The Carrier Dove.

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

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Biography.

Jennie Rennell.

The subject of this brief sketch is one of those fine-grained, highly sensitive, impulsive people, designated as an inspirational medium.

The portrait which adorns this issue of the DOVE, although an excellent engraving, fails to do justice to the expressive face and eyes of the lady it represents. Being extremely sensitive, every varied emotion plays upon her features, and there express in soul language their meaning. There you can read the nature of the spirit within which shines forth in the sparkling eye, the soul's true mirror. Mrs. Rennel has but recently become familiar with the truths of Spiritualism, having written her first poem about one year ago. Since that time, she has been an active worker in this cause. Her poems are frequently read by herself, at the Union Spiritual Meetings, held every Wednesday evening at St. Andrew's Hall, Larkin street, and are very much appreciated.

Mrs. Jennie Rennell is the mediumistic author of a book of poems just published. This little volume of "lectures in rhyme" is entitled "Chips." The poems were written under direct spirit control, and are printed verbatim as written. Not a single change has been made, and whatever of merit they possess, the author ascribes to the guides who inspired the work. The teachings of these poems are of the highest, purest character, and if inculcated in the minds and practiced in the daily lives of old and young, would lead to peace and happiness. The only prose article in the book, is a short essay on Justice, which we reproduce here, as it conveys to the reader a conception of the progressive, sympathetic, loving nature of the author.

Justice.

One year ago I was a skeptic, having been brought up under the shadow of the pulpit, my dear father having been a Baptist minister, and a very zealous worker in that field. By my marriage I was brought in close contact with Catholicism, consequently I have had great opportunity to study the various creeds.

I had never been satisfied with the dogmas taught in the churches, as from a child I had been looking for justice, and could not find it there.

The doctrines unfolded condemn so many to eternal perdition which, to me, at once destroyed the theory of a kind and loving "All Father."

The great wonder to me is that so many apparently sensible people go on, day after day, preaching this contradiction without seeming to realize that it is a contradiction.

Why, the whole fabric is rent to atoms when it is brought under the consideration of a mind unwarped by prejudice, and open to the light of reason.

If all who are in the churches to-day upholding the doctrine of eternal damnation and everlasting hell fire on one hand, and on the other trying to show that God is just, loving and all-merciful—I say, if they would only realize the utter senselessness of their teaching, they would drop one end of their argument in order to uphold the other as any rational being can see that the two *cannot* go hand in hand.

Now the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism does away with all these contradictions and gives sublime justice to all—to every individual.

What more can we ask? What more ever has been asked? Justice, why it is the sum total of our wants, aspirations, and desires. The whole world is paying out uncounted thousands daily in the hope of obtaining justice. If we could only obtain justice we would find the earth a veritable paradise. Look at it however you please, it is all any one can ask for. The grandest, noblest of mankind can ask no more—the lowest and most degraded can not cry out against it. It is the one thing to live for, to pray for, and even to lay aside the mortal garb for. Think of it that grand word, justice!

If mortals were sure of justice it would forever put an end to all vile deeds. We would no longer have need of the penitentiary, of the workhouse, of the guardians of the peace; every man, woman, and child would have fresh aspirations, stronger incentives to do good if they had a positive knowledge that Justice would be given them.

How many a faithful, hard working brother and sister have sunk under the load of injustice which has been heaped upon them.

How many a grand idea, how many a noble work has been crushed in its infancy through the sense of injustice sure to follow the impulses of the kind, true heart. How many poor mortals have lived in untold misery all their lives under this same sense of injustice.

Give us Spiritualism, for with Spiritualism only can we hope for justice. Spiritualism is truth. Truth is justice. Can you imagine the glorious loveliness of our fair land if it were ruled by justice? It would do away with every unkind, uncharitable thought; then indeed the word *evil* need no longer be used.

Let us advocate the cause of Spiritualism then, for only in this truth can we hope for justice here and hereafter.

Some one says, what of those who would suffer if they were to receive justice? I answer thus: If it were known of a surety that justice followed every act, then all would keep their lives pure and clean—hence the happiness sure to follow the full knowledge of this truth.

Yours for truth and justice,

JENNIE RENNELL.

Original Articles.

A Brief Review of Dr. Buchanan's "Coming Cataclysm of America and Europe."

BY E. D. BABBITT, M. D.

The above is the title of an article of considerable ability and research, by Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, first published in the *Arena*, and copied by the CARRIER DOVE. Dr. Buchanan thunders so valiantly against the iniquities and tyrannies of the day, and proclaims so wisely a higher educational system and better science of mind, that I feel like walking by his side and staying his hands, rather than offering any criticism of his ideas. His assaults upon the old metaphysical systems, with which nearly every college is perverting young minds, are admirable. His exposure of the medical tyrannies, with which the old "regulars" are striving to enslave the whole people, are masterly. But it does seem almost unaccountable that so philosophical a mind should pen one of the most sensational and fearful articles that ever eminated from a mortal mind. Let me mention some points:

First, the doctor considers that we are tending toward war and carnage. "Passion," he says, "will not count the cost or estimate the results, and passion is attaining a fearful power. The language even of western farmers is becoming incendiary, and the turbulent elements of the cities are distinctly looking to blood." "It will be a labor and capital war." "It will be a dreary triumph of the destructive element." "Nineteen years hence, war or quasi war will appear in this country, and the convulsion will not be arrested until about 1916. The six years previous to that date will be by far the most calamitous that America has ever known."

To offset this, it should be stated, first, that the community is becoming more law-abiding instead of less so, all efforts to get up mobs and murderous movements, for many years back having proved feeble and brief, while such outbreaks as those of the anarchists, the Mollie Maguires, the Chinese mobocrats and others, are mostly caused by foreigners who have not yet become adjusted to our conditions. Our working men's societies such as the Knights of Labor and others, in most cases, hold themselves rigidly in the pathway of order, even under trying and exasperating circumstances. I believe that the people of all our older States, where conditions are more settled, are the most law-abiding in the world; even more so than in England. Some years ago, I spent a night in Birmingham just before an election, and the morning papers stated that there had been fifty fights during the preceding day. A Papal authority called *L'Amico di casa Almanico Populare*, published at Turin, says there is in England, one murder for every 178,000 people; In Prussia, one for every 100,000; in Spain, one in 4,113; in Naples, one in 2,750; and in the Roman States, where Popery and priestcraft are at their height, one in 750; which last are thus shown to be 236 times as bad as England in the respect. In our country, statistics show that all the more liberal churches and societies, such as the Unitarian, Swedenborgian, Spiritualistic, Rationalisiic, etc., in which people are taught to think for themselves and lean upon their own manhood, instead of upon priestly authority, murderers and state's prison criminals, are scarcely ever known. Secondly, while the battle between labor and capital is constantly becoming more active, the trend of thought among the majority of people is directly away from bloody and brutal warfare, toward a system of legal enactments in which the people shall control affairs for themselves, as is shown in the great movement of Nationalism and of co-operative societies. Passion is strong, but reason is becoming stronger. Thirdly, it has been announced to me by grand influences, who are far up in the realm of wisdom, that our country is to be revolutionized and lifted up into the diviner rule of the people, without any marked appeal to arms or bloodshed.

But the doctor goes on in a way to make the hair of nervous people stand on ends, by asserting positively that "a still more calamitous period" than our war of the rebellion, is approaching, "a coming cataclysm which in its magnitude and horror will surpass anything of which authentic history has preserved a record!" "In the midst of all these horrors of war and floods, a terrible climax will be reached in a geological convulsion, compared to which, the earthquakes of New Madrid, of Java, of Lisbon and Carraccas, will seem unimportant." "The Atlantic coast will be wrecked and submerged." "The great cities will go down with all their splendor and wealth * * * but seventy-five or eighty millions can spare one million, without arresting their march to power and dominion."

Now it is important that the other side of this matter should be presented to the reader, for it is quite possible that the excitement in the earth's surface may turn out in the end to be less *pro rata* than it is now in the doctor's brain. In the first place, why has not the doctor remembered the great principle of world development, called evolution, in which the law of progress is from low to high, from coarseness to refinement, from crude and eruptive conditions to greater smoothness and harmony of movement? Is it philosophical to suppose that in this late age of the world, we are to have a horrible seismic ruin "which will surpass anything of which authentic history has preserved a record?" Is it reasonable to suppose that "the great cities will go down," and that a million inhabitants will perish, when the earthquake of Lisbon, one of the greatest in all history, destroyed only 60,000 people? According to the doctor's theory, the universe must be moving on a downward scale, and going from bad to worse; a system somewhat in harmony with the orthodox theory, which declares that man first plunged downward from Paradise to our present plain earthly condition, since which time a majority of mankind have been cast headlong from the earthly condition, to an infernum that grows constantly worse as eternity rolls away. But science is giving these barbarous theories their quietus, and so vigorous a mind as that of Buchanan should realize that progression, not retrogression, is the dominant law of the universe. To be sure, the perihelia of all the great planets which occurred a few years since, has disturbed the sun considerably, and these solar disturbances have, no doubt, contributed to some severe, earthly disturbances of late years; but these conditions must now be nearly at an end, and as the combined perihelia will not occur again for a long line of centuries, the doctor's cataclysm will not be promoted thereby. It is reasonable to suppose that earthly conditions will become better instead of worse, from this wonderful stirring up which the sun has received, because tempests and convulsions are purifying agencies, and that which purifies the sun must work in just so far toward earthly harmony.

How is it that Dr. Buchannan has presumed to prophecy those fearful things? In some cases, no doubt, an earthquake can be foretold, especially as there is a law of periodicity connected with certain kinds of earthly commotions. But there is a vast interior world of influences beneath this earthy crust, which is beyond the power of man or angel to measure. Then our solar globe, which is larger than a million worlds like ours, is to a considerable extent, the ruler of our destiny, and the modifier of terrestrial phenomena. Is it not possible that the doctor has been a little presumptious in fulminating his fierce sentences against us? He quotes several of his own prophecies and those of others which have been fulfilled. It would be interesting to know how many prophecies he and they have made which were not fulfilled. Even in this very article, the only prophecy that has thus far had a chance for fulfillment, has proved a signal failure. The article was dated May 11th, 1890, and it says: "I venture to predict a very sickly summer this year and great increase of mortality, fully doubling the usual harvest of death, mainly by prostrating abdominal diseases," etc. But the summer which has come and gone has been usually moderate, and abdominal diseases have, I think, been less

prominent than in ordinary years. Having thus failed then at the very start, let us rejoice in the thought that all of his harrowing assertions may prove a failure also, and that we and our posterity may yet be saved. Is it wise to make absolute and possitive assertions about these infinitely varied phenomena of nature, some of which even archangelic wisdom would be incompetent to grasp? I sincerely hope that Dr. Buchanan will relegate all croaking to inferior minds and dwell more upon those sublime possibilities of man and the universe, which are revealed to the most highly unfolded natures.—*N. Y. College of Magnetics, 78 East 10th St.*

The Way Governments Reform Churches.

W. W. JUDSON.

Notwithstanding their claim to perfection and sanctification, evidence is accumulating upon all sides that religious bodies can be reformed, and that they all, without exception, will submit to reform when they have to. All that is necessary is a little practical urging by an intelligent commonwealth, and the thing is accomplished.

The Mormon church, from recent reports, has come to the sensible conclusion that national welfare is of more importance than the observance of any ritualistic law. At the general conference of the Mormon church, held at Salt Lake, October 6th, President Woodruff read an official declaration, forbiding in future, any marriage in violation of the laws of the land; and a congregation of ten thousand Mormons accepted it as authoritative and binding. George Q. Cannon publicly announced his indorsement of the manifesto and his recognition of the supremacy of the laws that had been declared constitutional by the supreme court of the United States. Natural reform, like the universe, works in circles; humanity as a whole, reforms itself; that is, grows more intellectual. It then corrects errors in national government. The State then reforms the church, which in turn, again works upon sectional parts of ignorant or undeveloped humanity. The failure of governments to successfully reform religious bodies, was owing to the fact that heretofore the governments, themselves, were religious, hence an effort at reform resulted principally in the destruction of each other as heretics. But governments of this day and age, especially Republican forms, represent the exalted and enlightened state of man, and his general advancement beyond the confines of church creeds and dogmas.

If Spiritualism ever sinks to the level of a religion, or voluntarily stultifies itself by becoming a church organization, it is safe to predict, that it will drop from its present, high position, as head and front of reform, and in time, drift into sectarian, mental stupidity, and either disappear altogether, or become a clog subject for State reform. Whenever any particular church, as a part of its religion, teaches a mode of social conduct, not considered in harmony with the best interests of the general public, then it becomes the duty of the State to immediately reform that church.

The next candidate for governmental reform will be the Roman Catholic church. A country overrun with an organized body of celibate Monks, Priests and Jesuits, in connection with an equal number of religiously unmarried women, all undersworn allegience to the Pope of Rome, is in no condition to reach that high standard of national morality and stability, that this government has marked out for its citizens.

As evidence that this government cannot stand the degrading and debasing influence and practices of these monkish and nunish institutions, we refer to the late experiences of the Italian government with this branch of the Catholic religion.

A special dispatch to the San Francisco *Chronicle* of October 6th, from Naples, relates the following: "In a secluded quarter stands a conventual establishment known as the "Nunnery of the Buried Alive" that certainly has been closed to all public knowledge and investigation for generations. Report adds that the religious authorities have prescribed the same secrecy for the past four hundred years, regarding what has happened within its walls, and the character of its inmates.

The veil, however, is at last removed, and citizens are lost in amazement, that such scenes could for years have been enacted in a civilized land with no note of warning sounded. The present revelation is due to the fact that a young girl, crossed in love, was incarcerated within its walls. Her parents, while at first consenting to her banishment, finally became alarmed at their inability to communicate with her, and appealed to the police. The civil authorities raided the place on Saturday, under an order of the Minister of Justice.

The door-keeper stoutly resisted, but was overpowered by the gendarnes, who soon found their way into the cells where sixteen nuns were found in a condition bordering on insanity. They were scantily covered with rags, and their surroundings were filthy in the extreme. Many of the poor creatures had forgotten how to talk, and were hardly human in their demeanor. Those who could be induced to speak, protested that they were perfectly satisfied with their fate. The young girl for whom the quest was made, was found reduced to a mere skeleton. Her parents are nearly crazed with grief at the result of their conduct, though they acted for what they honestly considered the girl's best interests. The establishment has of course been closed, and the victims removed to one of the public institutions, where they will be well cared for. The Governor of Naples has ordered the fullest investigation, with a view to punishing those who shall be found responsible.

Members of the police force have been ordered to make raids on all south Italian nunneries that are closed to the public.

Cardinal San Felice left here to-day for Rome, in order to obtain instructions from the Pope on the subject."

From the above, it will readily be seen that State interference is a necessary means to protect a certain class from being imposed upon by religious sharks. Americans, do you realize the fact, that our fair land is dotted all over with these same prison dens of torture and folly, and that the same are sealed against public investigation?

Mormon poligamy may have justly shocked the moral sensibility of the American people, but it never revealed any such low born practices as that of the Catholic church, in carrying out that most pernicious of dogmas, priest celibacy.

The Mormons were divided upon the question of a plurality of wives, some taking sides with the government; and no doubt, the liberal element among Catholics will act in the same manner, when the convent question comes before the people for final settlement.

The business woman of to-day—physician, author, editor, journalist, merchant, bookkeeper, in short, of every and all trades and professions—is doing her work with no sound of trumpets, no noise nor bluster of any description whatsoever, but with a dignity and forcefulness that have won respect and recognition from even the most critical. These women need no word of defense. For the many below them who do, we have the matter much in our own hands. Give them the chance denied by birth and training. Give them the justice of equal wage for equal time of working, and this in itself would be one method of conversion to better things.

The government of the United States, with respect to women, is but a great hereditary aristocracy, which governs them by arbitrary law without their own consent; thus giving the lie to the principle, that government receives its legitimate powers from the consent of the governed. It is not hard for man to find excuses for his oppressions, and even clothe them with a garb of love or anxiety for the good of the governed.

Where is there a greater satire upon man than in a game of chess, where the queen has to do all the work, and the king is the one to be protected?—*Texas Siftings.*

A Vision of the Future.

[The manuscript of the following prophecy was written on August 27, 1890, and received by me September 3, 1890, from * * *, who desires to remain unknown as its author for the present, but who also requests me to attest the date and to provide a few printed copies for private distribution. This I hereby do, in compliance with the wish of a friend, without any responsibility for the statements hereinafter made.—ELLIOT COUES, 1726 N street, Washington, D, C,, September 9, 1890.]

The greatest factors in the making of history among all nations are their systems of Religious and Civil Government. Only those persons who have been earnest and thorough students of these systems, both ancient and modern, in all their varied phases, are competent to judge of the forces at work *now* in the evolution of either national or international history. No impartial and unbiassed student of the course of religious and civil polity can avoid the conclusion that once,—far away in the dawn of civilization and thence to the zenith of its splendor and glory,—the whole ancient world was governed by a confederation of individuals, each of whom united in himself the characters and the powers of both Priest and King. In that time, called the "Golden Age," there was one universal Religion,—the Nature-worship; and one universal form of Government,—the Patriarchal. Both were taught and administered by wise men who claimed to be instructed and controlled by a hierarchy of spiritual intelligences. The ruins of their temples and the traces of their prehistoric ordinances and customs remain to-day among the monuments of Yucatan and Peru, of Britain and Scandinavia, of Egypt and India, proving contemporaneous identity of creed and policy, of absolutely autonomous rule, of gradual corruption, steady deterioration, downfall, and disappearance from the face of the earth. Now their wondrous wisdom and power is the shadow of a memory—their fanes and courts but the baseless fabric of a dream. But History is a cyclical drama unfolded ever the same, yet ever with new accessories and different setting on the stage of human life. Ever the same actors return upon the scene, solving again the problems and showing again the powers that were before, upon a higher and yet higher plane of cyclical evolution, with more complex conditions and more momentous consequences.

The time has come again and the fruit of time is ripe. Once more are the destinies of the world to be guided—whether manifestly or invisibly—by the spiritual powers that upheld the hands of the Lords, Kings, and Priests of a Golden Age. All mankind is to acknowledge one God, profess one Religion, and submit with a wise joy to one just and all-comprehending Government.

The systems of religious and civil rule in the world to-day are as diverse and conflicting and mutually incompatible as their basic principles are corrupt, cruel, tyrannical and unjust. It seems incredible that this fair earth should come under any united system of universal belief or any concerted action in civil policy, unless some awful convulsion of the nations brings about changes now almost inconceivable. Yet the potencies that work revolutions in religious and political institutions all over the world are set in such marvellously concerted and cumulative action as shall effect even such a historical cataclysm, and involve greater changes than can be humanly foreseen.

To-day, there is a pause—an awe-inspiring lull before the breaking of the storm upon us. But soon will the whole world plunge forward with a wondrously accelerated momentum to the climax of her glorious historical drama. Individuals and nations will mingle in bloody wars, in the final frightful scenes of imperial and royal revolutions, of priestly tyranny and laic superstition, of famine and pestilence, of flood and fire, of quaking earth and lowering sky—all of which, like the night the day, shall usher in the dawn of a new civllization and crown the era of universal happiness, peace, and good-will, when all peoples shall obey one law of love and worship one God of righteousness. . . .

"Come, my people! Enter thou thy chambers, and shut thy doors after thee. Hide thyself as it were, for a little moment until the indignation be overpast. For behold! The Lord cometh out of his place to punish the Inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity; the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain!"

The Seers and Prophets of every school of thought have foretold extraordinary changes to be wrought in Church and State during the latter part of the Nineteenth Century. However they have differed in their creeds and theories, however their faith in the future has varied in details of events to come, they have been unanimous in fixing the time of these wonderful occurrences between the years 1850 and 1925. All the prophetic dates fall within this period of time,—the last half of the present century and the first quarter of the next. Here the Indian Buddhist ends his fourth round, or Animal age, and begins his fifth, the era of Mind. The Mohammedan foretells a great judgment to come upon the world at the end of this century. Martin Luther and Jacob Boehme and Emanuel Swedenborg cast prophetic vision onward to the coming centenary. A host of modern preachers, prophets, visionaries, clairvoyants—be they Millerites or Adventists or spiritualistic mediums, agree in nothing else so well as in forecasting this period to be one of unexampled vicissitudes in the supposed established order of human events—in the religious and political, in the racial and industrial, in the social and sexual worlds. Hundreds of the most learned, pious and orthodox ministers of the gospel, and laymen without number, in theEvangelical Churches of Europe and America, have interpreted the Biblical references to the Consummation of the Ages as prophecies of happenings within these same few years, which are to witness the second Advent of the Christ.

Though I base many of my beliefs upon my knowledge of religious and political history, yet most of my convictions are also grounded upon earnest and prayerful study of the Sacred Scriptures. I take the symbolic and prophetic passages of the Bible in their broadest sense as referring to all peoples, nations and sects—neither exclusively to the Hebrew, Catholic or Protestant communions, as commonly understood. All Biblical expressions regarding the "church," the "elect," the "redeemed," and the like, are of world-wide and universal application to wise, just and righteous persons of every creed and color. Babylon—Jerusalem—Gentile—Jew—angel—dragon—every symbolic word—has its mystical as well as literal meaning for those who discover the Spirit under the Letter of the Law. The Bible was written by inspired mystics; and only mystics who understand its occult symbolism can comprehend its significance, resolve its metaphors, and interpret its prophecies.

All the great predictions enfolded in the mystic leaves of the Bible have two signs. All the prophets, from Moses and Isaiah to St. Paul and St. John, gave unmistakably one or the other of these signs of the now-approaching end of one era and beginning of the next as a new cycle in Religion. These two signs are: First, the dissolution of the Turkish Empire; and second, the return of the Jews to Palestine. That both these great events must happen within a few years from the present time, is apparent to every observer of current political affairs. The daily papers even mention them both as probable occurrences of the near future. The fall of the Sublime Porte when the Crescent shall have waned—either through Russian intrigue or through the natural disintegration of the heterogeneous Turkish Empire—will be the signal for a war in Europe the greatest, and in its consequences the most terrific, of any struggle the world has ever seen. The whole map of that continent will be dissolved and rearranged. Its every government now existing will be overthrown within the next ten years. It is both possible and probable that this war will begin with some treachery or aggression on the part of Russia within two years, and extend throughout Europe within five years. During this momentous and sanguinary conflict, England will lose Ireland through an agitation precipitated by famine in the latter and misrule in the former country. Either through the conqests of the Russian advance, or through the revolt of the natives at the height of England's diffi-

culties at home, India will be lost forever to British rule. The outbreak of the general European war will be favored and hastened by the Socialistic elements of the several nations involved. Organized warfare will become complicated by the conflict between Labor and Capital, and be attended throughout with the horrors of bloody riots among the strikers, not only in European countries but in every civilized nation on the globe where the masses will arrayed against the classes. Such conflicts between Labor Organizations and Organized Capital will increase in frequency and severity in North and South America and in Australia from the present year to the years 1901–'02, when the governments of these countries will become socialistic and despotic. In the inpending political intrigues and military operations France will conquer Germany, regain her lost provinces, extend her boundaries, and become again the foremost power in Europe. Germany will lose her present military prestige, and be torn with internal dissensions arising from her socialistic classes and from the fierce hostilities between the Catholic element in her Southern and the Protestant element in her Northern provinces. During the progress of these wars both famine and pestilence will lend their terrors to the great drama, and financial crises will decide the fate of empires. Jewish bankers will increase in wealth and power all over Europe; and religious fanaticism will so pursue and persecute the race, that even the wealthiest Jews will seek Palestine for peace and security.

France will find a military hero as soon as the occasion requires a leader in war, and members of the Royalist party will carry her on to supremacy. The first Napoleon attempted to revive the titles, pomps and glories of the Roman Empire; but the last Napoleon will see the star of that invincible dynasty, in Syria and in Egypt, shining upon a coalition of the Gaul and the Jew. The prophecies in the Book of Daniel and of Revelations will be literally verified, in the combination of all the present governments of what was once under the Roman Sceptre into one vast confederation, ruled by a despot who becomes such by universal suffrage. The first upheaval in Europe will set on foot the wildest and most fanatical experiments in socialistic and communistic government, both political and industrial; and the cry of "*Vox Populi, Vox Dei*" will become continuous and ultimately triumphant. A radical democracy will demand and accomplish fundamental changes in church, State and society. The masses and not the classes will rule. Power will be vested in the *feet* of Nebuchadnezzar's molten image, till all royalty and aristocracy be swept away in the fall of all the houses that hold hereditary rights and privileges. For a few years the most bigoted Catholics and Protestants, both in Europe and America, will increase in wealth and power. But when radical democracy and socialism have acquired full control, these will destroy the influence of the Pope, degrade every system of Religion, and make the priests and their churches everywhere subject and obedient to the State, as mere satellites of the official body of the confederated democracies. Ignorance and arrogance will indeed "play such tricks before high heaven as shall make the angels weep." During all these years of incessant turmoil and vicissitude, the only consolation and refuge left to persons of cultured minds, and just and tender souls, will be the revival of interest in everything pertaining to their spiritual development and true religious feeling. The cry "The Bridegroom Cometh!" will arouse the sleeping virgins among human souls, who will arise and trim their lamps and seek for oil to set them burning. Millions who know no second coming of Christ in person will begin to watch and pray for the coming of the Mystical Christ in the hearts of men; and the orthodox churches will awake to their labor like the primitive Christians. "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

From this year, 1890, till the end of the present dispensation, or consummation of the ages, I foresee the most astounding and constantly augmenting manifestations of the invisible spiritual powers, both good and evil, working out their respective ends on the material plane among mortals, and urging on the conflicts I have but dimly outlined. I believe the forces for evil will long seem more potent, as they certainly will be more manifest and more aggressive than the powers for good. I foresee terrible famines and commotions in Asia as well as in Europe, among the Chinese and Japanese. Thousands of Chinese, imported to build the Nicaragua Canal and for other purposes, will become a disturbing element amongst us. The nation is likely to gain possession of the Sandwich Islands, whence a hostile invasion of some parts of America is not improbable. Nothing will avail to stop the spread and ravages of the cholera, either in the Occident or the Orient. Political and financial difficulties will arise among the South American Republics, and be complicated by religious dissensions like those soon to occur in North America. Political schemes, with railways and other immense commercial enterprises, will advance with giant strides in Africa, as well as other parts of the world. During the latter part of this century, a Stanley or other such leader will acquire despotic power in the Dark Continent. Russia in her convulsions will greatly extend her dominions in Asia. From this year onward, gigantic material undertakings of every kind will move on with increasing rapidity. The building of railroads and other evidences of reviving prosperity in Syria, Palestine and Egypt will turn thoughtful people again to the study of Biblical prophecies respecting those countries. Sooner or later will be a Union of the worst elements in the Greek, Roman, Mohammedan and Protestant churches, for the purpose of rule and aggression; and this combination will realize the "Mystery of Babylon" of Revelation.

The most pronounced and amazing feature of this age will be the increasing activity and influence of women in every walk in life and in all countries. Thus *three* of the most despised and apparently insignificant members of the body politic will rise to the heights of power, display the most vehement passions, and exhibit the most noble heroism. These are the Women, the Workmen and the Jew.

During the next fifteen years, the Negro race, both in Africa and in America, will advance more rapidly than any other in the essentials of civilization, though this progress will be marked with great loss of life. They will become more decisive and aggressive in their demands for just recognition and equality of right among the whites in the United States, and are likely to avenge some of the wrongs of centuries when our own discords become more pronounced.

I believe in the divine mission of the literal house of Jacob and of the mystical spiritual house of Israel. To this latter belong *all* general souls, the "circumcised" from every church and nation, of every tongue and people on earth, Jew and Gentile becoming elect and one in soul-development. The better class of the literal house of Jacob, having had a history unparalleled among the nations, and endured the sufferings that develop the higher feminine element in them—the divine Shechinah—to a supreme degree, will be peculiarly well qualified to teach the world anew, the arts of peace and the organization of industry on the just principles of co-operation. To those that remain in Palestine after the terrible wars I foresee will be entrusted the leadership in this noble and honorable office. But the more sublime privilege and duty of teaching the people's true Religion and Morality, will devolve on the Mystic House of Israel—on the whole body of those who are filled with the Christ-spirit, be they Jew or Gentile.

During the next century, Jerusalem will become the center of the world's life and thought and feeling. There will be found the greatest teachers of the purest principles of Religious and Civil Government, through whom the earth shall enter upon another Golden Age, in which mankind worship one God with loving faith. To these "redeemed" of the nations shall be revealed the hidden things of the past, and the profoundest secrets of Nature. They shall teach the people the identity of all real Religion, the unity of truth, the beauty of holiness, the very mystery of the Christ.

"For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory; and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name. Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God. And I will bring forth a seed out of Jacob, and out of Judah an inheritor of my mountains; and my elect shall inherit it, and my servants shall dwell there."

S. E. H.

The Sword of Justice.

MRS. R. A. LOOMIS.

True Nationalism to us means the equalization of all the rights of human kind in every department of life, political, social and religious, without any regard to race, color or sex.

But man has always claimed the prerogative to legislate and create all law for the protection of a good government, without any advice or counsel from woman, who, according to all the laws of nature, has natural and divine attributes and who constitutes at least one-half of the human family.

Now we would like to ask by what authority do men claim these rights. Surely not by any authority of God, or angels, nor yet by nature or any of her divine laws? Then if by none of these, please let me ask again, by what or from whence comes this Lordly control?

My brothers, doubtless you will think we are hewing close to the line, and so we are, for we think it high time for some one to commence this campaign that we may better understand the facts in the case that lies before us.

Woman in all past ages has ever been made by man, either a slave or a plaything, to be taken up at pleasure or cast aside at will, and consequently becomes either a thing of joy or that of sorrow, without any regard or deep thought as to the high position she should hold in the very heart of every nation on this earth. By virtue of her motherhood, which man has never seemed to take into consideration, the true inwardness of this most wonderful and sacred relation she bears to this, and his immortal life.

O, man, pause and think, that from out her own dear life yours came forth, with no God given right of control, save over the lower creations of the animal kingdom.

Then, how can you, how dare you claim any superiority in the right of suffrage, or the creation of such laws as your mothers are far better qualified to have a voice in than yourselves? And yet, with high-handed effrontery, you beat back the powers that gave to you your life, and nursed and protected your infant innocence to manhood. For what? That after years of toil and care, when she has placed your helpless, innocent feet upon a strong foundation of manly independence, you can say to her: "O, yes, mother, we know you that knew just how to guide our infant feet aright, for that is what God designed you to do; but you see you are not physically strong as men are, neither have you the compacity to understand how to legislate, or make laws to meet the requirements of men; so you must be silent, and let us do that, for we can make laws that will protect women, when and wherever she will need protection."

Men and brothers, have you done this? And are you protecting your mothers, wives and daughters in every department of life, as becomes men of honor and true integrity of character? Let us see if it is any wonder that so many of our poor and weak minded women become desperate and discouraged when they find so many men who are far more willing to give them money, to rob them of their true womanhood, than they are to place them beyond want and starvation.

Now these are facts. And if facts, at whose door are we to find the cause of so much moral corruption and degradation between the sexes?

Men make laws, at least so they say, to protect women. Protect them in what? My brothers, we shall beg to differ with you; and we feel sure we can prove our position by the laws, every one of you who are voters, have had a voice in making.

Let us refer to only one in this short article, for we will need no more; that law is the law of *Consent.*

O, think, you who are fathers; think of your darling little daughter, who, at the tender age of ten years, if she, by any persuasion that is brought upon childish innocence, gives her willing consent for any *scoundrel* to ravish that innocence, you have no redress by the State laws of California for such an atrocious crime as this.

Is this not enough without another sentence? And is it not high time that every mother in this boasted land of pure morals and protection, should cry out in the agony of her mother soul, and demand the right of being heard from floor to rostrum in behalf of the dangers that lie in wait for them and their darlings on every hand. O, I should think that men of honor and true principle would blush for shame, when such facts as these are presented for their consideration. But whether shame has lost its home on our fair American soil or not, we, the mothers of this fair land, can say of a truth, that until woman's voice can be heard in all the works of reform, sounding like memory bells from the very gates of heaven, as she stands in your hall of council, in the nobleness of her womanhood, true to the God principle within her, pouring forth in clarion tone from her inspired lips, such counsel and advice as regards a nation's welfare, as can come from the inspired soul and lips of none so well as from those of your mothers, whose suffering bodies have borne to life every man in her presence.

And now, kind readers, in conclusion, we will say until men arrive at a state of cultivation, where they can listen to the voice of their mothers, working side by side, with them in all the works of reform, then, and not till then, can the dream of Edward Bellamy be realized, or society be redeemed from the seething caldron of prostituted manhood and womanhood.

Rulers and Revenues.

The sole income of the president of the United States from the public treasury is his salary of $50,000 a year. He draws it at the rate of $4,165⅔ a month. This is a fraction more than $960 a week and $160 each for six working days. Until Grant's time presidents lived on half this salary. Experience has shown that the present sum is large enough to cover the expenses of the most extravagant households and to leave a comfortable balance in the purse of a presidential family of moderate ideas. Yet there is not another magistrate at the head of any people exceeding the number of 10,000,000 who does not receive a larger salary than the august, potent and toiling president of the United States.

The shah of Persia, who has nothing to do except to boss several hundred wives, is in the enjoyment of an income of $30,000,000 a year. Then there is the czar of Russia, whose chief duty is to keep from being blown up. He is paid something like $10,000,000 yearly. The dignified king of Siam gets along on a like sum. The royal family of poor, miserable Spain receive $3,900,000 every year, and Italians sleep out of doors and eat nothing but macaroni to make up a purse of $3,000,000 and more for their royalties. Such figures as these console the British people somewhat for their annual outlay, under specific laws, of $2,915,000 on Victoria and her family, to say nothing of indirect extortions and perquisites.

That reformed pirate of the seas, the sultan of Morocco, is slightly compensated for his self denial by an annual allowance of $2,500,000, and the mikado of Japan receives $2,300,000. The khedive of Egypt draws $1,575,000 from the substance of that tax ridden land, while the Hohenzollerns content themselves with a yearly tribute of $1,125,000 from the German empire. Even the sultan of cotton clouted Zanzibar pockets a million a year, and $700,000 are wrung from the Saxons of Saxony, no more considerable a community than Illinois in population or Massachusetts in geographical area—by the reigning monarch. Portugal, Sweden and Brazil each spend about $600,000 on their kings.

The republic of France allows her chief magistrate only $200,000, but little Hayti gives her president $240,000 a year. Switzerland,s president comes the lowest of all the rulers of the earth; his salary is $3,000 a year.—*Boston Globe.*

The Pen.

The pen 's the sceptre of the world, when striking for the right;
When wielded in the cause of man, 'tis tipp'd with hallowed light.
That stroke that drives the rivet home, the thought that guides the pen,
The battle fought for freedom's God, such merit makes the men

Henry Kiddle and the Mahatma, or H. K. versus K. H.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

PART IV.

It will be remembered that Koot Hoomi alleges that, in the process of precipitation of his letter to Mr. Sinnett containing the Kiddle quotations, owing to his exhausted and sleepy condition, the language of Mr. Kiddle was more sharply photographed upon the chela's brain, and thence on to the paper before him, than were the ideas and words of the mahatma himself; that is, he was so tired and sleepy that he was unable to project his own composition save in a distorted, inaccurate, and very imperfect manner. In view of this alleged fact, a remarkable circumstance presents itself. The letter to Mr. Sinnett, containing the so-called Kiddle passage, as published in the *Occult World*, pp. 148-150, consists of 65 lines; and we gather from Mr. Sinnett's language on p. 148, that these 65 lines do not constitute the whole of the letter; they constitute only a "passage" from the letter. Moreover, of the 65 lines published, 35 lines of other matter precede, and 2 lines succeed, the passage containing the so-called Kiddle matter. Saying nothing of the unpublished matter that was in this letter, to the character and quantity of which we have no clew, we have 37 lines of matter projected by Koot Hoomi, and received and precipitated by the chela, entirely independent of the matter which the mahatma acknowledged to have been based on Mr. Kiddle's speech. According to the Mahatma's statement, his use of Mr. Kiddle's language began with the phrase, "ideas rule the world;" all previous to that is claimed to be Koot Hoomi's original language. It seems, then, according to the adept's statement, he was not too tired and sleepy to project accurately, and without flaw, at least 35 lines of alleged original matter; but as soon as he came to that part of his letter in comment upon Mr. Kiddle's remarks,—as he alleges,—the power of correct precipitation became exceedingly muddled. Not a word was omitted or blurred of the 35 or more lines in this letter, until the mahatma struck the Kiddle matter, and then what a transformation! First, five consecutive sentences, of nine lines, are omitted; then separate words, clauses, phrases, and parts of sentences are omitted, altered, and otherwise distorted from the mahatma's original language. After the Kiddle matter is finished, other original language of the adept is received by the chela, in which no mistake is made in precipitation. Is it at all reasonable that the adept, despite his exhaustion and loss of sleep, would send correctly and perfectly 35 lines, plus the additional unknown quantity of matter unpublished; then send a passage of 579 words, of which 336 were omitted in precipitation; and, immediately following this mass of incorrect projection, would or could project additional matter, in quantity also unknown, free from all error or omission,—the alleged incorrect precipitation being sandwiched in between two correct and flawless precipitations?

Another strange thing is this: The chela is said to have received a passage from Koot Hoomi, in which 336 words out of 579 were blurred or unintelligible. Why did the chela not call the attention of the "Master" to this fact in a more positive manner than he is said to have done? Koot Hoomi tells us that the boy asked him to look over and correct the proof, but he replied to him, "Anyhow will do, my boy; it is of no great importance if you skip a few words." Why did not the boy tell him that, instead of a few words, over three-fifths of the passage was blurred; that over three hundred words were illegible? And why did not the boy, seeing that so large a part of the letter was missing or unintelligible in the proof, retain the letter until the "Master" had recovered from his exhaustion, and then invite his attention to its defective character? How was it that Koot Hoomi knew nothing of the wholesale defective character of the letter, from the boy or from any other source, until the publication of Mr. Kiddle's letter in *Light* in 1883? Again, Koot Hoomi has informed us that he deemed this letter of so much importance that he had pondered over its subject-matter for days, yet when told by the chela that it had been incorrectly precipitated, he regarded it as of so little importance that he directed the letter to be forwarded as it was, as "anyhow" would do.

The reader will have noticed that, in comparing the remarks of Mr. Kiddle with their counterpart in the Koot Hoomi letter, certain additions have been made in the latter to Mr. Kiddle's language; and these additions are of importance in indication of the authorship of the Koot Hoomi letter. These changes are in consonance with a marked peculiarity in Madame Blavatsky's literary style,—that of redundancy and repetition of language. Often, in her writings, the same idea is expressed, in varied language, two or three times in the same sentence; and several instances of this occur in the Koot Hoomi modification of Mr. Kiddle's remarks. Mr. Kiddle speaks of the "reign of law unchanging and unchangeable." Koot Hoomi transformed this into "the eternal reign of immutable law unchanging and unchangeable." Mr. Kiddle said, "Institutions crumble before their onward march." The mahatma altered this to "will crumble before their onward march, crushed by their irresistible force." Mr. Kiddle's "material plane" is changed to "material speck of dirt;" and man's "destiny" is changed to "ultimate destiny." (See remarks of "Quodlibet," in *Light*, July 26, 1884.)

Mr. C. C. Massey, of London, is one of the leading mystics of England, and one of the most intellectual persons that has been affiliated with the Theosophical Society. Consequent upon the publication in the appendix to the fourth edition of the "Occult World" of Koot Hoomi's explanation of the alleged Kiddle plagiarism, Mr. Massey published in *Light*, July 26, 1884 an extended critique of the said mahatmaic explanation. His critique effectively riddled Koot Hoomi's attempt to explain away the plagiarism, and demonstrated the total untruth of the mahatma's (?) assertions. He gave as his decided opinion in the matter, that the so-called adept's letter was not written in Tibet by either Koot Hoomi or a chela, and that it was based upon the printed copy of Mr. Kiddle's speech, as published in the *Banner of Light*. Although still accepting as true the existence of adepts or mahatmas, he was yet compelled to see in their methods, or rather in the things that are said and done in their names, such deviations from our Philistine sense of truth and honor as to assure us that something is very wrong somewhere. For this [the Kiddle plagiarism] is by no means a singular case. The repeated necessity for explanations—which are always more formidable than the thing to be explained—must at length tire out the most patient faith, except the faith superseding all intelligence, the *credo quia impossibile* [I believe because it is impossible]. Thinking that the publication of his conclusions on this subject were not consistent with loyal fellowship to the Theosophical Society, Mr. Massey's resignation as a fellow of that society was then and there forwarded.

NEW AND UNEXPECTED PHASE OF THE KIDDLE PLAGIARISM.

In *Light*, Sept. 20, 1884, Mr. Kiddle published a reply to the explanation of Koot Hoomi relative to the parallels between his letter and Mr. Kiddle's address, in which a new and unexpected phase of the matter was presented. Reference has been made to there being 35 printed lines in the original Koot Hoomi letter preceding the remark, "Plato was right. Ideas rule the world." These 35 lines had been regarded as not pertaining to Mr. Kiddle's address, and as original with Koot Hoomi; as Mr. Kiddle made no reference to them in his original letter in *Light* inviting attention to the parallelism between his lecture and the adept's letter. But in his letter in *Light* of Sept. 20, 1884, Mr. Kiddle shows that the plagiarism did not begin with the sentence, "Ideas rule the world," as his previous letter seemed to indicate, and in proof thereof he submitted the following additional parallel passage:—

EXTRACT FROM MR. KIDDLE'S DISCOURSE OF AUGUST 15, 1880.

The terms inspiration and revelation have hitherto been used in a very loose way, as implying something mysterious and abnormal; but in the light that has been shed upon recipient minds dur-

ing the last few years, these words become the definite representative of truth as reducible to law as the simplest phenomena of the physical universe.

Our opponents say, "The age of miracles is past," but we say it never existed. . . . . .

For the agency that is now making itself felt, while not unparalleled, or without its counterpart in human history, is, as experience in the future will most certainly verify, one of overpowering influence—both destructive and constructive—destructive of the errors of the past, but constructive of institutions based upon more truthful principles. Phenomenal elements, previously unthought of—undreamt of—are manifesting themselves day by day with constantly augmented force. Usually unseen and unfelt, scarcely known even in the results of their activity, these elements now clearly display their existence and agency; and, under some extraordinary impulse which they do not divulge, disclose the secrets of their mysterious workings.

EXTRACT FROM KOOT HOOMI'S LETTER.

(Borrowed Words Italicised.)

The Terms Unscientific, Impossible, Hallucination, Imposture, *have hitherto been used in a very loose*, careless *way, as implying* in the occult phenomena, *something* either *mysterious and abnormal*, or a premeditated imposture. And this is why our chiefs have determined to *shed upon* a few *recipient minds* more *light upon* the subject, and to prove to them that such manifestations are *as reducible to law as the simplest phenomena in the physical universe.* The wiseacres *say*, "*The age of miracles is past,*" *but we* answer, "*it never existed.*" *While not unparalleled or without* their *counterpart in* universal *history*, these phenomena must and will come with an *overpowering influence* upon the world of skeptics and bigots. They have to prove *both destructive and constructive—destructive* in the pernicious *errors of the past*, in the old creeds and superstitions which suffocate in their poisonous embrace, like the Mexican weed, nigh all mankind; *but constructive of* new *institutions*, of a genuine, practical Brotherhood of Humanity, where all will become co-workers of Nature, will work for the good of mankind, with and through the higher planetary spirits, the only spirits we believe in. *Phenomenal elements previously unthought of, undreamed of*, will soon begin *manifesting themselves day by day with constantly augmented force*, and *disclose* at last *the secrets of their mysterious workings*..

The editor of *Light* follows Mr. Kiddle's letter containing these parallelisms with some remarks by himself. He states that, upon comparing the passages to verify them before publication, he was surprised to find that Mr. Kiddle had not even yet exhausted the passages borrowed by Koot Hoomi from the former's Lake Pleasant address. He then publishes the paralleled extracts found below, which immediately precede the portion of the adept's letter given above.

EXTRACT FROM MR. KIDDLE'S DISCOURSE.

These truths constitute, indeed, a body of spiritual philosophy at once profound and practical; for it is not as a mere addition to the mass of theory or speculation in the world that they have been given to us, but for their practical bearing on the interests of mankind.

EXTRACT FROM KOOT HOOMI'S LETTER.

(Borrowed Words Italicised.)

These truths and mysteries of Occultism *constitute, indeed, a body of* the highest *spiritual* importance, *at once profound and prdctical*, for the world at large. Yet *it is not as an addition to lhe* tangled *mass of theory or speculation that they* are being *given to* you, *but for their practical bearing on the interests of mankind.*

These two additional passages of 35 lines constitute, with the 30 lines of plagiarised matter to which Mr. Kiddle first called attention, the whole of the Koot Hoomi letter as published in "Occult World," pp. 148–150, except two or three lines of a personal character at the end of the published extract; that is, instead of only 30 of its 65 lines having been plagiarised from Mr. Kiddle the whole 65 lines were based upon that gentleman's address. In view of this, the editor of *Light* called upon Mr. Sinnett to publish the whole of the letter as he received it from the mahatma, any private parts exccpted. Mr. Sinnett paid no attention to this request. It is possible that had the entire letter been published, it would have been manifest that other parts of this letter were borrowed from Mr. Kiddle, just as the parts published had been. It may be that Mr. Sinnett compared the unpublished parts with Mr. Kiddle's address, and finding them also parallel, concluded the wisest thing for him to do was to say nothing more on the subject.

The editor of *Light* also invited attention to the fact that the explanation of Koot Hoomi as to the cause of the seeming plagiarism in the thirty lines first indicated by Mr. Kiddle, could not possibly apply to the parallelism in the remaining 35 lines, then for the first time mentioned by Mr. Kiddle. In Koot Hoomi's explanation of the 30 lines, he refers to the preceding 35 lines, "as his own composition, and tries to make out that there is a want of connection between the two parts." If my readers will refer to the explanation of Koot Hoomi, published by me in the DOVE for September, it will be found that the mahatma says, that he was struck, upon carefully reading his letter in the "Occult World," by the great discrepancy between the sentences, a gap so to say between part 1, (the 35 lines last published by Mr. Kiddle in *Light*) and part 2, the plagiarize portion, so-called; that there seems to be no connection between the two; and in order to connect them, he, in the amended version of his letter, inserts nine lines of new matter, said nine lines being, however, not germane to the contents of the original letter, and are lugged in by the heels, as it were, to cover in an artificial and unskillful manner the plagiarism which had been charged. Koot Hoomi, then, in his explanation, gives what he calls the passages "as they were originally dictated" by him, as he alleges. This amended version applies only to the 30 lines originally referred to by Mr. Kiddle. The alleged omissions and blurrings in the precipitation proof referred to by Subba Row, General Morgan, and Koot Hoomi, pertain exclusively to the part contained in the said 30 lines; the preceding 35 lines were, according to Koot Hoomi's explanation, his own original composition, and were precipitated by the chela, free from break, error, or omissions. But Mr. Kiddle and the editor of *Light* prove that they were just as much a plagiarism as the original 30 lines to which the "explanation" of Koot Hoomi alone pertains. The proof presented that the preceding 35 lines were all plagiarized, overthrows completely the long involved and ingenious "explanation" of the mahatma as to the other 30 lines. It demonstrates beyond a shadow of doubt, that this explanation is devoid of truth throughout, that from first to last it is a mass of falsehood, a sickening revolting mass of blackest falsehood, worthy of the source whence it came; characteristic of the mind that produced it, in full keeping with the enormous aggregation of falsehood, plagiarism, and fraud, that the world has been cursed with emanating from the same mentality during the last fifteen years. It is positively demonstrated then, that the whole of this mahatmic letter, as published, was plagiarized from Mr. Kiddle's address. It necessarily follows then, that the theory of its precipitation by and through a chela is false; that the so-called precipitation proof, blurred and defaced, that was seen at the theosophical headquarters at Adyar, was a forgery; that the explanation of the plagiarism, and all else that Koot Hoomi is alleged to have said and done in this matter, is false. It will be exceedingly difficult to find an element of truth in the whole affair, from first to last, so far as the Theosophical Society and its members, chelas and mahatmas are concerned.

The publication of Mr. Kiddle's letter in *Light*, Sept. 20, 1884, must have been like the explosion of a bombshell in the theosophic camp or to the theosophists that read it. It so thoroughly demolished the explanation of Koot Hoomi, that an answer to it was impossible, and none has been attempted. Not a word about it has Koot Hoomi ever said since, so far as can be ascertained. Not a word has Madame Blavatsky said; not a word has Mr. Sinnett said; not a word has W. Q. Judge, Subba Row and General and Mrs. Morgan said, so far as I have been able to find. Mr. Kiddle's unexpected second proof of plagiarism struck them all dumb, from Koot Hoomi down, and dumb have they remained ever since. Madame Blavatsky has long ago realized that one of the most disastrous mistakes ever made by her was when she wrote the letter to Mr. Sinnett in Koot Hoomi's name, borrowed from Mr. Kiddle's Lake Pleasant address of August 15, 1880.

(*To be Continued.*)

Profit and Loss in their Relations to an Open Avowal or to a Denial of Spiritualism, when we know it to be True.

Lecture Delivered by N. F. Ravlin at Washington Hall, Sunday Evening, Nov. 9, 1890.

Reported for THE CARRIER DOVE *by G. H. Hawes.*

It is easy to float with the current, to drift with the tide, to sail with the breeze, or to be in harmony with popular esteem and favor. But there never has been a great reform or a new religious move, that has not been unpopular at the commencement; and it has required a struggle, and a sacrifice, and an exhibition of heroism to avow one's self with, or in favor of an unpopular cause. The time was, even since my memory, when it was a very unpopular thing to be an abolitionist; and this was in the days of Theodore Parker, Gerrett Smith, Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury and other great anti-slavery agitators. Those were great men that engaged in that early struggle for liberty. They were giants in intelligence, in intellectual power, and in all the essential elements that go to make up manhood. But they were called cranks, and one of the foremost of them was mobbed in the streets of Boston. They were persecuted in every conceivable shape, and every vile epithet was heaped upon them, because of their work in the abolition or anti-slavery movement. After the war was over and slavery was abolished, and the tide turned the other way, then everybody was an abolitionist, and nobody had ever been anything else. They had always been that way of thinking. They fell right into line and marched like good soldiers, and of course did not admit for a moment that they had changed from what they were. Times had changed, and now they were on the popular side; for, when popularity came to the relief of the unpopular cause, of course they drifted with the tide, and it cost them nothing to be abolitionists, while it cost the original agitators, everything.

The time was when it was very unpopular to be a Methodist, and a Methodist preacher, and a Methodist circuit rider was the butt of ridicule and the cause of many a sportive jest. People that were Methodists were regarded as enthusiasts and as cranks. They dressed in a peculiar way. Anybody would know a Methodist as far as he could see him by his dress, just as you would know a Quaker now. They were very plain, simple people. The ministers were plain and self-sacrificing men, and they rode the circuit; they penetrated the wilderness and were the pioneers of religious civilization. It was unpopular then to be a Methodist; they could not wear jewels, nor ruffles, nor bows, nor ribbons, nor any of these things that now grace the female form—that, I suppose, was one reason why they were unpopular.

But it is very popular to be a Methodist now. It is fashionable; and people that once would have been ashamed to be seen going to a Methodist meeting, will now rent a pew in a Methodist meeting house, and are regular attendants at the services of the Methodist churches, simply because the odium that once attached to Methodism no longer exists; for it has become popular, and people fall into line on the popular side, and it costs them nothing and they make no sacrifice.

The time was when it was unpopular to be a Baptist. And so you can go through with all these sects, and find that in the beginning they had to go through a stage of unpopularity. There has been a great deal of persecution of the Baptists for what was said to be a cruel mode of administering baptism; and in the early days of New England, the Baptists were often imprisoned and punished. Roger Williams was banished from Massachusetts, and he goes down to Rhode Island and establishes the First Baptist Church at Providence, and which exists to the present time as a memorial of that whole-souled, great, self-sacrificing man—one who believed what he preached, and had the courage of his convictions.

It is popular now to be a Baptist, to be a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian; it is popular to be a churchman, and there is no odium attached to any of these sects, and yet they have all fought their way through odium and every conceivable persecution. Obloquy has been heaped upon them, until their religion became popular, and then the very people that once were their defamers, are found in their company; the very people that once would be ashamed of them, now recognize them as brethren and sisters upon the same plane; the very people that once would have blushed to have been seen going to one of these religious meetings, are now regular attendants, and it costs them nothing; no sacrifice of peace or comfort. There is where the profit comes, if you please to call it profit.

Here is where it pays to drift with the tide and be found in these various religious denominations. A man is a professional gentleman, and he arrives, a stranger, in the city; he attends the various organizations of Christian people, listens to the different ministers, and he soon sees where the popular tide sets in, and as a matter of profit, he casts in his lot with them; he becomes one of them. He knocks at their door and asks for admission to their fellowship. He joins the church. He has an eye to business. There is a profit about the thing which pays a good per cent. It helps him in his profession, helps him in his business. And so with the merchant, and in many other occupations in which people are engaged. They unite with the congregation that is most popular, and that has the largest crowd and exercises the most influence. This man in his self-denial, in his great desire to serve the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ, attaches himself to these people—he has an eye to business, and to the shining ducats that he expects will come into his coffers, through his association with that people.

We have not been thirty-five years in the ministry of the church without knowing what we affirm in this regard, and we have had just such men come and knock at the door of our church and be received; but it was a good deal more profitable to the man than to the church who received him.

But there are times when it costs something to have the courage of one's convictions, to be true to them, and to be true to your nobler self, to your ideas of right, to have the courage to avow your principles against all odds, in the face of opposition and persecution.

We come now to the point in hand, the subject of profit and loss as pertaining to Spiritualists. Now, you know that there are Spiritualists without number, that are never known as such, that are never recognized as Spiritualists, that never avow they have any spiritual ideas, and never attach themselves to any spiritual society or congregation. You will find them largely in the Unitarian Church, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, and nearly all the churches of christendom, and yet they are Spiritualists and know that Spiritualism is true. But they have never publicly and openly avowed their knowledge or their faith; they have kept it to themselves; it is policy, or it does not pay as they estimate it, to be a Spiritualist; there is too much loss attached to an open avowal of Spiritualism, they think, to hazard a public acknowledgment of it.

Let us see what that loss amounts to, and also what the profit is. Of course we are no exception to the general rule. There are a great many preachers who do not preach all that they believe, nor do they believe all they preach. Take it either way you please, there is a good deal of mental reservation in the mind of the ordinary preacher of to-day. From policy he holds back the truth which he believes, and from policy he preaches some things that he does not believe, because he could not hold his position if he did not do it. There is not a man in the pulpit to-day that could hold his position for ninety days, if he were to preach all that he honestly believes to be true. I know, personally, that there are ministers who are perfectly satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism; they know

its phenomena to be facts, its philosophy to be true; they have received test after test, line after line, demonstration after demonstration from dear friends, and who visit mediums clandestinely, in order to communicate with their spirit friends, their angel loved ones. And yet those same men will go into the pulpit and denounce Spiritualism as a humbug and a fraud from beginning to end. I know of my personal knowledge whereof I affirm. Need you wonder that there are Spiritualists who are loth to avow their faith, and who constantly deny the truth, when ministers, who are supposed to be holy men of God do the same thing? Nothing else could be expected.

Where does the profit come in? Here is a man in business and he says:

"Of course, I am a Spiritualist, but if I let it be known, my business would suffer; people will boycott me in my business, and I will lose their trade. I must have the trade of these orthodox people, or else I will go to the wall. If they find out I am a Spiritualist, I might as well close my store.

So they deny it—deny that their angel friends can come and communicate with them. What must the angels think of that kind of duplicity? If I were in their place, I would not come to them at all. I would not be found in such company, when they were ashamed of me, or to let it be known they entertained visits from me.

But what is there in Spiritualism *per se*, that you should be ashamed of? If there is nothing, then why deny it? Why is communion with your loved ones in spirit any more to be ashamed of, than with those still in the material form?

You say they won't trade with you if you are true to your convictions. My brother, have you ever lost any custom because you were a Spiritualist? (turns to the president, M. B. Dodge, Esq., who replied, "None at all.")

Here is brother Dodge, and everybody knows him to be a Spiritualist. He took pains to distribute circulars among his business acquaintances at the last aniversary of Spiritualism, and they all know that he is a Spiritualist. Many of his business friends came to the aniversary meeting upon his invitation, and they expressed their pleasure and delight. Now was there anything that injured him in his business? Not at all; for everybody knows that he is as honest in business, as he is in Spiritualism: If you are dishonest in the one, the chances are that you are not over honest in the other. You can take that as a general rule that will apply in most cases. If a man will deceive his girl before he marries her, he will deceive his wife after marriage. It is these people who are so very much afraid of their friends, when they have none that will bear watching on general principles. If a man is honest, I do not care if he is a materialist—neither believing in God, angel, or spirit respect him for his honesty.

We like an honest man, and we do not ask people to believe in the fact of immortality, unless they have had evidence of it. I would rather have an honest materialist than a dishonest Spiritualist who knows these facts, and yet denounces them because of fear that he is going to lose something.

Now, we wish to say that we do not believe that any man in business, or any woman in business, or any man in any profession, would lose one single farthing by being known in San Francisco as a Spiritualist. That is, if you lose in one direction, you will gain in another; and when you come to close up the account, you would find that you had not made any sacrifices or suffered any loss by reason of your honesty. It is in your imagination, in your moral cowardice that the trouble lies, and when people are honest and open, and above board, true to their convictions, and dare avow the thing they believe, dare cherish and speak the truth, dare to express themselves as Spiritualists, people whose opinion is worth having will honor them for it. Men respect honesty and courage. You may take the midnight assasin or the bandit, and when he meets a man of courage, he knows him and respects him. There is no class or condition of people so lost, or so destitute of manly and womanly qualities, but despise one for being dishonest and who is afraid to express his real sentiments upon any subject he believes. People make a great mistake when they imagine they are gaining favor by being untrue to their own convictions.

We are in a free country. Do you know it? This is a land of freedom, where we have a right to think, and speak our thoughts, and to circulate them, Wanamaker, to the contrary, notwithstanding, and there is no power to abridge that liberty. It is a mere bugbear, a ghost of the imagination, when people hide behind some *nom de plume*, for fear they are going to lose something if known as Spiritualists. But, suppose you did lose something, is that any argument? Suppose you got rich by your silence, or made a few dollars more, or gained a little popularity, and people called you a good fellow, and they patted you on the shoulder, and complimented you, and gave you taffy, and all that sort of thing, and then in your own secret, silent thought, there is the conviction that you are playing a double part, that you are one thing externally and another thing within, that you seem to be opposed to Spiritualism, while in reality you know you are a Spiritualist, and you know the phenomena of Spiritualism are facts, and yet you hide it, and put on an outside appearance of hostility, and you think it pays. Now what is your popularity, and your compliments, and what is the taffy and the few dollars of material treasure, that you make by smothering your convictions? What do they amount to? Just weigh them up and remember what is being weighed against them. The nobler elements of your manhood sacrificed to a guilty silence and weighed against the corrupt, sordid treasures of earth.

What are we, if we have not the right of our opinions, and dare not assert them? What are we if we assume to be what we are not? Truth is not what seems, but that which is, and that which ought to be, and having a knowledge of it, and a consciousness of it, we ought to have the courage and the moral element of manhood to assert and avow it, irrespective of consequences. Let Spiritualists take that stand and we will shake the nations; we will convulse the cities; we will raise the dead, and we will reproduce and duplicate every species of phenomena ever produced by Jesus and his apostles, openly and above board, where there is no chance for collusion or fraud. Put the Spiritualists upon that platform, and they are the mightiest organization upon the globe; whether you call it scientific, philosophical or religious, they will wield a power greater than all other religious organizations combined. To do this only requires that Spiritualists have the courage of their convictions, and be true to their higher spiritual natures. Then they will grow and become an invincible host.

How is it now? A few societies struggling for existence and meeting in houses not their own. There is scarcely an exception on the American continent. They meet in some out-of-the-way rented hall, and have no temple (Boston excepted), no home of their own, no large congregations, no adhesive principles; little factions and squads of people, gathered here and there; inharmonious, disunited, non-progressive, and extremely unspiritual. This society is excepted, of course. That is what we see. Many Spiritualists of intelligence, of culture and refinement, of wealth, of standing, hide their light, deny it, live a lie, sail under some *nom de plume* that screens their real character, united to that in which they have no faith, and for which they have no use—none whatever. What we say is true. We know that in this city, in San Jose, in San Diego, in Denver, in Chicago, and no doubt in all Eastern cities, judging from all accounts, there are those who ought to be at the front as Spiritualists, who are lost in other congregations, hiding—is it not true? Suppose you were to take a census of this city, how many Spiritualists would you find in the Unitarian and other

churches? There are more in the churches than outside of them.

We also tell you, that there is more wealth among the Spiritualists in a certain city on this coast, that is hidden under the cognomen of Unitarianism, than is embraced in any three orthodox churches of that place. This is true of two cities in Southern California. Wealth sufficient to build anything, wealth enough to do anything in the way of education and culture, to mold society, and to impress their thought on the age, and on the generation; to be the leaders of social ethics and of social culture, and yet they are hidden in these congregations, and Spiritualism is none the better for it. What is it for? Why is it? Simply because it is unpopular to be a Spiritualist, because if they join the Spiritualists, they lose cast, they lose custom, they lose favor, they lose popularity, they suffer in their business, in their social relations. At least they think so. And so they hide, and ignore the struggling Spiritualists, and ignore Spiritualism, except on the sly. They drift with the tide and float with the current, and there is no sacrifice about it, except the outrageous sacrifice of principle. They do sacrifice in this regard, and the offering is a costly one. If they did not know these things, it would be different. But they do know it. We know half a dozen Spiritualists who represent as many millions, who are known as Spiritualists in secret, and do not deny it when questioned; but who are its enemies so far as their influence goes with the public.

And so the cause suffers, and the societies are weak, and the struggling bands can scarcely maintain a visible existence, and they are covered with ridicule, and scorn, and persecution from those that know nothing of its truth or its facts.

Now, there is a profit, they think, in all that. But let us balance accounts, and weigh your profits over against your losses, draw your balance sheet, square up your accounts for a year or for a life time, as the case may be. See how much progress you have made in spirituality, in spiritual things, in spiritual knowledge, in spiritual culture, in the unfoldment of your nature, in your growth towards heaven and towards the angels. See how much growth you have got, see how much preparation you have for the future. You have been a Spiritualist secretly, you have denied it publicly; you have lived for popularity, or for wealth, and you have ignored your cause, your angel guides, your loved kindred, and you have consorted with those who are the enemies of the cause which you know to be true. Now, you are about to pass over. You go where you will stand in your real character; you go where everything is open, and where there is no dissembling or hiding; you go where you will be estimated for what you are; you go where your standing will be according to your spirituality, according to your inner development, according to your honesty, according to your devotion to the principles of manhood, according to your adhesion to that which you know to be right and just and proper. That is the way you are going to be estimated in the spirit world. There will be nobody to give you taffy there for your duplicity. There is no commendation for one who has not the courage of his convictions, but simply cherishes what he dare not avow openly. You will stand in your own spiritual poverty with the charge of cowardice registered against you upon the books of nature. Thus you will stand weighed; with your loss over against your profit. The profit of a little popularity or a little material gain, weighed against principle, humanity, the angels, and the spirit world.

Now, what do your profits amount to, and what your loss? Can you compute them? It is a terrible balance sheet that is going to be presented to some Spiritualists in the other world, who wear the badge of Unitarianism or of Congregationalism, or of some other denomination as the case may be, upon their brow. You assume to be what you are not. You denied that you were a Spiritualist, and you were one. You were ashamed of Spiritualists and of Spiritualism when on earth, although that ism represented consort and communion with angels. You go into the other world in that condition, but you cannot take your popularity and your material gains with you. You are not admitted as a Methodist, nor as a Unitarian, nor a Congregationalist,—not at all. You are admitted into that condition which you have made for yourself. You were a Spiritualist, only you denied it. You knew the truth, but you declared you did not know it—you said it was a humbug. You knew the truth, but denounced it as a fraud.

I am speaking, of course, to people who take that position, who live that kind of a life; I do not suppose they are here in this room, and I should not care to speak on this subject, if I did not know that it was going beyond this room, and other eyes will see what your ears hear. Those present will take no exceptions,—none whatever,—and if I have anything to say to you, I will say it to your face, and not behind your back.

Now, how much have you lost? You have avowed yourself a Spiritualist—how much have you gained? You have been in communication with angels and you openly avowed it—how much have you gained? What preparation have you for an exchange of worlds?

You know something about the country we are going to, something of the laws that are in operation in that state. You are spiritually unfolded, you know the laws of nature, you know they work harmoniously, and you know that you are no exception to the universal harmony of nature. You know that you enter the spiritual world as you lived in this world. You recognize the grand bestowment of immortality, and that you will be in association with angelic intelligences forever. When you enter on the untried scenes of eternity, you go strong your convictions, you go openly avowing your faith, and without any fear; you go with calm serenity of mind, you pass through like the good man, of whom the poet sings, who "wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams." It is in this manner of intelligent consciousness that the progressive, openly avowed Spiritualist passes through so-called death, and meets his fate. There is nothing to fear, no cloud to obscure the horizon, for in his earth life, he dealt honestly and justly with his fellowmen, and his balance sheet is clean, and his name is untarnished. He enters immortality with a crown of glory upon his brow, because he was honest and honestly avowed what he knew to be true and lived it. The best jewel in the crown of immortality is honesty. Do you know why diamonds are so valuable? It is because they are so scarce. Do you know why honesty is such a bright jewel? Because it is so seldom found, the angels esteem it of great price.

There is no trait of character like veracity, like honor and honesty; there is nothing like the combination of these noble elements in one grand, developed rounded out character. This is what we want to cultivate. That is the kind of a society we want to build up, and such a society will be indestructible Then Spiritualism will be rescued from the obloquy and reproach that has been heaped upon it, and it will shine out clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners, and it most assuredly will come. The triumph will not long be delayed.

That is why we want to reach these Spiritualists in the churches; we beg them to come out. "While the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return," the poet tells us, but we do not wish to apply it that way, but "while the lamp holds out to burn, we shall welcome your return, and may you speedily come from the churches to which you have fled, and openly confess your adhesion to the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, which you know to be founded and grounded in the truth. Your conscience will be more at ease; you will sleep better, and calm will be your rest at night. Come right out,

do not fear avenging hosts from above, nor strategetic devil from beneath. Do not fear that you are going to lose a few dollars, and your proud name be tarnished.

We stand without reproach so far as character and reputation are concerned, and so have stood all these years, but we would rather have reproach, and obloquy, and scorn, and persecution, and be true to our convictions and to our angel friends and guides, knowing that Spiritualism is true, we would rather do this, and wade through persecution and ostracism to the grave, than to have the most lucrative pulpit between the seas and be under the bondage of orthodoxy, and have no demonstrative evidence of the life to come.

The greatest work in which you can engage is helping humanity. Anyone who has accumulated a wealth of one hundred thousand dollars, should give his income to benefiting and uplifting humanity. He should give it to keep people from wreck and ruin, and use it in such a manner that instead of building jails and asylums and alms houses, these institutions will not be required. He should so use it that there will be no need of charity. Charity is one of the meanest words of the English language. Charity, charity, oh, give in charity. If everybody dealt justly and lived in friendly, fraternal intercourse, do you think anybody would ever need charity, and that we would see poor cripples and blind men standing on the street corners begging, as we now see it in this Christian civilization? Not a bit of it.

Do you know what is going to bring about that state of things? Is the church going to do it? We do not wish what we have said about the churches, to be construed as criticism in the light of creating antagonism, for we honor the church for what she is, and for what she has done, and we want the people to maintain what they believe to be the truth; but after an experiment of 1800 years and more, it is found too big a job for them to solve the problem of redemption. She cannot do it; she wants to do it, but it is impossible. If there was a possibility of it, it would be in the union of all Christians in one grand Christian fraternity, Catholics and Protestants, and then let them embody the Christ spirit, before they ever said a word, or taught a thing. But that is not the condition of the church, and as we said, it is unable to redeem the world.

What is goidg to work these reforms, what shall ever abolish the penal code, what power shall establish jusiice in the gate, through what agency shall equity enter, by what means shall man be redeemed, through what channel of influence shall the rights of women be recognized, and no longer denied? It is to be done through Spiritualists and Spiritualism, and the absolute freedom of thought. That is why I want people who are Spiritualists in fact, to come and join in with us. We entreat you to leave the sinking ship in which you are, for the time is not far distant when popularity will change ships, and when the ship now ostracised will be the popular craft, and when the one you are now sailing in will go down. What would be the result? The result would be two societies in San Francisco, a thousand times stronger in less than twelve months than any that now exist, and there would be two temples each capable of seating 1500 people, with plenty of rooms for seances and everything of that kind. And who shall estimate the extent and the widespread influence that would go out from such a combination of the spiritual elements of San Francisco. You could have one or two magnificent publishing houses sending out your spiritual literature to educate the people, and to raise the standard and command the respect of all. As soon as we respect ourselves, others will respect us, and as soon as we show that we have a principle, a religion and a philosophy worth contending for, then they fall into line. But if we are not willing to make any sacrifices, who will? If the light does not come through us, through whom will it come? You may look in any other direction, but you will find it impossible; it must be solved on this line, or there is no solution of it.

We need to solve a great many problems that confront us in the social, financial and industrial world, and we want to know more of the laws governing in spirit, than we can possibly know at this time, with our present degree of enlightenment or unfoldment.

Let all who are Spiritualists in fact, combine in one united effort, and the standard of Spiritualism shall no longer trail in the dust, and the disgrace, if any there be, shall be forever put away, and Spiritualism shall not be a receptacle for the vampires of a hundred and one things, in one shape or another, that have sought to fasten themselves upon it. Let us stand out clear and open, present a bold front to the enemy, stand shoulder to shoulder, the angels above, and humanity beneath, and a trembling earth shall feel our tread, shall feel the magnetic thrill of our influence, and the questions that are crowding to the front for solution, that have baffled the wisdom of the sages, and the statesmen, they shall receive a solution of the grand outburst that in the future shall shine resplendent when our phenomena and our philosophy are recognized as going hand in hand, as a band of angels proclaiming the truth of redemption throughout all lands and to all the inhabitants thereof. Not only shall ignorance, and superstition, and skepticism be swept away, but conditions shall be given the unborn millions of earth, that shall make certain and sure the grandest possible achievements of the race, and usher in the long looked for era of universal fraternity, and peace. *Spiritualists* hold the key to the situation, and in the coming age of progress, the higher conception of their philosophy, and the purer elements of phenomenal demonstration, will unshackel, uplift, enfranchise and save the world.

Heroic Treatment.

The wife of a young man who has a little house of his own in the suburbs, but whose salary is very small, fell ill, and was unable to leave her room for several months. The doctor prescribed a great many remedies—tonics and beverages such as Appolinaris water and champagne—which were far beyond the young husband's means. But he was bound that his wife should everything the doctor ordered, and, his purse having been emptied, he stole out one evening with the parlor clock under his arm and returned with a $5 bill. A large easy chair was expended two days later for a few bottles of port wine: and, to cut the story short, by the time the young woman was able to go down stairs. the rooms on the first floor had been stripped of their contents to pay the grocer and the apothecary.

It must have been a bitter moment for the poor young wife when she first saw what havoc had been wrought in her drawing-room; and I dare say that for a few minutes, at least, her good man felt that he had been too clever by half. It must be acknowledged, however, that he acted pretty wisely; health is more important than furniture, and in time the household goods will be replaced. The plan which this enterprising young fellow pursued was surely better than helping himself out of his master's cash-box, and perhaps it was preferable to the ordinary course of running in debt; certainly it was more original.

Over 27,000 women in the city of New York supporting their husbands and children, paying taxes toward the support of office holders and politicians, and not one of them can vote, says the *Northern Light.* What a great, free government it is under which such a state of affairs exists! The highest nature of man—the supreme tribunal of justice—can not but declare such a government just as criminal as that of the Czar of Russia.

Early Life In California.

BY LEON M. BOWDWIN.

Life in the mines and in mining camps in the early days, to those who didn't join in the general revelry of drinking, and its attendant habits, was anything but congenial, and the mind's eye was continually turned away from the many disgusting, debasing scenes around us, to the dear old New England homes, where we had left all that was most dear, and the time when we should be able to join once more with home friends, seemed like a dream of heaven, almost, "too good to be true," but after many struggles, that time came, though not to stay, till fire had deferred it for another two years.

Though we were isolated in our mining camp, at Ophir, near Auburn, in Placer County, with no telegraph or railroads—nothing but the stage coach or freight team to bring us news from the outside world; life was not entirely without its exciting episodes.

In my last, I gave an account of how roughs sometimes fared, who undertook to run the town and break things generally. That was in 1851–2.

After such a tragic scene, in which blood and whisky soaked brains were spilled—such characters would keep quiet for a while, and give room for events of a different kind to excite the public mind.

I remember that winter, one such occurrence which stirred the whole camp from center to circumference, and only needed a leader to start a small army after the perpetrators, though they were acting under color of law. It will be remembered that this was the time we were living under the operation of the odious "Fugitive Slave Law," and California at that time, furnished more instances of its outrageous operation than most any other State. We had living among us, in a cabin on the hillside, two colored "boys" as we called them, though men grown. They had, by industry and economy, saved up enough to purchase two horses and a wagon, and did hauling for us all—were very trustworthy and honest. Their names were Jones and Robbins. After paying for their team, they had saved up a few hundred dollars which they had on deposit with Adams & Co.

One morning, the whole camp or town was electrified by the report that Jones and Robbins had been spirited away in the night, and on going to their cabin, we found it to be true—they and everything of value was gone—team and all—and it turned out that in the night a U. S. officer, with deputies from Sacramento, had, with the necessary warrants, swooped down upon them: gobbled them up with all their effects to return them to their master, who had brought them to California, where they had asserted their right to liberty, till the compromise measures of 1850 had thrown the chains around them again. They could not have been taken away in the day time without a large force to have over-awed the public, and the officers wisely took night time for their hellish work.

It was many weeks before the indignation of the public subsided after this outrage.

I will anticipate my movements to give the sequel to this event, which came under my own observation.

The following year after its occurrence, I started on my long hoped for trip home, having saved up a few hundred dollars, and rented a building that I owned, so as to give me a nice little income of $100 per month; calculating to sell the coming year and settle down "away down East." I took passage in a steamer for Panama, and as usual, we put into Acapulco for coal, and we all hurried ashore to see the sights and get some tropical fruit; and while threading my way through the narrow streets of the squallid little town, the first persons I met that I knew, were my old colored neighbors, Jones and Robbins—*free men*, by the grace of God and Mexican laws. We had but a few moments to get their story.

While on the steamer with their master, on their way back to New Orleans, it was noised about among the passengers, that they were being taken back into slavery—and it spread through the whole ship; and soon a movement was made to free them. Three men were deputised to get ashore as soon as possible after anchoring, return with another boat and two good oarsmen, and it was arranged for the boys to be ready to jump at a moment's notice. While on deck they were surrounded by friends to give them a send-off, and keep the master at bay. Soon they were being swiftly rowed from the ship, and were landed on shore with a little purse contributed by the passengers.

When I found them, they were working, one of them as a rough carpenter, the other driving a mule. I had not the time to get the whole details of their abduction, but enough to know that the master got the proceeds of the sale of all their effects and the money they had on deposit.

Viewed at this distance, nearly a third of a century having elapsed since it was possible to practice such an outrage, it seems that such works must have eminated from the infernal regions, if there is such a locality in the universe—and it becomes us to look well to our surroundings and practices at the present time, and see if there is not much that is sanctioned by law, that in the light of future decades, may seem as hideous to us then as does the holding of human beings in slavery now. Take for instance the protection that the law throws around the accursed traffic in liquors, which turns men into demons, and destroys the peace of more homes than all other vices combined. The law says, "pay so much into the public treasury, and you may sell all the liquor you can," no matter how many murders, shootings, stabbings and quarrels it occasions. The sellers are licensed to do that, and it is all right—they think instead of carrying the blame on their own shoulders, they divide it with those who say to them, "pay us for this and you may do it."

All the public feel it their duty to do, is to arrest the poor victim who gets drunk on the liquor they gave the dealer permission to sell, put him in prison or the chain gang, if he hasn't a well-filled purse to pay for the luxury of being drunk. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

When we have viewed fully the beauties of this law-protected murder mill—which grinds on and on, grinding up the souls of whole armies of human beings every day, let us cypher up and see if we can, when the time will come that we shall look upon liquor selling as we now do upon selling black men and women into slavery. And having mastered that problem, let us turn to the present land laws, which protect one man in the possession of land enough to support a whole kingdom, while thousands and millions can only claim as their birth right, six feet in the "Potter's Field," and not so much as that till after they are dead. And then following these abuses, comes a still more prodigious one, and one sanctioned by usuages, dating farther back than the time when St. Paul counselled wives to be "obedient to their husbands." I mean the outrages which the law sanctions on the rights of women, and the abuse which society allows tyrannical, brutal husbands to perpetrate upon defenceless wives. We have societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals—also to protect children—now let there be in every community, a "Society for the Prevention of Cruely to Wives," and let them be well supplied with "hemp and tar and feathers" for disciplining these brutes in human form, who play the part of petty tyrant with their poor defenceless wives, terrorizing them to put up with all sorts of outrages, making of them worse than African slaves—not allowing the wife to be the master of her own person, but complying her to submit to legalized prostitution. But even now, women are asserting their rights in the domestic sphere, and the public mind is already educated up to the idea of sustaining her, and no "Fugitive Slave Law" shall bring her back to the chains of her old master. And although in this respect the law will protect her from violence when she applies to the proper authority, there is

abundant reasons why laws should be improved to give women their rights. This, I say independent of the right of suffrage.

Look at the operation of probate laws, framed ostensibly for the protection of widows and orphans. They are manipulated in such a manner as to be mere devices for legalized robbery!

A man and woman may have lived together forty years; both of them have worked hard and saved up a home and a few hundred or thousand dollars for old age. The wife may have been the most important factor in making and saving this little property, but how does this beneficient Probate Court look at it?

The woman dies, and not a ripple is made on the financial question—her death causes no more disturbance with the property than would the death of one of their cows—everything goes on just the same; no guardian is appointed for the children, though the mother may have been their chief guardian from infancy; taking nearly all the care of them, washing and mending, sewing and patching, guarding their tender minds from falling into evil ways and instructing them in the rudiments which are the foundation of their future success or greatness, by her management saving to the estate the money, which would, every dollar, have been spent, had the man not had such a helper.

Consult the biography of most of our distinguished men, and you find that it was to the character, care and management of the mother, that they owed their start on a successful career. But how completely the law ignores all this, when either partner in the domestic establishment dies, while the death of the woman is taken no note of by the law, let the man die, though he may have been a mere stick; the wife furnishing the brains and tact, that did most of the managing and saved most of the property; and she is reckoned as a mere cypher. A guardian is appointed for the children, appraisers step in, and some probate lawyer gets a chance to help her save her property, and pockets the proceeds himself. The little estate, which may have been sufficient, had it been left to the management of the wife to support the family, is used up by this Probate Court robbery mill, till only the fag end of it is left. A quarter of a half of it goes to enrich a lot of hangers on around this beneficient probate mill, who watch for the death of some woman's husband, as carion crows or coyotes do for a dead carcass in the plains, that they may feast upon the remains. And this is called equity. Shame upon laws which rob defenceless women and children while claiming to their protectors.

The highwayman makes no such claims; but while despoiling men of their purses will pass women and let them be undisturbed in possession of their valuables, and in this respect he is entitled to more respect than these human vultures, who, under color of law, take the roof from over the heads of defenceless women and children, and the very bread from their mouths.

Another session of our legislature should not be allowed to pass till it enacts laws for the "prevention of cruelty to wives" and for the "prevention of robbery of widows and orphans." And when we have lived one decade under the operation of more humane and just laws, regarding the rights of women and orphans—laws that shall *protect* instead of *robbing* them, we shall look back at the present system of robbery as we now do upon upon the outrages that African slavery once permitted under color of United States laws; dearly—most dearly we paid for our complicity in that system of robbery; and let us correct these abuses of women before a like debt is piled up against us.

No State in the Uuion is cursed with so many vagabond, renegade, worthless husbands—(no, not husbands, but brutes bearing that name) as California is to-day; men who are attracted to women only by their lowest passions, and after loading the poor overburdened wife with a family of children, numbering all the way from six to a dozen—clear out in search of "pastures new" leaving the wife to drag out a miserable life providing for their support or what is infinitely worse—stay at home and compel the wife to support not only the children, but support their own miserable carcasses. This is the class that are fit subjects or a society of "white caps" or the whipping post, and when this evil is abated, we shall look back with amazement at our apathy in permitting such abuses to exist right under our noses, receiving out sanction by our silence.

The galantry of all old pioneers, who used to almost worship an old bonnet, whether it had a woman's face in it or not, and go into ecstasies over a woman's skirt, should come to the rescue and see to it that California shows all the other States an example in protecting the rights of its women and children from ravenous probate robbery, and forms in human shape that disgrace, the name of husbands.

STOCKTON, November, 1890.

The Test of Man.

Men and women in this world do almost as they please, some following the good and some the evil; and sometimes the evil seem happy, and sometimes the good seem miserable. But the thirst for renown is never slacked; it waxes warmer with indulgence. Love of self assumes many forms, noble and ignoble; but whether it blaze gloriously or smoulder basely, its final outcome can only be a handful of dead ashes; after so many struggles, sophistries, triumphs and jealousies, that is the end. But this destroying angel, born of man, has a counterpart, whose origin is divine, and who creates where the other consumes. This love, too, is insatiable, but insatiable in giving, not in taking; and the more it has to give, the greater is its delight in giving. But whether that which it gives be comparatively much or little, it is always the most precious of gifts, for it is love. The essence of the other love is death, but this love is life itself, and is immortal, because whatever it touches it transmutes into the likeness of itself. Between these two powers the world is divided; nor is there any human being in whose heart that division is not found; and according as the proportions vary do good or evil prevail. Often you can scarce distinguish one from another, even in yourself, though the gulf between them is nevertheless as deep as that which separates heaven from hell. We are misled most of all by success, which seems the test of merit but is never given in this world as a reward; it is only the most inscrutible of the dispensations of providence. There are many so-called philanthropists—men who will cure the world with a patent nostrum, or a political formula, or a moral apothegm. But these infallible prescriptions, when they are analyzed, invariably resolve themselves into one essential element—self. The men who have truly beautified mankind have done so unconsciously or inevitably, by an inborn divine energy of nature, and oftenest they are never identified with their deeds. It is not the inventor or proprietor of the best sauce, or telegraph, or government, that deserves the gratitude of his fellows, but he who shows us how unimportant are these things to the real greatness and peace of life. The test of a man is not whether he can govern a kingdom single-handed, but whether his private life is tender and beneficient, and his wife and children happy. If I could write my name in stars across the heavens I should be put to shame by the man whose home brightens whenever he enters it; and whose true name is known only to his wife, for she invented it when they were young lovers.

A Female Switch Tender.

For forty years Mrs. Mary Carrol has been the switchwoman at the Central Railroad junction a mile from Macon, Ga., where several different railroad tracks meet. During this time she has always been faithful and efficient. She has never been the cause of an accident. She is perhaps the oldest and only watchwoman in the United States. After so excellent a record and so many years of capital service, in sunshine and storm, in cold and heat, the Central Road has placed her in a less irksome position. She has been made gatekeeper at the shop of the road in that city.—*Chicago Post.*

A Brief review of Dr. B.

Co-operation.

Written for the dedication of "Justitiæ Home" Colony, by Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke, of San Bernardino, Southern California, Oct. 25, 1890.

From Homes of Love Supernal,
Where dwells eternal day;
From climes no shadow darkens;
Where justice reigns alway;
We come, O, struggling mortals,
With wisdom, love and power—
Co-operation is our theme,
Freedom and Truth your dower.

Stand forth then, chosen Woman!
Your era dawns to-day—
Adown the vista of the past
The mists have rolled away,
Revealing to all coming time
The truths that live alway.
Look backward then, with Bellamy!
O, Fathers, Brothers, Men!
Scan well the opening portal
To which your footsteps tend.
'Tis widening out to greet you—
Then consecrate this hour
To nobler aims, diviner thoughts,
And love's supremest power.
"*Is there a God?*" from aching hearts
And stiffling souls arise—
A piercing cry that rends the veil
And bids the dead arise.
Come forth from cells where midnight ghouls
Absorb, devour and prey
On breaking hearts and famisned souls
'Till hope and reason sway,
And error, robed in princely garb,
Triumphant leads the way.
Yes, backward look! The breaking light
Streams far adown the way;
It penetrates the sombre gloom,
And sheds a brighter ray;
It beams athwart the tyrants throne,
The hovel of the serf;
It pierces to the furthest verge
Of this our mother earth;
Awakes the God within each soul,
Sounding with dread alarm
The innermost. With thoughts untold,
They rise from shop and farm
With new resolve, with purpose strong,
And turn with eager eye,
Confronting all. With hope renewed,
Their fervent gaze on high,
Excelsior in look and mien,
They pierce the vaulted sky
A little while, then stand and gaze
Adown the vista of the *Old.*
The curtain lifts! Lo, light has come!
The night is gone. The Truth unfold
To eager souls. We now unroll
The scroll of Fate, whose index points
The coming page. With heart elate
Go forth, O dwellers in the mortal sphere,
The Gods are with you, and the time is *here.*
"As one day a thousand years,"
To man awakened from his doubts and fears.
Stand forth! ye martyrs of the Long Ago,
Who watch the turmoil, note the ebb and flow
Of new resolves, of that which, not complete,
Has lived its time—its little hour—
Then, giving way, has owned a higher power.
The culmination of the age has come!
The chaff must winnowed be—the work begun
To lead the future; to advance the soul
Of man toward a higher, purer goal.
Co-operation! From the realms above,
Where justice lives, and mighty power of Love
Sits throned, the impulse comes
To lead a doubting world, and to remove
The blighting power of gold—
That man unto his fellow may thus give
A full return, and thereby all may live.
Heed it, ye carpers in the world's cold ban!
Mankind is moving to a nobler plan;
The Gods have spoken, and co-operate
With souls unfolding to a new estate;
The builders of the Old are here to aid,
And thus undo the work themselves have made.
They move among you with an added force,
Because they learn to bless, and not to curse.
They built a Fortress on the shifting sand;
Nowhere was justice seen, nor woman's hand
Invoked. They reared their Babel Tower
O'er broken hearts, unmindful of the law,
Whose compensating force the prophets saw
In ages gone—within whose lurid light
The Seers beheld the triumph of the Right.
O, man! ye builded with a master hand
Your structure, that you deemed would stand,
Radiant and fair, to tell to coming time
Your great achievements. You thought your work sublime
Would stand the test, and lead the human soul
Forever onward to your vaunted goal.
You lacked the fervor of the purer sense;
Your selfish greed the rock of your offense.
Your temple stands, a menace and a snare,
The Cross your symbol; while the sunlight's glare
Reveals your motives, lays your purpose bare.
The coming time brings solace for the needs
Of man, defrauded by your cruel deeds;
Unbinds his shackles with unerring hand,
That peace may reign and higher truth expand.
The Stone rejected must the corner gild
Of the *new* Temple that your hand will build.
The Prototype already stands revealed
To souls inspired by kindly word and deed.
'Tis reared by spirit hands, in yonder sphere,
Co-operation brings its purpose here.
Grasp it, O, brothers! Sisters, lead the way,
No longer scorned, no longer held at bay!
The work is ready, "Know Thyself" to-day,
And walk with courage in the chosen way.
The Age is waiting for the inner force
That does not bind, nor threaten, nor coerce.
Hail! Woman Love, by Wisdom led and moved;
Truth will endow, and Justice will enfold.
Freedom and Charity expand, enthrall,
Till Harmony moves grandly over All.

O, Spheres of Light, decend,
And with us blend;
Let Order out of Chaos come,
Then "Peace on Earth,
Good Will to men"
Shall permeate all lands
Whereon Our Temple stands,
Bringing a Benediction
From that diviner life
Where Truth abides,
And Harmony, not strife,
Forevermore.

Solving The Social Problem.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

The Chico *Enterprise*, as quoted in your columns, will have to become a great deal more enterprising before it is qualified to decide upon "What is solving the social problem." So far from the fact of a woman's acting as fireman, or filling any other position of labor which men have been accustomed to fill, such efforts only *complicate our difficulties.*

True, woman should be financially independent, would be now, if justice were done her, but she, as a sex, can never become so by grasping at places that leave *men unemployed.*

Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, in her "Woman and her Era," says of the hard, physical toil in which woman engages, and indeed, any labor through which woman becomes a money-earner as a dependence for support, is *an injury to the race.* Why? Because it tends to blunt the fine, artistic feelings of the soul through which the race rises in the scale of progress.

Motherhood lifts the race, or drags it down just as conditions are furnished her.

No, I would not have woman idle, but I would just have her efforts put forth, because she *must.* Men and women who do what they like to do, always produce better work than if forced to do by the fiat of bread and butter. Woman, and man too, should be free from all *care* as to the bread and butter question, in order to think their best thought, and shape it into form; but this is particularly true of woman, of the mother, for she gives form, soul to the coming generations.

Bellamy's system, as portrayed in "Looking Backward," will secure this independence, and no other system that I know of will. Details may vary, but the principle involved in that system, is the only one that will secure justice to all, by making each feel that when they do, they do their best; they are not only entitled to the best, but will get it.

The man who hired his hags to put a load of coal into his cellar, learned the true philosophy from their lips, provided he did not know it before. The eldest was lame, and not strong otherwise; the second one was the picture of health, and always took the lead; so he came for his pay first.

"Well, John," said the father, "how much do you think you have earned?"

"About a quarter," was the reply, and so he was given the twenty-five cents; then turning to the older hag, he asked, "and what do you think you ought to have, Willie?"

Willie said: "I worked as long as John did, and as hard as I *could*, and I am not to blame because I am not so strong as he is."

He got his quarter also, then came the little one, seven years old; "and what do you think you ought to have, Freddie?"

"I worked all the time, and I'ze not to blame, papa, because I am little."

He got his quarter too.

And there lies the true principle of justice. If nature, through environments, has given greater brain power, or greater physical strength to one, than she could to another, who was gestated under different conditions, the capacity is of *itself* sufficient reward, without an extra, an outside reward. As well pay a woman to whom you have furnished a sewing machine, a given price for every garment she makes, and then ask the woman to whom you have given only a needle and thimble, to make garments for the same price.

No, the number of hours, and the diligence should decide the pay.

The different talents we possess are no more *our* particular property, than is the sewing machine in the case named, the property of the woman when furnished by her employer. We do not create, own our abilities in the sense that we *originated* them.

Suppose in the case of the two women named, garments were given to each, the pay for the making of which was twenty-five cents; the one to whom a needle is given makes two, while the one to whom a sewing machine is given makes ten. Both work alike as to time and diligence; one gets fifty cents, the other two hundred and fifty cents; would it be just?

That is the principle upon which rewards are based under our present property system--the *system* admits of no other method, and thus, through increasive inequality of environments, the inequality becomes greater and greater, even till a promising nation is involved in one common ruin.

Friend Ravlin says of the threatened revolution: "There is no escape from it, unless there is a radical reformation that shall change the order, and change the system from what it now is to that which it is not."

"*Radical*" going to the root of the evil; he is right. He thinks woman suffrage will change it, if it comes soon enough. He speaks of the "chain lightning of woman's intuition." Well, it is a woman who is speaking, and she wishes she had *light* enough to illumine the subject in hand, but she wants something more permanent than chain-lightning. Her intuition tells her that the old system must be thundered and lightened out of existence, to make place for the new, the radically new system.

It must come, and the question is: Shall we rise, or shall we sink through it? If we rise through it, all is well and progress assured; but if we sink, then another trial, another long seige of preparation. One of our most "intuitive" women wrote more than twenty years ago:

"A nation that does not take care of its mothers ought to perish," and again: "If freedom does not come to this generation, we shall go down, and it will come to a mixed race a few hundred years hence."

The "lightning" may have flashed too quickly to enable her to measure time aright, but the principle is correctly stated.

We are glad to see our Spiritualistic speakers taking up this question. It marks progress; it shows that we are ceasing to be mere "Summer Land" gazers. It is a question that interests every "Spiritualist, every Freethinker."

Five years ago, and more, we wrote: "We have felt the anguish of spirits, who, crushed out of life here by false conditions, we have felt their anguish when denied a hearing through their "*two radical*" mediums, and at the beck of the money power. And more, we know, that like Garrison, they have sworn that they *will be heard.* "Yes, they will be heard, even though they take possession of mediums to blow the dynamite trumpet. They do not wish to do this, but they *must* respond to the cries of those here, who are in like conditions; and if Spiritualists deny them a hearing in one way, they will make themselves heard in another.

If we, *as Spiritualists*, would take up the question of *Justice to Labor*, discuss it in our meetings and elsewhere, we should thus be *educating* the indignant spirits, who are behind the (fast becoming) desperate ones here. "If we, as Spiritualists, would do this, we could not only bring to the aid of the cause, multitudes upon both shores, but *we might* so connect with the *sphere of wisdom*, as to be able to so draw the lightning from the overcharged clouds as to prevent a *deluge of blood.*"

Any chain-lightning in that, brother Ravlin? We still may do something toward lessening the deluge, but cannot wholly prevent.

The poet, Whittier says:

"Not painlessly doth God recast
And mold anew a nation,
We wait beneath the furnace blast
The pangs of transformation."

That was written in reference to the war caused by chattel slavery, but wars, in the name of God, do not do the work. Wherever God is put to the front, there comes a greater evil in the place of the less. Four millions of black slaves taken out of chattel bondage, and the millionaires have made slaves of more than forty million of white men and women, while the blacks only exchanged one form of slavery for another.

Let the rallying cry of the next step be *Humanity*. Let God stand back, and for once, look on, and then mark the result.

Any chain-lightning in that brother Ravlin?

But a word more as to woman's solving the social question, by taking man's work. George Eliot says:

"A woman ought to produce the effect of exquisite music." Why? Because she is the artist soul—the *mother*. Because through what is gestated under her heart-beats, must come the harmony or the discord of nature's unceasing anthem, as it rolls itself through the human race. J. H. White says in the October DOVE: "Eight hundred thousand women in the United States only receive $3 per week;" but in enumerating the disabilities under which they labor, he forgot to look at the other side of the question, forgot to state the probable number of men that were thus deprived of employment.

How many of that eight hundred thousand women, suppose you would produce the "effect of exquisite music?" And yet it was from a woman's intuitive soul that those words came.

Oh, my sisters, workers for woman, when will you cease trying to fit woman to society as it is, instead of trying to fit society to woman!

Spirituality.

It is high time that all people who call themselves Spiritualists should be spiritually minded. It is only in the light of soul growth that our sublime philosophy is appreciated. We may sit down on the earth-plane to the end of our days, and wonder and speculate upon this or that phase of phenomena, and never grow spiritual by the process. It is only in spiritual unfoldment that we either receive benefit ourselves, or confer it upon others. When we ascend to higher conditions, we attract others of like aspirations to follow us, and thus are we doubly blessed, as we are made a blessing to them. Under the warm sunshine of reciprocal love, spiritual growth is realized, and latent spiritual powers are developed. As our love for truth increases our capacity to comprehend it is enlarged. Great souls are never characterized by pomposity, arrogance or assumption. They are great, as they grow in the love, and knowledge, and practice of the Truth. "To be spiritually minded is life and peace." To dwell amid the sensuous, material environments of the flesh is to starve our spiritual natures, and inflict a serious injury upon our higher, better, nobler selves. Nothing is more needed among Spiritualists than spirituality. Wrangling and all inharmonies are on the sensuous plane. As we arise to a cognition of the glorious, yet practical elements of our philosophy, the clouds lift and the mists are rolled away. Then, heart beats responsive to heart, and mortals and angel loved ones meet in delightful, soul-expanding fellowship.

Cheerfulness.

What a power in cheerfulness! What a charm in a loving, happy disposition? It dispels the clouds that hang in somber blacknes over other souls. Its own sweet perfume permeates all about it The very atmosphere of such a presence is redolent with the ambrosial frangrance of Heaven. Joy sparkles in the eye, and pleasure blooms in the cheek. Real contentment dwells in the breast, while a continual feast is prepared for the welcome guests attracted to a loving spirit. Cold conventionalism stands afar off, like an iceberg of the Arctic region. Formal customs form no part of the programme. The cheerful, happy spirit is nature unadorned by art, uncorrupted by custom, and unchilled by soulless formalities. Let us cultivate cheerfulness. Let us accustom ourselves to look on the bright side of things. There is no cloud that has not its silver lining. There is no misfortune but it might be worse. Are we in sorrow and affliction? Even here it is better to strive to be cheerful than to murmur and repine over what we cannot help. The greater our victory if, under afflictive circumstances, we can be cheerful.

Mrs. A. Leah Fox Underhill.

Funeral Address by Mrs. Nellie T. J. Brigham.

Reported by W. S. Rogers, Teacher at Graham's Short-hand and Type-writing School, No. 50 West 22nd street, New York City.

The recent transition of this world-renowned and noble woman to a higher, holier and happier state of existence, is an event of more than ordinary significance. Being the oldest of the famous Fox sisters, through whose mediumship the marvelous manifestations of spirit return caused the most intense interest and inquiry, not only in America, but throughout the civilized world, the simple announcement of Mrs. Underhill's death may well remind us all to pause and reflect. Innumerable memories of the many bitter trials and sorrows to which the Fox family were subjected during the early period of their strange and eventful experiences come unbidden, and must strike a chord of sympathy in the heart of every unprejudiced human soul. Under the honest but searching scrutiny of such minds as Horace Greeley, Wm. Cullen Bryant, John W. Edmonds, Prof. S. B. Brittan, J. Fenimore Cooper, James A. Garfield, Robert Dale Owen, Isaac T. Hopper, Gov. N. P. Tallmadge, John E. Robinson, Prof. Agassiz, Prof. Mapes, Prof. Horsford, Wm. M. Thackeray (the novelist), Robert Chambers, E. W. Capron, Jacob G. Cuyler, Dr. John F. Gray, Dr. A. D. Wilson, and hundreds of other men and women of that period, the Fox sisters passed through the various and trying ordeals, abundantly proving their honesty of purpose, and causing many of their learned and skeptical investigators to become firm believers and defenders of the new light, and the new dispensation. The following prayer and discourse by Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham, at the obsequies, and the affecting solemnity of the occasion, will long be remembered by the large number of mourners and friends present. At the conclusion of Mrs. Brigham's beautiful and touching discourse, Handel's exalted musical inspiration, "Angels ever bright and fair," was rendered by Mrs. Louise Vescelius Sheldon, with such prayerful and tender pathos as to draw copious tears from the eyes of many of her sympathetic listeners. This beautiful composition was indeed a fitting close to the sacred and impressive ceremonies.

PRAYER.

O thou, who art at all times with us, whose hand expresses infinite tenderness and care, and fatherhood and motherhood blended in one, we would have thoughts of thee come to us to-night, bringing light through all our shadows, bringing strength through all our weariness and weakness. O God, thou whose light makes beautiful the world, thou whose love is our light, comfort and instruct us, for we need thee now. We bring to thee, in our prayer, all the hunger and thirst of our spiritual nature, all the longing, all the weariness, all the doubt, and all the trouble, and we bless thee in the clear light of thy love and care; and, lo, even while we pray, we are strengthened, and uplifted, and answered. Our Father! In the midst of sorrow, we yet have the rejoicing that we bring to thee our earnest thanks that thy love is perfect. We thank thee that whatever men may think of thee, however they may stumble and be mistaken in striving to know thee who art infinite and changeless in thy love and goodness, by thy every law humanity grows upward and sunward, and the shadows melt away, and we learn that thou art love, and we trust in thee who art the spirit of truth, the giver of all truth. And when from time to time there comes, amid the darkness, some helper, some guide, some hand to lift the lighted torch amid the gloom, we thank thee, for thou art the love and the light that makes these things possible. O Spirit of Truth, we may still apprehend thee. We may stumble in thy way, we may doubt, misunderstand and misinterpret, yet steadfast and sure stands the truth, and we thank thee that it is so.

O, our Father! While human hearts are grieving, while shadow, pain and sorrow lie darkly upon so many assembled here to-night, yet through all our night of sorrow, the great, bright stars are shining, and there is a silvery radiance that glides through the dark-

ness, and rests upon us where we are. We thank thee that we know thou didst give a little child to the earth. We thank thee for the love that sustained and sheltered her, for the love that nourished and developed her; and we thank thee for the maidenhood and womanhood; for the love in the wife and the mother; for the daughter; for the sister; for the friend. And, O, our Father! now that this friend is gone from the weariness, gone from the storms of the world that are lashed on every hill; gone from the turbulent ocean of sorrow, whose murmuring was always in her ears, now that she stands in the clear and cloudless light, O Father! for the life and liberty, and the peace and happiness which she has found, for the work she has done which brings the light of blessed truth to those who sat in darkness; for the beautiful dispensation of immortal life that she was strong to bring, and steadfast and unswerving to keep before the eyes of the world, for all this we thank thee, O Spirit of Truth. In those days, when to speak of this beautiful truth which gave to her her strength and glory, was to incur derision; when, in those days to assert that heaven and earth were blended, and that mortals could receive messages from their unseen friends, was only to call forth criticism and bitter scorn,—she stood strong and secure as an oak stands amid the storms of winter.

O our Father! For the hand, small as it was, and frail as it was—the hand, cold and nerveless to-night—the hand which helped to open the great door, to unlock the great mystery to those who are longing, hungering, mourning--for this, O God, we thank thee. We thank thee, that in those days, when the light which she helped to bring was seen by multitudes instead of a few, that in those days when she stood firmly by this beautiful truth which she felt, and knew, and lived, day by day,—for this strength, for this loyalty, for this *purity* and *honesty of purpose* in the woman, in the medium, for all this, O God of Love, and God of Truth, we thank thee.

And, now that her night is ended, and her day has dawned upon the eternal hill,—now that she has gone as a visible presence from those who love her so tenderly and so dearly, from the many that she has won with her love and generosity, O Father, for the beautiful welcome that has been given her at the home invisible shall we not thank thee? There have been words of gladness, sweet words, happy greeting. There has been a great and sweet surprise in the wonderful light, the light that has no equal on all the face of this broad earth. For all the beauty that she now sees, O God, we thank thee.

And now, O Father, help us. Help those whom she has helped. She was always quick to respond to the cry of the needy; her sympathy was always ready to aid those who were in trouble; her tears were as quick to flow as April clouds to shed their rain, over the sorrows of others. And, O Father, from that beautiful land where she lives with millions of angels standing in the light, we pray that the same love and helpfulness down-flowing from that land may be felt, may be accepted here to-night. There are many here to-night who need this comfort; O Father, make them receptive of it; make their natures plastic to receive it; open the eyes of the spirit; open the windows of the soul, that this light may shine in; and, O Father, we trust in thee; lead us, guide us, let thy angels strengthen and comfort us all, now and forever. Amen.

ADDRESS.

"Death shall be swallowed up in victory." This is an old saying which is an instance of that wonderful inspiration which is over all the world—"Now is brought to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory." "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

There are some words of comfort that we could recall, many that come flowing back to us like the ghosts of sweet music from the hills forever green and bathed in light, and beyond our yearning mortal sight; but among those echoing words there are none which can express so perfectly the living truth of this honor as these we have quoted—"Now, indeed, is brought to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed in victory."

Friends, you have come from many places; from homes where the name of our sister was a household word. Did you ever go to her house before when you had not from her a loving welcome? How ready she was to reach out her hand to greet you. How quickly the smile sprang with the light in her face; how warm were those friendly, kindly words of greeting so dear and so familiar to the memory of all. You have come here to-night, and there, with the crown at the head,—and strongly significant, the cross also,—is a quiet sleeper. But she whom you love is not there. It is only like the slumber that lies like a beautiful benediction of peace on the tired face. And when you look at that casket, and the wearied dust that occupies it, we would have you remember that our friend is simply gone out of it, and that she lives never so truly, never so really, as to-night; and she has spoken the words of welcome to you, but you did not hear them. She has smiled upon you with such angelic sweetness as you never saw on the worn, tired face, but you saw not the light of that smile.

And friends, though you call her dead, she is living, and comes as truly as any soul can come; and remember, "Now is come to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory." Friends, do you know what this life is? Do you know what death is? These garments you are wearing are only yours, not *you*. They are the shells, or robes, or houses, whatever you choose to call them—your possessions. You are interwoven in the very fibres of this body, but the *body* is not *you*. And when you look upon the faces assembled to-night, you are looking only upon the veil which one-half reveals and one-half conceals the love of your friends.

Here upon this earth you are placed to fulfill a mission, to learn a lesson. Do you know that this is not your home? That it is not the abiding place? That day after day, and year after year, you are building a house that you shall find in the other land? It is built of thoughts and motives; it is built of words; and day after day, you are weaving, thread by thread, thought by thought, the robes you shall find waiting for you in the life invisible to you to-night. And sooner or later this change which has come to our friend so suddenly, and with signs and warnings partly unnoticed or misunderstood--this change will come to you all. It will come swiftly, it will come soon to some of you; it will come lingeringly to some, but it is on its way. No, you are on your way to meet it. It is not a dreadful thing; it is not a fearful thing—this change you call death. It is only an opening of the door, and passing out of the shadows into the light, to that sweet and glorious splendor that lies beyond this vestibule of toil, as you are wont to call it. And so, day by day, as you are here learning your lessons, it is wise that you should stop and consider what this life really is—this life that men call death. When the night ends, the day is beginning; when the bud uncloses, the rose blossoms; when the chrysalis is broken, the butterfly wafts itself in the light, shakes its wet wings and dries them in the sunshine and soars away. Is that death? No; that is a natural change, an evolution, an outgrowth. And friends, if death is not the birth of the spirit, then science halts and stumbles at this point. But if death is birth, if it is the dawn of the day, if it is the breaking of the chrysalis, then it is but one link in this long chain of evidence, in this one great chain of evolution and progression.

Friends, why should we stop to ask for evidence, and indications, and suggestions, of immortal life? Why should we speak of intuitions, and of longings for another world? Why should we speak of the strength of the pure affections which will not lie down in the dust of the grave, when that proves of itself that life flows on beyond the shadows? Why should we bring to you texts of Scripture? Why should we tell you stories of the angels of the olden days who came to the seers, and patriarchs, and disciples? Why should we tell you of these things? There is here to-day in your mind a name. It is the name of one whose life-work shines as bright as the brightest star in the heavens--the work of demonstrating immortal life.

Friends, when you think of our dear sister, Leah Fox Underhill, the name itself has a sound which seems to carry with it something to the affections, something to the intellect, assuring us by these

demonstrations of immortal life; and then we remember that we do not need to search and glean in the fields of philosophy, and science, and history, to show you the reality of life. We can think of her as still living. We can trace the path backward. And you come with us in your thoughts till you find the time when those raps sounded as though the angels had said, "We seek admittance, and we will not be set aside; we will not be denied."

We know that this woman has stood before the wise and the learned; she has stood before men who were proud of their intellect and attainments; her powers have been carefully scrutinized, and she has given, to all their questions, the clear, straightforward answers that demonstrated immortality. She did not shrink as some mediums from exhibition; she did not hide beyond false conditions; she did not stand before the world saying, "I dare not let this light shine;" but she let it shine; she held the torch when its glow and glory shone in tears, in tears that blinded her sight. Oh, brave, faithful, loving worker; brave heart, silent now. Oh, brave in purpose, strong and vivid, and intense, in the spiritual life! We bring you homage; we bring you greeting; for, you were the one who demonstrated life after death, who demonstrated the power of the invisible over the visible; you were the one who gave to the world proofs that spirit is all potent, and that it thrills matter, and communicates through matter. Oh, brave, loyal, spiritual worker, we lay at your feet this crown of our loving remembrance, our loving gratitude; and why should we need to seek for proofs of immortal life when you have given them so full and so perfect?

When we think of her we remember the bitter waters that flowed to her feet; we remember the ingratitude that gathered around her; and then the purpose, like the purpose that stirred the saintly souls of old, lives beyond the shadow, and we say: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Friends, "Now is brought to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory."

Of what are you thinking, as you gather here to-night? First her power to bring spiritual light. You were thinking of them all of these later years, when as part of this home made bright and beautiful with love and welcome, and singing birds, and green leaves, and fragrant flowers, she lived and welcomed you. Those loving hands were reaching out to the aged and the poor; always ready to give, always ready to help, always thinking of the needs of others. Those loving hands were stretched out to little children. She folded them in her arms, she kissed them, she loved them. And friends, she gave a mother's care to the motherless. She has helped others; she has led them along the pathway of life to manhood and womanhood, and given of her possessions to bless them. Her life has gone out to all classes.

As we stand here to-night, back from the land that you cannot see, where the clear light is shining, and where the darkness of earth fades into the eternal white, there comes a presence, strange perhaps to you, not strange if you could see it; and we remember one who was a "Sojourner," and one whose name was "Truth," and we know that years ago, she gave to her loving welcome. She cast her not out; she thought not of the sable-hued brow and cheek; she only thought of the purpose, and gave welcome to the woman who has given her welcome in the Better Land now. [Sojourner Truth, a well known and patriotic old colored woman, a staunch supporter of the American Union, and a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, spent several months at Mrs. Underhill's home, where she was made happy and contented in her declining years. She died at the advanced age (it is stated) of 107 years.]

Friends, you who come here, remember the kindly deeds that characterized this life, how hearts have been filled to overflowing with blossoms that graced her pathway, flowers that grew from the very soil of the human heart of love and sympathy. When you remember these things, let your thoughts rise above your loss and think of her gain—she whose home was open to so many, she whose ready sympathy flowed out to so many. Friends, how beautiful these words are, "Death shall be swallowed up in victory."

What has she found? Her friends. There are names we might speak, the names of men and names of women that are dear to us in memory and in reverence; and she has spoken these names, she has seen the old familiar faces, she has clasped the hands of welcome friends in the Better Land, and the old life of trouble, pain and weariness, and advancing years, is left behind her. Oh, loving sister, loving friend, loving wife, heaven is indeed brighter to-night, because it has one more kind heart dwelling therein.

Among those who have loved her, among the names of statesmen, among the names of men who have helped shape the very character of our country itself, among the names of poets and teachers, we might speak of one, yes, more than one, but of one, especially, whose young, sweet life flowed away like a strain of sweet music in a land where music is the eternal language. [Emmons Hamlin Watson, the gifted young musician, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Jay Watson, who passed from earth to heaven, Jan. 15th, 1890, at the age of nineteen years and ten months, and in whose rare musical genius, Mrs. Underhill took a warm personal interest.] And she has stood by the dear boy, and she has clapsed his hand and said, "I have come from those who mourn and grieve, and I am sure your father, your mother, and all your dear ones are seeing more light than they have seen, and I know it will not be very long when we shall all be together." And so, friends, to-night, the message that we bring you is one of love and congratulation for the one who has left the night behind her forever, and who stands on the morning shore, who stands beneath the peace that can never, never fade away.

Friends, when you take your last look at that face that lies so pallid and so pathetic there with the last shadow of pain, say to yourself, that is not your friend; that is not Leah; that is only the garment that is cast off. She will not need it any more. She stands, strong and young and free, and with such a pride of character as she could not have in that poor, tired body among the troubled surroundings of earth. And when we think of this, we will comfort our grieving, we will dry our tears, and say, "You have found the victory." "Death is indeed swallowed up in victory." O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?

Friends, you are spirits now. While you are wearing these garments of the body a little while, the world you call the invisible is all around you like the atmosphere. Oh, hearts sad and burdened, if we only could draw aside the curtain and let you see the Beyond, you would know these things. Between *these* rooms a thin curtain is drawn aside, and they are thrown into one; between *this* room and *that* there hangs a curtain of lace, but just beyond, there are green leaves and flowers and birds. [Mrs. Underhill's beautiful aviary of birds, flowers and tropical plants.] You only need to open the doors or windows between. And, oh friends, between you and the beautiful home where the birds are not asleep, between you and the beautiful Beyond where the flowers are all in bloom, there is a curtain hanging; would that you could draw it aside. You cannot; but angel fingers will do this for you, if you are only willing. And so friends shall we say good-night? No, let us change it. Good-night is the stem of the rose-thorns pain our fingers as we hold it; but, lo, upon this stem uplifted is the rose, and that rose is the "good-morning" for our friend. For all the sad and troubled ones may the peace of God come, the benediction of heaven, the clear light of the truth. For the dear companion whom she loved so deeply, and who has so nobly aided her in her work, faithfully standing by her through years of care and pain and trial—for this companion we need only say, there will be light, there will be strength, there will be recognition, "when the mists have rolled away." For the dear ones who have made the light of the home, we have only these words of kind sympathy, of sweetest and tenderest love; for those who have called her sister, and who have found her a sister, not alone in name, always ready to forgive, always ready to do, always ready to help them; when the night of this mourning seems deepest and darkest, we only say, "look up and think of her where she is at

rest and at peace," and then say, "Now, indeed, is the saying brought to pass, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'

Fading flowers are sparkling flowers,
  Flowers that speak of heaven's dark blue,
Lying there with breath so sweet,
  Fading, withering at our feet.
We know of lands of fadeless bowers,
  We know of shores of deathless flowers,
Grand blossoms rich and rare,
  Breathing fragrance in the air.

She has laid her burden down,
  And has found her glory crown;
She has passed her pain and loss,
  There must stand the risen cross;
But in the land you cannot see,
  There her soul is made so free
That it feels no pain or loss—
  It has the crown, but not the cross.

Friends who look through mists of tears,
  Friends who stand in earth's dark spheres,
You cannot see the shining way,
  You cannot see her opening day.
And yet amid earth's cross and woe,
  Some sweet message you may know,
How her soul has found the light,
  How her way is past the night.

She has heard her mother's voice,
  That which makes the soul rejoice;
She has heard her father's tone,
  And she is not there alone.
She has found the children there,
  Beautiful and bright and fair,
In the glory of that land,
  Where the pure and deathless stand.

She has heard the tones which here
  She had mourned for many a year;
Seen the faces which she lost,
  For the river she has crossed.
She has laid her great cross down,
  She has found at last her crown;
And we think of realms of light,
  Far beyond earth's weary night.

O, thine eyes are bright and clear,
  And thy light, thy love is here.
We may not hear the dear old voice,
  But it says rejoice, rejoice,
For at last my life is free;
  I have passed the misty sea;
I have found the shining shore,
  And my loved ones gone before.

So, dear friends, from realms of light,
  When we say to you good-night,
Think of that bright land of peace,
  Where the storms and night shall cease;
Where the glory of the day,
  Lasts with peace and light alway.
She will not feel the drifting snow,
  Nor hear the bitter winds that blow.

She has found the sweetest land,
  Where the purple flowers grow,
She has seen where angels stand,
  Passed from toil and earthly woe.
So, dear friends, there in the light,
  Say good-morning, not good-night.
Send us all from shores above,
  The benediction of thy love.

CLOSING PRAYER.

And now, O Father, may thy blessing rest upon us who so steadily need it; upon the suffering companion, weak and weary; upon these dear ones she has cared for and loved; upon these friends whose love follows her over into the land where she is to-night. May thy blessing give us strength, and truth, and peace, until all shall realize that there is no death, but that which seems so, is "Swallowed up in victory."

AT GREENWOOD.

Mrs. Underhill was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, by the side of her sainted mother whom she loved so tenderly, on Wednesday, 5th, inst. A beautiful cross and crown of flowers was placed at the head of her grave. The day was charming and serene, and the beautiful sun shed a bright halo over the great "City of the dead." Many relatives and friends followed the remains of the dear one to their final resting place. Mrs. Underhill's generous nature, and many kindly acts toward the weary and friendless during her long and useful life, need hardly be commented upon here, for they were a marked characteristic in her earthly pilgrimage. Henry Ward Beecher frequently remarked that "the only true way to be happy ourselves in this world, is to make others happy," and the greatest aim of this good woman's life was to carry out this divine injunction to the letter. The poor and needy were never turned from her door empty handed, and her great sympathetic heart constantly went out to the suffering children of earth.

As a consistent Spiritualist, she remained steadfast and firm in her faith. The mottoes of her daily life were "Listen to the small voice within, and obey its dictates." "Do not unto others that which you would not have others do unto you." "Worship where your conscience (not pride) leads you, and you need not fear to meet your God."

Many happy weeks and months have been spent by myself and family at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Underhill, who have been among our most intimate friends for many long years; and during these happy days Mrs. Underhill was ever ready to demonstrate through her mediumship the palpable assurance of a glorious immortality. In her many labors of love for the afflicted she has been constantly seconded by her noble and generous-hearted husband. Mrs. Underhill will be greatly missed in her home, and by a large circle of devoted and tried friends. I cannot better close these remarks than by quoting from a beautiful letter written by Mrs. Pauline W. Davis, of Providence, R. I., to Mrs. Underhill. She writes as follows: "Deeply as I am interested in the new philosophy of which you are a chosen teacher, still I am more interested in you as a woman, a woman whose heart is alive to all that is good and great, and that has been purified by high love."

J. JAY WATSON.

The emperor of Austria is against capital punishment. Recently a death warrant wae brought to him to sign, says the *Independent Spectator*; he refused to affix his name to the warrant, which he tore in pieces. This is the best thing we have heard of a crowned head doing for some time. Its influence is worth much at the present time when the question or capital punishment is being so generally discussed. The day will come when enlightened and civilized men will no more think of slaying their fellowmen through the machinery of law than they now think of taking the life of those who in their judgment are no benefit to society. But when this hour of splendid enlightment will arise, depends in a measure on each one of us. We may be of small consequence individually, but we each have some influence and it is our duty to throw the whole weight of that influence on the side of progress, humanity, and a better civilization.

SPIRITS.

Answers to Questions.

BY LIVINGSTONE C. ASHWORTH.

In a letter lately received from a friend, interested in spiritual topics, the following questions were proposed and it was thought the answers might be a help to other searchers after truth.

1. What do you mean by spirit?
2. Did my spirit exist before the birth of my body?
3. If so it follows that my father and mother had nothing to do with my inherited mental, or, in other words spiritual propensities; how comes it then that my traits of character can with certain variations be traced to my parents, or their parents, just as surely as any other part of me?

In the question "what is spirit?" the question as to the nature of my individual spirit may be included, therefore answering the question in its most general form, we would reply that our conception is that Spirit is *All*—that their is nothing but spirit. To sanction this principle by reference to authorities we may quote two—the one of whom was the founder of the Christian Religion—the other one of the founders of modern Philosophy—on the saying of Jesus Christ that God is a Spirit, and the saying, in the form of a fundamental proposition, of Spinoza that God is the Universal Substance—the whole of nature. Combining these (as, by the methods of modern thought in its eclectic nature we are authorized to do, we get this same principle that All is Spirit.

Here is a tremendous proposition contained in those words, yet there cannot be much added perhaps that will elucidate it only by intiution, inward growth, or spiritual development. But we mean by spirit intelligence—therefore, the necessary corollary is that the nature of man's mind and the so called elements is the same in kind however much one is superior to the other in manifestation.

The old distinction between matter and spirit must be abolished. It is hard for most of us to do this, but a very good commencement for those who like to assist their own ideas by reading, would be the study of "Berkeley's Principles of Human Knowledge" in which the old ideas as to "matter" some indescribable something upon which the Creator operates as a painter on canvas—are dealt with in such a manner as ought to shock those who feel so perfectly safe when they talk about "matter". But since Berkeley's time on this sphere we have the great principle of Evolution developed and philosophy generally more spiritualized, so that now it is much easier than it was then to free ourselves of the material ideas and regard the whole of nature as the expression of intelligence—that is of itself intelligence, the only one of which we have any Knowledge. In this view there is an unbroken chain from the simplest elements with which we are acquainted up to the mind of man—that is, they are intelligent, self-conscious objects the same as we are but in a lower degree. Atoms are intelligences combining intelligently to form molecules,the molecules combining in gases and so on. It seems to us that we could get no conception of these things if they were not intelligencelike ourselves. I cannot receive any ideas from a man if he has not consciousness and intelligence—but a rock speaks to us—it says hardness, roughness, whiteness, and innumerable other qualities which we discover as we apply ourselves to it.

But then some might object—"true, we learn these things from the rock. But how can the rock be similar to us? It is not concious as we are. It cannot learn from it as we do from it"—and so on. In regard to consciousness it seems reasonable to suppose that it is proportionate to intelligence. The rock has consciousness which bears the same proportion to ours as its intelligence to ours. * By the grand process of Evolution as we understand it, man has evolved through the whole if nature and of there had been no intelligence or consciousness in the rock, as well as in organic nature, there could have been none in man, i.e. man could not have existed at all.

This view, while it may appear very difficult is really simple, and, as we think, the only one possible to the mind in its pure spiritual condition, which only means a harmonious condition. Perhaps the first difficulty that prevents itself is, that in this view, how do we obtain the infinite degrees of intelligence? Why should man's intelligence be greater than a plant's or a rock's? To comprehend this, it must be assumed (which, however, has no need to be called an assumption, rather a self evident proposition) that from eternity there has been a higher and a lower intelligence. That the former can operate on and advance the latter and that such is the necessary order of the universe.

This may be definitely illustrated in man's own intelligence (for, as man is an epitome of the Universe, we may find every principle and power manifested in him.) All of us are aware of a constant struggle or warfare of forces in our own brains. Man has a disposition perhaps to kill, to lie, to speak uncharitably. He feels very often simultaneously a force contrary to it which makes some exertion and not infrequently conquers the original one and whatever this force may be termed, Conscience, Education, or the Divine Light, it certainly demonstrates the existence of a higher and lower intelligence and the possibility of the one overcoming the other.

Applying this to the whole realm of intelligence we can realize in everything a dual nature, its highest inmost principle, and its highest outmost manifestation, through all intelligence. What then is the result? The higher constantly works through the lower advancing itself through all forms and gaining intelligence and power through the process till the higest possible form of existence is attained.

What does this mean,—simply that the highest principle in atoms (or whatever name we give original intelligence) forms molecules having certain definite characteristics for certain ends—these combining intelligently to form gases, thence rock, mineral, vegetable etc., etc., the higher intelligence of rocks works into mineral,and the latter into vegetable,and so on, which means that it is only by such a process that the highest intelligent form viz., man, could be attained. For illustration, in a plant, by this principle, the higher intelligence works through the whole organism of the plant till it manifests itself as the flower, which is the highest expression of consciousness (displaying itself as beauty fragrance etc.,)possible in a plant. But this is evidently not the highest. These refined, intelligent elements are dissipated in the atmosphere only to be taken up by higher forms and resulting in man, the highest form and culmina-

tion of all. What then becomes of the "remains" of the plant, the lower intelligence? Evidently it must pass through similar processes again till it can itself be fit for the expression of a flower. Then by these principles, man's brain as it is called, is simply the flower of his form, the highest intelligence which has evolved or proceeded out of his whole intelligent organism.

Then what is man's spirit? But we have embraced all the universe under that one designation spirit. Then what do we arrive at? Simply that man's spiritual brain (if we must use such an expression) is the highest intelligence of his whole brain, and his spiritual body is the highest intelligence of his intelligent body, that intelligence which has left behind everything which was beneath it.

This is evolution; then some might say—why should not man himself give way to a higher form? to which we answer—show us a higher form, or give any intelligent conception of one and we will consider it, but we are only dealing with conceptions, and not fancies.

This principle, if expressed with more fullness and perspuity, must commend itself to every unprejudiced person by its symplicity and reasonableness.

It is true that it does not account for man's hignest powers and aspirations, because intelligence evolved through the lower cannot contain what is in that lower; but we do not hold that it is *only* through the lower, such development was only necessary that the higher might be attained at a certain stage of his development; man is able to affinitize with a quality of spirit far higher than such as he has developed through—the highest intelligence of the Universe. But such a proposition had no need to be discussed in the question as to the nature of spirit.

The second and third questions are answered to a certain extent by the above from which we learn that the spirit *as a form* could not exist before the body or the lower part from which it is evolved. All that portion of the intelligence of man which has come through the lower kingdoms could never come to maturity or receive any proper expression till the form itself was reached.

The subject of heredity is more difficult to elucidate in a few remarks. The commencement, or original germ of the human being is the life principle, the highest intelligence; or Nature, which has the power to draw in other intelligence in matter in order to give itself expression.

But this Nature is the union of two natures of each sex, each of which must contain to a certain degree, the characteristics of the intelligence from which it has emanated. It could not be otherwise, if the intelligence had something foreign to the construction of intelligence (the parent) from which it was derived it could not have existed in that combination.

By the union of the two natures, the characteristics of each become to a certain extent weakened, but, in the resultant nature, there is a combination of both, whose expression is more har monious in proportion as the original natures were harmon ly blended, and the more harmonious the union, the more will the expression of the nature (the human being evolved) partake equally of the characteristics of both so that neither will have undue prominence and, indeed, in the result, there will be more originality of character as well as harmony of being.

* Present Science, even from a Spiritualist, assures us that the introduction of consciousness constitutes the "fundamental distincion between the animal and vegetable Kingdoms" (see Wallace's Darwinism—conclusion—) but many people believe that metaphysical questions are better solved from the spiritual than from the mere standpoint.

Selected Articles.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

I had a secret from Mr. Bowser for fully six weeks, and the fact so weighed on my conscience that, when he came home the other evening, I handed him a newspaper, and remarked:

"Mr. Bowser, will you do me the honor to read that little poem?"

"Who is it by?" he asked.

"Read it."

He read it, and pronounced it a little gem, and then I was weak enough to tell him I was the author.

"Oh, you are, eh! That accounts for it."

"For what?"

"For the namby-pamby style, the wildness of the rhyme, and the higglety-pigglety way in which it reads."

"Then you don't like it?"

"Humph! You'd better stick to housework."

"Everybody else says it's good. I have also written several little stories which have been pronounced first-class.

"Then they lied to you."

"Perhaps they did, but I don't think so. Maybe you could do better?"

"May be! I know I could! The only reason I haven't made a name in the literary world is because I have been too busy with real estate matters. I was just thinking as I came home this evening that I'd dash off something as a starter."

"Well, I hope you'll succeed."

"Succeed! What are you talking about? Do you imagine I can't write a poem?"

"I hope you can."

He turned away in disgust, and after supper he went into the library, closed the folding-doors, and sat down to work. I carefully pulled one of the doors open until I could see him. He got out pen, ink and paper briskly enough, but then came a sudden pause. He scratched his head, caressed his ear, toyed with the pen, and it was a good half hour before he got a name for his poem.

"Mr. Bowser!" I called from the other side of the door, "have you got it finished?"

"Finished! I haven't been in here two minutes yet. I don't propose to write trash."

It was just twenty-five minutes by the sitting-room clock before he began on the first line after selecting the title, and when he came out at ten o'clock I knew he had only three lines finished. These he had copied and recopied a dozen different times.

"Through?" I queried, as he appeared.

"Mighty anxious, aren't you!" he sneered. "You may see my effort when it is in print, but not before."

For the next six evenings Mr. Bowser was closeted with himself and that poem. Then, as I knew by his general demeanor, his work was finished. I crept down stairs after he was asleep, and found it in the desk all ready for mailing. The first verse ran as follows:

"The leaf is falling, the wind is sobbing,
And the Autumn is at hand so dreary and forlorn,
And the embers of the dying year must remind all of us
That everything dies—everything that was ever born."

There were eleven other verses, all of the same piece of goods, and covered an inch deep with the embers of the dying year. I crept back to bed to find Mr. Bowser resting on his back and wearing a sweet smile of confidence and satisfiaction. Next morning I carelessly inquired:

"Don't you want me to look over that poem with you before you send it off?"

"What for?"

"Perhaps I could suggest some changes for the better."

"You improve my poem! Well, if that isn't assurance! I wouldn't be as conceited as you are for a ton of gold."

"But my literary efforts have been published and are well spoken of."

"Nonsense! The editor knew you were my wife, and your friends dare not condemn it to your face. Drop it, Mrs. Bowser, drop it, and decorate jugs and crocks."

I didn't say any more, but watched every issue of the paper I knew he would send it to. He also did the same, but very slyly. After about a week I observed:

"Has your poem appeared yet, Mr. Bowser?"

"I think not; I have neither received a bundle of copies of the issue containing it, or had a letter from the editor. I don't look for it under another week. I presume the editor took it home to read to his family, and it may now be passing around among the literati."

"Suppose it should be rejected?"

"W-h-a-t!" he exclaimed, leaping out of his chair and dancing around. "Publish your sawdust and reject my pure gold! Mrs. Bowser, you have some queer ideas—very queer."

"In case it is not published I hope you—"

"But it will be published!"

I said no more, and he turned to his paper. Half an hour later there was a ring at the bell, and Mr. Bower went to answer it and admitted a strange man. The strange man handed Mr. Bowser a letter from the editor of the paper to which he had sent his poem. I got hold of only about half of it. It introduced the stranger as all right, and advised Mr. Bowser to close with his offer.

"What is the offer?" Mr. Bowser asked.

"Well, you know, I manufacture a cough balsam."

"H'm."

"It will cure consumption in the earlier stages."

"Yes."

"The best season for my balsam is in the fall. I want to begin advertising it next week and I want to start off with something good."

"What have I got to do with your cough balsam?" demanded Mr. Bowser in a lofty way.

"Why, I came to make you an offer for it."

"What it?"

"The poem you sent to the Daily ——. Doesn't the editor advise you to close with me?"

"Do you—you—you mean that you want my poem to advertise your infernal old patent swash?" gasped Mr. Bowser.

"Sir, my cough syrup beats your poem!" replied the stranger.

"Get out of my house!"

"Only too glad to!"

When the stranger had gone Mr. Bowser came into the sitting room with a face as pale as flour. He stood and looked at me for a minute, and then hoarsely whispered:

"This is some more of your doings."

"Why, Mr. Bowser!"

"Don't why Mr. Bowser me! I saw your hand from the very first! This ends it!"

"What have I done?"

"No matter. You have put up the last job you ever will on me. I'm going up stairs to pack up!"

An hour later I went up to find him in bed and asleep. He had made a bundle of two vests and a sock, and had then changed his mind, and was sleeping without a shade of sorrow on his face.—*Detriot Free Press.*

Saw a Weeping Spectre.

The community is much exercised over a ghost which has been seen frequently of late in the northern suburbs of our city, writes the Houston, Tex., correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat.* It is apparently the spook of an old woman, who walks toward the close of day down Young's avenue, weeping audibly, though in a low voice, and wringing her hands. On her first appearance, about ten days ago, she was accosted by Officer John Burkin, who inquired of her if she was in trouble, and receiving no reply, allowed her to proceed, but on her passing him the next night, still evincing the same distress and disinclination to reply, he endeavored to halt her. Having no idea but that she was some person demented, he put out his hand to touch her on the shoulder, but was instantly nearly paralyzed by a blast of air so icy as to seem to really congeal the blood in his veins. He fell back as if from a blow, and for some minutes was unable to command himself sufficiently to explain the cause of his condition to friends who came to his assistance.

The spectre in the meanwhile continued her way down the avenue without once lifting her head, which was closely swathed in a black shawl, well drawn up over it as nearly as can be seen in the dim light of the evening hour she chooses for her perambulation; the rest of her dress is that of a person in humble circumstances, scant and ill-fitting, while her bent figure and slow, painful gait show her to be advanced in years. She was lain in wait for the following evening, when it was seen that she came from the direction of the Houston and Texan Central machine shops, and reaching Washington street paused appearing to glance uncertainly down it, then beginning her low moaning and wringing of the hands, turning off into the avenue and disappeared at its end among the trees growing on Buffalo Bayou. She was accosted repeatedly by different persons, but made no sign that she heard them, never ceasing her weeping for a moment. The phantom has been seen frequently since, though she will sometimes miss a night, but after thus failing to appear will, the following evening, seem to hurry along, as if trying to make up for lost time.

Speaking of the ghost, George Griffin, who owns a small grocery store on Young's avenue, says:

"I waited for her one evening near the place where she is usually first seen, and, growing impatient, had turned my face toward home, when, just in front of me, I saw her limping along. Now, I am positive she did not pass me, and the moment before I had glanced down the sidewalk and seen that there was no one in sight but a child playing some dozen yards ahead. so how that old woman got there puzzles me, unless she was spun out of thin air. The child saw her, too, and running up, seemed to catch her by the skirt, when I saw it tumble over, and by the time I reached it it was lying on the pavement kicking in a fit, with the old woman going on as if she was deaf, dumb and blind. The mother of the child came running, and I took after the ghost, catching it just as it got to the corner of Washingtsn street, where it stops every time it walks. I stopped, too, when it did so—within four or five feet of it,—and, as I am a living man, I saw a skeleton's bony face peeping out of that black thing it wears over its head as it looked down the street. That is, it was a skeleton's face, all except the eyes; they were there, burning like two coals of fire. I can tell you it was an awful sight."

The only explanatien that can be found for the ghost's appearing is the fact that about the time it was first seen a quantity of human bones were disinterred near the end of Young's avenue by the men employed in laying a new curbing, and which were somewhat unthoughtfully thrown into the bayou.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.—*Shakespeare.*

A Wife's Tact.

Fault-Finding All On One Side.

After having been married some weeks, it came into the head of a young husband one Sunday, when he had but little to occupy his mind, to suggest to his wife that they should plainly and honestly state the faults that each had discovered in the other since they had been man and wife. After some hesitation the wife agreed to the proposition, but stipulated that the rehearsal should be made in all sincerity and with an honest view to the bettering of each other, as otherwise it would be of no use to speak of the faults to which marriage had opened their eyes. The husband was of the same mind, and his wife asked him to begin. He was somewhat reluctant, but his wife insisted that he was the first to propose the matter, and, as he was the head of the house, it was his place to take the lead. Thus urged, he began the recital. He said:

"My dear, one of the first faults I observed in you after we began keeping house was that you neglected the tinware. My mother always took great pride in her tinware, and kept it as bright as a dollar."

"I am glad you have mentioned it, dear," said the wife, blushing a little; "hereafter you shall see no spot on cup or pan. Pray proceed:"

"I have always observed," said the husband, "that you use your dish rags a long time without washing them, and finally throw them away. Now, when at home, I remember that my mother always used to wash out her dish rags when she was done using them, and then hang them up to dry, ready for the next time she would need them."

Blushing as before, the young wife promised to amend this fault.

The husband continued with a most formidable list of similar faults, more than we have space to enumerate, when he declared that he could think of nothing more worthy of mention.

"Now, my dear," he said, "you begin and tell me all the faults you have discovered in me since we have been married."

The wife sat in silence. Her face flushed to the temples, and a great lump came in her throat, which she seemed to be striving hard to swallow.

"Proceed, my dear; tell me all the faults you have discovered in me; spare none."

Arising suddenly from her seat the little wife burst into tears, and throwing both arms around her husband's neck, cried:

"My dear husband, you have not a fault in the world. If you have one, my eyes have been so blinded by my love for you that so long as we have been married I have never once observed it. In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you do seems to me to be done in the best manner and just what should be done."

"But, my dear," said the husband, his face reddening and his voice growing husky with emotion, "just think, I have gone and found all manner of fault with you. Now do tell me some of my faults, I know I have many—ten times as many as you ever had' or ever will have. Let me hear them."

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you; you have not a single fault that I can see. Whatever you do seems right in my eyes, and now that I know what a good-for-nothing little wretch I am, I shall at once begin my work of reform, and try to make myself worthy of you."

"Nonsense, my dear, you know that I go away and leave you without any wood cut. I stay up town when I ought to be home. I spend money for drink and cigars when I ought to bring it home to you; I—"

"No, you don't," cried his wife, "you do nothing of the kind. I like to see you enjoy yourself; I should be unhappy were you to do otherwise than just exactly as you do."

"God bless you, wife," cried the now subjugated husband; "from this moment you have not a fault in the world. Indeed you never had a fault; I was joking; don't remember a word I said!" and he kissed away tears that still trembled in the little woman's eyes.

Never again did the husband scrutinize tinware nor examine the dish rag; never so much as mentioned one of the faults he had enumerated; but soon after the neighbor women were wont to say:

"It is wonderful how neat Mrs.——— keeps everything about her house. Her tinware is as bright as a new dollar, and I do believe that she not only washes bnt irons her dish rags." And the neighbor men were heard to say: "What a steady fellow ———has got to be of late. He don't spend a dime where he used to spend dollars, and never can be kept from home half an hour when he is not at work. He seems to worship that wife of his."

Waiting on the Combination.

A country editor, who had procured a Mick's safe on an advertisement, is toying with the combination. Man waiting to collect a bill.

"Eighteen times slow, to the right stop at 32½," the editor soliloquizes.

"Copy!" yells the boy who sets up the paper.

Hastily abandoning the safe, the editor cuts out a half column article from an exchange, marks it "editorial" hands it to the boy and returns to the combination.

"Let's see,', he muses, "stop at 32½. Yes, that's right. Now, then, to the left 15 times slow past 31½ stop at 16¾," and then, looking up at the collector, he paused and inquired: "How much is that bill of yourn?"

"Two dollars."

"Can't you come in to-morrow? I haven't any change about me, and I don't like to ask you to wait until I open my safe."

"Just as leave wait as not," responded the collector.

"Besides," continued the editor, "I haven't anything less than a $100 bill in the safe. Break a hundred dollar note?"

"Yes, two of 'em," was the disheartening response.

"All right. Lemme see, 19⅔. Then to the right past 19⅔—but hold up; seems to me half that bill was to be taken out in advertising. How is that?"

"No such thing."

"Sure?"

"Yes, I am."

"Very well. Then to the right past 17⅔, fourteen times to the left, stop at 75. Look here," to the collector, "better come in to-morrow. This is an accommodation combination—stop at all the stations, and besides that, it's flagged every few minutes," he added, as the boy called him out to see "that woman with some more poetry."

Thirty-five minutes later he re-appears with an arm-load of mixed poetry.

"You couldn't wait till I read this, could you?" he asked, "or maybe you'd like to skim through it yourself?" he added.

But the collector said he felt faintly like, and would just sit still and wait until the safe was opened.

"Oh, you will, will you? Correct—75, then to the right past 75 thirty-eight times, slow, stop at 99¼; then to the left past 99½ a hundred and sixty-eight times; stop at 43; then to the right past 44—Say! I'd rather you'd come in to-morrow. I'm a little pushed for time now. Can't wait? Then to the right past 43 six hundred and twenty-two times, stop at 13. This is a long stretch of country I'm going over now," said the editor, as he whirled the knob, "but when I get to 13 I'll be nearly half through. Confound it, I've passed it! Have to begin all over now. Eighteen times slow to the right, stop at 32½—"

"Hold on there! Stop right you are," interrupted the collector; "I'll come in some time next month;" and he left.

"It's my opinion that no newspaper office is complete without one of these combination lock safes," soliloqoized the editor, as he deftly turned the knob twice, opened the safe and got out his best cigar.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

THE CARRIER DOVE.

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

SAN FRANCISCO, - - DECEMBER, 1890

A Glance Backward.

Seven years and four months have elapsed since the DOVE first spread its wings for flight. Then it was a timid weakling, afraid to fly far from the home nest. The great world outside seemed cold and forbidding, and it was not sure of its wings, should the hawks and vultures seek its life. But gradually as its strength increased, its faith in its wings grew, until confidence and courage took the place of fear, and it boldly ventured far from home, across continents and seas, "unto the uttermost ends of the earth," bearing words of hope, comfort and consolation to those in remote lands, whose knowledge of the life hereafter had been clouded with the mists of superstition; until nothing remained but a *hope* that in the future, sometime, somewhere the problem of life and death would be solved and all made plain. Unto such, at home and abroad, it has borne the good tidings brought by angels. It has ever saught to give only messages of truth to the people; and if at times, its zeal in a good cause has weakened its judgment, when investigating phenomena, and it has become the victim of unscrupulous pretenders, yet the lessons thus received have been of great value,and form the foundation of a more scientific, rational process of investigating and solving the almost unknown laws governing spirit intercourse. The mistakes of the past are but stepping stones upon which the progressive individual climbs to higher ground. Growth comes only through the varied experiences of life; and the broadest, grandest souls are they whose windows are open to catch every ray of light that may stream in, and who can receive and appropriate to their unfoldment, all the joys or sorrows that are strewn along life's pathway. From this standpoint, a glance backward viewed in the light of the present, seems but a rough and slippery steep o'er which we have toiled, sometimes almost fainting by the way, and anon rested, comforted and refreshed, as some cool shade was reached, when Love reached down her snowy hands and led us into repose and peace, where happier conditions are enjoyed, and from which standpoint brighter scenes and more signal victories await us. The New Year which is drawing may hold for us much of joy or sorrow, much of defeat or success, much of pain or of pleasure, much of usefulness or of apparent idleness. We cannot tell which way our lines may be cast, whether in pleasant places, or in the valley of sorrow; but whatever may come, whatever of joy or of grief, of success or defeat may await us farther on, we shall go bravely forward, trusting the dear "Guiding Star" that has led us thus far, and know that wisdom rules the destinies of individuals as well as nations. We do not anticipate ill; there is a bright, rosy glow in the East that betokens the dawn; the night has been long, but it is almost past; and we hear, even as we write these lines, the whispered words of encouragement. Faint, not brave workers, for the seed sown in sorrow, ye shall reap in joy; for every sacrifice shall bring reward, and every noble effort shall return an hundredfold of satisfaction and pleasure. Since the beginning, the world has crucified its Saviors, the earth has been red with the blood of its heroes, and the very winds have scattered the broadcast, the ashes of its martyrs; but a new cycle has begun, and hence true worth shall be appreciated, great truths shall be accepted, and the world shall erect not only monuments to the martyrs and saviours of the past, but to those of the living present.

No more shall hate o'er men hold sway,
For love shall rule the coming day.
No more shall Error sit enthroned,
While Truth, all naked and encrowned
Like a poor outcast, wanders lone,
While all earth's children sigh and moan.
Ah, No! the morn in splendor breaks—
The sleeping world at last awakes.

A Step Forward.

A step in the right direction has recently been taken by the two incorporated spiritual societies of this city. It seems to be the earnest desire of the members of both societies that they be united and form one solid, substantial organization. For this purpose a committee from each society has been appointed to confer together and take the necessary steps towards effecting the union. Each society owns property of considerable value, and each have a library of their own. When the consolidation is completed, steps will at once be taken towards the construction of a temple; and it is said that some of our wealthy Spiritualists have signified their willingness to contribute generously to the building fund. The Board of Directors of both societies—the Progressive Spiritualists and First Spiritual Union—are equally anxious that something definite be done at once; as they fully realize the stigma cast upon the cause by the inaction and indifference of the great body of Spiritualists in San Francisco to this pressing need. We are in reality *homeless*, dependent upon a hired hall where all kinds of unfavorable conditions exist, for our spiritual services. Our children are homeless, and scattered among the orthodox Sunday schools, with the exception of the little faithful band represented by the Progressive Lyceum, who maintain a separate existence instead of being under the sheltering wings of a strong, protective, parent Society. This is all wrong, and a disgrace to the great number of Spiritualists in this city who could with but little effort make things right, and as they *should be*. Every individual to whom has come the blessed light of Spiritualism should resolve to become a committee of one to see that funds be raised and the temple built. Then we would have our own place for spiritual services, our seance rooms where the best possible conditions would be secured our mediums. Our children would have a home for their lyceum and a place for social gatherings, entertainments and every other purpose needful for the promulgation of the truths of Spiritualism and their demonstration. In union there is strength and power; let us all pull together and there will be no obstacle we cannot surmount, no difficulty we cannot overcome.

Respectability.

A good illustration of the farce of *respectability*, so-called, which marriage is supposed to confer, was nicely illustrated in one of the first theatres of this city recently in a play where a young girl who had been seduced by a rich scoundrel was pleading with him to marry her and make her *respectable*. The villian replied that if a woman was not respectable *before* marriage, a ring on the third finger would not make her so. The villian was quite right in his estimate of *respectability*; but society differs with him. A man and woman may live together openly or covertly, and bear the criticisms of society for so doing, but should they decide to call in the priest or preacher and have a few words said, lo, and behold the change! The so-called rake becomes an honest gentleman and the so-called prostitute a *respectable*, honest, married woman. When the marriage (?) is followed by a public reception with bridal robes and orange blossoms, the *respectability* of the parties is doubly increased, notwithstanding the former wife of the groom may have died with a broken heart through the infidelity and treachery of the now thoroughly *respectable* husband of the woman who was his consort in guilt. Such people have sometimes been known to preach about "the purity of home and the sanctity of marriage." What a queer way the world has of estimating vice and virtue, honor and dishonor; and what *crimes* are committed in the name of *respectability and law*.

Esoteric Science, or the Philosophy of Spiritual Culture.

BY N. F. RAVLIN.

To be published January, 1891, by the Carrier Dove Publishing Company—an octavo volume of 300 pages, printed on fine paper with cloth binding. The book will contain ten inspirational lectures delivered by Mr. Ravlin to private classes, and phonographically reported by George H. Hawes. The subjects treated are:

1. Materialism, or The World of Matter.
2. The Dominion of the Serpent, or the Reign of Lust.
3. Love and Its Esoteric Nature.
4. The Will and Its Possibilities.
5. Thought Transferrence, or The Art of Thinking and its relation to the physical brain.
6. Evolution as applied to Spiritual Culture.
7. Pre-Natal Conditions—How they Affect Human Progress.
8. The Scientific Law of Marriage.
9. "Spiritual Gifts"—Developed, not Conferred.
10. The Coming Age of Human Progress.

The volume will include several additional lectures given before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of San Francisco, together with a fine portrait of the author and a biographical sketch giving the steps of his advance from Orthodox Christianity to Progressive Spiritualism.

The book is published at the earnest request of the members of Mr. Ravlin's private classes, who desire to preserve the lectures in durable form and to afford others the same privilege. The whole will make about 300 pages of matter exceedingly valuable to students of Spiritual Science and all who are desirous of developing the spiritual nature. Price, $1 50.

To clubs of ten or more the book will be sent post paid for $1.00. One copy free to the person getting up the club.

How Many?

How many of our subscribers feel sufficient interest in the work we are trying to do to make an effort to increase our circulation? How many will take hold of the wheel, and help give it a turn toward success the coming year? We do not expect our enemies to aid us, but we do expect and desire our friends to do all they can in this direction. We want to double our subscription list during the next two months, and this can easily be done if each subscriber will send but one new name with their own renewel. Any one sending us a club of *three new subscribers* will receive the DOVE *one year free*, or a *bound volume of the* DOVE for either the year 1887, 1888 or 1889. How many who wish a large amount of excellent reading will make the effort to obtain it on these easy terms?

Passed to Spirit Life.

Mrs. Fanny Wimble of Oakland, a well-known medium, and lady of sterling qualities, passed to the higher life on the 16th of November. Mrs. Wimble was the mother of six lovely children, who, with their father, mourn the loss of one of the most devoted of mothers, and a faithful and affectionate wife. The funeral services were held at the family residence, and many beautiful floral tributes from loving friends were mute testimonials of the high esteem in which the deceased was held. A cross and crown of flowers placed by the hands of a faithful friend who had known the trials and vicissitudes which had been her earthly portion, were fitting emblems of the crosses so patiently borne, and the crown of glory which now adorns her brow in that beautiful land where her weary feet have found rest, and the emancipated spirit found the harbor and haven of peace.

The Twentieth Century contains an address by Hugh O. Penticost entitled, "Rube Burrow, the Outlaw." In this lecture two systems of robbery—legal and illegal—are presented and commented upon in a manner anything but flattering to those engaged in robbing by either method. Rube Burrow was a highwayman who took by *force* the property of others. Andrew Carnegie was selected as a sample of a respectable *legal* robber because he was a representative protected manufacturer. Legal robbers are those who steal under cover of law and call it legitimate business. Illegal robbers are those who take by force the property of others. There is a wide distinction made between the two systems when the culprits are arraigned before the bar of so-called justice.

Agents Wanted.

Agents are wanted, either male or female, for the purpose of introducing a new and useful article, the invention of Mrs. Gertie de Force Cluft of Lodi, for fastening garments. It is called "Cluff's Garment Fastener" and is intended to take the place of safety pins, buttons, hooks and eyes, and all other devices for fastening garments. This novel invention will find a ready sale and bring in good returns to agents, as the commissions offered are very liberal. Those out of employment, who desire something remunerative, had better call upon Mr. and Mrs. Cluft at their office in the Phelan Building, after Wednesday, the 10th inst., between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.

Dove Notes.

Subscribe for the DOVE.

"Chips" for sale here. Price, $1.00.

If you are out of work, canvass for "Cluff's Garment Fastener."

Go to hear Mr. N. F. Ravlin at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock and at 7:45 P. M.

Lois Waisbrooker is spending the winter at Lookout Mountain, Tennessee.

Mrs. Willman, the well-known medium formerly of this city, writes us a very interesting letter from her present home in Washington.

Dr. and Mrs. Nickless have returned to their former field of labor in Oakland, after having spent some time lecturing and healing in the southern portion of the State.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn is speaking for the Spiritualists of San Diego, and meeting with great success and appreciation.

Mr. G. H. Brooks is doing good work in Los Angeles. He is a very earnest, conscientious speaker and makes friends wherever he goes.

John Slater has been holding meetings in Sacramento with crowded houses and great interest has been awakened.

We have a number of books for review, and notices of each will appear in our next issue.

Mrs. M. J. Hender is very pleasantly located at 756–7th street, Oakland. Her health is excellent and her mediumship strong and convincing. Physical manifestations have recently occurred in her home of quite an amusing character.

Moses and Mattie Hull are holding spiritual services in Portland, Oregon, with great success. Large audiences greet them, and much interest is manifested.

Mr. N. F. Ravlin's lectures at Washington Hall are attracting large audiences every Sunday, and a deep interest in the cause is being awakened through his ministrations, notwithstanding the thunderbolts of press and pulpit against Spiritualism during the past few weeks in the city.

Mrs. E. B. Crossette of Alviso, and Mrs. Barker of San Rafael, made us a pleasant visit recently.

Dr. Schlesinger has created quite an excitement in Woodland during the past few weeks with his wonderful tests. The local papers speak highly of his work, and the success with which he has treated tobacco and opium patients.

Dr. Harvey M. Thompson, the wonderful spiritual healer, has removed from Oakland to this city, and taken an office in the Phelan Building, room 13. His work as a healer, is remarkably successful, as the many testimonials received from grateful patients demonstrate.

Laura de Force Gordon has returned from her recent trip to Washington, where she was called as an attorney, to attend an important law-suit.

Miss Beresford Joy, whom many will remember as the sweet singer at Metropolitan Temple when Mrs. E. L. Watson was the speaker, is still in Paris pursuing her musical studies. She writes a very interesting, chatty letter concerning the sights and scenes of that beautiful city.

Moses Hull will contribute a fine article on the origin of Christmas for our holiday number. It will contain a vast amount of information, and prove a most valuable addition to that issue, as it is a sermon upon "The Star of Bethlehem."

Mr. N. F. Ravlin has been suffering from a severe cold, and was obliged to return to his home in San Jose for rest and treatment. We hope he will return fully recuperated for the work in which he is engaged, and in which he has thus far proven so very successful.

The *Reconstructor* of Summerland has changed management and passed into the hands of Albert Morton, who will hereafter sit in the editorial chair that has been so ably and acceptably filled by Prof. J. S. Loveland. Mr. Morton's first editorial is a scathing sarcasm upon the Sun Angel's Order of Light.

The Lyceum Social on the 29th of November was a great success. The tableaux were fine, and the musical and literary exercises excellent. The leaders and teachers deserve much commendation for the care and attention they have given to the training of the little ones in their charge.

We were very agreeably surprised last week by the presentation of a beautiful pair of gold "Garment Fasteners," the gift of the inventor—Mrs. Gertie de Force Cluff, of Lodi. These useful and beautiful little articles are bound to supersede the old methods of fastening clothes, and will prove a wonderful saving of time and labor in the family where buttons have to be sewed on constantly to keep romping boys and girls in orderly dress. We use our gold ones to fasten a lace scarf, and they look very pretty indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Cluff have our thanks for their valuable gift.

The Musical and Dramatic Club, under the management of N. F. Ravlin, is a pronounced success. Its growth has been wonderful. It now numbers 115 members, and the weekly meetings are very pleasant and profitable. Mr. Ravlin is doing a grand work for young and old in this direction; latent powers are being developed, musical and literary tastes are being cultivated, and people are becoming better acquainted and more interested in each other. Large numbers of young people that have been drawn to the club attend Mr. Ravlin's services Sunday evenings.

The next social to be given by the Society of Progressive Spiritualists will be of unusual interest, as several fine numbers are promised that have not appeared on their programmes heretofore.

If Mrs. Churchill is able to attend, she will conduct the Fish Pond which was promised at a previous entertainment. The social will be held at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, on Saturday evening, Dec. 13th. We hope all the DOVE's readers, who reside in this city, will be present.

We present in this issue an excellent portrait of Mrs. Jennie Rennell, the mediumistic author of a volume of inspirational poems entitled "Chips," which is just issued. Mrs. Rennell has but recently been developed as a medium, and gives promise of much future good work. Her poems all breathe the spirit of love, justice and good-will to all, and teach a higher morality that would lead humanity up to the plane of true brotherhood, were the teachings actualized in the lives of the people. This little volume is for sale at this office. PRICE, $1.00; sent by mail to any address.

The next issue of the DOVE will be our New Year, or holiday number. It will be a very superior number, and we hope it will receive a wide circulation. An excellent portrait of Mr. N. F. Ravlin will be one of the attractions, and the sketch of his life and conversion to Spiritualism after having stood in a Baptist pulpit for thirty-five years, will prove very interesting reading. Moses Hull contributes a valuable article upon the origin of Christmas, and Mattie Hull sends a sweet Christmas Greeting. The entire book will be filled with choice articles from our contributors and exchanges. It will be illustrated beautifully, and altogether attractive, instructive and entertaining.

Our next issue will contain a masterly address delivered by Mr. N. F. Ravlin, in reply to an editorial in the *Chronicle* of this city upon Spiritualism. It should have a wide reading, as the arguments there presented will prove effective aids in answering the attacks and criticisms of the enemies of our cause.

We present in this issue the beautiful funeral discourse delivered by Mrs. Nellie Brigham in New York, over the earthly remains of Leah Fox Underhill, the eldest of the world-renowned "Fox Sisters" through whose mediumship the first tiny raps announced an open-door of communication between the spiritual and material worlds. During all the trying scenes that followed in those early days of Spiritualism, Mrs. Underhill stood firm and steadfast by the truths revealed to her from the spirit world; and in later years, when others wavered, and under malign influences, both spirit and mortal, were weakly and shamefully turned from their allegiance to the truth, Mrs. Underhill still bravely bore the standard aloft, and : mid all the pain and anguish caused by the weakness of those near and dear to her, defended the grand truths of Spiritualism; and by her unflinching attitude and devotion to the cause, saved many less brave and strong from mental shipwreck. May the angels, whose faithful instrument she was, lead her weary spirit to rest in pleasant places.

One of the most wide-awake, progressive, reformatory journals coming to our editorial table, is *Pomeroy's Advance Thought.* It is brimful of live ideas presented in a pleasing manner. The aim of *Advance Thought* is not to present scandal, gossip and so-called popular reading as is called for as the great gather of news of the day, but to give facts and present truths. To defend principles, no matter who presents them. To rise above the machine partisan into the atmosphere of the public benefactor. Its editor does not promise to please all who subscribe for it, nor to escape criticism. He believes that every person has a divinely bestowed right to think for himself, and to send his thoughts in any direction. To retrace old paths, or to force the way ahead in new ones. To lead into cleaner, better, more temperate, useful, progressive ways that humanity may advance in the upwaad and onward direction. A paper of this class cannot claim or expect any public patronage, therefore must rely on those who like independent, well-intentioned thought and progressiveness of ideas for support.

The President of the Police of Frankfort-on-the Main has ordered all pictures of actresses removed from shop windows, and all pictures of girls or women removed from the packages of cigarettes offered for sale. This is a very proper order. To associate women with the vile, dirty; stinking, health-destroying habit of smoking, is an evidence of man's willingness to prostitute his sister for gain.

Pomeroy's Advance Thought.

A pint of warm water taken on an empty stomach in the morning is the safest and surest of all remedies for habitual constipation. It dissolves the fecal matter and stimulates peristaltic action. thereby giving a normal action without pain. If the tongue is coated, squeeze a lemon into the water, and drink without sweetening.

Dear to us are those who love us; the swift moments we spend with them are the compensation for a great deal of misery; they enlarge our life; but dearer are those who regret us as unworthy, for they add another life; they build a heaven before us whereof we had not dreamed, and thereby supply to us new powers out of the recesses of the spirit, and urge us to new and unattempted performances.—*R. W. Emerson.*

To learn to fight is in Germany as necessary as learning to eat decently is in England, and the schools of fighting are the Korps and other university unions. As a direct consequence, they are also schools of life, and in some degree of etiquette. A man learns there exactly what sort of language is courteous; what words may be spoken without giving offence; and in what an insult really consists. By this means a vast amount of trouble is saved to society. and a uniform standard of behaviour is secured, which is unanimously respected and adhered to by all who call themselves gentlemen.—*Marion Crawford.*

Golden Words from "Pomery's Advance Thought."

The time was when a man might beat, pound or torture his horse or other dumb animal to the death, yet incur no offence to the law, because public sentiment regarded any animal duly bought and paid for as his to do with as he liked, or as his interest or passion should dictate.

To-day a more humane public idea says that a man may not cruelly abuse a dumb animal because he is the legal owner of it, and this idea is crystalized into a law against "cruelty to dumb animals."

This is a step in progress befitting the thoughtful age in which we live. But there is another, the agitation of which would do much to lift humanity in the scale of regeneration or a better generation.

No woman can possibly bear a child each year without cruelty to herself and injustice to her offspring. It is a physical impossibility. Yet how many gravestones in cemeteries are silent witnesses to such martyrdom. How many women with babes yet in their arms are living advertisers of such existing cruelties.

Why should not the same humane sentiment that would legally prevent an owner's cruelty to a dumb animal also legally rescue a wife from such an unjust and cruel condition, and declare it an offence punishable by legal separation for a woman to bear a child each successive year? Let the state provide for mother and child if the father could not be made to do so, until she is in condition to provide for herself. But let her not repeat the crime under pain of imprisonment.

Cause is the propagating seed of every effect. The terrible governmental effects which men themselves must fight out with the ballot, are but the result of ages of woman's debasement.

She has borne feeble intellects, low, selfish propensities in her children, together with her own servitude. The sun of advent is now breaking in the horizon of man's recognition and necessities. Let woman wait without turbulence till man shall be ready to smooth the way for her feet in the world political.

The very essence of woman's nature, uncoerced or restricted, is love.

When her day of bondage to misguided opinion is over, and she acts from the freedom of her own convictions, it will not be with partial favor to her own children. She will never fail to recognize that God has given as white a soul to John as he has given to Mary.

However great the problem of pre-natal influences may be, it can never be wrought to any certainty of solution until woman stands upon the same platform with man with an equal voice to make the laws which govern social relations, and an equal opportunity to enforce her own convictions and ideas of self-government.

That indulgence which places a slave, in the eyes of the law, upon any pedestal suggestive of her own beauty or value, exciting admiration, does not make her less a slave. And a slave mother will bear a slave progeny. The laws of nature do not change because they are misnamed or misunderstood.

Dr. Samuel Johnson once dreamt of a contest of wit in which he was engaged, and in which, greatly to his dream-mortification, he was worsted by his interlocutor. His subsequent shrewd comment was, "One may mark here the effect of sleep in weakening the power of reflection; for, had not my judgment failed me, I should have seen that the wit of this supposed antagonist, by whose superiority I felt myself depressed, was as much furnished by me as that which I thought I had been uttering in my own character.

The wife of a New York banker has invented a machine for making wire rope, the patent of whioh she has sold to a San Francisco firm for $55,000 cash and a royality. The way she came to hit upon this was from a device she used to twist her worsted.

The Messiah Business and Destruction.

W. W. JUDSON.

The general idea of a Messiah, so far as is known, originated with the Jews. A messiah monarch was their highest ideal of a Savior. They were always prophecying the appearance of a redeemer in the shape of some lineal decendant of a King—one chosen by the Most High. As time and experience proved to them that each and every messiah monarch was an anointed tyrant, the scheme of salvation through the line of kings had to be abandoned. Then came a Messiah Teacher who became the regular anointed of the Lord. The Messiahship of a single individual grew out of the idea of a personal God, which the Christians borrowed from the ancient Jewish race. In the latter form the messiahship dogma has been promulgated with a most fanatical and persistent energy.

The thoughts of a special heavenly messiah often produce mental havoc among white converts, as in the cases of the Adventists, Millerites, Mormons, etc., etc., but when this crazy, Christian idea (the return to Earth of a Messiah, the resurrection and salvation of his followers, and the damnation of all others,) takes a firm hold upon the minds of savages, pandemonium is certain to be let loose. No one ought to be surprised at the fanatical harangues of the Indian prophet, Short Bull, who says:

"We must dance the balance of this moon, at the end of which time the earth will shiver very hard. When this occurs I will start a wind to blow and we will then see our fathers and mothers who have died. We Indians are the ones who are living a sacred life. * * There may be soldiers surrounding you, but pay no attention to them; continue to dance if soldiers surround you four deep. Three of you, upon whom I have put holy shirts, will sing the song I have taught you, and some of the soldiers will drop dead; then the rest will start to run, but their horses will sink into the earth. The riders will jump from their horses, but they will sink into the earth, and you can do what you like with them. Now you must know this, that all the soldiers and that race will be dead."

Christianity found the American Indian living a life close to nature, with buffalo and deer for his cattle, wild birds for his chickens, wild animals and nuts instead of pork and beans, a wigwam for a house, and a belief in his spirit passing to the "happy hunting-grounds" at the death of the body. The Christian religion and scientific inventions were utterly useless to him. He had no more use for the teachings of a Bible, than he had for a steam engine or a French cook. Things that Christian civilization could endure and survive, (such as rum and a complicated creed), completely paralyzed the faculties of the red man. Congress made it a penal offense to sell whisky to an Indian, but neglected to protect him from absurd religious teachings; hence we now find him nearly crazed, tussling with the mystifying question of messiahship.

When Christian missionaries and United States rations are at the same time forwarded to a dependent people, it could hardly be expected that they would reject the former, while accepting the latter.

If the dogma of a resurrection day, and a general judgment of the world by a returning messiah, has been smuggled into the Indian camp wrapped in government blankets, and the same has aroused the Indian to hope for the restoration of all his old hunting grounds, with the consequent annihilation of the white race, who is more responsible for the present Indian disturbances than is the general government? Under existing circumstances every Indian shot down by the Army will be a human sacrifice to the Christian God, a blood offering by the United States government. The Indian cannot forget his race and customs, and he knows that a returning messiah would find on this continent the *resurrected* Indian outnumbering the whites a million to one; and he manifests reason enough to calculate that a personage possessing the divine attributes of the white man's Christ would certainly be on the side of justice, and the majority.

The probabilities are that no uncultivated race in the world could stand the free amalgamation of Christian beliefs and customs. The African in the United States had more than a hundred years of restricted experience with Christian civilization before he came directly in contact with it, but his brother man in Africa will have no such opportunities, and unless a rational and gradual process of mental unfoldment is applied to his case by secular authority, the entire negro race in Africa will be a wreck in less than half the time it has required for Christian fanaticism to corrupt the aborigines of America.

Sunday Laws.

The Following We Clip from the "Woodland Democrat."

Please permit me to answer a few statements which appeared in your issue of Nov. 24th, over the signature of "Trust."

"Trust" has a great deal to say about the terrible consequences of not having a Sunday law, and the moral obligation to keep Sunday. He and everyone in the State who wants to keep Sunday can do so without let or hindrance, and are protected in this right by the laws of the State, as they now stand. This is only another effort to legislate in the interest of religion. Why not enforce the moral obligation to embrace the Christian religion by law?

This is part of a great persistent and combined effort of the "American Sabbath Union" and "The National Reform Party" to revolutionize this Government so as to make the civil power subject to the ecclesiastical power. I would ask my friend for the sake of argument, have not Jews, Seventh Day Baptists, and Seventh Day Adventists, a good class of citizens, just as much right to ask the State or General Government to pass a law compelling everybody to keep Saturday, the seventh day? No, indeed, my pious and magnanimous friend would never think of conceding such a right.

This honorable champion of religious legislation has a great deal to say about the day which God appointed, the day God commanded, and the Sabbath being kept as God commanded. It is a fact that God never commanded any one directly or indirectly to keep Sunday, the first day of the week, as a Sabbath or a holy day. Chambers' encyclopedia says it was never identified with the Sabbath until the beginning of the fourth century. My friend "Trust" ought to be sure of his authority before he is so aggressive.

Father Enright, a noted Catholic priest of Iowa, has this to say about the Sabbath and Sunday: "Every one knows that Sunday is the first day of the week, Saturday is the seventh day, and the Sabbath, the day consecrated as a day of rest. It is so recognized in all civilized nations. I have repeatedly offered $1,000 to any one who will give any proof from the Bible that Sunday is the day we are bound to keep and no one has called for the money. If any person in this town will show me any scripture for it I will publically acknowledge it, and thank him for it. It was the Holy Catholic Church that changed the day of rest from Saturday to Sunday, the first day of the week. And it not only compelled all to keep Sunday, but at the council of Laodicea, A. D. 504, anathematized those who kept the Sabbath, and urged all persons to labor on the seventh day to labor under penalty of anathema."

Now, in addition to this, I will supplement the above offer of Father Enright on the same conditions with another $1,000. It is a fact self evident, that if the State has the right and can establish by law the Sabbath observance of its citizens with equal propriety, it can establish the mode of their baptism and compel all to be baptised according to that mode. Now, the State having gone this far in its invasion of the domain of conscience, can go on following such a course to its logical conclusion and establish the whole religious practice of her citizens by law and enforce it by fines and imprisonment. The man who does not see that this is so, must be dull, indeed.

The right of conscience is the most sacred of all rights, and why is this so, because out of the exercise of this right grows eternal consequences to the individual. Now, I would ask my friend, "Trust" and his co-workers in all candor, where do they get this

right they arrogate to themselves. Surely not from the realm of the Christian religion or from the pages of holy writ. No, indeed; far from it.

Again, I would ask as Christians standing upon the precepts of the Bible and the Christian religion, how can they dare to break down and trample under foot that great fundamental bed-rock principle of Christianity laid down by the Savior of the world. "As ye would that other men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." I will go a step farther and ask my Sunday law rriends, though you be a small faction or a great majority in the State, where do you get the authority to set up a standard of religious practice for everybody in the State regardless of their convictions of duty to the contrary. I would inquire where these men have lived, or upon what food they have fed, that they have acquired more privileges and claim more rights for themselves than they are willing to concede to their neighbors and brethren of denominations Now I will ask my friend "Trust," is this Christ-like? Is this in accord with the eternal principles of right, justice and equality between man and man? No, it is simply an attempt to bind the consciences of men. You propose to stand where Nebuchadnazer and Darun stood when they cast Daniel and the Hebrew children into the fiery furnace and the lions den, because they would not violate and compromise their conscience in obedience to certain unjust civil enactments.

The spirit that is at the bottom of this movement is the spirit that prevailed during the dark ages, the same spirit of bigotry and intolerance that burned Quakers in New England and whipped Baptist women on the naked backs from one town to another, dragged along at the tail of a cart, only because they were Quakers and Baptists.

This movement means persecution and dire persecution as witnessed by similar laws in Arkansas in the last few years, and in Tennessee within the last year. Such disgraceful and inhuman persecutions as have resulted from Sunday laws in Arkansas and Tennessee can only find a parallel in the history of the dark ages. The only crime of the persecuted was that they had worked on Sunday after having kept the Sabbath strictly according to the spirit and letter of the fourth commandment of God's law.

Such acts of persecution are a blot on the history of our country, a stigma on American citizenship. And before closing, let me in the name of everything sacred and dear to man, appeal to my fellow citizens of California to resist with jealous eye and rebuke every invasion of the great God given right of civil and religious liberty.

EQUALITY.

A silkworm was one day working at her shroud; the spider, her neighbor, weaving her web with the greatest swiftness, looked down with insolent contempt on the slow although beautiful labours of the silkworm: "What do you think of my web, my lady?" she cries; "see how large it is, and I began it only this morning, and here it is half finished, and is very fine and transparent. See and acknowledge that I work much quicker than you." "Yes;" said the silkworm, "but your labours, which are at first designed only as base traps to ensnare the harmless, are destroyed as soon as they are seen, and swept away as dirt and worse than useless, whilst mine are preserved with the greatest care, and in time become ornaments for princes. *Æsop.*

The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. It does not need plenty, and can very well abide its loss. *Emerson.*

London was first lighted in 1414 with private lanterns. In 1736 they were increased from 1000 to 5000. In 1744 the first Lighting Act passed. In 1820 gas was generally substituted for oil.

Behind the Bars.

A Visit to the Old City Prison, San Francisco.

BY ISABEL DARLING. (LUPA.)

At our left was a long row of cells, in which were huddled men of all ages and many conditions; at our right, with only the width of the stone floor between, was one, *only one*, for women; beyond that, another for the little ones, and all with huge, grated doors.

"For what offense are these people here!" we asked.

"Most of them for drunkenness," we were told.

"And those children?"

"For being on the streets alone after eight o'clock."

"Why do not their parents bail them out?"

"Probably they cannot afford it."

"How long must they stay?"

"Until their trial. A day or two, perhaps a week."

"How much better will they grow while here?"

"O, you couldn't teach those boys anything in the way of wickedness. They know now more than the grown men ought to."

How could they help learning in such a school as this?

Behind the bars, the great, strong iron bars,
Wild, haggard eyes looked forth from tangled hair,
And restless, grimy hands on either side
  Clutched and unclutched until it seemed
  The jailor's words had been but dreamed,
And these were beasts imprisoned in their lair.

Like branded, useless, or forgotten souls,
They slunk in corners, leaned their heavy heads
Against the shadowed, unresponsive walls,
  Or marked, with nervous step, the pace
  Of life outside that narrow space,
Unconsciously, as though alive yet dead.

As in all good or evil woman's hand,
With saving or destroying power is found,
And must be while the world endures,
  So here 'twas groping in the dark,
  Her forehead bore the evil mark,
Her eyes were bleared, her tones discordant sound.

Here childhood, like a blighted flower, drooped,
Its breath this stagnant, poison-freighted air.
"What brought it here?" Late hours, they say—scant crime!
  And yet, how many years will come and go,
  With this the safest home these children know,
Before they, too, grow sullen with despair?

Who made these what they are? Will *this* reform?
This place that seems to shrink away from sight?
Can life grown thick with misery and hate
  Supply the nourishment for purer thought?
  While such as *those* are parents, *these*, untaught,
In spite of jails, *will haunt the streets at night.*

You who have listened to the singing streams,
The trees, the birds, the bees, and watched the stars
From hilltops, and whose own unrestful souls
  Perceive in all but fretful sounds and sights—
  Give thanks that still for you the morning light,
  Unhindered, smiles in blessing from the height!
  Give thanks that prison walls shall yet be dust,
  That memory of crime shall fade away,
  And man grow noble in that blessed day
  Which finds no more the great, strong iron bars!

The only way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but, in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through.—*Bryant.*

An Address to Spiritualists.

BY THE GUIDES OF JENNIE RENNELL.

A Lecture in Rhyme.

This address was read at the Union Spiritualist Meeting, held at 111 Larkin street, Nov. 12. After reading, a motion was made, seconded, and enthusiastically carried, that the address be published. A copy is accordingly furnished to the CARRIER DOVE. The first four lines are taken as a text, and each charge is separately considered, finishing by urging organization as a remedy for existing evils.

THE TEXT.

"A motley throng. A strugling mass.
They seem an aimless, useless class.
No purpose in their daily walk—
No power to wield." 'Tis thus men talk.

THE ARGUMENT.

Let us consider these sayings trite.
How much is wrong? How much is right?
"A motley throng." That may stand
For this truth is known o'er all the land.

"A struggling mass." Ah, that as well
Must stand as truth. For, sad to tell,
No order have you in your ranks,
And so, men call you "brainless cranks."

Then "aimless," it is said you are.
Ah, no. You aim above yon star
That shines in that blue vault above.
At this taunt we pick up the glove,

And cast it at the senseless *fool*
Who's had no learning—but at school.
Who calls you aimless, shows that he
Knows not what manner of men ye be.

Your aims are high, and broad, and grand,—
Much grander than yourselves yet know.
The effort to commune with friends
Who've left the mortal part below,

To aim exalted to the realms
Unseen (except by favored few).
You strive to pierce the mystic veil,
That friends may pledges sweet renew.

That though the clay be laid away
To moulder in the dreary tomb,
Yet still you'd show [illegible]arting need
Not cast the shadow of a gloom

About the lives of those who still
The mortal garb retain, and so
We claim this aim alone to be
A benefit to all below.

So *not* an "aimless" throng are ye;
That we deny. And with much pride
Do we assert your aims are such
They'll carry you safely over the tide.

"Useless"—is next upon the list.
Let's see if that be false or true;
Let us consider, if this word
May be correctly applied to you.

You soothe the wounded, heart-sick soul,
Who mourns the loss of some dear friend,
With words of hope, and light, and cheer.
You readily do comfort lend.

You give them proof, so true and clear,
That not forever need they be
Apart from those they love so dear;
But meet and mingle frequently.

You heal the sick, you cure the blind;
You scatter blessings every where;
When grief or sorrow would o'erthrow
The weak and helpless, you are there.

So, "useless" is a word that *none*
Can properly to you apply;
'Tis either spoken by mistake,
Or 'tis a foul and baseless *lie*.

"No purpose in your work," 'tis said.
Well, we will grant you might have more,
And be a little firmer in
Your work of life. We do deplore

The fact that some are overborne,
And are much given to recede.
They leave a gap that is not filled,
And thus deprive the souls that need

The words of comfort they might give,
The words that are the bread of life.
Mediums, do *not* give up the field;
Do *not* grow weary mid the strife.

And yet a purpose strong we find
In every human heart on earth.
Who says you have no purpose, knows
But little of your sterling worth.

"No power to wield." Ah, this the part
That comes the closest to the heart.
The last upon the list, yet worst
Of all to answer, last or first.

"No power to wield." 'Tis partly true
And partly false. We'll show to you,
As best we may, through our instrument,
How well your forces *might* be blent—

That you might wield a mighty power
That would be felt each day and hour.
We would not assume to dogmatise,
But simply, humbly, to advise.

We watch with interest each advance,
And earnestly improve each chance
To help to throw aside the door
Between those on earth and on spirit shore.

Self-interest impels us to do our best,
And the spirit world will enter with zest
Into any plan to open communion
With those on earth,—to secure a reunion.

Well, to resume: "No power to wield."
Why should you not command each field?
'Tis because there is no union of strength!
And this, you're beginning to feel, at length.

This is the cause of most trials you bear.
This is the reason why senseless men stare,
And call you a *powerless* set of fools,
And knaves, and lunatics. Be not the tools

To be hurled at the object you strive to attain;
But unite! And together with ease you obtain
The power to quell every adverse opinion,
And prove you are not, as 'tis said, devil's minions.

When united you'll find not a city or town,
Not a city or province, but you will hear from.
You will be such a number, yourselves 'twill appall,
And once you're united, the cause ne'er can fall.

Then will you eliminate from your ranks all the chaff,
And retain but the wheat. No more will men laugh;
But respect you'll command; new converts you'll find,
And many will *see*, who their lives have been blind.

No more "Struggling mass" will to you be applied
When you stand firm and faithful, each one side by side.
"Motley throng" is a title you still may retain,
But a throng with a power you may easily obtain.

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