



Mrs. F. C. Treadwell.

The Carrier Dove.

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

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Mrs F. C. Treadwell.

This pioneer lady dentist of the world holds the same relation to dentistry that Elizabeth Blackwell, of New York, now in London, does to the practice of medicine. Both were pioneers in a profession from which women had been arbitrarily excluded; both were early moved to their great work by the wrongs and sufferings of woman; both fought their way single-handed against the envy of men and the narrow-mindedness of women, and both have demonstrated, beyond dispute, the capacity of woman to fill the requirements of the highest standard of professional skill, and even to surpass men in originality, self-reliance, endurance and professional application.

Mrs. Treadwell was born in Wayne County, New York, and gave early evidence of that spirit of freedom and intelligence which has carried her through so many of those trying ordeals that the pioneers in a great and noble cause can alone appreciate.

At sixteen she went from her home to assert her independence and to prove the equal ability of a woman to win unaided and maintain a position for herself in the competition of life, an undertaking which she has most successfully accomplished.

In her eighteenth year she went to Cleveland, Ohio, and was soon established as forewoman to a large dressmaking establishment of that place. The business of dressmaking, millinery, and woman's underwear was, at that time, quite as much a monopoly among women as dentistry, law, medicine and divinity were among men. It was for men to make the first assault upon a woman's enterprise by opening millinery and dressmaking establishments in competition with those already conducted by women. A merchant of Cleveland opened a dress-making department, which broke up the firm where the young forewoman was so successfully established, and the ladies employed there found themselves under the necessity of seeking other fields of industry, or of working for the new competitors at greatly reduced salaries. Her strong mind grasped the situation, and she saw the necessity of invading the enemy's camp, in order to equalize the distribution of remunerative labor. Her tastes and talents had led her from an early age to take a deep interest in practical surgery, and her first efforts were directed to gaining an entrance into the college of surgeons of that city; but alone, poor, and a woman, her demands were only ridiculed. Nothing-daunted, she was led to the consideration of dentistry by the following interesting incidents:

A young girl, for whom she had obtained employment, came to the store suffering from a severe toothache. Dr. Treadwell, then Miss Hinckley, accompanied her to a dentist, and requested him to draw the tooth, and, as she was a poor girl, to charge her half rates. The dentist went about the work very rudely, and in her sympathy and indignation she exclaimed, "Doctor, I will pay for the operation; please attend to the business properly." Sir Isaac Newton was led to the discovery of the important law of gravitation by the falling of an apple, and this slight incident led to the career which Dr. Treadwell subsequently entered upon so meritoriously, and which has opened this remunerative field of industry to women. "Why are there no women dentists?" This was the question she revolved in her mind. A careful examination of the field led her to believe that here was an opening for women as well as for men. She resolved to study dentistry, and made application in several places to be received as a student, but was rejected, not on

the ground of incapacity, but "because she was a woman." At length she succeeded in convincing a dentist of the justice of her demands, and in October, 1854, she entered his office, and before very long she acquired such skill in operating that her services were preferred to those of her instructors.

It was when she first commenced the practice of dentistry on her own responsibility that she felt the sharp pangs of opposition. Alone, and unaided by a single friend, she was attacked by the entire dental profession with fury. Her instructor was assailed for admitting a woman competitor into their ranks. But where true merit and courage exists, the tide of public opinion is bound, sooner or later, to turn—and so it was in her case.

It was in the midst of these innumerable difficulties and still further embarrassed for want of capital, that she courageously began. In the city of Hudson she traversed the streets, from door to door, and with a gentle determination, succeeded in winning many friends and patrons to her cause. She pledged her wardrobe, as security, to obtain the requisite tools and implements. In this manner she succeeded in obtaining sufficient means to open an office in that town, where she followed her vocation with decided success.

After her marriage she retired from her professional career for a year and a half, and then opened an office in Delaware City. She introduced several improvements of her own, which have contributed greatly to the relief of suffering humanity. While in Delaware City she became, by special solicitation, a member of the "State Dental Association," with which she is still connected.

During the war her benevolent nature found ample opportunity to expend itself in the relief of the suffering soldiers of the Union.

About the year 1858 she removed to Norristown, Pa., for the education of her son. Here she conducted her business with her wonted success, and on the completion of her son's education, established him in business in San Francisco. While on a visit to this city she attended the meetings of the "Dental Convention," and was received with acclamation. On her return east she opened an office in Philadelphia, where, in the course of a few years, she built up a large and lucrative business, and was honored and respected by all.

Dr. Treadwell is a lady rather above the medium height, of a graceful figure and commanding carriage. Her features are delicate, brow intellectual, hair a chestnut brown, with dark eyes that expand to unusual size and brilliancy when animated. She had large and attractive parlors at 1120 Vine street, which she, by her own industry, fitted up with every appliance for the comfort and convenience of her patrons, and where she had numerous samples of her own skill and workmanship to exhibit, and also a large collection of woman's work of art. She has always a kindly word of encouragement for every true woman and earnest worker in the cause of woman and of humanity, and labors to elevate the sons and daughters of the present generation to a higher standard of usefulness, and to arouse in parents the necessity of educating their children with ideas of living that will start them in life's voyage better equipped for its possibilities.

In November, 1880, Dr. Treadwell again visited San Francisco for her health, and is still with us at 1504 Market street, earnestly laboring to prove to the world the ability of woman, trusting the day will soon dawn when each woman and man can be weighed in the great scale of human justice and not be found wanting.

Original Story.

Toilers for Bread—The Story of the Poor.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU."

On their second visit to the rooms of Mrs. Bailey, Myra Strong and her friend found things more comfortable. The injured woman had rested a little through the night; there was a warm fire in the stove; the children had been washed and fed, and the aspect of the place generally had improved. The visitors brought clothing for the children, skirts and jackets contributed by friends to whom they had told the sad story of destitution; and some shoes and stockings which they had purchased. Neighbors had been up to inquire about the sufferer, and lame Teddy Evans had offered to do any chores or errands that needed to be done. Little Mrs. Lane had carried the news of the accident to Louise Mountain, and that young lady had promptly engaged Teddy's mother to tend and wait on the sick woman, which was a kindness to both, for the money she thus earned was sorely needed by Mrs. Evans, and the care she bestowed was truly a comfort to Mrs. Bailey and her little ones. When the doctor came he examined the patient more thoroughly, and pronounced her severely, though not fatally injured. "She ought to be in the hospital," he said, but with good care she might recover where she was. A bed with clean fittings was prepared in a corner of the larger room to which the patient was removed, and a little cot, with a new mattress of clean straw and warm and neat coverings, was placed in the tiny room for the little girls. "You ought to see those babies; they are the cunningest little midgets. Both have light hair and blue eyes, and if they weren't so pale and thin they would be real beauties. It's amusing to see how motherly the five-year-old puts her arm 'round the smallest tot and cares for her. I don't suppose you could induce the mother to part with one of 'em for a mint of gold, and it would be a pity to separate them, that's a fact. But if they were adopted by some good family, and brought up in the way they should be, away from tenement life and all that, what a blessing it would be for them. Say, Charlie, won't you go with me and see the little things?"

She was a roly-poly sort of woman herself, with fluffy blonde hair and shining blue eyes, this May Thorne of whom we have heard her friend and former schoolmate speak. Her husband was a tall, dark-whiskered, dark-eyed fellow, good-natured, slow motioned, and less voluble than his chatty wife. He was a bookkeeper in an adjoining town, to and from which he daily traveled by rail. He earned a good salary in a clothing house that had not been seriously affected by the labor disturbances.

Thorne and his wife had been married five years and had no children, but they seemed to be contented with their lot, if one could judge by the air of happiness they wore and by the atmosphere of peace and comfort in their bright little home. "Oh, nonsense, May! what's the use of my going with you on your tenement house tramping?" slowly replied the husband to his wife's impetuous speech. "You know I have no time through the week, and Sundays I like to spend at home with you and my books. No, little girl, go and do what you can for these folks, if it pleases you, but don't ask me to join you. I'm glad you are helping the woman and her babies; that's Christian-like; but I don't know about you or any one else putting bread in the mouths of those people who have made so much trouble in the shops.

"Now, Charlie, just stop!" closing his mouth with her own rosy lips. "I don't help any one to live that don't deserve to be kept alive. It's not their fault that work is dull and money scarce; and I'm sure the wives and children suffer enough any way."

"Well, my child, do as you like; you will anyhow, I reckon, so I give in; only don't do anything rash; such, for instance, as adopting those two babies you tell me of, or the whole family of some one else. I couldn't stand that, you know."

She laughed, and promised, and he left her for his daily work, for it was at the breakfast table they had just conversed; but the afternoon of that same day, May Thorne, on her round of visits, found another poor family whose condition seemed so shockingly destitute that she vowed her husband should go and see for himself. This time, a helpless father, in the person of John Lane, discharged from the hospital as incurable, and yet as one likely to live for years, and who could not be kept indefinitely in that institution, had been conveyed to his home where his young wife, with her babe of a few months, stitched and stitched in order to earn a few cents of needed money. The fire department paid her rent and would continue to do a little in that line in their behalf; but here was the once strong and healthy young man stricken down as with a plague, and in a moment robbed of his vitality and power, only to become a wreck whose shrunken lower limbs revealed the story of his fate. They were very poor and not one of Abel Sawyer's heirs had given even a thought to the suffering family; and yet it had been while working to save the life and the goods of the old man that this fate had fallen upon John Lane.

"Ye had better let him and his old mill burn," said the young wife bitterly. "He's dead, anyhow, and 'twas all for nothing that ye worked."

"It is hard; God knows it is hard," sighed the crippled man; "but I did what I knew was right; I stuck to my post, lass, and I've nothing to be sorry for in that way."

And so they found them, May and her husband, one Sabbath morning as the ringing church bells pealed out loud and clear upon the sunny air. How she had induced the unwilling man to accompany her it is not necessary to relate, but she had accomplished it and here they were at the top of an old rookery of a house where John Lane and his wife and babe found a home. They had had nothing to eat that morning but a crust of bread. There was no money in the house and but a meager fire burned in the grate.

"We are forgotten by God and man," the wife had told herself, not daring to whisper her forebodings to her husband, whose contorted features showed the pain he bore. No one had visited them for three days and she could get no work that week to do. Even his old companions had not sent to see how he was; and as for his brother Marcus, John had not heard anything of him for days. No wonder the sight that met the eyes of Charles Thorne as he stood within the little room seemed more terrible to him than to his wife, who had grown accustomed to scenes of misery and want. Just as they seated themselves a small boy, not more than eight years old, came climbing up the stairs and panting into the room, holding a tin pail in his hands.

"Here, Aunt Sarah," he called, "mother sent yer this wid her love. It's some fresh soup; she says it'll do you an' uncle John good, an' yer must eat it right off while it's hot. Mum says she'd 'er been 'round ter see yer last night, but she didn't git home till 'twas too late, an' father didn't come a tall, so she's goin' ter look him up now. Can't stop, 'cause she told me, mum did; ter git right back. Better eat yer soup while it's hot."

That was the oldest son of Marcus Lane, a bright little lad, and the knight-errant and pride of his poor, hard-working mother. Not pausing for any further remark, he dashed out

of the room and down the stairs, shouting as he went, "Good-bye, mum will be in ter see yer after a while."

"I wish you would do as the boy said, and take that soup while it is hot; it will warm you both up. I know it is good by its appetizing steam," said Mrs. Thorne, who suspected that the couple had had but little food that day. "Mr. Thorne and I will amuse ourselves with the baby while you eat," taking the child from its mother's lap, and turning with it toward her husband, who was looking from the dingy window into the court below. Two bowls and spoons were hastily produced from the cupboard, and the savory soup was poured into them. It did the visitors good to see how the food warmed and cheered the hearts and faces of the two who ate, bringing them up under its inspiring influence as flowers are revived by the moisture and sunlight after a chilly night. They staid an hour talking with and encouraging the poverty-stricken pair, and when he left, the pocket of Charles Thorne was somewhat lightened of his weekly pay. Then his wife coaxed him to just step in and see Mrs. Baily on their way home, and so he did, finding the sick woman bolstered up in bed, with lame Ted Evans reading to her from an old-book, and the two little girls playing quietly in the corner.

"Mother has run over home to see to things," Ted explained. "She said Mrs. Baily was all fixed for the day, and I'd better come over till she gets back to see that the children don't get into trouble. She'll be in soon if you'll kindly wait." And just then Mrs. Evans did come, and her son hurried off, but the visitors only tarried a few minutes.

"That's enough for one day," said Charles, as he and his wife left the squalid quarters of the poor. "Let's get home where we can breathe. Heavens! what a shame for human beings to be pent up so! The churches are filled, I suppose with God-fearing and well-satisfied people to-day, while the tenement houses are reeking with misery and despair. Yet those human beings in the slums are just as much God's children as are the more favored ones in the churches. I don't understand it. Anyhow, little girl, I'll never say another word against your philanthropic notions. If you can cast a ray of sunshine into such unhappy hearts, or bring a little comfort to their lives, in God's name do it, when and where you find the way."

That was a long speech for him to make, but he was deeply moved by the poverty he had seen; and yet he had not begun to dream of the sorrows of the poor, with which the world is filled.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALBERT AND LOUISE—MAN PROPOSES, BUT GOD DISPOSES.

"I know it is not the best way to really help these people, Albert. To give them bread and coals when they are able-bodied and well enough to work seems hardly good for them. But what can we do? There is no employment to be had. I think it would be much better to pay these poor people for some service rendered than to bestow simple charity upon them, because I find that those who earn what they have are happier and more self-respecting, and even more respectful as a rule to others, than are those who receive without yielding an equivalent of some kind, so I am trying to divide my work among the poor in such way as will prove to be the best for them. I am paying Mrs. Evans for attending to her injured neighbor, Mrs. Bailey. I have Mrs. Lane come here twice a week to do odd chores, and I see that she is not only paid in money, but also that she takes a supply of food home to her children; and there are one or two other needy women who are engaged upon my sewing. But there are many more who suffer, and who must be assisted. We cannot let them starve, and so, alms-giving, though an evil in some respects, seems to be a necessary one in this city."

"I admit it, my dear Louise, but I hope to see less need of the evil very soon. The needs of these people, and the injustice that has helped to create the present state of things among the poor, baunt me. I have done my best to interest some of our monied men in this question and to gain their co-operation in some new scheme for the improvement of affairs. I am now in a fair way to do this. Your father has at last promised that when we return from our trip to New York, he will join with me in a new business enterprise, provided I can get two other responsible men to share it with us."

"I am very glad to hear that. Papa has repeatedly said that he was too old to engage in active life again. But that is not so, he has energy and shrewdness, and forethought that I am sure a younger man would not disdain. Have you matured any plans? I am sure they are wise ones if you have."

I thank you for your assurance, love; my plans are to invest two-thirds of my estate in a sinking fund for business purposes; if I can persuade others to do the same, your father will use a large share of his capital with me, but it is to be invested in your name. I have talked with our two wealthy townsmen, Wesson and Aimes, and they seem inclined to go in with us. "Wesson, you know, is a bachelor, with no near kindred to care for, and Aimes has provided for his two children, so he can use his surplus as he likes. I am to meet with them this evening, as Aimes did not return from New York till yesterday, and Wesson has to start away on business. I hope to win them entirely over at that interview. Now that your father has decided, I think I shall have no difficulty with them."

"I am glad you are so hopeful, dear, and my best wishes and prayers will go with you. I had esunted on your attendance at church this evening, but perhaps you will be doing a higher work in pleading with these men to engage in some plan of helpfulness for the poor, than you would even at divine service. I presume papa will be with you, but I will go in the carriage; James is a good coachman, and I will do very well."

"But for this promised meeting I would be only too glad to attend you. In a very little while I trust to be in a position to attend you all your life. In two weeks more, sweet cousin, you will be my cherished wife, and henceforth, God willing, we shall walk hand in hand, trying to do His work unitedly together, with but one heart, and one purpose, and one will to use our gifts according to His behest."

Her eyes were moistened, but a sweet smile rested upon her lips at her lover's words.

"You wished to know of our plans," continued Albert Mountain. Uncle thinks the spring will bring a revival in business throughout the country. Indeed the indications do point that way. He also believes that we can secure the site of Abel Sawyer's old mill at a reasonable rate, as the heirs wish to settle up the estate as soon as possible. Wesson and Aimes have the largest interest in the milling industry of Albans, so that if we get them it will be an easy matter to deal with the heirs, for the corporation practically consisted of Sawyer and these two men. We shall begin rebuilding at once, erecting substantial and modern buildings with improved methods. This will give work to quite a force of the idlers of this city during the summer months. In the meanwhile we intend to start one of the old mills, and to re-engage the hands at advanced wages and under more humanitarian conditions than they have ever labored under before. We shall work upon the distributive plan, and once a year declare a dividend for our help after paying expenses and securing a tenth share of the profits to each partner in the concern. Probably we shall in time form a stock company of our operatives, and make each one a shareholder according to his character and his willingness to work.

"Then I hope to see other branches of industry broaden out in the same line in Albans, and I think that if we can demon-

strate to our monied men that it is practicable, they will take hold of the plan in their own concerns, and so help to make of this place a happy, contented spot for the common people."

Shortly after this the lovers were called to dinner, at which the elder Mountain joined them, and where the future plans of the young couple were discussed. They were to be married quietly in the bride's home, with only a few congenial friends to witness the ceremony, after which they were to start on a fortnight's trip to New York. On their return they would settle down at home with their father, and the business life of the young man would begin, if, as he had hoped, the scheme for which he thought and planned could be carried into successful operation.

* * * * *

"Yes, my friends, it is as I tell you. In times of great need the people have to take their lives in their hands and rise to conquer the enemy or to be conquered in the attempt. It is the people who are trampled on and bruised in the dust, while the chariots of the rich ride by! It is the people who are ground into powder by the wheels of oppression that turn out dollars into the coffers of the kings of iron, and wheat, and wool, and coal. And bye and bye the people turn, my friends. Yes, the people turn, and they throw over the golden images of the worshippers; they tear down the costly draperies of the money kings; they pull the palaces about the ears of the tyrants, and they make justice for themselves, for they get tired in calling for justice from their masters."

It was "Capt." Wright who spoke these words on that same Sabbath day when May Thorne and her husband visited poor John Lane in his miserable tenement, and when Marcus Lane was sought far and near by his hard-working wife. The same Sabbath day when Albert and Louise planned for the poor and unfortunate, and looked hopefully forward to the near future when something practical would be done in the interests of labor and humanity. Around the speaker were a group of men, a dozen or more, some of whom we have seen before; among them Marcus Lane, for whom his wife had unsuccessfully sought. They were seated in the one apartment of an old shanty in the outskirts of the city; the abiding place of Crofts, the particular friend and tool of Wright, and no less a friend and counsellor of Marcus Lane who had spent the night and day at this unsavory haunt.

"But, Captain," interrupted a voice, "when the people rise again their masters, an' blood is shed, the guilty don't allers suffer alone, sometimes the innercent are punished. Is that all right?"

"Yes, it is right when great principles are involved. What is a human life compared to a great idea! In the time of the French revolution many innocent persons perished at the hands of the populace; but they belonged to the tyrannical brood, and so they had to bear the guilt. Down with the aristocrats! was the cry; and why? because the aristocrats had ground down and enslaved and oppressed the people until the masses could stand it no longer. So the masses rose, and they turned on the blue bloods, and whether those they seized had personally harmed them or not, did not matter. A great principle was involved, and the idea had to be sustained, if innocent blood was shed now and then!"

That night crowds of unkempt men gathered in the streets of Albans. Not all together, but in groups they lounged, whispering to each other and shuffling along, as if on some forbidden quest. The sky had clouded over and its appearance betokened a storm; there seemed to be no special attraction to call these people from their lairs; but yet they lounged, seemingly in no hurry to depart. After awhile a group was seen to be moving, and it was noted that it went in the direction of Banker Carlyle's mansion, which before morning was burned to the ground. Another group sauntered off toward

the center of town, and there came reports of several robberies during that uneasy night; but the group with which we have to do stationed itself upon the corner of a street just beyond the church where the Mountains attended religious service. At 9 o'clock the meeting closed, and shortly afterward the worshippers dispersed. There was no outbreak nor cry among the foot passengers, and but few noticed the group of five upon the corner opposite. Just, however, as the carriage of the Mountains rolled by, there was a rush and a stir. One of the raiders seized the horses' heads, and another tried to pull the driver from his seat. The horses reared and plunged, while the vehicle swayed to and fro. A third of the miscreants pulled open the carriage door, and with the cry, 'Down wid de 'ris-tercrats,' attempted to seize the frightened girl who sat within. Just then the horses started, knocking down the man who tried to hold them, and dragging the coachman who had been pulled from his seat. Tearing away, the plunging animals went, dashing the carriage about as if it had been made of paper, and flinging Louise from side to side as she vainly tried to brace herself against the seat. It was a wild run, but a short one, as the mettlesome steeds were brought up against a standing wall of the burnt mill, and the carriage was overturned just as the two Mountains, uncle and nephew, appeared upon the scene on their homeward way from the business meeting they had attended.

Hastening forward to learn the cause of the disaster, these gentlemen were appalled to find it was their own vehicle which had been upset, and to discover the unconscious form of their dearest one beneath. A crowd had collected, and the panting but now quieted animals were unfastened and taken away, the carriage lifted, and the insensible girl was borne in the arms of her lover to the nearest house, followed by her almost distracted father and a gentleman friend who had come up with the crowd. An examination proved that Louise had been seriously injured. It was with difficulty that she could be moved, but borne by tender hands and upon the softest of cushions she was taken to her home on the morning following the accident, where she lay upon a bed of pain for many weary months. At times the sufferings of the gentle girl were so intense that it seemed as if the spirit must loosen its hold upon the body, and for days together she would be unconscious of her surroundings, or of the watchful care and loving attention and solicitude of those to whom she was most dear. Days came and went, bringing the looked-for date which she had chosen as her bridal morn; but in that house of woe there was no sign of festivity. In a darkened chamber lay the helpless girl unconscious of the passing hours, while below sat a young man, stricken by the weight of a great grief, and an elderly comforter trying to impart to the son he had hoped to gain that day, a little hopeful comfort, while his own heart ached with anxiety and pain; and just beyond, in a little room which Louise had used as her boudoir, spread out upon a silken couch, gleamed a bridal robe of ivory white satin and shimmering lace, that would never adorn a bride.

To be Continued.

There are numerous recipes for making a good cup of coffee, but perhaps the most delicious product of the bean can be obtained in this way: Take of freshly ground Java and Mocha, in equal parts, one ounce; pour over it sufficient cold water to thoroughly saturate the coffee; then add the white of one egg—together with the shell—and mix well together. The paste is now put into the coffee pot and boiling water (about one quart) poured upon it. The pot is then placed over the fire, where it is allowed to boil for about half a minute, after which it is allowed to rest for five minutes. The coffee is then ready. It is clear as crystal, and the addition of a spoonful of thick cream, instead of hot milk, with sugar to the taste, makes a cup of coffee fit for anybody.

Spiritualism and the Wisdom-Religion.

An Historical Sketch.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

CHAPTER X.

In the *Spiritualist*, December 7, 1877, Col. Olcott published at length the views of the Theosophists concerning Spiritualism and its phenomena, in which he says that although in accord with Spiritualists as to the genuineness of mediumship, the Theosophists "do not consider it beneficial to the individual or to society to indiscriminately encourage mediumship." Physical mediums should, he thinks, be divided into two classes,—those moved by "the spirits of the departed," and those whose occult phenomena are attributable to the agency of their own doubles in concert with other potencies." Man is a trinity; permeating the physical body is an astral body, or soul, and these two are overshadowed by a third,—the divine immortal spirit. At birth the babe is a duality, and becomes a trinity only when reason begins to manifest itself, usually at seven years, sometimes earlier. The man of flesh dies and decays; the astral man (or double, or soul), after death, either becomes purged of the last traces of earthly grossness, and finally, after incalculable ages, is joined to his divine spirit and lives forever as an entity, or, having been completely debased on earth, sinks deeper into matter and is annihilated. Usually the separation of soul and spirit occurs before the bodily death; but there are exceptions to this. The souls of the depraved, bereft of the spirit, wander about the habitations of men, obsessing sensitives, to glut vicariously their gross appetites until their life is burnt out and dissolution comes. These are the elementaries. In the effort of Nature to produce the masterpiece, the Inner Man, lower astral forms have been evolved; these are the Elementals, over whom man has natural dominion. The perfect initiate has absolute dominion over these unthinking, soulless forces of nature, and with their help can do what are called miracles. The elementals are no more responsible for their actions than the wind, the fire, the flood; they are the force of the wind, the fire, the flood.

All physical manifestations, from rapping to full-form materialization, are produced either by elementaries, helped by the elementals, or the souls of the mediums acting with or without the help of elementals. Just previous, in this same article, Col. Olcott had stated that physical manifestations were produced either by "the spirits of the departed," or "the double of the medium in concert with other potencies." Now he affirms that none of them are due to "the spirits of the departed." "We thoroughly concede," continues he, "the action of pure disembodied human spirits in the sublime phases of inspiration, prophecy, trance-vision, and direct writing. But not in all cases. The medium's soul may manifest its power in all these, as may also the elementaries. Judge this tree, like the others, by its fruits. . . It is better for everybody to have no circles except in the light, no phenomena without test conditions, no mediums who are at the mercy of every chance moral leper who has a sovereign to spend."

In the *Spiritualist*, February 8, 1878, pp. 68, 69, Mme. Blavatsky supplements the views of Col. Olcott as expressed above. "Let it not be inferred," said she, "that I, or any other real Theosophist, undervalue true Spiritual phenomena or philosophy, or that we do not believe in communication between pure mortals and pure spirits any less than we do in communication between bad men and bad spirits, or even of good men with bad spirits under bad conditions. We go so far as to say that all the great and noble characters, all the grand geniuses—the poets, painters, sculptors, musicians—all who have worked at any time for the realization of their highest ideal, irrespective of selfish ends—have been spiritually inspired. Not mediums, as many Spiritualists call them—passive tools in the hands of controlling guides—but incarnate, illuminated souls, working consciously in collaboration with the pure

disembodied human and new-embodied high planetary spirits, for the elevation and spiritualization of mankind. We believe that everything in material life is most intimately associated with Spiritual agencies. As regards psychical phenomena and mediumship, we believe that it is only when the passive medium has given place, or rather, grows into the conscious mediator, that he can discern between spirits good and bad. And we do believe, and know also, that while the incarnate man (though the highest adept) cannot vie in potency with the pure disembodied spirits, who . . . have become subjective to the physical senses, yet he can perfectly equal, and can far surpass in the way of phenomena, mental or physical, the average "spirit" of modern mediumship. Believing this, you will perceive that we are better Spiritualists, in the true acceptation of the word, than so-called Spiritualists." In the same article, Mme. B. tells us that when the third member of the human trinity, the spiritual body, has been lifted out of the psychical (the astral man or soul), it can even then "influence, inspire, and even communicate with men subjectively; it can make itself felt, and even, in those rare instances, when the clairvoyant is perfectly pure and perfectly lucid, seen by the inner eye." We are also informed in this article that not all of the elementaries are annihilated. "There is still a chance for some. By a supreme struggle these may retain their third and higher principle, and so, though slowly and painfully, yet ascend sphere after sphere, casting at each transition the previous heavier garment, and clothing themselves in more radiant spiritual envelopes, until, rid of every finite particle, the trinity merges into the final Nirvana, and becomes a unity—a God."

In an extract from a letter of Mme. Blavatsky, published in *The Spiritualist*, March 10, 1876, and republished in the same paper January 4, 1878, she says, "When the elementary dies out of one state of existence, he is born into a higher one; and when man dies out of the world of gross matter, he is born into one more ethereal, so on, from sphere to sphere, man never losing his trinity!"

Mr. Desmond G. Fitzgerald, M. S. Tel. E., in *The Spiritualist*, December 21, 1877, p. 297, in view of the fact that Col. Olcott calls the elementals the forces of nature, which latter modern science calls "modes of energy," states the scientific equation of the elementals as this: " $m. h = m. \frac{v^2}{2l}$ "—which well illustrates the absurdity of the doctrine of the existence and nature of these imaginary beings.

We are informed by Col. Olcott (*Theosophist*, January, 1886, Supplement, p. lxxxiii), that, when the Theosophical Society "was organized at New York, the members had no idea of forming a secret body; they intended to study occultism as presented by Mr. Felt." Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, one of the original councillors of the Society, states, in *The Two Worlds*, June 5, 1891, p. 348, that "quite early in the movement, one of the officers first appointed made a series of most damaging statements against the life, conduct and character of . . . Madame Blavatsky," and that "the chivalric feeling of the newly-formed society induced them to expel the too candid but offending member, swear fealty to the great Psychologist founder, and organize themselves into a secret society, with passwords, signs, and grips, &c., &c., wherein scandalous reports should cease from troubling." From this it would seem that the society became a secret body for the sole purpose of preventing publicity of remarks critical of Mme. Blavatsky's life, actions, and character.

The *Progressive Thinker*, June 6, 1891, publishes the substance of an article in the *New York Recorder*, in which Mr. Henry J. Newton, its first Treasurer, gives an account of the early history of the Theosophical Society. Webster's "Dictionary" defines the word "theosophy" as "attainment of superhuman knowledge (concerning God and superior spirits) by physical processes," and as this society was organized to study the alleged demonstration, by Mr. Felt, of the existence of the elementary spirits by physical processes, the word "theosophical"

was selected as its name. Mr. Newton tells us that the name was chosen from Webster's "Dictionary" for this reason. This had been evident from the first; as in the Preamble of the society, printed in 1875, it is stated that its title "explains the objects and desires of its founders. They seek to obtain knowledge of the nature and attributes of the Supreme Power and of the higher spirits by the aid of physical processes." "According to Mr. Newton, there was no other idea in the foundation of the society than the study and investigation by physical tests or processes of so-called psychic phenomena in its physical manifestations." "There is not a word in this original constitution of the original Theosophical Society setting up any claims to present a new religion—nothing about a 'Universal Wisdom Religion,' or a 'Brotherhood of Humanity,' or the 'Study of Aryan and Other Oriental Literature,' or 'Esoteric Buddhism'—the rallying cries of the present society." It is stated in a valuable work called "Theosophy Unveiled," by John Murdock, L. I. D., Madras, 1885, p. 10, that a "Mr. Frederick Thomas had been a prominent member" of the society in New York. "After a time he denounced it as a fraud, and there was a secession of at least some of its members." In an address by Emma Hardinge Britten, published in *The Two Worlds*, Nov. 15, 1889, we are told (p. 1) that when first organized nearly all of the members of the society, including Olcott and H. P. B., were reported to be Spiritualists and acknowledged as such; that "for the several months during which the first members of the society came together, there was not a single idea promulgated of the doctrines now alleged to be the basis of the Theosophists' belief. At the various meetings . . . the teachings of the lecturers were all Spiritualistic, and the doctrines discussed were the same. Some hired mediums exhibited the phenomena usual amongst Spiritualists, and no hint was breathed by any parties connected with the society of any other source for those phenomena, than such as is now accepted by Spiritualists . . . The society, as founded and conducted in New York, was distasteful to the generality of its members, and after duly paying their fees, finding nothing of interest to reward them and no information to be derived from their continued association, they one after another quietly withdrew, and . . . the society—as originally constituted amongst shrewd-thinking Americans—virtually died out, and was deemed by the majority at least of its original members as defunct." And again, Mrs. Britten remarks as to the early history of the society as follows: "As time passed on, and dull, fruitless meetings succeeded, . . . it was evident that the claims of its founders were baseless . . . As to the founders (or 'conspirators' as some scrupled not to call them), they had nothing to add to the revelations of 'Art Magic,' then just published . . . As no phenomena were forthcoming—as the 'Himalay Mahatmas' had not at that time dawned upon the founder's vivid imagination—although some vague talk of a mysterious brotherhood at Malta served to introduce the idea subsequently formulated into that of Hindoo Mahatmas . . . the early Theosophists . . . one after another dropped off . . . and left the two founders 'alone in their glory.' The said founders, realizing that some 'new departure' was necessary . . . proceeded, in the same marked duality in which they had hitherto sustained each other, to exchange the poor New York upper flat lodging for the splendors of a Hindoo bungalow, and a docile following of Hindostanee curiosity hunters. After this change of base having been brought into existence a full corps of 'Mahatmas,' at too great a distance from their own scene of action to be accessible to any prying eyes except in their astral bodies, they carried on a prosperous trade in unpronounceable names—'astral bodies, astral letters, astral shrines, and astral crockery, &c., &c., until in the plenitude of old Hindoo traditions and scraps of antediluvian philosophy they found it expedient to share their wealth of Oriental lore with those European branches whom Carlyle has described in language more plain than recondite, but whom we prefer to call persons somewhat 'easy of belief' [that is, "mostly

fools"]." (*Two Worlds*, June 12, 1891, p. 359.)

"In less than two years," says Mr. Newton (*Progressive Thinker*, June 6, 1891), "the society died a natural death. I resigned both my treasurership and membership toward the end of 1877. The by-laws required eleven members to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, but for months before my resignation and up to the time Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott went to Europe, in 1878, not more than three members could be got together, so it was impossible to have any legal business meetings. The society was practically dead and abandoned when I resigned. Nevertheless, on the eve of their departure for America, an article appeared in the *Sun*, stating that Blavatsky and Olcott had been commissioned by the society to go to India and preach theosophy to the Hindoos. This was not true, as there was no society then in existence and no such action at any time appears on its records. . . I believe it [this statement] emanated from Col. Olcott, and was designed simply to screen the real nature of their visit to India. The Russians were then advancing on the Afghan frontier, and it was of great importance that they should have knowledge of the English position and preparations to resist their movement. . . Only a short time before they decided on going, she [Mme. B.] spent the whole evening talking with a member of the Russian Legation here in this house [Mr. Newton's residence]. Col. Olcott was also well fitted for a political mission of this kind. . . It looks as if the religious or philosophical movement, intended at first only as a cloak to their real mission in India, proved such a success that when their services were no longer needed by the Russian Government, they kept up theosophy in India, and afterward started it in England." In an address at Bombay, India, by Col. Olcott, November, 1879, the President Founder said (*Theosophist*, March, 1880, vol. 1, p. 147), that of the thirteen officers and councillors of the society elected Nov. 17, 1875, only three remained,—Olcott, Blavatsky, and W. Q. Judge no doubt. Had Col. Olcott told the whole truth, it is probable that he would have said that when he and H. P. B. left America, the entire Theosophical Society, as regards its legal membership, consisted of barely more than these three. This is confirmed by the fact that it was stated in the *New York World* in 1881 that there were only two Theosophists in America at that time,—this statement being made by one of the two, presumably W. Q. Judge.

Dr. J. R. Buchanan, the discoverer of psychometry, has recently published some reminiscences of his acquaintanceship with Olcott and Blavatsky in 1875. He says that although he never saw the slightest display of psychic power by Mme. B., Col. Olcott assured him that "she could walk out in a pouring rain without an umbrella and come in perfectly dry, not a raindrop having touched her." "In the way of romancing on the one hand, and passive credulity on the other, it would be difficult to find a match for Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott." "When she personally assured me that the vast payment made by France to Germany after her armies had been defeated, was not furnished by the wealth of France, but was raised by the power of occult magic, I saw that she was setting out on an unlimited scheme of imposture" (*American Spectator*, June, 1891.) "Her conversation . . . was of a bold and reckless type, entirely free from profound or deep sentiments. Scoffing was her habit. . . On one occasion, for example, she said in her brusque way, 'Dr. Buchanan's a very nice man, but he thinks too much of Colonel Christ.' . . The whole Blavatsky movement . . . is a wild affair, not to be taken seriously; its author had but little of the serious sentiment of truth." (*American Spectator*, July, 1891.)

Among the modern sects of India is the Arya Samaj, founded by Swami Dayananda Saraswati. He was a reformer of some of the abuses of present-day Hinduism or Brahmanism. He was opposed to idol-worship, he repudiated caste, and advocated female education and widow-marriage, under certain conditions. He regarded the Vedas as divine revelation; with him, what was

not in the Vedas was false or useless, and whatever was in the Vedas was beyond the reach of controversy. He actually believed that everything worth knowing, even the most recent inventions of modern science, railroads, steamboats, etc., were alluded to in the Vedas (See sketch of his life in "Biographical Essays," by Max Mueller, New York, 1884, pp. 162-165). In 1877, says Col. Olcott, the design to come to India to live and die there had been stormed in his (Olcott's) mind; and in *The Theosophist*, vol. 3, July, 1882, Extra Supplement, p. 3, he narrates the circumstances attending the transfer of the Theosophical Society from America to India. The Society being practically dead in America, it behooved Blavatsky and Olcott to turn their attention elsewhere if they would save both the society and themselves from oblivion; and of all places India seemed the most promising, if an entrance for them and the society, under favorable auspices, could only be obtained in that land of superstition and debasing occultism. Col. Olcott wrote to Mr. Mulgi Thackersey, a native Hindu whom he had met in 1870, during a steamboat voyage, an account of the society; and asked his co-operation and that of other friends of Aryan religions and philosophies. Mr. Mulgi responded and introduced the Colonel to Mr. Hurrychund Chintamon (Harichandra Chintamani) President of the Arya Samaj. He also spoke of Swami Dayananda Saraswati, "the best Sanskrit scholar, and now traveling through India to teach people the Vedic doctrines in their true light." From this Col. Olcott considered the Swami as a "Yoga-adept, our natural ally, and a fit leader for our members;" and he was assured that the principles of the Theosophical Society were identical with those of the Swami and his Samaj. Accordingly he and H. P. B. "joyfully entertained the proposal for an amalgamation." "I begged the Swami," says Olcott, "to take up the relation of Teacher" to the "members at large" of the society. Feb. 18, 1878, he thus addressed the Swami:

"Venerated Teacher,—A number of American and other students who earnestly seek after spiritual knowledge place themselves at your feet, and pray you to enlighten them." The Swami replied April 21, 1878, accepting the position tendered him; and he was then informed by Olcott that at a meeting of the Council of the Theosophical Society (Olcott, H. P. B., and Judge?), it was unanimously resolved that the society accept the proposal of the Arya Samaj of India to unite with itself, and that the title of the society be changed to "The Theosophical Society of the Arya Samaj; Resolved, that the Theosophical Society, for itself and branches in America, Europe and elsewhere, hereby recognize Swami Dayanund Saraswati Pundit, Founder of the Arya Samaj, as its lawful Director and Chief." "We perceive, oh! venerable Sir," continues Olcott, "in your definition of the nature and attributes of God, of the All Good, that we humble students at the West have not misinterpreted the teachings of our Aryan ancestors. The Supreme One whom you teach your disciples to contemplate and lift their aspirations to is the very same Eternal Divine Essence whom we have been pointing these Christians to as the proper object of their adoration" (Murdock's "Theosophy Unveiled," p. 45). In a letter to Hurrychund Chintamon, May 29, 1878, Col. Olcott says, "That 'Wisdom-Religion' is all contained in the Vedas . . . It is this Wisdom-Religion which the Theosophical Society accepts and propagates, and the finding of which in the doctrines expounded by the revered Swami Dayanund Saraswati Pundit, has led us to affiliate our Society with the Arya Samaj, and recognize and accept its chief as our supreme religious Teacher, Guide, and Ruler" (*Theosophist*, July, 1882, Ex. Suppl., p. 5). In 1878 and 1879, some 609 rupees was remitted to Hurrychund Chintamon, from New York and London, from the Theosophists, to be handed over to the Samaj; but when Olcott and H. P. B. arrived at Bombay they found that the Samaj had never received a penny of it. They compelled Mr. Chintamon to restore to them these funds, but when offered to the Swami by Col. Olcott in April, 1879, he refused to receive them (*Theosophist*, loc. cit., p. 5). This conduct of Mr. Chintamon led to the severance of his

relations with the Arya Samaj and with the Theosophists as well (*The Spiritualist*, Aug. 1, 15, and 22, 1879, vol. 15, pp. 59, 83, 95). This is the theosophical account of the cause of the rupture between Mr. Chintamon and the Society; but in an article in *Light*, Nov. 10, 1883, p. 494, it is stated that "Mr. Chintamon could not agree with some of the doctrines or rules put forward by Col. Olcott . . . ; consequently he declined to have anything more to do with the founders, and the Colonel, therefore . . . took the matter into his own hands, and 'bossed the job' himself."

In September, 1878, Colonel Olcott published a translation of the rules of the Arya Samaj, with the statement that the Theosophical Society had been "admitted to fraternal co-operation" in the "holy work" of the Samaj, and that it appeals for the zealous support of its Fellows." As formulated in the rules thus published, the "holy work" of the Samaj consisted fundamentally of (1) the unqualified acceptance of the Vedas as the sole authority in religion, and (2) the practice of moral virtues. Rule 2 says, "The four texts of the Vedas shall be received and regarded as containing within themselves all that is necessary to constitute them an extraordinary authority in all matters relating to human conduct; and the Brahmanas . . . the six Angas or the limbs of the Vedas . . . ; the four Upvedas, the six Darshanas or the Schools of Philosophy, and the 1,127 lectures on the Vedas, called Shakhahas, or the branches, shall be accepted as exponents of the meaning of the Vedas. So far as these shall concur with the views of the Vedas, they shall be considered as an ordinary authority." Rule 18 says, "As it is the Vedas only which teach doctrines which can bear the test of logical examination and scientific demonstration . . . therefore it is required that every member shall follow out, so far at least as lies in his power, the religious practices contained in these, and these only. No tenets of other so-called religions which conflict therewith shall be deemed of any authority whatever. And rule 15 is, "The Samaja shall observe, in strict accordance with Vedic forms, all Sanskaras (ceremonies) beginning with the Nishika (pre-natal), and ending with the Antyeshti (funeral)" (*The Spiritualist*, Oct. 11, 1878, vol. 13, p. 180). It thus appears that every member of the Theosophical Society was pledged to idolatrous reverence of the Vedic hymns as the sole authority "in all matters relating to human conduct," as explained by the other Vedic writings, the Brahmanas, etc.; and also pledged to strict observance of all the ceremonies of the Vedas relative to man's whole life, from before his birth to his funeral; that is, every Theosophist became, nominally at least, a full-fledged pagan, accepting as supreme authority the childish fancies and crude speculations of the primitive Hindu Aryans 1500 or 2000 B. C., with their multitude of imaginary gods and goddesses, but misinterpreted and distorted so as to accord with the nineteenth-century quasi-monotheistic ideas of the Samaj. In fulfillment of this pledge to observe all the Vedic rites of the Samaj, we have seen that when the ashes of Baron De Palm were deposited in the sea at New York in 1878, just before the departure of Blavatsky and Olcott to India to meet the Swami and his Samaj, the ceremonies were conducted in strict accordance with the Vedic ritual in use in the Samaj,—a pretentious farce throughout on the part of the Theosophists, but decidedly Olcottian.

The alleged resolution of the Council of the Theosophical Society pledging its fealty to the Swami, published above, speaks of the society's "branches in America, Europe, and elsewhere." At that time there were no branches of the parent society anywhere, except one in London, which had been started a short time before with five members; the resolution, therefore, embodied a falsehood, evidently inserted to impose on the Swami, and cause him to think that an association of some magnitude extending to various parts of the world had chosen him as its chief and ruler. In an article by C. C. Massey in *The Spiritualist*, Jan. 24, 1879, vol. 14, p. 41, this branch is called the "British Branch of the Theosophical Society of the Arya Samaj." Mr. Massey further tells

us that the study of the occult was then subordinate in the mind of Mme. Blavatsky "to the great social, moral, and spiritual objects of the Arya Samaj, to which she is entirely devoted. 'The Brotherhood of Humanity' is with her and Colonel Olcott no mere sentimental phrase or visionary aspiration. To break down all the barriers of race and religion between man and man . . . and to emancipate the mind alike from its theological and materialistic trammels, are the main objects of the great Indian society, of which she has been so active and efficient an agent in the West. . . . The work of the Arya Samaj, as a public exoteric body, is, educational and missionary. . . . The doors of our society are open to all who are in sympathy with the public objects of the Arya Samaj, and who wish . . . to avail themselves of the instructions and help in occult researches which we expect to receive." This information concerning the views of Mme. B. at that time, anent occultic, religious, and philanthropic matters was derived by Mr. Massey from her during her two weeks' sojourn in England, while en route to India. One of the Madame's objects in visiting London, Mr. Massey informs us, was to consult certain books and manuscripts at the British Museum, where most of her spare time was spent. As she had joined forces with one who based every thing on the Vedas, and as she knew hardly anything about the Vedas, it is most likely that Mme. B. devoted her time at the British Museum to obtaining a superficial knowledge of the Vedic writings, in order that the Swami might not detect what an ignoramus she was concerning the Hindu sacred books.

The Theosophical party, consisting of H. P. B., Col. Olcott, Miss Bates, and Mr. Wimbridge, left New York for India December 17, 1878. From January 3 to 17, 1879, was spent in London; Jan. 17 they sailed from Liverpool, and they landed at Bombay February 16, 1879 (*The Theosophist*, vol. 1, p. 1, October, 1879; *Spiritualist*, vol. 14, p. 41, Jan. 24, 1879; Murdock's "Theosophy Unveiled," p. 11). Miss Bates and Mr. Wimbridge were English by birth, and had become members only a few weeks before the party left America for India ("Murdock", p. 11). In May, 1879, the Swami was regularly initiated as a Fellow of the Theosophical Society, at Saharanpore (*Theosophist*, June, 1882, Supplement, p. 6, note); and after this we find him styling himself "Supreme Chief of the Eastern and Western Theosophists of the Arya Samaj" (Rev. Arthur Theophilus: "The Theosophical Society," Madras, 1882, p. 16, note 2).

To be Continued.

At a dinner given the members of the press in New York, a journalist was called upon to reply to the toast. "An Independent Press." He at first refused to reply, but finally said:

"There is no such a thing in America as an independent press, unless it is in the country towns. You are all slaves, You know it and I know it. There is not one of you who dare express an honest opinion. If you express it you know beforehand that it will not appear in print. I am paid \$150 per week for keeping honest opinions out of the papers I am connected with. Others of you are paid similar salaries for doing similar things. If I should allow honest opinions to be printed in one issue of my paper, like Othello, my occupation would be gone. The man who would be so foolish as to write honest opinions would be out on the street looking for another job. The business of a leading journalist is to distort the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to villify, to fawn at the feet of mammon, and to sell his country and his race for daily bread, or for what is about the same, his salary. You know this and I know it, and what foolery to be toasting an 'independent press.' We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are jumping jacks. They pull the string and we dance. Our time, our talent, our possibilities are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes."

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Progression vs Stagnation.

ELLA LUCY MERRIAM.

Our interest in and enjoyment of life deepens in the same ratio as our ideas of its possibilities expand. Hence I can see but great good in the eventual outgrowth of superstitious religious belief. By superstition I mean that portion of past inculcation undemonstrated by the actual, natural phenomena of cause and effect.

Just so long as we remained in the fog of tradition we made no effort to rise above the every-day, commonplace view of life. For this we were in no wise to be blamed, for it had been apportioned to us by a long line of ancestry, becoming a natural, methodical course of procedure and belief. All progression, all happiness, all hope, were attributable to and centered in another—in a myth! Thus the divine in man, the real, immortal, lovable part, became dormant, warped, shriveled, and even dissolute. In this unfortunate condition do we find the majority of humanity today—without reason, groping, striving after Truth and its multifarious blessings. The smaller part of mankind has just come into a faint conception of its existence—only a glimmering—but enough to show that individually we possess the key to intellectual and spiritual wealth. This outlook is teeming with enduring treasures just in proportion to the effort put forth to attain them. These fertile fields promise just as abundant fruitage here as hereafter. They extend through all time, which means Forever! We may begin their enjoyment now, or we may postpone it indefinitely. We cannot reap that which we have not sown. What a beauty in living, when we realize that we are the moving, moulding, producing factors in life; that we can make it what we will; that one effort opens the door to a still grander achievement! All fear leaves us; warm, bright confidence takes its place. We behold promise in everything. Longfellow truthfully as poetically says:

Oh, what a beauty does the world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent.

Reasoning from cause to effect we infer that all other orbs present similar conditions and opportunities. This increases if possible our admiration and love for the Great First Cause, and our zeal for accelerated unfoldment. We revel in appreciative enjoyment and endeavor. Our gaze is now upward and forward; never more downward and backward. We linger no longer in the gruesome past, so sadly sterile and morbid; neither do its resultant imperfections, so conspicuous in the present, discourage us; for we are the liberators from this thralldom. Our touch alone can sever the chains. We are our own saviors. This gives us confidence and courage. We shrink no longer from the erring ones, for we now plainly behold sin to be simply the natural consequence of fallacious teachings, and we joyfully hasten to do our part by precept and example to wipe from the face of our beautiful earth all traces of its primitive darkness and weakness. Hence, in summing up the immortal advantages accruing from unfettered thought and reason, I am led to exclaim, without malice or prejudice, "I rejoice that the age of dogmatic religion is passing away—an age, however dark and cruel its annals, that has filled its proper niche in the Great Temple of human progress. It has performed its destined work, and to its retreating figure I wave a kind but tearless adieu."

A laborer told his wife on awakening a dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by three others, two lean rats and one blind rat. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow, as it has been said that to dream of rats denotes calamity. He appealed to his wife but she could not help him. His son, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. He said: "The fat rat is the man who keeps the saloon that you go to so often; the two lean rats are my mother and I; and the blind rat, father, is yourself."

Spirit Instruction—Written by Dictation.

BY RAYMONDE.

NO. VI.

TO MY ATTENTIVE PUPIL: Were I sure this letter would be read by church members, I would address them particularly to-day, for they need light, but as I am not, we will continue our regular course. Our desire [the desire of your spirit friends] is not simply to entertain, but to teach the philosophy or religion that we enjoy. Therefore, if we scatter a few seeds by the wayside, be patient with us. Those who follow may reap. It is not for our amusement that we write. It is for the advancement of the human family that we consent to linger in a lower atmosphere.

It has been my custom to intersperse descriptive writing with short sermons, knowing that earthly children better relish bread if well buttered. A dry loaf is less palatable to both old and young. Evidently I have been cutting the slices too thick and spreading the butter too thin, for recently I discovered that some of the bread had been cast into the scrap basket. In other words, our lesson, I presume, was considered too prosy, and therefore was not printed. I make no complaint. I have been in the spirit world so long that I am not perhaps well qualified to judge of the prevailing taste. I know full well, by the condition of your representatives to our country, that you should be made familiar with our religious views, as well as acquainted with our every-day life. It is very difficult to make spirit writings fit into your busy lives; but you can, perhaps, be taught the spiritual alphabet, and you will find it of more benefit than the catechism when you arrive in the spirit world. Therefore you must pardon if I stray now and then into side paths to gather a blossom within easy reach.

To-day I will lead you, if you please, into that deep forest yonder. The stillness of the place is restful, and 'twill do you tired mortals good to walk with me under the majestic trees that stand with uprightness and graceful bearing before us. They are murmuring to each other, not in angry cadence, as though a storm were gathering, but with gentleness do they whisper of the beauty of their surroundings. Their heads are lifted high and their view is far reaching, encompassing a settlement and hills beyond.

In this forest dwell Indians; not hostile, but peace-loving spirits whose mission is upon the earth. They are better adapted to this kind of work than many of their white brothers. In the alleviation of pain they are invaluable; as teachers they may be deficient; as bearers of messages they rival the telegraph. Although their knowledge of your language is limited, they make themselves understood, and do much good in various ways. Those having a familiar spirit are well aware of the truth of this statement. Those knowing nothing of spiritual communion ridicule it and wonder when men will cease to be fools. The red man progresses in spirit life as rapidly as the white man. He has less of covetousness in his nature, and knows little of the corrupting influence of money; therefore he is ready to return when he has chosen an assistant, and we must admit, to the credit of the Indian, that he is often superior to his co-worker (the medium), who is sometimes so encrusted with the love of gold that he is a poor instrument for spiritual work. A good Indian guide with proper earthly conditions is a valuable factor in our service.

There is much purporting to come from spirits that has origin in foolish minds. Unless mediums live very close to truth and virtue, evil and untruthful influences gather about them to confuse and lead astray. This accounts for much of the falsehood and absurdity in spirit communications. But church-goers do not understand this. Indian dialect offends educated

ears; impossible stories disgust them. In most things church people use common sense, but when investigating Spiritualism they seem bereft of it. Therefore I would advise the cultivation of this very necessary aid to the study of our philosophy. It cannot fail to preserve them from danger, and it may prevent them from denouncing the wholesome truths of Spiritualism as offensive and the designing work of the enemy.

The Indians who live in the woods above mentioned are commonly called "medicine men," and much good do they below. Their homes amongst the trees are quiet. Their lives are tranquil. Their medicine is magnetism applied in various ways to the needy physical body. Their cures are wonderful, and there is great rejoicing when a mortal is raised from pain and feebleness to vigor and usefulness. I often go amongst them. They are hospitable and kind to all who enter their retreat. They live simple lives and rest on the bosom of Dame Nature when fatigue overtakes them. A prolonged rest under the foliage restores them to a proper condition for work.

This particular tribe, or order, are intelligent, benevolent, and sympathetic, working in unison with advanced minds for the alleviation of suffering on earth. Therefore you will understand that the despised and oftentimes feared red men will not always be bloodthirsty, but must eventually, like his white brother, seek his advancement by doing good to others. This is the inevitable law of our world. Deviation is impossible.

If you desire, we will enter one of the wigwams. The chief of the tribe will receive us with dignity. You will imagine that you are on the earth plane, so similar is this abode to the pictures you have seen. Why do they like their rude out-door life here? I cannot tell you. Probably because they were accustomed to this mode of living. They certainly could have different surroundings if they desired, but what could be grander than the forest? Truly there is inspiration and contentment in the silent shade, to which spirits are not insensible. Is an Indian guide desirable? There is as much difference in them as in other men. Try the spirits, whether they be of good or evil. This is excellent advice, plainly given by the Bible. Use common sense in the acceptance of a spirit counselor.

At the foot of the tall forest lies a great lake upon which float light canoes of pretty color, and anchored far from the shores are barges upon which young children sport. Wild laughter breaks the stillness as their peculiar play progresses. They are graceful, happy, and not a thought of self-consciousness has yet reached them to mar the naturalness of their movements and the pleasure of their existence. Under the care of wise men they are growing in ways of wisdom, and your children, oh, mortals, will be benefitted by these children of the forest when you have entered the shadowy path that leads from earth to the spheres. They are being educated for the earth work. Despise not an Indian spirit when he speaks through mortal voice, but subject the advice to critical consideration. If you are prudent you will treat all spiritual counsel, especially in regard to business matters, with caution. You would do thus with those in the physical body, why be less practical with those in spirit form? Spirits are not infallible, and should not be offended if they are occasionally disbelieved and disobeyed. There need be no hesitation, however, in believing plain statements of facts as they exist in the spirit world, and accepting kindly counsel, providing always that the communicator had proper regard for veracity when on the earth. If not, it is more than likely that he may draw upon his imagination after the physical change called death.

Dissolution does not change the character. The great sin of lying clings with tenacity to those who have cultivated the hateful habit. Spiritualists should be familiar with these facts; close students of the philosophy are, but those who are yet on the lower plane of phenomena, and others who are quietly in-

investigating, should bear in mind these points. They are shoals upon which many are wrecked. It is better to be skeptical than over-credulous. Of the two a skeptic will make a more sensible convert to spiritual religion than he who accepts every kind of message and phenomena without weighing the testimony and duly considering the source. Such simplicity would be disastrous in any investigation. The necessity of precaution must be apparent to a sound reasoner. Although your pastor insists upon the acceptance of his unreasonable theology without query, we do not advocate a similar course. Analyze, criticize and question. We do not ask you to believe anything contrary to reason, justice and common sense. Be content with slow development, and be duly thankful, whether assisted by your red brother, a departed relative or a benevolent stranger.

It is with pleasure that I speak of the goodness of the Indian in spirit life, though they give anxiety to those living in close proximity on the earth plane. I do not intend to discuss the Indian question in these letters, but cannot refrain from saying that according to impartial judgment there is, also, much sin at the white man's door. An unjust religion makes an unjust people. It makes them careless of consequences and inclined to take the lion's share whenever might will permit. The religion that I would teach (free from priestcraft and mortal error) will deter men from robbing each other legally or otherwise. It offers no escape from a guilty conscience in the spirit world, and you may be sure that however dead your conscience now is, even if Gabriel's trumpet fails to arouse it on the last day, in future ages of spirit life it will awaken to your discomfort if your life has been overbearing, selfish and given to abominations. This law applies with equal force to all, Heathen, Savage, Christian and Spiritualist. There is no class legislation here. Politicians will bear this in mind. There are no corrupt judges, juries or "wire-pullers." Personal worth only will insure happiness. You are making your homes in the spirit world now, mortals. The architecture lacks beauty and symmetry in too many instances where character and not gold is the price of a home. Many that are now first shall be last, and they that are last shall be first. If I should continue in this strain I might again be found guilty of offering you dry crusts. Therefore, to preserve myself from censure, and to retain your interest, I withdraw with the hope that you may find profitable the hints contained in these letters.

Very sincerely I remain the instructor of my beloved grandchild, and sign myself, A SPIRIT MAN.

Dews of the night are diamonds at morn; so the tears we weep here may be pearls in heaven.

A woman bought in a dry goods store in Philadelphia fifteen buttons at one cent apiece. Next day she stopped in for some skirt-braid, costing four cents, and for payment presented three of the buttons bought on the previous day and a cent.

In eighteen months Miss Kate Smith rose from a sixty dollar clerkship under the government, to one with a sixteen hundred dollar salary. She had a "pull."

George Ross, Minister of Education for Ontario, has excluded the teaching of sewing from the girls school in his jurisdiction on the ground of its being a hindrance to the girls in the cultivation of the mental faculties.

Sweet spirits of nitre applied every two hours, is a very effective remedy for poison ivy.

Common baking soda mixed with water to the consistence of cream and applied night and morning cures the poison from Poison Oak in a few hours.

Above all things be on your guard against your temper. It is an enemy that will accompany you everywhere, to the last hour of your life. It will frustrate all your designs. It will make you lose the most important opportunities, and will inspire you with inclinations and aversions to the prejudice of your greatest interests.

Written for The Carrier Dove.

Recompense.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

One sued for love I would not give
And claimed it fiercely as his right—
Claimed it by a right divine,
My weakness bending to his might.

My woman's pride uprose in arms
And anger swept my being's strings,
The fierce blood leapt within my heart—
I felt myself the child of kings.

I felt a pride which never yet
Had known the curb of training-hand,
When sudden thro' my brain there swept
The vision of a distant land.

In princely halls I seemed to stand,
The center of a glit'ring throng,
While one before me touched his harp
And freely poured his gifts of song.

His eyes he raised, lovelit to mine,
He humbly touched my garment's hem;
I scorned the love of one so mean—
I wore a kingly diadem.

I scorned the love so truly mine
Which I had wakened by my smile,
By touch and tones of tenderness—
A woman's weapons to beguile.

The vision passed. My suitor stood
Still battling down my weak defense;
A voice whispered in my soul:
"Obey! It is thy recompense.

"It is the never erring law,
Enduring while the cycles sweep;
As ye have given ye shall take—
What ye have sown ye still shall reap."

And, bowing then to Karmic law,
To his fierce will I yielded mine—
My scorn of him in life gone by
Had made his right in this divine.

Necessarily, Catholics, whether mortals or spirits, are deadly foes of modern Spiritualism. They are always working to destroy our cause. No real sensitive can help taking on conditions from his surroundings; therefore all should know that if any public or private medium can go regularly to mass on any plea whatever, without terrible discord and suffering, it means that the influences around that medium are in harmony with our deadliest foes. And the life work of such a public worker, however plausible and attractive, will ever be found to work ill to our cause, by breaking up our societies, and dragging in issues that attract the public in other directions.—*Charles Dawbarn.*

Friends do not need speech in the sense that mere acquaintances do. True friends never need to make talk for the sake of conventional politeness, and that in itself is a great thing. They are not rude if they are silent. They may work or read in each other's presence, taking pleasure in affection which there is no need to express.

"It is very curious how often it happens so," wrote Lydia Maria Child to a friend, under date of Wayland, Mass., 1862. "My wants are few, but when I do want anything very much, it is very apt to come to me, from some source, without my expressing the wish to any one. I wonder whether there is any spiritual magnetism in it."

Who Are the Gods?

BY N. F. RAVLIN.

[Abstract of a lecture given in Washington Hall, San Francisco, Nov. 22, 1891.]

There have been "Gods many, and Lords many," in all ages since authentic history began. Ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome, and indeed all the nations of antiquity, had their gods and goddesses, their deities, oracles, sacred shrines, priests, prophets, forms of worship, and prescribed modes of religious thought. Polytheism generally prevailed, the people believing in many gods. The Jews frequently copied the example of the pagan nations about them, and served other gods, but Jehovah was their God, though called by different names. Orthodox Christians are in fact polytheists, for while they claim to worship one, and *only* one God, yet they insist that there are three distinct and separate persons, each of whom is absolutely God, and yet the three are one, and the one is three. It has been said "figures do not lie," but in the arithmetic of theology they evidently do. Still it is all very plain to the theologians. They often discourse most eloquently concerning those things of which they have least knowledge, and assume to be well informed on subjects they do not understand and cannot comprehend. Assumptions are received as evidence of profound wisdom and mere assertions as argument by those who are grossly sensual, or too indolent to think for themselves. Like unfledged birds, they swallow everything without investigation. It matters not what subject may be under discussion, social, political, industrial, financial, or ethical problems, they are mere imitators or copyists of those who, knowing everything about all sorts of themes, have assumed to speak with authority upon these subjects. Thus the boy thinks what his father thought, believes what his sire believed, and follows in the beaten path of his ancestors. In other years this was more strictly true than now, and it was the chief reliance of the church. The children of the membership could be relied upon to fill the places of their parents when they should pass away. But it is not as true to-day as formerly. The spirit of free-thought and independent investigation is in the air, and the rising generation are breaking away largely from the dogmatic restraints of their parents. The day has gone by when people can be scared into religion, and when they can be made to flee to the church as a refuge and hiding place from the impending wrath of any legendary Deity. The pulpit still assumes to speak with authority, but its old-time power is gone. In the light of modern scientific research its utterances sound like stage thunder, when compared with that gotten up in nature's aerial laboratory.

There is no subject, perhaps, oftener discussed in the pulpit, and concerning which more has been written in a positive, dogmatic style, than that of God and his moral government; and yet there is no subject upon which all mankind are more universally ignorant. Books, tracts, magazines, pamphlets, and papers without number have been scattered like the leaves of autumn, giving a minute, as well as an elaborate description of God. Millions of sermons have been preached to enlighten people concerning Him. Both writers and preachers have expatiated upon God's character, attributes, person, nature, plans, purposes, decrees, judgments, providence, love, tender mercies, wrath, hatred, vengeance, creative power, redemption, election, predestination, foreordination, foreknowledge, determinate counsel, sovereign grace, wisdom, knowledge, righteousness, eternity, Heaven, hell, together with all that He will and will not do in the eternal future that lies before us. And yet it is a fact that not one of all these writers and pulpit orators ever saw God, and it is a question if the most enlightened are not as ignorant of Him as the most benighted. What do the learned know of God more than the unlearned? The cultured more than the uncultured? What more does the erudite theologian know of Deity, or comprehend of his ways, than the

"Poor India, whose untutor'd mind,
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind?"

How is it that men have such profound knowledge of a being

whom none have ever seen, or had any personal acquaintance with? Who by wisdom has ever known God? Who by searching can find the Almighty? One of the old Biblical poets, evidently cultured to a high degree, said in the despair of his heart, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" How is it then, and by what methods have ministers and priests come to be on terms so intimate and confidential with a Being "whose ways are past finding out?" When did he put them in possession of all his secret plans and purposes? Ignorant of man, both in his origin and destiny, they assume to know all about God. How much more profitably time might be employed were Pope's counsel heeded by men who have taken so-called holy orders, and who by profession are supposed to seek the highest good of the race.

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man."

But as they have assumed to become enlightened concerning God, correspondingly has ignorance reigned relative to the nature of man and his needs. Too much divinity has been in all the ages the curse of humanity. Fraternal intercourse has been destroyed, in a blind zeal for the God idea. Hairsplitting theories concerning the incomprehensible, and unknowable, have usurped the time and attention that should have been given to the consideration of social and economic measures for the betterment of human environments. Were all that has been said concerning God printed, and were all the volumes of religious literature that have been published, gathered together, a mountain chain would be reared vaster than Mts. Nebo, Pisgah, Sinai, Ararat, Tabor, and Olivet, with Mt. Shasta and Mt. Hood added to the list, all combined in one range, and yet there would not be a line in that mighty pile of literature written from any personal knowledge of God. To what extent then, has the world been enlightened, and what addition has been made to the general sum of human happiness? Might we not with propriety ask also what ingredients of woe have been mingled in the cup of human sorrow by those publications? What reservoir would hold all the tears that have been shed, and what river's channel would contain the blood that the dogmatic idea of God in one form or another has caused to flow? Nothing evidences ignorance of God more than cruelty to man. The cross, the gibbet, the dungeon, the pillory, the rack and the stake all bear testimony to the truth of the above, and to the inhumanity that has characterized the prevalent theories of God and his worship. The brotherhood of man has been lost in a misconception of the fatherhood of God. Duty to him has been construed into a merciless torture of human beings. Devotion to a mythical ideal has found satisfaction in mental bondage and physical slavery. Thus has the reflex influence of spiritual darkness cast its shadow of gloom across the path of human progress. The internal condition of the persecutor has found outer expression in the tortures of the persecuted. The dogmatist and the executioner have performed different parts in the same tragedy. They have divided the spoils, and parted the garments of the Christ between them. The effort to enthrone a personal God has entombed millions of men. The promulgation of irrational dogmas has put reason to death by the cruel process of strangulation. To think has been made a crime, and to reason an unpardonable offence. Thus the innocent children of nature have been made victims of the God idea in all the ages past. What better evidence is needed to prove the universal ignorance of God than the blood stained pages of history furnish? "Man's inhumanity to man that has made countless thousands mourn," illustrates the mode of God-worship. God has been pictured as the merciless, vengeful autocrat of Eternity, and nothing is more natural than that the children should have the spirit and bear some resemblance to their Father. So the cruelties inflicted on the hapless victims of fate by the worshippers of God have only been a foretaste of the eternal torments He will inflict upon them hereafter. But the existence of any such God is a myth, a figment and a delusion, unsupported by evidence, and absolutely contrary to nature and truth. Search creation round, and where will you find the

personal God of theology? Go through the illimitable universe, from world to world, system to system, from the material to the spiritual, from the visible to the invisible, and from Heaven to hell, and where will you find Him? You will seek in vain, for no such God exists. Outside of nature in her multifarious forms you will find no God. God, or Good, is in everything that is, and fills immensity. Hence, external to what is, no existence is possible. A personal God who fills infinity with His presence would leave no room for other and separate existences, but if such an impossibility were possible, then all other intelligences would see God face to face. But thus far He has eluded all search. He is the Creator of all things, and yet creation sees Him not. He is the Father of all intelligent beings, but His children have neither seen nor known Him. They have neither heard His voice nor felt the warm embrace and affectionate kiss of Paternal love. They grow weary and sorrow-laden, while cold wintry winds sigh in mournful measure through their wretched huts of poverty, and, shivering with cold, their children cry for bread, but no God comes to cheer them, supply their needs, or wipe away their falling tears. Angel loved ones may come and minister to them, and give loving welcome as to the spirit-world they pass, but no God bids them come to His loving arms and rest from the weariness of their journey. It has been said, "God tempers the breeze to the shorn lamb," but it is a sentiment as false as it is beautiful. The pitiless blizzard sweeps in its death-dealing power over the wintry fields, with no regard to shorn lambs, naked children, or poor helpless human beings. The cry of distress is not heard; the bleating lambs, the crying infants, and the dying wail of anguished mortals are alike unheeded. If there be an Omnipresent, Omnipotent, Personal God, who sees, hears, and knows all the temptations, weaknesses, crimes and sufferings of humanity, then why does he permit these things to exist? Why does he not kill the devil, and put an end to all this terrible train of evils by striking at the very fountain head itself? He has but to remove the cause and the effects will after a time be eliminated. He could have prevented the entrance of evil, wrong and injustice into our world at the first. It would have been easier to have kept the devil out than to evict him now that he is in possession. Satan has "nine points of the law" in his favor. It gives him a tremendous advantage. He is strongly entrenched and runs things in this world just about as he pleases. He operates on a very extensive scale. He holds the nations of the earth as hostages and their rulers as bond slaves. He holds a mechanic's lien on the scheme of redemption, and a chattel mortgage on the church which she is powerless to lift. He, by his agents, shed the blood of Jesus, without which salvation was impossible. It is written the crucifixion of Christ was "by wicked hands" and yet without that crucifixion the saints never could have sung,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

Judas, the Jewish priesthood, Pilate, and the Roman soldiers, were as necessary to the commonly accepted scheme of salvation as was Jesus himself.

The devil threatens a foreclosure of his lien, and is likely, judging from his reputation, to spring a snap judgment at any moment. Every trial for heresy is a preliminary step towards it. Every attempt to tinker the creed is his crafty scheme to pull out the screws and bolts that hold the ecclesiastical craft together. By and by a tremendous tidal wave of heretical thought will sweep over the earth, and the old ship of Zion will not be able to weather the storm. Her timbers will part, her anchor will not hold. Even now she drags anchor and is drifting towards the fatal rocks of Reason, Scientific Research, the Higher Criticism, Freethought, and Personal Liberty. Her "dogmas" are falling to the earth like meteoric showers, while her theories are being blown like chaff before the tempest. All are going, and the God idea with the rest. It is bound to go, and with it will depart the reign of Ignorance,

Bigotry, Superstition and religious Intolerance. But till then the preachers will continue to talk about God; books will continue to be written and published; trials for heresy will multiply, and the shadows of superstition will join in a war dance against the light of progressive development and scientific investigation. Let no man charge us with atheism because we do not dogmatize concerning God. Our criticism is of the theological God, and not the deific principle that permeates universal nature, from molecules and atoms to the grand worlds and systems with which the universe is filled. It will be said the quotation with which we close is pantheistic, but what of it? Pantheists hold one view of God and the dogmatists another. The one class behold God in all the realms of nature; the other insists that God is external and wholly separate from nature. The whole subject is beyond the comprehension of either.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the wrapt seraph that adores and burns
To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects and equals all."

They Are Not Dead.

J. MASON RICE.

Could man, so marvelous and great,
Be but an accident of fate,
Surviving not his breath?
Are love, ambition, fate and pride
But phantom ships in rolling tide,
And swallowed up by death?

Will gates ajar yet open wide,
Earth's pall-like curtain roll aside,
And Heaven bring to view?
It may be so; who dares say nay,
When mighty progress of the day
Proves equal wonders true?

Religion, Science, Faith and Hope,
Unclipped their wings and wide their scope,
Explore each spirit land;
Their vision, magnified by love,
Beholds in Paradise above
God's countless angel band.

The great and good we ever mourn
As fled away to mystic bourne—
They are not dead.

What we call "death" is but a birth
From nurseries of Mother Earth
To mansions overhead.

"He is sowing his wild oats" is a common excuse for the immoralities of young men, but it is a very poor one. Think of saying the same of a wild young woman! And why not? Has not a woman the same rights as a man? If it is wrong for her to degrade herself, is it any the less wrong for him? What any one sows, man or woman, young or old, that also shall he or she reap. There is no escape, and it is wicked to encourage anyone in wrongdoing.

Make life a ministry of love and it will always be worth living.

Dangers That Surround the Sensitive.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

[From the *Progressive Thinker*]

Fifty years ago a young farmer took a lad twelve years of age from the poorhouse. The boy was a mulatto, born lazy, counting every task an imposition. He had such an ungovernable temper, and spiteful, revengeful disposition, that it was hopeless to make him either happy or contented. I do not know any details of his treatment, but most likely he deserved and received punishment, for he soon ran away. He was never heard of again; but the incident was so marked that the children born many years after often heard it alluded to by their parents. There was nothing very unusual in such an experience, but it proved to be the first chapter in a family history extending through several generations.

Twenty years after the above incident the farmer and his wife became interested in Spiritualism. They formed a family circle. Tests from their own children so convinced them that the mother became full of enthusiasm, and began to seek mediumship for herself by sitting for development. For this purpose she sat alone at any and all hours when she could escape from domestic duties. Here she made a serious mistake. Our spirit friends are not always by our side. They have their own occupations demanding their attention; but they keep an appointment with sacred punctuality. The undeveloped and therefore more or less unprotected medium, who has no regular hours for sittings, thus easily becomes the prey of spirit visitors, who find a ready acceptance and then out-stay their welcome. There is something so sacred in spirit presence, especially to the trained, orthodox mind, that any spirit is likely to be treated as a friend. But it is only those who are very sensitive who discover the danger by painful experience.

Presently this mother became clairaudient, and then she discovered that she was rapidly becoming the slave of those who had claimed to be her guides, but were now apparently working to do her harm rather than good. She realized her peril in time, and for nearly two months fought a silent battle. She refused to reply to the voices round her, till at last these spirits left her. She fought her battle to victory, but sacrificed her mediumship to avoid a second contest; thus, through ignorance, losing that which should have proved the greatest blessing of her life.

Strangely enough she continued to encourage mediumship in her children, giving them no warning of any possible danger. Her oldest daughter grew to womanhood, was married, and had a daughter sixteen years old, before she became interested in spirit return. She was a true sensitive, and at first was much happier in her mediumship than her mother had been. It was orderly, and none but loved friends came to her inner life, until she began to visit public miscellaneous circles, so dangerous to the undeveloped medium, and then came proofs of her hereditary tendencies and sensitiveness. Like her mother she began to hear voices. She presently found herself compelled to say cruel and unkind things to her husband and daughter, although really devotedly attached to them. For months she was in an asylum, where her husband visited her daily, only to be insulted and attacked. Yet in his absence she was so perfectly normal that the doctors and attendants could not realize but that she was only "making believe" to be insane. When she would beg these spirits to leave her, they would reply that it was the only fun that they had. At last a spirit sister came to tell her that her spirit father had succeeded in forming a band with power to power to protect her; and from that time the obsessing spirits left. After a time the husband died, and then the daughter and granddaughter moved to a distant city. The young lady had grown up with no interest in Spiritualism, although when a child she had once or twice seen and described spirit forms. She was talented and ambitious, and, intending to qualify herself for a profession, seems to have overworked her brain. She became suddenly and violently insane, evincing hatred for her mother and

a desire to do her injury. The first attack was brief, and the poor girl remembered all that she had said and done. She is of a very affectionate disposition, and the unkindness of the insanity wounded her deeply. A year went by, and then came another attack, rendering removal to an asylum a necessity. And from that time, at irregular intervals, attack after attack broke up every attempt at home life by the mother and daughter. The unfortunate girl is now coarse and repulsive in her manner and language during the attack, using oaths and other expressions foreign to the pure nature of her normal life. The skilled physician and the magnetic healer have tried to effect a cure, and failed. And from the inner-life comes no whisper of hope other than that she may soon enter the "gates ajar."

In the case of this mother and daughter, their experience might well be ascribed to their ignorance of the laws governing spirit intercourse. They exposed themselves to dangers that could have been avoided. But the awful sufferings of the granddaughter gave no clue to their cause. No case of insanity can be traced in the family history of the parents and grandparents; and although evidently inheriting some mediumship, the poor girl had done nothing to develop it; nor had she in her sane moments any consciousness of having seen or heard spirits. After the poor girl's case had become hopeless, and the mother had returned from placing her in the asylum that must now be her home, there came a most startling explanation of the unhappy experiences that had followed three generations of this family. The spirit control of a lady medium with whom the mother was a guest, told her that mother, grandmother and daughter had each suffered from the revengeful spirit of that mulatto boy. The lady had entirely forgotten that such an incident had ever occurred; but at last she recalled what she had heard of the taking of the lad from the poor-house, and his running away at the end of the year. The medium was a stranger, knowing nothing of the family or its history; and if only as a test of spirit knowledge, the statement would have been interesting to that mother. But the statement, if true, was a lesson that the world would do well to heed.

The subject of "Spirit Revenge" is of tremendous importance to us all, and, as far as I remember, has been carefully "let alone" by our teachers on both sides the life line. Indeed there are Spiritualists of great prominence who deny the power of any evil spirit to return to earth; asserting that progressed spirits have abundant power to hold them in check. But when they go on to assert that every such experience is the outworkings of the inner nature of the mortal, they but insult many a worthy sensitive, who knows from sad experience that there are both friends and foes on the spirit side of life. There are hundreds of readers of this article who will recognize that this case is only remarkable in its extending through three generations, and they know that the whole subject of the power of a revengeful spirit must be probed to its lowest depths if we would find safety for our mediumistic sons and daughters, as well as for ourselves.

SAN LEANDRO, CAL.

Lincoln.

He belonged to no church, yet he was the uncanonized saint of all churches. He never uttered a prayer in public, yet prayers for him fastened our cause daily with golden chains around the feet of God. He had one characteristic which was often imputed to him as a fault, but which I think a most creditable quality: he was entirely destitute of gratitude for political services rendered to himself. He filled his cabinet with enemies and rivals, and refused any reward to those energetic politicians who did so much to nominate him in Chicago. This, I cannot but think, is true republicanism. The Republic is ungrateful. It ought to be. It is worthy of our best work without gratitude.—*John Hay*.

There is nothing truer than physiognomy taken in connection with manners.—*Charles Dickens*.

Notes and Comments.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

Many people believe there is a God who caused or permitted the recent earthquake in Japan, by which thousands of lives and many thousands of homes were destroyed. Should any man cause a far-less calamity, his fellow-men would make mince-meat of him in short order, and would hold up their hands in horror at mention of his wicked deed; but when they speak of God, they raise their hands in adoration, and "praise his holy name!" Is it the nature of man to be so utterly inconsistent; or is God-worship a species of insanity?

The relation, in heaven, of slave to slave-holder, subject to prince, peasant to peer, maid to mistress, Pariah to Hindoo, proletarian to exploiter, parvenu to elite, would be an interesting theme for a clerical discourse.—*Enfant Terrible.*

The relation of such in heaven as pictured by Christians would be a problem interesting to solve; but the spirit world, as described by returned spirits, presents no difficulties. It is as natural as this world, but a great deal better, because here we are compelled to associate with uncongenial people; there like will seek like, and harmony will replace the discord that makes life here oftentimes a great discomfort.

As soon as the World's Fair was located in Chicago rents advanced, and will continue to advance for years to come. The landholders of Chicago are pecuniarily benefitted, while all who must pay higher rents for a shelter over their heads, are injured. To one class the Fair is a help; to all other classes it is a great hurt. Can that be called a "well-ordered society" in which such results are produced? Wages will not be increased, because already workmen are crowding into the city, and local merchants and manufacturers will be little benefitted, because thousands of salesmen and agents will be there from abroad to compete with them. Very few will be helped except the landlords. Is this the state of things that was contemplated when the republic was founded?

A dispatch from Cumberland, Md., November 9, says a poor man named Laflin was injured while walking on the railroad track, a fearful gash being cut in one of his legs. He was carried to the office of Dr. Craigin, the county physician, who, after sewing up the wound, demanded two dollars fee. The man had no money and the doctor at once cut the stitches, saying he didn't work for nothing. The dispatch says: "Dr. Craigin is physician in charge of the jail, the almshouse, and examining physician for the United States Board of Pensions for this district." Well, if Dr. Craigin is permitted to retain his official positions after such a performance as that, the people of Cumberland will prove themselves as despicable as he is, and such a community is one for decent people to avoid. Let Cumberland boycott Craigin, or the people boycott Cumberland.

A correspondent of *The Better Way*, referring to the writer of the plays known as Shakespeare's, says:

"It is of the utmost value, and every way desirable to know for certain, who in all this wide world is the true lord of the intellect."

"Suppose we knew to a certainty the name of the real author, what would we have but a name? And why isn't Shakespeare as good a name as any other? Of the man himself the people of our time can know little; and if they did, probably they would find him very much like other men. What do we really know of Washington or Napoleon to-day? The name brings to the mind a picture, an ideal, which must be far from true, because it is so diverse in different minds. As for Shakespeare, although one man may have revised most of the plays, and notwithstanding they were based on historical facts, yet one person could not have

been familiar with the thousands of technicalities introduced, and capable of minutely describing events and characters covering such a vast range of thought. Shakespeare, or some one using that name, was undoubtedly an able editor, but not necessarily an originator. The idea that he was a "medium" I do not care to consider. That is a mere surmise. It is much more likely that the plays were written by various persons in this life, and remodelled by another (possibly not the player Shakespeare) who gave them the stamp of his genius. But what matters his name or station? The thought he left is all that is of value to us.

The editor of the *Twentieth Century* is a very positive man. Probably he was just as positive in his utterances, if not in his convictions, when he preached from the pulpit a doctrine very different from that he now sends out in his paper. His change of views is a sign of progress; but the failure to change his methods with his opinions shows that the leaven of reform has not yet permeated the entire lump. The intellectual Pentecost has been developed, but the spiritual Pentecost has been repressed until now Mr. P. says, "I do not know what a 'spiritual sense' is." He also says:

"The most intelligent Spiritualists frankly admit that the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism cannot be scientifically demonstrated. They must be apprehended by Spiritual means; that is to say, they must be believed on evidence short of proof."

While it is true that spiritual manifestations of a high order can only be fully appreciated by those who have some spiritual development it is not true that the occurrence of spirit phenomena—physical manifestations—cannot be demonstrated. The admission that spiritual discernment is an aid to the acquisition of knowledge concerning spiritual things is not equivalent to admitting that all spirit phenomena require a spiritual sense for the realization of their existence. Professors Hare and Crooks, and other scientists demonstrated to their satisfaction the reality of such phenomena, the proofs of which could not be rejected without denying the evidence of the *five* senses—no sixth sense required. To fully comprehend the *nature* of such phenomena requires, it may be, some 'spiritual sense,' but that the manifestations actually occur is a fact as susceptible of proof as is any other fact in nature. Grass grows; but *how* it grows is as much beyond our present knowledge as how the planets revolve in space. Spirits manifest through matter; but the *how* is a mystery like that of the connection between mental and physical action in the human organism. The fact itself is beyond dispute. There *is* such connection; and there is spirit control of mind and matter, producing what is known as spirit phenomena, mental and physical. That such phenomena are of spirit origin is a fact as clearly demonstrable as is any other fact which is provable by human evidence.

In a later number of his paper Mr. Pentecost admits having witnessed very remarkable phenomena in the presence of three friends in whom of all the persons in the world he could have confidence, but he rejects the idea of spiritual agency, because nearly all were "explainable without assuming the presence of any agency other than four human beings in the exercise of their ordinary functions." Raps were obtained, tables tipped, musical instruments were played and rose bodily in the air, etc., yet he says, "nothing ever happened that could not immediately and without discovery be duplicated by fraud, except—" He then gives an exception which he leaves psychologists to explain, and adds: "It may be also mentioned that the violin which, apparently without human hands, often played for us, mysteriously disappeared from its box, leaving the bow behind, and I have never seen it since. That also I leave others to explain." He states that not one of the four was a medium, and that all declared that no chicanery was practiced. "No experiments were ever more earnestly or honestly made, or more successful, and no results were ever more surely proved to be produced by normal human powers." How this was proved he does not state. It probably is as much an

assumption as his claim that no one of the four was a medium. All may have been mediums, and yet all have been disbelievers not only in their mediumship, but in the spirit source of the phenomena. There is no one so blind as a person who will not see.

On page 334 will be found a poem, "Recompense," illustrative of "Karmic law," which I suppose the editor inserts not only for the reason that it is good as a poem, but because the writer—without intending to do so—shows the absurdity of what Theosophists call the "law of Karma." According to the poem, if one refuses the companionship of an uncongenial person, the "law" requires a surrender in some future life and the acceptance of the unfit associate. The *Theosophist* for November relates as a fact a case the reverse of this—that of a man who in a former life had been a woman, and had in that life held improper associations. The re-incarnated soul had to suffer for ancient indiscretions. Here is the story in brief:

A Mr. Chetty, the father of a family, fell ill of dropsy. He bitterly bewailed his fate, and complained because he did not receive aid from "Sadoos," one of whom had previously assisted him; whereupon the "Sadoo" who had before befriended him, appeared at his bedside, invisible to all except the sick man, and the following conversation (as afterwards related by Chetty) took place.

Sadoo—You must suffer the consequences of the karma generated by you in your previous life:

Chetty—Of what nature is my karma?

Sadoo—You were a beautiful woman in your previous life. Your husband got his living through you. The adulterous life led by you then created bad karma, the effects of which have brought this disease upon you.

Chetty—How long have I to suffer?

Sadoo—Wait fifteen days.

In fifteen days the man died. His bad karma killed him.

And this is the sort of mental pabulum and moral ethics, transmitted by visionaries of a former era, which nineteenth century civilization is requested to accept as "God Wisdom." I can only say God forbid.

Spiritualists know that "as we sow so shall we reap;" they know that character is formed by the daily life; they accept, therefore, all that is true and real in the doctrine of karma, while rejecting all that seems to them false or fanciful.

The *Theosophist* has in course of publication a translation of the *Sankhya-Tattwa-Kaumidi* of Vachaspati Misra. To the uninitiated the translation itself seems to require a translator. The following is a specimen:

"Nature or primordial matter is the root of the universe, a collection of effects; of itself there is no root, or else we would be landed in an unwarranted *regressus ad infinitum*. How many are the objects that are both productive and products, and which are these? The answer is, the Great Principle and the rest are both. As the Great Principle (Buddhi) being the cause of self-consciousness (Akankara) is the effect of Nature (Prakriti), so is self-consciousness the cause of the grosser elements vril (Akasa) and the rest, and at the same time the effect of self-consciousness."

The question is, will it "pay" to spend one's time in studying that sort of theosophy? Isn't there something of more practical use in the world of thought and of action?

In defining Nature it is quite unnecessary to use terms which require definition. The definition of Nature as given in lexicons is less broad than the Spiritualistic idea, but Spiritualists can easily make a definition without going into the region of mysticism. For instance:

Nature is the aggregate of the qualities of all things, material and spiritual, as expressed through attributes and conditions, its revealments being manifestations of the law that controls matter and spirit.

Now that is plain English, and to my mind it is clear and comprehensive. Of course the *Theosophist* has the same right to express his ideas, and others the right of reading them or not as

they choose. Thoughts not clearly formed cannot be clearly expressed, and occult terms—which add so much to our "wealth of words,"—are often used to conceal poverty of ideas, much that is claimed as "divine wisdom" being, in reality, but human folly.

What the world needs to stay the bitter cry of the poor and the outcast of the cities is not more saints to walk with God upon the heights of life, and through the upper stories of religious organisms of society, but men and women who feel conscious of the brotherhood of men and who are therefore willing to walk with God down among the "huge paws," and the outcasts who never find room in the cushioned seats of society, and among the easy-going, well-to-do people of this world.—*National View*.

It will not be necessary for anybody to walk "down" with the poor when we have a just social system. There will then be no poor to walk down with. All can have "cushioned seats," and all enjoy the blessings of life. It is of little use to relieve individual cases of suffering; the system itself must be destroyed; every dollar given in charity is so much contributed to sustain our present infernal methods of production and distribution. In the not-distant future the nineteenth century will be looked upon as the age of selfishness, injustice and folly. It can hardly be said to be the era of ignorance, because people really know better than they do. We are living under the shadow of a pyramid erected during the undeveloped condition of man—an incubus of laws and customs from which mankind will yet awake suddenly and with a shudder of terror. But horrible as the transition may be, there is joy and justice, peace and prosperity beyond.

The Still Small Voice.

MRS. FLORENCE WINGATE.

You are capable of receiving, if you will, the seed which is planted for the spiritual growth; it will be nourished with the greatest care, and if you with courage and patience will walk in the narrow path which you see before you, not seeking to form events to your own will, but holding yourself receptive, the plant will grow and blossom, but do not seek to open with impatient fingers the beautiful bud, else the flower withers and all will be lost.

The thorns which beset your path are living jewels in your crown of immortality. The mortal life is like a narrow path enclosed by blank walls. You cannot see the termination, but we who are in spirit are above the walls of clay, and to us the glorious vista which lies beyond is revealed.

Matter and spirit are closely interwoven; the same magnetic wires envelop both. That which, to the coarser senses, seems like discord, to the more refined ear of intelligence conveys perfect harmony. All have, within, a silent chamber—the chamber of the soul—where, if you can enter and close the door, all wisdom awaits you; but to do this you must come with humble and inquiring spirit. So filled with rubbish is the entrance to this wise abode that patient sincerity only can find the portal which conceals this treasure. Within this inmost chamber grows the spiritual plant. Open the door, let in the sunshine, and the fragrance of this glorious flower will revive with new life your material existence.

A gambler, being impressed with the idea that he was about to die, desired spiritual consolation from a minister whose sands of life were also nearly run out. "Repent and you shall be saved," urged the minister. "But shall I go to heaven?" "I hope so." "Will you go to heaven?" "I hope so." "Shall we be angels?" "Yes." "And have wings?" "Yes." "Well then, I'll fly you for a 'fiver.'"

A mummy case taken from the great pyramid bears an inscription made two thousand years before the Christian era, closing as follows: "Oh God . . . make it well for him in the land of spirits."

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

The Baby In the Morning Glories.

BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

The sweet blue cups are turning down,
Over the green leaves growing brown
Of every morning-glory;
As many a fortune-teller weaves,
With only a cup of colored leaves,
A blushing maiden's story.

Yet these small cups are telling me,
Out in the wind like a summer sea,
Of a charming little daughter,
Who came to me one early time,
That sweetly sped as poet's rhyme
Or singing woodland water.

Gath'ring the cups all blue and white
Waking fair in the dawning light
On gray walls flower-laden;
Calling, "Gamma! come and see,"
Counting "'leven, five, an' free,"
Such happy little maiden.

Brown, dimpled hands heaping them in,
Filling her glasses and cups of tin,
O, precious baby daughter!
And while she bruised each blooming head,
I had the bud with her cheeks of red,
Sweet as the blooms in the water.

This rosy little messenger
Had many flowers awaiting her,
Red, blue, and white, and yellow,
Bright marigolds with summer gleam,
Like orioles along the stream
Where sang the brooding swallow.

O, could my birdie come to me
Numb'ring her flow'rs "five an' free,"
Lighting her cups of water,
I'd give her every blossom to hold,
The blue, and white, the red, and gold,
"Her "gamma's" little daughter.

The morning glories shining still,
As beacons on the window-sill;
Mem'ry was mine—that only,
And a saucer or two with flowers afloat,
Like shallow lakes with a painted boat,
When she left me sad and lonely.

In his lecture on "The Seven Souls" Gerald Massey claims that the faculties employed by the adepts are identical with those of our mediums and clairvoyants, and that "they are blind guides who set up the past as superior to the present." He says:

"I want the ignorant to know; I want the abject and degraded to be raised and humanized, and would have all means to that end proclaimed world-wide—not patented for the individual few, and kept strictly private for the many. That is only a survival of priestcraft, under whatsoever name. The very essence of all such mysteries as are got up from the refuse leavings of the past is pretence imposition and imposture."

The Two Worlds copies the foregoing approvingly, and truthfully adds: "We are with Mr. Massey all the way. Spiritualism makes public all that Theosophy would hide. Spiritually-minded Spiritualists have attained all that Theosophy can offer, without the aid of despotic Masters."

The best and most prosperous country is that which has the greatest number of happy firesides.

Prize Essays.

The following essays took the first and second prizes offered by Mr. Morse to the children of the Progressive Lyceum for the best essays on the Origin and Objects of the Lyceum. The first is by

MISS JENNIE PAMPERIN.

The first thought of a Lyceum came to Andrew Jackson Davis, he having seen a Spiritual Lyceum while in a clairvoyant state. Its object was to encourage spiritual, mental and physical development. It is an improvement on the Sunday School of the churches, because they are taught that "belief in Jesus," will bring them to heaven. We are taught that we are responsible for our own actions, and that nothing but doing right will give us a heaven. We will be better fitted for life here and hereafter if we try to learn a lesson from each instruction given. We can improve our Lyceum by commencing the exercises in time, and by all trying to be interested and interesting. We have often read of many who are working for the love of a spiritual truths. If they could do no more, they could give us a call, and say a few words of encouragement, as Mrs. Hendeé did a few Sundays ago. This is the place to lay the foundation. The Lyceum has been in San Francisco about twenty-two years.

The following, awarded the second prize, was written by

ELLA LINCOLN.

The first Lyceum happened to be started by Andrew Jackson Davis by directions from the spirit-world. The form was taken from the Lyceums in existence in the spirit-world at that time.

Its object is to educate the children of Spiritualists, or others, in the principles and the workings of the Spiritual philosophy.

The first Lyceum that was started in San Francisco, was organized by Mrs. Laverna Matthews in 1870. [The first was organized by R. Moore in 1865.]

The Lyceum is a great improvement on the Orthodox or Christian (so called) Sunday-school.

The Lyceum teaches the children and others attending it altogether a different idea of God, heaven and hell. Instead of being taught that He is a revengeful and passionate God, they are instructed that He is a merciful and loving parent.

Yes, certainly! the teachings we receive here we believe to be highly beneficial both in the life here and the life hereafter.

A Historical Fact.

W. C. Owen, late of California, is engaged in translating from the German Bebel's "Woman and Socialism," which he hopes to complete before the close of this month. Mr. Owen says: "Bebel traces the various relationships between the sexes as they developed and altered from age to age in consonance with changed industrial conditions. Concluding his review of the long and highly progressive period during which mother-right prevailed—descent being traced through the female, and woman having a preponderating influence in both domestic and public affairs—he says: 'Under the mother-right communism prevailed; with the triumph of the father-right the dominion of private property commences, and with the triumph of the father-right comes the oppression and the servitude of woman.' The ladies have been hitherto in blissful ignorance of this, their early history. We are however rapidly changing all this, and they are learning from their own sister-scholars that these are facts written on papyrus, chiseled on stone, and absolutely irrefutable."

Good manners are the eternal graces of good character. By such graces the commonest acts of life are made beautiful.

Written for The Carrier Dove.

A Visit to God's Highlands.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

One chill evening I was sitting
In the firelight's fitful glow,
Toying with the fancies flitting
Round my heart, as cold as snow,
When a dream of bliss stole o'er me
Like a flood of noonday light,
And an angel stood before me
Clad in robes of misty white.

On my brows she placed her finger,
Softly soothing me to sleep,
Saying sweetly she would linger
'Till I sank in slumber deep,
And would lead me far away
Where immortal spirits stray,
And an hour would entertain me
On the shining hills of day.

In the shadowy presence holy,
Dimness gathered 'round me slowly,
And no sound the stillness broke,
Save the low and harp-like singing
Which the spirit lips were flinging
O'er me 'till in Heaven I woke
And my guiding angel spoke:
'Knowest thou yonder shining angel,
Who is Love's devout evangel?'

Azure eyes with fondness beaming,
Looked upon me from afar,
As I saw an angel gleaming
Bright as evening's proudest star.

Swift as light she came to meet me,
Whispering in my startled ear:
'Tis thy mother, child, who greets thee
In this lovely, heavenly sphere.'

Mother! name I'd ever cherished,
But had never known her love,
For in early time she perished
'Mid earth's storms and went above;
And within the country churchyard
I had wreathed a grassy mound
O'er with flowers, for they told me
Mother slept within the ground.
But where purest angels hover
In the holy realms above
I had found my dearest mother,
I had found a mother's love!

Tenderly she spoke of sorrow
Which had chilled her orphan child;
But she whispered "Thy to-morrow
Shall with Peace be reconciled.
Be brave-hearted, do thy duty,
Then come up to realms of beauty."

Voicelessly she whispered to me:
"Wouldst thou roam our spirit land?
Come with me and I will guide thee,"
And she clasped my trembling hand.

Over scenes of dreamlike beauty,
Bathed in glory-circling light,
On we passed; the air was sweetness,
All was radiant and bright.

Soon we reached a shining river,
And while resting by its wave,
"Shall I tell you," said the spirit,
"Of a toiling, fettered slave?"

"When the Earth had beauty-bloomed,
And had decked her breast with flowers,
Down the path of ages gloomed
SOUL, a stranger to its bowers.

"A companion there it found,
'Mong all other beauteous things,
So the twain were quickly bound,
And Soul folded close its wings.

"Soul—the shining heavenly saint—
Body made a tolling slave,
And it panted pale and faint
As a struggler on the wave.

"Custom came with shining chain,
Wreathing it; for life it gasped,
But its tears and cries were vain,
Body's fingers clinked the clasp.

"In its dark and gloomy cage,
Cooking, sweeping, lighting fires,
It has toiled for many an age
To abate the base desires.

"Still benumbed with toil and sin,
Silent as a pulsing star,
Longs the soul to enter in
To the goal it sees afar.

"Like a wing-clipped dove it pines,
Leaning from its prison bars
Out to watch the cheering signs,
Countless almost as the stars.

"Be it thine to teach the slave,
As we teach it unto thee,
To reform the exacting knave,
Body, ere it can be free.

Heaven-commissioned, child, I send thee
Back to toil again on Earth;
Holy angels aid will lend thee,
And thou knowest well its worth;
Be brave-hearted, do thy duty,
Then come up to realms of beauty.

Slowly then the vision faded,
And Earth's curtains Eden shad. d.

[Written for The CARRIER DOVE.]

An Orient Sisterhood.

MIRIAM BAIRD BUCK.

A new moon hangs in "Nippon's" sky,*
O'er dark-eyed Asian matron and maid;
Will it bring a kinder destiny,
Or be a threatening, pendulous blade,
A silvery sword of Damocles,
O'er heads of the gentle Japanese?

We dream of you, sweet winsome wives,
And on the dark, dream-painted scene,
From fateful clouds that shade your lives,
Bloom out hope's happy stars betwixt
For over sacred Fuji-san
A new moon rises for Japan.

O, tender light, stream down upon
Her lotus pools, in green alcove,
Make bright her homes and horizon,
And symbol purer law and love!
Your ill-starred fate be overruled
O lily-loving wife and maid!

Take refuge in great Principles,
A potent one this seems to be:
Woman and man are parallels
Of one mind-world, or unity.
Your Buddha left the beaten ways
To win from Truth some silver rays,

And from this never sunset land,
By impulse moved to speech more rude,
Across your Iris-island strand,
We greet you, Orient Sisterhood,
And pray a kinder code to bless
Your winning, wifely faithfulness.

Bellwood, Neb.

*The new political outlook of Japan.

If thou canst tell me something kind
That has been thought or spoken,
If thou canst lift a spirit up,
Too oft by treach'ry broken,
Repeat it, dear, my faith inspire,
However vain it seems;
For I would fain be trustful still,
Nor wake from life's sweet dreams.

—Ella A. Giles.

My Sixty-ninth Birthday.

BY MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

Old? Oh, no; call me not old,
Although I am bent in form,
And sixty-nine the record told
Of Summer's heat and storm.

Old? oh, yes; some wrinkles trace
Their lines on cheek and brow,
And not so fair the dimpled face
As when I made my bow

Upon the stage of earthly life,
To mother's heart was pressed,
Or when, in after years, as wife,
In bridal robe was dressed.

Then followed years of weary toil,
Of mingled joy and grief,
Until, disheartened by turmoil,
My spirit sought relief.

So angels took the helm and steered
My little barque safe through
The thoughtless crowd, who sometimes jeered
And thought they all things knew.

As teacher of the truth I stood
Before the motley throng,
And gave to them pure spirit food,
Sometimes inspired with song.

My pilgrimage through many years
Was fraught with blessings sweet,
In healing bodies, drying tears,
With deeds of good replete.

Though household cares oft came between
My speaking, healing hours,
Sustained in all, with mind serene,
I served the spirit power.

And only when, with censure cold,
My efforts were maligned,
Did ever thought of growing old
Suggest itself to mind.

When working for the public good,
Without regard to cost,
'Twas sad to be misunderstood
By some I'd served the most.

Old? oh, yes; I weary now,
And yet I want to stay
To do more good, to crown my brow
With heaven's beauteous ray,

With generous deeds and kindly words
To those who long have striven,
Until their souls are deeply stirred,
And pray to be forgiven.

Old? oh, yes; but should I care,
If only pure and good,
While climbing up the golden stair
Where all are understood.

The Child's Face.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF.

There's nothing more pure in heaven,
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is all divine,
Than the smile of a little child!

So sweet it is, so simple,
And yet so angel wise,
With the peace of God on the dear, smooth brow,
And the love of Christ in the eyes.

The sinless lips, half parted,
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
That the light and the hope of that sweeter world,
Like the dawn, are breaking through.

Correspondence.

Teachings of the "Carrier Dove" Commended and Criticized.

EDITOR OF CARRIER DOVE: The October number of your able and interesting magazine has just reached me by the dilatory and somewhat uncertain mail route to this place. I find it full of instructive and useful matter.

A magazine is an auditorium. The readers are the auditors, the various contributors are the speakers, and the editor is the presiding officer. We may imagine that they are all assembled. Those who have thoughts to utter, offer them, like one who rises to speak. The president may recognize him or not. He has this advantage, however, over presiding officers of ordinary assemblages; he knows just what each one has to say, and how he is going to say it. This knowledge imposes on him a greater responsibility, because it gives him greater power, and he recognizes or refuses to recognize, as his judgment dictates.

This method of arranging thought and presenting it for consideration, is grand and effectual. In assemblages of individuals, the thoughts presented are dependent on the memory, while in the magazine form they are recorded, and ever ready for reference.

The number of your magazine above mentioned I find full of interest and instruction. The contribution from Mrs. Longley affords much light on one of the greatest and most important problems of this, or any other age. We are rapidly nearing a crisis the outcome of which is enough to alarm the stoutest hearts. What is most needed is a knowledge of the equitable relations of labor and capital. The series of chapters, of which this is one, affords lessons of instruction, forcibly and beautifully presented.

The next speaker is Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She speaks eloquently of the Coming Man, "coming to help, to guide, to save." She speaks so hopefully and so confidently, that her brief poem is like a ray of sunlight on a dark and gloomy day.

Then comes some more lessons from our worthy and persistent friend, Wm. Emmette Coleman, whose contributions have shed so much light on the fallacies of "Theosophy." There is a strange tendency in persons who have no settled convictions to follow any false light that they may happen to discover. It matters not how inconsistent the doctrines are—and it sometimes seems that the more inconsistent the more eagerly and persistently they are followed,—they always find followers. Joe Smit's story of his finding a revelation written on leaves of gold was a most barefaced lie. Were his statement true, how easy it would have been for him to have presented the original for inspection! But no one ever saw it. Like the "holy coat" at Treves, it has been the object of wonder and veneration, but now it is not even mentioned; yet faith in the alleged revelation is as strong as ever. The truth is, such people are like lost sheep; they feel an intuitive sense of danger, and are ready to accept anything that promises safety. Friend Coleman is worthy of high commendation for his able and scholarly contributions; they have done, are doing, and will do much good.

We have next a poem on "Progress," by W. H. Kernan. This is cheering and assuring. Progress has another name known to scientists as "Evolution."

Emily Dickinson hopes not to "live in vain." Her one stanza shows that she has not lived in vain, by the presentation of the beautiful thought she has expressed.

The invocation in four stanzas, by A. P. Miller, is grand and inspiring. It breathes forth the true philosophy of life:

"When to do good alone men shall be bold
And seek out suffering as they seek for gold."

Then comes "Spirit Instruction," by Raymonde. It is a

matter of surprise and regret that all our learned Divines are so obscure and contradictory on the subject of a future state. They cannot be blamed, however; they have nothing to offer worthy of serious consideration. The lessons by Raymonde are full of interest and instruction. People who contemplate removing to a new and unknown country are eager to learn everything they can about it. They want to know what to take with them that will best serve them, and how to prepare for their journey. And so it is with our knowledge of the spiritual world. We are informed by this Teacher that true wealth is spiritual wealth, and that the gentle Nazarene was right: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust do corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal." Again he says, "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch. Raymonde shows how blind the clergy are, and on entering the spirit-world, how sure they are to fall from their anticipated height. And yet millions follow them to meet with a like fate!

Dr. Babbitt gives us very interesting ideas about "Phrenophysiology," showing what can be accomplished by a proper knowledge of it. Some suggestions of practical value are given. There is a "plentiful lack" of knowledge on this important subject which is greatly to be deprecated.

Next comes the keen and searching criticisms of our most worthy friend, W. N. Slocum. He deplores the mendacity of the people, in consequence of which the true state of affairs in the world is beyond the reach of human knowledge. He enlightens us in regard to the so-called fixed value of gold. What power gold has in finance is conferred by law. This is to favor the moneyed classes whereby they accumulate their wealth. The real standard of value is labor, because labor produces all values. A portion of it, measured by time, is the true unit of value. That unit is the expression of the representative of value. He next criticizes the expression, "The only chance for happiness lies in the extinguishment of self." Self cannot be extinguished without self annihilation. Self should forget its own individuality in seeking the good of others. In doing so we find greater happiness than in selfishly ministering to our own gratification; but this is not "extinguishing self," it is elevating ourselves. He briefly criticizes the author of "Henry Ward Beecher's Experiences in Spirit Life." The production—through a medium—is the purported work of Beecher, Humboldt and others, wholly unworthy of such exalted minds. He thinks the medium has been imposed on,—and this suggestion may serve for some other publications that I have seen. He calls to mind the increasing poverty of our country by a quotation from a writer well qualified to know what he says, by stating that "More evictions take place in the city of New York every month than are heard of in one year in all Ireland." He then speaks of the tendency of college graduates to seek the overcrowded professions, and having nothing to do there "will become sharpers and swindlers." He next pays his respects to A. K. Owen, from whom he quotes: "We are a devout, religious and a God-loving people, but we are not believers in theology."

In the sense in which Mr. Owen used this language, I cannot dissent from it. By devout he meant devoted to principle; he used the word "religious" in its natural sense. To be religious is simply to exercise the natural religious faculties of which hope, veneration and faith in humanity are the most important. To hope for the good, to respect and venerate all that is good and worthy, and to confide in the inherent goodness of human nature, are religious exercises. Of all the words in the English vocabulary, theology is the least worthy of a place. The science of God, its etymological meaning, is

simply incomprehensible. When a pint cup can hold all the water in the Pacific ocean at one filling, we can begin to study theology. When the finite can comprehend the Infinite, theology may begin to be understood. Mr. Owen used the word in the sense of a scheme of salvation as taught by the so-called Christians. Mr. Owen was a little unfortunate in his expression, "Women without public occupation will not be permitted upon our reservations." The idea to be conveyed was that all women shall have useful occupations, that they may not be financially dependent on the other sex, as they are under our present *regime*.

In regard to share-voting, Mr. Owen holds that as all great financial enterprises in which corporations are engaged, and under the laws of the State from which our charter was taken, conduct all their elections by share-voting, as required by the laws of that State,—it will be better to employ that method until the business scheme is established. The organization of the Topolobampo colony is not yet effected; if it were, Mr. Slocum's criticisms would be well taken.

The extracts from Mrs. Plunkett's poem contain an excellent point for criticism. A marriage cannot be made valid by legal enactment only; there must be behind it the true conditions for such a union. The financial dependence of woman, and the overmastering lust of the "stronger sex," are causes that lead to many loveless, and consequently unhappy marriages. It seems a little too severe to denounce such marriages as prostitution, while those "favored with a love ordained by Nature," are let off with a less severe term. The present evils of marriage are necessarily incidental to the moral and spiritual condition of the race. When women have equal opportunities in the industrial world with men, the marriage relation will be vastly improved. Until then, we must wait with patience.

L. C. Ashworth treats on "Immoral Novels." The subject is too important to be dismissed with so brief an article. It deserves a volume. Fiction has become an established branch of literature, and is a powerful factor in the civilization of the world; but immoral fiction must be eliminated from the catalogue of civilizing forces.

Next comes Dean Clarke's "Trumpet Call." He shows that strong and determined efforts are being made to check, pervert and defeat the progress of Spiritualism on the earth. This is a serious matter, and demands that every true Spiritualist should come to the rescue. His appeal is strong, eloquent and timely. The purposes stated and the means of attainment are clearly and forcibly expressed, and well taken. The Cardinal Principles constitute the true philosophy of life, in the main, and are worthy of the most careful study. Let all who love truth and humanity, heed the warnings given, and unite in one common cause to resist the wrong and aid the right.

Lupah continues in the "Book of Chronicles," a history of the great conflict between the North and the South, in the emancipation of slavery.

An account of Sing Lee is given by W. W. Judson, wherein is stated his unjust imprisonment, and some comments on the discrimination in race distinction and Christian civilization.

Moses Hull writes a lively and interesting letter showing his appreciation of the CARRIER DOVE, and the silent, yet faithful worker at its editorial desk, and something of his whereabouts and work, and also speaks of the improved health of Mrs. Hull.

J. H. White, the organizer and devoted friend of reform, speaks briefly. He is a faithful and untiring worker.

Emma Gertrude Wilson tells, in a poem breathing the most liberal and noble sentiments, her creed. In reading it, one feels as if, were the world full of such believers, we need no longer pray, "Thy kingdom come."

"If We Could Know," by Myra Wentworth Emerson, very

beautifully expresses the sentiment that we know there is no death, and to those who know it, what a joy and strength it brings!

Ada Bates writes finely of "Our Dead," and the influence they should exert on our lives.

Adelaide A. Proctor gives some beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed.

Then comes the editorial in a vigorous endorsement of Dean Clarke's appeal. Theosophy is regarded as the greatest enemy to Spiritualism because the mysterious unknown has a weird attraction for the human mind. The hunters on the plains succeeded in killing the antelope in great numbers by concealing themselves and flourishing over their heads a red cloth. The silly creatures, by their excited curiosity, were attracted to certain destruction. Is it not strange that men of intelligence should ignore the well established principles of science in this enlightened age, to follow after the vagaries of a half-civilized people who have remained at a stand-still in regard to material or spiritual progress, for thousands of years? If these people are so wise, why did they not divulge to us some knowledge of those sciences that have contributed so much to advance the progress of civilization? What do they know of mechanics, of chemistry, geology or astronomy, except what they have learned from the European races? Their assumed knowledge is mystery, and many silly minds, in the light of modern civilization, run after them!

Mr. Ravlin attacks re-incarnation in a most vigorous manner. It is, of all modern fads, the most inconsistent and absurd. The simple fact of hereditary transmission is sufficient to lay bare its absurdity. The law of heredity runs through all organized structures. The tree brings forth after its kind, modified by surrounding conditions, so does the highest structure of organic life, the human being. The fact of heredity is as well established in science as is that of gravitation. It seems like a waste of words to combat so preposterous an idea as that of reincarnation. Mr. Ravlin is a host in himself, and will not cease his efforts to establish and vindicate the truth.

We are next favored with "Visions," by William Bennett, giving additional testimony to the clairvoyant power of the human soul. In these visions Mr. Bennett gives dates and names for verification, if desired.

The Boston *Globe* furnishes some prophecies of an Indian medicine man, which go to corroborate Professor Buchanan's famous prophecies given more than a year ago.

"Dove Notes" furnish general information regarding spiritual movements, mediums and lecturers throughout the country.

An investigator gives an account of Dr. Schlesinger's doings in Springfield Mo. The Dr. astonished the good people of that city; but the readers of the DOVE are so familiar with the mediumship of the Doctor that it is not necessary to give it farther notice here. "Investigator" wants to know why the clergy or scientists do not expose his trickery, as they call it. Sure enough!

Then we have an able and lengthy review of "Spencer versus Spencer," by Mr. Slocum. The author of the book reviewed is W. C. Owen, formerly of San Francisco. The review shows that Spencer opened up a mine of thought which gave to the world practical ideas of social reconstruction in the development of evolution, which must result in continued stages of advancement of the human race.

I perceive my letter is already too long. There are many more remarkably good things that I cannot mention here.

This is one session of the curious assembly mentioned at the beginning of this letter. Twelve of these occur every year. Admission fee a trifle over 20 cents, or \$2.50 for the twelve. You could not obtain so much instructive literature in book

form for four times the money. Magazine form is quite convenient, and the entire series of numbers can be easily preserved.

It is better than book literature, because it partakes of the character of a journal, and records passing events when of sufficient importance. It is a strong, vigorous, able and well conducted magazine. Nearly all of its columns are filled with original matter, treating on the most important subjects of modern life.

May this white-winged DOVE convey messages of love, instruction and cheer that will gladden and strengthen the hearts of many, many thousands, is the earnest prayer of

Faithfully yours, E. J. SCHELLHOUS.

ZARAGOZA, Nov. 12, 1891.

Letter from L. M. Bowdoin.

Theosophy—Spiritualism at Santa Cruz—State Organization of Spiritualists Proposed—Maud Lord Drake in Stockton—The Cause Prospering.

SANTA CRUZ, NOV. 15.

Dr. Dean Clarke's "Appeal to Spiritualists," published in the DOVE, has the right ring, and should receive a hearty response. It is time for Spiritualists to draw the lines and ascertain who is with them and who ignores the basic truths of Spiritualism. Theosophists have drawn much of their support from the Spiritual ranks and have used our papers to air their hobbies, but the visit of W. Q. Judge, the great mogul of the Theosophists of the United States ought to remove all mist from our eyes, and show us our true position towards them, so that in future they may be left to "paddle their own canoe."

In Judge's lecture at Santa Cruz he went further out of his way to antagonize Spiritualism than any other belief. It is well that the truth is known, and masquerading ends now. With the kindest feelings toward Theosophists we must remind them that Spiritualism has no favors to ask, but prefers to fight the battle with old Theology alone, with our own weapons—the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. Spiritualists have a lively society here at Santa Cruz. There is much good material in it, which makes it the best nucleus for a State Society that I know of. A state encampment should be formed, to have their camp-meeting and grounds here. There is some talk of such a movement here, and I hope it may be seconded by our friends at other points, and result in concerted action. The society is holding weekly meetings of great interest under the ministrations of Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, late of Philadelphia, now of Fresno. She spoke with much acceptance at Stockton two months last fall. Besides their Sunday meetings, forenoon and evening, they have a sociable and mediums' meeting two other evenings that are well attended.

STOCKTON, NOV. 20.

This letter was begun at Santa Cruz and continued here. Judge spoke here too, in the same vein as at Santa Cruz. There is a representative of Spiritualism here at present, Mrs. Maud Lord Drake. Her visit gives us a good chance to compare the two beliefs, and note the difference between Theosophy and Spiritualism.

Last summer as two ladies, Mrs. E. and Mrs. G., were coming from one of the Theosophical meetings, Mrs. E. said to Mrs. G., "We've been attending these meetings now nearly a year, and what do you know?" "Well," says Mrs. G., "I don't know anything, do you?" "No," was the reply.

A few days since, Mrs. Maud Lord Drake held her first circle here, and I noticed that Mrs. E., who had recently lost a beloved daughter, was present. Her daughter came to her in such tangible shape that she and a married daughter saw the spirit's face distinctly, and the spirit daughter patted them on the cheek and spoke of family affairs that no others present knew of, and in various ways made them feel that the dear lost one was still alive and could come to them.

The next morning I called at Mrs. Drake's room to return some

chairs borrowed the previous night, and as I came out, Mrs. E. went in, and, grasping Mrs. Drake's hand, exclaimed, "I never was so happy in my life as I have been since last night."

This shows clearly the great contrast in the character of the two movements, and this incident is only one out of scores that have occurred during Mrs. Drake's short stay here. Many are the sad hearts that have been brightened by getting indisputable evidence that their friends still live and can come to them. Has Theosophy anything to compare with this as the fruits of its teachings? Yet, some good souls, who received their first baptism of the spirit in a similar way, have gone after Theosophy as something "better than phenomenal Spiritualism." It has become the fashion with some to say, "Oh, we don't deny the phenomena, but we are done with that, and are seeking something higher." I have watched to see where they were going to find 'something higher,' but have not yet been rewarded by the first glimmer of anything that could bring comfort to the distressed soul. If there is anything 'higher' for the person who has lost one after another of his dearest ones than to have them come and give him proof that they are present with words of love, sympathy, and exalting counsel, I have not been able to discover it. If our Theosophic friends have it, they keep it securely locked within their "inner consciousness."

Mrs. Drake's circles are held in total darkness, and this makes the novice and many old Spiritualists suspicious that the darkness is for the purpose of concealing fraud. It is true that where fraud is intended darkness is required, but in many of the processes of Nature darkness is necessary. If the physical manifestations of the of the dark circles give rise to suspicions of fraud, such doubts are at once allayed by the communications, the proofs of intelligence and knowledge of matters unknown to the medium. The darkness could not manufacture them—such, for instance, as this:

During this circle it was said, "Mr. Bowdoin, a spirit gives the name of Michael, and says he was your grandfather and that you were named for him and for an uncle. This was a fact. I was named for my grandfather, Michael Bowdoin, and for his oldest son who had the same name, and not a soul in California knew it. Another test I received was this: my first wife, who died thirty-two years ago, told me of something that only she and I ever knew about.

In these circles, when conditions are right, a guitar floats around the room and is played on while the medium is held by the hand. While the medium is speaking other voices in different parts of the circle are heard, and through these voices many messages are given to those in the circle. These voices often contradict what the medium says, correcting her when she is in error, and it has been proved that the voice is correct every time. There has been a more widespread interest awakened by Mrs. Drake's visit here than ever before. It has extended to all classes—doctors, lawyers, merchants, laborers, and men and women in all stations of life, except clergymen.

It is hoped that the interest may not be confined to the phenomena, but that a desire to study the philosophy and teachings may follow, and result in the formation of a society to support lectures. To make converts there is nothing like the phenomena coming home to the bereaved soul prostrated by the loss of its loved ones. When Spiritualists, in hopes of getting something higher, turn away from our phenomena and philosophy and lose themselves in the vague, misty, absurd theories of Theosophy, they are simply forsaking the substance for the shadow. Many of them have found this out and more will.

L. M. BOWDOIN.

Oakland Spiritualists.

The Mission Spiritual Society of Oakland had two splendid meetings last Sunday, Nov. 15. Mr. N. F. Ravlin, a noble worker in the cause of Spiritualism, delivered a fine lecture in the afternoon, and Mrs. M. J. Hendee gave an excellent address and psychometric readings in the evening. We are doing a great work, and have large audiences.

K. THOMPSON, SEC.

Letter from Mrs. Melissa Miller.

For the CARRIER DOVE.

DEAR SISTER: I am obliged to remain here [83 Salem street, Malden, Mass.] during the winter, under the care of the same physician whose medicine I took in Salt Lake. He lives here, and is one of the best physicians in the place. Added to his knowledge of medical books and practice, he is a first-class medium. His spirit guides examine patients and tell him what medicine to use. His treatment is helping me, but he says I must abandon all public work, keep perfectly quiet, and give my system a chance to build up. He says if I do this I have a chance to live many years, and do a grand, good work for Spiritualism.

As I am obliged to keep quiet, I must have something to read, and have requested the DOVE, *Progressive Thinker, Better Way* and *Banner* to be forwarded to my new address.

Yours for truth and progress, MELISSA MILLER.

On The Wing.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 4, 1891.

After mailing my last letter to the DOVE from Fort Bidwell, I started south, passing through Surprise Valley, which is very productive in fruit and grain. After organizing a number of Alliances in the valley and at other points, I organized the County Alliance at Alturas, which represents nine sub-Alliances. I then returned to Lassen and started a few more Alliances and then organized the County Alliance at Susanville. From there I went to Plumas county and founded several Alliances, making twenty-one in all in the three counties.

Having been elected by the Lassen county Alliance to represent them as delegate at the Los Angeles State Convention to form a People's Party, I then started for that city. After traveling seventy miles, mostly on foot, I reached the railroad at Biggs. After a ride of over four hundred miles, I reached Los Angeles on the morning that the convention convened. Everything passed off harmoniously, and good results may be expected from the new party that with great enthusiasm was organized.

While at Los Angeles, I had my spiritual strength renewed by visiting several mediums. I saw fine materializing under test conditions at Mrs. Miller's, and spirit telegraphy and slate writing through another noted medium. The questions on my ballots were answered in keeping with them by telegraphy. The double slates that I sealed together without any pencil inclosed were filled on the inside with writing in nine different colors, and a good picture of Thomas Paul in three colors. One slate contained a message signed by my father, mother, aunt and three sisters. The medium did not know the name of any of them.

From Los Angeles I went to Summerland, where I lectured and gave an entertainment one evening at the Evaline Hotel. While there I had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Nichols and Prof. Loveland lecture. Summerland in time will be a pleasant place when shade trees are grown. The view of the ocean and the island in the distance is fine. There are about three hundred people there now.

A six miles ride took me to Santa Barbara. Ventura and Santa Barbara are the banner counties for growing pumpkins and lima beans. Millions of bushels of beans are grown every year. After two days visit with friends at Santa Barbara I took the steamer for this city. Since being here I have had quite a rest, and greatly enjoyed myself in attending seances, necktie parties, a Lyceum entertainment and a dinner given by the Lyceum. Mrs. M. A. Richardson can be considered a beneficent woman, as she got up the baked beans in grand style.

Since being in the city I have lectured for the Pacific National Club and People's Party, so have not been idle. In my travels I find that the cause of Spiritualism is on the gain, and so are all reform ideas. By the time this reaches the readers of the DOVE I will be on the Alliance work in Mariposa and other counties, as I have been appointed Organizer for the second congressional district, which covers thirteen counties. J. H. WHITE, Organizer.

NATIONALISM.

BY B. L. COMPTON.

There's a beacon now with a dazzling light
That shall blaze and burn through future's night,
That shall lead mankind from Poverty's woe
To fields where streamlets of plenty flow.

Competition shall fade from the earth away,
And a new era dawn with a more genial sway;
Then the tyrant Gold with his treacherous hand
No longer shall curse this "Promised Land."

To the drumbeat of Poverty stepping in time
Two millions of Tramps are now forming in line;
Should the war blast of battle resound on the air,
They would be the first the loved banner to bear.

Monopoly now with her Jugernaut wheel;
With an armor of gold, with a heart cased in steel,
Is crushing her victims from Georgia to Maine;
Their cries far exceed those from India's plain.

As she rumbles along over Liberty's land,
Vile slaves all prostrate themselves in the sand;
Their fetters are stronger, their fate is far worse,
Than the blacks of the South during slavery's curse.

Will you fight for the flag that brings blessings to me
While a withering curse is extended to thee?
Why give to the bondholder millions in gold,
And thousands of others in poverty ho'd?

As we gaze on the mountain, the valley, the plain,
We see wealth everywhere; we see ships on the main;
Rich products they bring from the foreigner's shore,
And yet poverty reigneth this country all o'er.

All the land of this planet for man has been made,
With its hills and its valleys, its sunshine and shade;
And yet barefooted waifs you can find on the street
Who are trembling with cold and have nothing to eat.

For while houses are empty they live in the street,
And with warehouses filled they have nothing to eat;
And with clothing piled high on the shelves to be sold,
Clothed in tatters and rags they go shivering with cold.

We see tenements void of the comforts of life,
And where want and disease bringeth sorrow and strife,
Yet our country so boasted this evil doth see,
In Monopoly's chains is the "Land of the Free."

While the blessings of life all around us do lie,
They are all for the rich who have money to buy.
You can sing all you please of this Land of the Free;
But a barbarous reign is all I can see.

But a new era dawns, and a new banner waves
That will strike off the shackles, give freedom to slaves.
Then a shout will arise and will float o'er the sea,
"Hurrah for the Flag!" "'Tis the Land of the Free."

Phil Armour, the Chicago millionaire, who is so widely known for his charities, was one day waited upon by a clergyman who asked him to contribute to the relief of a woman and her babe who had been found starving to death; and Mr. A. promptly responded with fifteen or twenty dollars. An hour or so later the minister returned, and with a sanctimonious face gave back the money, saying that since he received it he had learned that the woman was not respectable. Mr. Armour ordered the clergyman from his office, and immediately sent to the poor woman what was needed to save her life.

New Books.

A Remarkable Book.

Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist? Curious revelations from the life of a Trance Medium." By Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard. With portraits, letters and poems. Philadelphia: Rufus C. Hartranft, 709 Sansom street; 12 m. 16 illustrations, \$1.50.

This is a book not for Spiritualists only, but for all lovers of truth, all admirers of the wonderful, and all who are interested in psychic phenomena. The facts given are sustained by strong corroborative evidence, and the truthful character of the medium is vouched for by many well-known people. The story commences with a brief memoir of Mrs. Maynard's early life, then gives an account of her first knowledge of Spiritualism, her development as a medium, her services as a platform speaker, her visit to Washington, her singular experiences there, her seances with the President, etc. It appears from this narrative that although the spirits did not suggest the idea of proclaiming liberty to the blacks, they did urge the enforcement of the proclamation after its issue, and at a time when there was great opposition to it on the part of some of the President's counsellors. The President is represented as admitting to ex-Congressman Somes, who was present at the seance, that great pressure had been brought to bear on him to defer the enforcement of the proclamation. Many interesting war incidents are given in the book, with anecdotes of the kindness and simplicity of character of President Lincoln.

On the medium's second visit to Washington she gave a public lecture, Rev. John Pierpont presiding. At a seance in the White House the spirits suggested the organization of the Freedmen's Bureau. Gen. Sickles is represented as present. At a number of her sittings with the President no one was present but Mrs. Lincoln, and as the medium was unconscious she knew not what occurred. There is considerable in the book that may be called "filling," consisting of accounts of public meetings, poems and comments on Lincoln by various writers. Appended to the narrative are a number of spirit poems through the mediumship of Mrs. Maynard, some of which are of a high order of excellence. The book concludes with testimonials, letters from personal friends, etc.

Mrs. Maynard has been a sufferer for many years from rheumatism, and for three years has been confined to her bed, entirely helpless and enduring great pain. Her long continued illness has resulted in the reduction of herself and husband to a condition of comparative poverty. Although not destitute, they are in debt, and their little homestead is under a mortgage which they hope to lift by the sale of this book; therefore Spiritualists who purchase it will not only receive the full value of their money, but will at the same time aid one who has done much to advance the cause of Spiritualism.

"Heavenly Messenger, or Immortality Demonstrated," being appeals to Methodists by the spirit of Gilbert Haven, late of the Methodist church, is a pamphlet of about forty pages in which Methodists and all others are urged to become true Christians. After ten years in spirit life the Bishop finds that the religion taught by Jesus and pure Spiritualism are the same. The publisher is S. M. Baldwin, 1202 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C., who thinks the pamphlet will do great good if it can be placed in proper hands. He will send copies to societies for \$2 per hundred, which is much less than cost.

In an Australian court recently a lawyer asked a witness if he was not an atheist. The witness declining to answer, the judge asked the lawyer what that had to do with the case. Then the lawyer put another question: "Do you believe in the Bible?" "Who does?" inquired the judge. "I hope I do," replied the lawyer. "Oh well," remarked His Honor, "the Bishop doesn't."

Spencer versus Spencer.

The "Economics of Herbert Spencer," by W. C. Owen, 246 pages, price 25 cts. paper: Humboldt Publishing Company, New York.

(Continued.)

Part Second of this interesting work begins with a quotation from "Woman and Socialism," by Herr August Bebel (an English edition of which—translated by Mr. Owen—will soon be published by the Humboldt Company). The quotation is as follows: "If Socialism rests on error it will go under; but if it rests on truth—that is to say, if it is the natural outcome of our social evolution—then no power on earth can prevent its realization. Somehow it will break its own way to the front, and become the new order of society." Mr. Owen rightly declares:

"That this is the view which all intelligent Socialists now take of their own movement is due to the fidelity with which they have followed the researches of Comte, of Darwin, and of the whole school of evolutionists, among whose chief interpreters is Mr. Herbert Spencer."

Mr. Owen then enters upon a consideration of the "laws of conduct," as summed up by Spencer. He says:

The law of the household is necessarily the law of and for the lives of the members of the household. It is therefore the law of life; and this takes all Nature, whose law is unity, for its scope. Mr. Spencer, in defining the subject matter of Ethics, has given us a general outline of the development of life as conceived by evolutionists. The union and mutual interdependence by which life is preserved and continued even in its least developed stage; the increasing interdependence as we mount in the scale of life, an interdependence by no means limited to the "cash-nexus" which commercialism would recognize as the only bond; the necessity of peace, or, as Socialists would put it, the necessity for substituting harmonious cooperation—all these will be found expressly, or impliedly, set out in what follows. In part I have condensed Mr. Spencer's exposition; the more important passages I have given entire; throughout I have conscientiously endeavored to give a correct representation of Mr. Spencer's doctrine.

The foregoing extract clearly sets forth the honest purpose of the critic, and it is sufficient to say that such purpose is so faithfully carried out in the succeeding pages that the most ardent admirer of Mr. Spencer cannot find fault. This exposition of Mr. Spencer's views, with a running commentary thereon, occupies most of the remaining part of the volume. It embraces chapters on "Utilitarianism," "Evolutionary Proofs," "Egoism," "Altruism," etc. At the close of a chapter on "The Coming Slavery" after quoting from the Pope's encyclical, Mr. Owen says: "I am here concerned with pointing out that the industrial evolution now accomplishing itself in municipal affairs, and everywhere proved to be a necessary advance, is the very thing that Herbert Spencer and the Pope object to. The extremes have met."

In the next chapter, on "The Slavery that Has Come," in considering Mr. Spencer's argument that government interference involves the evil of doing for others what it would be far better that they should do for themselves, he says:

"It is impregnable, since both biology and history adduce, as I have previously shown, proofs innumerable of the certain decay that falls upon the parasite who permits others to do his own struggling for him. But the contention of the Socialists is that the argument is not to the point; that it begs the whole question, and starts the discussion upon a palpably false premise. Modern Socialism—which is essentially evolutionary, and regards the advance toward civilization as the steady unfolding of an organism—is saturated with this very idea of self-help, and is perpetually reminding the working classes that they must help themselves, and to wage their own struggle with every weapon at command. It reminds them that, prior to the Protestant reformation, they were not permitted to do their own thinking for themselves; that, prior to the American and French Revolutions, they were not permitted to do their own law-making for themselves, and that to-day they are not permitted to run their own industries for themselves. For what a heartless satire is that which grants permission to every man to start an enterprise, but places a valuation upon the tools with which it must be conducted so high that the ordinary earnings of a life-time would not pay the purchase price! The very claim of the Socialists is that we ourselves, like capable men, should be

permitted freedom to run our own industrial affairs; that we should run our own railroads instead of leaving them to the abused trusteeship of a group of autocrats; that production should be by the people themselves for use, and not by monopolists for their own individual profit—a profit achieved by extorting tribute from the masses for the opportunity to toil. If, moreover, it is urged that speech and thought are still free, and government democratic, in name alone, the objection is immediately admitted, and as promptly met with the explanation that this is because the masses are still economically slaves, dependent upon their masters for liberty to produce. If it is pointed out that to increase the power of the State is to entrench with even greater security the very power which enables the capitalist to prey upon society, it is at once replied that this is because government is at present the monopoly of the moneyed classes, and that the very object of the whole Socialist agitation is to abolish class rule, and classes altogether, by abolishing the monopoly of the money-bag."

In reference to Spencer's objection to Socialism, that the management by the people of their own industrial affairs is an impossibility save under the administration of a colossal directorate wielding unprecedented power (supporting his argument with illustrations drawn our unhappy political experience, and the admitted tyrannies of trades unions,) Mr. Owen says Spencer "shows an ignorance of the whole philosophy of Socialism that is inexcusable in one who is making it a special object of attack."

"It is his clear comprehension of the truth—that all social forms take their shape from the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange—which makes the Socialist a revolutionist instead of a reformer, which makes him the uncompromising advocate of a total change of system, and the uncompromising foe of those who seek, by tinkering makeshifts, to prolong the life of the existing chaos of selfish competition and as selfish combination."

"Change the prevailing methods of production and exchange; place them upon the peace footing of co-operation, instead of on the war basis of competition, and there will inevitably follow a change in the whole social organization."

Concerning coercion under Nationalism, Mr. Owen says:

"By many thinkers serious objection to the nationalization of industry is raised on the plea that it necessarily implies coercion—the coercion of the minority by the majority. I have already called attention to the folly of judging the social arrangements of the future by the scheme which some individual Utopia-spinner of to-day may chance to favor. . . . The only compulsion to labor will be the entirely natural one of want, which should always befall the obstinately idle, and them alone. Upon this, however, it is too early now to speak. How society will arrange its social toil must be left for society to arrange when it has got the wherewithal to toil."

The concluding chapters are on Spencer's miscalled "anarchism," the dependence of women under our present economic system, and the consequences that result from such dependence; the mental precocity of Mr. Spencer and his failure to advance along the lines of thought originally laid down; Spencer's latest attack on Socialism and Mr. Owen's comments thereon, concluding with Socialism as it is—that it is founded in the very nature of things, and must ultimately prevail. The following are extracts:

"Mr. Spencer's true position, and the one to which in the main he clings tenaciously, is that of the scientific utilitarian who regards the promotion of life as at once the immediate and the final aim. This last is also precisely the position of modern Socialism. It does not pretend to dictate to future generations, saying—'here a directorate shall govern; in this department every citizen shall spend so many hours per day.' It confidently leaves the settlement of all such questions to natural growth."

"It is the economic mold—that is to say, the method of production and distribution—that gives every other institution its shape. If the economic class is such as to give the capitalist class undue advantage, and consequently undue power, that will be the class that actually sways all legislation, whether it be in democratic America and France, in constitutional monarchy England, or in autocratic Germany. For politicians must live like other men, and obedient to the imperious instinct of self-preservation, they will do the bidding of those who, controlling their bread and butter, are their masters. If the economic system is such that women are dependent upon men for their support, women will be the slaves of men, and will develop all the peculiar vices of slaves—they will fawn, intrigue, and sell themselves because they cannot help themselves. In our own society it is clearly noticeable that among what are called 'the lower classes,' whose women are as capable of

earning their own living as are the men, marriages are dictated almost entirely by mutual affection, while among the so-called 'upper classes,' whose women have no earning capacity, match-making is a profession having for its object the 'catching' of a male supporter. Fine sentiments and moralities do not alter these conditions in the least; they merely white the sepulcher. And so throughout the length and breadth of our social institutions we find the same truths holding good. Everywhere the basis of power is economic; everywhere, in Bebel's phrase, 'the root of all oppression is economic dependence upon the oppressor.' To say that this is so is simply to repeat the old adage that 'self preservation is the first law of nature,' a scientific fact that will not allow itself to be denied. This is the obvious truth that Socialist researches have laid bare, following it throughout its countless ramifications. This, therefore, is the truth on which Socialism rests."

After referring to the position taken by Mr. Spencer fifty years ago, when he expressed himself emphatically upon the iniquity of private property in land, as necessarily involving slavery, because placing the landless at the mercy of the land-owning class, Mr. Owen says if he had kept to that straight and obvious path he would have become a Socialist, and his work would have endured.

"As it is, the mind that, in 1842, was a marvel of precocity has remained exactly where it stood in 1842. Unable then, as all his middle-class contemporaries were unable, to grasp the conception of an evolution that, within a short fifty years, would divide the whole civilized world into two hostile camps, his mind acquired a set from which it has never since recovered. He trusted, as all his contemporaries trusted, that, *somehow or other*, from the blind play of conflicting interests, a condition of general equality would result; and there have actually resulted such contrasts of wealth and poverty as the world has never previously seen. It could not have been otherwise. The conditions necessary to the realization of equality were wanting from the very start. The philosopher, who started in his youth as the champion of the rights of man, is now, therefore, the wall against which a plutocracy, driven to the last ditch of argument, desperately sets it back. It is not that his powers have failed; it is that he took originally a stand that faced both ways; and that, having finally to choose his path, he elected to turn his back upon the rising sun. Hence his continual silence upon the land doctrine which he originally expounded, and has never dared to withdraw; hence the bitterness of his criticisms on 'the undeserving poor.'"

Mr. Owen quotes entire Spencer's latest attack on Socialism, and copies also portions of his (Owen's) comments published in the *Twentieth Century*. I have space only for the following, taken from the concluding chapter:

"So long as Socialism was in the Utopian stage it could be brushed aside contemptuously as the fancy of some idle dreamer; but when it is shown to be a part of the inexorable logic of growth, it presents a case that cannot possibly be ignored. The thoughtful will at once perceive that we can hinder or hasten its development, but that to prevent its ultimate realization we are completely powerless. Such a natural force as that which—thanks to modern invention and our co-operative methods of *production*—is now making for a 'solidarity' that was at no previous period possible, can be guided by human intelligence to an issue whose success the imagination of to-day is quite incapable of measuring. On the other hand, ignorantly to oppose such a natural force will be to bring upon ourselves a storm beside which the French Revolution will shrivel insignificance."

"I cannot find in history a single instance of a decided economic change that has not had as its companions, at every step, corresponding changes all along the line. The complaints we hear on every side of the decay of family life, the decay of religious faith, and so forth, are so many contemporary proofs of the truth of this position. For we have been passing, and we are still passing, through the first stage of a vast industrial revolution. * * *

"That capitalist competition is digging its own grave; that, by having already introduced co-operative production on the largest scale, it has laid the framework of the future co-operative commonwealth; that it is rapidly dividing this, and every other nation, into two distinct classes, the very wealthy few and the propertyless many—all these I submit are facts, and show the soundness of the Socialist analysis. I submit further that the proposition that the economic mold is the one from which all other institutions take their shape is profoundly true; has been proved so in the past, and is being proved so daily now. I take no interest therefore, in, and expect no good whatever from the perpetual whine about decaying morals, the increase of crimes, insanity, suicide and the like, save for the insight they give into the rottenness of the existing order. They will not improve for being preached at: they will steadily

grow worse as our present industrial system grows more and more impossible. To complain of this is to complain of one of Nature's most essential laws. Pain has a genuine function to perform; it tells us when we are going wrong; it is now loudly reminding us of our folly in retaining a system that has had its day."

The Revised Book of Job.

There was a man in the land of Wayback whose name was Job, and he kept a printing office, and he also published a weekly newspaper.

And over the outer door of his house he hung a shingle, whereon there were inscribed these words, "Job Printing."

And his substance was much cord-wood and corn and beans, and many large eggs and pumpkins and sour apples and pot-cheeses, and a very great variety of other products of the land all about and the animals thereon. And there was to him a need of many things that he had not at all.

And it was so, when the days were gone about during which his subscribers had received their papers, and they came not to pay just tribute for what they had taken unto themselves, that Job communed with himself and thus unto himself spake:

"Lo! Have I not toiled all this time that the people of Wayback might be enlightened by that which I printed in my paper? And should not they render unto me now that which is my just due?"

And having thusly queried unto himself, he thus made answer, saying: "Verily now, they should; for there are many things which are not to my household. My children's feet are bare, and covered with stone-bruises from walking up and down upon the earth with nothing to cover the nakedness of their feet; and she that is my wife is tattered as to her garments, and there is to me a need of a new overcoat, and there is to all my family need of many things.

"Verily, therefore, I must have money wherewith I may purchase all these things."

And Job sat him down, and made out many bills, and sent forth messengers that they might go abroad among his subscribers and collect that which was due even to the last shekel thereof.

And in the fullness of time there returned unto him a messenger and said: "Lo and behold, I have been among thy subscribers, and besought them to render unto me in thy behalf that which they owed thee.

"And they arose and cursed me, and fell upon me and beat me and stepped on my neck, saying: 'Are we deadbeats that we should thus be dunned?'"

While he was yet speaking, there came also another and said: "The wrath of madness is on thy subscribers and their hands are on their purse-strings and they will not pay."

While he was yet speaking there came also another and said: "Thy subscribers said unto me: 'Let thy master wait until such time as we are ready; for is he not an editor, and rich and powerful in the land? while we are poor and toil from day to day that we may eat.'"

Then Job arose and rent his suspender and ground his teeth in rage, and rent his hair, the little that was left him, and smote with his fist upon the desk a mighty smite and said:

"Lo and behold, there are no shekels in the newspaper business, and the man that is wise getteth out therefrom in haste and letteth it severly alone."

And Job went forth even to his front door and took down the shingle whereon there was inscribed the legend "Job Printing." And all his possessions he sold for many shekels.

And he bought him a clothing store and on the outer gates he hung a sign whereon in gilded letters he that ran might read "Job Lots."

In all this Job erred not and showed that there was to him a great head.

There are 40,000 women studying in the various colleges in America. And yet it is only twenty-five years since the first college in the land was opened to women.

How Miracle Workers are Made.

[From the Springfield (Mo.) Democrat]

Prentice Mulford was a shy, quiet, sensitive man of genius. He was one of the ablest journalists in New York city until he became interested in the philosophy he afterward put before the world in the publications of the White Cross Library. From this time, although still doing occasional newspaper work as ably as ever, his main life task, until his sudden death from apoplexy, was thinking out and writing his metaphysical doctrines. As this work engaged him he withdrew into himself more and more, and gave himself up to it. Most of all he loved to be alone with nature under the trees or upon the water.

He was a Spiritualist, and believed he held communication with departed ones. But he was in no sense whatever a crank or a long haired prophet. He was a neatly dressed, quiet gentleman, with nothing at all extraordinary in his appearance or manners. He himself would have been the last man to claim that he could work miracles or that he had as yet attained any weird occult power that would enable him to kill by a flash of will, like the child in Bulwer's "Coming Race." Such was Prentice Mulford, as his best friends knew him.

But no sooner was he out of the body than most extravagant fairy tales began to cluster about his memory. Stories that would strain to the cracking point the credulity of the most gullible began to be told. We hear how he would be walking along the street and suddenly turn into somebody else—a withered up old man, a child with a piping voice and of course a big Injun who said "ugh," in bloodcurdling tones. Most tremendous of all, long documents are poured into the newspapers purporting to be dictated by the disembodied spirit of Mr. Mulford.

That these documents, however able, have not a trace of Mulford's style or methods of thought, are nothing at all to the point. That the crazy things, such as losing himself and turning into somebody else on the public street, and asking his way over pavements his feet trod daily, were never witnessed by those who saw him familiarly and often during the last years of his life, is nothing to the point either. Still less is it to the point to ask, if these extraordinary stories are true, why did not the persons who knew them tell them during his lifetime, instead of waiting till after he was dead?

All the same, the stories grow like a soft snow ball rolling down hill. In a little while the sensitive, gifted man, with not a speck of humbug or claptrap about him, will stand before the world as a Blavatsky, a Paracelsus or perhaps one of those old hermits who could raise a thunderstorm or cure a case of measles at will. Very good. Go on. Prentice Mulford will make as good a miracle worker as any of them.

HOG!

That's what it is, simon-pure hog! The system under which we live is for the special benefit of the swine; altogether hoggish, thoroughly devilish; a system of practical anarchy, and that of the worst form, since the poor are forced to stand with folded hands while the rich thieves satisfy themselves with their plunder. Another term expressing the same idea is "Individualism"—that is, "Every fellow for himself—the devil take the hindermost." Certain political economists of a very new school call it "Private Enterprise," and declare that it must not be interfered with! Ah!

We believe that we have reached a point where we are ready to advance to something better than a system which cultivates only the base, sordid, selfish and brutal side of human nature; ready to advance to a system under which human life will be something better than a cold, pileless, tooth-and-nail struggle for a living, and Christ's sermon on the mount something more than the wild vagary of a hair-brained enthusiast. Anyhow, we are gathering our energies for a determined pull in that direction. Stand from under! As sure as God lives, we mean it! Death to the hogs.—*Rev. Jas. J. Edwards.*

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

Are coming, and I propose to give the readers of the CARRIER DOVE the difference between the wholesale and retail prices (with exception of costs) of my publications, until January 1st. The books were written to be read, and to be read they must be sold. The sales have been so large and the support given me, even from the first announcement made asking for subscriptions, so generous, that I am now able to share this generosity with those who may desire to purchase. The books are all neatly bound, and are excellent holiday gifts.

"RELIGION OF MAN AND ETHICS OF SCIENCE." *By Hudson Tuttle.*—The past has been the Age of the Gods and the Religion of Pain; the present is the Age of Man and the Religion of Joy. Not servile trust in the Gods, but knowledge of the laws of the world, belief in the divinity of man and his eternal progress toward perfection is the foundation of the RELIGION OF MAN and the system of ETHICS as treated in this work. 320 pages. Price \$1.50; reduced to \$1.00.

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A cooking school is part of the public school system of Milwaukee.

THE CARRIER DOVE

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Spiritualism and Reform.

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 SAN FRANCISCO, - - - DECEMBER, 1891.

To Our Readers.

We respectfully request all of our subscribers whose year expires with this number of the DOVE to renew at once. Do not wait for a special notice informing you that your subscription has expired, as the date of expiration is printed with the address upon each wrapper. Some who have been in arrears have been notified by letter; but this takes time, and money for postage, which we cannot afford; therefore we want all who care to receive the DOVE regularly to look carefully at the date, and renew before their time expires, so that no number shall be missed. We hope with the new year to give more and more each month of mental and spiritual food, served in such tasteful, artistic style that it will be relished by all. Our Holiday or New Year number will be replete with good things, and very attractive in appearance and matter. Send for extra copies for your friends, and do a little substantial missionary work. We have worked faithfully for over eight years, carefully studying the needs of Spiritualists and investigators, and feel that we understand the situation very well. During this time *Experience* has been our most valuable teacher, and we hope that her lessons have been so well learned that we may be able to impart to others something of value to them whereby they may be saved the painful methods that *Experience* adopts in her process of imparting knowledge.

Miss Beresford Joy.

Miss Beresford Joy, whose sweet songs were a great attraction at Metropolitan Temple during the ministrations of Mrs. E. L. Watson several years ago, writes a very interesting letter from London to her friends, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Dodge, from which we are permitted to make some extracts. Miss Joy says, "I am very well indeed, although not in as excellent health as when in Paris, owing, I think, to the English cooking, which is not as wholesome as the French 'cuisine'. I am becoming very fond of London. At first I thought it dull and gloomy, after Paris, but once accustomed to it one develops a great fondness for it. It is such a truly wonderful city, and so interesting from an historical point of view, and so immense. I think I shall get on beautifully. I have sung at two concerts with undoubted success, and arrangements for three more are pending. I shall not get discouraged, for I know I shall win success in the end."

Miss Joy's letter has the true ring, and if good wishes and "best thoughts" amount to anything as helps, then success will surely crown her efforts, for she is followed by kind remembrances from scores of friends in San Francisco.

Carrier Dove Free Library and Reading Room.

We have long realized the necessity for a Free Library and Reading Room where Spiritual and Liberal literature can be accessible to the public, and have decided to do our best to supply this demand by devoting our own private library to the purpose. We have not, at present, a very extensive collection, having given away many valuable books and loaned many that have never been returned. But we feel that it is as unwise to "hide our light" in shelved books as "under a bushel" and therefore have determined to spread the light to the best of our ability through the free use of such literature as is calculated to instruct readers.

The Reading Room will be supplied with all the current periodicals devoted to Spiritualism and reform subjects, and with many of the popular magazines. Any one wishing to aid us in this enterprise by the donation of books or funds with which to purchase them will be credited with the same upon our contributors' list and receive not only the thanks of the founders of this work, but also the gratitude of the patrons. We expect to have our Library and Reading Room ready to open to the public about the first of January and will give due notice of the event. In the meantime all contributions of books will be received and acknowledged by the librarian, Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, or by the proprietor, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, at 667 Minna street, corner of Eighth street, or at the CARRIER DOVE office.

Spiritualists' Badge.

Mr. C. D. Haines is the originator of a beautiful and unique design called the "Sunflower" badge, which is being adopted by many as an emblem or sign of recognition whereby Spiritualists may know one another. It is not expensive and yet is neat, tasteful and beautiful. The design shows a sunflower of pure enamel on gold. It is symbolic in its meaning. As the sunflower turns its face toward the sun, so does the spiritual man or woman turn towards the sun of Truth, seeking spiritual warmth and light. The petals of the sunflower represent the cardinal virtues and principles of the spirit. The badge is expressive of spiritual truth, and will become the universal emblem of the fraternity. When traveling among strangers how gladly will this little emblem be hailed upon the breast of another; for it will reveal the presence of a friend and brother as truly as the secret signs of masonry reveal a brother craftsman. We are prepared to furnish to all who desire one of these beautiful badges. We also desire agents to canvass among Spiritualists to whom we will pay a liberal commission.

Mrs. E. M. Sloper, 443 Golden Gate avenue, appears to have a number of spiritual gifts of a high order. With comparatively little experience she has become an excellent public speaker, both under control, and when entirely conscious of what she is saying. She also sees spirit forms, hears spirit voices, writes messages, personates spirits, and is now developing as a materializing medium, her seances being under conditions rendering deception quite impossible. The forms are more ethereal than those seen at most circles, and sometimes they do not have power to leave the cabinet, but their genuineness is beyond question. Some visitors are disappointed because they do not see solid forms dancing around the circle, shaking hands and exchanging caresses. The seances do not partake of the nature of a "show." Spirits come to friends in the circle, or visitors are called to the cabinet, and others in the room can neither see nor hear much not intended specially for them. While a medium is in course of development for materialization darkness at the seances is indispensable, but as conditions improve the light may be increased. Until then those who say (or think) "the darkness confirms my doubts," better not attend.

Organization.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Concerning my Plan of Organization, as published in the *Progressive Thinker* of October 24th, I will say, in my opinion, progressive thinking Spiritualists will never successfully organize with even the shadow of creed or dogmatism in the plan, for Spiritualism teaches the absolute continuity of life by the law of evolution, and that the conditions that will obtain when the spirit side of life is reached depend upon the moral and spiritual education while in the material form. Therefore the promotion of the principles of the American form of government is essential to the success of spiritualistic organization. The absolute divorcement of Church and State will never be advocated by any branch of the Christian church. Spiritualists and liberal and progressive thinkers must sustain a secular government in order to protect themselves and others in the enjoyment of religious liberty. In doing so they will need to advocate universal political equality in order to preserve the unsectarian public school system, which is the bulwark of American political and religious freedom and protection from the encroachments of the intolerant horde of ecclesiasticism and especially from the results growing out of the parochial schools of the Roman Catholic Church.

The fundamental principle of my plan of organization has much to do with the success of *any* proposed organization of Spiritualists, whether that plan is proposed by the sage or veteran, or by "A Private in the Ranks," or is born in Bethlehem or Judea, and of parentage unknown.

M. J. MATTHEWS.

260 Canfield St., Detroit, Mich.

The only reason why the proposed plan was not copied into the DOVE is that it did not appear to be what the occasion requires. We are willing, however, to let our readers know what the plan is that they may judge for themselves. Mr. Matthews has prepared articles of association under the title of "Psychologic and Philosophic Association of America." Article 1 declares:

The objects of this association are:

1. To promote the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States of America.
2. To maintain the absolute and perpetual divorcement of Church and State.
3. To sustain secular national government.
4. To promote religious liberty.
5. To maintain the American unsectarian public school system.
6. To advocate universal political equality.
7. To assist in the development of psychic phenomena, scientific and spiritual philosophy, thereby aiding to bring to the world a higher civilization, whereby man and woman may be better prepared in their spiritual being for the environments of a progressive and never ending eternity.

Although most Spiritualists agree to all that is here proposed, and many have done and will do all in their power to forward these objects, we are quite sure that they will not be satisfied with a plan which does not in any sense define the principles of Spiritualism. That this plan does not is evident at a glance. There is not a word declaratory of what Spiritualists, as such, believe.

Object No. 7 pledges assistance to something which is not defined. Object No. 1 connects the Declaration with the Constitution, while every intelligent Spiritualist knows that they are very dissimilar documents, the one setting forth the rights of man, while the other restricts those rights to such a degree that for more than fifty years the Constitution was the bulwark of human slavery, and even in its amended form it sanctions a system under which the many are forced into a condition of poverty and consequent servitude, while the few riot in ill-gotten wealth and rule the unfortunate many. Intelligent Spiritualists are not anxious to make such a system the corner stone of their edifice, and if it could be so made the "law of evolution" referred to must in good time grind such a foundation into atoms so small that they couldn't be discerned with a microscope. Neither do we believe that advanced spirits are so short-sighted as to desire to have any government existing

on earth set up as a model by which the principles of Spiritualism may be formed and the spiritual nature of man developed.

We have carefully read the articles of association prepared by Mr. Matthews, and find them quite as faulty as the declaration of objects above given. They provide for two classes of members, one executive, the other associative, the first to control everything and pay ten dollars each per annum for the privilege; the second to have no voice or vote, and pay one dollar each per annum, the only object in doing which appears to be to give financial aid to the \$10 fellows who rule. Lest it might be supposed that the ruling members *represent* the one dollar members, it may be well to state that the only representation provided for in the articles is that of societies organized to carry out the seven objects above set forth. Such societies are allowed one delegate each to the annual conventions, and for this privilege they have to pay \$25 for charter fee and \$25 per annum into the central treasury, and if a society has more than fifty members it must pay fifty cents per annum per capita.

It is quite evident that an association organized under such articles would be controlled by comparatively few persons. It is wholly undemocratic, and in our opinion would be wholly unsatisfactory to the mass of Spiritualists.

The author sends the DOVE an article favorable to organization, which, as it advocates no special plan, will be given place in the January issue.

New Method in Music.

One of the most remarkable discoveries in music, the correspondence between musical sounds and colors, has been made of practical value by an invention of Mrs. L. Staples, called "The Pianoforte Harmony Instructor," by means of which any person, whether understanding music or not, can learn how to accompany another instrument or singing. The 'Instructor' is a chart marked in different colors to represent the different chords, and can be used in any "key," comprising the "Major" and "Minor," the "Dominant Seventh," etc. This card is really an ingenious contrivance. Nothing like it has ever been placed before the musical world. It is the perfection of simplicity and effectiveness. Music teachers will find it of the greatest help in advancing dull pupils. Those who do not understand music at all can readily learn to play accompaniments correctly in any key by a form of popular songs marked to correspond with the Harmony Instructor. It saves years of study. Mrs. Staples has testimonials from some of the leading musicians as to its merits. She also received the diploma at the Mechanics' exhibition. She gives lessons in accompaniments at 108 Mason street. The charts are for sale at this office. Price One Dollar.

Father Chiniquy, now 82 years old, said, in a late address in Chicago, that it is the intention of the Catholics to get control of America [if they can], that are endeavoring, first to destroy the public school system; that they succeeded in banishing the Bible and prayers from the schools on the ground that they made the schools sectarian, and now they object because they are godless schools. They expect to get political control by union of all Catholic voters, they holding the balance of power between parties.

The psychometric readings of Mrs. M. J. Hendee generally give entire satisfaction. Mrs. Hendee is also one of the oldest and best test and business mediums in the city, besides being a successful healer. Her circles for tests and messages are on Tuesday and Friday evenings; for spiritual development Wednesday afternoon and Thursday evening. Sittings daily. Her rooms are in the Carrier Dove building, corner of Eighth street and Minna. Entrance 667 Minna.

N. F. Ravlin's Discourses.

The following are a few notes taken of Mr. Ravlin's addresses during the month. One of his morning subjects was "Growth," in which he showed that we have that which we earn, and that notwithstanding organization and environments have much to do with progress, yet in one sense we are the arbiters of our own destiny; we have the power of choice between good and evil, and we exercise such power, notwithstanding all the metaphysical niceties which seem to make us the slaves of circumstance.

An evening discourse was on "God and the Devil Fighting a Duel." Mr. Ravlin showed the absurdities of the Bible account of the conflict between God and the Devil, proving quite conclusively that if God had not the power to destroy the Devil he was not God, and if he had the power and did not exercise it he was responsible for all the evil done by the Devil; in short, the Jewish Jehovah was a monster of wickedness, no more worthy of worship than the Devil himself. The discourse was a good one for the large class of people who have not yet grown wholly out of the old theological idea.

"Spiritual Illumination" was the subject of a Sunday morning discourse of deep import to Spiritualists. The speaker clearly drew the line, and defined spiritual illumination as in contradistinction to mere comprehension or cognizance of spiritual phenomena.

"The natural man knoweth not the things of the spirit." They are not comprehended from the physical plane. As well might a blind man attempt to describe the beautifully blended colors of the rainbow, or the thousand variegated colors, with tints and shades, of the numberless flowers that comprise the wonderful flora of the material world, as for the physical man to attempt to describe the things of the spirit in their entirety. There are grand, illuminated souls, to whom have been revealed glimpses of the spiritual and invisible. As the heavens, which were once thought to be bounded by our material vision are now known to extend far into the illimitable spaces beyond the powers of sense to grasp or contemplate, so it is with spiritual things. As man becomes receptive to spiritual illumination new worlds are opened to his vision. Spirit forms are seen, spirit voices heard, and spiritual truths revealed to his understanding. Great Nature's secrets are more clearly read and comprehended in this new light. As the microscope reveals a world of knowledge not cognized by the physical senses, so, when spiritual illumination comes, the spiritual world, with its hitherto unvelled secrets, stands revealed as the world of cause, the source of life, of energy, and of all the great forces and potentialities which act upon, in and through material things.

One of the most practical and sorely needed lessons delivered before the society during Mr. Ravlin's ministrations was his lecture entitled "Cause for Tears." The subject was suggested, he said, by an editorial in the *Daily Report* of this city. The occasion of the editorial was a remark made by the Rev. Mr. Sunderland, agent for a foreign missionary society, that he almost wept when making an appeal for aid for the heathen. Mr. Ravlin thought the zeal and sentimentalism manifested by those who favor sending the gospel to the perishing heathen was misplaced, as the heathen are no nearer perdition than the church itself. He had been long enough acquainted with the rank and file of missionary societies to know that much of the money consumed, in paying salaries to agents is wrung from poor working women who are made to believe that the salvation of the whole heathen nation depends upon their efforts. Mr. Sunderland, he said, had expatiated upon the importance of evangelizing the world, and claims that now is a most opportune time for the work, but the *Report* editor thought there

is real "cause for tears" right here; and that San Francisco is a good field for missionaries to distinguish themselves in. Mr. Ravlin said, if all the churches in the United States should concentrate their efforts for the next hundred years, they could not evangelize San Francisco. Look at the Chinese quarter, and see the saloons there that are conducted by Chinamen and largely patronized by American young men and even women. Suppose a census were taken of all who are patrons of these terrible places, what a list it would make. What a tale would be unfolded. People have become so accustomed to these things that they do not realize the wreck and ruin around them. These ruined, fallen ones were once the happy, bright-eyed boys and girls, whose ringing laugh and bounding footsteps made sweet music in the hearts of fathers and mothers, and brightened their now desolated homes. By what authority are these places opened where youthful innocence is blighted and criminals and harlots are manufactured? Is there any argument for licensing this state of things? You say the state derives a revenue from the licensing of saloons and houses of prostitution; so would it derive a revenue from the license of horse stealing and counterfeiting; and are the bodies and souls of your children of less value than your animals and gold? Suppose a company for the purpose of kidnaping the children of wealthy parents should be organized and licensed, giving legal authority for stealing children for the sake of the reward that would be demanded, how long do you think such an institution would be tolerated? In this case the children would be returned safe and unharmed; while the present kidnaping process gives them back ruined, besotted, debauched—often transformed into criminals, active enemies of society.

The speaker made a strong plea for an organized effort among the young of both sexes to counteract the terrible influence of the saloon, and appealed to voters to stand bravely for the temperance cause, even if it were necessary to desert old political parties and take a new departure for the protection of the innocence of coming generations.

Work.

If some angel spoke to me to-night,
 In awful language of the unknown land,
 Bidding me choose from treasure infinite,
 From goodly gifts and glories in his hand,
 The thing I coveted, what should I take?
 Fame's wreath of bays? The fickle world's esteem?
 Nay, greenest bays may wave on brows that ache,
 And world's applauding passeth as a dream.
 Should I choose love to fill my empty heart
 With soft, strong sweetness, as in days of old?
 Nay, for love's rapture hath an after smart,
 And on love's rose the thorns are manifold.
 Should I choose life with long succeeding years?
 Nay, earth's long life is longer time for tears.
 I would choose work and never-failing power
 To work without weak hindrance by the way,
 Without recurrence of the weary hour
 When tired tyrant Nature holds its sway
 Over the busy brain and toiling hand.
 Ah! if an angel came to me to-night,
 Speaking in language of the unknown land,
 So would I choose from treasures infinite.
 But well I know the blessed gift I crave,
 The tireless strength for never-ending task,
 Is not for this life. But beyond the grave
 It may be I shall find the thing I ask;
 For I believe there is a better land
 Where will and work and strength go hand in hand.

Dove Notes.

The address of Moses Hull during December is 59 Camp st., New Orleans.

Mrs. Ada H. Foye is engaged in Brooklyn, N. Y., during December and January.

Geo. F. Perkins and wife are in Brooklyn, N. Y., giving lectures and seances. Residence, 190 Madison street.

Prof. F. Corden White and wife have arrived in the city for the winter from Salt Lake City, Utah. They are located at 1049 Market St., Palo Alto House.

The following "ingredients" are said to be the essential elements of Theosophy: Asiatic Mysticism, 2 parts; Debased Christianity, 2 parts; Crude Metaphysics, 1 part; Pure Twaddle, 95 parts.

The editor of London *Light*, after a visit to Scotland, has returned to his post, sufficiently improved in health to resume editorial work. He reports great interest in Spiritualism wherever he has been.

In Mr. Coleman's contribution for this month, page 330, tenth line from bottom of first column, the word *been* should be omitted; and on page 331, eighth line from top, *stormed* should be printed *formed*.

Mr. William Heap, President of the San Bernardino Spiritual Society, is reported to be failing in health, greatly to the regret of many friends who know how long and faithfully he has labored in behalf of Spiritualism.

Miss Anna Abbott, the Georgia Wonder, or "Little Magnet," as she is sometimes called, is giving exhibitions in London, greatly to the mystification of the people. Many scientists and men of eminence have visited her.

The Spiritualists of San Bernardino had a "basket social" November 15th, as a farewell testimonial to Mrs. E. B. Crossette, and a welcome to Dr. J. M. Temple, who is now there giving tests and drawing large audiences.

The first letter under "Correspondence" is good. Don't be deterred from reading it because you may at first think it only "taffy" for the DOVE. The points of dissent are many and valuable, and the suggestions are worthy of heed.

The Wednesday evening meetings at 111 Larkin street, under the direction of Mrs. Briggs-Voy are kept up with old-time interest. Recently the circles, which at one time were abandoned, have been resumed, occupying the hour from 9 to 10. The first hour is devoted to brief speeches, platform tests and music.

A friend writing a personal letter to the editor, in which allusion is made to the course of the CARRIER DOVE, says: "If you have not a secret order or bugaboo to hold before your readers, you have something infinitely rarer—common sense. That is a standard one should be proud to carry, even if its followers sometimes seem few."

Readers who desire facts concerning Spirit Photography can get a lecture on the subject by E. A. D. Opie, which gives an account of many successful experiments made under test conditions, also some notice of frauds in spirit photography. The price is not given, but probably ten cents would pay for pamphlet and postage. Address E. A. D. Opie, Adelaide, Australia.

A St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Telegraph* gives an account of a young man residing in Tiflis, Russia, who apparently dies every Saturday and revives the next Monday. He says nothing, perhaps knows nothing, of his two days experience, but he is able to tell all visitors of the secret sins of their lives, and many confessions have been made of the truth of his revelations, the accused begging him to pray for their forgiveness.

The editor of the DOVE has often solicited from speakers and mediums information concerning their work, and the excuse has been made that they favored other journals only because the DOVE was issued but once a month. Now if all such will kindly contribute to THE CARRIER DOVE, their communications will be promptly published, and the public as well as the mediums will be benefited.

Letters from St. Paul, Duluth, and other cities where Dr. Schlesinger has been, gratefully acknowledge the excellence of his mediumship, and urge him to return. The weather in Minnesota was too cold for his endurance. Writing from St. Louis, a city having nearly double the population of San Francisco, he says there is not half the interest in Spiritualism that there is here. The Doctor is now in New Orleans on his way home.

Sunday Spiritual meetings are numerous and well attended in San Francisco. Dr. Ravlin speaks in Washington Hall, morning and evening, and presides over a mediums' conference in the afternoon. Mrs. Logan has a meeting at St. George's Hall at 11 A.M., and Mr. Rinnes in the same room in the evening. Mrs. Maud Lord Drake gives tests at Irving Hall in the afternoon and John Slater in the evening. Mrs. Waite occupies the platform in Scottish Hall, and numerous circles are held in other parts of the city.

The Sunday meetings at Washington Hall under the auspices of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists are well attended, and doing much good, enlightening both Spiritualists and investigators concerning the philosophy of Spiritualism. Dr. N. F. Ravlin is inspired by a class of spiritual intelligences well advanced in the knowledge of spiritual things, and their teachings are calculated to make wiser and better all who listen to them. At two o'clock in the afternoon Dr. Ravlin conducts a conference and mediums' meeting which is increasing in interest each week.

The DOVE this month contains several fine original poems, one by Mary Baird Finch, page 340, and several on page 341, beginning with the spiritual offering of Emma Rood Tuttle. It contains a practical lesson for every reader. Next is the beautiful poem by Miriam Baird Buck (sister of Mrs. Finch), a loving greeting to our natural and unassuming sisters of Japan. The conception is poetical and the rhythm nearly perfect. The poem as a whole is worthy of a place in the leading magazines of the world. On the same page the friends of Mrs. F. A. Logan will find a cheerful song written by her on her sixty-ninth birthday.

The *Freethinkers' Magazine* for December opens with an interesting article on the materialistic and spiritualistic idea, by Edmund Montgomery, M. D. The next is a burlesque on Olcott and Blavatsky, by A. L. Rawson, followed by "The Evolution of the Devil," by Henry Frank, being the concluding chapter. There is a fine poem, "The Cry of the Oppressed," by Nelly Booth Simmons; Mr. Beane's address at the funeral of James Parton; an argument against immortality by Herman Wettstein, on the assumption that "infinite" space is not capacious enough to contain the infinity of souls born on the various planets, with other interesting articles.

The letters of General Sherman now being published in the *Cosmopolitan* not only throw a new light upon the character of the great man himself, but upon the operations then in process of being carried out. The second and last paper, which appears in the December *Cosmopolitan*, is illustrated by a man who sat at Sherman's mess table during the campaigns of which he writes. An article in the December number which will be read with wide interest is on Rapid Transit, by Captain Lewis M. Humpt. Mrs. Burton Harrison begins a new novel, "The Daughter of the South," and another southern article is entitled "Social Life in Richmond During the War." The number contains 140 illustrations.



Children's Department

The sweetest note of the clearest flute,
The fall of water where all is mute
Save the fountain's flow, is far less dear
Than a pure child's voice to my waiting ear;
For heaven's light fills those innocent eyes,
And the lips breathe the music of Paradise!—*Griffith*

Cradle Song.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

In the garden of Dreamland a flower ever grows,
In form like a lily, in hue like a rose,
With odor like jessamine sprinkled with dew,
And it bourgeons and blossoms, my darling, for you.

Then travel, my baby, to Dreamland—
Slowly rock, cradle, to carry the baby;
Steadily, readily rock, and it may be,
Ere she shall know it, the baby will go
Happily smiling to Dreamland.

In the garden of Dreamland in summer is heard,
Trilling there in the moonlight, a beautiful bird;
And it sings, and it sings, all the pleasant night through,
And its music, my darling, is only for you.

Then travel, my baby, to Dreamland—
Slowly rock, cradle, to carry the baby;
Steadily, readily rock, and it may be,
Ere she shall know it, the baby will go
Happily smiling to Dreamland.

To-morrow, my darling, refreshed by her rest,
With the bird in her hand, and the flower on her breast,
Shall return to her mother to frolic and crow,
But to-night on her journey to Dreamland must go.

Then travel, dear baby, to Dreamland—
Slowly rock, cradle, to carry the baby;
Steadily, readily rock, and it may be,
Ere she shall know it, the baby will go
Happily smiling to Dreamland.

The Little Maid For Me.

I know a little maiden,
Whom I always see arrayed in
Silks and ribbons, but she is a spoiled and petted little elf,
For she never helps her mother nor her sister nor her brother;
But, forgetting all around her, lives entirely for herself.

So she simpers and she sighs,
And she mopes and she cries,
And knows not where the happy hours flee.
Now let me tell you privately, my darling little friends,
She is as miserable as miserable can be,
And I fear she's not the little maid for me.

But I know another maiden,
Whom I've often seen arrayed in
Silks and ribbons, but not always; she's a prudent little elf;
And she always helps her mother and her sister and her brother,
And lives for all around her quite regardless of herself.

So she laughs and she sings,
And the hours on happy wings
Shower gladness around her pathway as they flee.
Now, need I tell you privately, my darling little friends,
She's as happy as a little maid can be?
This is surely just the little maid for me.—*Harper's Young People*

Little Stories For Little Folks.

BY MISS FIRMNESS OAK.

I know the mothers are the ones who read the Children's Department, so, to reach the mothers, I pretend to talk to the children. Little birds are pretty things; I like to look at them; but all the while I am thinking of the mother bird, who is too cute to be caught by chaff. We will see. Here is a story about

MRS. HARPER AND MRS. LUCE.

I was housekeeper for both, being an excellent housekeeper before I was twelve years old. I took great pride in housework, and could teach people much older than I how to do it systematically and thoroughly. Generally the relieved mothers enjoyed the rest; but there seemed to be no rest for Mrs. Harper. She did not know how to rest. No one can rest who frets. She would begin in the morning:

"Elsie Harper, go right back to your bed and keep still."

This to a five-year-old girl who wanted to wash her face and play awhile before breakfast.

"Emma, stop talking and let me sleep." (If she had not been ill-tempered she could sleep.)

After awhile she would get up, make her toilet and come to the table with the two little girls. Of course she had no appetite, for she had not breathed the fresh air, and she ate a supper that was too stimulating for a big man. She would sit down to a very carefully prepared breakfast—enough for a dozen people—and as she ate she would complain all the time. The coffee was too weak, or too strong; the mush was too thin or too thick. She would fret about the children not eating, and if she could find nothing else to growl about, she would tell me I must not eat so much raw fruit (although I paid for the fruit myself).

After breakfast, if the little girls wished to dress their dolls, she would say: "no, you must not waste cloth; you could not make a doll's dress; you are too little." Then the children would want to put a board through the fence and teeter. She would call them, and tell them, "that is not lady-like." She forbade them to climb trees, because they might fall; they must not make mud marbles or mud pies, for that would spoil their dresses; they must not make soap-bubbles, because they would get their sleeves wet; and they must not wash dolls clothes, for they would soil their own clothes in doing it; but they might spin a top or nurse a doll, or play with Noah's Ark. Surely that was enough. Then she would go out calling, and the moment her back was turned the two little girls would take scissors, go to the drawers, and cut off pieces of cloth to make doll's dresses. They would be cutting, basting and sewing till their mamma returned, then she would box their ears and put one in one corner of the room, and the other in another corner, and scold me for letting them cut the cloth. I did not engage to "boss" the children. I knew they must do something. I told her I never would interfere with the children.

A HAPPY HOME.

I was glad to go to Mrs. Luce's. She was always merry. Although she was tired, she enjoyed her rest, and I enjoyed seeing her resting. When I went to Mrs. Luce's she said, "I am very glad you have come. Now I will get a chance to entertain my children more; and it will be so pleasant to have my house kept in order; and I hear you are such an excellent cook, you can make wholesome meals without much cost. We are more particular about cleanliness than anything else. Mrs. Blair says you are very cleanly; that you even use a microscope to examine food with." I told her that was so. Every morning the children got up when they pleased, and that was as soon as they awoke. They always took a bath before dressing; then they would run, jump, climb trees, play marbles,

and enjoy themselves as they liked, their mamma sleeping as sound as a child. It was delightful to hear their merry voices. For fully an hour they played out in the cold morning air; then when their mother had arisen and I had breakfast ready, they came in. When all were seated, instead of asking a blessing, Mrs. Luce read a fairy story from a child's paper called "Spare Moments;" then they ate their breakfast with a hearty appetite, and praised everything; yet they did not have half the variety that Mrs. Harper always had.

After breakfast Mrs. Luce asked the children what they wanted to do. Agnes wanted to dress a doll; Sarah wanted to embroider or draw pictures. Agnes was seven years old and Sarah was four. Thus they spent the day, relieving their eyes occasionally by running out in the garden and playground; for embroidery and sewing is hard on the eyes, and people who do needle work need to look at something away off, and running, climbing and jumping are all good for the eyes.

Perhaps you think that play cannot strengthen the eyes, but it does; you cannot improve any part of your body without helping all. The exercise that does not make active every part of the body is not healthy exercise. Now, perhaps, you will say, embroidery does not cultivate every part of the body; but if you sit in a proper position, and do not sit too long, and if you really love to embroider, your happy thoughts help to cultivate every part of your body. Every thought you think leaves an impression on your whole body. Your hands and feet express your thoughts. But embroidery by hand is only fit for children; it is too slow work for a grown person, and grown up people never should do by hand what can be done by machinery. But it is delightful play for children. It develops the organs of form, color and size. Children need fine work to make their hands supple, and also to keep them from mischief.

CHILDREN NEED SOMETHING TO DO.

When I was about five years old I begged my stepmother to let me make a doll's dress, cut, fit, baste and sew it. She refused, saying I was too young. Then I cried for something to do, and she gave me some beans to sort over for dinner, telling me to pick out all the good ones and leave the broken ones and the bits of earth. It was morning, and because I had nothing to do that I liked better, I spent hours playing with the beans. When I got them all ready for cooking I wanted something else to do, but my stepmother said I had done enough. She would not let me go outside for more than ten minutes at a time, because she was afraid I would get lost. I hadn't sense enough to ask for more beans to pick, and I hated to be idle, so I mixed the beans with the earth; that I could have the pleasure of sorting them out again. Just then my stepma came to get the beans to cook. She had a terrible temper, and you can imagine her rage; but, lucky for me, her hands were fat and soft, so her blows did not hurt much. This experience gave me an idea that it was a sin for little girls to work; that to sit still was the greatest of virtues.

SIMPLE FOOD THE BEST.

When in Canada I knew a family the mother of which kept her large and beautiful house in perfect order and everything clean as a mountain top. The children were always clean and prettily dressed; there was a large family, too, and not more than twenty months between their ages. The mother milked two cows, fed the calves, did all her own sewing and washing, studied music, practised painting, and often committed to memory poems to speak at little parties where they used to dance, sing, speak and play games. She always took *every child* with her, and the little ones were as merry as the older ones. She never looked tired, but was always fresh and blooming, and danced very merrily. I asked her how she managed to do so much work and not be tired. She told me she cooked food for the family not oftener than once in three

days, and sometimes only once each week; and she *never baked*. They soaked wheat and ate it raw. They ate fruits and nuts mostly. When she did cook, it was usually a large pot of potatoes that would last three days. Generally she baked them; then they lasted four or five days. She put them in earthenware jars, because those were the coolest, then put the jars in a cool cellar that was shaded by trees. Sometimes she cooked rice and kept it thus. They never tasted food until it was cold, and drank only cold water. The children drank milk during the first three years; after that they drank only water. Nothing was cooked that could be eaten raw. She said that to have beautiful, strong, healthy, white teeth one needs to chew one's food a great deal, and cooked food cannot be sufficiently chewed to keep the teeth healthy. The cooler the blood is kept, the better the teeth will be.

Then she dressed the children in such a way that they could play without getting wet or dirty. She left their arms and neck bare, so they could play in water or mud. As there was less cloth than is usual in their garments, they were more easily washed.

I know another family who lived in the forest, near where I was raised, the children belonging to which went all summer perfectly naked. They were the healthiest children on the island, and were always well in winter when many others were sick. They wore only enough clothing to keep them from freezing, and were so poor they thought they had a feast when they got enough cold potatoes and salt to eat. You may think these children endured the cold because they were healthy. I think they were healthy because exposed to the cold, and fed on the very plainest food. You may think I am a crank; but the time will come when the world will be full of such cranks, and when to eat the flesh of any animal will be looked upon with the same disgust people now feel when they think of eating the flesh of the animal called man. Really there is little difference in the *quality* of flesh—animal and human; both are alike poisonous, and unfit for food. All races of flesh-eating animals will eventually die out or become herbivorous.

Every one knows that a vegetable diet costs far less than one of meat. The same land that sustains a score of persons now will feed hundreds when men derive support directly from the soil. Our present system is not only barbarous and degrading, but it is exceedingly wasteful, and in one thousand years from now the world will be so densely populated that people will be compelled to abandon flesh-eating, whether they wish to or no. (It is true that *fish* can be propagated cheaply and in abundance, but even fish will be discarded in time.) As man advances in intelligence and morality the rate of increase of population will gradually grow less. It is only among the lower orders of life that there are swarming millions. The spiritual man is less prolific. This is the decree of nature, and because it is, the fear of over-population in the future is groundless. (The Malthusian idea, which looks so formidable now, will dwindle into nothingness as the race progresses.)

That man is ere long to discard the use of flesh as food is inevitable; and the sooner he accepts the inevitable the sooner will he begin to make rapid progress. Wars will then cease; crime will diminish; human hatreds will die; true love will spring into being, and man will then be fairly on the road that leads to physical perfection, to mental and moral improvement, spiritual development, and finally to that state where death will virtually cease, and, as a tired child falls asleep on its mother's breast, so shall we gently close our eyes to scenes of earth and open them in paradise.

The great artist, Benjamin West, tells that his mother once kissed him eagerly when he showed her a likeness he had sketched of his baby sister, and he adds, "That kiss made me a painter."

Spiritualism in California.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—On every hand Spiritualists are talking of organization; but who among them are doing practical work? Dr. Dean Clarke has given the Trumpet Call. Have there been any responses? If so, they have not been published for the encouragement of the timid.

Have any of our California journals knowledge of how many organized societies there are in the state? What is the membership and what the attendance at the meetings? The presentation of these facts would give our people encouragement, and save such a mistake as that made by J. P. Bogardus, who, writing for the *Better Way* of Nov. 28th, says that "outside of San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and Summerland, there are no organized Sunday meetings in the broad extent of our state."

To his list can be added the strong, harmonious society of National City, the San Bernardino society, which has had an existence of more than a quarter of a century, and has owned its own hall and grounds for many years. Then there is an old society at San Jose that conducts a Lyceum and holds regular meetings, and a live energetic organization in Santa Cruz. Others may be able to increase the list by reports from different parts of the state, and thus it will be learned that California Spiritualists are more active than they seem. But as the work is now conducted, there is no general knowledge of the strength of the movement, and no means of obtaining it.

Concert of action is necessary if we would know our strength. Active local work brings the desire to know what is being done elsewhere and how it is being done. Interest so excited will naturally lead to a State Convention. Such a gathering would not be a higher court of appeal, nor a campmeeting for lectures and tests; but a meeting of workers—presidents, secretaries, Lyceum leaders and the laity—to report past work and plans for the future, learning by each other's successes and failures how best to carry forward the work. A Spiritualist convention is neither to uphold a creed or dogma, nor endorse or condemn this or that medium or phase of mediumship, but for work. Fellow Spiritualists, let us begin. Sincerely,

San Miguel, Cal.

EUDORA B. CROSSETTE.

What Women Are Doing.

Miss Nellie Hayden, of Denver, eleven years ago was a salesgirl in a Boston dry goods store. She invested all her savings, amounting to \$400, in Denver real-estate, and by reinvesting her profits in suburban property she has accumulated a fortune of \$1,300,000.

Mrs. Susan Gale Cooke, who took Miss Phoebe Couzin's place last spring as secretary of the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Commission, is a quick, energetic worker, and has been engaged in charitable labors for some years. She is a New Yorker by birth, and was at one time a manager of the Brooklyn Orphan Asylum.

Addie F. Johnson, nineteen years old, who lives near Talleyho, W. Va., has had the entire charge for three years of an engine which runs a grist and planing mill. She has a natural talent for machinery, and can take down and put together an engine as quickly and deftly as any experienced male engineer in that part of the country.

A German woman artist recently made some beautiful painted lace, which is still the rage in Paris. The predominating hue was gold, but paint, not "bronze powder," was used, and small quantities of red and blue were introduced to suit the costume or surroundings. Its charm was the delicacy of its harmony, and it takes the actual touch of finger-tips to convince one that the yellow is not gold.

Miss Sophie B. Wright, of New Orleans, teaches free of charge a night school for working men and boys. This school numbers fifty men and boys whose daily labors debar them from attending schools. Miss Wright is a teacher by profession, and conducts a school called the Home Institute. She is an invalid, and is often compelled to teach her night school supported in her chair by pillows, yet she never wearies in well-doing.

Sufferings of a Spirit.

There are many among Spiritualists who imagine there is no hell. A lake of liquid fire probably there is not; but returned spirits teach that the pangs of remorse, the unhappy mental state of evil doers, continues long after entering the spirit-world. The following wail of an unhappy spirit is given in the little book published by Mrs. Logan, as received through the mediumship of her sister, Lucy Lovinia Browne. The spirit was permitted to visit the circle for temporary relief and to give warning of the unhappiness that naturally and necessarily follows persistent evil-doing in this life. Such spirits, in time, grow out of their unhappy condition, but the advance is a growth, not a forgiveness. There is no forgiveness in nature. Effects follow causes. We are what we make ourselves. Even though we inherit evil tendencies there is no way out of low conditions into higher except by growth, and there is no growth without effort.

WAIL OF A SPIRIT.

"Oh I'm so weary! weary!! weary!!! ah! God, how long must I remain in this dark, loathsome cell to linger out a miserable life—more of death than life?" "Oh, how long shall I remain an out-cast from society in this miserable damp, cold, slimy hell? Is there no rescue? Is there no God? Is there nothing in heaven, or earth, or in hell on which a man may lay hold and lift himself up out of this dungeon of despair? No! oh no! I see no light, hear no sound, save that of the moanings and wailings of those whom I have wounded and crushed in my fiendish might and will to conquer. My evil deeds rise before me, as grim spectres to haunt my weary life. . . . The vibratory thought, poisoned with injustice and tipped as an arrow with the consuming fire of remorse, quivers in the halls of memory, and stings as a scorpion the sin-stained soul. I see no light, I hear no sound, save the dull, hollow, and sometimes frenzied echo of my own voice as it reverberates back from the earth-bound shore throughout the vaults of this darkened hell of the condemned criminal that I am. Oh, God! if there be a God! Oh Savior! if there be a Savior! come to me and lift the burden of iniquity from my self-depraved and self-condemned soul. I have tortured the innocent into submission, to gratify my insatiable longings for gold and power; I have laid snares deep as hell and strong as the remorse which now environs me, only to mock at the calamities of those that perished by my fiendish hand. And now from this dreary dungeon of blackness and despair, from this damp, stifling atmosphere, which penetrates every fibre of my being, I ask to be redeemed. I am resolved to make restitution.

To the circle: Would you know why I'm here to-day? It is to relieve myself of this terrible incubus that has weighed me down for years—it seems like centuries, so acute have been my sufferings. But my time expires and I am commanded back to the gloom of my own hell. Good Bye.

Question—Who is this spirit? What is the name of the author of the communication? Will he be kind enough to inform us?

Answer—My name is not necessary to the communication. It is enough that it is true.

The colored women of Boston nominated Miss Alice Miller for member of the school board in that city.

Mrs. Gladstone has contracted to write a series of articles for the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia, especially intended for American women. The series will be called "Hints from a Mother's Life," and in it she will tell the method she adopted in bringing up her children.

Mrs. Francis Woodring has held the office of superintendent of a coal mine, at Ashland, Pennsylvania, since the death of her husband several years ago. She employs one hundred and eighty men, and is liked by them all. At an early hour she appears at the head of the shaft, and remains there until the men have all gone to work. She keeps a close supervision over the propping of the mine and the air supply, and is actively benevolent to the wives and families of the miners. Not a single accident has occurred in the mine since she assumed charge of it.