

The Carrier Dove.

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

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The Platform.

The Lesson of Spiritualism.

Anniversary Address by Charles Dawbarn in San Francisco, March 29, 1891.

The discovery that Nature's laws are universal in their application is as yet so recent that it is little wonder but few Spiritualists are ready to realize that it must apply to immortality and spirit return as to everything else. I mean that under the universal law of life man will have no monopoly even of Summer Lands in the future or of spirit visitors whilst he is in earth life.

The idea that animals and even insects have the same rights and privileges as man seems at first almost shocking, yet until it is accepted we have no scientific basis for the claims we present to the world with such emphasis.

Man has always declined partnership with other forms of life. He has claimed that creation was for him and for his sole benefit. He has declared in the name of God that he was made to be lord and king over all other life;—that not only the world, but even the sun, moon and stars were made for his benefit. For him there was rain and sunshine, beautiful flowers and luscious fruits. Man was to kill and eat other animals, and for him there was a great scheme of salvation with a god dying on a cross that we might be saved.

The discoveries of the 19th century have played havoc with such ideas, but as yet only the few have realized the tremendous change in thought and belief that must come to all, including Spiritualists as much as anyone else. Spiritualists are celebrating the fact that human immortals came to human mortals some 43 years ago, not for the first time, but under such circumstances as aroused general attention as never before. It was not now to be a happy few selected by God to enjoy such privileges, but this time the world at large might, by obeying a few simple laws and regulations, have their own spirit visitors. The fact that Moses and Elias should have appeared on a mountain 1900 years ago was of tremendous consequence then, as one of a few almost solitary facts proving another life. Now every man's mother, brother, sister or friend entered by the same door without waiting for "thus saith the Lord."

We have been very slow to learn the lesson and grasp its higher meaning, for it brings almost a new heaven and a new earth to man the mortal. It is because so many Spiritualists are still holding on to the past, mixing it up into an indigestible compound of old religion with every day spirit return, that scientists and thinkers generally look with such suspicion on our claims. We must understand our position if we want the truth, and nothing but the truth; and it is a hard and slow task for most of us to divest ourselves of our prejudices.

Angels and archangels vanished when our spirit friends came to tell us they found no beings in the higher life superior to man. Then the whole scheme of salvation toppled over when man found through spirit return that he must stand on his own feet and make his own record by his own effort without any savior to push him into heaven. Of course the old god, sitting on a throne and planning creation, had to disappear too. But many Spiritualists have

not got as far as these first lessons yet. They want their church, their creed and their old God; and sometimes want only such spirits as will pat them on the back and tell them they are children of a real father and mother God.

Some have left all such beliefs behind, and being now indifferent to the moss grown creeds of the church, strive to make a new religion out of the fact of spirit return. Others again caring nothing about religion simply limit themselves to facts. They hold seances almost daily. They talk with spirits and rejoice in the freedom of such privileges to all who seek them. But if universal law be true we must be ready to go a step further before we become true Spiritualists. Just as we find that sun, moon and stars were not made for man, so we discover that there is no law, not even the spirit of a law of which man has any monopoly. And this applies just as much to the law of spirit return as to any other law of Nature. Herein we enter a field of fact and thought that the every day Spiritualist has not yet cared to explore. Yet if spirit return be a question of fact, it is also a question of fact as to what class of spirits return and who it is that sees them. It has hardly occurred to most Spiritualists even as a possibility that if their friends are immortal and can return, then under universal law other animals may have exactly the same privilege.

A recent case of spirit return in this good city of San Francisco seems to me an admirable proof that Spiritualism rests upon universal law. I think it may also do much to commend our facts to the thinker who has so far ridiculed all pretension to a special immortality for man. A lady from Santa Barbara has been visiting San Francisco, staying in a family where there are two excellent mediums. One afternoon she was having a sitting with one of these mediums, who saw and described a horse as a spirit visitor. The lady recognized the horse as a family pet left at her home. So far this was not an uncommon experience, and has usually been explained as a picture flashed into the mind of the medium by some spirit friend, and no more wonderful than the picture of the old home or the long-forgotten scene which we have counted as an excellent test.

The other medium, who had been absent and knew nothing of this little incident, was aroused in the night by the sound as of a horse trotting rapidly on hard ground. Then she saw a beautiful horse standing by the foot of the bed; with distended nostril and flashing eye he seemed as if he had come rapidly, and he was evidently anxious for recognition. The medium sat up in bed to see him more distinctly, and called to her husband, but I am told the horse vanished before the husband was roused. The next morning at the breakfast table she described her vision, and again the horse was recognized as the old pet of the visitor, and left in her stable at Santa Barbara. An hour or two later a telegram was received stating that the horse had died during the night.

Here is another incident that teaches a broader Spiritualism than that to which most of us have limited ourselves. Our history is full of accounts of spirit return at about the hour of death of some friend of whose sickness the witness was ignorant. Psychical societies have investigated many such cases and acknowledge them proved. But scientists who do not deny the facts are seeking some other explanation than spirit return because they cannot conceive of any law of Nature conferring special privileges on man. This

horse incident shows that they are justified in their caution. If our Spiritualism be a truth it must embrace all life. We cannot leave any out, although senses different from ours, possessed by some beings, may compel their spirit return to remain outside our powers of perception.

It happened that that horse found a human medium who could see and hear him. He seems to have loved his mistress, and though he could not return direct to her, he did the best he could to let her know he was unchanged by the fact of death. It will always be difficult for an animal spirit to find a human medium. I have seen a pet dog control a private medium, and I learned he was a frequent visitor in that home. I did not like it. It seemed a lowering of humanity to be so used by the animal. But such clairvoyant vision as saw this horse is quite another matter, and brings to us the same truth of animal immortality and spirit return that we would get by direct control.

We have plenty of proof of animal clairvoyance. I have known a canary to quarrel almost daily with the former occupant of its cage, now a spirit. That was evidence of that bird's power to see spirit life of its own race. We have not been gathering this class of evidence because man has been loth to believe that lower races have immortality like his own. I am not saying that the animal organism is capable in this life of learning the lesson of spirit return. We do not know that it ever thinks of death, or can realize its own future, but the fact is there all the same, and if law be universal then the animal will have immortality if such be our privilege.

Yet we cannot help shrinking from this fact of animal and insect spirits, especially in the case of forms of life we call noxious or deadly. The snake, the scorpion, the centipede, the tiger, the shark, and the myriad microscopic beings who feed on man must have another existence if such be our destiny. A few moments thought will show that you cannot leave them out and yet claim immortality for yourselves. Man is himself an epitome of all creation. There are human beings in whom some lower animal seems almost incarnated. For instance, there is the human hog, who shows his nature by grasping acres by the thousand, and wallowing in wealth he cannot use, and that might make others happy. You allow or claim that he is going to be immortal, but you say his nature will change "over there." Be it so. But the hog with four legs will have the same privilege. He could not exhibit the old nature in a new condition that left him no chance of grasping more than another. He will be compelled to be a different hog under the same law that will compel the man to be a different man.

Every form of life is reflected in humanity. But if there be no poison in the atmosphere of spirit life, then there will be none evolved by the spirit form. And if it be impossible for one being to kill another being "over there," the old nature must change its expression.

But you say you don't want such neighbors in the next life. Universal law issues no such command. Man has no monopoly of space. He is limited even as a spirit, and cannot see, hear or feel forms of life that may be everywhere around him. Just the few he loves or wishes present may appear in his "summer land," but the rest will be silent and invisible to the advanced spirit who does not wish their company. But the law of progress belongs as much to other life as to ourselves; and herein is our security. So long as you believe man to have some special privileges you are on unsafe ground. It means that "somebody" gave them to you. Of course that "somebody" can take them away again. And then you have at once a place for a priest of that "somebody," and a holy book written or inspired by that "somebody;" in other words a religion for man that leaves other animals out. The return of that spirit horse should destroy this possibility in every mind capable of learning the lesson.

But many Spiritualists seem to enjoy living in a world of *half truth*. They refuse to look at the other half. It is so sweet to them to say, "Our heavenly father we thank thee for these beautiful flowers." But they don't say anything about the skunk cabbage

that grows on the border of many a swamp and which wouldn't smell at all "heavenly fatherly" on a public platform. They don't say a word about flowers that trap and eat insects. Nothing about the poison oak and ivy that make life unhappy for many. And they are silent about the growths we call spores that get their living by feeding upon men, and find a Spiritualist just as tender as the Pope of Rome. Such *halftruth* Spiritualists thank God for the beautiful rose, but say nothing about the equally beautiful rose cancer that makes your loved writhe in agony for months and years.

It is of course beautiful and touching to say grace over the roast turkey and cranberry sauce. The other day an eagle carried off a mother's darling playing in the dooryard. It isn't pleasant to think of that eagle as enjoying that baby as a gift from its father and mother, God. But wherein comes the distinction?

Men and women who are content with such *half truths* may feel a holy emotion when they turn them into invocations or prayers, but they present a Spiritualism that a thinker cannot accept. And if it be true that the horse came back such sweet nonsense must die out. It may seem elevating to talk to God and invent new names for him, and tell him how good he is, but if all that be but half a truth, is it not better for us to have the knowledge of universal law as a whole truth, and then claim our privileges without denying those that belong to other races.

So the lesson to me of that spirit horse is that immortality is as universal as life. Form may change but identity will remain through all eternity. And the universe of space will be occupied by life whether we believe it or not, and regardless of our prayers to any God for special blessings upon man.

NATURAL LAW.

Address by W. N. Slocum, before the "Society for Self Culture,"
San Francisco, May, 1869.

This world, viewed from the standpoint of the scientist, is good. He perceives that it is in a state of transition—change without end—and that all its changes are determined by law inherent in itself. Higher forms and better conditions are evolved from lower. Human suffering is recognized as the necessary result of imperfect but transitory conditions; and we know that out of suffering comes refinement and capacity for subsequent happiness. But this world considered as the "creation" of a being who had the power to make his creatures happy is not good. A "God" who could so make man and his surroundings that suffering waits on every step of his progress through life must be a monster of cruelty and wickedness. There is no escape from this conclusion; and threats of hell for the many and promises of heaven for a favored few are in perfect harmony with the cruel injustice of so great a wrong. Such a God, instead of being worthy of worship, would be fit only for the scorn and detestation of man; and so long as such an imaginary monster is worshiped there will be abundant proof that man has not escaped the thralldom of ignorance.

The wide distinction between the character of natural and human law is not perceived by all who call themselves thinkers; much less is it clearly defined in the minds of the great majority, who do not think, but accept ideas on trust. We have become so accustomed to consider law as the result of a law-making power that it is difficult to divest the mind of the idea. But, natural law requires no maker. Its existence is necessarily coeval with the existence of matter. It is impossible to conceive of matter without the law which is a part of it. Natural laws are not "forces" acting on matter, but properties of matter itself,—just as much a part of it as any other of its essential qualities. The very nature of things renders a God unnecessary. There is no place for such a being in Nature; no work for him to perform; no need for him to fill; the law is "all in all."

Admitting, as a basis for argument, that there is a God, and that he has mind and will, how can either be exercised? Of what use is thought to a mind that is omniscient? How can will

be exerted by a being already perfect? A perfect being can have no choice; being perfect, he can only "will" to do right; and what kind of a will is that which can act but in one direction? It is law,—not will—therefore "God" is himself subject to the law, and if he made the law he made that which is greater than himself.

Nature is beneficent to all who obey her requirements, unforgiving to all who do not. Her warnings meet man at every turn; her rewards and punishments follow close upon his footsteps. The perfect adaptation of means to ends which we perceive in nature is the strongest proof that law is supreme, and that no outside power is required to operate it. Could there be any place where law is not, *there* would be chaos. It is impossible to conceive of the universe in a state of inharmony, because such a condition of things would instantly destroy the universe, and there would be nothing left to consider but disorganized matter. That present forms will pass away is certain; but, though the earth be resolved into gas, the elements must continue to exist, for matter itself cannot be destroyed. All things that now are must have existed in some form from eternity, and must continue to exist without end. All things are subject to change, and in the course of time the changes are equivalent to new "creations." All things are governed by law, which, itself without change, is the means by which all else changes.

Every effect must have a cause. There is no "chance" in Nature. The universe did not *happen* to be just what it is. It is what it is because it could not have been otherwise. Its status is fixed by law as indestructible as matter itself. But because there is no chance, it does not follow that all things were "made" by design. The fact that a watch must have had a maker does not prove, as assumed by Paley, that matter must have had a creator. Neither does the fact that the watch had a designer prove that the world must have had a designer. A drop of water assumes the globular form by virtue of law inherent in matter; no fingers of a god are required to mould it. Worlds take form under the same law, and move in space without aid from any imaginary "Omnipotence."

To imagine a beginning of "creation," and no beginning of the "creator," is to imagine a time when there was nothing but "God" in existence, and that he had *eternally* existed. Reflect upon this idea, and you will perceive how absurd it is. Is it not more reasonable to assume that all things have eternally existed in some form than to say something has been made from nothing? It is childish to imagine an impossible event and pretend to account for it by assuming that it was the work of a being to whom all things are possible. Perhaps "God" never had occasion to make a four-year old colt in two minutes, but he performed a much greater work than that if, as is claimed, he made the world with its fossiliferous rocks in six days, to say nothing of throwing in the sun, moon and stars, as an odd job, one afternoon.

A thinking mind should be able to recognize the fact that matter contains within itself the elements of change; that the "forces" of nature are all there, and need no "creator," no outside force, to develop new forms. The germ exists, and in due time the fruit appears, matures, decays, and its component parts take other forms, according to their nature. These changes are going on constantly. To-day is as much a day of creation as any of the six we read of in the fable.

Notwithstanding all the changes in externals, man recognizes the fact that the producing causes are without change, and he welcomes the thought that, back of all change, there is stability in nature itself. It gives him a feeling of security to know that the world in which he lives is under the dominion of law—universal, never-varying law. We all feel our dependence upon this power beyond ourselves; and those who have an inadequate conception of the beneficence of natural law, and who lack that perfect trust in it which a higher appreciation would give, are impelled to put faith in an imaginary, incomprehensible being, or, as they say, "an infinite spirit with attributes not to be understood by finite minds;" and they content themselves with a vague,

shadowy, dreamy notion of his character, and try to delude themselves into the belief that they love him, as if it were a possibility to love that which we cannot apprehend. (I do not say *comprehend*; many a man loves his wife without fully understanding her nature; but we cannot even *apprehend* an Infinite God.)

"Love of God" is a delusion; and, though pious people welcome the self-deception, yet the delusion is so obvious, even to themselves, that many have been driven to take refuge in a human god—a man who lived as all of us do, and died as all of us will. This man-god, a being of noble and loveable nature, they satisfy themselves with, because they can really love his character; can understand his human nature, and can "spiritually" draw near unto him as to a dear friend, gratifying the longings of the soul in the contemplation of the virtues he actually possessed and the added character of divinity which they have thrust upon him. This man-god is a thing of human invention, to satisfy human cravings and to impose upon human credulity. He is because God is not; and he would not be if God were; because were there any God he would be manifest, and would satisfy, thus obviating the necessity for a human contrivance.

If it be true that "the spirit of man lives after the death of the body," and evolution continues throughout all time and in all states of existence, it is reasonable to believe that there are beings who, in comparison with man, as yet developed on earth, might be called gods; yet let no one imagine they can be superior to law. It is by law they attain their sublimity, and they are necessarily as much subject to law as the most insignificant of beings. They can use the law effectively, because they can do so intelligently; but it is impossible that any being, however exalted, could rise above the law by which he ascends.

While an impersonal god is no "god,"—being in fact but another name for natural law—a personal god is the very essence of absurdity. A person must have form; and if form, dimensions; and if dimensions, he must have limits; and if limits, he cannot be omnipresent; and if not omnipresent, he is not God. The claim that although God is a person, and has a local habitation (heaven), his influence extends throughout the universe, is evidently an assumption to explain an assumption. The fact is, all gods, with power superior to law, are myths—creations of the imaginations of men. There is no truth in the God idea, and scarcely any semblance of truth. Natural law puts all such beings beyond the possibility of any real existence, leaving no place for them in the economy of nature. The very term "supernatural" is a name for that which cannot exist. In short, the God idea is unworthy the intelligence of this enlightened age—too puerile to be seriously entertained by any one capable of recognizing the universality, the unchangeability, and the all-prevailing power of Law.

Those Spiritualists who have accumulated large fortunes, seem to be sold to the Devil of Mammonism to such an extent that nothing can be hoped from them for the prosecution of any noble enterprise for the good of Spiritualism. They have a terrible fate awaiting them in the future. We often say that wealth or money can't be carried into the spirit future. False! delusion! The votary of Mammon, the one who has spent his life in amassing wealth, will carry it all with him as an incubus to sink him down in depths of gloom and darkness, for it may be ages of time. The greed for gain beyond needed use is not only one of the most despicable traits of humanity, but it is the most paralyzing to all progress, and also the one which will hold the soul longest in the realms of gloom hereafter. "The rich man and Lazarus" is no imaginary tale.—J. S. Loveland.

As when summer comes from the South the snowbanks melt, and the face of the earth becomes green before it, so shall the advancing spirit create its ornaments along its path, and carry with it the beauty it visits and the song which enchants it; it shall draw beautiful faces, and warm hearts, and wise discourses and heroic acts around its way, until evil is no more seen.—Emerson.

Original Articles.

Spiritualism and the Wisdom-Religion.

An Historical Sketch.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

CHAPTER III.

In the preceding chapter mention has been made of various instances wherein Mme. Blavatsky claimed to act as a medium for communications from John King,—the same John King who purported to manifest himself at *seances* of the Holmeses, and who claimed to be the spirit of Morgan the Buccaneer. Further examples of her alleged John King mediumship will now be presented.

The *Spiritual Scientist* of April 29, 1875, published a letter from General F. J. Lippitt, relative to a beautiful picture that had been painted expressly for him, directly, by the disembodied spirit of John King, through the mediumship of Mme. Blavatsky,—of whom he says, she "is known by her friends to be the very soul of sincerity and honor" (!!) "I know from her own lips," said Gen. Lippitt, "that the spirit calling himself 'John King' has been manifesting his presence to her in a variety of ways for a number of years; that she has had frequent communications from him, many of them by writings executed in her presence independently of all human agency; and that he has also repeatedly painted pictures for her, and performed various other acts obviously beyond the power of human beings in the flesh." The General also declares that this was the same John King that Col. Olcott and he "repeatedly saw, touched and spoke with last January at the Holmes's." The painting (on white satin) represents the balcony of John King "in Summerland" (to use the words of Mme. H. P. B.), in the centre of which stands John King himself,—the face being a copy of the engraved likeness of Sir Henry Morgan, in the published English biography of his life. The balcony is adorned with rich foliage, while beneath is a wreath of gorgeous flowers, among which are darting two humming-birds. In the background are oriental temples, etc. Spirit-forms are floating hither and yon through the blue ether, one of them being Katie King, and among them are also a mother and child. John King holds in his hands a large volume, containing several inscriptions, among them this: "To my best medium" (Mme. Blavatsky). The other inscriptions are mystical symbols.

In the Philadelphia *Mind and Matter*, Nov. 27, 1880, the editor of that paper published an article in *expose* of the tricks of Mme. Blavatsky while in Philadelphia in 1875, in which he stated that he had in his possession the proofs that instead of being painted by John King this picture was the production of Mme. B. herself. This proof was in the shape of the oiled paper cuttings of the different objects of the picture, which were used by Mme. B. when she painted the picture. These cuttings were obtained from Mme. Blavatsky's chambermaid. A few weeks after, the editor of *Mind and Matter* published a second article, which included a letter from General Lippitt, acknowledging receipt of the paper cuttings, which had been sent to him for comparison with the picture; also two card portraits. General Lippitt says that after careful comparison with the picture sent him by Mme. Blavatsky he finds the following:

"1. Several of the cuttings fitted exactly to some parts of the foliage and to one of the flowers in festoon at the bottom of the picture.

2. One of the cuttings fits exactly to one of the balusters of the balcony, and another to the space between that and another baluster.

3. One cutting fits exactly to the tail of one of the humming-birds, and the color upon it exactly matches that of the bird's tail in the picture.

4. Some of the cuttings exactly correspond to the eyes, eyebrows, nose, mouth, and outline of the beard of John King's portrait in the picture, and also to the upper outline of his turban. They also fit exactly to the pencil portrait of John King on the card; showing that this portrait was the pattern from which the cuttings were made and then used in making the portrait in the picture.

5. . . . Cuttings were found exactly fitting four of the six Oriental temples, colonnades and minarets included . . . A cutting was also found with exactly the outlines of the spirit mother and child. . . . It is certainly possible that more [correspondences] could have been found were not the greater part of the other cuttings broken up into very small fragments."

In a letter to Gen. Lippitt dated April 2, 1875, Mme. B. stated that she painted some flowers and some leaves on the picture, but "did not touch or paint one inch of the rest of the picture." The editor of *Mind and Matter*, who saw and examined the Lippitt picture, stated in his paper that the flowers and foliage which she claimed to have painted were on the satin when it was bought by the Madame, as any one could see who examined the picture, that portion of the work being much better executed than the remainder of the picture. That is, according to the editor, the artistic work on the picture which she did not do, Mme. B. claimed as her own, while the inferior work that she really did do she palmed off on John King. Be that as it may, it is beyond question that most, if not all, of this picture was painted from the cuttings sent to General Lippitt; and this effectually disposes of the statement that it was, for the most part, the direct work of the spirit of John King or Sir Henry Morgan. That Mme. B. painted it herself, there can be no reasonable doubt. As parallel to this, and in confirmation of the picture being her own production, I find the following in an article by J. J. Morse, the noted lecturer, in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of August 10, 1890: "In conversation with my hostess [Mrs. J. B. Wolff, of Washington, D. C., formerly Mrs. H. McL. Shepherd, at one time editorially connected with the *New York Star*] several items of interest re the great and only Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, came out. Here is one: At one time Madame was rooming in the Woman's Home,—a new effort in New York City, some fifteen years ago, to provide a home for women workers,—in which Mrs. Shepherd-Wolff was interested, and where she lived. The great B. was then a medium! She was getting spirit-pictures upon gelatine sheets, but Mrs. Wolff and others observed her get up 'in the dead waste and middle of the night,' and trace the pictures with her very unspiritual fingers. Her personal habits and profanity were then all that W. E. Coleman has described, and the rest of the ladies voted her an indecent savage." Here's another: "On one occasion she essayed to palm off a translation of a book of Russian humor as her own original work; unfortunately for her, the party she was endeavoring to 'rope in' possessed a copy of the original, so her little scheme fell flat."

The editor of *Mind and Matter*, in his paper of Nov. 27, 1880, furnishes us some additional light upon the relations of Mme. B. and John King in Philadelphia in 1875. He says he was present at the *seance* by the Holmeses at which Col. Olcott handed John King his ring, as described in Chapter Two; and he tells us that shortly after, Mme. Blavatsky was called up to speak with John King, and to her John King gave Olcott's ring, which fact she concealed from the Colonel. Occupying the adjoining room to Col. O., at his residence, it was easy for her to slip it under his pillow, where he found it. Mme. B.

claimed that she ordered John King to place it under the pillow, we are informed. Our editor further tells us that, at a subsequent *seance*, he questioned John King as to the truth or falsehood of Mme. B.'s power over him as a spirit; and that John King replied, "Tell Col. Olcott to ask Madame Blavatsky how his ring came to be placed under the pillow of his bed." Inferring that he intended to imply that the Madame did it herself, the editor called on Mme. B. and Col. O. During the conversation with them, Mme. B. asked him, he says, if he would like to have a picture of some departed friend; and Col. O. said to him, "If Madame Blavatsky gives you that proof of her power to command the spirits, will you cease to uphold and defend the Holmeses?" This he promised, but this was the last he ever heard of the promised picture. He then delivered John King's message to Col. Olcott about the ring, which, he says, mightily enraged the Madame. She told him that she had power to destroy all who interfered with her work, and that Mrs. Holmes and he had better beware of her vengeance. Concerning this somersault of Olcott and Blavatsky as regards the character of the mediumship of the Holmeses, more anon.

In the *Spiritual Scientist* of April 1, 1875, may be found a long letter from H. P. Blavatsky in defense of the Holmeses, and in severe criticism of Dr. H. T. Child, who had joined with Robert Dale Owen in *expose* of the frauds of the Holmeses. Knowing what we do of the "masterly manipulations of the truth," and the spurious phenomena indulged in constantly by the Madame, the following sentences from this ferocious attack on Dr. Child will provoke a smile, doubtless, from their every reader. "If there is in my humble judgment anything more contemptible than a cheat, it is certainly a *liar*." "I would strongly advise Dr. Child not to accuse *me* of 'fabrication' whatever else he may be inclined to ornament me with." (Her Italics.)

In the *Spiritual Scientist* of June 10, 1875, the editor, under the heading "Rock Bottom," announced that, in consequence of the receipt of a considerable sum of money, and security for more, "the *Scientist* is placed beyond the contingency of failure. Friends have been raised up for us in a most unexpected and gratifying manner, and we have received the kindest words of encouragement and promise of assistance." In the *Sp. Sc.* of June 24, we have an account of the editor having received a sum of money, telegraphed to him from a distant city, in the name of Sir Henry de Morgan. The following telegram, signed "Sir Henry de Morgan," was also received by the editor: "I contribute ——— dollars to pay note, due June 19th. . . .

Go to Western Union Telegraph Office, get money, and acknowledge receipt by telegraph." In the *Sp. Sc.* of July 8, the Editor stated that since receipt of the money from John King above referred to, he had received "still greater proof of the same kind, of his benevolence and friendliness." The editor also states that a few days previous he received in his morning mail a letter from John King to a gentleman, addressed in his care. The envelope bore the imprint of the "American Bath" establishment, Irving Place and 17th St., New York City; it was postmarked Middleborough, Mass., July 3,—the day of its reception; the letter was written upon a sheet of the private letter paper of the editor of the *Scientist*; it contained an extract from a letter written to the editor by a correspondent; and also a portrait of John King wearing a mask, and with a pen and crayon in his turban, as if they were horns.

In the *Sp. Sc.* of July 8, 1875, appeared extracts from a letter from Hon. Alexander Aksakof to Mme. Blavatsky, asking the assistance of herself and Col. Olcott in procuring good American mediums to come to St. Petersburg, Russia, to appear before the Society of Physical Science attached to the University of St. Petersburg, during a series of experimental investigations of mediumistic phenomena. "Consult your 'John King,' and ask him to help us,"

said Mr. Aksakof; "I am certain that he will not refuse our committee, and I hope he will give our scientists hard work." In the same number of the *Scientist* is a card from Col. O. and Mme. B. giving notice that they are prepared to receive applications from physical mediums willing to go to Russia for the purpose stated. We learn from the *Sp. Sc.* of June 24, that "that powerful spirit John King, who can write letters without the help of a medium informs a friend that he means to take a hand in the manifestation before the scientists in St. Petersburg. If he does he will make it lively for them;" and in the number for July 8, we are told that John King has announced his intention to assist in puzzling and confounding the St. Petersburg Scientific Commission. It is well to state that this promise of John King (?) was never carried out. The investigation of the phenomena at St. Petersburg proved a *fiasco*, and no record appears of John King having "made things lively" or having "puzzled the Commission." The *Sp. Sc.* of July 22, contains an account of an *expose* of Mrs. Jennie Holmes, who was caught cheating at several *seances* where manifestations by John and Katie King occurred. In the same paper it is stated that the spirit of John King, in a recent letter, had repudiated all connection with the Holmeses,—meaning of course the Blavatsky John King.

Concerning the identity of John King, Col. Olcott tells us ("P. O. W." p. 454) that the same John King who manifested through the Koons family, the Davenports, the Holmeses, and also through Mme. Blavatsky in 1875, was encountered by Mme. Blavatsky fourteen years before (that is, in 1860-61) in Russia and Circassia, and that she talked with and saw him in Egypt and India. Ever since 1860, this John King had been an attendant spirit of H. P. B., if her statements in 1875 are truthful; and this spirit was claimed by her to be Sir Henry Morgan, the Buccaneer, not a living adept or mahatma. Since the Madame went to India in 1878-79, the world has been favored with accounts of numerous letters from the mahatmas of Tibet, produced in an occult or magical manner, and also of paintings of the mahatmas similarly produced. When the John King phenomena were being produced by the Madame in 1875, nothing was heard of the adepts in the production of these phenomena. She was then not a theosophist, but a Spiritualist; and the phenomena in her presence were said to be produced by the spirits of deceased human beings. It is significant that, succeeding the notice in the *Scientist* that John King had repudiated the Holmeses; no reference in print can I find about any further connection of John King with Mme. Blavatsky. From that time on the Madame seems to have repudiated John King, and the phenomena are ascribed by her and Olcott to another class of beings, of which I shall treat hereafter. Referring to the time when she was exploiting John King in 1875, Prof. Elliott Coues in the New York *Sun* of July 20, 1890, says, "Several of her letters to friends which I have read are curiously scribbled in red and blue pencil with sentences and signatures of 'John King,' just as, later on, 'Koot Hoomi' used to miraculously precipitate himself upon her stationary in all sorts of colored crayons. And by the way, that reminds me to say that while the ingenious creature was operating in Cairo, her mahatmas were of the Egyptian order of architecture, and located in the ruins of Thebes or Carnac. They were not put into turbans and shifted to Thibet till late in 1879." The close similarity between the alleged phenomena produced by John King in 1875, in connection with the Madame, and those said to have been produced by the mahatmas in Tibet and India in later years, is apparent to all. Direct writing, as in case of the copy of Col. Olcott's letter and that of the *Scientist's* correspondent; the transportation of objects, as in case of Olcott's ring; the use of the mail and telegraph in connection with these occult missives; the production of paintings by occult means,—all these are in precise correspondence with the so-called feats of Koot Hoomi and other mahatmas.

In the case of the money sent to the *Scientist* and of the telegram concerning it, we know that no "spirit" could have done these things. Some person in the flesh must have paid in the

money, and have sent the telegram. The claim that it was John King is self-evidently a fraud. Moreover, this Blavatsky John does not even know his own name; as the money was sent in the name of "Sir Henry de Morgan," and the telegram was signed the same. But it happens that the buccaneer's name was Sir Henry Morgan, without the "de." When we remember that Mme. Blavatsky had long been familiar with the French language and literature, in which "de" is of such common occurrence, while her knowledge of English was then limited, one can understand how the "de" became added to the name of her John King.

What is the rational conclusion of the John King episode in the life of Mme. B? Undoubtedly this: The John King was a myth, and the phenomena said to have been performed by him were tricks of the Madame. Recognizing the credulity and plasticity of Col. Olcott, and wishing to attach him to her for purposes of her own, probably then inchoate and not fully determined, she made use of the John and Katie King matter,—then a subject of discussion in the public press, owing to the Owen and Child *expose*,—as a means of hoodwinking the Colonel. The Holmeses' *expose* was a godsend to her, as it occurred just after her meeting with Olcott, and through it she was enabled to fasten him to her apron-strings, where he has been ever since. She went to Philadelphia before Col. Olcott did, and no doubt entered into an agreement with the Holmeses that each should assist the other in pulling the wool over Olcott's eyes,—a not very difficult thing to do. That the Holmeses aided her in her tricks is evident from the incident of the ring of Col. Olcott, and by the fact that John and Katie King, personated by the Holmeses, were on various occasions obedient to her commands,—this to prove to Col. Olcott that she possessed the power of controlling spirits to do her will. That the Holmeses were in collusion with Mme. B. is also evidenced by the use of certain words in foreign languages, and the apparent knowledge of those languages on the part of John King at the Holmeses' *seances*; also by his use of a sign at the Holmeses' as agreed upon at Mme. B.'s rooms. The poor Colonel was fooled by these conspirators "to the top of his bent," and the dire effects of that imposition remain to this day. As General Lippitt was a man of social distinction, in order to secure him for a champion and use him as a means of attaining notoriety, she painted for him the bogus John King picture, the proof of the fraud in this case having been fortunately discovered. I am sorry to say that she succeeded only too well with General Lippitt, as, notwithstanding the proofs offered of the fraud attending the production of his picture, he remained unconvinced, and continued to regard it as the veritable production of John King. To this day he thinks Mme. B. an honorable, truthful woman, incapable of deception, as a letter which I recently received from him attests. "None so blind as those who will not see." Perhaps he does not wish to surrender the idea, so flattering to his vanity, that the picture in question was painted for him expressly by a powerful disembodied spirit. And then the sending of money, in the name of John King, to the editor of the *Scientist*, was a device to curry favor with said editor, so that that paper might be the organ of her and Col. Olcott, and exploit her and his lucubrations—in which she also succeeded, for a time. The Editor has told me that Mme. Blavatsky assisted him with money, just when he needed it, and when without it he would have been forced to suspend his paper's publication. This was also another fortunate happening for the Madame. Through the Holmeses' *expose* she secured Olcott as an ardent co-worker and full believer in her pretended marvelous power of magic and control over spirits; and through the financial condition of the *Spiritual Scientist* she obtained a quasi-official organ of Blavatskyism. Having accomplished all this, she had no further use for the Holmeses. They had subserved her purpose, and when they became in bad odor again, through detection in trickery, she had published a statement that her John King had repudiated them; and at the same time she bade farewell to John King. Having through his aid landed her fish (Col. Olcott and the *Scientist*), and having a new scheme to compass, in which John King would be out of place, she quietly drops him for all time. But, like Banquo's ghost, John King will not "down;" and at a later period her experiences with him were again brought to the attention of the public; and to her exceeding worry and discomfort, the ghost of the defunct old pirate was made to again appear, as will be shown in the next chapter.

(To be Continued.)

Notes by an Enquirer.

There seems to be deeply imbedded in the mind of the churchman an impression that Spiritualists are trying to destroy the truths of the Bible and seeking to undermine the church generally. Hence, frequent attacks are made on Spiritualism by press and pulpit under the delusion that by so doing the religion of Jesus is being defended against its enemies.

For the benefit of the enlightened, permit me to say, that a pure Spiritualist is a lover and follower of the humble Nazarene; that he seeks to live on the Christ-plane, and ever is striving to emulate the example of the early expounder of Spiritualism. This may sound strange to one who has been accustomed to look upon a Spiritualist as in league with Satan, but it is nevertheless a fact; and no so-called Christian has any more love or veneration for the crucified Jesus, than an intelligent, consistent and high-minded Spiritualist.

Spiritualism interprets rationally, many heretofore blind and bewildering passages in the Bible. It separates truth from allegory. In the light of reason and more recent testimony, it is enabled to winnow the grain. Priestcraft and literal renderings are thrown out, and the perfect seed preserved.

The difference between a churchman and a true Spiritualist seems to be this: The former is opposed to the winnowing process, whilst the latter demands it. The one is satisfied with an adulterated article, the other declines it; and occasionally his rejection is so violent, and his words so unwisely chosen, that the impression prevails that he is the enemy of Christ and an advocate of ungodliness and evil ways.

Not being a *member* of any society, Christian or spiritual, we can look impartially upon this warfare, and we discern mistakes on both sides, and evidences of the weakness of human nature all about us. The churchman lacks charity, and the Spiritualist is wanting in tact and wisdom to defend and strengthen his position and religion, by too often permitting without rebuke the grosser and more material believer to express crude and defamatory opinions of the Bible, as those commonly accepted by higher minds.

Spiritualists are quite as much in need of instruction as Christians, or materialists, and the more advanced Spiritualists acknowledge this. Their intercourse with the angel-world has robbed them of all conceit, that arch foe of progression, and they are humble and desirous of being led into the light of the higher life; but those who have had no glimpse of the Christ-plane, whether in or out of the church, are the real enemies of spiritual truth.

So very few clergymen understand what spiritual religion is, that they may be pardoned occasionally for berating it, especially if they judge it by the utterances of those not prepared to discourse upon its higher aims, or from coupling its phenomena with ledger-main, or the cabinet tricks that so thoroughly disgust honest people of all religious beliefs.

Some of the spiritual papers think it wise to ignore all mention of the cheats in Spiritualism, no doubt reasoning that "the less said the sooner mended"—but it should be the purpose of every paper devoted to the cause, to expose fraud and defend the truth against those who would play upon the credulity of afflicted mortals, wringing perhaps their last dollar of wearily-earned money, by deception and prevarication.

Consider Spiritualists, that these exposures are of frequent occurrence; and it is from such abominable and misleading ways that clergymen and others presume to denounce and warn their people against Spiritualism.

It is neither proper nor logical to denounce a religion because those embracing it go astray—yet the clergy constantly do this; and likewise Spiritualists strike back with the same weapon. It looks very foolish to a thoughtful observer.

Whatever there is good in churchly ways, the Spiritualist should be willing to admit, and the truths embraced in Spiritualism should be accepted with eagerness and delight by the church as shedding more light on the road all must travel. When we examine this

subject carefully, we discover no plausible excuse for this hostility.

The Spiritualist does not depend upon a crucified Savior to exempt him from righteous punishment. The churchman does. The position the Spiritualist assumes, appears the more manly of the two. The method of evading just retribution preached by the churchman looks unfair, and much more like a scheme of man than a law of God. Let the Spiritualist give the clergy credit for preaching as well as they know, and let the clergy be honest and progressive enough to enquire concerning that which to them is an unknown tongue; for it is their duty in their chosen capacity as teachers, to learn something of spiritual life; and when they discover that they have taught error, let them correct it, whether such proceeding will injure them financially or not.

We listened patiently to a Presbyterian sermon some months ago from the text, "If a man die shall he live again?" Of course the affirmative of the question was taken, but no proof was offered in evidence. To support the supposition, a few threadbare similes were used that served to lengthen the discourse and turn the attention of the congregation from the question at issue. But no headway was made, and we concluded that this Doctor of Divinity had something more to learn, and that his people would be doing right if they strayed from their church frequently, to gain some knowledge on this important text, even from a despised medium; especially commendable would be this course, were they to share with their pastor the information thus gained, and were he a just man and an earnest seeker after facts, he would not reprove, but sincerely thank his parishioners for their trouble and kindness.

Mediums who make merchandise of their gifts will do well to raise the standard of their work, that they may not be confounded with Astrologers and sooth-sayers. Fortune telling is not the aim and purpose of Spiritualism, but prophecy has always been considered respectable and wonderful from a biblical standpoint, although we think of later years the pulpit has decided that only ancient prophecies are entitled to credence, and that more modern prognostications should be spurned as emanating from Satan and altogether diabolical.

In justice, it is rather difficult to accept the old and reject the new. The old are declared to be fulfilled, and it is only fair to wait a thousand years or so to test the accuracy of the new, before declaring that prophecy is a lost gift. To-day it is prophesied that the spiritual or angelic religion will overthrow or renovate all religious systems, and from the strides it has made in the last half century, and the increasing interest in the question "If a man die shall he live again?" it does not seem like a wild statement to an on-looker who has nothing at stake in old theology.

There is so much diversity of opinion in Christendom concerning man's destiny, that it is more productive of doubt than faith to attend Sabbath service. When we begin at A and end with Z alphabetically speaking of city churches, we learn that no light has entered the world for eighteen hundred years; that the Bible contains all of truth there is, and it is worse than folly to seek new revelations of God's love and mercy. Each sect claims the right to interpret the Good Book according to their creed, but denies the Spiritualist the same privilege; and when he persists, and proclaims his opinions publicly, the priest sometimes call him bad names and insinuates that he keeps company with God's rival, H. R. H. Beelzebub. This often angers the Spiritualist who feels that he is insulted, and that his liberty would be curtailed if the priests had the power, and he retorts fiercely, and to the confusion of the clergy of whom he demands proof of the accusation, and shows that he is only following John's advice: "Try the spirits whether they are of good or evil." The priest then hides behind his pulpit, refusing to take up the gauntlet of discussion that is thrown down, and the excitement for the nonce subsides. But the attack goes the rounds of the churches as if pre-arranged and the Spiritualist being without church or organization really is not in position to publicly defend himself, the cause, or the Bible that upholds his belief. That the Spiritualists of to-day are not in posi-

tion to defend themselves against the frequent and unchristian-like persecution of the modern church, is not the fault of the church, they must acknowledge, but of their tardiness to organize on solid foundation. Of what power was the church possessed before organization? And had not the old leaders been men of thought and foresight, the little truth retained by them would long ago have been swept away and the church a thing of the past. But it has steadily grown since its earliest business-like methods were adopted, until to-day the Christian Church is a mighty, and in some directions a dangerous power in a republic, which guarantees equal rights to all men of whatsoever religion.—The church denies that it would deprive men of their rights, but legislative efforts in behalf of Christian sects, prove that it desires more authority. Good Spiritualists are just as good citizens as good churchmen, and we would place bad Spiritualists and bad churchmen in the same category. Both might take exception to this classification, but it appears eminently just; and when churchmen and Spiritualists become aware of their shortcomings, they may be kinder to each other, fearing it may interfere with their future happiness as near neighbors. Such a prospect may, however, spur them to greater efforts to rid themselves of the dross; and there we see no reasonable argument against their residing in the same spiritual plane.

To an on-looker, religious warfare appears absurd. Human beings trying to reach heaven by traducing and belittling each other is a spectacle to make merry the gods whom we doubt not question man's sanity. Sincerity of purpose is one thing and charity another. In religious zeal the latter is often forgotten or trampled, under the heel of bigotry, unrecognized and bleeding from "man's inhumanity to man." There is nothing Christ-like in oppression, persecution or fanaticism, but the church has all of these sins at her door. When Spiritualists organize, let not these evils be repeated. Let them see to it that progress and not intolerance is their watch-word—that love and charity are the guiding stars of their religion, and that no unjust hand be raised against a brother. Instruction lies not in bitterness of speech. Rhetoric will not stand for Reason. The present generation demand spiritual facts, and if Spiritualists possess these facts, they are culpable if they do not, as a solid body, present them in all their natural beauty for the enlightenment of priest and laity.

The truth can be taught without arousing the animosity of the antediluvians, if proper precaution is used in maintaining a kindly spirit. Wit is not necessarily offensive. A play upon words may have no sting. Dullness and evasiveness need have no part nor lot in spiritual teaching. God's universe is bubbling over with revelations. Every day brings to light some hidden treasure. Yet the churches in their vanity say they desire nothing new. God is not as good to them now as he used to be according to their reasoning, and if for eighteen hundred years he has revealed nothing more to them, we, as an outsider, would consider it proof of His displeasure, and urge them to ascertain the cause of His withdrawal.

We do not believe that God ever becomes angered with His children; but Christians declare He does, and if they are right, and he has so long hidden His face from them, if He is a just God, they must have given grave cause for his long continued silence, and a general feeling of alarm should pervade their ranks.

Spiritualists deny the anger of God, and admonish the churchmen that if they would look up, they would ever perceive the smile of the Great Spirit upon the weaker spirits of earth: and just because they believe and teach this beautiful religion they are called, well—anything that the charitable priest can, in his indignation, think of to relieve his mind.

If angels can look into the hearts of men and to them speak, and if they could once, they can now,—natural law never changes. Why not, Oh, you perverse believers in an offended God, look ye along the horizon for the coming of an angel of the Lord, that ye may from this emissary learn the nature of your offense. Ad-

vanced Spiritualists love and honor the good angels and welcome their approach. They look to Heaven for instruction, and the priest regards this very sensible course as an insult to his theology, and he publicly resents it and says naughty things. He doesn't want the angels to interfere with his business nor to correct his errors. He prefers God to keep His angels at home, and any declaration that he allows them to occasionally come to earth as of yore he asserts is a falsehood. Demons may come, but angels never. Oh, no. God cannot trust them out of His sight; but He is so indulgent to demons, that He is willing to give them a change of climate whenever they desire it.

If God is so much kinder to wicked spirits than He is to the perfect, we cannot wonder that occasionally an angel falls to secure the greater freedom conferred upon the unrighteous.

Spiritualists believe that God grants equal privileges to all; and with the aid of common sense and reason they will be enabled to know friend from foe as surely after evolution as before. We find no sufficient reason for the war on spirit men. Let them come. *Invite* them to come, that we may know of their lives beyond the tomb. They are the only ones who can tell us. Why should a clergyman be so much annoyed at their return? Does he think that they ought to stay buried after the funeral rites are over? That it is indecent or impolite to rise from the grave to confront him with ghosts after a flattering eulogy has been spoken over their bodies? We have known many clergymen, and have found them interesting and instructive on many subjects, except those relating to spiritual existence. When this topic is mentioned, they usually try to turn the subject. They abhor argument. They wonder at our interest in so vague a matter. "Live as you ought," they say, "and join the church, but desire no knowledge concerning things to come. The Bible is all the guide we have, and you know, if you have read it, that very little is revealed, excepting the musical entertainment in which all churchmen will take part, whilst the ungodly are toasting on the rack of remorse over the fires kept bright by that most faithful of firemen, Satan."

But, we urge, "The Bible, though a wonderful and fascinating book, does not satisfy us." We desire *facts*, as our faith is weak. Although musical, the idea of singing forever is distasteful, and we cannot entertain it with pleasure. Between roasting and singing there might be a choice; but the motony of either condition appals us." The clergyman looks dismayed and wonders what manner of mortal he beholds. He says kindly, "I will pray for you." If he would say, "I will search diligently for you" we would be better pleased. "Would you advise us, kind sir, to consult a good Spiritualist?" we ask. "Shun them as you would a pestilence!" he excitedly exclaims. "They are destroying our religion with their nefarious doctrines." "Of course you speak from experience," we rejoin. "Oh! accuse me not of such wickedness. I know nothing personally, but hearsay satisfies me that it is a dangerous ism to investigate, and I never lose an opportunity to denounce it, either in private or public manner."

"Would your evidence," we continue, "be admitted in a court of justice, based, as you tell us, entirely on gossip?" "Now, my dear sir, if you persecute me with your questions we will close the interview. I will remember you at the throne of grace, and I hope you will come into the fold 'ere it is too late."

"Which fold would you desire me to enter?" I ask. "Do you consider yours the safest? Do you not think the big one around the corner is more secure? It has thicker walls and a taller spire." "Oh!" groans the distressed man. "That shepherd admits progression after death. He fills his church by his liberal teachings; he spoils the business of those who deny this heresy. I advise you to take your religion without adulteration. It is a bitter pill for a lover of the world, but it will work miracles with the mind. Some D. D.'s sugar coat their medicine to please the public taste. It goes down easier. Yes, the prescriptions vary a little with our creeds—each has a standard dose. We recognize but one disease, sin, and we prescribe on general principles for that ailment alone."

"The old rhyme reads," we laughingly add,

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
We'll give you something to make you wise."

Children are offended and made miserable by deception, and why should we not likewise suffer? All are but children of a larger growth."

"It ill becomes you to jest on a grave subject," remarks the minister, "even if I cannot enlighten you beyond it. My creed and my Bible are enough for me, and I leave the future with God." "Will you not," we say, pursuing the subject, "if you preach error, be punished for the sin of prevaricating? And may not your conscience accuse you by and by for refusing to obtain all possible knowledge?" "Oh ye of little faith!" he exclaims as we turn to leave, "repent and be baptized."

Finding we can get no *spiritual* aid from the friendly divine, we conclude to interview a cultivated and refined Spiritualist, regarding his philosophy or religion.

"Its lessons, my friend," begins the Spiritualist, "are too deep and glorious to be learned in a day. Not in a life time could the angels exhaust the theme. Jesus of Nazareth is our pattern; but we permit no priest to interpret his life to us. We believe in good works, the healing of the sick as practiced by Jesus we consider our duty, and the communion of spirits as one of the most sacred privileges which God has given to man. No, we do not depend on Jesus to save us from the consequence of sin. That is an imposition no just mortal would practice. We are not conceited nor vain glorious; after we have acquired a knowledge of spiritual life we become as little children willing to be led by the angels. Our religion is not Godless, nor are our aspirations worldly; but so little is known of it outside of its scattering worshippers that a wrong impression prevails concerning the teachings amongst the clergy who denounce us unsparingly; but our desire is to spread the truth we receive, and who better than ministers could do this angelic work. And we hope that in time, if we are patient, charitable and prayerful, that church doors will open to the spirit world, and then may we say that the second coming of Christ is at hand. Spiritualists know they have a mission to fulfill. They have already opened the gates of heaven and its light has made beautiful the lower world. Clergymen thoughtlessly desire to shut out this light, but they never can; and it is time spent foolishly to engage in the unequal contest of fighting God and the angels. Let them combat sin, but consider ere they aim a blow at the spirit world. Spiritualism is the only way under heaven whereby man may learn of the hereafter. Our knowledge does not come in a day; the lessons are short, and imparted with so much love and kindness, that the heart inclineth to wisdom and the soul to purity. If our desires are pure our minds will seek purity. We say this of all men, churchmen and Spiritualists. Clergymen would be offended and surprised if they thought mediums were visited by their people, but such is the case, and their largest revenue is from sorrowing communicants who find no consolation in creed and forms. A message from a loved one is more conducive to peace of mind than a barrel of sermons on the vicarious atonement and a wrathful Jehovah. The people of to-day demand proof of immortality; and may God speed the day when Christian sects may embrace Spiritualism that their usefulness may be increased, and the spread of infidelity checked."

Thus ended our interview with an exponent of ancient and modern Spiritualism; and we throw these sheets to the winds of heaven that churchmen who read may ponder ere they denounce that of which they are in ignorance. The lesson sank deep in my heart, and can any clergyman censure me if I "try the spirits" when he admits his inability to instruct me spiritually. If he knows nothing beyond his ancient writings, it is right that I seek further testimony of immortality from those gone to the land of promise. It is not a sin, but his duty as well as mine to seek the kingdom of heaven.

In one week, not long ago, seventy-two concerts were given in London, of which eighteen took place on the same evening.

The Fourth Book of the Chronicles.

CHAPTER V.

BY LUPAH.

1. And there was another Elizabeth, a daughter of one Gerrit whose surname was Smith, (a man foremost in all good words and works, and a cousin to the first Elizabeth) who had considered the afflictions with which her sisters were afflicted, yea and her own woes also, and was sore-grieved thereat.

2. More especially had the thoughts of her heart rebelled against the wearing of swaddling cloths; after that they were no longer infants, and had grown unto woman's estate.

3. She had seen that when the daughters of men were children they were like unto their brothers, in that their steps were strong and light, and they could run with speed the race set before them, even as could the sons of men; but when they neared the time of their giving away in marriage, they all, with one accord, let down their robes about their feet crying, "It is not seemly for us that have become women to uncover our ankles that they may be seen of men, or to make manifest their shape, even though the flesh be yet hidden. Shame be upon us if we remember not this thing, and all the people, both male and female, said, Amen."

4. Yet there were some who liked not that women should be deceitful concerning their bodies, pretending that which none would believe; for they said that as man walked to and fro on the earth, so did woman in the same manner and by the same means; therefore were those members by which they moved in no wise a disgrace unto them; neither was it according to a law of nature that they should be burdened with many folds of much cloth till they had grown weary, nigh unto death.

5. And one of these few wise men was Gerrit, and many times did he admonish Elizabeth, his daughter, and Elizabeth, his cousin, saying: What would ye? that all the nations of the earth should declare that woman is equal unto man, in strength and in skill, in learning and in wisdom, why then, prove yourselves both capable and deserving.

6. Surely those things be true which ye have been and are now saying concerning the subjection by which the woman has been subjected, and the vile uses to which she has been put; but doth not she herself consent unto this by wrapping herself in the robes of her degradation?

7. Behold is not this sign and symbol of her humiliation that even a virtuous woman should cover some parts of her body to her hindrance, and uncover other parts to her injury, should give brightness to the eyes by the taking of wines and of drugs, and false color to the cheeks by the spreading of paint thereon?

8. While ye make of yourselves cripples, is it wise to call all men to admire your perfection? Verily, verily, I say unto you, would ye be equal unto man in strength and in skill with the hands, throw aside the robes which do cumber ye and put on garments better suited to your wishes and your efforts, that your steps be not hindered and the weakness of disease doth not overtake you.

9. Would ye be equal unto man in learning and in wisdom, I say again, cast aside the trailing robes that the greater strength of limb may bring health to the whole body and the brain thereby gain power to understand and to reason.

10. Know ye not that so long as ye do these things that have from aforetime been done for the enticement of man, ye will be accounted of the same value as were they that cared for naught, but to be covered with silks and fine linen, with gold and with jewels, to be courted with music and with dancing, and to be dandled on the knee and made much of? I have spoken.

11. And Elizabeth, his cousin, made answer, saying: Lo, I have considered your admonition and have acknowledged in my heart that you have spoken well; nevertheless are your words the words of one that looketh on the outside and maketh sure that the inside is like unto it.

12. Thou dost greatly deceive thyself, and, knowing that somewhat is wrong, dost declare as did thy father, Adam, that the woman hath ruined Paradise. Come now, let us reason together.

13. If the fashion of the garment degradeth the soul, how then was Christ enabled to speak as never man spake though his robes were without seam or form, and were girded about his loins? Also, why worship ye him who did thus yield unto the custom of the times?

14. Was Cæsar less great or Seneca less noble because of his mantle? And wherefore when they would be revered of men do your priests and your judges appear in gowns?

15. It may be natural to clothe the body not at all. Are then those nations which are most natural, wisest in all things?

16. Thou sayest that though woman murmureth in her heart she submitteth, thereby bringing upon herself her own sorrow and the contempt of the sons of men; but of a surety are the days short between the rebellion of the heart and the murmuring of the tongue, and only for a time doth she submit, even till the hour shall come when she fears not the wrath of man's words nor the weight of his chastening hand.

17. For her children also is her soul grieved, fearing that they may be taken from her, if so be that she openeth her mouth in anger; for the law giveth into a man's hands as his possession the children for whom the mother hath suffered.

18. Sayest thou that the nature of a woman is like unto that of a man? Then shouldst thou know and feel her sorrows as thine own; then shouldst thou know that a woman with many children is like unto one with a stone hung about his neck when she would earn her bread by the labor of her hands; for them her heart faileth her and her courage becomes as weakness, till the grasshopper is a burden and her own shadow affrighteth her.

19. How then shall she dare mock at the customs of her people, even though her soul tell her that they be as foolishness, and though she ask many questions of herself not daring to utter them aloud?

20. And what wouldst thou when we have cast aside the flowing robe? The laws of man forbid us that we wear not garments like unto his, though we know that they are in many things better, and though we can make no laws to forbid them when their priests and their judges would wear robes like unto ours.

21. Nevertheless is much of thy speech true, and gladly would we escape from this bondage, yet know not how.

22. And Elizabeth, the daughter of Gerrit, pondered long upon these things, and at last she made for herself clothes that were neither like man's nor yet like a woman's, such as heretofore had not been worn; for the outer robe was cut short, nigh unto the knees, and the inner garment was in two parts that were drawn round about the ankles. After she had done this, she departed unto the house of Elizabeth, her father's cousin.

23. And when Elizabeth had looked upon her she said: This is that for which my soul hath longed. Behold my cousin taketh the young child upon her arm and a lamp in her hand as a guide unto her feet, and ascendeth into an upper chamber, yet stumbleth not upon the way; she climbeth wheresoever she will, and is not hindered, and she is borne not down before the wind like an ill-managed ship in a storm, neither is her clothing made foul in the mire by the highway, nor in the vile things which the men do spit from the mouths before her steps.

24. Verily my cousin hath done wisely, and the words of her father have been sustained. I will straightway go and do likewise. And she did so.

25. Now there was one Amelia, whose surname was Bloomer, who, when she had seen the dress, made one for herself also like unto it; then was the dress named after her name, and so it hath been called unto this day.

26. And Elizabeth, the daughter of Gerrit, had been taken to wife by one whose surname was Miller, and his heart rejoiced in her courage, so much so that he felt not ashamed to be seen of

men when she walked by his side. So for seven years were her former garments laid aside.

27. Besides these, there were Paulina, and Lucy, and Sarah with Angelina, her sister, and Celia, and Charlotte, and Helen, and Lydia, and another Amelia, and Harriet who ministered unto the sick, also many others that did buy this new dress for themselves.

28. Yet were the common women ashamed and would not wear it; for the men laughed it to scorn and the boys did mock at them when they showed themselves in the highways, singing songs of contumely, insomuch that after a time they were all sore-wearied and were fain to go back to their old bondage, even as the Israelites in their hearts turned back toward Egypt, for weariness in that the way through the wilderness seemed unto them both long and hard.

29. But as after forty years the pillar and the cloud rested on the mountains of the promised land, so now after these forty years cometh, one Annie, whose surname also is Miller, and bringeth again the new garments, but differing from them in that they are more beautiful to the eye, yet over them is still the lengthened outer robe.

30. So do we make terms with our oppression and wait for a more convenient season for our full deliverance that we may be free indeed.

Martyrs in Venice.

In no Italian city had the Reformation a more hopeful beginning than in the Queen of the Adriatic—sea-girt Venice. Several members of the Senate were favorable to it, and there was at one time some reason to hope that that body itself would declare in its behalf. But in 1546 the Pope urged the Senate to put down a movement which would breed dissension and hurt the spirit of commerce, and they were weak enough to comply. After years of bitter, but not deadly persecution, the punishment of death began to be inflicted in 1560. The mode of putting an end to heretics was peculiar. At midnight the prisoner was removed from his cell, put on board a gondola, and rowed out to sea between the Two Castles, where another gondola was in readiness. A plank was placed between the two boats, on which the prisoner, bound in chains, and with a heavy weight attached to his feet, was placed; the gondolas were then pulled away from each other, and the heretic was engulfed in the deep. Testimonies for the truth from "the plank" were not wanting. Julio Guirlando, a man of forty, the first to suffer this death, bade the captain of the gondola farewell, and sank into the deep, calling on the name of Jesus. Antonio Ricatto died, like Stephen, praying for his murderers, and commending his spirit to the Lord Jesus. Baldo Lupetino endured an imprisonment for twenty years, because the Doge and the Senate would not give him up; he continued all that time to bear a faithful testimony for the truth, but at last he shared the fate of his brethren, and found a watery grave. Those who have seen the old dungeons of Venice know how miserable must have been the life spent in them. Many perished of loathsome diseases contracted in them; among these was Jeronimo Galatea, who had maintained his constancy during a rigorous captivity of ten years.—*Le Quivrer*.

"Cannot something be done to prevent young ladies from being insulted on the streets at night?" asks an exchange. "Why, yes. Have the old lady tuck them safely to bed at sundown and lock the door."

Dr. Schlesinger, Spiritualist and medium of San Francisco, has been stopping at the Railroad hotel for a week past, giving "sittings" to unbelievers. He performs some very strange things, and has greatly interested quite a number of people here.—*Shasta County Democrat*, Wednesday, July 9, 1890.

Relation of Mediums to Spiritualism.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

If mediumship was regarded as a psychological state subject to purely scientific investigation, and were all spirit communications received impartially on their merits, then the question of the morals of mediums would sink into the background, and the demand for a pure and consecrated life would not appear imperative. Investigations may be conducted with scientific clearness and discussion by a few, but the many depart widely from this method, and with them lingers the superstition of the infallibility of spirits and the sacredness of the office of their interpreter. With them mediumship is an element of religion, rather than of science, and hence the character of the medium becomes of vital consequence.

Once, in Boston, I called on a much advertised medium, and received a communication purporting to be from a friend who had two years before departed to the summer-land. This friend was the embodiment of all the sweet and tender graces and charming virtues, and the reverse of the one who in rude tones and bad grammar, acted as her medium. I went away hoping that the communication was not from her, glad as my heart would have been for one whispered word, for had it been, we would have felt conscience-stricken for asking her to come in contact with one who, even on earth, would have repelled her with unconquerable aversion. Be it true or false, I said, "Dear one, never will I seek you again when I know you cannot go, if the law of spiritual affinity be true. I will not ask you for the gratification of my whim to make such sacrifice."

Phenomenal facts may be observed regardless of the personal character of the medium. The lifting of physical bodies, raps, etc., have a value as facts, who ever may be the medium. But in the transmission of ideas; in the reproduction of thoughts, the medium, whether writing or trance, conscious or unconscious, more or less, influences their form of expression. The waters which leap from the mountain spring, clear as crystal, and pure as the dew of heaven, when they flow down through pestilential marshes, become black with slime and fetid with decay. The pure, golden utterances of the angels in like manner are transformed in their passage through impure and vulgar minds. Whatever may be overlooked in physical mediums cannot be tolerated in this higher sphere. There must be purity and integrity in the medium. There must be an elevation of character responsive to the thoughts of the communicating intelligence.

"Oh," it is said, "if you were thirsty, and one should offer you water in a broken pitcher, would you not drink?" If the pitcher had poisoned the water I should not. If I could as well have a whole pitcher, I should choose one. At least I should demand a pitcher sufficiently whole to retain a single drop of water, and that not offered me in mockery.

In times past, mediums have been leaders of the race. They stand grandly along the shores of time like beacon lights, one and all exceeding their time by the contact they held with the world of spirits. In those rude ages only an individual in a generation or a century penetrated the veil and became a leader thereby. Now the cause of Spiritualism, because of greater spiritual development, is expressed by numberless mediums instead of one, but the law is the same. Mediums were and are the visible exponents of the spiritual power.

Instead of encouraging dissolute lives by claiming the irresponsibility of the medium, or the interference of evil spirits, it would be far better to demand purity of life and integrity of character. If evil spirits come, it is because the mind is prepared for them; because the activity of the lower nature repels the good. We read that once the tempter came to Jesus. He did not say: "I am so exquisitely sensitive, that the evil as well as the good spirits, alike use me; Satan as well as the prophets, rather 'get thee behind me,' and thereby exercised the prerogative of developed mediumship, and placed the tempting spirit beneath his feet.

Notes and Comments.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

Macaulay, the historian, said of the Church of England: "She has never once, in two hundred years, been on the side of the people, even by accident." The same may be said of most other Christian churches. They are "Christian" only in name. If Christ, the inspired teacher of Gallilee, were on earth to-day, he would repudiate them all. He was a Spiritual medium, a friend of the people, a lover of justice; yet he made the mistake of counseling submission to wrong. If he had persistently taught that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," the world would have been far better for it to-day. He was a man of peace; but there are two kinds of peace—the peace that comes when the lamb is inside the lion; and the peace that follows justice, which last men sometimes have to fight for.

Hudson Tuttle, in an address before the First Spiritual Society of New York, published in the *Banner of Light*, says many good and true things, but makes a few mistakes. For instance, he says of Nationalism, that it "would have a government in which the individual would be lost in a State ruled by bosses." Not so; the individual, instead of being "lost," would be developed. It is our present system that crushes our individuality; that puts us in places we are unfit to fill; that compels us to live by dishonest scheming, or otherwise to struggle like beasts of burden for a bare subsistence, while nine-tenths of our earnings go into other people's pockets, through the various avenues known as interest, rent and profit. As society is constituted, the many labor in poverty that the few made be idle in luxury. This is a curse to both extremes; but the tendency of the times is to force the middle classes to one extreme or the other.

Immediately following the statement that we would be "ruled by bosses," Mr. Tuttle adds:

"It is a beautiful dream, which may be realized in heaven, but when we become that perfect and unselfish we shall need no government whatever."

What is it that is a "beautiful dream?" Not "boss rule" surely. That is no dream; neither is it beautiful. It is a hideous reality. (The reporter must have omitted something.) One might think the speaker referred to paternal government, if he had not just before characterized such a government as "the paradise of office-seekers and dead-beats." So, in doubt as to his meaning, I will assume that he refers to Government under Nationalism, which to be successfully administered, will require men to be so perfect and unselfish that they will "need no government whatever." Exactly; and government under Nationalism, as I understand it, will be no "government" whatever in the ordinary signification of that term. It will be self-rule. It may not work very smoothly for a generation or two, and more or less of force will have to be exercised by the wise over the unwise, until we have outgrown the devilishness entailed upon us by our present system, but eventually it will lead to just such a state of society as Mr. Tuttle says is requisite—a heavenly state—and the beauty of it is, our heaven will be here on earth.

Herbert Spencer says we cannot have any great improvement in the social system until human nature has improved. He thinks humanity must first evolve into something higher before men can live up to a higher standard. That is the same old argument used against the abolition of slavery: that the slaves were not fit for freedom. But how could they ever become fit while held in slavery? How is the girl to learn to swim if she never goes into the water? The competitive system weighs like an incubus on mankind, repressing the best impulses of human nature. The way to advance is to clear the way of impediment. The clearing process may not be a pleasant one, but it is necessary.

Because labor leagues are "tyrannous," Spencer argues that socialism in full sway would be unendurable. But he well knows

that the tyranny of labor organization is a result of circumstances which would not exist under a Socialistic regimer. He judges a higher system by the results which follow action under a lower—which is not a fair way of judging, and no one knows its unfairness better than Mr. Spencer, who writes (recently) like the paid attorney of capital.

Spencer inquires who will do the disagreeable work, the arduous labor, under socialism, as if it were impossible, by shortening the hours, or increasing the pay, to make the most menial service acceptable. Under a high state of society it might be considered an honor to perform such service, instead of being, as now, a disgrace. In referring to the various grades of service, he assumes that people will be divided into permanent classes or castes, serfdom at the bottom and plutocracy at the top, with all grades of servitude between. As the individuals composing any "class" are constantly changing, the young taking the lower grades, and promotion accompanying ability and experience, the untenableness of his position is apparent at a glance; in fact his assumptions are hardly worthy of notice, notwithstanding his great reputation as a philosopher.

The "competitive system" of industry and trade Mr. Spencer prefers to call "voluntary co-operation." "The laborer co-operates with his employer, giving so much service for so much money, and is at liberty to leave when he pleases." He cannot see any slavery in this, though the worker may have no choice between service at the wages offered on the one hand and starvation on the other. That is "voluntary co-operation." But Socialism, which would provide employment and fair remuneration for all, Mrs. Spencer designates as "compulsory co-operation," in which labor would be enslaved and the laborer tyrannized over by directors, superintendents and officers generally. He is very solicitous for the welfare of the poor under Socialism (when there would be no poor), and quite satisfied that the present system is as good as the people deserve. When they are fitted for something better it will come. The probability is that the history of the next ten years will show that the people are fitted for something better, and they are not to be frightened from its attainment by Mr. Spencer's warnings against "the awful dangers of Socialism."

Mr. J. Everitt gives in *Light*, of London, an interesting account of a tour made by himself and wife in the north of England, in the course of which he refers to a visit to a medium for form manifestations, describes the appearance of "Sissy," a child spirit, and says—

"I took her tiny fingers in mine, and at the same time I noticed the gradual disappearing of her body. I held my head over her upturned face, each looking at the other. I watched until the last remnant of her white raiment disappeared like melting snow-flakes. Passing my hand over the spot where she became invisible, I felt nothing on the carpet. Almost immediately afterward Sissy opened the curtains and was bowing to us again. . . . What is substance? Has it two sides, a physical and a spiritual? Sissy's hand felt like all ordinary human hands, and her raiment like ordinary fine muslin, and yet this organized, substantial human being passed through that which to us is solid matter with the same ease as we pass through the atmosphere. Did Sissy, as we Spiritualists are accustomed to say, become dematerialized, or did she merely pass out of our state into hers, and then come into our state again? The latter, in my opinion, is the most feasible theory."

If this writer or any other can perceive any difference between this "most feasible theory" and materialization, he can see what I cannot. Materialization and de-materialization are merely names for the passing from one state to the other. Man's knowledge of matter is so deficient that the process is quite incomprehensible, and the fact itself almost beyond belief; but it isn't worth while to mystify the mystery by imagining a difference where no difference exists except in the use of different terms to express the same thing. It does not explain the matter to say "she merely passed out of our state into hers;" neither did Zollner explain it when he talked about the utterly inconceivable "fourth dimension of space."

Wonderful Inward Sight.

BY J. H. ZSCHOKKE.

It has happened to me sometimes, on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and, as it were, dreamlike, yet perfectly distinct before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger's life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown wherein I undesignedly look, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served, in some measure, as a commentary to the text of their features.

For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of a test, I once, in a familiar family circle at Kirchburg, related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life. People were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for what I had uttered was the literal truth. On my part, I was no less astonished that my dream pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part. "What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in possession?" exclaimed the spiritual Johann Von Riga, when in the first hour of our acquaintance I related his past life to him. We speculated long on the enigma, but even his penetration could not solve it. I myself had less confidence than anyone in this mental jugglery. As often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer—"It is not so." I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before I spoke. Instead of many, I will mention one example, which pre-eminently astonished me. One fair day, in the city of Waldshut, I entered the Vine inn, in company with two young student foresters. We were tired rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous company at the table d'hôte, where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, etc. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by the mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite to me, and allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was, at that moment, presented to my mind. I turned to him and asked whether he would answer me candidly if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him, personally, as he did of me? That would be going a little farther, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant; his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong-box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narrative, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth? The shaggy young man confirmed every particular, and even, when I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candor, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight.—*History of the Supernatural.*

Selected Articles.**CRUEL CHINESE.****Their Savage Slaughter of Little Girl Babies.****The Diabolic Treatment of Women by the Heathen.**

Dr. Joseph Simms, who has recently returned from an extended tour through the Chinese Empire, has contributed to the *Bee* the following article on some most cruel customs which are practiced in that heathen country:

Whenever we know a man to have a low or raffish opinion of women in general, we set him down as a mean, vulgar fellow; and in whatever country we find that a contemptible estimate is placed on womankind, we may be sure that society is there dominated by an element of barbarism. The highest civilization is ever marked by an honorable equality of the sexes in the public estimation. If anything is needed to prove the utterly uncivilized condition of the Chinese, it is found in their treatment of the female sex. We may mention the fact that tens of thousands of recently born girls among the poorer classes are thrown out to perish, and that at Shanghai we saw a tower formerly used to facilitate this infanticide. It is practiced in every part of China, but especially in the interior and in the Loess district. As soon as we get many miles from the coast, it is quite usual to see near a Joss house or place of worship, a small stone tower from ten to thirty feet high, with no door, but a hole in one side, reaching into a pit in the center.

CONSUMED BY QUICK LIME.

The children that parents wish to be rid of are thrown into this hole, and quicklime soon consumes the lifeless little form. It is said that the priests take charge of this cruel work. It has been estimated that every year 200,000 female babes are brutally slaughtered in the Empire. One Chinaman, being interrogated about the destruction of his recently born girl, said: "The wife cry and cry, but kill allee same." In every large city in China there are asylums for the care of orphans, supported and conducted by foreigners, who save yearly from slaughter tens of thousands of female infants.

At Hankow, which is 600 miles inland, we visited a Roman Catholic orphanage for children that have thus been cast out to perish. Mother Paula Vismara, the Lady Superior of this institution, informed us that she had received seven that day, and on one day thirty were brought in. Of course these had never been consigned to a baby tower.

BURIED ALIVE.

Sometimes they are found wrapped in paper and left at the edge of the river; sometimes they are buried alive by the father, but while yet living are dug up by some one else, and brought to this institution. Several women are employed by the Mother Superior in looking about for the little victims. Upwards of a thousand are received every year. Many of them, of course, die soon after the exposure and neglect they have suffered through being abandoned, and many are boarded out by the institution in families in the town. Those who accept the charge have to bring the children once a week for inspection, and then, all being right, they receive the pay for maintaining them.

This is an Italian charity, and one of the most estimable in China. During the twenty-three years of its existence, it has saved the lives of say 25,000 to 40,000 children, of whom a fair proportion have grown to womanhood. It received considerable support from the Europeans resident at Hankow, of whom there are about 120.

NEVER KNEW THEIR PARENTS.

Those children who remain within the premises of the institution are fed and clothed, and, when old enough, taught to sew, make lace, knit stockings, and do other useful work. They never

know where they came from, or who their parents were. When they are four years of age their feet are bandaged, according to the general custom of all classes in China, to keep them small, as that increases their chances of marriage. Only among the poorer classes of Manchos and Tartars in this compression of the feet omitted.

HOW WIVES ARE SELECTED.

A Chinaman prefers a wife with small feet, and often selects one by inspecting her shoes, without ever seeing her face. If they are small enough to suit his unnatural taste, he says she will do. These girls marry at 17 or 18; and as soon as one is engaged, she dresses her hair in a style that denotes to all and sundry that she is no longer in the matrimonial market. She also, with the same view, wears red or other bright colored pantaloons. Women in China wear no petticoats. Bride and bridegroom rarely see each other before they are married, as matches are generally made through an agent. After marriage, it is not customary for husband and wife to be seen out of doors together. In fact, most Chinese wives are kept in as much seclusion as possible.

POLYGAMY IS PRACTICED.

Polygamy is everywhere, and when a rich man has chosen his first wife with feet small enough to please him, he takes from two to five more whose feet may be of more useful size, but they must all be subject to the command and control of the small-footed one, the reason appearing to be that superior birth and breeding are thus marked. Of course these very small feet are not useful for walking, and the danger of falling and fracturing bones on using any activity renders a woman very helpless and all but useless.

CAUSES FOR DIVORCE.

The laws of China recognize seven causes for divorce. They are: Lasciviousness, jealousy, barrenness, theft, disobedience, leprosy and talkativeness. The laws are for the protection of men: the women do not seem to be considered worth legal protection; a man is liable to punishment if he retains a wife who has been guilty of adultery. An eloping wife may be sold by the husband, and if she marries while absent from his house, she must suffer death by strangling. The legal power granted to men over their wives is often tyrannically used and many instances are on record of the lowest kind of brutality being practiced.

SOLD INTO SERVITUDE.

Slavery is common in China, and a woman is often sold into servitude, just as a horse or an ox is disposed of among ourselves.

On the other hand, polyandry prevails in Thibet and Bhutan—that is, one woman may have several husbands.

The diabolic treatment of women in China, in a large measure, is responsible for the non-advance of civilization in that vast but weak empire.—*Sacramento Bee*.

The Outlook.

Mr. A. T. Jones, editor of the *American Sentinel* has just made a clear and able review of "The Situation as it is To-day" touching the matter of religious liberty and its guarantees in the United States. His showing is not very encouraging to the opponents of church and State. The writer points out that five years ago there was but one organization—the National Reform Association—working for the incorporation of ecclesiastical measures in the Constitution of the United States. Now there are four such organizations, namely:

The National Reform Association,

The Women's Christian Temperance Union,

The American Sabbath Union, and

The National League for the Protection of American Institutions.

Added to these are the Presbyterian General Assembly, and the Methodist Conference of New York. Then, five years ago, says the writer, the one organization, though not very large, except in its head, was active and influential. Now, all of these organizations are much larger, very active, and very influential, both in

their heads and in their members. Then, the one organization had made no decided success in securing religious legislation, now, all these organizations have had most decided, and, to the careful student of public affairs, startling success in this bad direction.

The following measures now pending in congress show the extent of the efforts being made to secure religious legislation:

First, there is the Blair Sunday bill, which proposes to secure the "due observance" of Sunday as a day of rest and "worship." The kind of "observance" regarded as "due" is of course to be prescribed by the religious party, regardless of the rights or inclinations of those who wish to observe Sunday or any other day after their own fashion.

Second is the Breckinridge Sunday bill, which also proposes to enforce a "conscientious belief in and observance of" a day of rest. As if a "conscientious" belief in anything could be enforced by a law!

This bill is the Blair Educational amendment, which proposes to amend the Constitution of the United States so that Congress shall be empowered to enforce the teaching of the Christian religion upon all. This is handing over the function of the "home, the altar, and the private school," as Grant said, to the general government. It is a scheme to give the church the civil power now exercised by the State.

Fourth, we have the Blair Educational bill as an entering-wedge for the proposed amendment, and to give Congress added power to enforce its provisions.

Fifth, the Edmunds University bill, proposing to establish a national university where "Christian theology" shall be taught. This scheme, as the editor of the *Sentinel* remarks, would immediately give rise to a contention among the leading sects as to what is "Christian theology;" the government must decide between them, and the one chosen would become the national religion of the United States, as Greek Catholicism is the national religion of Russia, and Episcopalianism of England. The American idea of "no union of church and State" would be at an end. It may be said that the American people would not submit to such a thing, but look at what we now submit to:

We allow churches and ecclesiastical property to be exempt from taxation, and thereby pay an increased assessment upon all other property.

We permit chaplains to be employed in Congress, in State legislatures, in the navy, militia, in prisons, asylums, and other public institutions, all of whom are paid from public funds.

We see, with weak protest, millions of dollars paid annually from public treasuries, replenished by general taxation, for the support of sectarian schools.

We have religious instruction in the form of prayers, hymns, and especially Bible-reading, in the schools we are taxed to support, and not one American citizen in a hundred does anything to oppose it.

We let our governors and presidents appoint fast and feast and Thanksgiving days, and few arise to rebuke this usurpation of authority.

In our courts of law we go through a form of incantation called the judicial oath.

Every State in the Union but two or three has laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as a religious holiday.

As a matter of fact, the average American citizen is ready to submit to anything. He will admit that Christianity is a part of the law of the land, and only waits an act of Congress to authorize him to assist in the arrest, conviction, and imprisonment of all who decline to make the same admission. To-day, in Tennessee, one of the sovereign States of this Union, a citizen is on trial for the offense of plowing on Sunday, and few American citizens take interest enough in the case to read it, and not half the journals think it worth reporting. The American citizen is satisfied with the assurance from priests and politicians that he enjoys the fullest liberty, while on every hand he sees it denied. The spirit of American liberty would have died with its founders if it had not been sustained by a handful of Freethinkers, and one or two unorthodox sects.

Liberals, what do you think of the outlook?—*Freethought*.

Apparition of a Soldier.

A Lexington, Ky., correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* writes: "An old substantial brick residence, located on one of the principal thoroughfares of this city, has been considered a haunted house ever since the war. Old citizens claim that during the war a wounded Union soldier, who had met his fate in the battle of Richmond, Ky., and who was being taken care of by the family that then lived in the house was brutally murdered by a Southern sympathizer in the cellar of the residence. Ever since then, so the story goes, there have been uncanny doings and mysterious noises seen and heard in this old mansion at regular intervals of six months apart. At these times, when the families occupying the house would be at supper, lights left in the living-room and other parts of the house would be extinguished, and sounds, very much like the groans of a person in agony, could be distinctly heard.

No one ever saw anything other than this until a few evenings ago. The family that has been occupying the house for the past three months, and who did not know of the supposed existence of this peculiar ghostship, were sitting at their table eating supper at about 6:45 o'clock. The parlor had been lighted up, as there was some young company visiting the house, and the lamp was brightly burning in the living-room. The servant girl had occasion to go into the parlor and living-room during the progress of the meal, and when she returned she exclaimed: 'Miss Sallie, who dun blode out dem lights in yor room an' in de parlor?' Miss Sallie did not know of course, and before the astonished household could recover from their surprise, deep groans were heard as if coming from the living-room, which was separated from the dining-room by folding-doors. The groans grew louder and more agonizing in their tones, until suddenly the folding-doors opened backward, and in the centre of the threshold the now thoroughly frightened family and friends beheld a sight which is usually supposed to freeze the blood with terror. There stood the form of a man with his hands uplifted, and he seemed enveloped in a white gauze, through which could be seen a bloody and apparently bleeding breast. The apparition only remained in sight of the terror-stricken people but a few seconds, and slowly disappeared in the gloom of the darkened room behind it. The supper was left unfinished, and there was no sleep in the house that night. The next morning the head of the household notified his business partners that he would not be at the office that day, and before night he had secured another house, into which he moved his family the next day. This story was given to our correspondent by a neighbor and a friend to the family, who is a thoroughly reliable man, and says that every word of the above story is true."

Free Thought and Absolute Religious Liberty the Hope of Civilization.

In the March *Forum* Max Muller writes in the following wise and thoughtful manner on the necessity of absolute Religious Freedom:

When people shall speak in an honest and in a kind spirit, they will understand one another. But for that object it is absolutely necessary that discussion and controversy should be completely unfettered. You cannot have a good fight or a fair fight if you tie the hands of the two combatants, and still less if you tie the hand of one combatant only. What we want are "reverent men, true thinkers, sincere lovers, and earnest inquirers after truth." Reverence alone will not be sufficient, but should be joined with true thinking. True thinking means free thinking—thinking following its own laws, and unswayed by anything else. But even this will not suffice. There ought to be not only loyal submission to the laws of thought; there ought to be a sincere love, a deep-felt yearning for truth. And, lastly, that lone should not manifest itself in impatient and fanatical outbursts, but in earnest inquiry, in patient study, in long-continued research. Men who have passed through these four stages are not likely to give offense to others or to be easily offended themselves.

I am sorry to have to confess it, but among the many lessons which a comparative study of religions teaches us, there is one that seems very humiliating, namely, that religious intolerance is much more common in modern than in ancient times. I know the excuse which is made for this. It is said that, as our convictions become deeper and stronger, our intolerance of falsehood also must assume a more intense character, and that we should show an utter want of earnestness if it should be

otherwise. There may be some truth in this, but it is a dangerous truth. It is the same truth which led the Inquisition to order the burning of heretics because it was better for their souls, and which inflicted in our times a less violent, though perhaps a not less painful, martyrdom on such reverent men, true thinkers, sincere lovers, and earnest inquirers after truth as Dean Stanley, Bishop Colenso, and Charles Kingsley.

White Slaves of New York.

I know of no lives so essentially heroic as those of the working-girls of our great cities, who have almost nothing on the social side of life, whose very existence is as winter in the Arctic; whose future is made radiant by no star; who, day by day, hour by hour, patiently endure the slow grinding of hopeless poverty; before whose life, dread of want, fear of sickness, and the awful blackness of the Potter's Field, hang a perpetual cloud—and yet who, despite all these tragic influences, than which nothing is better calculated to crush and destroy, endure their lot uncomplainingly, never swerving from the highway of pure, honest life, though temptations invite at every step. He who feels the fire of enthusiasm swell in his breast when a life is in peril in a great fire and risks all to save a stranger, or he who, under the intoxicating spell of battle, rushes to death at the cannon's mouth, though brave, knows nothing of that sublime heroism which suffers without hope, which labors patiently on starvation wages, endures the steady strain on body, brain and soul, and spurns all temptations, illustrating how strong is woman's honor, how deep-rooted in chastity is the every fibre of her being.

Much is written about reducing the time of man's daily work from ten to eight and nine hours, and this is well; but how little is written or spoken about the hours of woman's work. Though she labors for less than one-half as much as man receives, she is compelled to work ten, eleven, twelve, fourteen, and in very busy times frequently even longer. Legislatures which are yearly enacting numerous unjust and uncalled for laws, to please classes from whom in turn favors are expected, and who trim laws to catch votes, take little interest in the wages or conditions of the working women or girls, because they do not vote, and votes weigh far more than the great fundamental principles of justice in the estimation of the ordinary politician. Thus are our working-girls left to the rapacity and greed of men.

In the near future when woman shall be fully emancipated, when the great army of bread-winners will have a voice in law-making, and will stand side by side with man in the enjoyment of a larger freedom and more perfect justice than she has hitherto known, we will come to appreciate the brutality of a system which insists that woman is frail, delicate, and weaker than man, yet demands that her day's work be far longer than the common artisan, though she receive less than half his wages. Then also we will appreciate how unhealthy is a public sentiment which pays homage to the men who grow rich through white slave labor; while it brands with disgrace the poor, starving girl, who finding herself confronted with starvation or sin, chooses the latter. Miss Alice S. Woodbridge, the Secretary of the Working Women's Society of New York, after a recent tour of investigation, sums up the result of her observation in the following words:

"I found that the hours in stores are excessive, and employees are not paid for overtime. Some stores on Grand Street open at 7:50 A. M. and close at 6 P. M., with a half hour for lunch, except on Saturday, when the closing hours are 10 and 11 P. M. The Saturday half-holiday is not observed. In the majority of stores all over the city saleswomen and children are kept after 7 o'clock to arrange stock, the time varying, according to the season, from fifteen minutes to four hours nightly. For three or four weeks previous to the holidays these women and children remain until 11 and 12 o'clock at night without supper or extra pay.

"In engaging employees the employers do not contract for a certain number of hours a day, but stipulate for such a time as the firm requires their services. Thus a child on a salary of \$2 a week may be obliged to work sixteen hours a day at certain seasons of the year, and is forced to go long distances through questionable localities, late at night, and is thus rendered liable to insult and immoral influences.

"I discovered, that long and faithful service does not meet with consideration. On the contrary, service for a number of years is a reason for dismissal. It has become the rule in some stores not to keep any one more than five years, because the employers fear that employees who have served longer than that will get an idea that they have a claim on the firm and may ask for an advance of salary. I know of instances where

women have been discharged for no other reason than this—the firm stating that they did not like to have women too long in their employ. A double injury is done to these discharged women, for it is almost impossible for them to obtain employment in other houses.

"The wages paid to women average between \$4 and \$4.50 a week, and are often reduced by unreasonable and excessive fines. The little cash girls do not average \$2 a week. In one large house the average wages for saleswomen and cash girls is \$2.40 a week. In many fashionable houses the saleswomen are not allowed to leave the counter between the hours 11 A. M. and 3 P. M., except for lunch, and if a saleswoman has a customer when the lunch hour arrives, she is obliged to remain and wait on the customer, and the time so consumed is deducted from the lunch-time.

"If mistakes are made, they are charged to the saleswomen and cash girls. Generally the delivered goods are placed in a bin and slide down to the floor below. If a check is lost, the goods are charged to the saleswoman, although it may be the fault of the shipping clerk.

"In some stores the fines are divided between the superintendent and time-keeper. In one store where these fines amounted to \$3,000, the superintendent was heard to reproach this time-keeper with not being strict enough.

"Men's wages are very low, but it seems that they cannot fall below the point where existence is possible. Women's wages, however, have no low limit, since the paths of shame are always open to her. The very fact that some of these women receive partial support from their brothers and fathers and are thus enabled to live on less than they earn, forces other women, who have no such support, either to suffer for necessities or to seek other means of support. Cases might be cited where frail, delicate women, unable to exist on the salaries they earn are forced to crime or suicide. The story of Mrs. Henderson, who threw herself from the attic window of a lodging-house some time ago, is the story of many another. There have been many such instances in the last two weeks. Mrs. Henderson could not live on the salaries offered her. She could live if she accepted the 'propositions' of her employers. The hope of an easier life, the fear of death, and the natural clinging to life, turn many working-women to the paths of shame."

Miss Woodbridge further adds "that in Paris it is an understood fact that women who are employed in shops cannot exist without assistance from other questionable sources, and," she continues, "unless something is done at once, thus must also become the case in our land, where we pride ourselves on our respect for honest toil." Few problems transcend this question in vital consequences. In spite of the degradation of manhood, which a double standard of morality has brought about, womanhood has as a whole remained pure.

The fabric of feminine character has withstood in a marvelous degree the pressure of seductive temptation. If it ever gives way, our civilization will share the fate of Greece and Rome. Justice and Morality are the bed rocks upon which civilization rests; when they yield, the soul of the unfortunate nation dies.—*B. O. Flower in April Arena.*

The Koran.

Prof. Toy, of Harvard, in his own personal experience among the Arabs, found the moral teachings of the koran as efficacious in the culture of conduct, in the inculcation of those virtues of truthfulness, sobriety and honesty which we usually consider the work of Christianity, as Christianity itself. Even the more spiritual virtues of fortitude, courage, love, faith are all found a flowering of that same religious system which we are inclined to consider a pure fraud, and system of coarse epicureanism, of which the Moslem heaven of houris is a type. Mohammed himself never claimed to be of divine birth, never claimed to be divinely inspired, never claimed to work miracles, or to reveal the mysteries of heaven or hell. He taught merely belief and conduct, and that great was Allah, the one God. Like all religions, that taught by Mohammed grew to have little likeness in the hands of different sectarians to its original form.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

People do not sufficiently remember that in every relation of life, as in the closest one of all, they ought to take one another for better or for worse; that, granting the tie of friendship, gratitude or esteem strong enough to have existed at all, it ought, either actively or passively, to exist forever.

Coincidences.

From *Light*, London, Eng.

The subjoined collection of Coincidences is entirely supplied by our own readers. There must be many more that could easily be jotted down in simple form to increase a collection that we desire to make as wide and representative as possible. There are "Dreams," too, and the comprehensive "Psychical Problems"—to gather up the fragments that remain over.

Some years ago, while visiting friends in the country, we were all ready to go for our morning walk, when I felt an irresistible impulse to write automatically, so requested one of my friends to place a hand on mine. Immediately a communication (of a political nature, if I remember rightly) was written and signed Horace Walpole, simultaneously with my exclaiming that I saw clairvoyantly a tall, slim, dark man, with large, dark eyes, etc., dressed apparently in black velvet tunic, silk stockings, etc. Now, I had not (to my recollection) seen a picture of Horace Walpole, and am sure I could not have said who or what he was. The following winter, having spent most of a day at the British Museum reading Ruskin, tired and hungry, I was wending my way out of the reading-room, when my hand unconsciously took down a volume from a shelf, and opening the frontispiece I recognized it as identical with the dark-man I had seen in vision. A hot flush of astonishment came into my face, and not before I brought the book into a better light could I read the lithograph-autograph, "Horace Walpole."

CAROLINE CORNER.

One morning I received from a friend in London, a fellow-vegetarian, an account of a new phase of that movement, which she had adopted with advantage. It being quite new to me, she also enclosed a pamphlet about it, which, as I was then occupied with other letters, I laid aside without even opening or looking at the title. The same afternoon I received from Colorado, U. S. A., a printed paper from another friend on the same subject. Struck by this coincidence, I sat down to write an answer to my friend's letter, when I remembered I had not yet opened the pamphlet she had sent me, and on doing so, found it was a copy of the very same paper, entitled "Natural Food," which had arrived from America.

A friend in London wrote to me asking me to send some papers on vegetarianism to a lady of title whose name I had never before heard mentioned. Calling on a friend next day I mentioned the circumstance and found she knew her quite well. Coming home I took up the *Daily Graphic* and the first thing I saw was the lady's name—mentioned, not in the column recording the doings of the fashionable world, but in an article on Exmoor.

Yesterday morning my husband returning from a walk with a musical friend, was expatiating on the merits of "Bechstein" pianos. I had never heard of this maker. In the afternoon a friend called, and almost the first words she said were, "I have sold my old piano, and am going to have a "Bechstein."

C. A. P.

I belong to a family in which the death of the head of the house is foreshadowed by the appearance of a strange bird, and this is traditional for three generations.

I recollect perfectly the incident in connection with my father's decease. My brother came in from shooting one day dressed in his usual sporting clothes, and sitting down began to chat with us quite cheerfully. He said, "I have seen a strange bird today; it had bright plumage and kept flying on in front of me among the heather, and quite near. The dog would not point and I could not shoot it." My father being present said gravely, "Then I shall soon die, for that bird was seen before my father's death." This foreboding was soon realized. M. W. G.

One morning about three weeks ago, my wife was washing out some pocket handkerchiefs. A house jacket of mine was hanging on a rail near her, and from the pocket the corner of a handkerchief was visible. She thought she might as well wash it along with the others, and putting in her hand to take it out, felt something hard in the pocket. On examination, she found two peculiar nails which I had picked up a few weeks before; these she laid on the table beside her, and turned to resume her washing. Before she had time to wet her hands, a neighbor knocked at the back door, and my wife, being alone in the house, had to leave her basin to answer the summons. The neighbor said, "Oh, Mrs.—, I am in great need of two nails; do you think there is such a thing in your house you could let me have?" My wife handed her the two nails she had just found in my pocket; they were exactly what was required. If my wife had not spied the corner of the soiled handkerchief protruding from my pocket, she would have been unable to satisfy her neighbor's need.

A week ago I went in the evening to see a friend who is very deaf. I rang the door-bell, and *immediately* my friend himself opened the door. He was astonished to see me standing there, and asked how long I had been waiting. I shouted into his ear, "A quarter of a minute." He said, "I was thinking of you a minute ago; and, as *I am alone in the house*, it occurred to me, that if you should happen to come, you might knock and ring for an hour without my hearing you; so I thought I would come and put the door on the jar, so that you could walk in." My friend could not have possibly heard the sound of the bell, which was hung in a different part of the house from where he was sitting. Besides which, his own observation on seeing me proves that he did not open the door in response to any summons received through the ordinary senses. I should state, however, that the probability of my paying a visit *some time* during that particular Sunday, was present in my friend's mind for other reasons.

SIGURD.

I send you a coincidence that occurred to me very lately.

In a letter from a lady, who is a remarkable clairvoyant, and frequently sends me visions, is the following—

This morning I was met in my room by a spirit in bright steel armour; quite a tall spirit, like a man seven feet high. He saluted me and passed on.

Then a second appeared, taller than the other, clothed in bright raiment, and a most intense light or power with him; so much so that I could not look at him; and then when I looked again he was gone, and all that was left where he stood was an immense heap of Lotus flowers.

I don't know what it was for, nor do I understand it?

I had just copied the above into a large manuscript book and was in the act of closing the book when my eye fell on these words (many pages back), "I am Buddha. The Lotus belongs to me."

The deep significance to me of these words rendered the coincidence ten times more startling.

LILY.

Some friends of mine were passing the summer at the English Lakes, and decided one fine Sunday evening to walk to a distant country church to attend divine service. Two of the party, not being very strong, agreed to take the coach which passed their door, to spare themselves too much fatigue. The coach, on this particular evening, happened to come up half an hour late, so that when the two ladies reached the church the services had commenced and the clergyman officiating was concluding the reading of the first lesson, containing the Song of Sisera's Mother. As they walked up the aisle to their seat, these words fell on their ear: "Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"

M. E. G.

The following facts are given by the daughter of "M. N.," the narrator of the above incident, and are interesting in connection with the traditional family bird:—

After the death of a beloved sister I was feeling languid both in body and mind, but was not otherwise ill. One day, while gazing from my window up into the sky, I became aware that a large, dark, slate-coloured bird was on the sill. I felt a gloomy influence instantly, and was glad when it fled.

The next day it came again, and I then felt so agitated that I called out to a servant in the next room, "Oh, M., there is that horrid pigeon again; I am sure something dreadful will happen to me." She, looking out of another window, saw it fly away, and then came to me, saying, "You know, Miss R., Mr. — keeps pigeons near; don't fret." I said, "Yes, M., and you know his are all white ones, whereas this was a very dark one, and more like a wood-pigeon."

On the evening of that day I was seized with rheumatic fever, afterwards complicated with pleurisy and affection of the heart, so that my life was despaired of. Canon S. was sent for, and he read over me the prayers for the dying. I overheard my medical man say to my mother, "You have telegraphed for her brother, but he will not be in time."

In spite of these depressing influences, I never quite lost hope of myself for two reasons. One was that I could not see my deceased sister, though I looked about the room for her, and I was sure she would come to meet me if I were about to die. Another was a confidence I had if I could once clasp my brother's hand, he being a man of powerful physique, I should gain vitality through his touch. Now something very like this happened, for when he came he held my hand a long time, and told me he thought I might recover if I did not attempt to speak.

From that moment I began to mend, so that at the end of a fortnight my bed was made, but it took seven months to restore me to anything like strength, after an illness so strangely foreshadowed by that dark grey bird.

R. M. N.

Some gipsies once entered the kitchen of a relative of mine to demand alms. One of them, an old woman, was very tipsy and insolent; and being reproved by the mistress for telling gross untruths, she retorted in a fury, throwing back the falsehood to the lady, adding, "Either you or I has told a lie, and God Almighty will call one of us to account for it before four days are over." Her dreadful words were awfully fulfilled, for just four days later she was brutally murdered on the roadside by her own husband in a drunken quarrel.

M. E. G.

I shared once a tiny chalet with a very intimate friend. One evening, feeling much fatigued, I went to bed early. My friend sat beside me talking for an hour or two, and then rose to go to her own room. She came in the morning to inquire how I had slept. I replied, "I had a very ghastly dream of a furious horse trampling on a prostrate man and savagely tearing at his limbs with his teeth." "How very odd," she answered; "after I left you last night, not being sleepy, I sat up till very late looking over some illustrated papers just arrived, and you have exactly described the subject of one of the illustrations." She then showed me the picture in question, and I found that all the details had been reproduced in my dream. We had neither of us seen the paper when we parted the night before, the post wrapper not even having been removed.

M. E. G.

With reference to the matter published under the heading of Coincidences in your paper, perhaps the following personal experiences may be of interest. When at school I was, at the annual examination, likely to be placed at the head of my form. But I had one formidable competitor and I was handicapped by not having, owing to other duties, taken up history. The

day before this paper was set, I took up a text-book of Greek history, and happened to read an account of the battle of Marathon. The next day the one question which I was enabled to answer was, "Give an account of the battle of Marathon." When the result of the whole examination was published, I was ahead by sixty marks, and upon referring to detail I found that I had received sixty marks for my history paper.

Another experience occurred to me at Cambridge when in for my "Little Go." The hour of attendance was nine punctually or a fine; and no admittance after 9:15. I awoke a few minutes after eight, according to my watch, and proceeded leisurely to dress. Presently in rushed a friend and violently abused me for not going to examination. I told him to go "somewhere" and not to fuss me as there was plenty of time. He persisted, however, and showed me his clock, which made it ten minutes past nine. I still thought it a hoax but said that I would go down and look at the College clock. I pulled on my trousers and overcoat over my night-shirt, happily seized my cap and gown, and ran on to King's Parade, when to my horror, the clock pointed to thirteen minutes past. I fled to the Senate-house, arriving half a minute before time. When there, I could do nothing of the paper (mathematical), except, perhaps, at the last question, but was uncertain regarding the proper position of a dot in a decimal. I made a sort of mental toss up and marked the dot. I believe it was this that got me through the examination, but I never knew why my watch played me such a trick as to stop for exactly an hour at such a critical time—

B. A. CAMB.

About a year ago, whilst sitting in my room, I was impressed with an idea that there was some unusual draught, and in consequence walked across the passage into my daughter's bedroom; I found the curtains in flames, which latter were also running up the venetian blinds.

R.

Called Back to Earth.

A Glimpse from Beyond the Veil.

The *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis, Missouri, publishes the following wonderful experience related by a lady well known in Little Rock, who lost her husband some four or five months ago. The husband had been in the undertaking business for quite a number of years, and his widow was closing up the affairs of his establishment when the occurrence about to be related took place. The chief interest lies in the partial sundering of the veil that separates this world from the next, and the similar experience of two persons whose spirits actually passed away from their mortal frames, but at the last moment were recalled to continue a little while longer their earthly pilgrimage.

"It was surely an unearthly experience," said the widow, as soon as the correspondent had stated his mission. "Neither my husband nor myself was inclined to be very religious, although we often talked about death, and wondered what the condition of the soul was after it left the body. But as we were constantly coming in contact with dead persons, the feeling of horror and dread, so common to other people, never affected us. The first thing that brought about a close study of the subject was an experience I had during a very severe spell of sickness. My friends had given me up as a hopeless case, and were expecting death at any moment. I was perfectly conscious, although very weak. I had heard them say that death was liable to come soon. Still I did not feel afraid. I made no effort to make my feelings known, but laid perfectly still, carefully analyzing my thoughts as if I felt the dissolution approaching. My frame quivered. I gave forth a sound resembling a gasp. I heard the attendants murmur, 'She is dead,' and then it seemed that my spirit floated out into a light of most dazzling brightness.

"There were forms and objects moving about in myriads, but I could not distinguish one from the other. All the while I was enjoying the most intense happiness. I was perfectly at rest. Looking back I could see my mortal remains and the friends bending over them. My husband's head was bowed between his hands, and many of the women were weeping. Then like a flash all the deeds of my life, both good and bad, seemed to spring into view. From early childhood to womanhood they marched along, alternately condemning or approving. It seemed as if upon them depended my future abode in the land of spirits. As memory brought to light things forgotten long ago, I felt an immense desire to go back to earth and live my life over again, the good deeds were so small in proportion to the bad ones. Then I began to sink. The bright light grew dim and soon faded away. I was soon plunged into impenetrable darkness. It seemed as if I had been sent to live a little while longer on earth as a punishment for not showing a better life record. When my spirit struggled, I felt the mortal prison once more. I trembled, opened my eyes, and then I heard some one scream, 'She's not dead! She has only been in a trance!' Little by little strength came back. I afterward learned that the doctors had pronounced me dead. I had lain in a state resembling death for several hours. My husband had even gone so far as to prepare a casket in which to place my remains.

"This awful experience seemed to change my whole nature. Instead of taking merely a casual interest in spiritual things I began to study the matter with the utmost diligence. I told my husband and a few friends of the sights I had seen when my spirit seemed to have left my body. It was too sacred to me and too strange to be told broadcast, so that very few of my friends even know of the incident, to say nothing of strangers. When I told my husband he showed the most interest, and remarked at the close of my narration that he believed every word of it. He even startled me by saying:—

"I had an experience of almost the same kind when I was a very young man. Instead of sickness, mine was caused by drowning. After struggling in the water until completely exhausted, I resigned myself to my fate and sunk. The first sensation was one of pain, then came a dreamy, delightful feeling in which I was supremely happy. After that came the bright light of dazzling intensity, with the review of life's record and the command to go back on earth once more. I felt so light and free that I dreaded to assume mortal existence again, but the command was imperative. I felt a power bearing me down that I could not resist. There was the same plunge through intense darkness, followed by the cramping of my spirit as it sought to free itself from my body. Meanwhile the mortal remains had been dragged ashore by some persons who had seen me sink. As I struggled I heard one of the men shout, 'Keep at it, boys, he's coming to.' They had been working with me for hours, and once or twice had been almost on the verge of giving me up. This happened years ago,' continued my husband, 'and although the experience worked a great change in my life, I kept the cause a profound secret even from you.'

"The similarity of our experience led us into closer sympathy with each other, and often furnished the opening for a long conversation upon the subject of the soul's condition after death. My husband was always a believer in certain spiritual manifestations, but did not go to extremes. He thought the inhabitants of the spiritual world could see us at all times, and upon very rare occasions were permitted to manifest themselves in some way to a loved one who had been left behind. We never talked about death with any feeling of dread. On the contrary, in the light of the foretaste enjoyed by both of us, we were inclined to look forward to it with a feeling of pleasure and satisfaction. But in order that our reception in the land of spirits might be hearty, we sought by good deeds to make amends for the errors of the past. We were constantly on the watch to find persons that we could make happy, either by friendly encouragement or by financial aid. This work of atonement was carried on in a quiet way for years. We

did not care to make a display of it, because it looked inconsistent with the high motives from which our conduct sprang. A few months ago my husband took suddenly sick. He told me to be prepared for the worst as he thought the end was near. But even then I did not realize that death was so close upon him. In a few moments the doctor came to me and in a whisper told me that my husband was dying. His eyes were wide open, and his face was illuminated with an unmistakable spiritual light. I took his hand in mine. It was still warm. I felt at that moment that the dissolution was about to take place. He seemed to be enjoying the most intense happiness. "Can you see the bright light?" I whispered eagerly. He did not speak, but gave my hand a slight pressure that meant 'yes' to me. In an instant more the chill of death came over his brow, his grasp upon my hand loosened, his body stiffened, and I could see that his spirit had gone to return no more.

"I feel that his spirit is watching mine. I do not feel like giving way to any storm of grief, because I am confident it will only be a short time before we are reunited."

Spiritualism Among the Maoris.

There is no doubt that before the missionaries came to New Zealand and until their religion was established, that the Maoris held intercourse with departed spirits, for their traditions testify of this and tell of the marvelous powers of the *tohunga* (or priests). The editor of this journal has had many opportunities of conversing with the Maoris on the subject of Spiritualism, and it is not more than a month ago that he sat with several of them and one of considerable intelligence and of good standing was entranced and spoke for an hour and a half, while an influential Maori committed all he could to paper during the address. It was the first time they had sat according to European custom, and their surprise was great as they listened to the oracle talking to them.

Many years ago Judge Maning, who lived among the Maoris a considerable time, wrote a book entitled "Old New Zealand," and in it he gives an interesting account of the gifts of the *tohungas* or priests. "They pretended to the power," he says, "by means of certain familiar spirits, to foretell future events, and even, in some cases, to control them, and the belief in the power of these *tohunga* was very strong. Some of their predictions were of a most daring nature, and happening to turn out perfectly successful, there may be some excuse for an ignorant people in believing them."

It will thus be seen that Judge Maning was an unbeliever and inclined to ridicule what he saw. "It is remarkable," he says, "that these *tohunga* did not pretend to divine future events by any knowledge or power existing in themselves; they pretended to be for the time inspired by the familiar spirit and passive in his hands. This spirit entered into them, and on being questioned, gave a response in a sort of half-whistling, half articulate voice, supposed to be the proper language of spirits, and I have known a *tohunga* who, having made a false prediction, lay the blame on the 'tricksey spirit.'

I shall give two instances of predictions which came under my own observation. A man, a petty chief, had a serious quarrel with his relations, left his tribe and went to a distant part of the country, saying that he cast them off and would never return. After a time the relations became both uneasy at his absence and sorry for the disagreement. They therefore inquired of the oracle if he would return. At night the *tohunga* invoked the familiar spirit; he became inspired and in a sort of hollow whistle came the words of fate, "He will return, but yet not return."

No one could understand the meaning of the response; the priest himself said he could make nothing of it. The spirit of course, knew his own meaning; but all agreed that, whatever the meaning was, it would turn out true. Now the conclusion of the story is rather extraordinary. Some time after this several of the chief's relations went to offer reconciliation and to endeavor to persuade him to return home. Six months afterwards they returned, bring-

ing him along with them—a corpse. They had found him dying and carried his body home. Now all knew the meaning of the words, "He will return but yet not return."

"Another instance, which I witnessed myself was as follows: A captain of a large ship had run away with a Maori girl, or a Maori girl had run away with a ship captain; I should not like to say which was the proper form of expression. The ship had gone to sea loaded for a long voyage. The fugitives had fairly escaped; and what the relations wanted was that the 'atua,' or familiar spirit of the *tohunga* should bring the ship back to port, so that they might have an opportunity to recover the lost ornament of the family. I heard the whole. The priest hummed and hawed; said he did not know; could not say; we should hear what 'the boy' would say; he would do as he liked; could not compel him," and so forth. All was expectation. I saw I was *de trop* in the opinion of our soothsayer; in fact I had got the name of an infidel (which I have since taken care to get rid of), and the spirit was unwilling to enter the company of unbelievers. The priest hinted to me politely that a nice bed had been made for me in the next house. I thanked him in approved Maori fashion, but said I was very comfortable where I was; and suiting the action to the word, rolled my cloak about me and lay down on the rushes with which the floor was covered. About midnight I heard the spirit saluting the guests, and they saluting him; and I also noticed that they hailed him as relation and then gravely preferred the request that he would 'drive back the ship which had stolen his cousin.' The response, after a short time, came in a hollow mysterious whistling voice: 'The ship's nose will I batter out on the great sea.' This answer was repeated several times, and then the spirit departed and would not be recalled. The rest of the night was spent in conjecturing what could be the meaning of those words. All agreed that there must be more in them than met the ear; but no one could say it was a clear concession to the request made.

"Now here comes the end of the affair. About ten days after, in comes the ship. She had been battered with a vengeance. She had met with a terrible gale when a couple of hundred miles off the land and had sprung a leak in the bow; the bow in Maori is called the 'nose' (*ihu*). The vessel had been in great danger and had been actually forced to run for the nearest port, which happened to be the one she had left.

"I shall give one more instance of the response of the Maori oracle. A certain northern tribe noted for their valor, but not very numerous, sent the whole of their best men on a war expedition to the South. This happened about forty years ago. Before the *taua* started the oracle was consulted and the answer to the question, 'Shall this expedition be successful?' came: 'A desolate country!—a desolate country!' This the eager warriors accepted as a most favorable response. They said the enemy's country would be desolate. It, however so turned out that they were all exterminated to a man, and the miserable remnant of their tribe, weakened and rendered helpless by their loss, became a prey to their more immediate neighbors, lost their lands, and have ceased from that day to be heard of as an independent tribe. So, in fact, it was the country of the eager inquirers which was laid 'desolate'. Every one praised the oracle, and its character was held higher than ever."

—*More Light, New Zealand.*

No publication comes to our table that is more highly prized than *The Scientific American*. Aside from keeping the public fully posted respecting new inventions and scientific developments, it contains a vast amount of the practical and useful. The engravings are of remarkably high order, and matter accompanying them is so tersely put that such subjects as might, under ordinary circumstances, be considered dry and heavy, are not only readable, but highly enjoyable. It is the best conducted scientific journal in the United States, as well as being typographically the handsomest. Its circulation is larger than all the others of its class combined. Subscription price, \$3 per annum. Munn & Co., 361 Broadway, New York;

POETRY

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

Moonlight Musings by the Sea.

BY MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

I have listened to ocean's majestic roar,
As the wild waves dashed on the rock-bound shore,
Watched the foaming crests o'er the billowy deep,
Till my weary soul found rest in sleep.

And in dreams I have gazed in the depths below,
In search of a balm for earthly woe,
In its unknown depths builded castles fair,
That passed like winds of the upper air.

But morning came, and with it the moan,
As the restless waves on the shore were thrown,
Again and again must they wash the shore,
While the breakers foam and the billows roar.

And life, with its every varying tide,
Must ebb and flow o'er the wild waste wide,
'Till the constant ebb and the ceaseless flow
Shall make green the barren wastes below.

Yet I dream of a time, in the distance far,
(It may be measured by yonder star),
When earth will be more fair to see—
No chains to bind humanity.

No rich, no poor, for all must share
The bounties of a father's care,
And each perform a willing part,
For love keeps busy hand and heart.

Grand souls in whom the law of right
Has triumphed o'er the laws of might,
Will guide in love, 'till all shall know
That happiness begins below.

And heaven will be more fair to see
When earth from all its wrongs is free,
And wisdom guides, with loving hand,
In brighter paths, to "Morning land."

For a Warning.

I can tell just how it happened, though it's fifty years ago,
And I sometimes think it's curious that I can remember so;
For though things that lately happened slipped my mind and fade away,
I am sure that I shall never lose the memory of that day.
Job was coming here on Christmas Eve—he wrote us in the fall;
He was Ezra's oldest brother, and his favourite of them all.
We'd been keeping house since April, but I couldn't always tell
When my pie-crust would be flaky, or the poultry roasted well;
So I felt a little worried, if the truth must be confessed,
At the thought of Ezra's brother coming as our household guest.
Just a week before the Christmas Ezra rode one day to town,
As I needed things for cooking—flour, and sugar white and brown;
And I worked like any beaver all the time he was away,
Making mince and stewing apples for the coming holiday.
I was hot and tired, and nervous, when he galloped home at night,
All that day my work had plagued me—nothing seemed to go just right!
"Here's the flour, Lucindy," said he, "it's the best there is in town;

I forgot the other sugar, but I brought enough of brown."

"You're a fool," I cried in fury, and my tears began to fall.

"Ride ten miles to do an errand, and forget it after all."

I was cross and clean discouraged as I thought he ought to know,

But he turned as white as marble when he heard me speaking so,

Not a word he said in answer, but he started for the door,

And in less than half a minute galloped down the road once more,

Then I nearly cried my eyes out, what with grief and fear and shame—

He was good and wise and patient—I was all the one to blame;

And the hours wore on to midnight, and my heart seemed turned to stone,

As I listened for his coming, as I sat there all alone.

With the daylight came a neighbour—"Ezra has been hurt," he said,

"Found beside the road unconscious, taken up at first for dead."

Just behind him came four others, with a burden slowly brought,

As I stood and dumbly watched them you can guess of all I thought.

Oh! the days and nights that followed; Ezra lived, but that was all,

And with tearless eyes I waited for the worst that might befall;

Wandering in a wild delirium, broken phrases now and then

Dropped from fevered lips and told me what his painful thoughts had been.

As the Christmas dawned upon us, Job came early, shocked to greet

Such a broken-hearted woman for the bride he hoped to meet.

Not a word we spoke together in that hushed and silent room,

We waited for the twilight darkening down to deeper gloom,

For the doctor said that morning, "There is nothing more to do—

If he lives till after sunset I, perhaps, can pull him through."

Just five o'clock was striking, Ezra woke and feebly stirred,

"Did you get the sugar, darling?" were the words I faintly heard.

How I cried you can't imagine, how I felt to hear him speak,

Or to see the look of wonder, as I bent to kiss his cheek.

Well, I've told a long, long story—Ezra's coming up the walk—

But I've had a purpose in it, 'twasn't just for idle talk.

Don't you think, my dear, you'd better make your quarrel up with Grey?

It may save a world of trouble, and it's quite near Christmas Day.

Frost Fancies.

MIRIAM C. BUCK.

A frosty pane, the silver sheen
Of sun 'mong icebergs playing;
Where yawning canyons intervene,
And singing pines, frost-ferns and vines,
Are sighing here and swaying there,
And arctic splendors everywhere
Are opening to the morning air—
An artist hand betraying.

On shelving rocks with careful feet,
The mountain goat is gaining
A foothold where the herbs are sweet;
While faint and low, far down below,
We almost hear her bleating kid,
As 'neath the rocky terrace hid,
He fears to wait his foes amid,
And bides his time, complaining.

Here seems an overhanging ledge,
And there a stream comes, purling,
Its banks outlined by shrub and sedge;
In rhythmic flow its waters go,
To mingle with the western sea,
Impelled along, as we may be,
The finite toward Infinity,
In endless cycles whirling.

Is there some great creative power,
From Nature's heart outbreathing;
That stamps a thought upon each flower,
Works as it lists, in mould or mists,
By chemic force to nature known,
Her panoramic views are shown,
Mirage of marvels, that her own
Swift, tireless hand is wreathing?

The frost sprite wrought his fancies queer,
While I, at rest, was dreaming
The long-sought "golden gate" was near;
'Mid summer bowers, in sunny hours,
We picked the orange and the lime,
In sweet Hesperia's milder clime,
And life was one glad harvest-time,
Old earth with plenty teeming.

BELLWOOD, NEB.

Something Left Undone.

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something, uncompleted still,
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits:

Waits, and will not go away—
Waits, and will not be gainsaid.
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made.

Till at length it is, or seems,
Greater than our strength can bear—
As the burden of our dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

The Old Sad Story.

In New York City recently a young woman known as a "street walker" died of starvation. In her pocket was found a poem. Here are two stanzas, which tell the whole story:

On the street, on the street,
Whither tend my wandering feet?
Love and hope and joy are dead—
Not a place to lay my head;
Every door against me sealed;
Hospital and Potter's Field,
These stand open. Wider yet
Swings perdition's yawning gate.
Thither tend my wandering feet,
On the street, on the street.

On the street, on the street,
Late I walk with weary feet,
Oh! that this sad life might end;
Oh! that I might find One Friend—
One who would not from me turn,
Nor my prayer of sorrow spurn.
Oh! that I that friend could see—
He would pitying look on me,
Such as I have kissed His feet;
On the street, on the street.

Avoid Intemperate Habits.

BY DR. JOSEPH SIMMS.

To ensure success in the struggle of life, it is absolutely necessary that you should retain the confidence and esteem of all with whom you come in contact. To do this it is peremptorily incumbent on you to cultivate strict habits of temperance. At starting you may be possessed of every other virtue under the sun, and yet, if you lack that of sobriety, you are undone. How suicidal is the folly of putting an enemy into your mouth to rob you of your senses. A drunk man will betray secrets which, in his sober moments, he would suffer martyrdom rather than divulge. Ere now, murder—murder of those nearest and dearest to the insane murderer—has been the result of indulgence in the accursed propensity for drink. Clitus was the bosom-friend of Alexander the Great, and once saved his life; yet the latter slew his preserver in a drunken debauch. Temperance averts disease, promotes happiness, and prolongs life. Louis Cornaro, the great hygienist of Venice, gives interesting details from his own experience. By temperance he banished from his frame the crudities of the stomach, fevers, and pleurisy, with which he was afflicted in early life; completely rehabilitated an originally feeble constitution, and lived to the age of 99 years. His wife, who subsisted in accordance with his system of plain diet and temperate regimen, survived him and lived to about the same age. Agesilaus, King of Sparta, lived on the very plainest fare. Philip of Macedon curtly refused the services of an otherwise brave and valiant officer, because of the latter's fondness for wine. Thomas H. Benton, a Senator of the United States, used to tell that he never drank a glass of liquor in his life. He had not the slightest idea of how a game was progressing when others were playing in his presence. This happy ignorance was no doubt due to his abstemious habits, as it rarely happens that intemperance does not lead to gambling. Crime can nearly always be traced to immoderate indulgence in intoxicating liquors. There must be no compromise with the demon of intemperance that stalks throughout the land. The tide of misery and crime can never be stemmed until the legislators of the civilized world pass stringent enactments prohibiting the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. As a medical man, I solemnly assert that there is absolutely no possible condition of the constitution of the human frame which renders imperative or even advisable the application of intoxicating liquors as a remedial alternative. As one having some acquaintance with chemistry, I insist further, that there is no chemical or mechanical operation in which the liquor of which we are now speaking is used which could not be as efficiently carried on by the substitution of less treacherous agencies. If these assertions are correct, the only plea for the continuance of the manufacture of intoxicating liquors is shattered to atoms. The American, Prussian, and other enlightened Governments would speedily follow the example that England might present to the world, by completely prohibiting the manufacture or importation of intoxicating liquors; and in time the world would be rid of an agency of evil which has wrought a thousand times more havoc than all the other sources of human woe combined. If you would tread the world in safety, in the meantime, you must shun the public house or tippling shop as you would shun the pest house; and remember it is the grossest self-deception—a deception which has dragged millions to their ruin—to fancy that you can handle pitch without being defiled.

In a valiant suffering for others, and not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. The chief of men is he who stands in the van of men, fronting the peril which frightens back all others, which, if it be not vanquished, will devour the others. Every noble crown is, and on earth will forever be, a crown of thorns.—Carlyle.

Proof Positive.

Some years ago when engaged in mining at Treasure City, White Pine, Nevada, I sent a letter to a clairvoyant and trance medium of this City, Mrs. R. E. Laws, for a written communication. I said nothing of my movements in the letter. About two o'clock the next morning I left "Treasure City" for "Mount Mother," a high mountain in the "Diamond Range" some fifty miles distant, for the purpose of locating a mine I had discovered some months before. This was in the month of January, and the mountain was deeply covered with snow, so horses or mules could not travel. Consequently I was obliged to go on foot, and carry five days provisions and blankets with me, as the place was forty miles from any settlement. I had not mentioned my going to anyone and no one knew of it. On my return to "Treasure City" I found the communication written for had just arrived; written by the husband of the medium, just as she gave it to him when in the trance state. A note at the bottom of the communication stated: "Your brother George says you are not at Treasure City, but on the top of Mount Mother, forty miles from any habitation, where you slept last night surrounded by a host of spirit friends." But Mr. Laws says, "he doubted the correctness of the statement, as I had said nothing about it in my letter, and knowing the great difficulty of going there through the snow." Again he says, your brother "insisted you are there master of all difficulties, and he left you but fifteen minutes ago and came down here to give the communication that he knew was set for 9 o'clock A. M., after which he is going back to you." He then adds, "we both (Mrs. Laws and I) fear George has made a mistake, that you could not possibly be there at this time of year, and we wish you to inform us by letter if such is the case." It was all true; I was there, and slept on the top of the mountain all alone—only the invisible.

Again, Mr. Wm. C. Ralston, the best financier of the Coast, the genius who planned and built the Palace Hotel and started the most gigantic enterprises of this city, was a Spiritualist, and had private sittings with Mrs. Laws. About the time J. C. Flood & Co., the Nevada Bank crowd were flushed with their tens of millions from the "Con. Virginia & California" mines of the Comstock Mr. Ralston lost through his agent in New York City, about twelve million dollars in gold speculation. The Nevada Bank gained this knowledge in a confidential manner, through promise of strict secrecy. But they immediately began plotting and conspiring to systematically crush the California Bank and drive Ralston to the wall. When they succeeded, and his Bank associates censured him, he found his way to North Beach, swam out a long distance and drowned himself. Some boatmen saw him go down, but no one then knew who he was. This occurred about 2 o'clock P. M. About 5 o'clock P. M. I called at the house of Mrs. Laws, 109 Fell street. She met me with the inquiry, "Is there any news down town?" "None that I know of," I answered. Then she said, with a little excitement, "Ralston is dead! I know it perfectly well. I was sitting alone in my room about three o'clock this afternoon when he suddenly appeared before me, in spirit form, all dripping with water. I know he is dead and now in the spirit world! And when I called his name, he bowed his head and smiled and then departed. Oh!" said she, "the people have lost their best friend. No man in the community was so good to the poor as he." This all took place several hours before the body was recovered, or it was known to be Ralston. It was not known till the next day that he was drowned.

I here state that I know positively, beyond all question of doubt, that the spirit of man does live after the death of the body, and that they can and do come back and communicate with those yet in the mortal form!

THOMAS LYTLE,

321½ Turk Street, City.

Subscribed and Sworn to before me this 31st day of January, 1891.

R. D. McELROY,

Notary Public.

Reply to "Hints to a Hinder."

BY A "STRANGER."

It has often been said that Spiritualists are a "godless set," and the short article in the April issue of the DOVE headed "Hints for a hinder" would confirm this opinion in the minds of many. Although we are not a stranger to *Spiritualism*, we are to *Spiritualists* to great extent; but those with whom we have had the pleasure of conversing, have given no hint of their disbelief in God—not a personal God, but the eternal and infinite spirit overruling the heavens and earth. The writer says: "Nine-tenths of the Spiritualists do not believe in worship, as most of them do not believe there is any God to worship." If this statement is true, and this man is the mouth-piece of the "nine-tenths," a great many absurdities are explained that have been heretofore bewildering; and we might hesitate in future (did we believe it) to contradict the slur cast upon them, that they are a "godless set."

We must have been fortunate in our selection of spiritual friends. Thus far, we have only come in contact with members of the "one-tenth" that he exempts from Atheism, and it is indeed a surprise—and not a pleasant one—to learn that the other nine-tenths are devoid of a desire to worship in spirit and in truth; and were it not impolite, we would accuse our brother of exaggeration or of speaking without authority. But we shall continue to hold a better opinion of Spiritualists—strangers though they may be—than this captious critic has—by his sweeping and positive assertions—given us. Nor is the very word *worship* at all repulsive to every right thinking individual—too sweeping again good brother. You probably associate it with ritualistic service, but that did not occur to our mind when hastily penning the hints that have so disturbed you. In thought we had only reverence for the higher—the god-principle—and certainly this idea should fill the heart of man and permeate his every walking hour. He also says. "The majority of people who have amassed wealth are not spiritual minded. That true Spiritualists do not want any more of hypocrites among them than there are now." But do they not wish to reach and spiritually elevate the wealthy? and do they not need of the surplus of the rich? The "one-tenth," we think, have sufficient kindness and good sense to desire to labor for the conversion of the ungodly whether rich or poor, and we hope when an opportunity presents, that our critical friend will do what he can to convince the fashionable world that all Spiritualists do not deny the God-power of the universe, and that they are not all given to ridiculing the sacredness of man's manner of approach to the angel world.

If memory serves us correctly, nothing was said in our article about closing the temples of Spiritualism during the week, and opening them on Sundays for the gathering of hypocrites. This idea originated entirely in the mind of our critic. He suggests that the temples be erected in central localities as accessible to the public as theatres are. But it might be well to have one or two in the residence quarters of the city as they would be more convenient to families, and the surroundings more in harmony with angelic influences. If we had our way, there would be temples in every direction, and then all classes, perhaps, would be satisfied, and above all things we would have the doors daily open, and services and consolation as free as the gifts of the angels; and we believe this possible, when the wealthy are attracted, without resorting to the means he suggests. He also finds fault with the dedication of the future temples to God and says there would be some sense in consecrating a temple to love: "God is Love," forgetful brother, and we are His children.

The last hint which we gave ruffles our censorious friend amazingly. We said: "Let Spiritualists do their work *faithfully*, and seek their reward in the hereafter." He calls this the old church idea. He remarks "that our duties are those that are nearest at home, and that we should work for this life. If we take care of the present, the future will be 'all right.'"

If he will carefully study our words, he will discover that this advice was contained in the hint "Let Spiritualists do their *duty faithfully*." Their reward will be a peaceful conscience in the spirit-world, the result of well-doing in this.

There are several other points no better taken than the above, which we have neither the time nor inclination to discuss; and had it not been for the false light thrown by our acrid friend, on many good men and women, and the injury his unauthorized—for so we must think—words may do the pure and God-like religion of Spiritualism, we should not have replied; and we trust our meaning may not again be so disturbed and the cause so harmed that we shall require spaces which should be devoted to articles of a different nature; and furthermore, we have not the wish to monopolize the columns of this journal, thereby laxing ourselves liable to the unpleasant criticism of being more anxious to be heard than animated by a desire to do good.

Truth vs Error.

BY M. A. HUNTER.

No honest mind can wish to entertain error in connection with any subject, especially that pertaining to religious matters, or as having any connection whatever with the conditions of a future existence. Every consideration so connected is of a nature too serious to admit of imaginative theories.

It is not my purpose at this writing to examine the evidence pro or con, of an existence beyond earth life. Most people entertain the belief that they shall live again. Some look forward to that existence with pleasure, some with fear, and some with a dread that poisons their entire life on earth. Calm and unbiased reflection should convince any one that nothing can be more irrational than to look with fear, distrust or dread upon the coming change, or transition from earth life to whatever may be beyond. The first reflection is this, that the change is perfectly natural, and in every sense in perfect harmony with the principles of our existence, which principles do not presume misery.

The discussion of this subject, even briefly, involves the necessity of referring somewhat to past and present theological teaching. I hold that this teaching is responsible for every thought of fear or dread connected with the contemplation of what is termed death, and the beyond. The mind has been educated through this system of teaching to an unnatural view of everything pertaining to the future. In fact, the entire system of theology is built upon the idea of impending danger exciting fear. The policy of the Christian church has ever been, and is, to scare people to get religion. To do this, a never-ending lake of fire and brimstone, the torments of an eternal hell is portrayed before the mind. Necessary to this system of teaching is taught the existence of an angry God. A supreme being who is the author and creator of all things.

Again, it is not my purpose at this time to discuss the evidence pro or con, of the existence of a supreme being or God. Enough that most people believe it. It is the character and purposes ascribed to God inciting in the human mind a fear and dread of the future that is essential in this connection. God is represented as an ill-wise, all-powerful being, possessing the attribute of foreknowledge. That he fore-ordained and created all things, knowing the end from the beginning of everything he created. Again the Bible and its teachings affirm that in the end a majority of the human family will be consigned to eternal damnation, and that but a very small proportion will be saved. Now if God did thus create all things, the human family included, knowing the end from the beginning, then the only corollary possible, is, that God created them on purpose that the largest proportion should be consigned to the hell he had prepared for them.

I am writing this to show the absoluteism of theological teachings. There are more minds laboring under the thralldom of this system of teaching than many suppose. It is a great bar to human progress.

As revolting as are the above deductions, there is no escape from them. No wonder the human mind, with no better conception of Divine power and purpose before it, should grope in darkness, doubt and fear of the future. There are many minds of partial spiritual development, who are deterred from permanent growth, by a fear of the possibility of a theological hell. Mental slavery is the worst of all. No one should allow an impulse of fear to deter them from a calm and impartial analysis of every principle involved in a discussion as necessary as this. Bigotry and intolerance bars every approach to interior perception, and shuts the light of reason from the mind. There is no talisman equal to the possibilities of our own inspirational faculties. Revealed truths are possible to every one prepared to receive them. Just so sure as there is an element of immortality connected with our existence, just so sure that element is susceptible of divine teaching. There is no doubt of a divine power controlling all things. Call that power God if you please. But we cannot associate with that God principle any ideal short of perfection, as applying either to existence, purpose or results. Such a thing as failure cannot exist in connection with divinity, or any conception of a God principle. Ultimate results, absolute and perfect in every sense, nothing less, is admissible with divine power. The destiny of the human race admits of no failure, short of impeaching the wisdom and power of its creator. As sure as our existence extends beyond earth life, there is a purpose and design in the same, consequently it becomes nothing less than the most daring blasphemy to assume any system of reasoning, placing the action of finite man in competition with divine purpose and design.

The crude condition of man on earth is susceptible of many irregularities, involving more or less of penalty, legitimate with the nature of the same, and for which there is no forgiveness; but it can never reach to the ultimate destiny of his existence, short of involving every divine attribute. Our belief and confidence in a divine power, all-powerful, should banish from our minds the abnormal bear that prevents a legitimate contemplation of the change that is to introduce each of us to conditions superior to those of earth life. Instead of fear or dread, the coming transition should fill our minds with the most pleasant anticipations.

Physician and Huntress.

Dr. Mary Dean and Miss Young, of Helena, Mon., went hunting recently, and so successfully that they were able at the close of the first day to ship three deer to the city, one of which was donated to St. Peter's Hospital. Dr. Dean has probably the largest family practice of any physician in Montana. She is a thorough believer in out-of-door exercise as a cure for most of the ills to which womankind (and mankind too) are subject, and, what is more, she takes her own prescription. She is able to ride as spirited a horse as any man in the State, and needs not the aid of a horse-block when she wishes to mount. Dr. Dean is not open to the objection urged against most women physicians, that they have not the strength to warrant them in assuming charge of critical cases, for she has trained her muscles as well as her intellect, and the steady nerve that enables her to bring down a deer with her rifle stands her well in hand as a surgeon.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

What do misconceptions signify in the eyes of eternal truth? The purest worship of the Deity sometimes hides itself behind apparent negations; the most perfect idealist is often he who considers that he owes it to a certain frankness to call himself a materialist. How many saints are concealed beneath the cloak of irreligion! How many among those who deny immortality would deserve a startling deception! Reason triumphs over death, and to work for reason is to work for eternity.—E. Renan.

The Conflict with Popery.

W. W. JUDSON.

From all accounts, the same old Popedom that Martin Luther contended against in Germany is being gradually established in the United States. Late reports from St. Louis, Mo., state that non-Catholic citizens are becoming alarmed at the growing encroachments of the Catholics in the municipal affairs of that city.

The present Mayor is a Catholic, the Board of Public Works has a number of Catholic members. Two-thirds of the Local Assembly is Catholic, and the School Board has eight or ten well defined Catholic members. In addition to the above the approaching election has brought out a host of Catholic candidates. The interests of a Popedom in the United States are being pushed to educate all American children in the Roman Catholic dogma, to do which the Catholic Church must either suppress the public schools or get control of them. It must encourage and assist all Catholic immigrants; at the same time work to exclude all non-Catholic immigrants. It must see to it that all Roman Catholic aliens are promptly made citizens and voters, and that as many non-Catholic aliens as possible are refused citizenship wherever a Roman Catholic is. He is first, last and all the time for a Popedom, consequently must be opposed to everything that is not working for the same end. In the *Moniteur de Rome* of March 9th is an article on the school question, which says that it is the principal Catholic question in America, and although seemingly delicate, it does not believe it will lead to a conflict between the Catholics and the civil authorities.

The whole country, as well as St. Louis, may well be alarmed, when this arch enemy of free schools elects its own members as any part of a school board, for the American people might as well expect a hyena to suckle a lamb, as to suppose a Papist would do anything to build up a non-Catholic national public school. The Catholic Church is a feudal oligarchy which counsels in secret, carries out its plans of conquests openly, or under cover, by slow degrees, or by sudden charges, at any time or place that offers the greatest chance for success. The history of Popery proves that it will cringe and politely begged to be allowed religious liberty in a non-Catholic country. At the same time, where a Popedom is established, it brutally applies slow torture, by means of fire, dungeon and rack, to every man, woman and child opposed to its authority. It was a Popedom that condemned Martin Luther, and to reach its victim appealed to the Emperor to crush heresy in Germany. When Luther was summoned to appear before the diet at Worms, Papal Muncio Alexander urged, first privately and then publicly in the diet, that Luther should be condemned unheard. He went so far as to threaten the Germans with extermination in case they refused his demands. He said "we shall excite the one to fight against the other, that all may perish in their own blood." (The Cleveland administration was urged to receive a regular Papal nuncio at Washington). Luther's friends stood by him and the Emperor finally granted him a safe conduct to and from the diet, when it was found that Luther would not retract a word he had said or written. The Italian and Spanish members of the diet wished the safe conduct revoked and Luther burnt at once. There is not the least doubt that the Emperor would have consented to the sacrifice of Martin Luther for the favors and influence of the Popedom of that age had not the German people made a vigorous protest against such an injustice.

The report from St. Louis states that a secret meeting of Protestant ministers of the city, together with prominent laymen, was held to divine means to counteract the growing Catholic influence, and that those present obligated themselves, by oath, not to reveal what had occurred. After the principal cities of the nation are subdued to the rule of Popery, an assault will naturally be made upon state legislature and lastly upon the general government. If the American Party, the Protestant Churches, the Farmers Alliance, and all other anti-Catholic societies are satisfied to live under a limited republican government, with a Popedom protectorate

over it then there will be no use of carrying this question into our national politics, but if they are not, the conflict with Popery cannot commence too soon, nor be pushed with too much vigor, for the safety and prosperity of Republican institutions on the American Continent.

ROUTINE.

DR. S. T. SUDDICK.

"What ailed Mrs. Jones, Doctor? I heard this morning that she was dead."

"Routine," replied the doctor tersely.

"Routine? Why doctor, I never heard of such a disease in my life!"

The doctor laid his paper aside, removed his feet from the floor to the table, leaned back in his chair, and replied:

"Thousands of women die every year of routine, and the insidious disease is not suspected. It usually sets in about a year or two after marriage and continues, if not broken up, until it lands its victim in an untimely grave."

"Why, doctor, you frighten me. Perhaps my wife has it now and has it bad, too. I know she seems going into a decline; is thin and looks weary all the time. I have tried different doctors, have treated her for liver complaint, heart disease, kidney trouble and even consumption, but nothing seems to do her any good. She is up and around all the time, no life, no spirit, and has a care-worn look."

"Those are the symptoms," said the doctor quietly, as he lit a cigar and again elevated his feet to the office table.

"Well, doctor, tell me something of this terrible disease that you say is consuming the vitals of thousands of wives and mothers every year."

The doctor sat and puffed away for some time without answering, and then said: "What does your wife do? What has she been doing ever since say a year after, your marriage?"

"Well," I replied, "about that time Charley was born, since then everything has gone on smoothly enough. Emma was a stout, hearty girl when I married her fifteen years ago, as you know, and our eight children are as pretty a little flock as one ever sees. We have generally had good health, but somehow of late years Emma has not been so well as she used to be. You see she never liked hired help. She did all her own work for so long before she needed help that she got used to it—and I can't bear muddy coffee or raw bread—and we could never get a girl that cooks like Emma. Well, if she would see me frown or leave the table before the meal was over, she would turn off the girl and cook herself if it killed her. So for years she has done her own work. She gets up of a morning, dresses, gets breakfast, gets the children up, dresses them one at a time, gives them their breakfast and gets them off to school; then washes the dishes, makes the beds, sweeps and tidies up the rooms, etc.

By that time dinner is to get, and after dinner is over, dishes washed, etc., she takes up mending. You know children tear out clothes rapidly. Then at four the children come home from school, and, while the older ones help some, the younger ones are in the way and make a good deal of racket besides, and Emma does have a hard time with them I'll admit.

Then after supper the children are to be undressed, put to bed and so many things to do that it is usually late before she comes to bed. I scold her for sitting up so late, but it does no good; she always makes excuse that she has mending, darning or something else to do, and so it goes. Well, by the time she comes to bed I have had a good nap, and, of course, not having much chance to talk to her during the busy hours I like to talk and have a bit of love with her as we used to do, but she is usually cross and fretful and says sharp things to me; then I get angry and the day ends in a bit of hard feeling that worries us both."

The doctor had puffed his cigar vigorously while I was talking,

and when I had finished he flung the stump, rather spitefully, I thought, into the spittoon, removed his feet from the table to the floor, turned towards me and blurted out: "Jim Welch, you're a brute!"

I almost sprung from my chair! The doctor and I had been chums all through our school-boy and college days, and loved each other as brothers. He got acquainted with Emma after our engagement and had fallen deeply in love with her himself, but being too late, he shook hands at parting (he was going to Philadelphia to attend the medical school) and he wished me happiness with my soon-to-be-bride (he was always a generous fellow). Well, from that time on, his life and mine drifted apart; he graduated and settled down to practice, and later in life married a woman twenty years his junior. She was rather literary in her tastes; wrote pretty verses and stories, and of course he let her do just as she pleased. She was pretty, and little, and sweet; he called her pet names and she never gave him an unkind word, and life flowed on so smoothly with them that I contrasted her with Emma with her thin, haggard face and snappish ways rather unfavorably, and sometimes I'll admit was a little cross myself.

I had studied law and had a large practice, and had a good deal of annoyance and couldn't help carrying some of it home once in a while. But to be called a brute by an old friend and chum, Dr. Gray, was a little too rough, and my face must have shown anger for he continued (laying his hand on my arm): "You don't mean to be, old fellow, but you are, all the same, without realizing it.

And thousands of others are doing to-day just as you are—keeping your wives on that infernal treadmill of 'duty,' year after year, till they get like old horses, and if you would turn them out in a ten-acre lot they would go round and round (figuratively speaking). It is this 'routine' that kills; this going in the same old rut, day after day, with no time to read, no chance to go or see anything, this eternal work, work, work. No wonder the physical wears out, while the mental and spiritual rusts out. A man has no right to make a slave out of his wife to do drudgery for him all day, and then expect her to be the sweet wife to him at night that she used to be when young and free from care.

He should relieve her from child-bearing so soon as he finds her physical health failing and limit his family to two, or four at utmost, and not go on as you have done compelling her to bear children, one after another till she is worn out, dies and orphans them all.

Two children—one of either sex—is sufficient for any mother to care for and raise up, and do it right; and unless the mother is exceptionally clever as well as hearty two is as many as she can do justice to—and do justice to herself. And after the second one is born, especially if the births have been laborious, the mothers look upon the nuptial act with more of pain and dread than pleasure, and her life is jeopardized with every such act. And children born under such circumstances have fastened upon their lives such pre-natal conditions as no child should be born with. It is a fact that every one knows, that the latest born children do not compare favorably with the first or second born. And why? Because the pre-natal influences are not so good."

And so the doctor talked on and on until I began to think I had been a brute sure enough, and I said: "You are right, doctor, I believe I have been in a passive dream all these years, but you have waked me up. Now what must I do?"

"Break up the routine," said the doctor. Get out of the rut. Take your wife out of the treadmill. Get a governess for your children. Have a play room and a school room for them and let the governess take them in charge. 'Farm' your cooking out or get an experienced housekeeper to take full charge of the kitchen.

Then let your wife take you to the office each morning in your carriage and continue the drive for an hour or so. Take her to the country occasionally, get her interested in reading, don't scold her, or even look cross if the coffee is muddy or the bread dough once in a while. Tell her of your plans, let her sit in your office with the latest magazine in her hands for a blind, and take items

once in a while, and see how you conduct your business; introduce her to your gentlemen friends and let her talk to them. Take her to the theatre and lectures occasionally. Do this, and my word for it the bloom will come to her cheeks, the sparkle to her eye and the elasticity to her step without dosing her with medicine, and you will soon have no occasion to find fault with her with regard to her wifely duties and lack of loving kindness to yourself."

The above conversation occurred just two years ago to-day, and I put the good doctor's advice into practice. I took the care of the children entirely off her hands as far as manual labor was concerned, such as washing and dressing them, etc.; placed a housekeeper over the kitchen department, freeing her from all that part of the business; fitted up a nice bedroom for her exclusive use next to my own, thus freeing her from any fear of a further increase in the family.

I placed the horse and carriage at her service, with a boy to bring it at any time, and, in fact, followed the doctor's programme to the letter, and my Emma looks and says she feels fifteen years younger than she did two years ago, and it costs me but little more to live now than it did then, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that Emma is not a slave and that I am not a brute.

—*Pomeroys Advance Thought.*

Conversion of a Soeptic.

A child was buried a week ago, and if the father is correct, the dead mother of the infant delivered the funeral sermon. This sounds and is extraordinary, and involves, of course, more or less of so-called Spiritualism. It is given for just what it is worth. How it happened let the father himself tell.

Mr. B. Frank Schmid is one of the proprietors of the Central Chair-factory, and a citizen of known standing. Until a few weeks ago he was a member of the Society of Free-Thinkers. To-day he is a devout believer in the immortality of the soul. It is probably just such experiences as his that have led Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Rev. Minot J. Savage and others to undertake to solve the mysteries of the phenomena of Spiritualism.

"My wife, Emma," said Mr. Schmid, died a few months ago. The infant to which she gave life at her death passed away a week ago. My wife had been a member of Dr. Rondthaler's Presbyterian Church, and for that reason I called him to officiate at the babe's funeral. He could not go to the cemetery, and just before we started he told me that he had requested the undertaker to say a few words of prayer at the grave. On the way out I felt myself strangely moved, and became conscious that the spirit of my beloved wife was whispering to me:

"Tell the undertaker to say nothing at the grave," the voice said to me, "I will see that all things needful are said." At the grave, as we stood about, I again felt the presence to me visible of my wife. With as much distinctness as you now hear me, I heard her say:

"My friends, do not weep. The little babe, whom you have known so short a time, is at peace and in its mother's arms," etc., etc.

"You may have imagined all this," suggested the *Indianapolis New's* reporter.

"I was more skeptical on these matters not long ago than you are, and am not now talking at random. I tested the authenticity of the voice before that day and will give you the test that convinced me.

"One day recently, (before my baby's death) while walking along oppressed with the loss of my companion, I passed a medium's house. Impelled by curiosity alone, I entered and asked for a sitting. The slate, immediately upon being put into use bore the inscription: "Emma." Interested, but incredulous, I asked: "If this is my wife, Emma, write something that only you and I know." Presently I got this response:

"Did you not get the books and the money?"

"I was thunderstruck at this question. You must bear in mind that I was a total stranger to the place and to the medium, and a scoffer besides. The question on the slate referred to this circumstance: When my wife was dying I hurried away to get the doctor. Unhappily while I was away death came to my wife. Her last words to the housekeeper were: "Tell Frank that I have bought two volumes and hid them away in the closet upstairs to be given to him as a surprise on his birthday, and that I put \$20 for the children in a vase under the match-safe in the bed-room." The housekeeper told me these things, and nobody else on earth ever heard them. You can see that the question shook my faith—or, rather, my lack of faith.

Not entirely satisfied yet, I said: "Emma, if that is you, give me some more convincing evidence that you know what is going on here on earth, and that you are with me at times. Tell me something that has occurred since you left me."

The answer was: "Since I died you have hung my picture in the parlor enlarged to life-size; it is very good; the eyes are perfect, the mouth is a trifle large, but the likeness is good."

These things were perfectly true. I was furthermore informed that I could become the medium of communication with the unknown world, and I have found this to be true. I took my partner in business to my house and there we held communion with the departed. He is a disbeliever in Spiritualism, but he will tell you that we not only had slate writings, but heard voices of the dead."

Believing as Mr. Schmid does, that these things have actually happened to him, it is not strange that he, too, would like to have intelligent men and women, lawyers, preachers and doctors included, scientifically investigate this. He began it an infidel and a skeptic. He is a believer and is filled with the subject and its possibilities.—*Indianapolis News, Feb., 1891.*

HOW BEST TO UTILISE YOUR SPARE HOURS.—There is no infatuation so perilous as that of a young man habitually, on being released from his work, betaking himself to the public house—there to lounge away, worse than unprofitably, the time which has been allotted to him for rest and improvement. The unfortunate youth who acquires habits of this kind has need to wrench the hankering from his bosom without delay, for that way leads to destruction. Procure and read such books as "Ledyard's Travels in Africa," "Humboldt's Cosmos," "Lyell's Geology," Owen's works on Zoology; the works of Herbert Spencer, Ruskin, Stuart Mill, and other standard writers. Time devoted to the reading of books of this class is an investment at compound interest, secured by a bond and mortgage on the soul of the investor.—*Dr. J. Simms.*

HAVE ONE AIM IN LIFE. It is a truism that he who aims at nothing will generally hit his mark. The objectless saunterer, uncaring whither he is going, is more apt to tumble into mischief than his friend who is decided as to his intentions before he leaves his dwelling. If the captain of a ship forgets that he is to reach a stated port, and pays no heed to the course, he is likely to have a sorrowful awakening from his lethargy when his ship runs upon the rocks. A sportsman who fires off his fowling piece at random is less likely to kill birds than to bag a brother sportsman or a dog. And so it is with the young man who lounges through life displaying fitful efforts of energy without a definite aim. To avoid a useless existence, you must carefully select the chief object for which you are to strive. Follow this up with all your energy, and you will surely reach your goal crowned with honour and success.—*Dr. J. Simms.*

Mrs. Ida Hall Roby has a pretty little drug store of her own in South Chicago, and runs it herself. It is said to be as neat as wax. We are not told whether gentlemen go there for their morning bitters or not. Mrs. Roby's clerk is a woman, too, Miss Jessie Carter.

Children's Department

Messrs. Cheery and Dreary.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

CHEERY. Good morning! What a lovely day!
DREARY. Yes, but its going to rain:
I guess 'twill blow us all away.
CHEERY. Then we'll walk back again!
DREARY. Ye *can't* walk back with broken legs,
And arms and back broke too!
CHEERY. No wind will blow me off my pegs;
There's plenty else to do!
DREARY. Too bad that fruit's so awful scarce,
And what there is will rot.
CHEERY. Oh, no! just wait a bit it's sparse,
But all rot? I guess not!
DREARY. The cabbages are bound to split,
And squashes aint no crop.
CHEERY. Well, let 'em split, if they see fit,
Since we can't make them stop!
DREARY. It aint no use to put in wheat;
The fly will take it all.
CHEERY. I'll raise a crop which can't be beat!
Shoo, fly!—no fly at all!
DREARY. Well, help'll be so tarnal high,
'Twill eat the profit clean;
We might as well lay down and die,
Men are so awful mean!
CHEERY. Mean? No! You haven't heard about
Squire Elden's chopping bee!
And how the neighbors all turned out
'Cause he was lame, you see;—
(His broken leg is limpy yet)—
And got his winter wood.
That was not bad, don't you forget!
Mankind are middling good.
DREARY. Well, mebbly so. But then I think
The heft'll go to hell.
CHEERY. Fie! now, you cannot make me shrink;
God's bound to use us well!
DREARY. Pshaw! I don't look for nothin' else
Except to be abused;
I guess if God has got a hell
He's got it to be used!
CHEERY. Why, uncle Dreary, wake up! Smile!
They've reasoned Hell away,
And Heaven is run in party-style;—
It *aint* all sing and pray!
But work, and grow, and look about,
In happiness and joy!
DREARY. This last I'd rather do without:
It's dreadful hard employ!

Children's Humor.

Mamma: "Well, Edith, how do you like the kindergarten?"
"I don't like it a bit. The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present. And I sat and sat, and she never gave me the present."

"Come, Nellie, don't be a baby. Crying won't mend your doll."
"Well, mamma, will laughing mend it?"

"Can God cure my cold?" asked little four-year-old Jimmy.
"Yes dear, if you ask him," replied his mother. Next day Jimmy's cold was worse. "Mamma," snuffled he. "God don't seem to be doing much about my cold."

A boy was asked which was the greater evil, hurting another's feelings or his finger. "The feelings," he said. "Right my dear child," said the gratified questioner. "But why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them!"

Teacher: "John, of what are your shoes made?" Boy: "Of leather, sir." Teacher: "Where does leather come from?" Boy: "From the hide of the ox." Teacher: "What animal, then, supplies you with shoes and gives you meat to eat?" Boy: "My father."

"Georgie, Georgie, mind—your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the carriage!" Paterfamilias (quickly snatching the hat from the head of the refractory youngster, and hiding it behind his back) "There now, the hat has gone!" Georgie set up a howl. After a while his father remarks: "Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again." Whistles and replaces hat on boy's head. "There its back again you see!" While the parents are engaged in conversation Georgie throws his hat out of the window and cries: "Pa, whistle again."

What One Boy Thinks.

A stich is always dropping in the everlasting knitting,
And the needles that I've threaded, no, you couldn't count to-day;
And I've hunted for the glasses when I thought my head was splitting,
When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks they lay.
I've read to her till I was hoarse, the Psalms and the Epistles,
When the other boys were burning tar barrels down the street;
And I've stayed and learned my verses when I heard their willow whistles,
And I stayed and said my chapter with ~~fire~~ in both my feet.
And I've had to walk beside her when she went to evening meeting,
When I wanted to be racing, to be kicking, to be off;
And I've waited while she gave the folks a word or two of greeting,
First on one foot and the other and 'most strangled with a cough.
But! There always is a peppermint or a penny in her pocket,
There never was a pocket that was half so big and deep;
And she lets the candle in my room burn way down to the socket,
While she stews and putters round about till I am sound asleep.
There's always somebody at home when everyone is scattering;
She spreads jam upon your bread in a way to make you grow;
She always takes a fellow's side when everyone is battering;
And when I tear my jacket I know just where to go.
And when I've been swimming after father's said I shouldn't,
And mother has her slipper off according to the rule,
It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that says "I wouldn't;
The boy that wou't go fishing such a day would be a fool!"
Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she gave a blessing,
And I look at her a moment and I keep still as a mouse—
And who is she by this time there is no need of guessing;
For there's nothing like a grandmother to have about the house.

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The Reason Why.

In a recent issue of the *Examiner* of this city was a column headed "Of Interest to Women" and as we read the various paragraphs it contained, we could but think it should have been headed "Of Interest to Men," instead, as it set forth some of the reasons why the more intelligent class of women decline to marry. Here is one quotation:

"It is the best women, the women of soundest minds and warmest hearts, of largest intelligences and strongest characters, the women who are both sweet and strong, self-reliant and attractive, who are showing this disinclination to matrimony. And if this feeling among them lasts and spreads, it will mean a vast deal to the world—something in their own lifetime, and incalculably much more to a generation or two hence. * * *

Freedom and independence mean so much to the young woman of to-day who earns her own living, makes her own place in the world and does as she likes, that she is unwilling to give them up. She can have such a good time nowadays, can this young woman, and she does enjoy herself so thoroughly, that her married friends are very likely to prove disloyal to their state and urge her not to give up that liberty she enjoys and those pleasures she commands. And so the disinclination she had felt for exchanging all this certainty for a share in the very uncertain lottery of marriage grows and grows until it becomes a well-developed apathy. * *

For instance, here is the case of a woman who commands a large salary as secretary to an important city official in New York. She won the place, by the way, by passing a much higher examination than any other applicant, though the rest were all men. By dint of natural capacities and hard work, she has won her way from one position to another. During the recent illness of her chief, she had 1,500 men under her immediate supervision. But she administered the affairs of the office to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. She speaks, reads and writes four languages, sings beautifully, has tact and grace and charm of manner. She is not beautiful, but she has a bright, attractive face, a face that makes everyone that meets her wish to know her. She has friends by the score, admirers many, and wherever she goes is always the center of an interested circle. But she is what people once contemptuously called an "old maid," and she deliberately intends to stay one. Why? Simply because she has liberty, independence and happiness. These she is sure of and intends to keep."

The last paragraph explains all; "liberty, independence and happiness;" a woman possessing these seldom marries. It is the lack of one or all that tempts the average woman into the matrimonial net. If she is poor and has her own living to make, and has been reared with the idea that women are, by nature, "clinging vines" she will naturally look about for the

"sturdy oak" to which she can cling. But if she has been trained from childhood to rely upon herself, to be independent, self-supporting, strong, brave, and *womanly*, the thought of dependence or "clinging" will be repulsive and savor too much of a species of slavery that an intelligent woman cannot brook. Such a woman seeks almost in vain for her ideal man. Sometimes she thinks she has found him, and marriage is the only remedy—the only sure eye-opener. If the woman is proud and ambitious, the world is none the wiser because of her disappointment. She carefully locks the door of the closet concealing the skeleton of her home, and goes forth with a brave, determined look, and in some of the many avenues now opening up to woman's industry and perseverance. She seeks forgetfulness of her disappointment in the struggle for fame, position and power. If she be religiously inclined, works of charity and benevolence claim much of her time and attention, and thus help heal the wound made by the disappointment and failure of marriage to fill the great longing of her heart.

Many of the brightest and best women of the present day are regarding marriage as a sort of lottery in which they do not care to invest. They have learned to depend upon their own resources for happiness and comfort, and have not been deceived in the estimate placed upon them; consequently have no desire to change certainty for uncertainty. But, says one—"the maternal instinct must be dead, or abnormally directed in such women." Not at all. They have just as tender, loving, mother-natures as those who marry; but possessing a fine keen sense of the injustice under which the average woman who marries and rears a family suffers, they prefer the comparative freedom they enjoy to such bondage.

When our legislators recognize the right of the mother to equal ownership of her children with the father, one obstacle in the way of marriage will be removed. Then equal property rights must be granted before the woman of means and capable of managing her own affairs, will consent to turn everything over to other hands and become a nonentity. It is not a question of deeper interest to women than to men, for it concerns the weal or woe of each alike; and the man or woman who first presents a solution of the intricacies of the social question will be the long-looked for Messiah.

The Weekly Dove.

At the urgent request of some of our friends we have been induced to issue a small weekly for local circulation. There is much pertaining to local work that is unsuitable for the columns of a monthly magazine such as we desire the DOVE to be, and there seems to be a demand for something weekly in which the reports of different meetings and the movements of speakers and mediums can be recorded. For this purpose we have commenced the publication of this WEEKLY DOVE, and its continuance depends entirely upon the support given it by those who recognize the need of such an organ. We solicit correspondence from the secretaries of societies throughout the West, giving accurate reports of the progress of Spiritualism in their respective places. Speakers and mediums are also requested to send us accounts of genuine phenomena they may have witnessed, or occurring through their own mediumship. Those who are witnesses of phenomena should report it to the world, that our facts may in time receive the recognition and credence they deserve. If all who wish to aid the cause would take the trouble to carefully prepare statements of strange occurrences that may have come to their knowledge, we could soon present to our readers as interesting chapters of "Coincidences" as the one we copy in this issue from *Light*. Let us hear from the friends all over the Coast.

How Shall We Spread the Truth?

If Spiritualists who are anxious to spread the truths of Spiritualism could once understand the value of well sustained periodicals as the best means for the attainment of that end we think they would contribute more generously to the support of such literature. Let us examine figures a little and see. Suppose a Spiritual Society holding regular weekly meetings should pay a speaker twenty-five dollars each Sunday for two discourses. Then they pay twenty-five dollars more for hall rent, music, advertising, etc., (and we know of Spiritual Meetings that have been conducted in this city at far greater expense) this would amount to two hundred, and sometimes when there are five Sundays in the month to two hundred and fifty dollars per month. Now suppose the total attendance during the month amounted to fifteen hundred people, it would average six cents apiece. Now suppose the same amount of money was invested in publishing a weekly paper in which one or both of these lectures could be published, besides other matter pertaining to the facts of Spiritualism, and an edition of fifteen hundred circulated each week, making seven thousand five hundred in five weeks; then allow that two persons read each paper and you have fifteen thousand readers, just ten times as many people as can be reached through the other method, and just ten lectures instead of one for each person,—or, equivalent to one lecture for one hundred and fifty thousand people. This lecture would be presented in a form that it could be read a second or third time, and thus do a threefold good—while the same persons who *read* it might have listened to its delivery and gone away forgetting the most vital points presented.

Do not imagine that we disprove of supporting our public speakers—we wish there were many more of them, and that their services were better remunerated; but we do feel like urging upon Spiritualists everywhere the value of their literature and its free and generous distribution, that "he who runs may read."

The Progressive Spiritualists showed their foresight in the selection of a board of trustees, by choosing representatives from six incorporated bodies, all having influence and property of various amounts. These different elements united in one and pledged to a common cause, can but result in great good to the society and extend its power and influence in manifold ways. One result—"a consummation most devoutly to be wished"—will be the erection of a spiritual temple in this city that will give the cause a standing and prestige heretofore not accorded it, and secure for mediums the respect their sacred calling should command. In view of this desirable end, it would seem that mediums, of all others, should lend their aid and influence for the furtherance of the grand work.

At the regular annual meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists held at Washington Hall Sunday afternoon, April 12th, the following persons were elected trustees for the ensuing year: Mr. M. B. Dodge, Capt. M. R. Roberts, Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, Mrs. N. L. Churchill, Mr. J. H. Moore, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, M. William Yeaw. Mrs. Olive Washburn, Mr. J. B. Chase. The newly elected Trustees went into executive session and elected the following officers: President, Mr. M. B. Dodge; Vice-President, Mrs. Julia Schlesinger; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. William H. Yeaw; Treasurer, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth; Secretary and Librarian, Mrs. S. B. Whitehead; Agent and Collector, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth. The officer's reports gave a very encouraging showing of the financial prosperity of the Society and the prospect of a temple in the near future.

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please by its resemblance to it.—Shaftesbury.

A Remarkable Seance.

The New York *Sun* gives an account of a remarkable materialization at the house of Mrs. Maynard, White Plains, N. Y., April 3—the medium being Mrs. M. E. Williams, of New York. Mrs. Maynard is the well-known medium, formerly Nettie Colburn, who, during the war, held many seances in Washington in presence of Lincoln, Seward, Stanton and Chase. For two years, Mrs. Maynard made her home in the White House, and gave sittings to the President almost daily. Notes were kept of the communications, and were in the hands of S. B. Brittan for publication at the time of his death. The manuscript mysteriously disappeared, and Mrs. Maynard, who has been an invalid for ten years, set to work to re-write the history, by aid of an amenuensis, which after two years' labor is nearly complete, lacking only verification of certain dates and details. During all this time Mrs. Maynard has been lying on her bed, her limbs terribly twisted with rheumatism, and suffering great pain. She received aid from spirit friends, who constantly communicated with her, and who two years ago assured her she would be kept alive to finish the work. Recently materialization seances have been held in the invalid's chamber to facilitate the reception of messages. At the seance described by the *Sun*, there were present ten reliable witnesses besides the *Sun* reporter. There was no cabinet, but a curtain drawn across a corner of the room. Twenty-three forms walked out into the room and conversed with Mrs. Maynard and others. The spirit of Lincoln appeared for a few moments, gave some details, and promised to return from time to time until the work is finished. Congressman Somes, of Maine, an intimate friend of Lincoln, also appeared, and gave precise dates of events re-counted in Mrs. Maynard's book. On several occasions two spirit forms appeared at the same time. The deceased mother of the sick woman came to her bedside and comforted her with voice and touch, as did also her sister Julia, who passed away only two weeks previous. Both conversed about family affairs, of which Mrs. Williams knew nothing.

The "Double."

The "Medium and Daybreak," of London, recently gave the particulars of the appearance in material form of a living person, a lady, at a distance of 152 feet from the place where the lady was at the time. The facts are well authenticated, although real names are not given. Mrs. X and Mrs. Y, both mediums, lived in the same house in the country. The former was much attached to her garden, in which she spent much time, and during the inclement weather had brought on illness by exposure. She had recovered and was one evening busily engaged in mopping the floor of the green-house, when she felt a hand placed on her shoulder and heard the voice of her friend, Mrs. Y, telling her: "Come straight away in." Turning, she saw Mrs. Y attired in a white robe with her hair flowing loosely down her back, her general appearance being more youthful than the Mrs. Y, who, with dark dress and hair "done up," was, at the time, in her room in the house. The white-dressed form and a shadowy male form accompanying it in a few seconds melted from view. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that Mrs. Y was at the moment enjoying in her room the companionship of a dear spirit friend, when she suddenly felt a solicitude for Mrs. X at work in the green-house. Lying on her bed at the time, she fell asleep just as the desire to call her friend occurred to her, and she was not conscious on awaking, that she had in spirit visited the green-house. It is somewhat remarkable that the form of the spirit she was just before in rapport with, went with her to the green-house and appeared in less palpable shape. The editor of the *Medium* says Mrs. Y has frequently been seen at much greater distances from her body, and has given audible communications of which she was unconscious at the time. It is also said to have conveyed news that the recipients could have had no anticipation of.

The Christ Plane.

EDITOR DOVE:—I am glad to see in your columns a criticism on the above as published in your March No., from N. F. Ravlin; it shows that I have written something strong enough to attract his attention. As I understand the question it is claimed that the power which is to save the people must come from the Christ plane. This power, this Christ element, according to Mr. Ravlin, and I do not dispute it, has been manifested from the days of Zoroaster till now, and is there a single nation, people or province saved? If Mr. Ravlin says there is, and can show it to be so, then I yield the point; if not, I must maintain my position—continue to assert the Christ plane a failure.

Resting that part of the case right here, I will quote one sentence from the gentleman's criticism: "We may know the cause of human misery, degradation and woe, but if we do nothing till we have the power to *remove* that cause, we shall have lived in vain."

In reply, permit me to say: "We shall never have the power till we summon it, and we shall never summon it so long as we do not believe that it is ours, or can be ours to use. So far as thinking of the causes clearly, definitely is concerned, such people cannot live in vain, even though they never do a thing in the sphere of effects. The more determinedly they refuse to act in the sphere of effects, the more power will their thoughts have in the sphere of causes, and surely, Mr. Ravlin believes in the power of thought.

As to "so-called Christianity," I was not thinking of it particularly from the standpoint of theology, but from the continual tendency toward retaining the spirit of the old while rejecting the form, and Mr. Ravlin's criticism only shows the more plainly that tendency. There is one thing I would do if I could; I would forever put an end to the labeling of the new with the labels of the old.

Mr. Ravlin has written as a criticism some nicely rounded paragraphs, and used some fine language, but as I look it over, I find little but assertion, and until he brings proof, perhaps the above is sufficient.

Yours for causes,

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

The Psychist.

A new magazine devoted to formulating a philosophy of expression applying to the subjective state, and to an examination of the relations of the body and Psychic forces as they present themselves in man.

To the Spiritualist soul is another thing than matter; it is an entity living and imperishable. Through the columns of *The Psychist* we shall discuss mainly the immediate expressions of the soul through the body. The ablest writers on this subject will put their best thought foremost in this monthly. Emma J. Nickerson wields the editorial pen. Single numbers 10 cts. \$1.00 per year. Subscribe at once and get all the numbers.

Address The Psychist, 1351 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Eunice Sleeper paid us a pleasant visit during the early part of the week.

We have decided to accept subscriptions for the WEEKLY DOVE, at \$1.00 per year.

The Press wields a far mightier and more extended influence than the Pulpit. Let Spiritualists ponder this truth and use both in the promulgation of truth.

Mrs. Higgins-Wellman has removed from 1906 Sutter street to 736 Hayes street, where she will be pleased to receive her friends and investigators of Spiritualism at any time. Mrs. Wellman is a fine trance test medium, and we can commend her to strangers who may desire to visit mediums while in the city.

The Soul of Man.

The "Soul of Man," by Dr. Paul Carus, treats of the most salient psychological problems, presenting them in their connection with philosophy, physical science, including mechanics, physiology, experimental psychology (hypnotism, etc.), religion and ethics. The physiological chapters of the book are profusely illustrated, so as to economize the time and save the patience of the reader who will find the most important facts and results of scientific investigation that have reference to the activity of the human soul, collected and systematically arranged in a comparatively small space and handy shape.

Dr. Carus discusses the psychological problems from the standpoint of positive monism, at present the almost generally accepted view in philosophy and science. The statement of his position is made very clear and even pronounced. Yet this does not restrict the usefulness of the book to those readers alone who will accept his views. The mere collection of materials, which can nowhere be found so conveniently compiled and presented, will make the book welcome to all who are interested in psychology, however widely their opinions may differ from those of the author.

As to the importance of psychological topics, no one can deny it. It has been truly said that knowledge is power; and knowledge of the human soul is power to everyone who has to deal with men. Dr. Carus says on page 323.

"Psychology is a study too much neglected; it is indispensable for every one who has to deal with people; and who has not? the physician, the clergyman, the employer of labor, the officer of the army, the professor, the merchant, the banker, almost every one has to deal with people, and, above all, the lawyer. Self-knowledge is not sufficient to make us free, it must be self-knowledge and the knowledge of other people, it must be self-knowledge in the broadest sense, knowledge of the soul, of the motives that work upon, and can be employed to affect, man's sentiments. It is only knowledge that can make us free; and knowledge will make us free. And because it makes us free, knowledge, and chiefly so psychological knowledge, is power."

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LET THE COMPANY YOU KEEP BE GOOD.—It is an old proverb, and a true one—"Like draws to like." Ducks congregate and sport in the water together, and crows lift their unmusical voices in concert. Take heed, therefore, of the companionship you seek to cultivate; for to an absolute certainty, whether innocent or guilty, the quality of your companions will rule the opinion which is formed of you by the world. Police officers are well aware of the tendency of like drawing to like; and a favourite mode of finding a criminal is by discovering the kind of retreat he is likely to seek. Man gradually acquires much of the characteristics of the associations, be they good or bad, with which he is brought immediately in contact. It is especially incumbent on young men who may change the sphere of their labors to act with caution in forming new companionships. A false step may prove fatal to the growth of the good seed which has taken root; and it is better to wait patiently until time and experience have lent their aids for a decision.—

Dr. J. Simms.

Let the girls who would like to know something, but are afraid it will spoil their matrimonial chances, take heart and go in for honors. Ex-President White of Cornell university, has just married Miss Helen Magill, who after graduating from Swarthmore college took the degree of Ph. D. at Boston university, studied three years at Newham college, Cambridge, England, returned home to teach and lecture, and made the acquaintance of her husband while reading a paper before the students of Cornell. A little learning in a wife is not a dangerous thing to a man who knows something himself. The man who is afraid of knowledge in a woman has grave doubts about his own capacity.—Kate Field's Washington.

The business manager of The Engineering and Mining Journal is now a woman, Mrs. Sophie Brunlich. She first entered the office of that journal as a stenographer. Mrs. Brunlich superintended the preparation of the census statistics of gold and silver.

Justitiæ Home.

M. A. HUNTER.

Mt. Hamilton, topped out with the Observatory, its great round dome above all, stands high up against the sky, almost directly east of us. As we stand facing the mountain in the morning, the sun, at this time of the year, rises a little to the left of it. The sides of the entire range of mountains is now a living, beautiful green. Nature is out in all its loveliness. The distance from the Home to the Observatory by the road, is about thirteen miles, but by a straight line it is, apparently, not one half that distance. The lands of the Home occupy a portion of what is termed Hall's Valley, and are at an elevation of about two thousand feet above the sea. We have had no frosts of much severity this spring. No damage to fruit trees or crops.

THE HOME.

Much enquiry has been made in regard to our material condition and progress. The entire land of the Home is under fence. We have thirty-five acres of bearing vines, a large portion of which are wine grapes, the remainder raisin and table varieties. An orchard of about one thousand trees, about one-third of which are prunes, the remainder apple, peach, cherries, etc. We have plowed and seeded about forty acres to hay and grain. The University gave us five hundred Ramie plants; these are planted. They are now coming forward sufficiently to be cultivated. All kinds of garden products are being planted as fast as the season will permit, and are coming forward vigorously. We have all the agricultural implements the place needs, wagons, teams, etc. The buildings of the Home at present consist of three houses, aggregating twelve rooms; one very large and well built barn, one smaller one, sheds, out-houses, etc. The entire land is well watered with some ten or twelve living springs, giving an abundance of water.

These are in the main our physical conditions, and are sufficient, with industry and economy, to support a goodly number of people. The land and climate are capable of producing nearly or quite the whole range of fruits known to the coast. In short, our capabilities are whatever we have a mind to make them, with the natural conditions we have at our command.

We have ample physical condition to accomplish all we need to insure material success. The next question is the mental and spiritual. No matter what our material capabilities, without the necessary mental and spiritual elements we can accomplish nothing in the way of building up a Home, superior to that common to the present condition of society. There are minds now sufficiently grown and developed to assist in the work. These will come to us one by one. The Home will be well established in its own good time.

Chatty Letter from an old Friend.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE.—There is one serious drawback to our almost perfect happiness to-day, and that drawback is—*Julia is not here*—Do you know, dear friend, how often we have spoken of you during the last week? Surely your spirit must sense our desire to have you with us. "Now who is us?" I hear you say, "Well, it is 'Johnsie' and 'Masie'." I came up here one week ago Sunday to recover from my serious attack of "LaGrippe," and with every breath I draw, I feel myself taking on new life and flesh. This is a beautiful place just now; everything dressed in the fresh green garb of springtime, the air which is nearly perfect, is filled with the song of birds; no rattle, clang and clatter of trade or street-car to mar its harmony, and the fields abloom with wild flowers; add to this the companionship of those I love best, and what wonder I am growing in bodily health as well as spiritual strength.

The other day we two—"Johnsie" and I—were puttering around the house—as two women will—when "Johnsie" stopped what-even she was doing, faced around and said to me, "Masie, do you

know we ought to be very thankful and happy to-day?" I asked her "Why?" "*Because we are together.*" Well, we *are* happy as the day is long. But, Julia, don't you think we both deserve a little unalloyed happiness? It has been a stranger to us both so long. The stream of life has tossed us hither and thither upon its turbulent bosom until I do not think we could stand much more, and at last we have drifted into a quiet little corner where we can catch our breath and gain strength for a fresh battle with fate. The promise of this treat has buoyed me up for months or I feel sure I should have let go the life-lines and drifted out into the "unseen and unknowable."

What talks we are having with the invisible forces that are forever and always around and about those in the physical! We are surrounded by an atmosphere that is so in harmony with our own thought, that, as yet, I have failed to sense one single disturbing vibration.

The Doctor is doing well, and is, anyway, the personification of good nature.

Mr. G., "Johnsie's" brother, is on the higher plane of physical life; he is hard to study as his depth of character he keeps hidden beneath the surface; but if you are fortunate enough to surprise him outside of his shell, so to speak, you find a man who is in deep sympathy with his fellowmen, and gentle in every way, yet sparkling and full of fun. "Johnsie" is a fortunate woman.

Now for the funny side of our happy life here. I wish you could sit where I am just now so you could look out of a window before me; you would see "Johnsie," sun-bonneted, ax in hand, building a chicken-house. She is standing on the top board of a four-foot fence driving down a post. The Doctor and I have laughed until we nearly cried to see her. I am not quite strong enough to help her or no telling where I should be. She has a cow, so we have all the milk, cream and butter we can use. To-night we attend a progressive euchre party where Mr. G. and I expect to *do up* the town of Vina. Last Sunday we went on a picnic down by the river. We took poles and lines, but somehow the fish refused to attach themselves to our hooks. The only *catch* was Mr. G., who got a fish-hook in his finger so deep that he had to cut it out with his jack-knife. We took our sketching apparatus and got some funny scenes. We are planning another picnic for next Sunday. There are no meetings of any kind *we* would attend, so we seek nature before man has had a chance to try to improve on it.

"Johnsie" says, "tell Julia to take Wallie by the hand, don't stop to fix up or say good-bye to anyone, but just start for the nine o'clock boat Saturday evening, board the Shasta Express, and come up and spend Sunday with us and as much longer as you can." (Remember the trip to the Presidio?) Wouldn't we have a nice time? Come on, *do* get out of that noisy old city for a few hours at least.

This ranche of Senator Stanford's is truly worth a trip up here to see. Sunday we walked across the vineyard; it is in all nearly two miles wide and four long. The winery covers a piece of ground two hundred feet square. They loaded a car the other night that holds one hundred barrels with wine; each barrel holds fifty gallons. But one of the pretty sights is a herd of about one hundred black and white Holstein cows that are grazing in a field a little way from here, but in sight from the window. I have not been to the nursery yet; that is where they keep the blooded colts. The horses that belong to the ranche are beauties and know about as much as a man. Mr. G. drives one called "George." Mr. G. is time-keeper on the ranche, so of course does little else than ride from point to point taking time. This horse—"George" showed real sympathetic reasoning the other day. There are a great many gates to open in driving anywhere here, so one day Mr. G. got out to open a gate, and "George" felt a little tricky, so, instead of waiting for his master, he kicked up his heels and away he went, capering with the cart across a field nearly three-quarters of a mile wide. When about half way, he turned his head to see if his master was following, then started again; but had only gone a few yards when he stopped, looked back, and seemed to reason for a minute, then turning quickly, trotted back to Mr. G. as much as to say, "It is mean to make you walk, I am sorry I ran away," and how do you suppose he repaid the horse for his good sense—he put his arms around the horse's neck and hugged him.

Now I think I have exhausted my brain-force for to-day, so with our combined love, I say, God bless you, J. M. VINA, CAL.

Address by N. F. Ravlin.

"Life in the Spiritual and Material Worlds Contrasted," was the subject upon which Mr. N. F. Ravlin discoursed last Sunday evening at Washington Hall. The subject was given by a Presbyterian clergyman.

Mr. Ravlin said: "The last shall be first and the first shall be last," and I propose to look first at life in this world. I discern that one supreme motive and interest is the prime one to which all other interests must bow. The world at large is now referred to, and not any individual. We recognise the fact that everything is at a purchasable price. They smile and talk sweetly to carry out their ends. The dry goods clerk has a market value if he can sell goods for his employer. Love, Friendship, and all the holiest affections of the human heart are sacrificed to the lust of gold. Number one first and neighbor afterward. Increasing one's own exchequer by overreaching some one else. The groceryman cannot make a living without selling liquor. He has to contend against an accursed custom. This is life in *this* world, as we see it, where selfishness prevails. No exception even among clergymen. Let any clergyman come to this city, and through his zeal and devotion to his work build up a church and become popular, and he at once becomes a marked man. The tongues of envy and jealousy begin to wag, and he soon discovers that self-interest actuates his enemies. It prevails universally, from highest to lowest. The speaker here related how a small number of people assembled and passed the following resolution: "Resolved, that God hath given the earth and the fullness thereof to his people; and *we are His people.*"

The great Carmencita Benefit given in New York recently by the "upper" class of society demonstrated the spirit of unbridled license and utter profligacy that prevails. You may go through all the orgies of Pagan nations, and you cannot find a darker picture anywhere. What "upper" is, and what "lower" is will be decided very differently in the spirit world. The idea that wealth makes people "up" in the world, and the lack of it makes them "down" is wholly confined to this life. No such ideas prevail in spirit life. Here money is god; money is king; money rules; money sends men to the U. S. Senate—the American House of Lords—it is composed of millionaires, and they run the government.

When I was a young man—a student away from home—I was much in need of an overcoat, as the weather was severely cold. I bought one for five dollars. It was warm but not handsome. It covered up a good suit of clothes and gave the spruce student a shabby appearance. I wore that coarse overcoat to church, and the usher looked me over from head to foot, and then showed me a seat away back under the gallery. If I had worn a fine overcoat I would have had a good seat. Money, or the supposition that you have money, is necessary to success now. That is life in this world. The lesson most impressed upon the young mind is the importance of the accumulation of wealth. The man who makes money is a success.

We showed you, the other evening, when speaking upon the Cause and Cure of Crime, that in the present social system is to be found the cause of almost all crime. Men and women come together in so-called marriage who soon learn to hate and despise each other, and under conditions of enforced maternity children are brought into the world to fill our prisons and asylums. The principle that should bring people together is crucified between two thieves—avarice and indulgence—and love dies on the cross. What shall put the brakes upon this spirit of indulgence that steals away the bloom from the cheeks of youth and sends our daughters into the street selling themselves for bread? Here the seducer may be honored and respected while his victim is ostracised, condemned and outcast; but in spirit life she will find a welcome and greeting not accorded him. Her garments that here are soiled with the sin and stain of the unhallowed conditions in which man's lust has placed her will shine with heavenly brightness over there; while he, the cause of her downfall and ruin, will be clothed in

rags until, through deeds of love and mercy, he has atoned for the great wrong.

Here we have wars, bloodshed, tears and woe until the cup of human misery seem overflowing, all on account of the insatiable spirit of greed that causes men to prey like human vultures upon the weak and helpless. It is impossible to overlook the dark picture that the contemplation of this subject reveals.

Now I will give you the contrast, or a picture of life in the spirit world. Having never been there, I can only give you what is given me to say. The spirit world is joined to this world, and we are in the spirit world now. If this audience could be ushered into spirit life at once the people would be men and women still. Dying would not transform them into angels. It is recognized that the spirit sphere immediately connected with earth is so permeated with the aura of earth that the higher spirits cannot penetrate it. I do not propose to contrast life on the low planes of spirit life with material life, as they are very similar. A dishonest man, when he enters spirit life, is brought face to face with his acts. He can not buy out the law of the spirit world with money. He has to meet the consequences of his life and conduct. Suppose the San Francisco Presbytery were at once to be ushered into spirit life, do you suppose they would be permitted to hound a brother clergyman to death? I do not propose to go into spirit life and have to take a pick and shovel and begin to bury my dead. I am going to bury them here by overcoming the lower and cultivating the higher and better. It is only by striving and conquest that we progress from low conditions to high and angelic spheres. Angels are the men and women who once lived, suffered and shed tears. As they expand and grow, selfishness disappears and love reigns. They tell me that there are those in this audience to-night who, if they were revealed in their true character, the light that would surround them would be of such dazzling brightness that it would be impossible to look upon them. They are those that have suffered and grown strong—who have learned to overcome.

Angels can sometimes break through the darkness of earthly conditions, draw aside the sheen, and let in the light of immortality, and carry some message of hope and cheer to those on this side who sorrow without hope. We can see these white-winged messengers going hither and thither on their errands of love and mercy, carrying hope to the despairing, comfort to the bereaved, and strengthening the toilers in Truth's vineyard.

All systems of education on the earth plane having for their object the growth and development of the individual have their origin in the spirit world. There they go up just as far as permitted by their attainments, like a graded school—no graduating however, no getting all of knowledge. There duty and study are pleasures. Everything is made up of grades which divide the vast races of the earth into societies and groups drawn together by the law of attraction. There families are readjusted, and each finds his own place by the same unerring law.

How great the contrast, how vast the distance between the seen and the unseen, between love and lust, between clanking chains and unlimited freedom, between the glitter and tinsel, like the show upon the stage, and the sublime and beautiful reality of the spirit world. Here virtue wears the bleeding crown of thorns, and many a Magdalen in this city to-night will reach the heights of glory before the libertine who brought her woe and misery shall reach the outermost portal. From those with soiled robes, blanched cheeks, and tearful eyes the angels gather their brightest jewels. Every deed of kindness, every effort to do good, when contrasted with the spirit of avarice that prevails, lifts the man or woman higher and nearer angelhood. If you would attain that condition, have in your hearts the purest charity, the deepest love, and forswear your allegiance to all the accursed customs that now obtain on the earth plane.

"Life," say the Arabs, "is of two parts: that which is past—a dream; that which is to come—a wish."

Letter from Topolobampo.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—Thinking a word from the Topolobampo Colony might be acceptable, I will send you a few lines. It is easy to carry out reforms—on paper—but the real, practical reform is pretty scarce the world over, I believe. The imagination of ardent reformers is extremely vivid; like a distant landscape, the thorns and brambles and rocky steeps are obscured by the distance "that lends enchantment to the view." But when we come in contact with the hobbies that each reformer is determined to ride, and the persistence and vehemence with which one clings to his favorite, the way of reform is not so smooth and easy as the theoretical reformer has fondly imagined.

The fundamental principles of integral co-operation are well taken. Strictly speaking, they involve only the elements of political economy, and this simply the practical application of the law of justice in production, distribution and exchange. These require: First, free and equal access to all the bounties of Nature; making actual use and occupation for the purposes intended by Nature, the only and real tenure; the whole to be held in collective ownership by the community. Second, all enterprises that are of a public nature, as transportation, education, the building of highways and bridges, amusements, sanitary institutions, supplies of water, lights, etc, the cost of these not to exceed their actual expense. Third, the supply of a circulating medium, by which equitable exchanges can be made. The Company guarantees a market for all productions, allowing the full value to the producer; in credits, for which he can receive in exchange anything the company has to sell. These public interests are to be in the hands of a Board of Directors, elected by the stock-holders, and regulated by laws ratified by the individual members of the company, regardless of the amount of stock owned, and the amount of stock that anyone can own is limited to less than the two thousandth part of the whole.

Besides these, various kinds of insurance are guaranteed, as against helplessness in sickness, accident, old age and other disabilities. Each member is also guaranteed employment from which he or she may receive equitable compensation. All business is to be done through the company, thus avoiding individual competition, and securing to each one the full return of his or her labor. No distinction of sex as to rights and privileges is to be regarded.

It has been estimated that four hours of well directed productive labor would be sufficient to secure all the reasonable needs of life. In addition to these, facilities for education, culture and the enjoyments of life would be greatly enhanced, and lastly, freedom from grinding monopolies, fierce competition, onerous taxes and worrying debts, in a country whose climate is agreeable and salubrious, surpassing any in the United States, with a soil unsurpassed in fertility, and with adequate facilities for irrigation. With all these advantages enthusiastically set forth in various ways, one would suppose that such a movement with such advantages would soon develop an enterprise that would set the world aglow with enthusiasm.

These representations are as nearly correct as I can, in brief, express them. We are moving along as well as we can under the circumstances;—the circumstances with which we have to contend are those first mentioned in this letter. In regard to integral co-operation, there is not a dissenting voice. All agree as to climate, soil and the resources of the country. If we have not realized the expectations of our most zealous friends, we have done the best we could, and that is as good as any one can do.

The construction of a ditch, now fairly under way, it is to be hoped, will solve the problem of Integral Co-operation. All here are agreed upon that, and for the best of reasons. The completion of the ditch will develop the basis of profitable industries for a population of ten thousand; and this will serve as a foothold for many thousands more. The hard times occasioned by low prices in the United States have proved a severe draw-back to our people here. Many would have sold their homes and invested here if

they could have done so without making too great a sacrifice. The difficulties of transportation and the uncertainties attending it, have also seriously affected us. The misrepresentations on both sides of the truth have hurt us badly, and the unsatisfactory management here has been unfortunate for us.

Notwithstanding all these draw-backs, our prospects are cheering. We have a class of people devoted to the cause, and determined to succeed. Kansas, of bloody reminiscence, is with us. Her people, who fought the first battles for freedom in the rebellion, and at the last election won the first political victory, are here in force, and more are coming. They know what hardships are, and how to overcome them.

With the climate and soil and natural advantages that we have here, and the energy of American citizens, we cannot fail. Another year will put a different aspect upon things here. There is a rich reward in store for those who are faithful to their duty.

I am happy to learn that you have secured more favorable quarters and increased your facilities for your benevolent work. May your white-winged messenger find lodgment in many homes, far and near, to whisper words of joy, love and peace. It is the work of angels, and blessed are those who are worthy, and are permitted to work with and for them.

I am Faithfully and Fraternally Yours,

E. J. SCHELLHOUS.

LA LOGIA, April 8, 1891.

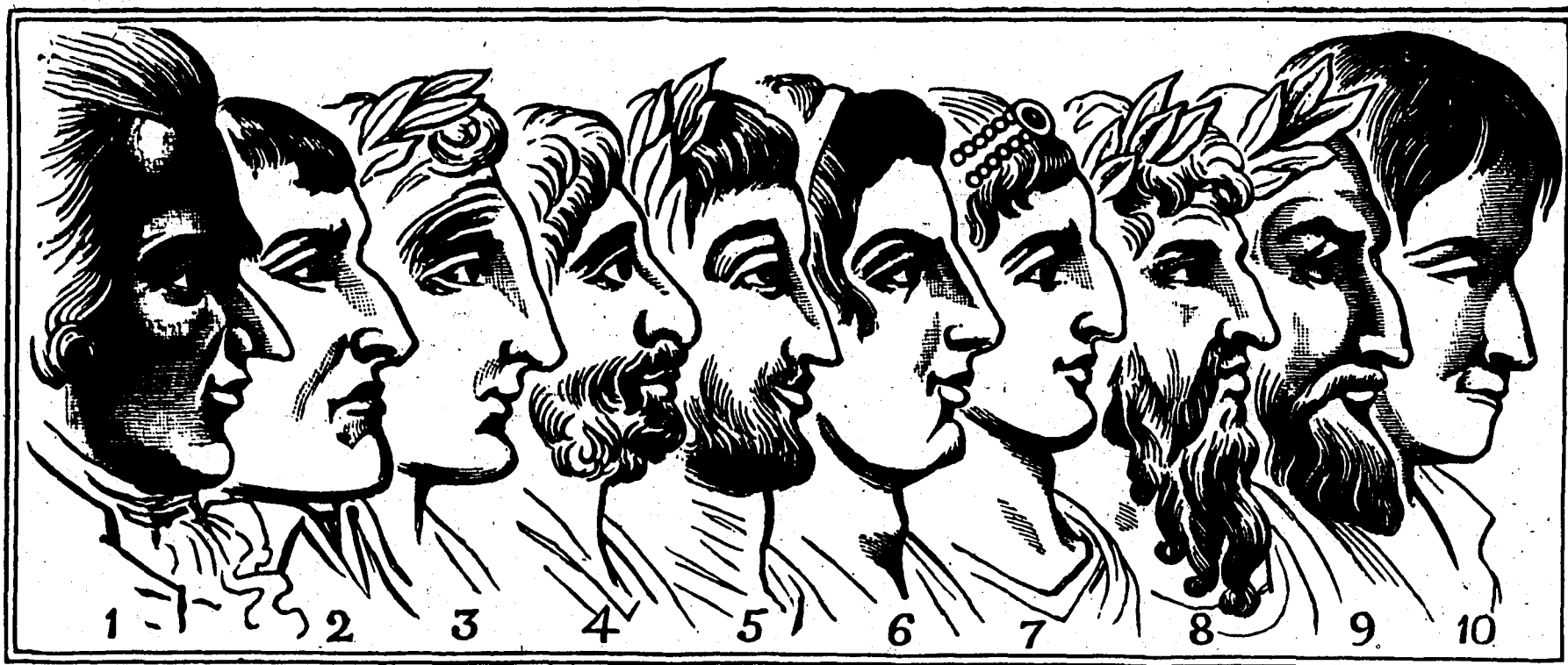
Children's Progressive Lyceum Corner.

Efforts at Progress—Rewards Arouse New Interest—Favorable Outlook.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

The reward of happiness attached to every act or thought given to the service of Love, who first moulded the human spirit with all its capacities for beauty and affection, is the most certain assurance that all unselfish efforts will grow to fruition some time. With the Lyceum, which is certainly founded in generous effort, the past month has been one of greater interest than has been observable for several months. Under the impulse of the reward offered by Mr. J. L. Morse, a larger attendance was secured, so that the groups were nearly all filled, and Mr. John Slater's reward induced the Lyceum members to exert themselves to that extent that there has probably been a greater average of performances during the past six Sundays than any corresponding period for years. Almost from the youngest to the oldest member has the range of performances extended, including songs, piano executions, recitations, etc., so that the visitors who formed a fair average of the year were well entertained with the groups.

Some few of the younger members have started a little society which they have dubbed "The Tiddly-de-Winks," in an effort to carry out their plan of what should constitute a musical, literary and dramatic club. Its fate is yet in the balance, as it was only inaugurated about six weeks ago. If its principles are true to the general interests of humanity, there can be no doubt as to the ultimate outcome, as all the contacts with the beautiful thoughts of music and literature, together with the effort at pleasing others, always must result in the harmony of each individual spirit with its truer aspirations from the inspiration of the universal parent. The entertainment of March was one of the best we have had, and the indications for the month are very encouraging. One of the pleasures of the near future will perhaps be a basket picnic, as a committee has already been appointed to perform some service in gathering statistics upon the subject. With a full quota of leaders, and officers, and interested groups, we commence May auspiciously.



"The above novel form of illustration was designed by Dr. SIMMS, and is a fair example of the originality that pervades his writings."

1. Benwick Williams, the brutal monster, a woman stabber. 2. Napoleon I, The Great Emperor of France, from an original drawing by Corner. Alfred, the Great, King of the Saxons in England, "one of the most perfect characters to be found on the pages of history." 4. Pompey, the great, A distinguished Roman general and triumvir. 5. Constantine I, the great, the first Christian emperor of Rome. 6. Antiochus III, the great, King of Syria, Media, Babylonia, and part of Asia Minor. 7. Theodosius, the great, Emperor of the whole Roman world. 8. Otho, the great, Emperor of Germany. 9. Charles, II, the great Emperor of France, who successfully invaded Italy. 10. The Young Savage, found in the forests in France.

Any ordinary observer will notice that no. 1, the brute, and no. 10, the ignorant savage have heads taller and foreheads larger and higher than any of the world's great men, from nos. 2 to 9 inclusive. The strong noses and powerful faces disclose the real character of the great men, while the heads of 1 and 10 evince tendencies to extreme conceit and idiocy respectively.

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