald* says a number of women are making money by dealing in real estate, both as agents and as buyers. They are called the "Rubber-boot Brigade." One of the most daring operators told a reporter that she was hampered by a husband whose caution prevented her from clearing up $150,000 on one deal.

To clean broadcloth from spots, grind one ounce of pipe clay, and mix it with a few drops of alcohol, and the same quantity of spirits of turpentine; rub the mixture on the spots, let it remain until dry, and rub off with a woolen cloth.

An Impromptu Poem.

Suggested by a conversation on the effect and influence of that divine love of which Jesus was the symbol and illustration—that love which casteth out all fear, and at once and forever lifts the soul above all earthly contentions, and teaches it to dwell in a heaven of peace, harmony and rest. It is inscribed to Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, as a meagre tribute to her many noble and womanly attributes.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

There is something pure and holy,
  There is something sweet and calm,
And it falleth on my spirit
  Like the odors of a balm—
As a prize my soul would win it,
  And would place it in a shrine,
Like an amulet of beauty,
  Like a talisman divine.

It cheers me in the morning,
  It charms me in the night,
And it lines the misty cloudland
  With a web of rosy light;
'Tis a star forever beaming,
  The sweet Hesper of the West,
That leadeth by its splendor
  To a paradise of rest.

In thine ear, noble sister,
  Let me breathe in numbers clear
What so magnifies the vision
  Of the poet and the seer!
Like a sweet and blessed angel
  With a message from above,
So it calleth to the spirit,
  And its holy name is LOVE!

It beameth through the shadows,
  And it shineth through the mist,
And all my deepest sympathies
  Its harmonies enlist—
It leads me through the valley,
  Guides me safely up the mount,
And to all my earnest longings
  Is a well-spring and a fount.

I would breathe it, I would sing it,
  Through this sordid world of ours,
And would quaff its sweetest nectars
  As the honey-bee from flowers—
In my soul I would enshrine it
  Till in aspirations sweet
I would rise upon its pinions
  To my Father's mercy-seat.

To my bark it is an anchor,
  To my life the prize and goal,
The immortal shield and armor
  That I bind upon my soul;
O, this Love, this deathless rapture!
  Through the silent midnight hours
Doth it fall like blessed manna,
  And like dew upon the flowers!

Like the Summer rain it droppeth,
  And it pierceth the gloom,
With a glow of golden splendor,
  And a flood of heavenly bloom—
For a crown, O, I would win it,
  And its laurel-leaves would gleam
With the lustre and the glory
  Of a poet's morning dream!

'Tis a rainbow crowned with beauty,
  And its gleaming hues I trace
Through the boundless realms of ether,
  Through immensity and space—
Through the seasons, through the ages,
  Through the Present and the Past,
Through the sunlight of the Future,
  From the first unto the last.

Through the lives of blessed heroes,
  Through the hopes of many a one
Who is sowing seeds of promise
  'Neath a cheerless wintry sun—
Who is praying, who is watching,
  Who is calling through the gloom,
"Lo, the harvest time is coming,
  "I am working, give me room!"

"I am toiling, I am moiling,
  "Through the dross and through the clay,
"With a vision that is reaching
  "To the Great Millennial Day!
"With a will and with a purpose,
  "With an energy sublime,
"That encompass earth and heaven,
  "Immortality and Time!"

O, this Love, this peerless jewel!
  'Tis a talisman and charm!
And it breathes upon the spirit
  With a never-dying calm!
'Tis a power forever present,
  'Tis a blessing ever near,
And I hear the gentle footfalls
  Of an angel from that sphere

Where enrobed in robes of glory,
  And with crowns of shining gold,
The bands of heavenly martyrs
  All their sufferings have told
By full many a type and symbol
  In the parables of old:
That in coming revelations
  Will their mysteries unfold.

O, this Love, it is immortal,
  It is glorious, divine!
A crown upon creation
  In its beauty it doth shine!
From the eye of God it beameth,
  And its glory is impearled
In the buzzing of an insect,
  In the groaning of a world.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 17, 1890.

Work.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Rouse up to work that's waiting,
  Let's squander not to-day,
But make the record of our lives
  A grand one while we may.

Shake off the sloth that fetters
  Put on the will that wins—
The battle for the earnest heart
  In his own breast begins.

Earth's had no nobler hero
  Since battle-fields began,
Than he who knows his cause is right,
  And does the best he can.

Work while life is given,
  Faint not tho' 'tis hard;
Work is the will of Heaven,
  And peace is the reward.

Work while life is given,
  Nor shrink tho' hardship scars,
True suffering fits for Heaven—
  There sin alone debars.

Oh! be not the first to discover
  A blot on the fame of a friend,
A flaw in the faith of a lover,
  Whose heart may prove true in the end.

We none of us know one another,
  And oft into error may fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
  Or speak not about him at all.

Written for the Carrier Dove.

My Experience.

BY MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

My darlings went out from our dear home,
  In life's morning of beauty and bloom.
When the sunshine of hope seemed the fairest,
  Their frail caskets were laid in the tomb.
Only one was left of my treasures,
  For him I must cheerfully live,
And work out life's intricate problem,
  And the knowledge thus gained, freely give.

I mourned for the loss of my dear ones,
  Their azure eyes still beamed with love;
They whispered, "Be hopeful, be patient,
  We'll meet in our sweet home above,
Where the dear ties will all be united,
  Beyond earth's dark shadows and woe,
Where our beautiful pathways are lighted,
  And the silvery streams gently flow."

But a link in our earth-home was broken,
  Life held in its grasp long, lone hours;
Then the loved ones gave strength to my spirit,
  And strewed my lone pathway with flowers.
I have seen them fall noiseless around me,
  And garlands by deft fingers made,
They have brought, in the quiet of evening,
  And sweet fragrance and beauty displayed.

And voices, divinely melodious,
  Oft join in the spirit of song,
And earth-life seems nearer to heaven,
  As I sense the dear angelic throng.
The invisible friends guard me ever,
  I know they are truest and best,
And the touch of a hand that has vanished,
  Gently soothes my lone spirit to rest.

Thus the years have gone by in their fleetness,
  And the lone star of destiny shines;
Oh, the power, and the worth of the spirit,
  It transcends earth's material mines,
Let us gather the bright gems of wisdom,
  Entwined with the jewels of love,
Ere we leave our earth-home and its treasures,
  For the home we are making above.

STERLING, ILL.

Written for the Carrier Dove.

I Long.

A. F. SCOTT.

I feel a longing I can ne'er express,
  A yearning of the soul,
An insatiate desire for happiness
  Beyond control.

Why this eternal aspiration to what is higher,
  Why this restless sea;
Why has nature implanted this strong desire
  To be free?

Must we while here below forever cope
  With famished hope?
Must we forever find for the wearied mind
  That all's unkind?

Why struggle then, and strive to gain,
  And ne'er attain
But dust and ashes, in place of joy,
  Without alloy?

Fate has ever barbed a poisoned dart
  To make us smart;
Though mixed with hope for a brighter morrow,
  To end in sorrow.

And so through life, alternate hope, alternate fear
  Forever near,
No unmixed good—no satisfied will
  Our souls to fill.

Life's burdens on all forever pressing,
  At times caressing;
Then dashed to earth, in pieces broken,
  This kindly token.

And is there to be on some other shore
  Forevermore;
The unquenched longing we feel here?
  It will appear.

A Chapter From "Heaven Revised."

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

LO! A GREAT MULTITUDE.

The tide of immigration sets steadily from your land to ours. There is no emigration back to earth. All faces are turned toward the Spirit-world; all feet are hastening hitherward, and all must come at last face to face with death, and standing on the shores of the mystic river, must bid an eternal farewell to earthly life, and venture with hesitation and fear, or with courage and faith, into the unknown and mysterious realm beyond.

These pilgrims are coming, coming, coming, leaving behind them all that possessed material value on earth, and bringing only—themselves. If they have cultivated their spiritual natures and held themselves above the level of materiality, then they are rich indeed; but if earth and its cares engrossed all their attention, and they had neither time nor thought for that "better part" for which Mary was commended, then no beggar on earth could be poorer or more destitute than these souls when they enter the life immortal. Nor do intellectual enlightenment, moral regeneration and spiritual illumination wait upon them to be put on like an outward garment as soon as they have reached the spirit sphere. They are true riches which must be acquired by laborious effort. As a man was upon earth, so does he find himself when he first enters here. He who is ignorant, is ignorant still; he who is filthy, is filthy still; superstition still holds those spirits in its thrall who were its victims upon earth.

It would seem to you that all must become Spiritualists when they reach here, and the avenues of knowledge are thrown open to them; and I will surprise you when I say that there are Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Quakers here, and all the different sects of religious beliefs, just as among you. There are those who bow to the supremacy of a spiritual pope, and who yet find auricular confession and the observance rites and ceremonies, necessities to their religious life. True, they encounter much to surprise them when they enter here. Heaven is altogether different from what they pictured it; but their beliefs and prejudices are stronger than the facts which come under their observation (is not this also the rule in the earth life?), and so they merely readjust themselves, still clinging as far as possible to their old tenets. But the time comes sooner or later, when they grow out of these superstitions, and, getting at first faint glimpses of the truth, these glimpses become brighter and clearer as they seek for them.

There is no more interesting study than to watch the arrival of these immigrants—these pilgrims and to note their first impressions, experiences, surprises and disappointments. It is also sad to stand beside the bed of death, as it is often our privilege and our duty to do, and witness the terror with which theology has invested the passing from death unto life. Is it true that the Christian knows how to die? He may meet death serenely if he be a man of strong character, hopeful disposition, and with nerves not easily shaken; but with such a character, he would meet it no less bravely, were he a rejecter of all religious faiths. If he be timid and weak, given to apprehension, and shrinking from danger, not all the consolations and hopes which religion can afford will save him from becoming terror-stricken when the last dread hour approaches. There is something appalling even to the stoutest heart, in going out to meet the unknown, and that is what all save Spiritualists, must do. To them, and to them only, is the Spirit-world revealed. To them it is given to know that they are passing from darkness unto light; from death unto life; from mortality to immortality. How strange that this glorious truth, which should be indeed the corner-stone of existence, is rejected by so many earthly builders!

A woman was dying—one whom I knew upon earth. We were merely casual acquaintances, not friends, because she was a rigid churchwoman and I was not. As the sheep were to be separated from the goats in that final terrible day, so it seemed to her meet, that as far as practicable the same separation should be effected in earth life. This appeared a very simple matter. All members of the church—her church—were going to heaven; all who were members of no church were destined for the other place; while she took to herself great credit for charity in suspending her judgment in regard to members of churches other than her own. She was most sincere in her religion. It tinged all her actions, and was, indeed, her very life. At last her hour had come. Her pastor was summoned. She felt that there was no security for her future, unless he should, by his presence at her death-bed, furnish her a sort of credentials—give her a letter of introduction, as it were—to that heaven of which she so often spoke. He encouraged and composed her, allaying her fears, and assuring her that she had only to lean on her Savior, and when she opened her eyes in spirit life she would find herself in his arms. As she passed from earth with the name of Jesus on her tongue, and her whole thoughts centered on him, so she was born to spirit life with the same intense feeling clinging to her; the same utterances upon her lips.

"Jesus, oh! my Savior, help me!" she exclaimed. Then as her newly acquired spiritual vision discerned the many forms standing around her, she reached out her arms imploringly, crying: "Who are you? Are you angels? Which one of you is Jesus? Surely my Savior will be here to welcome and receive me!"

"Jesus is here," was the reply given her; "but we have come to welcome you!"

"Then take me to him! Let me behold him and be assured of his love and forgiveness!"

At that moment her eyes fell upon me, and with a start of terror she added;

"You here! Then where am I? In mercy tell me where I am! If you are here then I must be——"

She stopped short, the horror of the situation paralyzing speech. If she, a professing Christian, who had cast all her sins upon Jesus, and believed she had received his forgiveness and assurance of eternal happiness, found herself, after all, on the threshold of the future life, face to face with one doomed to perdition, then her conversion must have been a delusion, her hopes a snare; and no wonder she could not voice her apprehensions.

"Oh, take me to Jesus! Will not some one show me the way to my Savior?" were her agonized entreaties. But when I stepped forward, wishing to reassure her, she recoiled, and covering her face with her hands, endured the agony of a despair which has no parallel on earth.

But those whom she recognized as friends gathered around and encircled her, and took her in their arms and bore her away from earth, while the rest, myself among them, followed at a little distance, eager to see the first awakening of this soul to a comprehension of the realities of spirit-life. They laid her tenderly down in a bower where immortal flowers gladdened the vision, and lent a sweet perfume to the air, where the melody of murmuring brooks fell restfully on the wearied ear, and of all that would delight, charm and soothe, nothing seemed lacking. But her eyes were blind, her ears deaf to the sights and sounds of heaven. She was disappointed beyond measure that she had not entered the celestial city of the apocalypse, with golden streets bordering a sea of jasper. She felt that this city must exist somewhere, and that she had been excluded because somehow the vicarious atonement had proved a failure in her case.

"Where is the great white throne?" I heard her ask. "Shall I not see that? Shall I not stand before that and adore God forever?"

And again the negative answer troubled and perplexed her beyond measure.

Once more she asked:

"Am I to have no golden harp?"

A golden harp placed was in her hand.

"Why, I cannot play," she exclaimed in surprise, after a futile attempt to make music upon what was to her a new instrument.

"No," was the response; "not until you have learned."

"Do we then have to learn here? I thought we were done with that when we were done with earth, and that I should play the harp as readily as I should sing."

A smile and a shake of the head gave answer.

"Where is my crown? Surely I was promised a crown if I bore the cross faithfully on earth."

Someone wove a wreath of golden flowers and placed it upon he head—a coronet of of whose beauty angels might be proud. But she removed it disdainfully; and then glancing around her she seemed to notice for the first time that her friends were crownless and harpless.

"Am I in heaven?" she asked as if completely bewildered. "Where am I? Where are your crowns and harps?"

"You are in the land of spirits," they assured her, "and we neither wear crowns nor carry harps, because we have no need of them."

"Oh! I cannot understand it. If my pastor was only here to explain it to me! Oh! if I could only find Jesus! Jesus promised to be my friend, but he has forsaken me." She bowed her head and wept in utter hopelessness.

Then those whom she had loved before death divided them, gathered around her, and recalling her to her own personal affairs, caused her to temporarily forget her theological terror and doubt in the delight which this reunion afforded her—delight which had been at first entirely overlooked in the overruling feeling of the hour.

After a time I again ventured to draw near her, and found that she received me, not cordially, but without her first manifestation of dismay. I tried to tell her something of the new life into which she had entered, but she shook her head, saying:

"I cannot understand it, that you and I should both be in the same place, when I thought my sins were forgiven and heaven secured to me by the blood of Jesus, while you, you were a Spiritualist!" This in a tone as though that word necessarily embodied the worst that could be said of anyone.

"But if my pastor were only here to explain it to me, or if I could find my Savior?"

Poor, halt and blind soul, that can not walk save as it leans upon another, and can not see save through the perceptions or understanding of another! It has a weary way before it ere it comes ito the full light of spiritual truth.

Another death-bed made a strong impresion upon me. It was that of a little child who closed its eyes peacefully and unconsciously upon the pain of earth life, and awoke to the painlessness and perfec joy of life immortal. It knew not that it had passed through any change, for loving faces still surrounded it, and loving tones fell upon its ears, and when the mother's arms were stretched out in the agony of sudden childlessness, her babe was laid tenderly in them, but she knew it not. In the night time when she awoke, and with scalding tears and aching heart called for her little one, it was placed in her bosom, and nestled its head where it had so often done of old, and its presence brought peace and comfort of which she was conscious, though she knew not their source. That little one is with her daily, its being still intertwined with hers, and dependent on mother love. Oh! bereaved mothers, believe this; your babes are not lost, they are with you learning the lesson of life from you. Then walk steadfastly and purely, that you offend not these little ones.

In the great multitude which was perpetually passing from death unto life, I specially noted two old men. They were equally aged, having reached nearly the extreme limit of human life, and bowed and tottering hey came to the end of their journey, and their feeble frames and whitened hairs were laid away in the bosom of mother earth, dust to return to dust, while their spirits passed to the new life beyond; and yet how different were the experiences of these two men on their first entrance into this life. One found himself with the infirmities of age still clinging to him, his mental powers still weakened, and his spirit come to a halt, as it were, in its progress. He seemed still to belong to the past in the quality and method of his thoughts; his mind turned backwards rather than forwards; and even the Spirit-world was not altogether satisfactory to him, because it differed so materially from that future life which had taken form through early religious teachings, and became crystallized in his imagination. This could not be heaven, because this was not as he had pictured heaven to be; and so, blind to the beauties which surrounded him, disregarding the advantages which were presented to him, and through force of long mental habit opposed to that progress which he found to be the law of immortality, he was querulous and discontented, and his thoughts sometimes even turned back regretfully to the earth-life. There at least he was at home; there he had become fixed in his habits, and there was nothing to molest or upset him. Here there were continually disturbing elements, which forced him out of old grooves, whether he would or would not, and fairly shook him out of himself.

The other old man, equally feeble physically when he passed from earth, quickly lost the traces of age upon his entrance into spirit-land. His form speedily appeared erect, his step became buoyant, and a new light was kindled in his eyes. His age he had left behind him upon earth, and it was buried in the grave with the mortal body. Only the shadow had fallen upon his spirit, but th t was speedily dispelled, and in a short time he became as one in the prime of life.

I could not understand the reason of the different experiences of these two men, and, as usual I turned to my guide for enlightenment.

"The reason is a very simple one," she replied, "and needs no explanation to those who have watched these men in their earthly existence." Then she proceeded to explain that one had lived for time only, the other for eternity. The one allowed his spirit to be subordinated to the body, and to share and be subject to its conditions. As his physical frame grew old, he allowed its weaknesses and deficiencies to leave their mark upon the spirit; and fettered and burdened as it thus was, it soon came to share that body's inertness and its waning powers. Therefore he has entered this world old in spirit, and can only grow young again slowly and painfully. His youth will come back to him some day, but only through conscious effort on his part,—greater effort than he would have been compelled to make in order to resist the encoachments of the material upon the spiritual, to which he so weakly succumbed.

The other kept his soul young, regarding time as only the first division of eternity. Though the bodily senses became dulled, the spiritual senses remained clear; though the period of bodily activity passed away, and he was compelled to step aside in the affairs of life, and let other and younger men take his place, he did not sit with his face turned towards the past regretting the long ago, but by strenuous effort preserved his mental vigor, kept pace with the times in his observations and opinions, and lived in an active enjoyment of the present, and a lively hope for, and belief in, the future. He kept his heart young to the last, and cultivated his affections and emotions as a religious duty, as something which not only bound him to his fellow creatures, but which could uplift him spiritually. Old age was but the husk which wrapped around but only partially disguised the soul within; and that soul when the well-worn frame fell away from it, and it entered its true home, rejoiced at its new-found freedom. The shadow which time and its happenings had cast upon it passed away forever, and he gained full possession of the the youth which he had never wholly lost, but had treasured up all the more carefully within himself, as the outward and physical manifestations passed away one by one.

There are many sad scenes connected with death which we are called upon to witness. Understanding as we do how few realize or even know of the intimate relations existing between the earth and the Spirit-life, the agonized parting of friends is most painful to witness. There is such bitter grief, such depths of hopelessness in the hearts of the living, as they look for the last time into the mortal eyes of those who are called away to a higher life, and feel that the parting is a final one. It is our mission to

comfort as well as we may these sorrow-stricken ones, and bring them that hope and consolation which can only come through a belief and knowledge that the dear departed are ever near, and that death brings them into closer spirit communion. You should all work with us unceasingly to hasten the day when this knowledge will become the possession of all mankind, and when death will thus be robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory.

But aside from the natural and common causes for sadness at these final hours of earth, there are often special circumstances which invest death beds with peculiar interest, solemnity or horror. Sometimes an innocent creature who has lived a blameless life, as we judge of human lives, harming no one, and doing good to many, but who has neglected until too late to provide itself with a church passport to heaven, finds itself suddenly called upon to render up its account. Then are the apprehensions and terrors of the dying one enough to move a heart of stone. Even we, who stand upon the other side and know how groundless they are, are compelled to bestow our deepest sympathies. So we press closely around, and take the released spirit in loving arms, and speak to it gentle words. We lead it in green pastures and beside still waters, and our reward is to behold the wonder, the gratitude and the joy which suddenly take the place of fear and despair. Surely love is greater than retribution, and has a stronger hold upon the human heart.

At another time perhaps a poor lost soul, weighed down by the terrible denunciations of a false theology, and possibly having a premonition of its real impending doom, hurls itself through the gateway of death with curses upon its lips, and fierce rebellion in its heart, defying the power which it cannot resist. Then how sad and how solemn the awakening to the actualities of spirit-life. Darkness is to be its portion until it seeks the light; but even in this outer gloom, where there is weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, there is not that sense of utter abandonment of protecting care, that giving over to divine vengeance, that pitiless delight in the torments of suffering souls, which are the crowning honors of the orthodox hell. No! The spirit feels and knows that the hell in which it must exist is of its own making; that it is not the creation of a deity who saith "Vengeance is mine;" and that divine love and divine pity brood over all, and still hold all in their keeping, ready to help and to lead from darkness into light, when the wickedness and the waywardness have worn themselves out, and the prodigal humbly says: "I will arise and go to my father.

Let the churches write upon the portals of their infernal regions: "Who enters here leaves hope behind;" but though light, love and truth, and all else which bless and uplift the human soul may be excluded wholly or in part from the lower spiritual spheres, one star beams steadily above them all, with a pure and perpetual flame—the star of Hope!

No God-Given Rights.

That man was intended by the Creator to be the ruler and woman the subordinate—the "do as he says" part of creation—can be admitted by no one who has honestly and thoroughly investigated the subject. Man has relegated to himself this prerogative, but he need not be so base as to shift the responsibility upon the Creator, instead of candidly admitting that his present condition of ruler was brought about by his superior physical strength and his desire to boss. The opponents of woman suffrage are very fond of flattering themselves with this so-called argument, "the God-given right of men to rule." Was not this same argument used to support what was supposed to be the divine right of kings to rule their fellowmen? Did the majority of "sensible persons" question this right? No; their credulity and ignorance were imposed upon by the power that predominated, and they were led to believe that because kings did rule it was a God-given right that they should rule. What American man who has breathed the air of political freedom now believes this argument as applied to kings? Not one. Experience has taught him that because a thing is it is not necessarily right or God-ordained. Did not King George say to the colonists, "You don't need any representation; England (presumably meaning himself) is strong enough and willing to protect you and your interests?" What evidence is there to support this God-given-right-of-men-to-rule argument? We can best see God's intentions in regard to the animal creation by studying that creation. Beginning with the monad and proceeding upward through the porifera, the coelenterata, the echinodeamata, the vermes to the mollusca we find that the majority of these creations are hermaphroditic. Where these species are by-sexual we find usually the female larger than the male and more complicated in structure. In one species of barnacles, while the females are large and have perfect oaganisms, the males are degraded imperfect forms, with sometimes no mouth or digestive canal. Among the birds of prey the female is the larger bird. In hunting for their prey the eagle and mate naturally assist each other. Among the felidæ the male helps to provide the food, but the female defends and protects her young. In all the lower animals the mother is the protector of the offspring. She is not only always sole defender but is at least joint defender. Not in any instance do we find the male the ruler of the female, but quite the reverse. He is sometimes her protector from other beasts, but he is never her ruler. To her and her only is left the choice of her mate and how and where she shall rear her offspring. Where shall the lion make his home? Not where prey is the more plentiful that the male may the easier provide food, but in that retreat which the female may select as most secure for herself and cubs. Only among men is this order reversed. Here we find that man, because of his superior physical strength has usurped the "affairs of government and business.

From every animal, then, on the face of this globe, excepting man, we learn that although the male is sometimes the food-profider and protector, he is never the ruler of the female and she is never "subject to him." From these facts we must conclude that although man is usually the food provider he is not the ruler. No other logical conclusion can be reached. Since, then, it can be most conclusively proven that all nature's laws, as exemplified in the lower animals, are opposed to this "God-given right to rule" in the male, who then shall presume to say that among men only God intended the male to rule the female. If it is the "duty of man to protect, love and provide for the weaker sex," does that argue that she is "subject to him?"

The statement of "Chap," "I think that it is a shame and a disgrace on the men that they cannot control the saloon without the aid of the fair sex." can be cheerfully acquiesced in by every suffragist. That the men cannot, or will not control this element is a sufficient argument to prove the advisability of enfranchising the women if no other could be produced. This is all man's work, is it? Well, man will not do it, so woman must. The female of the human kind must do what nature intended her to do, as proven by the lower animals protect her young. Law is among human kind the source of protection, so she must, by making the laws, produce such a social condition that the best possible environment for the spiritual, moral, mental and physical development of her offspring will be provided. Woman will not be what God intended her to be until she does. "Men will go on being men, and women will go on being women" is a fact no one will deny, but as the power of ruler is not an attribute of the male, human or otherwise, and subordination not an attribute of the female, human or otherwise, men will not continue to rule.—*Ida Wright, in Tacoma Ledger.*

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.

Mrs. Spinn was forever telling her husband that he wasn't worth the salt in his bread; but when he got killed in a railroad collision she sued the company for $5,000

"Miss Smith, may I ask the time?" said Sprig last evening. Lady consults her dummy watch. "Certainly, Mr. Sprig, let me see—about, I should say about—time to go home."

Definite work is not always that which is cut and squared for us, but that which comes as a claim upon the conscience, whether it is nursing in a hospital or hemming a pocket handkerchief.

Mysteries of the Nerves.

When we find out the secret of the nerves we shall probably have discovered the secret of life. We shall then perhaps know something of the soul, whose very existence is now disputed, and we shall be able to formulate some definite opinion in regard to immortality. Science is slowly moving onward toward that point, and seems at times to have some clew to the mystery. Then the scientists are all at sea again, and all becomes dark as before. The study of physiology, physical and mental, is little more than a study of the nerves, simply because the nerves are intimately connected with health of body and mind. In cases of prolonged disease as long as the nervous system is not completely shattered there is hope. Nervous and delicate men and women pass safely through epidemics that carry off healthy persons by the thousand. When the nerves refuse to act, the will, which is the resistant power in the human being, ceases to act also and death finds an easy prey. There are persons attacked with what seems to be a mortal disorder who obstinately refuse to die; A certain amount of nervous force comes to their relief; which acts on the physical functions and brings back the prostrate individual seemingly from the gates of death.

Sometimes this restoration of sick persons to health seems like a miracle, and there is little doubt that many so-called miracles have been the result of an affluence of nervous force coming from a sudden excess of hope or shock to the system, emanating from no matter what source. Did the alleged saints in the first centuries of the Christian era ever cure the sick? Was a sick man ever restored to health by the touch of a king in the times when kings were thought to rule by divine right? Was there ever such a thing as a faith cure? Who will undertake to say that cures have not been performed by each of these means? And yet if it were so, it is not necessary to suppose that there was any occult power in either saint, king or apostle of faith cure. The whole secret lay in the psychological state of the sick person, in whom confidence in the means and hope, combined with latent nervous force, conspired to set the vital functions again in motion.

The pathological phase is only the border land of the mysterious subject. On the phenomena of the nerves, magnetism, spiritism and hypnotism have erected systems and theories involving a host of strange illusions, but conveying also scientific facts of supreme value. A spirit medium is only a being endowed with exceedingly sensitive nerves. A nervous subject may be hysteric, epileptic, or the victim of hallucinations or impulses of various kinds which result in eccentric actions or abnormal physical conditions. The nervous system of some of these persons is in such an excessively morbid state that an external sensation, such as a sudden noise, the ticking of a watch, a pressure on the body, contact with a cold or warm body, a breath, a ray of light, the reflection from some bright object, suspends animation. The subject falls into a sleep which lasts for a longer or shorter time, and wakes to forget everything that has passed during this period, though it may have been filled with acts and incidents and may have continued several weeks. The Witch of Endor was probably a mere bundle of nerves—a sort of spirit medium of Bible times. The Pythoness of Delphi was a hysteric or epileptic capable of extreme nervous exaltation. The witches and sorcerers of the Middle Ages were in many cases the victims of nervous attacks which those about them and they themselves sincerely believed to be caused by divine or demoniac inspiration. In the light of modern seience these characters and events are seen in a less mysterious light.

Several cases involving hypnotism have within the last two years appeared in French courts. One was that of a married woman in Algiers, of great correctness of life, seduced by a young man and afterward killed by him with a revolver during a clandestine interview. He pretended that he had consented to a double suicide, but his own courage seemed to have failed him after half the tragedy was accomplished. He was condemned to hard labor for a long term of years. It was proved that she was a highly nervous woman, and had once been found inanimate in the garden gazing intently at a silver spoon she was holding in her hand. The case of Gabrielle Bompard, the mistress of Eyraud, the assassin of Gouffe, is even more to the point. This strange young woman, after having assisted at the assassination, slept composedly two nights with the dead body in a trunk beside her bed. The lightness of her manner since has astonished every one aware of the circumstances. She is so nervously susceptible that she has been known to fall into a magnetic sleep by simply looking at a bright object on the mantelpiece. The courts will have to decide how far she was personally responsible and to what extent she was dominated by the will of Eyraud. Hypnotism is now regarded in France as so dangerous that the Minister of War has forbidden its practice by the army physicians.

Among the many interesting cases that the investigations of French savants have brought to light is that of a young lawyer of 33, son of a father addicted to the excessive use of liquors and an exceedingly nervous mother. He lives actually two lives, in either of which he is completely ignorant of what transpires in the other. All that is necessary to throw him into a magnetic sleep is to gaze intently on some point in space, to hear a sudden noise or experience some vivid emotion. One day he was hypnotized by looking into a mirror at a cafe, and his companions had to take him to a hospital to have him awaked. On another occasion he suddenly fell asleep while pleading a cause in court because the presiding judge looked at him attentively, and was brought back to his normal state with difficulty by a friend. Sometimes he loses completely the memory of the past, and a new life commences, in which he travels, stops at hotels, sleeps, makes and receives visits, buys and sells, and takes part in the sports of those about him. Returning to his original state, he remembers none of these things. On the 23d of September, 1888, he had an altercation with his father-in-law, from which date till the middle of October he performed a variety of acts of which he has no recollection. When he returned to his normal state he was in the Department of Upper Marne, over 150 miles from Paris. He was afterward told that he had visited the priest of a village and an uncle living not far off, at whose house he had broken numerous objects and torn up a quantity of manuscripts, and that he had elsewhere contracted debts which caused his trial and condemnation by default for fraud. In May, 1889, he left a restaurant in the Latin quarter, where he had breakfasted, and two days later found himself at Troyes, in the Department of Aube, 100 miles from Paris, minus his overcoat and purse, whose whereabouts he was only able to indicate after having been again thrown into a magnetic sleep.

Similar things happen in injuries of the brain, in cases of hysteria and even in somnambulism. Even the ordinary dreamer recalls in a dream what he has seemed to see in a former dream, though he may never have remembered it in his waking moments. It is not, perhaps, for this reason the less remarkable, tor sleep, with its active brain, its thoughts and its visions, remains and may always remain one of the mysteries of existence. To the doctors all these things indicate disease. Dreams are the result of an imperfect digestion. The subjugation of one person to another's will, the dual state in one of which the subject seems on the confines of another world is caused by a disorganixed nervous system. Even genius, especially poet genius, is stigmatized as an unhealthy psychological state. Everything that is not the dullest and plainest prose of life seems in the process of being transformed into morbid conditions of the body. Does it render a phenomenon less mysterious to prove that it is physical? An object falls to the ground by the law of gravitation. Do we understand that marvelous law better because we constantly see its operation? Chemical atoms attract or repel one another in virtue of a universal law of whose hidden force and meaning we have not the remotest conception. But we are consoled when we discover that something in nature falls within the domain of natural. The phenomenon is classified, but has by no means ceased to be a mystery.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

Ideas of Heaven.

Heaven, "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," has given rise to many different opinions, and varied and strange views have been expressed about it. Some of the beliefs of certain nations, as well as a reproduction of the ideas conveyed by individual writers of the past and present have been gleaned, and are given below. Added to these are the reflections of some of the representative clergymen of New York on the subject.

ANCIENT CHINESE.

The ancient Chinese believed in the existence and controlling power of spirits. Confucius believed in the power of Heaven to decree, to reward and punish.

A cardinal point in the Mahometan faith is the asserted existence of angels, celestial and infernal.

NEW ZEALANDERS.

The New Zealanders imagine that the souls of the dead go to a place beneath the earth called Reinga. The path to this region is a precipice close to the seashore at the North Cape. It is said that the natives who live in the neighborhood can at night hear sounds caused by the passing of spirits thither through the air. It is a common superstition with them that the left eye of every chief after his death becomes a star. Shungie, a celebrated New Zealand king, said he had on one occasion eaten the left eye of a great chief whom he had killed in battle for the purpose of thus increasing the glory of his own eye. Sometimes, apparently, it was thought that there was a separate immortality for each of the eyes of the dead—the left ascending to heaven as a star, the right in the form of a spirit, taking flight for Reinga.

The people of the Sandwich Islands held a confused medley of notions as to another life. The current fancy was that the souls of the chiefs were led by a god whose name denotes the "eye ball of the sun," to a life in the heavens, while plebeian souls went down to Akea, a lugubrious underground abode.

The Kamchatkans send all the dead alike to a subterranean elysium, where they shall find again their wives, clothes, tools, huts, and where they shall fish and hunt.

THE DRUIDS.

The Druids' conception of the future life is that the soul, on being divested of its earthly envelope, is borne aloft. The clouds are composed of the souls of lately deceased men. They fly over the heads of armies, inspiring courage or striking terror. Not yet freed from terrestrial affections, they mingle in the passions and affairs of men. Vainly they try to soar above the atmosphere; an impassable wall of sapphire resists their wings. In the moon millions of souls traverse tremendous plains of ice, losing all perception but that of simple existence, forgetting the adventures they have passed through and are about to recommence.

THE NORSEMEN.

The Scandinavians believed that "high up in the sky is Odin's Hall, the magnificent Valhalla, or temple of the slain. The columns supporting its ceilings are spears. It is roofed with shields, and the ornaments on its benches are coats of mail. The Valkyrs are Odin's battle maids, chosen of heroes for his banqueting rooms. With helmets on their heads, in bloody harness, mounted on shadowy steeds, surrounded by meteoric lightning and wielding flaming swords, they hover over the conflict and point the way to Valhalla to the warriors who fall. The valiant souls thus received in Odin's presence are called Einheriar, or the elite. The Valkyrs, as white clad virgins with flowing ringlets, wait on them in the capacity of cup bearers. Each morning at the crowing of a huge gold combed cock the well armed Einheriar rush through Valhalla's 540 doors into a great courtyard and pass the day in merciless fighting. However pierced and hewn in pieces in these fearful encounters, at evening every wound is healed and they return into the hall whole and are seated, according to their exploits, at a luxurious feast. The perennial boar Schremniar deliciously cooked by Audrimnuir though devoured every night, is whole again every morning and ready to be served anew. The two highest joys these terrible berserkers and Vikings knew on earth composed their experience in heaven; namely, a battle by day and a feast by night. * * * No women being ever mentioned as gaining admission to Valhalla or joining in the joys of the Einheria, some writers have affirmed according to Scandinavian faith women had no immortal souls, or, at all events, were excluded from heaven. The charge is baseless * * * Valhalla was the exclusive abode of the most daring champions, but Valhalla was not the whole of heaven."

THE EGYPTIANS.

The Egyptian idea of the abode of the soul is not very alluring. It is "led by the god Shoth into Amenthe, the infernal world, the entrance to which lies in the extreme west on the further side of the sea, where the sun goes down under the earth. At the entrance sits a wide throated monster, over whose head is the inscription 'This is the devourer of many who go into Amenthe, the lacerator of the heart of him who comes with sins to the house of justice.' The soul next kneels before the forty-two accessors of Osiris, with deprecating asseverations and intercessions. It then comes to the final trial in the Hall of the Two Truths, the approving and the condemning, or, as it is differently named, the Hall of the Double Justice, the awarding and the punishing. Here the three divinities, Horus, Anubis and Shoth, proceed to weigh the soul in the balance. Then happy is he

"Who, weighed 'gainst Truth, down dips the awful scale.

"Osiris pronounces the decisive sentence, and his assistants see that it is at once executed."

THE HINDUS.

The most ancient Hindou doctrine of the future fate of man, as given in the Vedas, was simple and rude. "Emancipation from all existence is the fullness of felicity," says one of the Orientals. And again, "A hundred thousand years of the highest happiness on earth are not equal to the happiness of one day in the dewalokas."

THE PERSIANS.

The Persians, who had the Zoroastrian faith, believed that "all who faithfully observed the law in purity of thought, speech and action where body and soul have separated, attained paradise in the next world."

GREEKS AND ROMANS.

As to the Greeks and Romans: "The notion that the wrath of the gods would pursue their enemies in the future state gave rise to a belief in the punishment of Tartarus; so the notion that the distinguishing kindness of the gods would follow their favorites gave rise to the myth of Elysium. The Elysian Fields were earliest protrayed lying on the western margin of the earth, stretching from the verge of Oceanus, where the sun set at eve. They were fringed with perpetual green, perfumed with the fragrance of flowers, and eternally fanned by refreshing breezes. They were represented merely as the select abode of a small number of living men, who were either the mortal relatives or the special favorities of the gods, and who were transported thither without tasting death, there to pass an immortality which was described, with great inconsistency, sometimes as purely happy, sometimes as joyless and wearisome. To all except a few chosen ones this region was utterly inaccessible."

MAHOMETANS.

The Mahometan paradise is found as soon as the righteous have passed Sirat, or the bridge of the world. They obtain their first taste of their approaching felicity by a refreshing draught from "Mahomet's Pond." This is a square lake, a month's journey in circuit, its water whiter than milk or silver and more fragrant than to be comparable to anything known by mortals. As many cups are set around it as there are stars in the firmament, and whoever drinks from it will never thirst more. Then comes paradise, an ecstatic dream of pleasure filled with sparkling streams, honeyed fountains, shady groves, precious stones, all flowers and fruits, blooming youths, circulating goblets, black eyed houris, incense, brilliant birds, delightsome music, unbroken peace. A Sheah tradition makes the prophet promise to Ali twelve palaces in paradise, built of gold and silver bricks, laid in a cement of musk and amber. The pebbles around them are diamonds, and rubies, the earth saffron, its hillocks, camphor. Rivers of honey, wine and

water flow through the court of each palace, their banks adorned with various resplendent trees, interspersed with bowers consisting each of one hollow transparent pearl. In each of these bowers is an emerald throne, with a houri upon it arrayed in seventy green robes and seventy yellow robes of so fine a texture, and she herself so transparent that the marrow of her ankle, notwithstanding robes, flesh and bone is as distinctly visible as a flame in a glass vessel. Each houri has seventy locks of hair, every one under the care of a maid, who perfumes it with a censor which God has made to smoke with incense without the presence of fire, and no mortal has ever breathed such fragrance as is there exhaled."

THE MEXICANS.

The Mexican idea was that souls neither good nor bad, or whose virtues and vices balanced each other, were to enter a medium state of idleness and empty content. The wicked, or those dying in any of certain enumerated modes of death, went to Mietlau, a dismal hall within the earth. The souls of those struck by lightning or dying by any of a given list of diseases, also the souls of children, were transformed to a remote elysium, Tlalocan. The ultimate heaven was reserved for warriors who bravely fell in battle, for women who died in labor, for those offered in the temples of the gods and for a few others. These passed immediately to the house of the sun, their chief god, whom they accompanied for a term of years with songs, dances and revelry in his circuit around the sky. Then animating the forms of birds of plumage they lived as beautiful songsters among the flowers, now on earth, now in heaven at their pleasure. It was the Mexican custom to dress the dead man in the garb appropriated to the guardian deity of his craft or condition in life. They gave him a jug of water, they placed with him slips of paper to serve as passports through guarded gates and perilous defiles in the other world. They made a fire of his clothes and utensils to warm the shining soul while traversing a region of cold winds beyond the grave."

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

The belief the best established among our American Indians is that of the immortality of the soul. There is only one well authenticated instance where all notion of a future state appears to have been entirely wanting - -a small clan, the Lower Pendal Oreilles. These people had no burial cermonies, no notion of a life hereafter, no word for soul. Some Dakota tribes imagined four souls, with separate destinies, one to wander about the world, one to watch the body, the third to hover around the village and the highest to go to the spirit land. The seat of the soul was variously located. The Costa Ricans place to this day the powers of thought and memory in the liver. Most usually the head was regarded as the vital member. The stoicism of the Indian, especially the Northern tribes, in the face of death has often been the topic of poets, and has often been interpreted to be a fearlessness of that event. This is by no means true. Savages have an awful horror of death. Clothing and utensils of war and the chase were in ancient times uniformly placed by the body, under the impression that they would be of service to the body in the new home. The fire burnt nightly on the grave was to light the spirit on its journey. The tradition is that the journey thither consumed just four days. The same length of time, say the Navajos, does the departed soul wander over a gloomy marsh ere it can discover the ladder leading to the world below, where are the homes of the setting and the rising sun, a land of luxuriant plenty, stocked with game and covered with corn. After four days, once more, in the superstitions of the Greenland Esquimau, does the soul at last break from its prison house and either rise in the sky to dance in the aurora borealis or descend into the pleasant land beneath the earth, according to the manner of death. Those who have complained of the hopeless confusion of American religions have but proven the insufficiency of their own means of analyzing them. The uniformity which they display in so many points is nowhere more fully illustrated than in the unanimity with which they all point to the sun as the land of the happy souls, the realm of the blessed, the scene of the joyous hunting grounds of the hereafter. The home of the sun was the heaven of the red man. The natives of the extreme south, of the Pampas and Patagonia suppose the stars are the souls of the departed. At night they wander about the sky, but the moment the sun rises they hasten to the cheerful light and are seen no more until it disappears to the extreme west.—*N. Y. Press.*

A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.

"Cowards, You Have no Indian Blood in Your Veins," She Said.

An incident which goes to show that all women are not cowards in the face of danger is related as follows by the Hampton (Va.) School Record.

Driving into the field one day near Oneida, where her husband and others were at work, she encountered a log lying across the road, in such a way that she could not pass. As there was no one near to help her, and the log was beyond her strength to move, she proceeded to cut it in two with an ax she had in the wagon. To her surprise she had disturbed a mother bear and her family of cubs. The bear, more frightened than angry, took to the woods, and the woman walked in search of the men and their firearms. Finding them she conducted her relief quickly back to the log, to find that the bear had also returned. When all were stationed ready for action she again used her ax on the log, and the bear made her second appearance, this time angry and vengeful. The man who stood ready for just this emergency missed his aim, dropped his gun, and, with all his other masculine companions took to his heels. Left alone with the infuriated beast, with only an ax for defense, this Indian woman coolly waited until the bear came near enough, and letting the ax fall with all her might upon its head killed it with that one stroke.

The same weapon applied to three of the little orphans effectively prevented their ever realizing their loss, and the other she kindly adopted and carried home with her. Reaching home she found her husband, son and others assembled there anxiously speculating as to what could have been the result of the encounter they had failed to see ended. Standing before them with the cub in her arms, she scornfully surveyed them from head to foot and, exclaimed: "Cowards, you have no Indian blood in your veins!"

The Woman of Future.

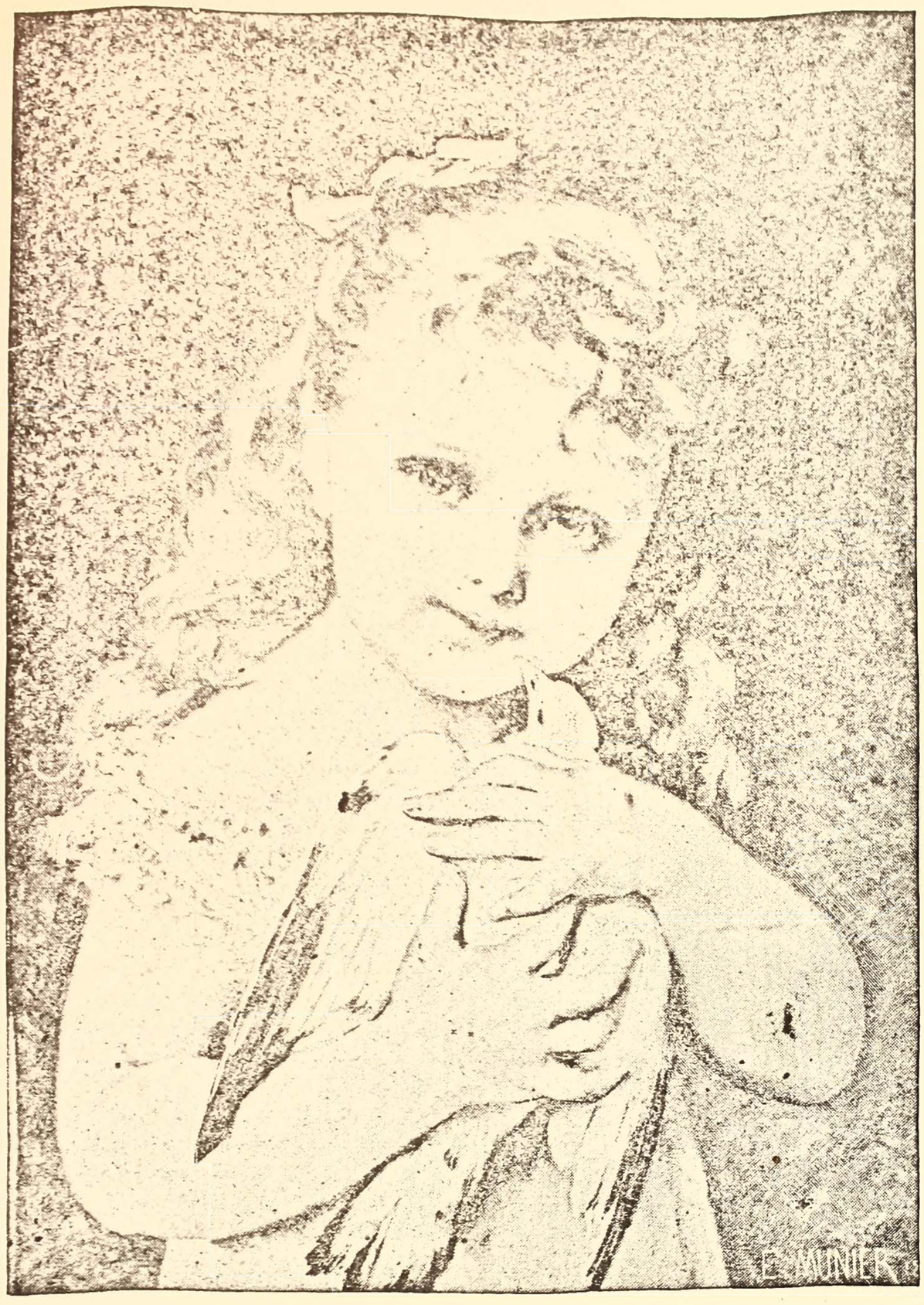
Mary H. Krout, writing to the *Inter Occan* on the subject of the woman of the future, advances the following:

In the past their work has been largely mental and spiritual, and because its results cannot be measured by material standard that work has not been less important or less vital in the progress and uplifting of the race.

But it is an era of the past. This is preeminently the age of individuality.

No woman can be or shall be required in the future to give her powers into the keeping of or toward the aggrandizement of another. She has attained the dignity of a rational, personal responsibility. It is required of her that she shall be, shall do, shall suffer and enjoy in her individual capacity, and that no representative, educational, political or social, shall think or act for her.

After less than half a century of liberty and enlightenment, which must counteract the heredity and the ignorance of ages, it is too soon to look for adequate results. The woman of the future, who will furnish the true unit of measure in the correct estimate, must have behind her at least two generations of free and enlightened motherhood. But the present is a prophecy of hope, an incentive for each to do her very best, to act well her part, to consider all that she does worth the doing, both for her own sake, and for the sake of those who are to come after her.



A CONTENTED PRISONER.

Children's Department.

Think, Speak, Live Truly.

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In every place you can,
At all the times you can,
In all the ways you can.
And as long as ever you can.

What should be childhood's heritage
A ruddy cheek, a sparkling eye,
A smiling mouth, elastic feet,
Gaiety, sweetness, confidence!
All these we ask, in childhood's name,
For every child that breathes the air.

Only One Mother.

You have only one mother, my boy,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,
Or cause it to ache
Till ready to break--
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will
Stick to you through good and through ill,
And love you although
The world is your foe--
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray
That in the good path you may stay,
Who for you won't spare
Self sacrifice rare—
So worship that mother alway.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night
For you with delight--
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss
When she has departed from this.
So love and revere
That mother while here.
Sometime you wo'nt know her dear kiss.

You have only one mother--just one
Remember that always, my son;
None can or will do
What she has for you.
What have you for her ever done?

—*B. C. Dodge.*

Mediumship in the Young.

The development of "spiritual gifts" which ordinarily lie dormant in the young, is a subject of vital and all-important consequence. Ought children to be developed as spirit mediums at an early age? In what way is this development best achieved? These, and many more questions of a similar tendency press for a reply.

"Do you think it wise that my children should be present at the seances and meetings, and become developed as mediums?" asks the anxious parent. We answer, that if the children be in good health, and surrounded by strong spiritual influences, a carefully selected spirit circle at which they could attend, would be very advisable. But here comes the difficulty. Where can you best hold such a circle? How are you to insure its requisites of harmony, and love of truth? At home, is the answer to the first-named query, in nine cases out of ten; and good judgment, combined with a spiritual life and conduct will furnish the key to the second. Children are highly "impressionable," and their natures—weak, frail, and helpless as they are—must not be the receptacles of evil, but of good. To sit for spirit-control before experiencing the mental emotion of a fervent desire to "rise," to become better, in short, the aspiration to a higher life, is to submit to unknown, and therefore dangerous conditions. In our own acquaintance, we know children, of young and tender years, who are excellent little mediums. Their gifts, under wise and fond training, are rapidly unfolding; and their greatest delight is to commune in divers ways with the denizens of the spirit-world.

If a child show a distinct gift of mediumship, it is obviously more satisfactory to watch its development yourself, and care and tend it, while yet under your charge, than to leave it for a later time. By early expression and right use of mediumistic qualities, the nature more surely and quickly grows, expands and blossoms.

Impressions, or intuitional perceptions are invaluable guides in helpings to form and continue developing circles.

Under right conditions then, the time thus devoted, and set apart at regular intervals, for the sacred experience of spirit-communion, should be the sweetest, most ennobling, and most inspiring recollections that fill the memory of childhood.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.

Combinations From the Vegetable Kingdom.

BY E. J. SCHELLHOUS.

Four parts of carbon unite with five of hydrogen, and form a radical known as *ethyle*. One part of oxygen added to this gives us *ether*, the well-known anesthetic. When one equivalent of water is chemically united to the radical, ethyle, we have alcohol. By adding one equivalent of chlorine, we have the chloride of ethyle; if sulphur take the place of chlorine, we have the sulphide of ethyle. Many other preparations may be obtained in this way from the radical, ethyle.

The two most important alcohols are the methylic alcohol and amylic alcohol; the former obtained directly by the fermentation of grape sugar, or the starch contained in cereals, potatoes, etc., converted into grape sugar by the action of diastase, by germinating the seeds of plants containing starch. Beer and wine are the two principal kinds of methylic alcohol. In the formation of these liquors, the sugar is converted into alcohol, water and carbonic acid; the latter escapes as bubbles into the air, while the former two remain in solution. Generally from five to twenty per cent. of alcohol is contained in them.

When fermented liquors are subjected to a moderate heat the alcohol they contain, by reason of greater volatility, separates from the water, rises as vapor, retaining its oderiferous substances, and is collected, and condensed by cooling. It is a fact worthy of notice that in the process of bread-making, alcohol is distilled, and passes off in vapor. This may be collected and condensed into spirits; and it is done in some European bakeries.

It will be seen that alcohol is not a principal element existing in nature, but is always a product of destructive decomposition. The principal sources of its production are the cereals, immense quantities of which are thus converted into soul-debasing and health-destroying agents—a good changed into an evil, a blessing turned into a curse. Thus millions of tons of nourishing food are changed into a virulent poison! About two-fifths of all the farmer's products are thus worse than destroyed! Potatoes and other materials are also used for the manufacture of alcohol.

But it is not to alcohol that I wish now to call your attention, but to some interesting products derived from it. When equal parts of alcohol and sulphuric acid are heated to the boiling point, a highly volatile liquid distils over, which is known as sulphuric ether. Ether, is highly inflammable, both in its liquid and gaseous state; it is very volatile and explodes in the air when in contact with a flame. Its principal employment, however, is as an anesthetic, in surgical operations. It was first introduced by Dr. Warren, of Boston, about fifty years ago. Nitrous ether, or sweet spirits of niter, is obtained by distilling alcohol with nitric acid. This is much used in medicine. With byturic acid it forms a liquid having the flavor of *rum*, which is much used in flavoring alcohol in the fabrication of liquors.

Vinegar is the oxide of alcohol, effected by the presence of almost any azotized matter susceptible of putrefaction. These are contained in cider, wine, and beer, and when exposed to the air from which the oxygen is derived, they are converted into vinegar by an acetous fermentation.

Chloroform is obtained by distilling alcohol with a solution of chloride of lime. This is a clear fluid, highly volatile, and scarcely inflammable. It is largely employed as an anesthetic, being much quicker and more pleasant in its action than ether, but is apt to contain foreign substances that are dangerous, probably, fusil oil contained in the alcohol of which it is made.

Fusil oil, which is a troublesome element in spirituous liquors, is one of the most interesting products of organic chemistry, on account of the remarkable odors it produces in combination with other agents. When combined with oxygen it forms an acid, possessing in an intense degree the odor of valerian. It is undoubtedly this acid that imparts to that root its peculiar odor and medicinal property. By distilling fusil oil with various acids we obtain a great variety of oderiferous compounds, known as, "fruit extracts," "essences," and "liquor flavoring materials." Thus fusil oil distilled with sulphuric and acetic acid, yields an oily fluid having exactly the flavor of a choice kind of pear. Chromic acid, in the place of acetic acid, gives *oil of apples*, while other acids yield products possessing the flavor of oranges, bananas and many other fruits. In the same manner the flavoring principles which characterize spirituous liquors are now manufactured on a large scale, and employed in fabricating imitations of any kind of liquor or wine. These odors are undoubtedly identical with those nature has so skillfully prepared for the pleasure of her creatures in the various fruits of the earth. By some process, unknown to the chemist, these delicate and complicated operations are carried on in an infinite variety of forms. Fusil oil (amylic alcohol,) by being distilled with sulphur will produce odors resembling garlic and onions; and are considered as identical with the oils obtained from these vegetables.

If we replace arsenic for sulphur, there will be produced volatile subtances which are not only insufferable in their smell, but rank poisons, if inhaled into the lungs. Arsenic combined with the radical methyle is often employed in bombarding forts and cities. This poisonous and offensive compound is sometimes used in bomb-shells which, on reaching that destination, explode, and carry such a stench and poison as to be utterly overpowering. United with cynacon it forms the most deadly poisons.

The vegetable kingdom furnishes, with one exception (cochineal), all the organic colors. As Nature has been so prolific in the production of odors in her vegetable department, she has been no less so in the variety and brilliancy of her colors. Dreary, indeed, would this world be without the beauty and extent of its hues. No one realizes this unless he has been shut away in some lonely prison, where a flower or even a green leaf will yield inexpressible delight. It is the green of foliage that gives the most pleasing sensation to the eye. Any other color would soon weary the sight and become insupportable, especially in the flood of light that the summer affords. Who has not admired with exquisite pleasure, the beautiful and delicate tints of flowers? How admirably they are painted. What delicate and brilliant colors they possess? And then in the arts how useful. The coloring of cloths is effected principally by the chemical action of the coloring matter contained in plants. The vegetable coloring extract is dissolved in water, and then exposed to the action of a salt of some metallic oxide with which it unites, giving the desired color. White cloth is dipped first, in a solution of some coloring principle as logwood. The color thus imparted will fade, but if the cloth is plunged into a solution of a salt of the oxide of iron, as copperas, a chemical action takes place, which gives to it a permanent black color. In printing calico, the cloth is first prepared by bleaching. It is then stamped by paltes or rollers with any desired figure, with different mordants, as copperas, for instance. It is then immersed in the dyes, and those parts which receive the mordant become fixed by chemical action in the form of the designed figure, and those parts which receive no mordant, by subsequent washing, return to their original color.

Madder is the pulverized root of a red plant. By treating it with sulphuric acid, bright red and violet colors are obtained. Other important coloring substances of this class are Brazil-wood and sandal-wood. Madder is the most used, and with different mordants, yields a variety of red and violet colors.

For blue, indigo is the most important. It is obtained chiefly from the tropical parts or Asia and America. The juice of the plant is digested in water and allowed to ferment; a yellow coloring matter is dissolved out, which by exposure to the air is slowly changed to blue; this constitutes the indigo of commerce.

Yellow colors are produced by substances known as fustic, obtained by rasping the wood of a tree that grows in the West Indies, and some from oak bark, the berries of the blackthorn, annetto, prepared from some South American seeds, and from tumeric, a root obtained from East India.

The green color that characterizes the vegetable kingdom consists of an organic matter called chloroplyle. The presence of light is indispensable to the formation of this substance. Plants grown in the dark present a white appearance, but rapidly assume a green color when exposed to the light. From the fact that green is the most favorable color to the eye and pleasing to the senses, we may infer that a wise and beneficent adaptation of means to ends exists in this respect as in all others in the operations of Nature.

Correspondence.

A Protest from New Zealand.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I have to acknowledge receipt of new DOVE as put up for the new year, and I feel awful sorry that you should have thought it wise to alter its appearance and shape for I cannot praise it; but I hope that you may yet see your way clear to change it again. I would suggest that if it cannot be put up as large as it has been in the past that you diminish it to one-fourth its present size and put in book form again, for I cannot but raise my voice against what I call spoiling a most useful, and I cannot be very far wrong when I say one of the best publications that I have had the pleasure of being in possession of. I am thinking that if you should keep the DOVE in this present undesirable shape it will on many occasions, be trailed under foot, which ought not to be; it should be preserved as a "War Cry" against wrong. Should you, however, decide to keep it at its present undesirable shape and form I am afraid that the DOVE will have seen its best days. Of course I am not going to act the part of dictator, but simply to point out your mistake. If you would be kind enough to send me a copy of the *Gleaner* I would feel obliged.

Yours truly,

ADOLPH WALTER.

New Zealand.

Oregon Letter.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Thinking possible that some of the readers of the DOVE might like to hear from this far off, out of the way place, I will tell you how the cause is progressing in this great forest. The roads are almost impassible for mud; it has rained most of the time for the past two *months*. It is a solid forest for sixty miles; the nearest Rail Road Depot is Roseburg, sixty-five miles away. People coming here in winter should come by ocean to Coos Bay, from there it is easy to get around. There are quite a good many Spiritualists in the county but only one or two Spiritual speakers have ever visited the county. Several Materialist speakers have canvased the county and have had fair audiences, quite an interest being manifested in secular questions. The Coquille Secular Union celebrated Thomas Paine's birthday the 29th of this January, Lois Waisbrooker spoke on that occasion. An entertainment concluding with a dance was given. The hall was decorated with the Stars and Stripes and evergreens. Coos County, has many nice villages, a beautiful bay and fine navigable rivers, just the place for a Spiritualist speaker. A good honest man or woman could be kept busy the "year round." Such a thing as a good medium has never visited this county. Spiritual phenomena is talked of as a tradition more than anything else. How long the people will have to wait is more that I can tell. A few of us will keep the fires burning and will ever be found at our post. I like the DOVE much; it is wholesome reading, free from fanatical superstitions, ever sound and healthy; one feels better after having spent the evening reading it. It deservs a wide circulation. May it live long.

HENRY H. NICHOLS.

Coos Co., Oregon.

A Search for Old-Time Spiritualism.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Kindly permit me to express satisfaction with and endorsement of your excellent Spiritual paper. I go much to sea, and of course, occasionally miss some numbers of the DOVE, which I sincerely regret.

In the language of an "old salt," I would like to "take the soundings," and perhaps you can help me. Some time ago I arrived in your city to remain transiently, and chancing to meet a friend asked "where can one find a good spiritual society and good meetings to attend." He replied, "Come with me; I usually go to certain hall on McAllister street. Our teacher there is a wonderful instrument." I accepted his invitation and listened to a treatise on Astrals, Shells, Karma, Sivas, Elementals, Devachans, etc., etc.; but not a crumb did my hungry and expectant soul receive of old-time spiritual food. Some days subsequent this I was privileged to hear the same speaker in Oakland, when he served up, what I would call, a first-class Roman Catholic Sermon; and again at a subsequent time I imagined that I must be listening to some Hebrew Rabbi, yet never a word about Spiritualism. Surely, I thought, he is indeed a "wonderful instrument" and somewhat resembles the old saloon keepers barrel in the mining days of '49, whatever kind-of "licker" was called for could be drawn from the same faucet. Where are the genuine old-time Spiritualists. Have they all gone into the study of Black Magic, White Magic, Astrals, Shells, etc., etc. Last evening I procured a copy of the *Golden Gate*, March 22d. A large part of it is devoted to the consideration of this Oriental mysticism, and besides very considerable space is given to the uninteresting description of somebody's journey from San Francisco to New Orleans; also much prominence is given to a land scheme in Southern California, and this with meager reference to Spiritual matters makes up the paper calling itself "An exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy." Surely we need just such a paper as the CARRIER DOVE which shall bring to us from the Summerland glad thoughts of the possibility of communion with loved ones passed on.

We congratulate you that you have thus far escaped the Theosophic or Karma Loca epidemic, and we shall always hope for your best welfare and prosperity.

AN OLD SEAFARING MAN.

LETTER FROM THE INTERIOR.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Seated in my lonely and lowly room—reflecting pensively—almost sadly, on my past life with its many failures and few successes, its futile efforts to do and to be I ask myself the question is life worth the living, and standing for the moment outside the pale of Spiritualism, for the time being the thrilling experiences of the past four years the answer is a decided negative. And borne along on the wings of the wind, moaning dismally through the swaying branches of the eucalypti, the cypress, and the graceful and fragrant acacia, I seem to hear repeated the echo from my own restless soul the hopeless words: "No! no! Life is but an empty dream." And thus far into the present year, have I struggled in the slough of despondency, now with a gleam of hope, now with a prayer in my heart that my stay in the body may be very short, or that my sphere of usefulness may be infinitely extended—that I may be able to cultivate the will and the ability to grow into a broader, fuller and higher life. It is a dire misfortune to be cursed with an ambition out of all proportion to one's abilities. I am equally unfortunate, perhaps, in my present surroundings though luckily for me this condition is but a temporary one. This town grows, they say, at the rate of one house a year, but the improvements do not keep pace with its growth. There are no sidewalks, and the streets are impassible to all but the lightest vehicles. It is a pitiful sight to see a poor horse floundering in the mud with a cart and one person to draw; the wheels are often one mass, being filled in between the spokes with adobe.

One thing, however, gives me some hope for the unburied dead (which term is applicable to the large majority here) one thing that makes me more hopeful is that many have their curiosity aroused in regard to Spiritualism, and every now and then somebody sends to ask me when we are going to have another circle.

We have held a few circles at a Mr. Brown's who is very mediumistic, and the manifestations (physical) are fairly good. Last week a lady sent word that she would be willing to pay to be allowed to join our circle. My heart aches for such, but what can I do? I am not a medium, neither am I so rich that I could hire one to come here, but rather than to see the dear souls hungering for the truth, poor as I am, I will pay the expenses; I mean necessary expenses, of any good medium who will come up for a day or two, but if they want $100 or so for coming I suppose the poor souls must wait. I see by the paper that a gentleman is to lecture in the Temple for the benefit of the unemployed. On reading it the thought occurred to me that it is not so strange after all that Spiritualism is not popular, for what do Spiritualists do for the workingmen?

may be in a fretful, fault-finding mood just now, but I will say that if I would fill the Metropolitan Temple every week at ten cents admission even I think I could afford to give one evening to so worthy a cause, and I would like to see the lecturer, Christian or Agnostic, that would outdo me in generosity. That is the way I feel, and I hope the good angels may be developing in me some power I may possess, andgive me an opportunity of proving to the few friends I have that *I mean it.*

I have been circulating the DOVES freely and they are appreciated, but the people are so poor that I have asked none to subscribe yet. Your proposed change in the wings of the DOVE meets my hearty approval, and when you want my $5.00 for that purpose drop me a line and I will send it. By the way, I appeared in a new role the other day. The *Solano Republican* stated that a *quiet, unassuming* gentleman was champion at the spelling match. Having had no DOVES to read I have been painting and drawing *pour passer le temps.* Here in my room I have the prettiest sign in Suisun that I have just finished. My respects to the Doctor and all the rest. I am

Fraternally Yours,
JOE TROUNSON.

BIRDS LANDING, Cal.

LETTER TO DR. SCHLESINGER.

DEAR DOCTOR: I have not heard from you for months, and although twice when I was up to the city I called on you, I was unable to find you. I assure you that I have not forgotten you. I have not received the DOVE this week and I can tell you that we miss it. I suppose that the time is up, but you need not stop it on that account. I will be in the city in a short time and will call at the Captain's office and settle, or, in case I do not come up, will send shortly.

I suppose you have heard that my brother-in-law has got married and settled down. You, of course, recollect him, for you gave him a good talking to. He ma ried a widow with two children and the family is a whole nest of Spiritualists, so, you see, with a mother-in-law a Spiritualist, and my wife pretty nearly, a skeptic like myself is placed in a tight corner. But, with your permission I am going to give you a little of my experience.

One Sunday evening, out of jest, I suggested that we all sit around a table and see if we could get any manifestations. *Of course* there was no opposition and we took a small center table, put out the lights and sang a song. In less than three minutes the table raised upon one leg and commenced pound-me in the pit of the stomach with the corner of the top. It kept it up furiously until I begged. Finally my wife got on top of the table and was soon thrown off, one of the legs of the table getting broken. I proceeded, at request of those present to ask several names of deceased relatives and friends in order to ascertain for their gratification who was controlling the table. Receiving no satisfaction I finally thought of a young man who had died in a distant country, away from parents and relatives, and whom I had made a friend and chum. Dying as he did in a hospital, I, with the undertaker, were the only ones who followed him to his grave. When I suggested his name, we lost all control of the table, and it came on my knees, then on top of my head, and then dancing on the floor. On being asked if he was my guide, three heavy jerks of the table gave the response. The next week we took a very heavy table such as is used in restaurants about 30 x 42 inches. Some objected, saying that the forces would not take readily to this innovation, but to my sorrow I soon found out that there was force enough to suit me as a skinned shin and several thumps on the cranium will testify to. As heavy as that table is it found its way to the top of my head, and the combined strength of six people could not get it down until it was ready to be taken down. Once it raised so high in the air, feet up, that it stood on the tips of our fingers. I could tell you plenty more, but I guess I have said enough. Only this, once or twice I said, "Frank, you're a fraud," but I had no more spoken than the table gave me a good thrashing, once pinning me down to the floor on my knees. Now what is it? Is it magnetism or is it spirit-force? I am still skeptical, but if it or they keep on, I am really afraid of either broken limbs or broken head.

Now, Doctor, I have written this to you and to no one else and if you see fit to say aught about the peculiar manifestations do *not locate me either by name or locality.* I wish you could be with us some night and perhaps you could enlighten *me* if not others If Spiritualism is true I want it. If not, I do not.

Do not stop the DOVE as my friends want it. I have no coin now, but soon will have. My family are doing nicely. Come and see us. Yours in Search of Truth.

Letter From G. H. Brooks.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: It has been a long time since I have written you, not because I am not interested in you or your paper, but on account of being very busy, and time passing so very fast, that, ere you are aware of it, the days pass into weeks, the weeks into months, the months into years. I have thought of you a great many times and fully intended writing, but for reasons stated. I have had a very pleasant season. I spent four Sundays in September in Vineland, N. J., October in Washington, D. C., November in Cincinnati, Ohio., December in Indianapolis, Ind., January in Anderson, Ind., February in Springfield, Mo., and March again in Indianapolis, Ind.

While in Indianapols, in December, I organized a Children's Progressive Lyceum, which is in successful operation and very largely attended.

I am comlng to the Pacific Slope in April. I start next week, Monday. I go to Medford, Jackson Co., Oregon. I go on business, being called there by a friend that needs me. How long I shall remain is more than I can tell. My address will be, Medford, Jackson Co., Oregon, care Mrs. H. B. Stuntly. I trust I may be fortunate enough to come to your city and meet you and the friends Trusting we may meet, I am as ever

Yours in the Cause of Truth,
G. H. BROOKS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 27, 1890.

On the Wing.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: On the 15th of March, I left San Francisco to make arrangements to lecture on Nationalism, and to organize clubs; stopping and forming engagements at San Mateo, Redwood and Mountain View; then went on to San Jose, where I was kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Barker. Next day I attended their Nationalist club, and listened to some good speeches. During the week I lectured at Gilroy, Hollister and Los Gatos. I succeeded in organizing clubs at Gilroy at Los Gatos; at both places a fine class of people took an interest in having clubs formed. I greatly enjoyed riding through the fine and well-cultivated San Mateo, Santa Clara and San Benito valley. From a high hill at Hollister I had a good view of the fine valley with the San Benito range through it; I also could also plainly discern Mount Santa Anna to the north east, and Fremont's Peak to the south west. Hollister is quite a town (2,500); it being the county seat of San Benito country.

I will never forget the beautiful view I had from a high hill back of Los Gatos. It was a grand sight to note the fine vineyards and orchards all over the productive Santa Clara valley. At my feet nestled the busy and healthy town of Los Gatos; in Spanish the name signifies "The Cats;" from the number of wild cats that used to serenade in that vicinity. I could see San Jose and Mount Hamilton. I learned that a great portion of the land around Gilroy and Hollister is owned by a few men; Lusk and Miller own 15,000 acres in the vicinity of Gilroy. When we get Nationalism established we will not have thousands of acres of land controlled by one man; but the soil will be cultivated for the benefit of all. I lectured last night at Mountain View; I did not have much of an audience; they would rather go to the saloons than listen to a lecture on Nationalism.

Mountain View is a saloon cursed place; eleven of them, and less than 200 people in the place. To-day I stopped off at Mayfield, and walked a mile to see Stanford's (elephant) University. I was well paid for my trouble; the building is one story high; the walls are up and the roof is on. I counted twelve large rooms, fifty by seventy-ffve feet in size; they will likely be divided into smaller ones. I saw his blooded horses; he has several hundred, worth from five to one hundred thousand dollars. Booner, of New York has one there worth $50,000, and Palo Alto is said to be worth one hundred thousand dollars;. I would have purchased him, but when I counted my change I found I had it all but ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-six dollars and ninety-five cents; so I deferred the purchase. I have some interested in taking the *Gleaner*.

J. H. WHITE.

REDWOOD, Cal.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Undiminished Attendance. Active Library Book Presentation, Etc.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum assembled at 909½ Market street, on Sunday, March 23d, in sufficient number to tax the full seating arrangement as has been the case for some months; with some of the older groups, With the use of the new catalogues a larger number of books were given out than on any Sunday within a recent period of the Lyceum's history. The exercises were quite varied. Little Mabel Ward sang, "The Farmer;" Leon Willis Reed recited, "Sheridan's Ride," and Jennie Pamperin recited, "The Grumbler." Mr. Wm. Rider, one of the workers in the past days of the Lyceum, being present upon invitation, made a few pleasant remarks. A handsome book was presented to the Lyceum by Mr. Alfred Goff, with a brief speech, and another work was presented by Mr. John S. Koch. These were received with the thanks of the Lyceum, and a vote of thanks was given to the conductor, Mrs. A. L. Ballou, for her kindness in seeking to afford pleasure to the little members by securing them admission to the Panorama. It was announced by the treassurer, Mr. C. H. Gilman, that it is the intention to reward the pupils who sell two tickets for the next entertaiment, and to present a nice book to the one who sells the largest number of tickets, as it is felt they should be rewarded for their effort. The general question relating to "Animals and their Habits," receives some attention, and for next Sunday it was thought best to consider "What is our Lyceum for?" The marches were conducted by Mr. C. H. Wadsworth and these closed the morning exercises.

NEW WORKS BY HUDSON TUTTLE AND WIFE.

For over thirty years Hudson Tuttle has been recognized as one of the leading writers in Modern Spiritualism. In an eminent degree he combines, as an author, science, common sense, and rational Spiritualism. Developed as an inspirational medium at an early age, he has been guided and educated into the knowledge of spiritual things by unseen ministrants. His "Arcana of Nature," "Arcana of Spiritualism," and other works of like calibre, are among the best books of a philosophico-scientific nature that the Spiritualistic movement has produced. They are all works of a standard character.

His most recent work, "Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science," ranks among his best productions, and has been the recipient of warm commendation alike from Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists. It is the most valuable work dealing with Psychic and Spiritualistic matters that has been published for some years, being, as the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser* says, "a veritable mint of sterling treasure."

Brother Tuttle has announced the prospective publication by him of another work called "Religion of Man and Ethics of Science." "The Past," says Mr. Tuttie, "has been the Age of the Gods; the present is the Age of Man. Not servile trust in the gods, but knowledge of the Laws of the World, and belief in the divinity of Man and his progress towards perfection, is the foundation of the Religion of Man, and the system of Ethics as treated in this work." The book will consist of at least 300 pages, cloth, and will be sent to subscribers postpaid for $1.00. It will be published as soon as a sufficient number of subscripti ns have been received as a guarantee.

Pari passu with the life-work of Mr. Tuttle as a philosophical writer has been that of his gifted companion, Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle, as a poetess. Many exquisite poetic gems have emanated from her facile pen,—concerning which James G. Clark, the balladist, has said that "they sing themselves;" while Mrs. Hester M. Poole, the noted Spiritualistic philanthropist, says that Mrs. Tuttle's poems "are worthy to hang like a banner on our walls." As soon as sufficient subscribers are obtained, Mrs. Tuttle purposes publishing a volume called "From Soul to Soul," to consist of a selection of her best poems, with eight pages of music, to which her most popular songs have been set. An excellent photograph of the author will adorn the volume. Price, postpaid $1.00; in finer binding, gilt top, $2.50. Regarding either of the two projected new books, communications may be addressed to Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Attention is invited to the advertisement of these books in another column of this journal.

W. E. COLEMAN.

IF CHRIST SHOULD RETURN TO-DAY

The churches of the advanced order have recently permitted Jehovah to remain in the background, and have discreetly brought forward Jesus—no two beings could be more antipodal—as their Deity and Exemplar. His life, as recorded in the New Testament, whether he be regarded as man or God—there is not the slightest probability that he ever claimed to be divine—is so grand and beautiful as to be a model for universal imitation. The advanced churches, fearing the repulsive effect of lessons drawn from the Old Testament, now incline mainly to the precepts of Jesus. While they are insisting on his gentleness, his goodness, his self denial, his unstinted compassion, they seem to forget how inconsistent is their preaching and their practice. If Christ should return to the nineteenth century world, and try to visit the fashionable churches of New York, Boston, or any of the leading cities of the country, how would he be received? Would he not be denied admission, in his plain garb, with his simple ways? The sleek sexton and his assistants would not consider him a gentleman—and he would not be such as they apprehend the term. They would be afraid to show him to a pew, even if they should pity his pale, pensive face, and wearied air. He would form a strange contrast with the elaborately carved woodwork, the decorated ceilings, the stained-glass windows of the sumptuous interior. Those churches would be no place for him, and he would recognize the fact at once. Indeed, he would not go there. He was the first democrat; he would seek the poorest quarter of the town, and address himself to the common people. He would incur great risk of arrest as a tramp; but he who had been crucified would come prepared for rejection and revilement. He would not be put to death again—thanks to the growth of humanity, in spite of theology—but in his incognito he would find the orthodox world remarkably unappreciative and inimical. It is to be feared that he would be forced to find shelter with the infidels and atheists, so designated. Orthodoxy and Jesus are irreconcilably dissentient, even at the present day; and yet the self-complacent orthodoxists are convinced that their correlation is complete.—*Junius Henri Browne in March Arena.*

Next in grievousness to the havoc which a hidden sin works in a man's nature, is the sin of separation of his heart from the fellowship the good around him—the sense of shame and degradation with which he must compare their estimate of him with what he really is. He is held to them by custom and repute—sometimes by a feeling of the needed check which their society exercises over him—and yet he is more and more repelled by the want of sympathy, and by the necessity for hypocrisy which becomes every day more irksome.

CARRIER DOVE.

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

Published every Month

841 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

by the

"CARRIER DOVE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY."

$2 50 per Year. Single copies, 25 cents.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

M. B. DODGE, PRESIDENT; MRS. J. SCHLESINGER VICE-PRESIDENT; J. M. MATHEWS, TREASURER; J. B. CHASE AND C. H. WADSWORTH, TRUSTEES.

DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER - - - BUSINESS MANAGER.

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

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

SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - - - - APRIL, 1890.

THE REASON WHY.

In its original form, as a monthly magazine, the DOVE will hereafter greet its readers. "But why the change?" There are many reasons why, dear friends. One is, that owing to the great depression in business of all kinds on the Pacific Coast during the past year, many of our subscribers have become financially embarrassed, or thrown out of employment, and consequently we have a large a list of delinquents who are unable to meet even the small obligation of the subscription price of the DOVE. Then our own losses consequent upon the general dull times, and the two fires through which we passed, whereby we were greatly damaged, having no insurance upon our personal property or printing office, very much embarrassed us and necessitated a change of residence, which, of course, entailed still greater expense. During all these ordeals we have endeavored to keep the DOVE on the wing; first by changing it from magazine form into that of a newspaper. After a trial of three months we find much dissatisfaction among our readers regarding the change, some writing us that they would much prefer the *monthly* magazine to the *weekly* newspaper. Then again the editor finds her health failing under the burden she has been obliged to bear. For a few weeks at the beginning of the year she had assistance in her work, but being unable to pay the salary demanded for such assistance was obliged to dispense with the luxury of help altogether and assume entire charge of the work in every detail. This involves constant and unremitting toil, which no one except those familiar with such labor can understand.

Among Spiritual publications are several excellent weekly newspapers which contain reports of the progress of Spiritualism in every part of the world; these journals should be sustained and aided by Spiritualists generally, as they are of invaluable service to the cause. The DOVE, however, claims a field distinctively its own. It is the *first* and *only* illustrated journal in the world devoted to Spiritualism. Its portraits and biographical sketches of mediums and public workers are invaluable as permanent records that shall live for time to come, and thus will be preserved a history of the present, of never-failing interest to those who shall come after us. It shall be our aim to present only authentic statements of any phenomena or mediumistic experiences as nearly as we can arrive at the facts. The past with its lessons can never be forgotten, and we hope to profit by its teachings. Instead of the weekly reports of the different meetings in this city and elsewhere we shall publish a condensed summary of their work each month; and also of the movements of mediums and speakers in all parts of the country. This condensed record of work done will be preserved when the bound volumes of the DOVE are sent abroad, and will also find a place upon the shelves of many public libraries for future reference. It will be seen at once how important such mention will be to those who are now building for the future; and we trust that in all such reports strict attention will be given to accuracy in all details.

The Children's Department will be an interesting feature as it has been in the past. We hope to give more of spiritual instruction in that department than heretofore, as we shall have more time to devote to its preparation. Illustrations will form an important and interesting feature. We have the promise of some fine spirit portraits soon. In our new form as a monthly magazine much of a personal nature, and controversial character, such as appears in weekly journals will necessarily be excluded, and only first-class essays upon the philosophy of Spiritualism and reformatory subjects will be admitted. We want to present the best and most advanced thoughts of the present time, and trust our contributors will work with us with that end in view. A serial from the pen of one of our most gifted mediums which will be commenced in the June issue.

Dear readers we now ask your earnest cooperation and support in this work, and we feel confident that although the DOVE'S visits will be less frequent, that when it does enter your homes it will be a welcome visitor, bearing some message of comfort, some word of cheer, and "glad tidings" indeed for young and old that will be treasured and preserved as a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

There are some persons who possess an inexpressible charm in their manners—a something which attracts our love instantaneously; with wealth, position or talents, still a dignity hovers around them, and ennobles every action.

Signs of the Times—From the Standpoint of a Scientist.

An address delivered at the First Methodist Church, April 26, 1888, under the auspices of the Western Society for Psychical Research. By Professor Elliot Coues, M. D., Member of the National Academy of Sciences; of the London Society for Psychical Research; of the Theosophical Society of India, etc., etc., 44 pages, 12 mo. Chicago, Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 1889.

Dr. Elliot Coues has been, for many years, one of the leading biologists or naturalists in America. He has published a number of valuable scientific monographs, and in ornithology, entomology, and other branches of natural history he has long been a standard authority. For some years, we believe, he has been connected with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

A few years ago Dr. Coues became interested in the theosophical society. It may here be remarked that Dr. Coues is believed to be the only eminent man of science that has ever identified himself prominently with theosophic work; and it is worthy of note that his theosophy has been of a different character to that of Madame Blavatsky and those of her ilk. The Blavatskyite partizans have ever cast a wary eye upon Dr. Coues and his theosophic principles. Not many months ago the Professor publicly arraigned Madame Blavatsky and her *coterie*, and he has severed all connection with her and them.

His address, called "The Signs of the Times," delivered in Chicago in April, 1888, was originally published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of May 12, 1888, and from thence it was copied in London *Light*, the leading English Spiritualistic periodical. The demand for the address continuing, it has been republished in book form, from revised manuscript furnished by the author.

"First among the Signs of the Times," says Dr. Coues in his opening remarks, "is the 'Woman Question.' That is, indeed, not only first, but also last, and always. And second, Spiritualism, well-named the 'Mainstay of Religion and the Despair of Science.' And third, Psychical Research, to which we turn wistfully for light upon the deeper problems of life. There is needed no theosophy to discern in these three things a trinity of force that needs but some fulcrum on which to turn the world." These three subjects are discussed in the address with perspicuity and power, each of them being taken up in turn, and the correlation between the three graphically pointed out. Animal magnetism and its dangers are next treated in a scientific spirit, following which the Biogen theory, the astral body, and natural magic, mediumship and adeptship, and cognate topics are successively considered,—the address closing with

some pertinent and suggestive remarks upon 'The Outlook."

It is seen that the subject-matter of this address is of surpassing interest to the inquirer and student in the great psychic problems of the century; and the presentation of the themes treated by Dr. Coues is worthy of the eminent scientific mind from which it emanates, and will well repay perusal and study.

The publishers of the DOVE have procured a supply of this excellent address, which they offer for sale at the very low price of fifteen cents, post-paid. We shall be happy to supply it to those of our friends who may desire to obtain it.

Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism, by D. D. Home.

In the DOVE of March 8, 1890, there was published a review of the work whose name heads this article, written by Mr. W. E. Coleman. We are pleased to announce that we have obtained a few copies of this very valuable book, which we offer for sale to our readers. The author is universally acknowledged to have been one of our very best mediums, and the amount of good which he did to the cause of Spiritualism in the course of his eventful career is incalculable. As a compendious history of the Spiritualism of the Ages, in ancient, mediæval, and modern times, Mr. Home's *Lights and Shadows* is unique. No Spiritual library can be said to be complete without it. As a guide to the past, and as an instructor and a warning counsellor as regards the present, in the matter of Spiritual phenomena, this book has a value peculiarly its own. No other work occupies the ground so well covered by this. As the edition printed is almost exhausted, those desirous of obtaining a copy should avail themselves of the opportunity, ere it be too late. We will send it, post-paid, to any address for two dollars.

Heaven Revised.

A Narrative of Personal Experiences After the Change called Death. By Mrs. E. B. Dufley; 101 pages, 12 mo. Chicago, Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 1890.

This attractive little book consists of scenes and incidents in the spirit-world, illustrative of the great difference between the repulsive heaven and hell of old theology and the rational, common-sense conceptions of the land of spirits opened up to us by the philosophy and phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. Concerning its preparation the author says,—"I did not think out my narrative; I did not plan or plot. I could not have known less of what was to be written had I been writing at the dictation of another. The ideas were not gathered from various sources, for at that time I had heard little and read less upon the subject of Spiritualism. During the entire period in which I was engaged in this writing—some three or four months—I lived and moved in a sort of dream. Nothing seemed real to me. Personal troubles did not seem to pain me. I felt as though I had taken a mental anæsthetic. I finished the work one Saturday evening. On Sunday evening I spoke as usual before our spiritual society. On Monday morning I awoke for the first time my usual self. Real life had come back to me."

The style of the work is charmingly beautiful, and the ideas embodied in it are eminently rationalistic, elevating, and consolatary. It voices the experience of an enfranchised soul from the moment of its physical death, through all the earlier incidents and scenes attendant upon its initiatory life in the spirit-clime, up to and including the time when it had found its appropriate and chosen field of labor in the soul-world. The condition, in that higher realm, of many variant types of spiritual character, the good and the bad, the virtuous, the vicious, and the criminal, are clearly presented; and the principles underlying the modes of life and progression in that better land are beautifully illustrated. This is an excellent book to place in the hands of the unbeliever, the enquirer, the skeptic.

We have on hand at the DOVE office a limited number of copies of this charming book, and we shall be happy to supply such of our readers as may desire it with one or more copies. The small price charged for it places it within the reach of every one. Price, only 25 cents, post-paid.

The Glory of To-day.

Everywhere is discontent. Happy sign! We rejoice at it. Progress and amelioration are the children of discontent, a noble and prolific sire. We are incontrovertibly on the eve of new adjustments, which must continue and improve. The glory is to-day. A greater glory may be to-morrow. Happy they who are born now, and in this country! We are the nation of the future, and the unswerving pursuers of ideas and ideals. We are thoroughly practical; but we cleave at the same time, more and more, to letters and the arts. What the nation has accomplished in a hundred years is the best augury of what it will accomplish in the future. Our past has confused prophecy. What may not the coming centuries yield! We have never truly lived until the present, which is worth all that has been. If our senses were acute enough, we could hear the world growing better—better socially, politically, morally, mentally. All rills in the dim distance have swollen into streams, and are bearing us toward our destiny—greater than we have ever dreamed. Is life worth living? If it never has been, it is worth living now. All lands, all ages, all civilizations have contributed and are contributing to the Great Republic. She is the youngest and most robust child of Time, and the golden prime is, and ever will be, the Present. —*From the No-Name Series, commenced in the March Arena.*

MESSAGE FROM ALFRED DODGE.

The following message was given by the tipping of a chair through the instrumentality of a private medium.

Question by Mr. Dodge.—Can you give your name?

Answer.—You will be surprised, can't you guess my name?

Mr. Dodge.—I am afraid to guess (hoping it might be my son).

Ans.—You need not be. I, Alfred, am here and happier than I have been for years. I am new at this business, and may not be able to say what I want to.

Mr. Dodge.—Now for a message to your mother.

Ans.—You can tell her to quit worrying about me. I am all right and better off than any of you; she has no reason to worry. She believes in Spiritualism, and if she is going to worry herself crazy every time anyone dies, what good is her belief?

Mr. Dodge.—Say as much as you can for we haven't much time to talk (very sick person in next room, and expecting every minute to be interrupted).

Ans.—I cannot say much, it is all new to me.

Mr. Dodge.—Who met you on the other side?

Ans.—Aunt Ellen and Irene, your brother and Grandma Hibbard, and many others, whom I do not remember. I was not in a condition to notice much.

Mr. Dodge.—Are you satisfied with your burial plot?

Ans.—It did not matter much where it was put (meaning his body).

Mr. Dodge.—Have you any word to send to any one?

Ans.—Nothing more than that you are both (meaning father and mother) foolish to grieve for me. I am with you all the time and your Philosophy tells you I am better off here than on earth. I will have more to say another time. I am exhausted.

Thoughts seem occasionally to have a life of their own, a life independent; sometimes they are even stronger than the thinkers, and draw them relentlessly along. They seize hold of outward circumstances with their strong grip. How strangely a dominant thoughts sometimes takes possession of a whole people.

Love and passion are too often confounded. They are quite distinct.

DOVE NOTES.

The Woman's News has changed its place of publication to 121 Sciota St., Urbana, Ohio. We regard this journal as one of the best and cheapest papers published by women and in the interest of women. It is ably edited by Frances E. White and contains information of value to every housekeeper, mother, wife or sister. Terms $1.00 per year.

We pity the woman who has "no use for a woman's paper," who does not believe in woman's rights," and who thinks "women do not amount to much anyhow." We *pity* such women for we know they measure others by their own standard; and if their little brain cup holds but a gill, there is no use trying to put a quart of common sense into it. There are a few such in this city.

The open meeting of the new California Nationalists Club, at Union Square Hall, Thursday evening, March 20th, was a most interestesting one. Hon. E. D. Wheeler, the president, made the opening speech and was followed by the Rev. J. A. Cruzan, pastor of the Third Congregational Church who gave one of most complete and concise discourses upon Nationalism ever delivered in this city Other speakers followed, the exercise being interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. Next meeting April 3rd.

The DOVE'S changed appearance will cause surprise, and we trust pleasure to our readers who, from the many private letters of remonstrance received, could never become accustomed or reconciled to the change into a common newspaper of the beautiful magazine.

The chapter from "Heaven Revised" which appears in this issue is selected at random from the book and gives but little idea of what a deeply interesting volume it really is. We would advise all who are investigating Spiritualism to purchase a copy as it contains a great deal of common-sense Spiritualism in a condensed form. For sale at this office, or at the office of publication, Religio-Philosophical Publishing Co., 92 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

In the next issue of the *Gleaner* will appear a valuable article from a Boston correspondent entitled, 'Fads, Fancies and Freaks at the Hub." The *Gleaner's* readers will find our correspondent indeed "wide-awake" to the situation, and a deeply interesting writer.

The March and April numbers of the *Gleaner* will be combined, as the editress has found it impossible to get the March number out on time, owing to moving and getting settled in new quarters, and having all the editorial work to do upon the weekly DOVE besides being proof-reader for the . ting office.

What a pity it is that the world's workers —those who can always find plenty to do— cannot make their work sufficiently remunerative to give employment to those who have not the faculty of finding "something to do." Yet such is the case of many who are overburdened and would gladly divide their labors with another if the pay was sufficiently for the needs of both. We hope the time is not far distant when a system of equalization of labor and profit will take the place of the present unequal, unjust, and soul-debasing system, that heaps burdens upon some and leaves others to starve for lack of the *privilege* to work.

Mrs. F. A. Logan has been one of our most industrious workers of the *Gleaner*; and if some of our younger friends are not up and stirring she will have completed the first club list of one hundred. We shall not tell who the champion is just yet, but just give notice that the work is going on.

A psychometric reading recently received by a gentleman in this city from A. B. Severance, of Milwaukee, is remarkably correct and contains excellent advice as to business matters, care of health, etc. Mr. Severance's address is 195 Fourth St., Milwaukee. See card in advertising columns.

Mr. Gilson Bortmess, the artist medium to whom we have frequently referred in these columns, is still engaged with his brush creating upon canvas forms of grace and beauty as they are pictured to his clairvoyant vision through his wonderful mediumship. In our sanctum is one of the most recent of these productions and represents an Indian chief—Wa-so-ye-na-co-na—who lived upon this earth three centuries ago. He was the control of "Red Jacket," the celebrated chieftain, and with him is now united to Mr. Bortmess' band and assist in his work. The portrait is a remarkably fine one and represents a finely-formed figure with quaint garments, covered with finely wrought bead work. Around the neck is a necklace of bears' claws, and in one hand a bow and in the other "the pipe of peace." On the ground lies a quiver of arrows; in the background is seen the dark green of the pine woods, and to the left gleams the white of a birch tree with a squirrel peeping over a bough. The clear waters of a stream are tinged with the green of the mosses and ferns upon its banks. Those desiring portraits of their friends should call upon Mr. Bortmess soon, as he intends going East during the summer.

On the evening of March 31st, a select party of ladies and gentlemen asembled at the residence of Mrs. Lena Cooke, 320 Mason street, to witness the ordination of Mr. Charles Dawbarn by the First Spiritual Union Society of San Francisco. After the services were concluded Mr. Dawbarn made some remarks upon the subject of ordination and the privileges it confers upon mediums and speakers.

At this writing the mortal form of our beloved brother, John A. Collins, has not yet been laid away but it has been decided that the funeral services shall be held on Easter Sunday, due notice of which will be given in the city papers.

This issue of the DOVE contains the first of a series of contributions from the pen of our talented brother, Mr. Charles Dawbarn, who, under the head of "Notes and Echoes" will give some very valuable thoughts and suggestions upon the popular topics of the day.

We would call the attention of our lady readers to the card of Mrs. Saylor in this issue. Any one needing treatment will find this lady a gentle, refined character and excellent healer.

We trust that our subscribers will notice the date of their subscription upon the wrapper, and when the time has expired renew at once, or write it they wish the DOVE'S discontinued, as it will save us the time and trouble of writing to each one separately.

John Slater celebrated the 42nd anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at Metrpolitan Temple, Monday evening, March 31st, with a grand concert and test seance. A large audience was present and the floral decorations elegant and profuse. The following choice programme comprised the evening's entertainment: Organ solo, selected, Prof. Eckman; Recitation, original, Miss Jennie Cranston; Tenor solo, selected, John Slater; Cornet solo, selected, Master Geo. Monnier; Song and dance, Mr. Thos. MacFarland; Quartette, Balfian Quartette; Soprano solo, selected, Miss May Krehmke; Song and dance, Mr. Thos. MacFarland; Quartette, selected, Balfian Quartette; Soprano solo, selected, Miss May Krehmke; Organ voluntary, Prof. Eckman; "Grand test seance," John Slater.

The Gleaner for February contains an interesting table of contents. A fine portrait of California's sweetest poetess, Eliza A. Pittsinger, adorns the first page, followed by a brief biographical sketch. An article from *The Arena* by Mary A. Livermore, entitled "Centuries of Dishonor," should be read by everyone. The number is replete with practical suggestions of interest and value to every woman in the land. The club rates for *The Gleaner* with *The Cosmopolitan* and *The Arena* are upparalled. A large amount of valuable reading can be secured for a small outlay by subscribing for these three publications. The following are the rates as advertised in *The Gleaner*. *The Gleaner* and *The Cosmopolitan* will be sent to any address for $2.50 per year. *The Gleaner* and *The Arena* will be sent to any address for $5 per year. The three to one address $7 per year.

IN PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

One of the DOVE'S patrons had quite an interesting experience recently when about to be united in marriage to a most charming young lady. The happy day was set, the marriage license obtained, the services of the minister engaged (who by the way was a regular ordained minister of the Gospel of Spiritualism and prominent lady lecturer), and everything seemed lovely. On the day appointed for the ceremony to take place, the bridegroom called at the residence of the little minister, and left the marriage license, and agreed upon the hour of six in the evening for the ceremony. "Be sure and be here promptly on time," said the minister, "as I am engaged with the Lyceum children this evening." "All right," responded the bridegroom as he departed. Six o'clock came and everything was in readiness. The choir had selected the music for the occasion from Sankey's Gospel Hymns, "We Sow in the Darkness and Reap in the Light," and the piano had been tuned anew that it might respond in its sweetest notes to the skillful touch of the musician. The hour passed and the bridal party came not. The little minister fidgeted about in a quandary what to do, and at last in order to keep her appointment with the children was obliged to leave. Soon after her departure the prospective bride and groom arrived and were informed that they would find Mrs. B. at —— Hall on Market street. Thither they wended their way only to find that the children and their teacher had just left to visit the Panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg, a number of blocks distant. It was then decided that the bride should wait in the drug store until the minister could be found. The anxions groom soon reached the Panorama and found the object of his search amid a group of children to whom she was explaining the horrors of war as it was so vividly presented in the scene before them. After promising to return immediately she left her little charges to their own devices while she hastened away on her mission of love.

They found the would-be bride still waiting in the drug store, and it was proposed that the ceremony be performed then and there, to which she emphatically objected. The minister proposed to return to her own home, when the objection that there would be no witness present settled that point. The groom then thought best to repair to his place of busincss near by where a witness could easily be secured; this the bride refused to do as she did not want to be married in "an office." After further deliberations it was decided to return to the Panorama where there were plenty of witnesses; and on the way, in passing another drug store the bridegroom saw a gentleman friend within whom he desired as a witness; and as the chase had already been very fatiguing, all parties agreed to step inside and have the ceremony over. The now thoroughly disheartened bride consented and "the twain were made one flesh" in the latest and most approved manner, with the druggist and the groom's friend as witnesses. The little minister received her fee and departed to look after the children, while the weary bride and groom joyfully wended their way homeward to seek that sweet rest and repose vouchsafed only to the innocent and pure in heart. May the pursuit of happiness begun under such difficulties end amid the roses and lilies of peace, where the laughter of little children and the music of singing birds will make melody in their hearts and home forever.

An Open Letter.

MY DEAR PRESBYTERIAN: It breaks my heart to think it possible for this old, staid, faithful Presbyterian Church that for so many years has declared her illogical dogmas to be true, this church that has sent for millions of unbaptized innocent children to eternal perdition, that has sent the heathen to that eternal fire by countless numbers, to see her now, after two hundred and fifty years of such persistent work of successful consignment to hopeless perdition of such hosts of innocents, declare that they have been doing all in a mistake, a misapprehension of the real facts of the case, is a most solemn and sad reflection indeed. It cannot be possible that our beloved church can be so cruel as to take from the crushed, heart-broken mother the consolations of hell for her unbaptized infant whom she tremblingly consigns to the tomb; I find no language to describe such cruelty. Do not permit it, I beg of you.

For my part, I am opposed to revision. Dogmas which have furnished consolation for so many people so long, ought to be good for time to come. If that creed could foreordain so few to be eternally saved and so many eternally damned, and remain popular and in good favor in large communities for so long, why is it not still good for all coming time? I want you and Kimball to stand firm against revision, on the principal that the old woman opposed the revision of the New Testament; she said she "loved it with all its faults." You ought to stand by and swear by and maintain the creed of the church, of which you are "both Deacons" to the bitter end unchanged.

Unless the hosts who have been consigned to endless torment by that blessed faith, could be reclaimed and their sufferings atoned for, then I say, no change; because it is not justice, nor equality to give the future unbaptized a better show than was given to them. Such injustice to such limitless multitudes should never be done. I could not be a party to such wrong, and I hope none of my friends will ever be. Stand by the creed because your mothers and fathers did. Stand by it for the sake of consistency. Stand by it because if it was right for 250 year in the past, it must be right for 250 years to come. Stand by it because no man should dare to know more than his father and mother knew. Stand by it because if you ever begin revison you may never stop, and the whole creed may be in a short time revised out of existence, and then where would desolation end?

The creed that has damned its millions, may damn as many more, so stay by it. No matter what the "last or middle quarter of the nineteenth century" may think. No matter if the creed may be all error, stay with it. Do not by any means consent to correct a wrong, because other wrongs may in the future be fonnd to exist and then some brainless crank may ask for revision. I say, never revise, never correct errors, nor even admit them, because the consequences are too momentous. If our church creeds have erroneously sent its millions to perdition, we cannot afford to admit it. Far better to treat all alike and continue to populate the regions of despair with the unbaptized and heathen forever, than to admit such a monstrous, such a ruinous error. No, my dear friends, stand by your errors, though facts and logic may overwhelm you. If, however, you find yourselves in the minority and find that the old creeds must be revised, allow me in pure sympathy and kindness to suggest a creed, which, if you can secure its adoption, will certainly not at any future time require revision or changer It is as follows:

We believe that God wrote a book. We believe that the universe was created in six days. We believe that the first man was made of dust. We believe that the first woman was made from a bone that was taken from the side of the first man. We believe that God cursed the first human pair. We believe that Cain found his wife in the land of Nod. We believe that God once drownod every living thing on save an ark-full of miscellaneous animals.

We believe that Noah was the best man on the earth when God drowned the world, and yet he went to a saloon and got drunk as soon as he got out of the ark.

We believe that the sun stood still at the command of Joshua.

We believe that the walls of Jericho fell down when seven priests blew a blast upon seven ram's horns.

We believe that David was a better man than his own father. We believe that Jesus had only one parent. We believe in a devil, in a hell. We believe in a God cruel enough to doom man to an everlasting pain. We believe that Jesus walked on water; that he changed water into wine; that he restored a man to life who had been buried four days; that he fed five thousand persons with five loaves and two fishes; that he himself came back to life after having been dead three days, and that he ascended bodily into heaven.

We believe that the gospels are true.

We believe that Paul wrote the epistles that bear his name.

We believe that the author of "Revelation" was not insane.

If finally you adopt this as your faith and belief, no one will ever think of revision, it will end all successfully.

Yours Sincerely.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 29, 1890.

Notes and Echoes.

BY CHAS. DAWBARN.

There is much to interest the thinker in an article entitled "Hidden Self," in the March number of Scribner's Magazine. A professor of physiology in Paris has written a work recording his experiments with some epileptic patients in Havre Hospital, to whom he was "allowed access to his heart's content." The writer of the article translates and condenses the author's experiences and theories, which will both interest and perplex many an old Spiritualist.

Leonie has been the subject of hypnotic experiments from the age of sixteen. She is now forty-five, and has a husband and children. She is described as "serious, rather sad, calm, slow, mild and timid." When Leonie is hypnotized she disappears, and Leonie No. 2 takes her place, with a strong and independent individuality. "She is gay, noisy, restless, with a great tendency to irony and sharp jesting." She has closed eyes, but most excellent sight, for "when strangers go away it is curious to listen to her word-portraits of them, and to see her ape their manners and peculiaritiesi" She has an excellent memory and recalls all experiences she has had as Leonie No. 2. She seems to know all that No. 1 knows, and yet to draw a most marked line between the two individualities. Leonie No. 1 has the husband, but Leonie No. 2 claims the children. Our author explains this by his discovery that Leonie had been hypnotized for her first confinement. This left No. 2 to bear the experiences of motherhood; and in subsequent confinements the patient seems to have voluntarily or spontaneously entered the same condition.

An attempt on the part of the professor to deepen the hypnotic trance brought to the surface another and quite distinct personality which he calls Leonie No. 3. She is "serious, grave, and speaks very slowly." She knows all the experiences of No. 1, but says, "That poor woman is good but stupid and not me." And when asked about No. 2, she becomes almost indignant, exclaiming, "How can you see anything of me in that crazy creature? I am nothing of her." Yet the experiences of No. 2 are known to her. And in addition she recalls her own personal (somnambulic) experiences of which No. 1 and No. 2 are quite ignorant. She calls herself Leontine; but the professor ascertains that this name has given her by an experimenter who had discovered or unveiled her twenty years before, whilst, like himself, seeking to deepen the hypnotic trance.

The experiences of No. 1 and No. 2 are well known to most investigators. It is No. 3 who brings with her 'possibilities' that are outside and beyond the ordinary teachings of Modern Spiritualism. That spirits who have been mortals are constantly returning through mediums is the foundation of our philosophy. And it is equally well understood that hypnotic pressure may and often does seem to evolve a higher or at least another self than the one we call normal. But in the experience of the French Professor, it seems to me we enter another field of thought, and perhaps may learn another lesson in the school of truth.

Neither No. 2 nor No. 3 claim to be spirits with experiences gained in earth lives before death. It is of course possible such a claim may have been made and rejected by the professor. But the narrative does not justify any such assumption. Both have a life history, which seems limited to experiences gained through the form of Leonie No. 1. We don't hear of any outside experiences. We may suppose that other personalities might be brought to light by yet deeper hypnotic entrancement. Possibly Nos. 4, 5 and 6 are also ready to appear; and if so we cannot guess the limit. But a careful investigation might show us that we have here the foundation for the belief in reincarnation, but limited to those who passed from earth life at birth, or without any development of mortal individuality.

Is it not possible that such spirits may have to gather earth experiences through a mortal sensitive, sufficient at least to qualify them for spirit life? If so we discern a law of order. They cannot come as a crowd, but hold positions more and more exterior. The medium is the centre without conscious experience other than his own. No. 2 knows all that concerns himself and No. 1. We find No. 3 knowing not only his own experiences, but fully aware of the life history of both No. 2 and No. 1. How wide may be the circle of which the medium is the centre we have no means of determining.

The world insists that every mortal shall be No. 1, and nobody else. It looks very suspiciously on the claim that any one may be the mouthpiece of an invisible man or woman even for an hour. But we find universal experience has demanded that a man who claims to be somebody else shall be declared insane. The appearance of No. 2 or No. 3 means a case for the asylum. So we are all more or less concerned in knowing whether we have life partners as a law of nature? If so, it might well explain many an intuition. The thought coming one knows not whence, may be from another member of the firm. And if that partner have an easy entrance we may call No. 1 a genius. But if the entrance be too easy, poor No. 1 is pronounced insane.

Nature has many a surprise, at least for those of us who are number ones. It seems a grotesque arrangement for some beings to require two mothers before they come to maturity. Yet we know that the fluke, the tape worm, and the trichina have more than most of God's other children. And if it be that manhood is a cluster instead of a unit--a molecule of humanity rather than an atom, it were well for us to know it. In any case we see that the professor's experience with Leonie is not to be explained by merely calling it "spirit return." And that is the reason I use it as an "Echo."

SAN LEANDRO, CAL.

NEWS AND COMMENTS.

Why a Female Witness Objected to Kissing the Bible.

PHILADELPHIA, March 26.

A stylish young woman had been sworn and had partially given in her testimony before Judge Arnold to-day when one of the jurors objected on the ground that she had not kissed the Bible. After a breezy discussion between counsel, Judge Arnold cut the matter short by ordering the witness to be sworn by the uplifted hand. "I am not surprised," said the Judge, "that this witness did not kiss the book. I would not do it either—a dirty book like that. This custom is a relic of idolatry and the sooner it is abolished the better it will be. I don't think think this witness objected to kissing the book because she intended to lie, but because it is a dirty book. I respect her regard for her person and her health."—*S. F. Chronicle.*

It is refreshing to read such words as the above coming from a Judge. It is so rare to find a man who has the bravery to express his honest convictions when they conflict with cherished notions and old-time superstitions. Yes, the custom of kissing the Bible is a "relic of idolatry," and should be banished from our courts of justice along with chaplains from the army and halls of legislation.

Foreigners Insult Our Flag.

PITTSBURG (Pa.(March 18.

The Senior Order of American Mechanics has called for 1000 armed men to assist tomorrow in placing the American flag on the public schoolhouse at Mucklerat, a small mining town in Sterrett township, this county.

The mechanics attempted to raise the flag last Saturday, but were met at the entrance to the schoolyard by a mob of foreigners, who refused to allow the flag to be placed on the building. Insulting expressions were made use of, and finally the sentiment became so great that the school board finally urged the committee to withdraw, fearing a resort to violence.

The mechanics returned, and after reporting the matter to their council, a circular was issued calling for 1000 armed men to see that the flag was placed on the building tomorrow. The feeling is high and there may be trouble.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

And these men who insult our flag and would trample it in the dust, are preferred above American women as voters and lawmakers. In fact, they are our superiors (?) from a masculine point of view.

THE SIGNS OF TIMES.

Eight hundred thousand gallons of whisky and a number of missionaries were shipped to Africa last year.

The French chamber is considering a new law for entirely suppressing public executions. The only spectators would be those designated by the law, and a few whom the authorities might invite at their discretion.

George Clarke was murdered by hanging at Waynesburg, Pa., February 26, upon purely circumstantial evidence. He said up to the last moment of his life that he was innocent, and about half the community believed he was. So strong was public opinion in his favor that the jail was guarded several days before he was murdered to prevent his being rescued from his murderers.

In his recent encyclical letter Pope Leo XIII. says: "If the laws of the State are in open contradiction to the divine law, if they command anything prejudicial to the church, are hostile to the duties imposed by religion, or violate in the person of the Supreme Pontiff the authority of Jesus Christ, then, indeed, it is a duty to resist them and a crime to obey them—a crime fraught with injury to the State itself. For every offense against religion recoils on the State."

The Mississippi White Ribboner tells of a "palace of justice," in New Orleans, arranged with due regard to the fitness of things; the lower story occupied by saloons; the upper story occupied Court. "And the adversary shall deliver thee to the officer," whence the police wagon shall conduct thee to "prison"—and thou shalt not come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

There is supposed to be factory inspections in New York as to the employment of children; but as there is only one inspector for 12,000 factories, it is easy to see that it is a farce. If the inspector visited four factories a day, it would take ten years to visit then all.

The electric light is making its way in London, the wires being laid under ground, and the streets all over the city will soon be illuminated by it. In interior use, however, there is a growing distrust, the numerous accidents in this country having directed attention to its dangers.

A telegraph message costing $2.37 a word was recently sent from Portland to Hong Kong, and an answer received in twelve hours. It was first sent to New York, thence to London, across the continent to Yokohama.

The trial of a colored deacon who was arrested at Wichita, Kan., for stealing coal was advanced on the justice's docket at his request in order that he might fill an engagement to preach on the day originally set for hearing.

Anniversary Reports.

OAKLAND.

Our forty-second anniversary was most successfully celebrated on Sunday last, at California Hall, Clay and Eleventh streets. The hall was handsomely decorated with American flags draped on the walls and suspended from the chandalier. The speaker's stand around and above was elaborately bedecked with flowers the calla lily predominant. Above the speaker's chair was a large five-pointed golden star. On the can opy above were the figures 1848, 1890. The stands and tables were overloaded with a profusion of bouquets of all sizes and varieties. Many hundreds of calla lilies were used in the rostrum decorations. The effect was most beautiful. The hall was filled beyond its seating capacity, and many were turned away being unable to gain admittance. The exercises onened with piano duet by Miss Minnie and John Hill, sister and brother, who perform very nicely together. Song, "The Gates Ajar," by Miss Mabel A. Nickless; "Hold the Fort,' by the congregation; invocation, guides of Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless; song, "The Old Musician and His Harp," by Mr. T. Sheppard; remarks, Mrs. Edith D. R. Niickless, by her guides, on the subject, "Our Anniversary;" song, "Mystic Veil," by Miss Fannie E. B. Hill; remarks by the guides of Mrs. L. Higgins, on the duty of Spiritualists and mediums towards undeveloped or uneducated spirits. Many spirit communications were given by Mrs. Higgins; all of them recognized and received with expressions of thanks. The guides of Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless made a few remarks on the responsibilities incumbent on those knowing the fact of a future life and how they should act towards their sisters and brothers. Mrs. Nickless, at the conclusion of her remarks, gave many spiritual communications and delineations. Song, "Near my God to Thee; benediction by Mrs. Nickless. The meeting in every particular was a success, and a befitting ovation to the advent of our beautiful philosophy.

Spiritual services are held every Sunday evening at California Hall, Clay and Eleventh streets, Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, lecturing and giving spiritual communication and delineations.

DR. J. R. NICKLESS.

SAN FRANCISCO.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

The anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated by the Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, on Sunday, March 30th, afternoon and evening. The hall was beautifully decorated (as befitted the occasion) by some of the earnest workers in the society. The Vice-President, Mrs. Lena C. Cook, presided at both meetings. Our worthy President, Hon. John A. Collins, being very ill and unable to be present.

The meeting opened with singing by the audience. Dr. Schlesiuger made the opening remarks and closed by saying that he proposed to prove then and there the truth of immortality and invited the skeptics in the audience to have a free sitting with him in the ante-room; many availed themselves of the opportunity, and all acknowledged themselves as satisfied. A duet was rendered by Mesdames Rutter and Cook, entitled, "Meet Me There," the theme of which was taken up by Mrs. Cowell, of Oakland, who under influence made a forcible and eloquent address. This medium who two years ago was not a Spiritualists, gives great promise of doing a good work as a lecturer in this noble cause. Mrs. Maxwell was controlled, and although the medium was suffering from illness, gave many tests. Mrs. Kate Kohn, under the control of our arisen sister and medium, Mrs. Eliza Fuller McKinley, spoke with much earnestness to her personal friends and the audience, saying how glad she was to be able to control a medium on this day, and greet her old friends.

We all loved our dear Sister McKinley while here, for her unselfish work in the cause that was so dear to her heart, and congratulate the medium that she can be used by so grand and noble a soul as she. Mrs. Wiggin, one of the oldest mediums on this Coast, who is always to the front to give her testimony of the grand work of Spiritualism, next addressed the audience. She spoke of the work of reform yet to do. Mrs. Soper gave her testimony to the good Spiritualism had done for her, and then gave several tests. Mrs. Soper has a promising future before her in mediumistic work. Prof. Seymour, the psychometrist, after some remarks, gave a reading to a gentleman present, which was pronounced good. Mrs. Eggert Aitken, another of the earnest mediums who has worked in this city for twenty years, spoke with deep feeling of the many workers in the cause who had passed over to the other side, and paying a tribute to their worth, mentioning as being present, Madame Clara Antonia, who many present knew as having devoted many years of her life to this work in this city.

In the evening the hall was full of friends glad to be present to enjoy with us the continuation of the celebration. Prof. Charles Dawbarn, before opening his lecture, spoke of the wonderful mediumship of Dr. Schlesinger; saying that he knew of but one medium like him, and that was the late Charles Foster, who, by the way, was also a personal friend of the Doctor's; Many availed themselves of the privilege of a sitting with him and proving his mediumship, and were obliged to acknowledge their satisfaction.

Prof. Dawbarn gave one of his grand and logical talks, and said that next Sunday he would lecture on "Common Sense Spiritualism." That is the kind we want to hear about. The exercises were varied by the performance of two young boys on the piano and harpsichord, their ages being about six and ten years. They were accompanied by their father on the violin. We understand that the children have never taken a lesson in music, the family all being mediums.

Marshal Wheeler's address was a comparison of Christianity and Spiritualism. Which will you choose? Mrs. Wheeler followed, giving a number of tests—all recognized. E. G. Anderson, Mrs. Scott Briggs, and others, had a few words to say; Mrs. Col. Reed gave a most beautiful recitation very appropriate to the occasion, and given with such effect that the audience were completely enraptured. This lady should be constantly employed; she is a fine elocutionist, and is open to engagements, we believe, at any time, for societies and entertainments. The Dohrs family again favored with sweet music, and then the audience was dismissed, feeling that our anniversary celebration had strengthened us in our faith and cemented the bonds of friendship.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD.

MRS. LOGAN'S MEETINGS.

The circle of harmony in its anniversary celebrations at St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, at 11 A. M. on Sunday, at 2:20 and 7:30 in the evening, in Shattuck Hall, corner of Eighth and Broadway streets, Oakland, were largely attended and participated in by the following speakers and mediums

Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Gardner, Walter Hyde, Dr. Mansfield, Mrs. Domes, Mr. Pattison, Prof. Ewens, Mrs. Dyer, Mrs. Turner, Prof. Seymour, Dr. Temple, Mr. Thompson. Dr. Robbins and William Hodge. Mesdames Cook and Rutter performed appropriate music. Altogether a glorious time was had; ever to be remembered. Meetings to be continued in the same hall every Sunday.

REPORTER.

BOSTON, MASS.

The Forty-second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was observed by the Echo Spiritualists Society, in America Hall, 724 Washington street, Boston, on Sunday and Monday, March 30th and 31st. Services each day at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. sharp.

PROGRAMME.

Sunday at 10 A. M. Joseph D. Stiles; at 2 P. M, Dr. H. B. Storer; at 7:30 P. M. Joseph D. Styles. Monday at 10 A. M. Mr. Sumuel Wheeler, of Philadelphia, followed by tests by Joseph D. Stiles; at 2 P. M. C. Fannie Allyn, followed by Sarah A. Byrnes; at 7:30 P. M. Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, followed by a test seance by Joseph D. Stiles. Short speech were participated in by Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Mrs. Maggie Folson Butler, Dr. A. H. Richardson, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Loring, Major Samuel B. Bancroft. Mrs. Nettie M. Holt, Mrs. A. E. King, Dr. P. C. Drisko and others,as preliminary to the regular services; also a service by the children formed part of one service.

M. Florence Johnson, of Milford, Mass., the popular elecutionist (a graduate of Boston school of elecution) was present the entire session, and rendered several selections.

Music furnished by the Echo chorus, with F. F. Harding, cornetist, assisted by Mr. F. L. Young, pianoforte teacher and others.

DR. W. B. HALE.
Conductor.

NEW BOOKS.

"Messages from the Watch Tower," by "Lupa," is a choice collection of original poems written in the usual felicitous manner characteristic of this author. The poems embrace a variety of subjects, and the whole comprise a collection worthy a place in every home library. The pressing reforms of the times are fairly represented, and prominent among them is the temperance question. Workers in that special field will find these poems a valuable adjunct to their work and should keep a goodly supply of these poetic messages for missionary service. We understand that a demand has already been made for a volume of poems suitable for the young from the pen of this gifted authoress, and when published will fill a "long-felt want."

"You write a good deal. If you are not careful you will get writer's cramp."

"I've got it now. I've had it for years."

"You don't tell me so! Can't anything be done for it?"

"Yes. Send me five dollars to get something to eat. The stomach is the place where the writer's cramp strikes the most."

Count Herbert Bismarck, during his sojourn in the Orient, learned a new proverb which he repeated in a recent speech: "There are three things with which no man should play: The fire, because it can burn him; the viper, because it can sting him, a woman, because she can—love him."

The Mexican government has lately ordered 1,000,000 grape cuttings from California, and will distribute them free to all who wish to plant them in Mexico.

Physicians have come to the conclusion that head aches are very frequently caused from overstraining of the eyes; that defective vision is more often the source of head troubles than most persons thus affected are aware of themselves.

We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough, except by suffering.

Moses Hull, of Chicago, arrived in this city on the 3d inst, from the southern portion of the State. Mr. Hull will remain here for at least a month and deliver a course of lectures under the auspices of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists.

Spirits Scared the Editor.

We don't believe in spirits—in any way, manner, shape or form—but Wednesday evening quite a party assembled at the residence of Mr. J. R. Forrester to have a table rapping, and the results of that meeting were wonderful. The table used was an ordinary wooden one and the circle was formed by some of the party seating themselves around it and placing their hands in such a manner as to form a circuit. For some time the table remained unmoved, but after a little more time it began to bob about and move from one end of the room to the other. Then the medium said that the spirits were at work.

Of course we didn't believe in that, but as the table raised up from the floor cold chills passed up and down our back and a fit of trembling seized hold upon us. We didn't have any confidence in the spirit part of the performance, understand, but we trembled all the same. At one time the table was raised a considerable distance from the floor, falling with such force as to break it to pieces. Some of the names given by the spirits were only known by one of the party in the room; at other times the names were unrecognized. The messages delivered were, some of them, quite startling, and were enough to make a believer of the most incredulous. Verily, some strange things happen at these meetings, and they are things which we can't explain at all.—Albany (Ga.) News and Advertiser.

A countryman went to a store in Morgantown, W. Va., the other day and purchased a kerosene lamp. "That's the first one of them notions that ever come into my house," he remarked. "Candles are allus good enough for marm and me, but darter's got a beau and thinks we ought to put on a little style.

He who will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is living, prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead, and by an egotism that is suicidal, and has a double edge, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure here and the highest happiness hereafter.

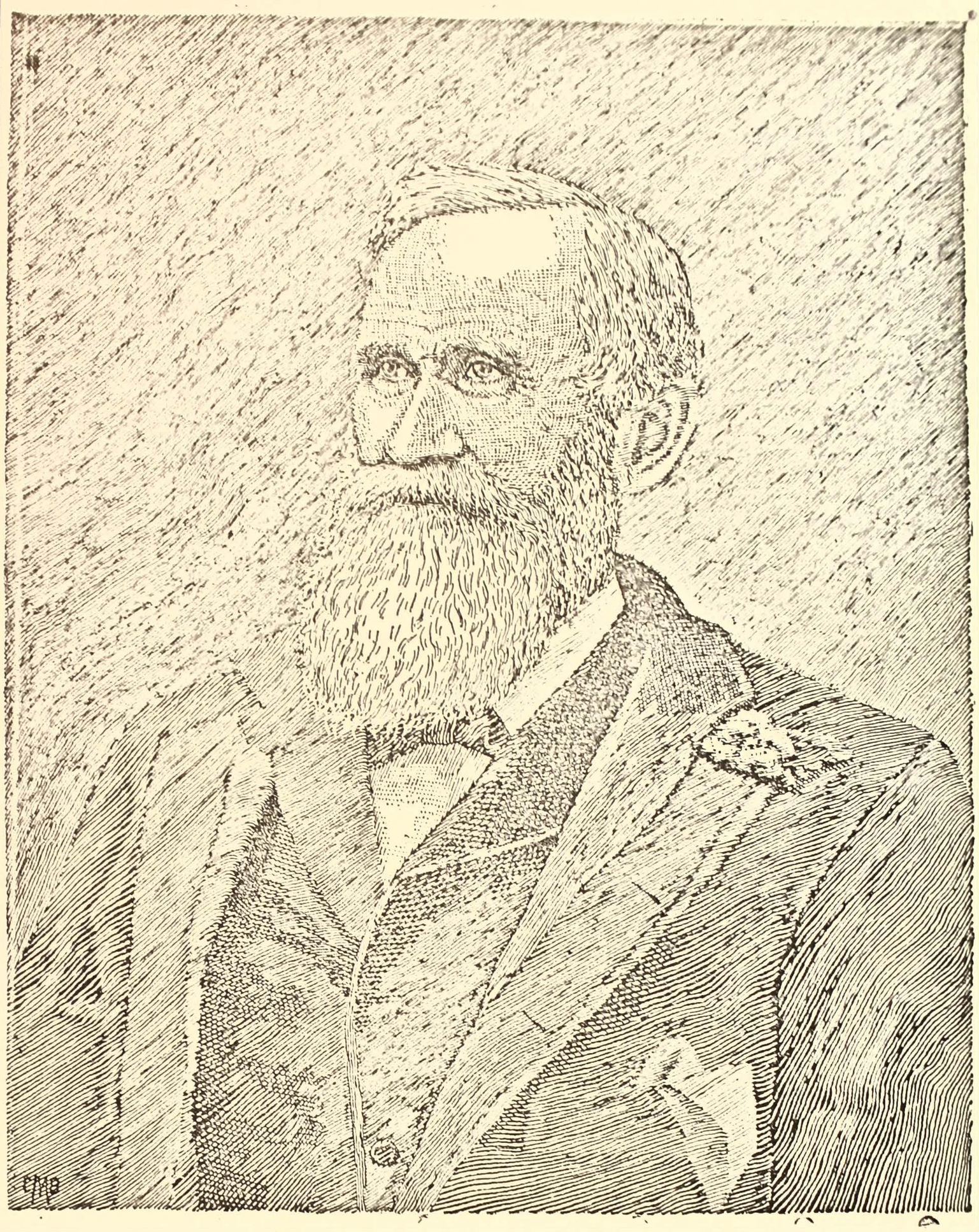
To wish that others should learn by our experience is sometimes as idle as to think that we can eat and they be filled; but when we find that we have ate poison, it is doubtless a mercy to warn them against the dish.

Secret kindnesses done to mankind are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable

DEATH OF HON. JOHN A. COLLINS.

Hon. John A. Collins of this city passed to spirit life on the morning of April 3d. He had been ill for a long time and only his superior will power kept him at his post of duty when laboring under physical disabilities that would have prostrated many a less determined man. In the latter part of February he had recovered his strength somewhat and took a trip to Los Angeles to attend to some business. He returned from there on the 15th of March very ill with pneumonia, since which time he has not left his bed until the spirit, weary of its struggle to overcome the infirmities of the worn out body took its flight to broader fields of usefulness, and larger opportunity. Mr. Collins was the beloved president of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of this city, and a most earnest worker in the cause. His great love of justice, his deep sympathy for the weak and helpless, his contempt for the shams and wickedness of those in high places, made him the firm friend and able advocate of the poor and oppressed everywhere. In him the mediums found a noble champion and defender; and if he erred it was through his great goodness of heart, his deep, earnest devotion to truth, his fine sense of honor and integrity; his great charity for the weaknesses and failings of humanity. Judging others by his own high standard of excellence he always found more good than evil, more truth than falsehood, more love than hate, more honor than dishonor; and therefore he had more pity than condemnation for those who were unfortunate victims of circumstances and conditions over which they had no control. It is useless at this moment to endeavor to pay a fitting tribute to the memory of this great, good man. Words are inadequate to express all that could or should be said of him. His life was one continual labor of love, and unselfish devotion to humanity. Volumes could be written of what he has accomplished in his almost four score years. No one day was lost; every hour bore the fruit of noble deeds, generous sympathy and helpfulness. Standing by his bedside as the life forces were slowly ebbing away we could still discern the great, grand soul of the man, the lion-hearted hero, as in moments of consciousness it would flash forth from the eyes, and in clear tones voice the deep interest it still retained in humanitarian work.

As president of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists his interest in all that pertained to its welfare was unabated to the last; and his solicitude for its future prosperity was the one theme he dwelt most upon in those last hours. May his mantle fall upon his successor and the place be filled by one as deeply earnest and conscientious as himself. In a small pamphlet published about one year ago a brief outline of his life work was given from which we make the following extracts.



HON. JOHN A. COLLINS.

Hon. John A. Collins, of this city, is well known as one of the earliest and oldest believers in the science of Spiritualism now living. He was born in October, 1810, in the State of Vermont, and being left in infancy an orphan, without resources, grew up to manhood with very limited assistance from relatives, acquiring a liberal education and support by his own exertions. An injury received when a babe having permanently affected his constitution, his health has never been good, but his indomitable will power has carried his infirm body through a longer life than most men are privileged to enjoy.

At the age of twelve he began his apprenticeship as a printer, and was, for more than two years, associated with Horace Greeley, who was learning the same trade. They became very warm and intimate friends, a relation which existed until the death of Greeley. Young Greeley's character and views, quaintly and logically fortified and enforced in his peculiar manner, had a good influence upon his youthful companion, lasting through his whole life.

Having prepared himself by patient and persevering study and energetic exertions, he entered Andover Theological Seminary, to prepare himself for the ministry as his future profession. While pursuing his studies here his attention was first called to the philosophy of Spiritualism as exemplified by clairvoyant, magnetic, and other spiritual phenomena, which were then attracting some attention, a dozen years prior to the advent of the Fox girls. He investigated the subject, and receiving some remarkable private tests, became a believer in and advocate of the doctrine of Modern (so-called) Spiritualism, though it was then, as now, a forbidden subject for investigation among Collegiate authorities. With his usual persistence in the pursuit of truth and knowledge, he has continued his investigation of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, for more than fifty years, and is as well prepared as any man living, to give his reasons for the faith within him, and has done much to teach its truths and principles to others. Knowing the firmness of its foundation, in reason as well as in facts, he has the will and courage to proclaim his faith to all the world and defend its principles against every assault.

"With malice toward none, but with charity or all," who differ from him, he dares in the flanguage of the immortal Lincoln "maintain the right, as God gives him to see the right."

Before finishing his course at Andover he was called away to engage in the anti-slavery movement which was then well under way. Though licensed to preach, and sometimes occupying the pulpit temporarily he was never ordained or settled in the ministry, preferring the more active field of the Abolition agitation.

Mr. Collins was a born reformer, no doubt, for during his whole life his name has been prominent as an earnest and active worker in the Temperance, Anti-Slavery, Woman Suffrage, Spiritualistic, and Industrial Co-operation Reforms.

Prior to and during the Washington Temperance agitation, he was an earnest and effective advocate of temperance and did much to reform the custom, then prevalent among all classes, of the constant and daily use of distilled liquors as a beverage.

HIS CAREER AS AN ABOLITIONIST.

Long prior thereto he appeared before the public as one of the most energetic and effective workers, both as a speaker and an organizer in the great anti-slavery movement, in connection with Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Arthur Tappan, Isaac T. Hopper, C. C. Burleigh, Gerrit Smith, and others. In this field Mr. Collins's superior executive ability, and his earnest and convincing arguments and cogent reasoning upon the rostrum gave him great prominence as one of the most efficient leaders in the great anti-slavery agitation of fifty years ago.

Oliver Johnson, the Secretary of the old anti-slavery society, in his sketch of "Wm. Lloyd Garrison and His Times," thus refers to his work in behalf of the cause. "Mr. John A. Collins came to us from Andover Theological Seminary at the time of the division in Massachusetts, taking the place of general agent, left vacant by the resignation of Rev. Amos A. Phelps. His executive power was remarkable. He did much to infuse courage into our broken ranks, to overcome opposition, to collect funds, and devise and execute large plans of anti-slavery labor. He traveled much at home, and once went to England on a mission in behalf of the cause. A man of tremendous energy, nothing could stagnate in his presence. He could set a score of agents at work in the field, and plan an executive campaign on the largest scale. At one time a series of one hundred Conventions, extending over several States, East and West, was held by an organized corps of lecturers under his superintendence. He came to us in a critical hour and his services were exceedingly valuable." His experience in addressing excited and turbulent audiences at a period when abolitionists were so very unpopular, even in the Northern States, was, on some occasions, of a very unpleasant character, and would have proven dangerous, but for his wonderful personal magnetism, presence of mind and unruffled temper. While patiently and good-naturedly enduring their derisive epithets, rotten eggs and stale vegetables, he would often in the end, secure their respectful attention, and frequently at the close of his address, rousing cheers would be given for the speaker.

A Quaker poet in Philadelphia, who had attended a number of Mr. Collins' meetings, selected a dozen prominent abolitionists and wrote a verse concerning each. Among the number was Mr. Collins, whom he served up as follows:

John Collins, I wonerd
If thou would'st knock under,
If Satan himself should appear;
I question his bluster
Thy temper could fluster,
Or cause thee to feel any fear,
John Collins;
Or cause thee to feel any fear?

GOES TO ENGLAND.

His mission to England was very successful, in correcting public opinion there, in regard to the real object and scope of the anti-slavery movement in America, and the course of its leader, Mr. Garrison,, towards the Colonization Society, which was fostered by the churches and had raised a strong opposition to his agitation in favor of the abolition of slavery. He was also successful in raising funds in aid of the cause. During his visit he took an active part upon the rostrum, in the famous Anti-Corn-Law agitation of that period, as a repealer. Upon his return to America, after an absence of nearly a year, he brought back an address with over ten thousand names attached, all Irish, headed by Daniel O'Connell, urging their countrymen here to vindicate the Irish love of liberty by supporting Mr. Garrison and his party in his efforts to destroy slavery, which had good effect in favor of the cause

HE BRINGS OUT FRED DOUGLASS.

While engaged in his duties as general agent, at a meeting of colored people in New Bedford, Mass., he listened for the first time, to an eloquent five-minute speech by the now famous Fred Douglass, who had recently escaped from slavery, and of course possessed very little education. Mr. Collins was so favorably impressed with the native ability manifested by the young colored orator, that he took him into service to travel with him and assist at public meetings as one of the attractions. Possessing a good memory, Douglass soon gained a knowlege of the subject by listening to Mr. Collins' speeches, and was soon, under the latter's tuition, able to deliver an interesting and eloquent speech of an hour, and thereafter became popular as an anti-slavery orator and acquired a world-wide reputation for his eloquence and ability. Recognizing the black orator as entitled to equal rights with himself, insults and indignities were often bestowed upon both, while traveling to lecture in all parts of the country, on account of the popular prejudice against the negro. It did much, however, to educate people upon the equal natural rights of all men, without regard to color or previous condition of servitude.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

In the Woman's Rights movement, he took an active part, both as a speaker and a writer in the public journals, in its early history at the East, and later on this Coast, doing good service with his eloquent pen. Though to act as a teacher and leader of men in effecting great social reforms, is generally a thankless task, involving great labor, much self-denial, grievous disappointments, and weary waiting for fruition, yet Mr. Collin's sympathy for his fellow men, suffering from the wrongs and evils of the present state of society is so great, especially when he sees the weaker portion oppressed or overcome by the strong, that his philanthropic soul is at once enlisted in their defense, and his whole energy, both mental and physical, exerted in their behalf. And, if he may not live to see women enfranchised, he knows that the cause he has so long advocated has been greatly advanced by his efforts, and firmly believes that it will surely triumph in the near future.

EMIGRATES TO CALIFORNIA.

Arriving in California early in June, 1849, Mr. Collin's became one of the pioneer merchants of San Francisco.

After about two years' experience, during which time he was burned out five times, losing a large amount of valuable property thereby, including a monthly income from rents of seven or eight thousand dollars, he he turned his attention to mining as a speedier and surer way to make a fortune, with which to return East and carry out his plans to inaugurate a system of co-operative industry similar, though less comprehensive, to that described later in this article. His attention was attracted to the rich quartz veins of Grass Valley, in Nevada County, where he built and successfully operated the second quartz mill erected in California. He foresaw the great wealth hidden in the quartz ledges of California, and was one of the first to practically demonstrate their value, as the original source from whence the Placer gold was derived, and which, by reason of their number and richness, insured the permanence and prosperity of the mining industry of the Pacific Coast.

A NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

It was Judge Collins' purpose to agitate for the abolition of modern slavery, until public opinion is aroused to the necessity of the reform in our industrial system which he proposed, as the true and only peaceful and practical solution of the problem, before it assumes the form and force of a destructive and bloody confiict between classes. For this purpose a National Co-operative Homestead Society has been formed in this city, by himself and a number of others entertaining similar views, and issued numerous pamphlets and circulars to popularize the same by means of the press and platform, and prepare the way for the necessary legislation by Congress.

This Society sent a petition to Senator Stanford, asking the passage of a law establishing the new system of National Co-operation. This petition including the form of the proposed law was presented in the Senate by him in February last. Senators Stanford and Stewart have each introduced bills embodying their own views, for government encouragement to Co-operative enterprises, on a limited scale, but not embracing a complete National system of Co-operation, providing means, and directing the formation and management of Corporate Associations, under uniform laws, comprising all branches of industry, both productive and distributive. These several bills were referred to a committee, and will naturally be considered together at some future time.

This reform Mr. Collins regarded as the most important of all that he has engaged in, and hoped to live to see it inaugurated by appropriate Congressional legislation.

Strong passions are a tremendous powe when curbed and governed by stronger reason.

To converse with a person of mean understanding is as difficnlt as to travel on foot with a lame man.

Be always frank and true; spurn every effort of affectation and disguise. Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness. Confide your faults and follies to but few.