

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME VIII.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AUGUST, 1891.

NUMBER 8.

Original Poem.

Written for The Carrier Dove.

Immortality.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

An atom of the universe I stand,
Seeing no beginning and no end;
A pilgrim toiling in an alien land,
With hopes that to the highest heaven tend—
In semblance an aspiring potentate,
Linked to the chain that binds the world's estate.

Varied the verdure springing at my feet,
As up the mountains, down the vales I'm led,
But I have learned to make this life complete,
Lovely and glorious; so my soul is fed
With a celestial manna, and the wine
Of an existence deathless and divine.

What is this life, this meager space of time.
This single drop in the all-boundless sea?
What force impels its energies sublime?

By what imperious edict or decree,
That on the tide the wondrous bark is tossed,
And in a moment to our vision lost?

Lost to the normal, the material sight,
Enfolded in the mystery of law;
Yet if in the resplendence and new light
Of more expanded vision it may draw
The needed forces of its finer state,
Toil on, thou soul, for joy shall be thy fate!

Methinks this life is but a human school,
With varied forms of discipline and grade;
Where all do find, as by some hidden rule,
The special path their thoughts and deeds have made—
And to each pupil will in time be shown
The fruit must ripen from the seed that's sown.

There is a cloud of mystery remains
As yet unsolved; that darkens mid the thrall
Of our terrestrial losses, odds and gains;
Which to the materialist is all
That life contains—within the mold and rust
Of earth-bound speculations is his trust.

O, sad, indeed, and pitiful the sight,
With no sweet blooms of hope or faith to cheer;
No sun of promise warming with its light
The toiling soul in its existence here!
Far better to have been a lifeless clod,
Or some poor luckless tenant of the sod!

What means this yearning in the human breast—
This constant reach beyond the things of time—
The golden reveries in hours of rest—
But the assurance of a state sublime?
What mean these heavenly longings 'mid the strife
But shadowy preludes of a better life?

Like some lone bark encompassed with the storms,
Struggles the spirit with its earthly state,
Until amid the everlasting calms
And blooming beauties of its high estate
It safely anchors—with the tempest passed
It enters the fruition of its joys at last.

An atom still upon the surging sea
Of present hopes and energies I stand,
Searching 'mid new-born theories for a key
To unlock the temple, and to understand
The sacred mysteries and golden lore
That will an age of knowledge yet restore.

Thine armor don, thou spirit true and tried!
Put on the robes of righteousness and light!
As by the Fiery Baptism glorified
A new path opens to the mountain-height—
Its golden summit scale—turn not away
From aught that leads into the perfect way!

Indweller of the beautiful and high,
O, lover of all loveliness, in thee
There is an element that cannot die!

A revelation that mortality,
With all the light its theories have found,
Cannot encompass in its meager bound!

A song is being chanted to the earth,
Mine ear is quickened by its magic power;
Beneath its subtle charm there is no dearth
Of beauty nor of joy—e'en the tiny flower
That lifts its leaves above the grassy plain
Pulsates and thrills to its inspiring strain.

Through all the links of matter, links of life,
The mystic peans of its beauty run;
Weaving into harmony the strife,
It is the silken thread from which is spun
The golden charms of a divine accord
That crown the soul and make it one with God.

It lingers near, it whispers from afar,
Vibrating sweetly through the atmosphere;
From flower to gleaming flower, from star to star,
From sun to sun, from sphere to dazzling sphere,
Its heavenly numbers flow; whose strains rehearse
The hidden music of the universe.

O, power of sweet Harmony, in thee
The great creative essence is embalmed;
To golden heights of immortality
The toiling one by thy fair sway is charmed!
The prophet's vision and the poet's thought
Beneath thy spell with deathless hues are fraught!

Forever live, O, Spirit true and wise!
The portals to the heavenly gates of light
Open for thee; whose fields are crowned with dyes
Of shining splendor to thy new-born sight!
A mighty victor, thou dost reign sublime
Above decay, mortality and time!

Original Story.

[Written for The Carrier Dove.]

Toilers for Bread—The Story of the Poor.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

Author of "Outside the Gates," "Crowded Out," "Crooked Paths, etc.

CHAPTER IV.

IN A FAIR COUNTRY.

A stretch of road,—white and glistening like dew-gems in the light of the morning sun—leading from the banks of the smiling river that skirted the town, through pleasant fields, and, upward over emerald slopes, to the very doorways of the pretty homes that dotted the landscape. A clear, blue sky, from which the warm, but not oppressive sunlight benevolently shone; a suspicion of moisture upon the fields and flowers, as if they had been touched by a refreshing power that had left no dampness and no trace of decay. Over toward the horizon beautiful hills, crowned with verdure, and just now gleaming, as it were, from a wealth of rosy mist, gave a sense of dignity to the scene, while all around, from sunny road to distant heights, an indescribable atmosphere of peace and comfort reigned. The houses were not pretentious. Most of them were built of the same material—a peculiar yellowish quartz-like stone that shone and glittered in the sunlight with indescribable effect. There was no appearance of sameness in their construction, for these dwellings were of diversified design and architecture. Some were of circular form, or octagonal in shape; some had copings and pillars of white, alabaster-like stone; some had openings from roof to floor entwined with vines and flowers; a few had long, narrow windows opening like doors; others were of different construction; none were very large or imposing, but all wore an appearance of enduring stability and solid worth. Gardens of blooming flowers, beautiful shrubbery, and fruitful trees were attached to each habitation, and fair fields of blooming luxuriance revealed a plentiful and bountiful supply of Nature's gifts. Here and there a larger, more public-looking building, spacious, handsome, and flooded with light, tells us that the inhabitants of this fair country are provided with halls and temples, and schools for assembly and instruction, and in the distance, not in the direction of the hills, but opposite—a long, low range of buildings, many rods in length, built of the same glistening stone with which the region abounds, seems to speak of some great industry that is pursued in this place, and that these buildings contain the implements and equipments for the work.

The traveler who has reached this spot is struck at once by the absence of any discordant element in the atmosphere. There is no jar of moving machinery, no rattle and whirl to disturb the air now redolent with flowers, and alive with the musical murmur of birds; and yet the inhabitants are not asleep. The hour is full of animation and activity; children are seen in groups, playing, in the fields and by the roadside, or wending their way toward one of the loftier buildings which is doubtless a training school for these young minds. Men and women are moving about out of doors, some tending to their flowers and aromatic shrubs, others examining the fruit of the trees or plucking it for use; and still others are walking in social pairs and companies toward the distant buildings that are evidently their place of employment. While all whom the traveler meets this glad, bright morning seem filled with the spirit of activity, and none exhibit an indolent, indifferent or careless air, there is no appearance of nervous haste or wearing anxiety about them; there is evidently no

friction in their lives that exhausts brain and muscle, and wears them out before their time.

This is doubtless a happy, even a prosperous people. They laugh and sing, or talk cheerily at their employment; they are not hest by the perplexities that many other human beings endure. It will be interesting to the traveler to study the simple life of this locality, to learn the secrets of its contentment and success, and to watch its methods of human government.

But we will not follow the curiosity of the chance traveler, or of the explorer who comes this way, for a knot of persons standing in the front garden of one of the little dwellings is attracting our attention. There are four of them, a gentleman of perhaps middle age, tall and straight in stature, with blue eyes and an abundance of brown hair; two women, neither of whom is very large in person, but both brunettes, and bearing a certain resemblance to each other, and a little girl of ten or twelve, with large gray eyes and curling locks of sunny hue.

One of the women is shorter and slighter even than the other, and in the depths of her dark eyes there is an expression as if she had been hunted and wounded by some great trial, but which is now removed—an expression of pain, mingled with one of relief, as of some danger past. Upon the olive cheek of her sister—for such we are assured the lady by her side must be—burns a clear crimson flush enhancing her beauty and betokening the presence of happiness and health. But the cheek of the first bears no such signal, for it is of almost ashy paleness still, from the weariness its possessor has known. "Oh! what a lovely spot—you could not have found a more beautiful place for your home, Janet; is it possible that oppressive heat or chilling frost can ever reach this locality? The place where I came from is subjected to such atmospheric changes. The last I experienced of it was burning heat, and a dry, dusty, choking sensation, but to-day its atmosphere may be cold and damp and full of sickly germs."

"I am glad you are pleased with our home, Mary dear," responded the sister addressed—she with the flush of health and the happy eye—"We are in love with it ourselves; especially as the climate is to be depended upon, for it never deceives us. In this region we are near enough to the sun to receive its warm and genial rays the year round. This morning is a type of our usual weather; there is no arid heat, just a delicious warmth, tinged with a sparkle of refreshing vitality that prevents any depressing exhaustion of our systems. Nor do we swing around to a season of frost and chill; we can hardly be said to have any winter, for there is no season of the year when we need to shut ourselves up in our houses, or to wrap ourselves in heavy garments. So you see we count ourselves fortunate indeed." "That you are, my sister, and to a weary pilgrim like me it is a veritable heaven. You tell me it is two days since I came, that I have been unconscious until now, worn out by exhaustion and pain; and that when I arrived I was in no condition to speak. I hardly remember reaching here, for the journey was long and I got so very tired before its end. Then it was night, and the darkness seemed intense to me. Yet, when I awoke this morning from my long and helpful sleep under your roof, it could not have been more than 2 o'clock I think. I looked out and saw the world resting beneath a soft and gentle light, while the flowers and bushes were wrapped in a kind of silvery mist. There was a quiet, restful hush in the air, and only the tender cooing of the birds was heard; but it did not seem like night to me; not such as I have been accustomed to even in summer time; do you have many such, Janet?"

"Yes, they are the rule with us, as this morning's beauty is the type of all that come; our climate is peculiarly fortunate in its conditions.—But you must tell us of yourself. Frank is as eager to know of your wanderings as I am, and even Maude,

who is culling her choicest flowers for auntie's hand, has heard so much of you, she will wish to hear your story too!"

"What a lovely child she is. I remember her as a remarkably pretty baby, and felt that she would prove a precious gift to your life, dear sister, and I am thankful that you have her with you here.

Yes, we came together, she and I, when she was but three years old, two years after we lost sight of you. Frank came first and made the way for us to follow, and I was glad to receive the summons to join him in his new home. I could not leave my baby and I brought her too, but I left Marion behind with her father's sister until we could send for her. Marion is with us now, and a beautiful girl she is. You remember our oldest child?"

"Yes, and I will be so glad to meet her; she was very much like Maude is now when I saw her last. Will she come soon?"

"Before long; she is spending a few days with some dear friends who have been attending a course of lectures upon Ancient Greece by a noted explorer and professor; at Mornington, a larger place than our pretty Riverside, one more bustling and quite as prosperous as our own little town. Marion is intensely interested in the subject because of her college studies in ancient history, and so she went with her friends to the university lectures I speak of. She may return to-day, and how surprised she will be to see you here."

While the sisters had been speaking, Frank Harcourt, the husband of one of them, while listening to the conversation, had not been idle, for his attention had been directed to a vine of grapes which grew close at hand, and he was now busy, training them in the direction he wished them to grow. The fruit from the vine hung in great luscious bunches, every globe of which gleamed like a huge pearl of crispy, limpid whiteness. The gentleman, with his hands loaded with the sugary clusters, now turned to his sister and said:

"Mary, try these grapes and see if you ever ate anything like them in the old world. They are in the perfection of beauty and richness, and will melt in your mouth. No fruit that one gets in the States of America can rival such as grows beneath our sun, however carefully it has been picked and handled and packed for transportation. You still look a little tired; sit down upon the porch and while you eat these grapes tell us something of what the years have brought to you. I have only an hour to spare here, and then I must go to other duties, but I would like to hear something of your life since we saw you last. Here is Maude with your bouquet, and while she sits at your feet and arranges it, we will listen to what you have to say to us."

CHAPTER V.

THE WANDERER'S STORY.

"I need not go back in my life beyond the date of your happy marriage, Janet, for you know all that went before that event; how, although our father was never heard from after that voyage to Singapore, when we were but children of ten and twelve years, we were comfortably cared for by our dear mother whose annuity was sufficient for her wants and our own. When I look back upon that period of happy girlhood, and remember how we were sheltered from the cold world's frowns by that mother's tender love, it seems like a far-off dream of heavenly joys. Well, our life flowed tranquilly on; content with our modest country life, paying strict attention to our books—for you know mother wished her daughters to be well informed—dreaming our dreams of future usefulness, we passed the years until you were eighteen and my twentieth birthday was at hand. Then Frank came into the village to spend his summer vacation. He met our family at our pastor's home, and falling in love with my only sister, he soon wooed and won her for his own.

"After you were married and went away, mother and I continued to live together in the same old quiet and harmonious fashion, our life happily broken into by an occasional visit from you and Frank, with the dear little ones who in time came to grace your home, and by the one great event when mother and I paid a long visit to you just before your removal to that far Southern locality that we feared was so full of malaria-breeding swamps and other disagreeable things, but which Frank thought offered such strong inducements in a business point of view. Time went on; we heard but rarely from you. Your letters did not give such a satisfactory account of your circumstances as we wished to see. Mother worried a good deal, especially when, in the course of a year, we ceased to hear from you altogether. I wrote to you, but no answer came. Then I wrote to the postmaster of your town, and he replied that Frank Harcourt and his family had left the place and had gone to some unsettled town in the West, but where he could not tell, except that it was not far from a town called "Paola." This was very unsatisfactory, but I tried to comfort mother, telling her you would surely write us from your new home; but as the weeks went by and no word came, I noticed that a white, strained look had settled upon her face, that seemed to add ten years to its appearance. "Still, I did not apprehend anything; she had been so well and active that I had no suspicion that she was a victim to heart trouble, and not till I awoke one morning and found our darling mother cold and lifeless by my side, did I dream that I could lose her from my sight. This was a horrible shock to me, but I will not dwell upon it. For days I was beside myself, and but for our neighbors who kindly took charge of affairs, I do not know what I would have done.

"After the funeral I became more calm and able to face the situation. As you know, our income ceased with mother's death, and as it had not been large, we had saved nothing from it for future emergencies. I had absolutely nothing then but our simple household furniture, my clothing and books and the education I had received. But I was not daunted; I felt that I could go out into the world and earn my bread. Many a young woman of thirty had done that before me, and perhaps less equipped with a good store of book knowledge, and some little business energy, than I felt myself to be.

"I accordingly packed such effects and trinkets as I wished to preserve, and sold the remainder of our furniture, most of which was taken piecemeal by our neighbors, who wished to show me more substantial kindness than words, and who doubtless paid me much better prices than I could elsewhere receive. I then left the only home I had ever known and started for the city of Albans. I cannot begin to tell you of my experiences of city life or how I sought for a situation as governess until brain and body became thoroughly exhausted in the search. My references were seemingly authentic, but the village where my friends resided was so far away, it was too much trouble for my would-be patrons to correspond with them. My knowledge of the forms of general instruction appeared correct, but I had not been turned out with a finished education and diploma from some high sounding school; and for these and other reasons that they did not explain, but probably because I seemed a little too much like a woman from the country, old fashioned, and not sufficiently stylish and *chic*, my interrogators concluded I would not suit them.

"My little money was disappearing rapidly, although I had taken a very cheap back room and boarded myself on bread and tea, and apples and a little cheese, and I felt that I must abandon my hopes of becoming a governess, at least for the time. I then studied the papers, willing and anxious to find something to do to earn an honest living. I had always loved children and thought that I might find an opening as nursery maid, and indeed, after several fruitless applications, and being

treated as if I were an intruder or a 'nobody,' by one or two supercilious women, and stared and winked at by a serving man at one of the houses where I applied, I at length found a situation as maid to three children—two girls, twins of six years, and a boy of eight.

"The mother of these children was a gay young widow, who seemed to consider them a nuisance, and to have them with her as little as she could, although I soon found that although she did not correct their manners, or attempt to restrain their propensities to commit mischief, she most certainly would not allow any one else to do so, more especially one whom she considered a hireling like myself. My salary in this household was small, and my duties onerous. I had the entire charge of the three children—a most unruly and self-willed trio they were—attended them through the day and put them to bed at night, repaired and made most of their clothing, tried to settle their disputes, and when the mother learned of my proficiency in my former studies, had the office of governess added to that of maid, with no increase in my salary, and no higher consideration of my worth. Yet I would not have complained even to myself could I have won any token of sympathy or respect from either my mistress or any one of the little rebels under my charge. But not one of them ever showed me by word or look that I was more to them than a menial or a slave to follow their caprices or obey their will; and only Sarah, the housemaid, a dear, good girl, if she was "only a servant," ever made that house seem more to me than a prison from which I longed to be free, or made me feel that I was a human being. I will not dwell on my life with this family which I bore for two years, and then, worn out by the constant friction and inharmonies, I fell sick. I was very ill, and the doctor pronounced it a case of fever. Whether she was afraid that she or her children might take the disease or not, I don't know, but when it became evident I would be sick for some weeks, my mistress declared I must go to the hospital, and there I was sent. Well, I had quiet and good attendance at the public institution, and was much better off than many a poor creature who has to fight disease in some wretched garret or among incompetent attendants and annoying disturbances. Had it not been for the thought that I was an object of charity I would not have murmured at my surroundings. For three weeks I was too ill to do this any how, and therefore I came to regard my physician and nurse with affection before I realized my condition. Sarah came to see me a few times, but Mrs. Conway, our mistress, never sent me any word of sympathy or regard. When I became well enough to return to my employment, I found my place had been filled by another, and that I was again stranded upon the world.

"I had a little money which I had saved from my scanty earnings, and Sarah recommended me to a cousin of hers "as a decent young woman who wanted a room till she could get a place," and so I secured a small, very plainly furnished apartment at a dollar a week. It was nearly two months before I secured another situation. Mrs. Conway gave me a "character," and I was soon ensconced in my new home—the house of a retired merchant, whose young daughter needed the services of a maid. Here I might have been happy but for the unwelcome attentions and solicitations of a member of the family—a brother of my employer's wife. This man made my sojourn here unbearable, and I dared not seek relief from either the merchant or his wife, as the latter ruled the house, and her brother seemed a paragon in her eyes. Day after day I had this affliction to encounter, my pursuer seemingly bent upon gaining his ends. He was a man of the world, engaged in no business, that I could learn, with plenty of money, and possessed of the idea that an unprotected working girl ought to feel herself honored by his attention. But the fellow had no attraction for me, and I repelled his advances with unmistak-

able repugnance, until one day I must have angered him by my expression of scorn, for he left me with a white face and compressed lips, and the next day I received a notice from my master, that his wife had concluded to accept the service of a needy but worthy young relative of her own, as maid for their child, and that after the present month my presence in their home would not be required.

"After that I found no more situations as children's maid, but I lived for awhile as housemaid, chamber girl and waitress in various families, until my health broke down, and from incessant labor I was fast becoming a confirmed invalid. I had to give up such work, but as my means had always been small, I had very little saved for a rainy day. I cannot begin to tell you of the crippling experiences that came to me. I had not been able to keep up my studies, and had lost all 'touch,' and much of my knowledge of the piano, yet I read the papers when I could, and tried to keep myself informed concerning the vital, practical works of the world.

"I now concluded I would try and get work in a factory. I could then board myself and at least have my evenings for my own. After some delay I found employment in a woolen mill and could soon earn five dollars a week. The noise of the machinery was deafening, the heat and smell of the workroom stifling, and the operatives were, most of them, unrefined, loud talking, slangy and uneducated; but I could not choose my own lot; here I was lost in the crowd; I need make no effort to assert my individuality; I was my 'own mistress,' and mechanically I followed my work until I seemed like one of the big machines itself, destined to go on, until there came a break, and an end to all usefulness.

"In a little while new trouble came; the mill hands became dissatisfied at the low rate of wages, and soon openly rebelled. There was a strike and a disturbance. I could not afford to give up my work, for it was a question of life and death to me, and I did not join the revolvers. But the very first morning after the "strike," on attempting to enter the mill, I was knocked down and trampled upon, and but for a noble young man who came to my rescue and snatched me from the cruel crowd, I would have been killed."

"I was ill for a long time, but kind heaven raised up good friends for me. The same gentleman who had saved me from the mob, looked after me—he and his sweet cousin, a generous and lovely young woman,—and, at last, when I got strong enough, they sent me away to look for you. I reached Paola, but found your former home broken up, and was told that you had embarked for a new country. My head was very hot and it ached terribly; my thoughts were confused; but I had one determination, one thought—to follow you across the seas. I wrote to my friends, the Mountains, of my plans to seek you out, and then I left Paola for New York City. I was weak and tired when I reached that metropolis, and my head was very flighty, but I remember that I found the steamship office, and made my errand known. The clerk in charge smiled and said he could not give me passage to the country I wished to reach, though I offered to pay him well, for I had money that my friends in Albans had supplied. I wandered away and went down to the pier. There swung a great steamer, evidently almost ready to start. I thought I must go aboard; it will take me to my sister; I have no ticket, but I can pay the price of one when we are off; and I remember that I started down the plank, but of what happened after that I have no recollection. It seems as if I met some one, a man, who stopped and questioned me. What I said I don't know, but he must have allowed me to go aboard, because I seemed to be on deck, and to be looking out over the waters. But then comes a blank, a feeling of sailing away, of letting go of land, and of swaying to and fro as with the surging of the tide. Then a sleep—a dream of getting into port, a dim consciousness of ask-

ing for, and at last of finding your home, and then—rest and sleep."

"My poor Mary; I can feel how deeply you have suffered, what awful agony your experiences have brought you. Crushed and crowded, torn and bleeding, at the mercy of the unfeeling world, you have been obliged to toil and slave until heart and brain gave way in the fearful storm. But you have been led to us. Here, in our home, you will find peace and happiness. You will be one of us; shall she not, Frank?" and the sister of the pilgrim turned her eyes upon her husband as she spoke.

"Indeed she shall," replied the man. "Welcome and affection sister Mary will find with us. All that we have she is free to share."

A delicate flush came into Mary's face as she replied. "You are very good; too good to me. But I hope to repay you in time. I cannot live an idle or a dependent life. I must be a self sustainer as soon as my strength returns."

"All in good time, sister; you will have your desires all granted. There are no drones here, and none eat the bread of dependence. Whatever you receive at our hands may be accepted without hesitancy or embarrassment. But, girls, I must go; my duty calls me to yonder workshop, where my department is waiting inspection; and so, good morning; get all the good you can." And with a genial smile the speaker turned and passed down the shining walk, bending his steps in the direction of that range of long, low buildings we have before mentioned.

Maude, springing to her feet, rushed away with buoyant steps after her father, until she joined him in his walk, leaving the sisters to resume their conversation at their own pleasure; and while they are thus engaged in comparing notes, and reviving old memories, we will precede the steps of Frank Harcourt, enter his place of daily employment, and inspect the premises.

To be Continued.

A. F. Tindall, president of the London Occult Society, writes, in the "Agnostic Journal," in summarizing conclusions made in the course of a long investigation of Spiritualism: "I am thoroughly convinced that I have seen both the spirits of the living and the dead. I know that premonitions and the power of influencing the living are facts. I am also sure that, though many of the manifestations and appearances seem more like reflections from the dead than our departed *in propria persona*, yet there is another class of manifestations of guides and powerful spirits who appear to come in all the power of their complete being, and whose wisdom to guide, warn, and educate, and also whose power over people who little dream of the same, are something too real and extraordinary to be denied. That, however, which convinces me most of the truth of Spiritualism is that I experience a constant guidance in all the affairs of life which reveals to me the presence of a power greater than my own."

Engineer Richmond, of the C. M. & St. Paul road, who was killed in a collision recently, was a resident of Dubuque, 40 years of age, and leaves a wife and two children. The Dubuque Herald publishes the following and vouches for its truth:

The wife of the dead engineer was asleep at home. At about 12:45 she was awakened by two terrible cries from her husband. In the morning she called a neighbor, and said that her husband was either dead or badly injured. At that time she had not received information of the accident. Richmond's watch stopped at 12:48, and his wife says she awakened at a quarter to 1, only three minutes difference, which can be accounted for in the difference in watches.

"The soul and the body sympathize with each other; and when the habit of the soul suffers a mutation in quality, it, also, changes the form of the body."—*Aristotle.*

Spiritualism and the Wisdom-Religion.

An Historical Sketch.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

CHAPTER VI.

The *Sp. Sc.*, Oct. 14, 1875, p. 63, published a long article on Occultism and Spiritualism, by Col. Olcott, from which I excerpt the following.

"The friends of Occultism . . . know that it is only a question of a few months, or a few years at most, before the Spiritual press will be forced to choose between the alternatives of teaching Occultism or of giving way to other journals that will; when translations and reprints of ancient and modern Occultist authors will replace the flapped literature of this Modern Spiritualism; when the great army of perspirational and inspirational speakers will be crowded off the rostrum and back to the wash-tub and manure-fork, at which alone they are of practical benefit to society; . . . when the unseen races of the air, the fire, the water, and the earth, made visible at will by adepts, will cease their mischievous work in our circles, as 'guides, controls, and bands,' and be forced to keep their place, and wait their turn to be born upon this earth." In this, as in other instances, Col. Olcott proved a false prophet.

The Spiritual journals have not taught Occultism, nor have they given place to others that do; translations and reprints of occult authors have not replaced the literature of Spiritualism, the latter being as prolific and as widely-spread as ever; the inspirational mediums have not been crowded off the rostrum by the Occultists, but are still prosperous and flourishing; the elementaries have never been rendered visible by adepts, and mediums appear to have the same 'guides, controls, and bands' as before the advent of Blavatskyan Occultism. In the same article, Col. Olcott, in reply to a Spiritualistic pamphlet, called "Danger Signals," by Mrs. Mary F. Davis, indulges in the following remarkable language: "Hermes, Apollonius, and the other philosophers whom Mrs. Davis quotes, forgot more about real Spiritualism, its limits, uses, abuses, and possibilities, than all our modern investigators and authors, myself included, ever knew. They could do what no one nowadays pretends to be able to accomplish, produce such manifestations as they liked, when and where they liked, converse with such spirits as could instruct them or they could teach, help their profession and their own, and protect themselves and the people from the malice of irruptive 'elementaries' and debased human denizens of the Other World. . . . They ransacked the most obscure corners of Nature's domain, discovered her most valuable secrets, added enormously to the sum of knowledge, contributed to the welfare of the race, made plain its origin and destiny, and afforded the most satisfactory information as to the nature and attribute of the God of the Universe, whom they adored as the Endless and Boundless One—the Ain-Soph.

. . . 'We are passing from the old to the new by highway of spiritual science' [says Mrs. Davis]. She will live long enough to see her words come true; not as she fancies, . . . but by the resistless sweep of Ancient Occultism—Parent of all Faith, Embodiment of all Wisdom, Hope and Humanity." These statements illustrate the depths of credulity and fatuity into which the Colonel had been led by Mme. Blavatsky. Mrs. Davis died a few years ago, and she failed to live long enough to see "the resistless sweep of Ancient Occultism." There is no truth whatever in the assertions relative to the wonderful power and knowledge of Hermes, Apollonius, Iamblichus, and Cornelius Agrippa. Hermes is a myth and never existed; Apollonius of Tyana is semi-mythical, and the narratives of his life and exploits are almost wholly fabulous; the writings of Iamblichus and Agrippa are worthless, save as illustrative of the aberrations of the human mind in its blind gropings for truth in the delusive realms of mysticism. To state that these

Severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate.—Bacon.

four pseudo-philosophers "added enormously to the sum of knowledge," evidences ignorance and folly that are pitiable. There is no doubt that the only authority for these extravagant absurdities of Col. Olcott was Mme. Blavatsky; anything and everything that she told him of an occultic character seems to have been received by him as the embodiment of divine truth, no matter how preposterous and contrary to known fact or to common sense.

As evidence of the fact that the Colonel, in his writings at this time, merely repeated parrot-like the ideas and language of Mme. B., his use of the word "flapdoodle" may be cited; that word is one of the Madame's favorite expressions. In his *Tribune* letter of August 30, he states that he had seen performed in his presence the "very marvels" that Apollonius and the other old-time theurgists are credited with; but in his article in the *Sp. Sc.*, Oct. 14, he says that Apollonius and the rest "could do what no one nowadays pretends to be able to accomplish." This looseness and recklessness of expression is characteristic of all of the Colonel's writings.

In the *Spiritual Scientist*, Sept. 16, 1875, p. 21-22, is contained an account of the origin of the since famous Theosophical Society; and in *The Theosophist*, November, 1890, p. 65, *et seq.*, is found Colonel Olcott's account of the same event. From these two narratives the following has been prepared. On the evening of September 7, 1875, a company of seventeen ladies and gentlemen assembled in Mme. Blavatsky's parlor's, in Irving Place, New York City, to listen to Mr. George Henry Felt's explanation of a certain alleged discovery by him of the Lost Canon of Proportion, by use of which the architects of Greece had built their temples and forums. During the evening Mr. Felt stated that he had not only found, on reading the Egyptian hieroglyphics, that the elementary spirits were largely used in the temple mysteries, but he had even deciphered the means of controlling these elementaries,—had practically tested these means of control, and found them successful. Col. Olcott tells us that the idea occurred to him then and there that it would be advisable to form a society to conduct research in the department covered by Mr. Felt's alleged discovery relative to the control of the elementaries. He thereupon passed a note to Mme. Blavatsky, asking her if she thought it a good idea to form such a society, to which she nodded assent. Col. Olcott then proposed to the company present to organize a society of occultists, and begin at once to diffuse information concerning those secret laws of Nature which were so familiar to the Chaldeans and Egyptians, but are totally unknown to the modern world of science. It was voted to organize the society at once, Col. Olcott was elected temporary President, and a committee appointed to adopt a constitution and by-laws. Mr. Felt promised to show the society the elementaries through magical appliances, and also to direct the studies of the society, which was named "The Theosophical Society." On October 30, 1875, the Preamble and By-Laws of the Society were formally adopted, and on November 17, 1875, the first regular meeting was held, when the officers were formally inaugurated, and the inaugural address of the President delivered. The officers chosen were as follows: President, H. S. Olcott; Vice-Presidents, Dr. S. Pancoast and G. H. Felt; Corresponding Secretary, Mme. H. P. Blavatsky; Recording Secretary, John Storer Cobb; Treasurer, Henry J. Newton; Librarian, Charles Sotheran; Counsellors, Rev. J. H. Wiggin, R. B. Westbrook, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, Dr. C. E. Simmons, H. D. Monachesi; Counsel to the Society, Wm. Q. Judge. Of these thirteen officers, we are told, in *The Theosophist*, March, 1881, p. 117, that "nine were Spiritualists." By a unanimous vote, the President-Founder, Col. Olcott, and Mme. Blavatsky, were to hold office in the society for life.

It may here be noted that, like everything else connected

with the Theosophical Society, its name even is not original. Like all its doctrines, it was copied. From 1783 to 1788 a society existed called "The Theosophical Society." It was instituted for the purpose of promoting the doctrines of Swedenborg. A sketch of its career is found on pp. 14 to 67 of the "Rise and Progress of the New Jerusalem Church," by Robert Hindmarsh, London, 1861 (See London *Atenæum*, Jan. 10, 1891, p. 62).

The Preamble of the new Theosophical Society states that the objects of its founders are "to obtain knowledge of the nature and attributes of the Supreme Power and of the higher spirits by the aid of physical processes." They hope to obtain "proof of the existence of an 'Unseen Universe,' the nature of its inhabitants, . . . and the laws which govern them and their relations with mankind." In his inaugural address of Nov. 17, 1875, Col. Olcott said that personally he was "confident that this society will be the means of furnishing such unanswerable proofs of the immortality of the soul, that none but fools will doubt." "At our semi-monthly meetings," said he, "we shall have the researches and experiments of our members and of eminent correspondents in this and other countries read for our instruction, and we shall have tests, experiments, and practical demonstrations, as occasion offers." The address concluded with the following grandiloquent peroration upon Mr. Felt's alleged discoveries: "Our Vice-President promises, by simple chemical appliances, to exhibit to us . . . the races of beings which, invisible to our eyes, people the elements. Think for a moment of this astounding claim! Fancy the consequences of the practical demonstration of its truth, for which Mr. Felt is now preparing the requisite apparatus! What will the church say of a whole world of beings within her territory but without her jurisdiction? What will the academy say of this crushing proof of an unseen universe given by the most unimaginative of its sciences? . . . What will the Spiritualists say, when through the columns of saturated vapor flit the dreadful shapes of beings whom, in their blindness, they have in a thousand cases revered and babbled to as the returning shades of their relatives and friends? Alas! poor Spiritualists—editors and correspondents—who have made themselves jocund over my impudence and apostasy. Alas, sleek scientists, over-swollen with the wind of popular applause! The day of reckoning is close at hand, and the name of the Theosophical Society will, if Mr. Felt's experiments result favorably, hold its place in history as that of the body which first exhibited the 'Elementary Spirits' in this nineteenth century of conceit and infidelity, even if it be never mentioned for any other reason."

Alas for poor Olcott! Mr. Felt's "elementaries" failed to materialize, even in his chemical vapors. In *The Theosophist*, Nov., 1890, p. 68, Col. Olcott states that "with difficulty I got him [Mr. Felt] to give one or two more lectures, but he never showed us so much as the wag of the tail of a vanishing elemental." On the other hand, Mr. Felt, in an article in *The Spiritualist*, July 26, 1878, pp. 44, 45, tells a somewhat different story. He describes the manner in which he became convinced that the drawings of grotesque figures on Egyptian zodiacs were representations of genuine elementary spirits, which were capable of being controlled by embodied man; and he states that at one of his lectures before the Theosophical society, lights were seen by the *illuminati* passing to and from one of his drawings, "a dark cloud was observed to settle upon it by others, and other phenomena, such as the apparent change of the Zodiacal figures into other forms, or elemental representations, were observed. Certain members . . . were impressed with a feeling of dread, as though something awful were about to happen. Most of the probationers were rendered uncomfortable and uneasy; some became hypercritical and abusive; several of the novitiates left the room; and Madame Blavatsky, who had

seen unpleasant effects follow somewhat similar phenomena in the East, requested me to turn the drawings and change the subject." In an article by Hudson Tuttle, in *The Progressive Thinker*, Feb. 21, 1891, p. 3, it is stated, evidently on the authority of H. J. Newton, the Treasurer of the Theosophical Society at the time, that Mr. Felt "gave one lecture, in which he treated of the dry details of mathematics, and then went to the Treasurer, and under the plea of poverty desired an advance of the one hundred dollars he was to receive for four lectures. Mr. Newton refused, and Felt applied to Olcott. The latter advised the treasurer to make the advance, which he accordingly did; and Felt never came to deliver the remaining lectures of his course." In the *Progressive Thinker*, June 6, 1891, Mr. Newton confirms the truth of Mr. Tuttle's statements in this matter.

In *The Theosophist*, Nov., 1890, p. 69, Col. Olcott, referring to the circumstances attending the origin of the Theosophical Society, say, "No phenomenal dropping of MSS. out of space occurred, no fairy bells rang out joy-peals, no Eastern magician suddenly appeared among us. I got no 'order' to make the Society, nor was any such thing assumed by anybody in the room. . . . The idea sprang up in my mind as naturally and spontaneously as possible." These statements of the Colonel directly contradict the published statements, that the mahatmas directed the formation of this society, through their duly-accredited medium and agent, Mme. Blavatsky. The Colonel's remarks about the non-occurrence of the phenomena mentioned seems as if directed against Mme. Blavatsky and the adepts; inasmuch as the phenomena described are precisely those which it is claimed are produced, in an occult manner, by the Madame and the mahatmas.

In an article by Mme. Blavatsky, in the *Sp. Sc.*, Oct. 14, 1875, pp. 64, 65, may be found the following concerning Spiritualism and Magic. "Spiritualism in the hands of an adept becomes Magic. . . . In the hands of an inexperienced medium, Spiritualism becomes unconscious sorcery; for by allowing himself to become the tool of a variety of spirits. . . he opens, unknown to himself, a door of communication between the two worlds, through which emerge the blind forces of nature lurking in the astral light, as well as good and bad spirits. . . . Powerful mesmerizers. . . are magicians, for they have become the adepts, the initiated ones, into the great mysteries of our Mother Nature. Such men. . . control the spirits, instead of allowing their subjects or themselves to be controlled by them; and Spiritualism is safe in their hands. In the absence of experienced adepts, though, it is always safer for a naturally clairvoyant medium to trust to good luck and chance, and try to judge of the tree by its fruits. Bad spirits will seldom communicate through a pure, naturally good and virtuous person; and it is still more seldom that pure spirits will choose impure channels. . . . There is a power in this world which can command spirits, at least the bad and unprogressed ones, the elementary and Diakka. The pure ones, the disembodied, will never descend to our sphere, unless attracted by a current of powerful sympathy and love, or on some useful mission. . . . I am myself a Spiritualist, if, as says Col. Olcott, a firm belief in our soul's immortality and the *knowledge* of a constant possibility for us to communicate with the spirits of our departed and loved ones, either through honest, pure mediums, or by means of the secret science, constitutes a Spiritualist. . . . I am therefore ever ready to support and protect any honest medium—aye, and occasionally one who appears dishonest; for I know but too well, what helpless tools and victims such mediums are in the hands of unprogressed, invisible beings. . . . In India, magic has never died out. . . . Practiced. . . only within the secret enclosure of the Temples it was, and still is, called the 'sacred science.' For it is a science, based on natural occult forces of Nature; and

not merely a blind belief in the poll-parrot talking of crafty, elementary ones, ready to forcibly prevent *real, disembodied* spirits from communicating with their loved ones whenever they can do so."

In a letter in the *Sp. Sc.*, Nov. 4, 1875, p. 104, Mme. Blavatsky styles herself "a life-long Spiritualist;" and in a long article in the *Sp. Sc.*, Jan. 6, 1876, pp. 208, 209, Mme. Blavatsky testifies as follows: "Whatever objection any one may have to me on account of country, religion, occult study, rudeness of speech, cigarette smoking, or any other peculiarity, my record in connection with Spiritualism for long years does not show me as making money by it, or gaining any other advantage direct or indirect. On the contrary: Those who have met me in all parts of the world. . . will testify that I have given thousands of dollars, imperiled my life, defied the Catholic Church. . . and in camp and court, on the sea, in the desert, in civilized and savage countries, I have been, from first to last, the friend and champion of mediums. I have done more: I have often taken the last dollar out of my pocket, and even necessary clothes off my back to relieve their necessities. . . . Do you imagine that I could not see the disgusting frauds mixed up with the most divine genuine manifestations? . . . It was because I knew that through the same golden gates which swung open to admit the elementary and those unprogressed human spirits who are worse if anything than they, have often passed the real and purified forms of the departed and blessed ones. . . . To me the grand object of my life was attained and the immortality of our spirit demonstrated. . . . Thus, just because of all that I have said above I proclaim myself a true Spiritualist; because my belief is built upon a firm ground, and that no exposure of mediums, no social scandal affecting them or others, no materialistic deductions of exact science, or sneers and denunciations of scientists, can shake it." In the *Sp. Sc.*, March 23, 1876, p. 33, Mme. Blavatsky tells us: "Because I study Occultism, or Ancient Spiritualism, I am thought an enemy of the cause pure and simple. Never was there a more erroneous impression. My only object is to demonstrate Spiritualism mathematically, to force it upon Science; and how can we expect the world to receive its grand truths while it is left in the hands of those who, through ignorance of its philosophy based on scientific principles, do it more wrong than good by their blind fanaticism?"

In an editorial in the *Sp. Sc.*, March 9, 1876, p. 10, it is stated that Mme. Blavatsky "does not claim to be a medium," but "that Madame B. is a person of strong mesmeric power none of her acquaintances can doubt." And in the *Sp. Sc.*, March 23, 1876, p. 33, the Madame says that she "never laid the slightest claim" to being a "wonderful medium," and that she "neither practiced mediumship nor pretended to it." When we compare this denial of her mediumship with the detailed accounts of her alleged mediumship contained in Olcott's "People from the Other World," as narrated by me in preceding chapters, the unblushing falsehood of Mme. Blavatsky is strikingly manifest. She claimed to be a "rapping medium for 'John King.'" She claimed that through her mediumship John King produced direct "spirit"-writing and "spirit"-painting; on the Lippitt spirit-painting John King called her his "best medium," and yet she never claimed to be a medium!

In the *Banner of Light*, October 23, 1875, p. 8, Col. Olcott states that "Occultism does not rob Spiritualism of one of its comforting features, nor abate one jot of its importance as an argument for immortality. It denies the identity of no real human spirit that ever has or ever will approach an enquirer. It simply shows that we are liable to the visits, often the influence, and sometimes the absolute control of a class of invisible but very powerful spirits, whose existence I am the first of American Spiritualistic investigators to warn the sect against. . . . Its mission as regards Spiritualism is to filter, purge, clas-

sify, and explain, not to play the part of the iconoclast or the Vandal." In the *B. L.*, Jan. 22, 1876, p. 1, and in the *Sp. Sc.*, Jan. 27, 1876, p. 243, was published a statement of Col. Olcott's belief, from which I make the following extracts:

"I believe that, after the death of the physical body, man's spirit survives; and that, under favoring conditions, he can communicate with those whom he has left behind . . . either through mediums or in other ways."

"I believe that, even under such unfavorable conditions as are now furnished us by our uninstructed mediums, disembodied spirits are often drawn into communication with us by the attraction of our intense love for them."

"While I believe that, often, human spirits have appeared to us in materialized form, more frequently a lower order of beings have appeared in the forms of persons who are called dead."

In the *Sp. Sc.*, Feb. 3, 1876, p. 262, we are informed that Col. Olcott, in a recent lecture, had stated that he had had "evidence that Magicians, *through spirits*, could control the elements of nature, and influence the weather. Here was the difference between Cabalists and modern mediums; the mediums were the subjects of the spirits; but the Cabalists, by their superior knowledge and power controlled the spirits to do their bidding."

To be Continued.

Pious Hedging of Scriptural Truth!

The Rev. Dr. Easton, Pastor of Calvary Church, San Francisco, delivered a discourse recently on King Saul and the Witch of Endor. In his consideration of Saul's character, he disposes of him very tenderly as a "religious cataleptic;" but it is not easy for the reader of history to discover where King Saul, in any degree, sudden or otherwise, was possessed of a particle of genuine religious sentiment. His treacherous dealing with David revealed his true character, and labeled him chief of Bible hypocrites. In dealing with this narrative from the pulpit, there is a moral obligation to consider fairly all the characters connected with it.

Samuel, as seer, prophet and oracle, was chief of the departments of civil and religious rule in the kingdom of Israel. Nominations to office, when confirmed by Samuel's anointing, were accepted as the fulfilment of a command from Jehovah, and no appeal from such a decision was possible. The throne of Israel was vacant, and candidates were in training for the place. Band prophesying was one of the methods employed to determine fitness for the office. Saul joined one of these chanting and instrumental bands. His chief qualification was that of being a head and shoulders taller than any other member of the band. He was consequently anointed King of Israel.

Samuel discovered too late the unfitness of Saul, and that the anointing was a mistake, and he alone was responsible. Worried beyond endurance by the constant crookedness of Saul, Samuel appointed David to supersede Saul as King, and passed away. In the meantime Saul started on the downward road of all tyrants, that of persecution. Those of spiritual tendencies were the special objects of his wickedness, and banishment was their sentence, with death if they did not obey. The Philistines, perceiving him to be a coward, invaded his dominions. Saul was forced to do battle in his own territory. His enemies had chosen their position for the final struggle, and Saul, in doubt and fear, invoked the aid of prophets, soothsayers and magicians to foretell the outcome at the hill of Balboa. But the augury was at fault; Samuel did not respond to his call, and Jehovah was deaf to his petition. Then in his extremity he sought the aid, clandestinely, of the woman he had so shamefully wronged, and she was the only source from which he obtained the truth of the result of the battle that

was to decide his fate the following day. But the preacher neglected to mention that portion of history contained in the text he was considering.

If Dr. Easton had desired to cite a case illustrative of Christian charity, the conduct of the woman furnishes one of the best proofs furnished in scripture. After the materialization of Samuel (for that is what was wrought) the woman knew her visitor was Saul, but though he was her enemy, she treated him kindly. The history runs that Samuel was dead and buried, and would not respond through the soothsayers with information for Saul, but through the true mediumship of the Woman of Endor Samuel appears and informs Saul that he and his sons would join him in spirit-life on the coming morrow. At these words from Samuel Saul fell prostrate, and there was no strength in him. Then the woman whom Saul had persecuted supplied his needs from her scanty means, spoke words of kindness and encouragement to him, and while he was weak and distressed, placed before him bread and meat, prepared with her own hands, and through her efforts he gained sufficient strength to depart that night. The narrative, as given in the twenty-eighth chapter of the first book of Samuel, is a complete vindication of the character of the Spiritual Medium of Endor.

Dr. Easton abridged the lesson at a point in the history convenient to suggest that the odium of Saul's misdeeds is chargeable to his association (to quote the Doctor's words) with Spiritualism, clairvoyance and theosophy, when just the opposite is the truth of the matter. The facts, as given in the Bible, establish: 1st, the ability of the medium to distinguish clairvoyantly the form of Samuel from other forms; 2d, her ability to produce Samuel in a materialized condition to the vision of Saul, by him fully recognized; 3d, that the spirit return of Samuel upon that occasion through the Medium of Endor is coincident with spirit return as now daily manifested through clairvoyance, clairaudience and materialized forms; 4th, that the prophetic utterances and spirit visitations recorded in the Old Testament, and the constantly occurring spiritual acts of Christ as given in the New Testament account, are in consonance with spirit phenomena of the present day.

In coupling Spiritualism with the history of a disreputable king, Dr. Easton speaks as one having authority to decide that Spiritualism is dangerous to seekers after truth; but is it not church creeds and creed-makers that are imperiled instead of truth, and hence this anxiety to misinterpret the writing that tells of shortage in their teaching of spiritual life? There is a growing impression that disaster awaits the dogmatism of creeds, and fear and trembling are especially conspicuous when Spiritualism is spoken of in orthodox pulpits. This will account for Dr. Easton's suppression of an important portion of the seance of Saul with the Medium of Endor.

True Spiritualism seeks no other name. It is the foe of fraud; the enemy of all wrong; the consistent guide of man on earth, and the hope of an immortality beyond. Its existence is as ancient as time, and modern with every new-born day. There is no limit to the benefit it is bestowing upon mankind. Its progress in the world is in accordance with the words of Christ, "Preach it to all people." Beyond that which Spiritualism has done and is doing in the direction of Christian truth, Dr. Easton cannot go!

FRANK PERKINS.

No. 210 Ellis street, San Francisco.

Miss Bailey, a western girl, since the year 1889 has invented twenty different articles, receiving patents on all of them. One of these is the Dart needle for fastening buttons on shoes. When the man who understood the machinery and had started to put it up, suddenly left, she herself finished putting up the machinery and made the first 18,000 needles with her own hands.

Spirit Instruction—Written by Dictation.

RAYMONDE.

No. II.

MY DEAR PUPIL: Again I come to you to lift the veil from the spirit world disclosing our life, removing all fear of death (or transition, we prefer to say), and turning your mind into channels of peace and beauty. Much has been said and written by men and angels concerning the coming life, but it would seem that not enough light has yet been thrown upon it to prevent sin and priestcraft from swaying the multitudes, and too many cannot come from above to instruct in the lessons of life. Therefore I need not apologize for my visit to-day.

LET THE TRUTH BE KNOWN.

It is the duty of everyone who can converse with their guardian spirit, to let it be known through whatever way may open, that others may have the benefit of the instruction thus conveyed. It may not always please, but it will set waves of thought in motion, that ultimately will result in good. Withhold nothing that you think will encourage or enlighten another. Give freely, that you may receive freely. Love widely, that you may in turn be loved by many, thereby increasing the opportunities for doing kindnesses and extending the lessons contained in the simple pages received from those who have gained the requisite knowledge to speak truthfully concerning the future state of existence.

Know ye, my friends, that no one is so competent to speak of a country as he who has traversed it carefully. Clergymen who are in the spirit world could, if they desired, speak plainly of their journeyings here. Sometimes they do; but often they refuse to acknowledge that they were so ignorant on the earth plane when they professed to be so wise; and it falls to the lot of laymen and benevolent spirits to take up their neglected tasks and finish them. We do not accuse all the clergy of purposely misrepresenting heaven and hell from their pulpits, but we charge them with incompetency. If you hire a teacher to instruct you in any branch of learning, and you discover that you know as much as he, wherefore the use in retaining him unless you can afford to lose your time and money? He may arouse your sympathy, and you may think you are benevolent if you assist him pecuniarily; but that is merely a question of dollars and cents. It is your loss and his gain. We would not teach you to be less charitable. On the contrary, we would stimulate you in all benevolent work; but you must not expect to escape imposition, if you do not occasionally look into things yourself.

Clergymen are usually moral and needy members of society, and if it gives you pleasure to sustain them we offer no objection. We ask only fair treatment at their hands, and if you seek spiritual instruction from the departed, they (the clergy) should neither consider it becoming nor wise to betray signs of jealousy, which is a human trait and one to be outgrown as quickly as possible. Especially should the so-called teachers of Christianity avoid an exhibition of selfishness. They invite angels to come down, and then shut the doors, lest they enter. How would you look upon such an act of discourtesy were it openly known?

The angels of heaven perceive the insult, and yet are they gracious enough to visit you despite the ill treatment of those whose first duty should be to seek intimacy with spirits that they may direct aright their flocks.

THE EVOLUTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

If the Christian churches and the clergymen were in possession of the Truth as it is taught by the dwellers on the spirit side of existence, there would be no cry for a broader Christianity. They would become less arrogant and more dutiful; less pompous and more inclined to be merciful. Wisdom would remove conceit; knowledge would usurp the place so long occupied by Faith, and the people would be satisfied; but now they are not satisfied, and wise leaders, perceiving this, preach liberal sermons, for which they are immediately tried by the ecclesiastical power.

In the spirit world we watch these conflicts with interest. We are determined—for it is our plain duty—to probe to the depths the old systems of religion, and cleanse the religious world thoroughly. We may be many years in accomplishing the result; but no one need array himself in opposition to this divine command, for defeat awaits the opposer. It is time and energy wasted to interfere with angelic work. Man can retard the end, but he cannot prevent it.

I assure you, friends, no man ever congratulates himself, or is congratulated by others, when he enters spirit life, if his earthly days have been passed in combatting the Truth as perceived by the emancipated spirit. The ancient church may have been founded upon the Truth; but more modern structures certainly have not been riveted to that rock. In its infancy, we doubt not, the teachings of Jesus were truthfully promulgated, as they were then green in the memory of the people; but soon they were lost, or so distorted by the priesthood, to advance their power, that the light was put out, the spirit faded, and a mighty church with despotic rulers usurped the place of the gentle teacher of Nazareth.

This ground has been covered by others, both in and out of the body, but enough has not been said until all are qualified to take an unprejudiced view of the church of to-day, and to discuss fairly the so-called word of God. God is speaking louder at the present time than in ancient days, because more voices are uplifted in the cause of humanity. Men and women are freer to speak now than when priests ruled. Persecution has not entirely ceased, yet no one is tortured by rack and thumbscrew for venturing an honest opinion. Ecclesiastical bodies are not liberal; they endeavor to control human minds for the aggrandizement of the church. This the angel world opposes for reasons apparent to all, and mortals who have historical experience to guide them should beware of the encroachments of the priesthood upon mental liberty. We know of no greater foe to spiritual development than ecclesiasticism. This may sound harsh to priests who think they are serving the Lord; but it is a fact which their contradiction will not change. Were it otherwise our labor would be simple and easy. We are, however, filling our time moralizing, when we intended to narrate the experience of another.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES.

When returning to my home in not a far-off time, I met a man who had been on earth, as he informed me, an idler and dreamer, accomplishing but little for want of application, and dying with his mind weighted with chaotic conceptions. I will condense as much as possible a long story of slothfulness. The lesson may be applied with profit by those similarly inclined.

He had no knowledge of spiritual existence, and therefore failed to understand that effort and application are as necessary in heaven as on earth if success is attained. Spirit men and women are critical, but not harsh in their expressed opinions. They always encourage, but favoritism is unknown; only true merit will raise one above another, therefore the necessity for study, especially in matters pertaining to art and letters.

"Had I known," said the man, "that earth-life is a school, I would have applied myself to earnest work, and not now have to answer for the sin of wasting time. My bitterest thought, when my eyes were opened, was the surety of being held responsible for neglected years. I was in the A, B, C, when I should have been far advanced. I had been a loiterer instead of a student; a simpleton instead of a wise man. I neglected my duty and waited for opportunity to favor me, when I should have overcome by perseverance the natural obstacles that beset the path of every one who desires literary recognition."

Not all who seek fame find it; but the determined and sustained effort is an educator not to be undervalued. This is not comprehended fully in the initial world; but when the body is freed from the necessity of bread-winning, then the beauty of a regulated and cultivated mind is apparent, as it is in working order and ready to advance when conditions are better adapted to its

aspirations. Idleness is a sin for which all must pay the penalty. Recreation and rest are necessary, but to squander life is spiritual decay. It is the second death wherein the very soul is scorched by the fires of remorse.

ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

The question has been asked, has the intellectual and educated man a better prospect of future happiness than the unlettered man? The full answer would be too long for this writing. Coupled with purity of character the student finds instant delight in the spiritual realms, which a dullard could not appreciate; but a brilliant mind might be so engrossed with evil as to be unfitted to enter a higher state, and by a never varying law he would gravitate to his spiritual kind, to remain until purified by a course of proper study. Again, a man of little education might have rare gifts which in the spiritual world would rapidly unfold, placing him amongst those of renown, although in mortal life his name was never heard. Thus, you perceive, it is unjust to judge a neighbor without an understanding of this spiritual law and the ability to read the nature and merits of each soul. Mortal judgment is often reversed, and many surprises await the children of earth. But we are straying too far from the subject of our sketch.

THE NARRATIVE RESUMED.

His was not an uncommon character. His prototype is familiar in all the walks of life. Albert R. died at the age of forty-eight, and has been in the spirit form seventy-four years. He told me that he pursued the same old ways long after he entered the new life, although he was well aware of his profligacy of time; but having eternity before him he was in no hurry to regulate his defects, and the force of habit was stronger upon him than the desire to rise, and even the knowledge of wasted years did not spur him at once into activity. "For forty years I was a drone," he continued, "of no benefit to myself or others. One fair morning a wise and gentle teacher came to my habitation, and asked me to join a class for the dissemination of the higher spiritual lessons. Then I knew that I was an ignorant man. Previous to that moment I had thought myself wise, and looked with some disdain upon followers of useful occupations. Without a moment's warning my soul awakened to its poverty. I saw that I was unworthy; I sought to hide from myself; but the truth flashed before me that I was naked, and I stood abashed in the presence of my guest. The conceit of which I had been so proud, appeared offensive. The mask behind which I had so long paraded was removed, and there was I, with exposed face and confused tongue, trying to appear composed, but moved to the very center of my being as I had never before been. This teacher apparently pressed the button that electrified my dormant soul. Never again could I be as I had been. I longed to move—I cried out in my bewilderment. I mumbled excuses. I paced before my guide. 'Peace be unto thee,' he said, quietly placing a hand kindly on my arm. 'If I have done thee good I am happy. We will talk on the morrow. I leave thee alone till then. Think well ere promising to enlist in the new work.' Many times had I been advised to throw off the lethargy that encompassed me, but never before was I able to see my defects."

One of the blessings that comes to a spirit man is the awakening, sometime, to his true condition—it may be one year or a thousand years after death. The awakening will certainly be followed by remorse which can only be dissipated by diligent work. To this Albert R. applied himself, and found relief in the desire to be of benefit to others. True happiness consists in doing good according to the need of our brothers and sisters. After R. realized this, life assumed importance. He learned that God's manner of work is through His creatures. They are the means by which He accomplishes his holy ends.

EFFECTS FOLLOW CAUSES.

Not to obey the higher law is to reject what is for our own good, and by our perversion we deprive ourselves of benefits. God

never punishes man. Man inflicts his own punishment. God is never angry. If we sin we receive the chastisement, not because we are wicked, but because we have violated a spiritual law. If we follow a certain path it will lead to a certain destination. If we desire to go east we should not travel west. One must be governed by common sense in all the undertakings of life, and if we reason correctly we know that the pursuit of selfishness will end disastrously. The highest good to self comes from efforts for others.

Albert R. was amusing himself until the good missionary converted him to usefulness, then he discovered that his past life was a reproach—he had committed no great sins of commission, but those of omission were startling to his now sensitized condition. You of earth may think remorse slight punishment for wasting time, but when you are spiritually alive you will know how cruel are its pangs if it seizes upon you. Therefore I urge you, mortals, not to neglect your every-day duty, lest you fall into slothful channels. Look about you and you will find some avenue of usefulness open, and you will also find that the path of happiness runs in the same channel.

"I do not know," said R., "that my regrets will prevent others from following my foolish course, but if you think my experience will be of use to mortals, repeat it to your scribe, that it may be made public. Urge every one to have an object in life, and let that object be the bettering of the world."

This should not be impossible while attending to the ordinary affairs of life. Live in the higher altitudes of spiritual light and brotherly love. Each day do a little for another. Even a cup of cold water proffered with kindness is acceptable to the angelic world; but do good for the love of right doing, and not for the sake of reward. Be a lamp unto the feet of others. Idleness is the sowing of weeds. Industry is the planting of the vine and fig tree which will yield fruit in the world to come, if the tilling be not prompted by self-interest.

Bear in mind that these words come from the spirit world, and to heed them is gain. If your occupation be humble, your aspirations may be noble and your voice uplifted in good service. If you sit in high places give ear to human wants and bend with kindness to the call of distress. Be earnest, active, dutiful and helpful, and ye shall find happiness on earth and in heaven.

With watchful care, I remain,

YOUR GUIDE.

Annie Besant.

Whatever Mrs. Besant's beliefs may be, women should remember with gratitude the great work she is doing for the helpless of her sex in England. She has introduced great reforms on school boards, established kindergartens, and aided in making the industrial schools of London the useful institutions they have now become; children who commit petty offenses are, through her influence, now sent to the industrial schools and taught useful trades, instead of being confined in prisons. She has also greatly mitigated the horrible "sweating system" used against poor girls, and has organized club after club of working girls, and enabled them to abolish foul wrongs. For these and many grand and noble deeds unmentioned, women, above all, should give her appreciation, good wishes and encouragement.

Tramp.—"Mornin' mum; is the docthor in?"

Lady.—"I'm the doctor. What do you want?"

Tramp.—"Sure an' if yez wor the docthor ye'd know what wuz the matther wid me widout the askin'."

Lady.—"Yes, I can tell. You are afflicted with chronic impenitency and peripateticism, resulting from congenital lassitude, aggravated by persistent alcoholization."

Tramp.—"Great hivens! An' how long do yez give me to live?"

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

Representative Men.

DR. E. J. SCHELLHOUS.

On reading the daily journals, one cannot help being impressed with the feeling that great wrongs are committed without protest; and what is worse, existing authorities are in no way inclined to prevent them. The successful winner in the struggle for wealth, no matter what means he employs, receives the honor and the applause of the public, which of itself indicates a low moral status. Our literature is full of demoralizing influences. The question is not "What shall we do with our boys and girls?" but rather, "What are our educators and popular writers doing?"

Education is employed to intensify the spirit of Mammon instead of developing our better nature. The doctrine of human rights and the nature of free government, as laid down in the Declaration of Independence, is not only totally ignored, but virtually denied. Equity as a basic principle of political economy finds no place in our text books.

As an illustration, the report of the Superintendent of Public Schools, San Francisco, may be presented. The following is from the columns of the *Daily Examiner*:

"Mr. Swett suggested renaming certain of the schools, and offered some names, such as the Hearst Grammar School, instead of the Hermann-street; the Crocker School instead of the Page-street School; the Stanford Primary School for Eighth street, and James Lick School for the Noe and Temple.

"I suggest the names of Hearst and Crocker," remarked Mr. Swett, "not because George Hearst and Charles Crocker were millionaires, but because they were *representative business men of our city*." Superintendent Swett's suggestions on the renaming of the schools were adopted."

"Representative business men!" Bearing in mind the saying, "Tread lightly upon the ashes of the dead," it is nevertheless necessary to show how George Hearst and Charles Crocker became "representative business men." Mr. Hearst made a lucky strike in the mines, and invested the proceeds in land when it was very cheap. What use could he personally make of his thousands of acres of land? Did he care though thousands of families were destitute and homeless? Yet, because by an act so detrimental to the public welfare, he became a millionaire, his name is to be perpetuated in a public school. Who produced the millions that made him rich? He produced nothing. Suppose all business men should follow Mr. Hearst's example; how much business would there be done in the country? If all turned land speculators, or invested their money in "business," who would perform the labor that produces all the wealth that makes millionaires? The manipulation of money is called business; the performance of labor is servitude. Mr. Hearst could not have produced a million dollars had he lived a thousand years and worked every day.

Another representative business man is Charles Crocker. He is set up as a model for the rising generation to imitate. Reader, have you ever heard of the tragedy enacted on the 11th of May, 1880, in the Mussel Slough country? Mr. Crocker represented the S. P. R. R. Co. on that occasion, and was responsible for what took place. A brief statement of the facts will show how the "business" of cheating the settlers out of half a million of dollars in land was transacted, to say nothing of swindling them of as much more in excessive rates for freights and fares, besides inflicting upon them the trouble and expense of litigation. A tract of country about twenty miles square, in Tulare county, had lain unoccupied up to 1872-3, when a few settlers demonstrated the fact that by irrigating the land, it was wonderfully productive. The S. P. R. R. Co. had commenced to build their road from San Jose by the way of Los Angeles to some eastern points. Failing to find a practicable route through the mountains, they purchased a roadway franchise having its termini at Lathrop and Visalia, which they proceeded to put in running order. Their chartered line was a hundred miles from Mussel Slough. At a point near Visalia they projected a line penetrating Mussel Slough land, in a south-

westerly course. This was done in order to claim the odd sections. A pamphlet was then put out by the company, stating that they claimed the odd sections by virtue of their charter, and offering the same to settlers at \$2 50 an acre for land without timber, \$5 an acre for timbered land, and \$10 for the tall pine timbered land. It was stipulated that the improvements on the land should in no case be considered in its valuation. These pamphlets were freely circulated among the settlers in 1873-4.

The discovery that water in King's River and Cross Creek could be had in abundance, and it becoming generally known how productive the soil was when irrigated, by the beginning of 1875 several large ditches were commenced, and not a quarter section of land on either odd or even section could be found unclaimed. In two years five ditches were completed, capable of irrigating 100,000 acres of land. The value of land went up to five, ten, fifteen, twenty dollars an acre, according to location and quality. As soon as this was ascertained, the railroad company sent up a grader from San Francisco to grade the value of the land, instructing him to estimate it at a value equal to that of the adjoining even sections. At this the people began to protest, and suits were brought against those who refused to pay the graded price. Many of the settlers formed a league, with the intention of holding the company to its first price, by taking an appeal to the U. S. Supreme Courts. They employed counsel at great expense, but it was impossible to get a case taken up. Land still kept rising, and "grader" Clark was ordered by the railroad company to regrade the land; some of which was put up as high as forty dollars an acre. In the meantime the suits were pushed to judgments at the graded prices and rents included! In March, 1880, an attempt was made to compromise, as many of the settlers had their all in their homes, which had become quite valuable to them, and wearied with litigation, they were disposed to settle their trouble even at a sacrifice. Proposals were made by Mr. Crocker's attorney to settle, by taking the first graded price as a basis. Meetings were held, and the matter was discussed in every light, when it was agreed to send a committee to San Francisco authorized to act on behalf of the settlers. They were met in the city, taken into custody and locked up in jail! The next day they were released. No attempt on the part of Mr. Crocker was made to compromise, and the committee returned without accomplishing anything.

On the 12th of May following, the people were to assemble at Hanford, spend the day in social enjoyment, and consider their situation in a public conference. Their neighbors on the even sections were to join and assist them in whatever way they could. Early on that morning U. S. Marshal Poole and the "grader" reached Hanford by rail, and hiring a lively team, started out on an evicting tour. They entered one or two houses whose occupants were absent, removed the furniture to the highway, and left several loaded cartridges on the door-step as a warning. By this time news went abroad that evictions were going on, and by the time they reached another ranch about a dozen unarmed settlers arrived at the spot. Two of the settlers, however, had small revolvers which they were accustomed to carry. The Marshal and Clark had two men who were to take possession of the evicted settlers' ranches, one of whom—a desperate character—was armed with a breech-loading, double-barreled shot gun, two large revolvers and a Winchester rifle, which last a lucky accident prevented him from using, for in the melee the horses took fright and ran out of his reach with the wagon that contained it. Six settlers and the two "receivers" were slain. Let the reader draw his own conclusions. He may be assured of the truthfulness of these statements so briefly narrated. The writer lived in the midst of these settlers, and was on the bloody ground soon after the shooting was done.

Charles Crocker, the main cause of this tragedy, was the "representative business man" that a leading educator of the State presents to the youths of California, and honors by naming one of the public schools, the Crocker school!

What gave these men prominence? Their wealth. Is wealth the true basis of human character? Why did these men pursue wealth with so much persistence and zeal? For their own aggrandizement. Since wealth is the product of labor, and no man could live long enough to produce the tenth part of one million dollars, it is clear that their wealth was produced by others. Since they could have nothing to give in exchange for it, it must have been unjustly obtained, that is without an equivalent; and this unjust method of obtaining is called "business," and those who have accumulated wealth in this way are set up as "representative business men," and pointed out for the youths of the land to imitate!

When worth is estimated by wealth, society rests on a worthless foundation. The basis of society is morality, because man is essentially a moral being; and all that is good in him must be founded on his moral nature; but there is no moral worth in wealth. Mr. Hearst, when a poor man, was not heard of outside his immediate neighborhood, but Mr. Hearst the millionaire found a seat in the U. S. Senate. Mr. Crocker, with only a quarter section of land and dependent on his plow and his sickle for a livelihood, would have been condemned in a court of justice for manslaughter; but Mr. Crocker as President of the S. P. R. Co., had power to send his victims—those that were not murdered—to prison to vindicate the laws that he himself violated. Five men, some of whom were not on the ground at the time of the killing, were imprisoned "for resisting the U. S. Marshal," when all the "resistance" was in asking him to postpone the evictions, as he had it in his power to do, and undoubtedly would have done, had not the desperate man who accompanied him been so precipitate and blood-thirsty.

If it were asked what good cause these men ever forwarded; what difficult question they ever cleared; what down-trodden or oppressed class they ever championed; what noble interest they ever helped by pen or voice; what excellent work for humanity they ever accomplished, no answer would be forthcoming. The world was agitated by great and vital questions in their day. Were they engaged in their solution? Many of their fellow-citizens were destitute of homes and employment; did they render them assistance? Where is there any record of it? Self-aggrandizement and greed were the objects of their highest ambition, and yet they are honored by a leading educator! Men and women were but counters on the checkerboard of their schemes for power and pelt. All the great movements for the advance of the race were ignored by them, or were far outweighed by considerations of their own aggrandizement, and these despoilers of their fellow beings, these selfish schemers, are called "representative business men," and as such are honored and their acts set up as examples for the youth of California to revere and imitate!

Light of the morning,
Darling of dawning,
Blight little, lithe little daughter of mine!
While with thee ranging
Sure I'm exchanging
Sixty of my years for six years like thine.
Wings cannot vie with thee,
Lightly I fly with thee,
Gay as the thistle-down over the lea;
Life is all magic,
Comic or tragic,
Played as thou playest it daily with me.

Of crabbed age I hear men sing:
But when the leaves are yellow,
Nature, that stints no growing thing,
Makes the sour apples mellow.
So when the measured times of man
Have reached their fair completeness,
A fruitful life's well-ordered plan
Should ripen into sweetness.

Notes and Comments.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

The editor of *The Better Way* advises speakers at Spiritual meetings to direct their efforts "especially to the making of converts to Spiritualism." Though converts are retained by good platform ministrations, few are made in that way. People are attracted by phenomena. When awakened by some striking fact, they make investigation and are soon fitted to study the philosophy; when they advance far enough to comprehend something of that, they are then ready for consideration of the principles inseparable from true Spiritualism. These involve all that concerns the welfare of man here and hereafter.

The editor says "speakers should make Spiritualism, and not social theories, the text of their discourses." Spiritualism *includes* social theories and every other subject that concerns humanity. The life here is the foundation of the life to come, and the "Spiritualism" that does not help a man to live a better life here is not worthy the name.

The editor intimates that platform orators can use their opportunities to better advantage than in making "attacks on well-ordered society and its institutions." There is no "well-ordered society." Society is rotten from top to bottom; all careful observers know it, and honest men admit it. It *should* be attacked from every spiritual rostrum, its hypocrisy exposed and its vileness laid bare. Its educational theories are false; its industrial arrangements unjust; its monetary scheme is a fraud; its commercial system is robbery; its political methods are undemocratic; its religion is outside show, and its social relations are of course in harmony with all the rest. Out of this disorderly society the spirit world is constantly reinforced. Some of us may have more choice of associates there than we do here, but on the whole that world is what this world makes it, and it is sheer folly to lull ourselves to sleep with idle fancies of the glory of heaven while we do nothing towards making a heaven on earth from which all the recruits for the heaven of the future must come. Let no one ever have occasion to say to Spiritualists:

"Woe unto you [Spiritualists] hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves."

Let Pharisees and cowards, time-servers and covers-up of iniquity remain in the church and for a pretence make long prayer, but Spiritualists, on the platform and in the every-day transactions of life, should endeavor to prove that Spiritualism is practical reform and not a sham.

At a meeting held in the Central Presbyterian Church, New York City, to protest against the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday, many ministers spoke, among them Dr. Herrick Johnson, who gave "six reasons" why it should not be opened. His fourth "reason" is as follows:

"Opening the Columbian Exposition on Sunday would lead to a state of damaging and demoralizing things in Chicago at thought of which I shudder. It would create a pandemonium, and the country would see scenes it has never seen."

What bosh! The World's Fair will be a moral exhibition. To the lover of nature and art it will be instructive, ennobling, and to the devout person it may even be religious, for he can see "sermons in stones . . . and good [God] in everything." If the Exposition buildings are open, people will behave as decorously as on any day of the week. But how will it be if the Fair is closed? Less than one-tenth of the visitors could find room in the churches, even if they desired to go there. Tens of thousands of them, if shut out from the exhibition, will be tempted into places of immoral character—cheap amusements, dives, dance-houses, saloons, beer-gardens, gambling-dens, and houses of prostitution. Harpies from every clime, visiting Chicago in search of victims, will make the idle Sundays their days of harvest. The libraries and reading-rooms will not accommodate one-twentieth part of the Sunday

time-killers. Drinking, carousing, riding around the city, boisterous play, games, and out-of-door amusements of all kinds, with the accompanying hilarity and noise, will prevail, and Sunday, instead of being the most quiet, will be the most uproarious day of the week, the one specially given over, through the efforts of bigots, to the temptations of the "devil" they pretend to be fighting. Are these shriekers for the "sanctity of the Sabbath" fools, or hypocrites—which?

"Blaine is a very sick man, a mental and physical wreck. He can never recover."....."Blaine is not sick, but overworked. He is rapidly recuperating."

"Wanamaker will immediately leave the Cabinet—forced to resign."....."Wanamaker has no thought of leaving the Cabinet."

"H. E. Huntington, of Bayport, Mich., is going to take charge of the Southern Pacific as General Superintendent, at \$50,000 a year salary."....."Huntington is not coming to the Pacific Coast, and has not thought of doing so."

"Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew were married in Hongkong, and are ostracised in consequence because they have heretofore been received in good society only because it was believed they were already married."....."The story that Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Potter are married is untrue in every particular. Mrs. Potter has never been divorced."

"Henry M. Stanley and wife have permanently separated in consequence of quarrels caused by the positive character of each. He is now in Switzerland, and will soon depart for Australia. He goes alone."....."There is no truth in the story that Stanley has separated from his wife. Mrs. Stanley has gone to Germany to recuperate. Mr. Stanley is stopping at Mrs. Tennant's town house, and with Mrs. Stanley's sister and the sister's husband will soon join Mrs. Stanley in Germany, and the four will go to Switzerland. They are all a very united and happy family."....."It must be admitted, however, that there are rumors of repeated quarrels between the two owing to Stanley's surliness."

And so it goes from day to day. The papers are full of lies written by sensational newsmongers and published by unscrupulous men for selfish purposes. To manufacture a lie is "newspaper enterprise," and to "unearth the truth" and publish the contradiction is still more "enterprise." And such tom-foolery is called "journalism!" The big dailies have a few lines of valuable news and columns of padding, miserable "rot" which disgusts every sensible reader. With a single fact for foundation, all the particulars are imagined and filled in after the lying beast has entered his lair. Conversations which—if any occurred—the "reporter" could by no possibility have heard, are conjured up by him and words put in the mouths of people who never thought of uttering them. This is the sort of stuff which competition gives, and it is on a par with the results of competition in other lines.

The following communication was addressed to the editor of the CARRIER DOVE, but I corral it into "Notes and Comments" as a specimen of assininity which can only be answered in the free and easy style of these random notes. Editorial wisdom and dignity would be thrown away on such an occasion:

ED. DOVE: I came to the city mainly to have sittings with mediums, as there are none where I live; and being a stranger here I was guided by the advertisements in the papers, and I went first to the one who promised most, and who advertises as a "world-renowned medium, the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, born with a double veil, and capable of revealing every hidden mystery," and I paid her fee, but I got nothing, and I think she is a fraud, and I don't see why you city Spiritualists sustain such a woman and acknowledge her to be "the queen among trance mediums," and I don't think you ought to advertise such a woman, who is only a fortune-teller, and a poor one at that.

A SOLD SPIRITUALIST.

MY DEAR A. S. S.—Your signature is suggestive, but would be more pertinent if reduced to the initial letters. THE DOVE does not "advertise such a woman," and never did. "City Spiritualists" do not "sustain" the woman "born with the double veil." They leave that for folks who know nothing about Spiritualism, and for those country Spiritualists whose credulity overshadows their judgment. If you had used what sense you have, you would have surmised at the first glance of the woman's advertisement

that she is a pretender. No honest medium ever advertises in the style of this woman, and no well-informed Spiritualist ever thinks of visiting her, or of referring to her as in any way connected with Spiritualism. If you would subscribe for a Spiritual journal, instead of depending upon the lying dailies for information about mediums, you would not have to sign yourself "A Sold Spiritualist." Better go home and tell your experience to your wife, otherwise she, when visiting the city, may seek out "Prof. Joseph," or some other notorious bilk; for it is a singular fact that weak women "sustain" the male frauds, while the weak men pay their spare cash to the woman "born with a double veil."

The yawp of Socialism is excusably despised by plutocracy. Socialism is not merely a cry of pain (if it were only that its plaints might have proved more effectual); it is a cry of avarice, of jealousy, and very often of extreme laziness as well. Every socialistic theory we have yet heard of is self-damning. Each real thinker, whether he be Cræsus or pauper, comprehends that to empower the executive with greater responsibility than it already possesses would mean to tempt national ruin, and that until mankind has become a race of angels the hideous problem of human suffering can never be solved by vesting private property-rights in the hands of public functionaries."—*Edgar Fawcett in July Arena.*

All of which shows that Mr. Fawcett has studied socialism to very little purpose. His ideas of it have evidently been derived not from its friends, but from the misrepresentations of its enemies. It is absolutely false that the cry of socialism is "a cry of avarice, of jealousy and of laziness." There may be jealous, avaricious and lazy persons who avow themselves socialists, but they are by no means representatives of advanced socialistic ideas, and people of that kind are incapable of comprehending what socialism means.

The leaders of the movement are the magnanimous, the unselfish, the mentally active and physically energetic men and women of the world. As yet they have no settled "socialistic theory." They acknowledge the fact that the social condition of the people is a growth, and must always continue to be; but they recognize certain general principles as the foundation on which the social edifice of the future must be builded, among which are justice, human brotherhood, and the great truth that the highest interest of each is the interest of all, and all of each.

It is true that Socialists believe in intrusting the management of production and commerce to "the executive," but the change contemplated in the executive power is no less great than the other. The executives will be the people themselves, the number of directors of affairs being necessarily increased and the responsibility of individuals lessened. "Public functionaries" will be a part of the people, under control of the people, and removable from position at any time by the people. It will be perceived that such a system must be judged as an entirety, and not by sections as Mr. Fawcett and other critics are in the habit of doing.

A communication has been sent to the DOVE by W. P. Bennett, of Gold Hill, Nevada, giving the details of a seance with Dr. Schlesinger, at Virginia City, in March last, which the editor of the DOVE declines to publish as written, knowing that an unjust construction will be put upon it by the persons most interested and by readers generally. Mr. Bennett states that certain spirits with whom he had no acquaintance in earth-life—but has several times seen in spirit—spoke to him through Dr. Schlesinger, and referred to various letters he (Mr. Bennett) had written to members of the families of the communicating spirits, approving of the letters, and requesting him to write again. Some of the letters were applications for money, ostensibly for a good purpose. The persons applied to are among the wealthiest of the country. The applications were unsuccessful, but the writer is told to try again, and the spirit promises to assist him. The following (with names erased by me and X, Y, Z, inserted) is a portion of Mr. Bennett's letter:

"The letters the spirit X referred to were written in July and August, 1885. The letters spirit Y referred to were written in April, 1886, and in March, 1888. What spirit Z really desired me

to do was to write to his wife and daughter. He wished to prove to them that he can return and communicate with them. I do not know how it was possible for the medium to obtain the intelligence communicated unless the persons mentioned were present, for I had never seen Dr. Schlesinger before, nor had I in any way had any communication with him, and no one on earth ever saw or knew of those letters except myself and wife."

Mr. Bennett does not state how the spirits identified themselves to him on former occasions; he may have abundant reason for believing that the spirit forms he saw were the forms of the spirits they purported to represent, but I have no such evidence, and consequently do not know he was not deceived. If deceived once, he was in fit condition to be deceived again, for he was already biased by his previous experience. The medium (Dr. Schlesinger) gave Mr. Bennett the impressions he (the medium) received. Such impressions may have come from the mind of Mr. Bennett himself, or from some lying spirit, or possibly from the spirits they purported to come from. What was the true source of the communications? That is the problem. Mr. Bennett may be in possession of facts sufficient for its solution, but I am not; and even if *he* is, he probably cannot convince others. In all such cases the persons appealed to suspect a selfish design on the part of the applicant, and they are too ignorant of the mysteries of spirit intercourse to understand that even if there is deception, the persons in this life engaged in carrying it on may be perfectly innocent—they being themselves deceived by designing spirits. People out of the body are (for awhile at least) just what they were in the body, and many of them feel justified in using deception to carry out their desires. They assume the names of other persons whenever it suits their purpose to do so, and make requests or demands of people which the spirits whose names they assume would not make. Some spirits, anxious to help friends here, or to aid a cause in which they are interested, think that every dollar they can get out of rich people is not only good for those to whom it is given, but a benefit to the giver, relieving him of riches which are a bar to his progress. The use of such stratagem is not for the benefit of Spiritualists as a rule; probably a hundred dollars are given to churches through spiritual influence to one dollar devoted to Spiritualism. This may seem unreasonable to people who have not studied the subject; it is not at all unreasonable to me. Spiritualists on the average are more scrupulously honest than church people. Jesuits are not the only Christians who hold that "the end justifies the means," and, continuing in that line of policy some time after transition, they no more hesitate to deceive than they did when here. The deception of a spirit by a spirit is not easy; but the facilities for deceiving mortals are rather increased than decreased by the change we call death. The apostle's advice, "try the spirits" is worthy of heed. My personal experience with "spiritual communion" teaches me that it requires the utmost wariness on the part of the investigator. The process calls for doubt at every step—doubt, not necessarily suspicion. (Unjust suspicion may cause the very thing you desire to avoid.) You are traveling in the dark, and you have to feel your way, and trust somewhat to the inner sense—the spiritual sense—which all possess in some degree. It is dangerous ground; but I believe we are justified in exploring it, and with experience the danger will be lessened, while the benefits will be increased. Many persons in bereavement are consoled by messages from spirit friends, and all may safely seek such consolation, but for critical examination of the intricacies of spirit communion most people—not only from lack of education and experience, but for want of natural acuteness,—are quite unfit. Such may attend seances for their own gratification, but they are no more adapted to the study of the mysteries of the seance-room than a clod-hopper is for experiments in chemistry, and one is about as dangerous to the ignoramus as the other. (This is my individual opinion, for which the editor of the DOVE need not be held responsible.)

A man with a wound in his forehead recently entered the

office of one Whitney, a Chicago physician, and wanted his wound dressed. On being asked if he could pay for the service he said he could. The doctor sewed up the wound (time, ten minutes) and charged three dollars. The poor man (who has to work all day for half that sum) had but two dollars in his pocket, but said he would get the other dollar at once. The physician asked him to sit down a moment until he could take another look at the wound, and when the man did so, he tore out the stitches and then thrust the sufferer from the room. The man was weak from loss of blood, else he might have resented the outrage. He caused the physician's arrest for assault, but, although the facts were not disputed, he was acquitted on the ground that the patient had used deception as to his ability to pay. It may be too much to expect that such a wretch will be punished by expulsion from the medical fraternity, but every decent citizen of Chicago should refuse hereafter to recognize his existence. Let him be compelled to associate with men like himself, if there are any so mean as he. The average thief or murderer would scorn such an act.

A dispatch says the Alliance men of Texas have repudiated the financial plank and the loan scheme of the National Alliance, and that a split in the party is inevitable. Of course! Just as soon as a People's Party is organized, the money power bribes some of its members to mislead the masses and to create dissension in the ranks, and when the Alliance succeed in sending men to State legislatures and to Congress, some of its representatives will be deceived or captured in the same way, and reform by peaceful means effectually cut off. There is nothing that so stands in the way of general progress as the power of concentrated wealth. It is the one tremendous evil that now menaces this country.

One of the city dailies, in referring to a sermon by Rev. Dr. Easton, says: "The speaker severely denounces spiritualism, clairvoyance and theosophy." That the clergy denounce spiritualism and theosophy is not to be wondered at, but why clairvoyance should come in is not so clear. Dr. Easton might as well denounce good health or intellectual vigor as clairvoyance. It is said this Christian gentleman preached the sermon in retaliation for a criticism given some time since by Mr. Ravlin on his unjust treatment of Mr. Ellis. Not being able to defend himself Easton attacks spiritualism. What Christians some of these "Christians" are though.

The Florida House of Representatives has unanimously adopted a resolution that whenever any member asserts that he has been misrepresented by a newspaper correspondent or his integrity questioned or his motives impugned, such correspondent shall be ejected from the hall of the house and excluded therefrom "until the house takes proper action in the premises." The "proper action" may be an investigation of the facts, or it may be the infliction of further punishment on request of the complaining member. The resolution is not clear on that point. What a fine thing such a resolution would have been for some of the members of the last California Assembly.

A daily paper represents Prof. Davidson as expressing great doubt about the inhabitability of the planets, on account of the nearness of some to the sun and consequently intense heat, and because of the immense distance of others from the source of heat. The theory that the sun is a magnetic instead of an igneous body does away with such objections. Electrical energy conveyed on a wire a thousand miles is nearly as potent at the point of delivery as it would be if deposited one mile from the starting point. Solar energy, passing through a thousand million miles of space, is not dissipated on the way. The force is exerted wherever the conditions exist for its de-

velopment, and that is when the magnetic rays from the sun strike the surface of any planet. The matter seems very plain to one who is able to disabuse his mind of the old idea that the sun is a ball of fire.

The Directors of the State Normal School at San Jose, having prohibited the reading of the Bible as a part of the school exercises, the Evangelical Alliance appointed a committee to ascertain what can be done about the matter. As yet the committee has not reported, but one of the members, Rev. John Kimball, says:

"It cannot be denied that the Bible is a great moral educator. Teachers ought to be fitted to give the children moral and religious education; therefore the Bible should not be banished from the school where teachers are being trained."

Yes; "the Bible is a great moral educator." If there is any vice or crime in the list of human iniquities, from drunkenness to murder, which is not sanctioned in some part of the Old Testament I do not know its name.

The Judges of the Circuit Court of Appeals, recently instituted here, appear in court enveloped in gowns similar to those worn by English judges and Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court. The newspapers generally have published the fact without comment; but if silence gives consent, it does not always mean approval. The *Chronicle* however says: "The robe is suitable and becoming in every respect, and it would be well for the Justices of the Supreme Court of this State to adopt it." Anything will do to show that the judges assume to be better than ordinary men when on the bench, though some of them prove themselves to be much worse than the average man when off. But the people must be impressed in some manner with a sentiment of awe for the court. They must be made to respect authority. Faith in divinely-appointed masters having lost its hold in America, there is danger that the law will cease to be a fetich here also, and that those who administer the law will ere long fail to command respect unless they can get up a false idea of the sacredness of courts and the majesty of judges. This new departure is but one more step in the line of "progress" which the people of this republic are making towards a distinction of classes. The robber social system under which we live has impoverished the many and enriched the few; has made slaves of the many and masters of the few; and it is but fitting that the ruling classes should have some sign of superiority to mark their distinction. So coats-of-arms are becoming common for the rich, and silken gowns are considered "highly appropriate" for those who administer the law.

People have become so accustomed to soldiers in uniform and policemen with star and brass buttons that it does not occur to them that these gay dresses are the signs of the citizens' subjection. If right instead of might prevailed, there would be little use for soldiers or police. It would be the interest of every citizen to preserve order and secure justice, and these uniformed instruments for the enforcement of authority would be no longer required. Are we progressing?

A few months ago Mr. Louis Wolf, formerly of Little Rock, Arkansas, more recently a resident of Dayton, Wash., came to San Francisco on his way to Topolobampo, Mexico, and sought my acquaintance. My report of affairs there was so favorable that he decided to return to Dayton, and go thence to Little Rock, and so arrange his business interests that he would not be obliged to return from Mexico. He could then go and remain permanently. I introduced him to E. W. Haslam, who had been with me in Mexico, and was expecting to return on the next steamer. All three being Spiritualists and reformers, we became very friendly, and on the day prior to Mr. Wolf's departure for Dayton, we took a farewell dinner together, the two friends who were to meet in

Sinaloa being in joyous spirits. The next morning Mr. Haslam fell from a building and was instantly killed. Mr. Wolf left for Dayton, and soon after his arrival there was drowned, while bathing in Medical Lake. Both were men in robust health, full of energy, and with bright anticipations of a useful and happy life in Sinaloa. Such is fate!

The people of England had an extraordinary opportunity for an exhibition of sycophancy and servility during the late visit of the Emperor of Germany, and most industriously did they make use of it. They were forced however to admire at a distance. The young man (who has done nothing to deserve special regard) was so closely surrounded with courtiers, flunkeys, and guards, civil and military, that the mass of the people only caught the gleam of his helmet as he rode by. However it was enough to elicit cheers from tens of thousands who knew that under the helmet there was one who, by common consent, possesses "divine rights"—the right to live by others' labor, the right to rule by others' submission, the right to ignore equality of rights between fellow beings. The servitors exercised the only right left to them—that of humiliating themselves before the one so divinely endowed.

One English editor complains that the Kaiser during his visit "did not meet the leaders of art, literature or science, and did not confer with representatives of the people." Certainly not; why should he? He does not himself in any degree represent art, literature, science, or anything that is useful in the world of work; he simply represents the old idea—inherited power and greatness—and, of course, he spent his time only with those of "noble" birth. True nobility—the nobility of thought and of action, the nobility of invention, or philosophy, of labor with head and hand—has nothing in common with that sham nobility which in gaudy show parades itself before fools. Genuine nobility has no desire for representation on such occasions. The whole thing was a pitiable spectacle; but so long as people believe in the divine rights of kings and worship at the feet of inherited power, so long will they remain in ignorance of what constitutes true nobility, and the meritorious of the earth, the real friends of humanity, will be left to struggle and die without recognition. Ignorance is the foundation of injustice. Only an intelligent people can ever be a free people.

Probably no month passes that some young couple in San Francisco are not forced into marriage by relatives of the girl. All of these cases are the result of false ideas, but few of them are so outrageous in character as the one that occurred on the 18th of July. Lena Steffan, a seventeen-year-old girl, was arrested on complaint of her mother, and kept in the Central Police Station several days preparatory to being sent to the Magdalen Asylum, her mother preferring to have the girl married to her seducer if she could get her and his consent. The girl refused for three days, but it finally became necessary to have the case disposed of in some way, and the man, Charles Druhm—a bar-tender in Paddy Ryan's saloon—under threats of imprisonment if he refused, was brought to the station. Then the mother and a female friend with the matron of the prison pleaded with the girl. "But, I don't want to get married," she cried, "and especially to him. I don't like him."

"You cannot hope to marry any other man," urged the mother, "and marry you must."

"Why must I marry?"

"Because if you do not they will send you to prison for a year."

The sentence would be until she arrived at legal age. Finally, with many tears and protestations, the girl consented, weeping bitterly as she took her place by the side of the groom, who scowled and edged away from her. At this the mother glared at him, and he resumed his place, though very unwillingly. Justice Low married the couple, but the girl's response was inaudible, and

the man's sounded more like a muttered imprecation than assent. The complaint against Lena was then dismissed.

If this proceeding does not indicate mental and moral darkness on the part of all concerned, I cannot conceive of anything that would. Because a brute has induced a young girl to consent to a physical assault by him, the girl so misled, and already hating her betrayer, is forced by the law she has unwittingly violated into life-long servitude to the wretch who has misused her, and he is given the legal right to commit such assaults at his pleasure, the girl now having no voice in the matter. An act was committed which without her consent would on the part of her companion have been a crime. With her consent *she* was adjudged the criminal. Now the same act may be perpetrated by him *without* her consent and it is *no* crime. We talk about barbarism, but where are the barbarians who are equal to such outrages? Where are the savages who haven't more respect for the natural rights of women? No; these false ideas of sexual purity and impurity, of the sanctity of a ceremony, of what constitutes chastity, in fact all these false conceptions of ethics as relates to sex belong especially if not exclusively to our "Christian civilization," and are the direct result of our Christian religion. Barbarism is worthy of respect in comparison.

On reading these Comments in "proof" the thought occurs to me that they are not only censorious, but somewhat sombre. Possibly it may be better to always seem sweet and smiling as a May morning. People welcome a happy companion, and readers like to see Miss Gossip dressed in gay colors, even though the truth thereby becomes a lie. My writings may appear to be pessimistic; in reality I am an optimist. I believe everything is for the best—*i.e.*, everything is as good as it can be until it *grows* better. But evolution is a slow process, and sometimes it seems as if one might assist Nature a little, or at least help those who suffer—anything rather than stolid indifference. Readers of reform journals, who are such a small minority of the human family, ought to cultivate feelings of sympathy and love for justice all the more because they know the great majority witness the sin and suffering of the world with as little apparent concern as if, like the Christian's god, they had hearts of stone.

Justice, Not Charity.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

All hail the dawn of a new day breaking,
When a strong-armed nation shall take away
The weary burden from backs that are aching,
With maximum work and minimum pay.

When no man is honored who hoards his millions,
When no man feasts on another's toil,
And God's poor, suffering, starving billions
Shall share his riches of sun and soil.

There is gold for all in the world's broad bosom,
There is food for all in the world's great store;
Enough is provided if rightly divided;
Let each man take what he needs—no more.

Shame on the miser with unused riches,
Who robs the toiler to swell his hoard;
Who beats down the wage of the digger of ditches
And steal the bread from the poor man's board.

Shame on the owner of mines whose cruel
And selfish measures have brought him wealth,
While the ragged creatures who dig his fuel
Are robbed of comfort and hope and health.

Shame on the ruler who rides in his carriage
Bought by the labor of half-paid men,—
Men who are shut out of home and marriage,
And are herded like sheep in a hovel pen.

Spiritualism and Orthodoxy Contrasted.

During the recent visit of N. F. Ravlin to Santa Cruz, Rev. E. D. Mc. Creary, one of the clergy of Santa Cruz, delivered a sermon against Spiritualism, in consequence of which Mr. Ravlin challenged him to a public discussion of the subject. The following extract from a card published by Mr. Ravlin shows that the challenge was not accepted:

"I desire to say a few words explanatory of my challenge to Rev. E. D. Mc. Creary. I had no desire to air my views, but to defend that which is as sacred to me as his religion is to him. Spiritualism is my religion, and I know from a careful and candid investigation that it is true. He has seen fit not only to assail Spiritualism *per se*, but to denounce everybody connected with it as either fools or knaves, guilty of every immorality and worthy only of the companionship of swine and devils. He has by his tirade insulted twenty millions of people who, for intelligence and moral character, stand second to no religious body of people on the globe. Behind the pulpit, where no one is privileged to reply, he is very bold in dealing out wholesale abuse, but when confronted by one whom he has publicly insulted, he backs squarely out under the specious plea that he has already spent more time on the subject of Spiritualism than it is worth. I will venture to say that he has never spent one hour in an honest investigation of the subject, but he has spent a certain amount of time in denouncing that of which he knows absolutely nothing. He poses as a religious teacher, but if he knows no more about God and Heaven and the devil and hell than he does know about Spiritualism, he is certainly a "blind leader of the blind," booked for the ditch of logical dilemma at last. This Sunday night I shall defend Spiritualism in a lecture upon the following subject: "The ethical teachings and record of so-called orthodox religion contrasted with the philosophy of Spiritualism."

N. F. RAVLIN.

The following are extracts from Mr. Ravlin's discourse, as published in the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*.

Beulah Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity Sunday evening by people who were present to listen to Dr. Ravlin's reply to Rev. Mc. Creary's sermon against Spiritualism. Every foot of space was filled with extra seats, and many went away unable to secure even standing room. Mr. Ravlin said:

I speak to-night upon the ethical teachings of orthodox religion in their logical sequence as compared with the ethics of the spiritual philosophy. Spiritualism is on trial before the people of this city. It has been grossly misrepresented by a clergyman who occupies an orthodox pulpit in this city, and I am proud to stand before this audience in the defense of that which has been denounced as a humbug and a fraud. My character, my good name, my reputation, my all is linked with it.

I left the constituency of a great denomination, after thirty-five years in its ministry, for the philosophy of Spiritualism. I left the pulpit for the spiritual rostrum, and by so doing suffered religious and social ostracism from those with whom I had been associated for a generation. I know what it is to suffer for the cause I love. I know what it is to have my name cast out as evil; to have calumny and reproach heaped upon me; to be shunned by those who once claimed to be friends, and all because I am no longer orthodox, but know the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism to be true. During all the years of my public life no scandal or calumny of any kind has attached to my name. I stood free from it in the pulpit; have stood free from it upon the spiritual platform. I esteem a good name more precious than riches, and an irreproachable character of infinitely more value than silver and gold. Hence, when it is represented that Spiritualism is of the devil, and all its mediums and teachers are frauds and impostors, duping the people, and teaching immoral doctrines, every intelligent spiritualist on the globe is insulted, and a refutation of the slander becomes necessary. The reverend gentleman says the Fox girls started it as a fraud, and that they confessed and explained the fraud afterwards. He

makes a deliberate misstatement of the case. The more intelligent of the two never confessed to any such thing, but stood firmly on the spiritual hypothesis. The other has since repudiated her pretended expose as having been obtained from her when she was not in her normal condition of mentality. He evidently knew these facts, but perverted them to serve his purpose of misrepresentation.

Those who believed the discourse to be the truth would naturally come to the conclusion that ethical spiritualism is out of the question, and that the mission of Spiritualists and their leaders is to annul marriage, break up homes, and defy the laws of the land and the social customs of the people. Nothing is further from the teachings of the spiritual philosophy; and in order that the people of this city may know what spiritualism is, I have thought well to compare its teachings with those of orthodox religion. As to moral tendencies neither spiritualists nor spiritualism will suffer by comparison. They are as intelligent, as moral, as just in their dealings, as circumspect in their walk, as charitable in spirit, and as far removed from any violation of just and righteous laws as any other people. A tree is known by its fruit, and by the same criterion must we determine the nature of every system of religion or philosophy. If orthodox religion is of the truth the fruits of the system will determine it.

At this juncture I wish it distinctly understood that I make a marked distinction between the teachings of Jesus and the doctrines of the modern churches that claim to exist in His name and by His authority. He taught a pure communistic, socialistic system of ethics, a system which, had it been carried out, would have rendered impossible the monopolies, syndicates, trusts and combines that curse the present generation by making the rich richer and the poor poorer. But scarcely had he left the earth ere his teachings were perverted and his religion corrupted. The vicarious atonement idea was never taught by Jesus, nor anything out of which such a monstrous travesty of justice could be manufactured. And yet that is the central doctrine, the cardinal principle of orthodox religion. It is taught that Jesus atoned for the sins of the whole world; that He paid our debt, yes, all the debt we owe; that by believing in Him, His righteousness is imparted to us, and our sins are charged up to him; and that on no other principle whatever can we be saved. It is taught by orthodox ministers that a man may go on all his life in sin, and end his career in murder, and at the last moment, if he repents and believes in Jesus, and the minister sprinkles a little water on him in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and administers the communion to him, he goes straight into Heaven as a companion of the angels. On the other hand the preacher will tell you that you may live a perfectly moral and upright life, be just in all your dealings, loving and charitable in all your conduct, in short do to others as you would that others should do to you, yet it will all count for nothing and only sink you deeper in hell if you do not believe in Jesus according to the dogmatic interpretation of his mission. This is the point upon which the whole theory of orthodoxy rests. The vicarious exchange of guilt for righteousness, and righteousness for guilt. You may thus sow to the wind and *another* reap the whirlwind. You may follow a given line of sinful and even criminal conduct, and Jesus will take care of the consequences. Your sins, past, present and future, are all atoned for. Your name is in the book of God, and you have a through ticket to glory, entitling you to free fare and a free ride. It is taught that of course we sin, but then we have an advocate with the Father, and He will make it all right.

The natural tendency of such doctrine is to make people careless of their conduct, and logically it leads to looseness of morals. This accounts for the fact that the average church member needs to be *labeled* Christian or you would never know it, either in his business, his domestic or his social relations. They are as worldly, as grasping, and drive just as sharp a bargain as ordinary sinners. What crimes have not been done during the last nineteen hundred years in the name of Christ? There has been nothing that has transpired in human annals since the first dawn of authentic history that has shed more blood and tears, or created more bitter strife and un-

relenting hatred than has so called Christianity. It has piled its murdered victims in heaps mountains high, and lighted the fagots on ten thousand martyr fields, where human beings have been burned at the stake and tortured to death in every conceivable way. Pretending to usher in an era of universal peace on earth and good will to men, it has fostered war, baptized the globe in blood, wrapt it in the swaddling bands of ignorance and superstition, and manacled it with the fetters of priestly domination. You may search the history of ancient Egypt, Chaldea, Babylon, Assyria, Greece and Rome, the pagan nations of antiquity, and you will not parallel the atrocities of the last two thousand years. In addition to these fruits of ecclesiasticism we are to take note of the moral delinquencies that have been fostered under the system.

A tremendous crop of public scandal is gathered every year, especially from the clerical trees of the orthodox garden. This is what is put on the market. But there is a vast amount of the fruits of dishonesty and fleshly lusts, secretly used for home consumption under the cloak of religion, which never comes to the surface, and of which the great world at large is in utter ignorance. For every immoral spiritual medium or speaker, facts warrant the conclusion that there are at least two immoral preachers. As a general rule, when a minister falls the matter is quietly hushed up, and the church and Jesus take care of the consequences. But when anything wrong is done by a medium or spiritualist, it is preached from one end of the country to the other as an expose of spiritualism. The one is charged to spiritualism, but no one ever thinks of laying the other to the church. If a Methodist man and woman separate, and either of them obtains a divorce, who thinks of charging the Methodist church with their separation?

Now, what are the ethical teachings of Spiritualism? The spiritual philosophy is an embodiment of the Golden Rule enunciated by Jesus Christ himself: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." It also includes the principle that what a man sows he must also reap. He must suffer the consequences of his own sins, meet the results of his own acts, and overcome evil with good in his own nature. According to the spiritual philosophy no man can sow evil and expect Jesus to do the reaping. He can not sin and shoulder the consequences on to an innocent victim. If he injures his fellow man he must suffer for the injury done till he receives the forgiveness of the injured party either in this world or that which is to come. He cannot go into the eternal world and become an angel till he pays the uttermost farthing of his indebtedness to violated law. If he dies a drunkard, an adulterer, an extortioner, a thief, or a murderer, he must suffer in hell, till by repentance and restitution, he grows out of these conditions, and ascends by the love and practice of the truth to higher spheres.

When it is understood that man must meet the consequences of his own acts, he is going to be careful how he lives. He will try to live as he will wish he had lived when he comes to pass over. The ethics of spiritualism thus lead to a fraternal course of conduct under the law of kindness, of charity, and of forgiveness; for if we forgive not every man his trespasses, neither will our Father forgive us our trespasses.

We want you to record this fact, that there has been no blood shed by spiritualists because of a difference of opinion. No sword has been unsheathed, and no proscriptive policy has been inaugurated to ostracise people of any religious belief. You can not say that a spiritualist has ever persecuted another for his religion. If so, he was only a spiritualist in name and not in reality. Spiritualism aids the progress and enfranchisement of the race.

It is charged that spiritualism annuls the marriage relation, and separates husbands and wives. It is not true. Spiritualists believe in the sanctity of marriage, but they also believe that true reciprocal love in the spirit, and not according to the lusts of the flesh, is necessary to constitute marriage. They do not believe in legalized prostitution, nor in domestic hells in place of homes. While they believe in divorce, they recognize that whom God has joined together no man can put asunder. Living together on any other principle

is living in adultery. If a preacher lives with his wife and does not love her, he is an adulterer, and a thousand legal ceremonies can not change it. That is spiritualism, so far as the marriage relation is concerned. It teaches the importance of proper pre-natal conditions as affecting the destiny of offspring. Spiritualists hold that the redemption of the race *must* begin at this point. The children of *love* are the children of the spirit, while those of lust are of the flesh, and serve mainly to illustrate the old dogma of total depravity by multiplying miniature hells on earth.

The reverend gentleman in his horror of divorce cites the example of King David. When he fell in love with another man's wife, instead of enticing her to leave her husband and get a divorce, he plans and executes the murder of his most faithful soldier in order that he might *legally* marry the widow. But I would inform this clerical functionary that David committed adultery with the wife of Uriah, and then committed murder to hide the first transgression. He holds up his hands in holy horror at the immorality of spiritualism, and yet quotes this kingly and scriptural example as worthy of imitation. I am astounded that a clergyman, a teacher of morals, should advance the idea that if a man should chance to fall in love with the wife of another man, the most innocent thing to do would be to kill the man and then he could legally marry the widow. From the dawn of modern spiritualism till to-day, if they had all been out-and-out free lovers, there would have been nothing in it so damnably atrocious as that. It is all consistent, however, with the ethical teachings of this man's theology. Through David's guilty relation to the wife of another man, through the double crime of murder and adultery, he became the progenitor of Jesus, whom this man pretends to preach as a vicarious atoning sacrifice, and through whose blood alone man can be saved. So much for the divorce business.

You have seen in this review of the ethical teachings of the spiritual philosophy where we stand. We search out nature's laws. Hence spiritualism is not only a religion, it is more; it is a science and a philosophy. It deals with causes rather than effects. It is either true or it is not true that man sleeps unconscious in the grave. Spiritualism demonstrates that man lives a conscious, intelligent being after the death of the body. It is either true or it is not true that he can and does return to communicate with those yet in the mortal form. Spiritualism demonstrates the truth of spirit return and reproduces the various phenomena with which the Bible abounds. Millions of investigators know these things to be facts. They know that the tender sympathies of our loved ones are not dissolved at so-called death. They know that their darlings are not dead; that they are alive forevermore; that they come to them as ministering angels, giving them direction and guidance and an incentive and inspiration from the spirit world as much above and beyond the ethical teachings of modern churchism as the twinkling stars of night are above the monsters of the deep, by the shores of which your fair city stands.

Because we know what our enemies do not know, we are denounced as frauds and impostors. But it is the darkness of ignorance baying the light of intelligence. It is the madness of folly in its assault on the impregnable fortress of wisdom. It is the writhings of a "poor worm of the dust," in need of salvation but not knowing where to find it. Let all spiritualists pray for this poor man, that he may be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.

Let any man be of good cheer about his soul who has ruled his body and delighted in knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, justice, courage, nobility, and truth. In these arrayed, the soul is ready for the journey even to another world when the time comes. For, if death be the journey to another place, and there all the dead are, what can be greater than this? Be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth that no evil can happen to a good man either in this life or after death.—*Socrates*.

Another View.

The following extract gives the view of one of our leading editors as to the work of speakers at the campmeetings. Is there not another view of that work which would be more consonant with the thought and feelings of such spirits as Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Warren Chase, Henry C. Wright, and others?

"Are we encroaching upon your rights, brethren and sisters of the platform, if we most earnestly advise that your campmeeting work shall be specially directed to the making of converts to our holy cause, for their own sake, and that the text of your lectures shall be *Spiritualism*, and not social theories, governmental economics, occultism, theosophy, Shakerism or Mormonism, or the use of a free lance in attacking well-ordered society and its institutions. We repeat with all the emphasis we can invest in language: Brethren and sisters of the platform! the heart of the race is hungry for living spiritual bread. As you love humanity and the truth which will elevate and bless humanity, feed these hungry hearts!"

I was not aware that Shakerism or Mormonism had ever been made the "text" for platform discourses at our meetings, and I have been a listener as well as a talker much longer than said editor has been known among us. The following was penned under the quickening power of inspiration nearly a score of years ago; would our editorial adviser forbid such spirits "opening up the causes which crushed them" on the campmeeting platforms, or would he confine them to the councils in the spirit world?

"Could you see the hosts of the unseen world as they urge us on; could you hear what I have heard, as with my soul's ears I have caught the voices of the wise ones of the ages, whose benevolence has agonized till they have learned that they must have the aid of those who have passed through earth's hells ere such hells can be removed; could you hear them as they call from the highlands of the other life to these in the valleys of degradation, saying: 'Come up and help us to solve the problem of redemption', and could you hear the myriads of those who went down to death with the arms of despair encircling their souls—the drunkard, the outcast, and all of earth's untimely ones who have been torn from this life and its benefits; yea, the myriad millions, who came and sat upon the seat of council, with their darkened spirits quivering into new life 'neath the influence of an awakened hope—sat upon the seat of council and told their experiences, opened up the causes which crushed them—and could you have seen the faces of these listening ones, as they have glowed before me in my hours of exaltation—could you see all this, you would know that we cannot fail."

Less than a year since I asked of a spirit controlling a platform speaker if it were possible for spirits to bring about the reforms they desired under our present economic system, and the response was a most emphatic "No." "Theosophy and Occultism" I do not plead for, because I see no redeeming power in them. The nations that gave them rise have not helped the masses to rise; but social, governmental and economic laws must be discussed in the light of Spiritualism for the benefit of both this and the spirit world, and the Spiritualism that leaves them out will be of no more use to the world than is Theosophy or Occultism.

As to "well ordered society," we have no such thing in the true sense. Members of a truly well ordered society will not drop out by the way and become drunkards, prostitutes, thieves, paupers, tramps, etc., and hearts may be just as "hungry" to know if "my John and my Mary" live and are happy in that life, as they are that their own should be happy here, and equally selfish in one as in the other. You and I and all other reformers, with the aid of the whole spirit world, will be powerless to redeem this world from the evils which afflict it, unless its institutions are made right, and they cannot be made right until examined to find where the wrong comes in, and if our speakers are not allowed to do this, what then?

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Miss Alice L. Clark, a contributor to the *Youth's Companion* has a scholarly article in the *New England Magazine*, a story of much charm and interest in the *Home-Maker*, and is engaged in translation from the French.

Defence of Mediums.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Brittain, herself one of the most efficient trance speakers of the world, writing in defence of charges of insanity, dementia, etc., which are said to result from mediumship, refers to Cora Richmond, Mrs. Emma J. Bullene, Thomas Gales Forster, Mrs. Hayden, J. J. Morse and others in disproof of the charges, and continues:

"To add to the list of those who in England alone ought to be insane or led to mental ruin, we may name the eloquent trance speakers, W. J. Colville, Walter Howell, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wallis; good old Mr. Wallace, the pioneer trance speaker of London; dear, good, little Mrs. Green; equally dear and good Mrs. Groom, an incessant trance speaker of at least twenty—if not more—years; Mr. William Johnson, of Hyde; J. B. Tetlow, Mrs. Bailey, and at least twenty or thirty good, true men and women who, during many past years, have exercised trance mediumship without stint, and whom we insist to be amongst the best, most rational, capable and pure-minded men and women in this or any other land. As to the American trance mediums, known only to English people by name, or to those who have visited the United States, their number is legion, and include such women as Lizzie Doten, Achsa Sprague and Adelaide Procter—the three finest poetical writers of the age—Mrs. E. L. Watson, Frank Baxter, Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. Townsend, and at least a hundred others, whose names are constantly reported in the American spiritual papers. Indefatigable workers, sane workers, and as good men and women as live on the face of the earth. Men and women whose pure lives, noble teachings, and exemplary conduct cry shame on those who dare to classify them with the rogues, fools and cheats who abound in every cause, especially one so wide-spread, and one which includes so many millions of all classes and countries as Spiritualism.

As to the gratuitous falsehoods concerning trance mediumship ending in "insanity, mental ruin," &c., &c., and "the Americans having become disgusted with Spiritualism" for the above reasons, we cannot render a better answer to such charges than the address given by an eminent American statesman and a spiritual investigator of many long years standing, the Hon. L. V. Moulton. A very brief quotation from that address will show how much disgusted intelligent American Spiritualists have become with their faith.

Mr. Moulton says:—

I have heard hundreds of communications of spirits through all sorts of mediums, but I have never yet heard spirits advocate any doctrine of licentiousness. I have been where, but for spirits, their aid, advice and strength; I should have fallen by the wayside, ruined in mind, body and fortune. All that I am to-day in many ways I owe to them. They came to me and helped me to walk in the right way. To-day my home is one of prosperity, peace, harmony, and happiness, through the blessed ministry of the spirits. The life of wife and child has been saved by them, when they were abandoned to die by the regular doctors. A friend came to my house, learned of these things, and in pursuance of the advice of spirits, changed his habits of living and thought.

A wonderful discovery has been attracting the attention of scientists. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce the solar spectrum or rainbow. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it and fall on silk, wool, or other material contained in a glass vessel. As the colored light falls upon it sounds will be given by the different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. If the vessel contains red worsted and the green light flashes upon it loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound at all.

The Jesuit.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

In Rome a tyrant, and in Spain a thing
That wears a mask and bears a poisonous sting;
In India a strangler, in France a knave,
In Ireland a bigot and a slave;
In our Republic a designing tool
And traitor warring with the public school—
And whether in Rome in Hindoostan or Maine,
His record bears the progeny of Cain.

In the black arts a chieftain and a king
Moving en rapport with a sudden spring;
And in the game of infamy and sin
He steals a march long ere his foes begin;
His dupes he marks, and with a ruthless greed,
Wherein his conscience glorifies the deed,
No means are left untried by which to take
The last lone Peter's pence, *for Jesus' sake!*

In a most marvelous and crafty way
He flatters, fawns and pounces on his prey;
If at his hand a kindly deed is done,
O, then beware of some dark plot begun!
The robes of light he dons, and serves his creed
In garments filched and suited to his need!

Hid from the light in some dark, musty aisle,
He learns to feign, to meddle and beguile;
And in his skill avoids no toil nor care
As link on link he weaves his wily snare,
Spins his dark web, and most adroitly plies
On poor confiding bats and helpless flies
The vilest of all arts and blackest of all lies.

His breath is like some dire and dread simoom,
Forever blasting with a curse and doom;
Whate'er he touches droops beneath the spell
Of some dark haunting shade cruel and fell—
Where'er he journeys, wheresoever toils,
There virtue weeps and innocence recoils,
And the fair cup of life doth overflow
With desolation, infamy and woe.

And thus he stands, a stigma and a blot,
With deeds confined to no especial spot—
Where carnage, superstition, death and crime
Despoil an age or devastate a clime
There hath he wandered, there upon the soil
Hath left the curse of his unrighteous toil.

The following are specimens of the questions and answers in the catechism taught in the national schools of England:

Q. Is it very dangerous to leave the church?

A. Yes; and it is also a very grievous sin.

Q. Is it wrong to join in the worship of Dissenters?

A. Yes; we should only attend places of worship in connection with the Church of England.

This is "Liberalism," and such schools are to receive the benefits of the Free Education Bill.

Written for The Carrier Dove.

Spiritualism at Headquarters.

BY L. C. ASHWORTH.

A striking and significant article under the heading "Science and a Future Life," by Fred H. Myers, appears in the *Eclectic Magazine* for June, copied from the (English) *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Myers has ventured into the very heart of British exclusiveness, boldly asserting his belief in the reality of spirit-return, and appealing in an earnest and even eloquent manner to those who are regarded as the most energetic truth-seekers to examine the phenomena of Spiritualism with the same strictness and impartiality that they apply to other questions. Mr. Myers states (which I can well believe) that "the great majority of continental *savants* and disciples of science have practically ceased to regard a future life as a possibility worth discussing." "In England and America," he continued, "the case is different; but even here the belief in survival seems now to rest not so much on any definite creed as on a temper of mind which in energetic Western races survives for some time the decay of definite dogma."

In regard to Germany this may be considered as the natural reaction from that Absolute Philosophy with which Germany opened this century so gloriously, but which must inevitably collapse until a more thorough acquaintance with the laws of nature prepares minds for principles whose foundation will not be so purely abstract.

In the meantime, what must be the condition of philosophy? What must be the mental tendencies of men whose scientific pursuits bring them more and more into an atmosphere of inexorable law in which, apparently, no consideration of justice or feeling has the slightest weight, and who, as Mr. Myers tells us, have absolutely ceased to regard the question of a future life as worth discussing? Evidently towards Pessimism, and the more broad human sympathy they have the more will this feeling be developed. The views of Schopenhauer and his successor, Hartmann, can no doubt be regarded as the embodiment, in a philosophic and attractive form, of the feelings of a large majority of the thoughtful classes in Germany. There is still a latent inclination for the nobler philosophy which regards Nature as one grand consistent *Idea*, but the advance of science, with the great prominence which has been given to the struggle-for-existence theory, has made the idea of a supreme Good seem impossible; hence it is natural that the writings of Hartmann (which present the strange combination of a strong sense of the admirable adaptations in nature with a perfect hopelessness as to any real advantage in existence) should be very popular in Germany.

"It is the pessimists," says Mr. Myers, "who contribute the most characteristic note to the philosophy of our generation. They tell us that the young vigor of Western races has thus far accepted without question the illusive brightness which nature's witchery casts upon human fates. But as these races attain maturity of meditation, they will pass from under the magic spell; their restless energy will die down as it recognizes that all energies in the end are vain."

This it certainly will, and many people can see strong traces of it already. It is fast becoming a question exclusively between Roman Catholicism and some kind of scientific Spiritualism—at all events among the more thoughtful classes. Indeed, if it were not for the magic spell of the dollars, we might perceive more of this gloomy feeling than is yet manifest; but in a new country practical necessities continue for a long time to keep men's minds from mere abstract questions. This, however, can at only defer the result a few more decades.

While the result of exclusive scientific study has been painfully apparent in this century, the little leaven of spiritual thought has continued to exert a great influence; the "cloud

no bigger than a man's hand" has not faded away, but has indeed grown slowly but surely.

Mr. Myers points out in a masterly manner how the scientific views have changed since the middle of the century, and how the barriers erected by a scientific prejudice, almost as obstinate as the theological, are being slowly destroyed: "Gradually," he says, "one phenomenon after another of those discovered and attested by De Puysejur, Esdaile, Elliotson, etc., has been admitted into orthodox science under some slightly altered name. Certain phenomena, rarer and more difficult to examine, but attested by the same men with equal care, are still left in the outer-court of the scientific temple. But when one has seen the somnambule state, the insensibility under operations, etc., which were once scouted as fraudulent, and as nonsense, becoming the commonplaces of the lecture-room, one can await with equanimity the general acceptance of the thought-transference and the clairvoyance which, from De Puysejur's days onward, have repeatedly occurred in the course of those same experiments—experiments which sometimes ruined the careers of those who made them, but are now recognized as epoch-making in a great department of experimental psychology."

The English character is especially slow and conservative. Conformably to English geographical position it is inclined to be narrow and exclusive. But the great genius of the English people, which finds one of its grandest expressions in their devotional poetry, gives us the assurance that the turn to a higher Spiritualism will be of a more serious and earnest character than such as proceeds from a cold atheism convinced merely by the evidence of the senses. Mr. Meyers, however, thinks that in any case we cannot hope much from the elder scientists. "We must appeal," he says, "as is commonly the case in any new departure of great moment, to a younger generation. There are many men now entering on active intellectual life who are practically devoid of any prepossession, who feel neither the old religious fervor, nor, on the other hand that ardor of negation which formed the brief reaction from an orthodox domination which could no longer maintain its hold. Such men believe in the methods of science and in little else, but they are often animated by a deep sympathy for mankind and are impelled to a practical benevolence which would find base itself on a larger hope."

Yes, there are always some found to carry out the glorious designs of Nature. Whether it be one man, a few men, or a nation, the means are always sufficient to secure the end. "Those are the men," continues Mr. Meyers, "whom I wish to convince, not that my own solution of any given problem is the true one, but simply and solely that these most momentous problems of human fate can be and must be attacked with precisely the same steady care and dispassionate candor as have been already employed upon these myriad problems in which science has established a 'conseosus of experts' and has set mankind at unity."

In Mr. Myers' article the force of which can only be very imperfectly perceived from the foregoing extracts, Spiritualists will see that another effective blow has been struck in the contest between the "blessed gospel" of optimism which is presented to man by Spiritualism, and the doleful Pessimism which modern science has arrived at. Therefore we should hail such writings as being the harbinger of a glorious era when all scientific truths can be illuminated by the absolute knowledge of a continuous existence for all, so that every individual will have the opportunity to realize his highest aspirations and find for himself that thoroughly congenial sphere which the hard conditions to which most persons are exposed in this initial stage make impossible.

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Correspondence.

Letter from J. J. Morse.

Life is full of changes, and each day brings its duties, for those who are active workers in our common cause. Such seems the case with the earnest editor of the CARRIER DOVE, whose labors, trials and changes are not unnoticed by the present writer in his far away English home. The ever welcome DOVE flutters to our door each month, and the last issue always seems the best. Indeed with such an array of contributors as W. E. Coleman, N. F. Ravlin, W. W. Judson, W. N. Slocum, and others, the critical, moral and philosophical contributions supplied by such able thinkers to the contents of the CARRIER DOVE cause it to rank side by side with the best journals of our cause. We enjoy the DOVE, and but regret one thing, that, seemingly, it was necessary to re-constitute it a monthly journal, instead of continuing it a weekly periodical. Judging from public report and private correspondence, our work does not exhibit any very striking peculiarities in well remembered 'Frisco at this time. The new Temple has not materialized, the benefit of the "Sleeper Trust" still slumbers, and the Golden Gate is closed. I pray you may all unite presently, and build up one representative body over in 'Frisco, and bind together the threads of labor spun by the workers of the past into a massive and enduring cable which shall bind you into a truly harmonious body. Amen. How often we wish we could cross the Bay and enjoy a visit with the Eliots in Oakland, or the Judsons in Fruitvale, both as good hearted and generous souls as one can meet; or take a cable car and run out to see Brother Dodge and his good wife, whom we lovingly remember; or climb up to Brother Coleman's eyrie in the Phelan Building, or "drop in" on the Wiggins, Micheners, Brothers Hawes, Pawley and Wadsworth, and a dozen or so of others! But, one can but remember the good times past, and hope for some more in the future.

A trip down to San Jose would also be a delight, especially if supplemented by a run to "Sunny Brae," and a taste of "the little preacher's" peaches and prunes. I fear the little preacher aforesaid has forgotten the little Englishman, as his favors remain unacknowledged, unless Uncle Sam has a liking for our "Lyceum Banner," and other English Spiritual journals, and so keeps them for himself, instead of delivering them!

Well, so much for old time things and folk. A few lines for matters over here. Yesterday, in a drenching rain, I stood upon the deck of the steamship "City of Berlin," bidding adieu to Walter Howell, who having finished a nine months visit here, recrosses the Atlantic to his other country and friends. Walter is a good-hearted little fellow, a better lecturer than many who are more bepuffed, or self puffed, in our ranks, and has a downright way of putting things that, in this temporising age, is quite refreshing. It is a pity California has not heard him, for, undoubtedly, he would make hosts of friends and do excellent work.

On Sunday next, July 5th, we have a National Conference of Spiritualists, in Bradford, the Princes theatre having been secured for the purpose. It is desired to federate our societies in a National Union, for the better organizing of our forces, and bringing the Spiritualists of the United Kingdom into closer union. A speakers' conference is to be held on the previous day, called by a notice signed by E. W. Wallis and myself. The objects in view are to raise a sick and benefit fund, to devise plans of mutual co-operation in our work, and, also, if possible, to limit the ridiculous competition for engagements now rife, and which results in the various societies booking dates eighteen months in advance! I, actually now having scarcely a dozen vacant Sundays up to the end of 1892!

The friends of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten will regret to know that she is about to relinquish her duties upon the rostrum at the end of the current year. A testimonial is being talked about. Indeed I have undertaken to get such a matter properly started, and am sanguine of full success. As soon as it assumes definite form you shall hear from me further. It will be well deserved, and should be an international concern, for Mrs. Britten's reputation is world-wide.

Things Spiritual hold their own here, though but little more can be said. The Children's Lyceum movement is evidently the liveliest and most vigorous branch of our work over here. We have some sixty flourishing Lyceums, and an attendance of upwards of five thousand children every Sunday. An excellent "Lyceum Manual" is in use, published by Mr. H. A. Kersey, president of the "Spiritualist Lyceum Union," and he will presently issue, as a supplementary work, the "Lyceum Songster," words and music, thus meeting truly "a long-felt want." The "Lyceum Banner," the little monthly so kindly noticed in the DOVE by Brother Coleman, and edited by myself and daughter Florence, also does its part to help the Lyceum work, and, though it is all work and no profit, so far, we are glad to know it is of service to the work.

Well, this must do for this time, good sister. Wife, Florence, and myself join heartily in wishing all success, happiness and prosperity to you, the handsome DOVE, and all our dear good friends in California. Be brave, be patient, be earnest and zealous, and in the end the angels will bless you, and the still small voice will speak approvingly of the work we do while here on earth. Fraternally,
J. J. MORSE.
Liverpool, England, July 1, 1891.

Letter and Testimonial.

• Dr. Schlesinger is still in Colorado, and is everywhere doing good and awakening interest in Spiritualism. He is at present in Pueblo, but will soon go further east. He meets many opponents of Spiritualism, including some who are unfair in their opposition, but he makes friends even of some of these, and wins the good will of Spiritualists everywhere, many of whom write letters of gratitude with kind words of encouragement. The following, received by him from the staunch Spiritualist Dr. F. Schermerhorn, of Denver, is a specimen:

DENVER, June 24, 1891.

DR. L. SCHLESINGER, Dear Friend and Brother:—We were disappointed at not seeing you again ere you departed from Denver, but as it was press of business that deprived us of the pleasure I suppose we should forgive you.

During my years of extensive experience with Spiritualists, and all the various phases of mediumship, I can candidly say that you are, by far, the most reliable and satisfactory medium for the demonstration of the grand truths of immortality of the human soul I have ever met. You have reached that degree of mediumistic development whereby you can practically demonstrate the presence of departed friends under more trying and adverse conditions than any other instrument I have ever chanced to meet.

I have often wondered if you fully realize the vast amount of good you are doing, and when I think of the imposition you are constantly subjected to, I marvel that you do not become disheartened at times, and feel like relinquishing your grand mission. Your patient, untiring labors under so many discouraging conditions, and the unselfish spirit you always display, only shows me how completely you are under the guardianship of the Angel world.

Your absorbing desire to bring happiness and peace into so many troubled souls I fear will sometime lead you to overtax your vital powers, and thereby break down your health, but I sincerely hope that your mediumship, as well as yourself,

may be spared for humanity's sake for years yet, until you succeed, assisted by other earnest workers, in placing our beautiful philosophy upon the high pedestal it is fitted to grace.

You certainly "buildd better than you knew" in Denver, Doctor, as the many thorough converts you made can testify, and I shall greatly miss your effective co-operation here. I pray that your efforts in Colorado Springs and elsewhere may be as fruitful as they were here.

In any way that I can be of assistance to you, in reading this "gospel of glad tidings" I will gladly serve, and if you can secure engagements for me to lecture where you are working, I will feel very grateful to you. We deeply regret that you are not to accompany us on our excursion into the mountains to-morrow. Send one of your guides with spiritual food. I shall be pleased to hear from you at any and all times. Mrs. S. joins me in sincerest regards. Your Friend,
1406 Curtis street, Denver. F. SCHERMERHORN.

A Spiritual Lesson.

DEAR EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE:—I have of late been shown many things in visions. Some of the visions I am unable to interpret, while others I have no trouble in understanding. The one I am about to relate, being clearly shown me and its meaning made plain, may be of help to others who are in the same boat with myself.

On the night of July 27th Mrs. D—, otherwise known as "Lupa," was to spend the night with me. Our conversation during the evening had been of a spiritual nature, and upon retiring I was still cognizant of the spiritual influence which surrounded us. Presently I saw a cage (for so it seemed to me) apparently about twelve feet square. Soon I found myself inside the cage. It was perfectly dark inside, save where there appeared a door which swung outward, and which was ajar six or eight inches. Through this opening I could see the most beautiful soft white light it is possible for mind to conceive of. As I looked through the small opening, the cage seemed to be poised in mid air, for I could look down, down, down into nothing but space filled with the beautiful clear light. Then I wondered why I was in such a position, and where I really was. The answer impressed itself upon me that my spirit is in just such a cage—nothing but darkness all around me. (I intuitively know there is light and knowledge outside if I can only comprehend it.) Then I saw that the door of my cage was fastened on the inside by a stout strap in such a way as to allow the door to open outward just so far. Then I thought to press against it, and force it open, that I might see what was beyond in the bright light, but again impression said, "Not so; do you not see how the cage you are in tips toward the side in which the door is placed? To force the door open will cause you to lose your balance; then what?"

For the first time I now noticed that the cage did really lean in that direction. I then thought, how can I straighten it up when I do not know why it leans so? What can be the reason of this lopsidedness? Then again spoke impression: "Your ideas are one-sided; you do not measure truth from all sides; you incline toward a belief and cling to it so tenaciously as to overbalance reason. Try to be more evenly balanced in your ideas as to the future state of existence, and not lean too far in any one direction; then will the door of your cage swing so loosely as to allow you to easily remove the fastening; and from the high position you occupy spiritually—to which your ambition, truthfulness and aspiration have raised you—you can view the whole vast region of religious belief, and can comprehend the truth as clearly as it is given to mortal to see."

So ended the vision. My friends will see and understand

that I did indeed need just such advice. I now can see that my reasoning was decidedly lopsided, and I shall try in the future to get the fastenings loosened from the door of my cage, that I may, if possible, bask in the full light of truth and wisdom.

JENNIE MASON.

July 28, 1891.

From Los Angeles.

DEAR DOVE:—Do not think I have forgotten you, nor your holy mission. My long silence, caused by prolonged illness, I trust may soon be broken by earnest loving words, from my pen. Last Sabbath, for the first time in eight months, I entered a public hall where Spiritual services were being conducted. It was a conference meeting, led by Mr. Briggs of this city. A Mr. Bowman is for the present lecturing evenings, and a Mrs. Garrett producing independent slate writings. The meeting was pleasant but thinly attended. There is a realm of effort among the unfortunate—the unfed spiritually—that I yearn to see reached by our missionaries. Do not let us fall into the orthodox error of crying for costly temples, and gaudy equipments, but stoop among the needy, meeting in commodious but unpretentious halls, where there is no respect of persons and where the humblest mortal may not shrink from entering. I believe our mission as real reformers is to labor for the oppressed, as well as for the independent ones. On the other side many an unobserved humble soul will shine forth in beauty and splendor, while those now sitting in high places will hide their faces in shame at their ignorance and poverty of spirit. I rejoice at the invincible upward trend of our philosophy. It behooves us each and all to do everything we can, be it much or little: More anon. Your sister,

ELLA LUCY MERRIAM.

On the Wing.

LA PORTE, Plumas Co., Cal., July 15, 1891.

ED. CARRIER DOVE:—I was detained longer in San Francisco than I expected to have been, by a legal case that Mrs. Clara Foltz had in charge for me.

As an Irishman would say, "she is the right man in the right place"—thoroughly versed in the law, energetic and successful, she is persevering and unyielding for the right, faithful to her sister woman in trouble, truthful and honest with all that she has business with. A great many ladies will not tell their woes to a male lawyer, but would perhaps to a woman, so, while we must have lawyers, the more women the better for their own sex.

I had a pleasant visit, at Antioch, with Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker's son and daughter-in-law (Mr. and Mrs. Fuller). Mr. Touser (Mrs. Fuller's brother) I found to be a great medium. While under control he said that I am acting in the reform movement the part of a scout. I went from Antioch to Oroville. The warm belt that Oroville and near country is in makes it good for orange culture. I took stage from there to Meadows—48 miles—I had to pay \$8, which is over 16 cents per mile. I could have walked it in a day and a half. We passed Bidwell's Bar on the Feather river, where General Bidwell used to sell whiskey in '49 to the Indians at \$5 a bottle. Since then he has got to be such a temperance man that he had his wine-grape vines pulled up. He can get along without selling wine now, as he has 22,000 acres of land called "the garden of the world." The city of Chico is on it. The land that he gave \$5,000 for is worth now over two million. The settlement of the surrounding country made it valuable. When we get Nationalism one man will not have the chance of gobbling the land and controlling the results of others' labor.

The owner of the stage road went over the route with me. The last day of our ride he took the lines from the driver be-

cause he did not drive fast enough; then he whipped the poor horses all the way. I advise all-girls not to marry any man who is cruel to animals. Such a man will abuse his wife and children.

In crossing the highest range between Oroville and Quincy, I saw a tree that was cut off thirty feet above the ground. That was the depth of the snow. The highest point I have been to yet was 6,000 feet high. In the gully on the north side of the mountain there was a great bank of snow. This is more of a mining than a farming country, so I have not done anything at organizing Farmers' Alliances. The few farmers here are very busy harvesting hay.

I greatly enjoy the long walks that I take through the great canyons and pleasant valleys and over the green clad mountains. I am like the indian who said he would not mind being on a deserted island alone if he had his sweetheart with him. Neither would I if I had a nice buggy to take her in.

During the last five days I have walked 110 miles, carrying twenty pounds. This is a country of "magnificent distances." I greatly enjoy walking. It is good for the mind and health. I never borrow trouble, but look on the bright side all I can. Some always have a bugaboo to worry over, and some seem to be the happiest when they are the most miserable.

I anticipate great pleasure in going through the mountains of Lassen and Modoc counties for the next five months to come. I meet with a great many friends who aid and cheer me on my way while working in the cause of the oppressed.

J. H. WHITE.

Letter from Mrs. Mayo.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—We found a very pleasant and prosperous society of Spiritualists in Victoria. They are genial, whole-souled people and gave us a cordial welcome to their meetings. They have no regular speaker now, but hold circles Sunday evenings. Mr. Hastings, their president, seems to give entire satisfaction to the people.

We attended a picnic on the 28th of June at a delightful grove near the ocean. I think they called it Cordova Bay. We started early in the morning in a large omnibus. The trip was through a very pleasant part of the country. We remained until the shadows of evening deepened in the woods. The ladies had prepared a bountiful lunch, and spreading the table-cloths on the grass, we sat down in primitive style and had a jolly time. A gentleman who had a camera there photographed the scene. We like the people we met that day, and hope to be better acquainted before we leave Victoria; but we shall be glad to be home once more among our old friends.

I wish we might see a Lyceum established in connection with the Society. Such a crowd of bright sunny faced children as they had with them at the picnic should surely have a Lyceum to attend.

With kind greetings to all the friends in 'Frisco, I will say good-bye for this time.

M. A. W. MAYO.

31 Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B. C.

I am very well aware, as I suppose most thoughtful people are in these times, that the process of breaking away from old beliefs is extremely unpleasant, and I am much disposed to think that the encouragement, the consolation, and the peace afforded to earnest believers in even the worst forms of Christianity are of great practical advantage to them. What deductions must be made from this gain on the score of the harm done to the citizen by the ascetic other-worldiness of logical Christianity; to the ruler, by the hatred, malice, and uncharitableness of sectarian bigotry; to the legislator, by the spirit of exclusiveness and domination of those that count themselves pillars of orthodoxy; to the philosopher, by the restraints on the freedom of learning and teaching, which every church exercises when it is strong enough; to the conscientious soul, by the introspective hunting after sins of the mint and cummin type, the fear theological error, and the overpowering terror of possible damnation which has accompanied the Churches like their shadow, I need not now consider, but they are assuredly not small.

—Professor Huxley.

Death.

The following was written by the spirit of E. B. Hendee through the hand of Miss Lizzie Youngberg, who was not at the time well and has since passed to spirit life:

What is this death that mortals fear? Why does it make the heart tremble at its very name and the lips grow white and cold? Should the prisoner shrink from the hand that opens the door of the prison, opens the door to life and liberty? What though the liberator be rough in his handling, he sets the prisoner free. Death, the dreaded "king of terrors," comes to the children of earth loosening the shackles that bind them. Dear friend of humanity, Death, how is thy noble mission misunderstood! Like an angel of light you come down through the misery and pain of earth with healing on thy breath. Here lies a wan sufferer; earth holds no joy for him; the cup of life is filled with pain; how softly Death lays his fingers on the poor drawn lips. There is no pain. See how tenderly he lifts the little ones of earth into his arms, bearing them from the pain and sorrow of earth life into the light and beauty of the spirit world. Mother, lay the white blossoms tenderly on the still heart of your darling and be thankful. Remember it is safe. Though your heart pines for the music of its tiny feet, though the hours pass slowly and more slowly every day, heavy with the weight of your sorrow and yearning, yet be thankful your darling has reached a shore where there are no more storms, no weary, wandering feet! So, lay your little ones away with flowers folded over their sinless hearts, for death has set the spirit free, and your darling is safe forever.

Oh! what visions of beauty, what indescribable grandeur open to the astonished eyes of the liberated soul! As, free and untramed it takes its flight through the endless realms of space, it asks, "Where have I been that I have failed to see the wonders of nature?" O, beautiful Death, friend and benefactor, how is thy wonderful love abused! Death is but a change, taking pain and sorrow from hearts that are so weary, cooling the lips that throb and ache with burning fever. Those who are left weep because death is misunderstood. When its great mission is comprehended fewer will be the tears and heart-aches.

Golden are the wheat sheaves in the field; bright the red poppies turn in the sun, but when the season of blight comes they fade away, and the eyes of man behold them no more. Yet they are not dead, but only transformed into other shapes; the scarlet poppy scatters its seeds upon the ground, where they sleep until summer awakens them to new life. Oh, Angel of Death! "twin brother of sleep!" when thou layest thy finger on the wan lips of anguish they complain no more. Thou touchest the beating heart, and it is still.

Bear them away in the grave to sleep—
The forms of your love and pride—
The soul has fled; so do not weep
For garments cast aside.

Beyond the clouds of sin and pain,
Where all is bright and fair,
You'll meet your much-loved ones again—
Kind Death will take you there.

Each night we seek a temporary death,
And are unhappy if it fails to come,
And morning dawns with life in every breath,
And the tongue speaks that for a time was dumb;
And when the longer death that none escape
Conquers our seventy years, or less or more,
Is it not sleep that takes another shape?
And shall we not awaken as before? [Charles Mackay.

Cremation.

Each decomposing human body generates about fifty cubic feet of carbonic acid gas, and the atmosphere of thickly populated cemeteries ordinarily contains double the normal proportion, besides other deadly exhalations. In the spring of the year, when the earth releases the gases which have been imprisoned during the winter, the proportion of these deadly poisons is much greater. All this is immediately taken up by the atmosphere, inhaled by every passerby, and thus contagion, disease and death are scattered broadcast. The earth at the same time is absorbing this decaying, effete matter, contaminating the water, and in various ways communicating disease.

The plague at Modena in 1828 was due to excavations made where victims to the plague 300 years before were interred. The cholera in London in 1854 is charged to the up-turning of the soil where the plague stricken had been buried nearly a hundred years before, and in New Orleans during the yellow fever epidemic, the mortality in the fourth district, in which three cemeteries were situated, was more than double that in any part of the city.

No dead body is ever placed in the soil without polluting the earth, the air and the water above and about it. What is the remedy? Fire is the great purifier, removing the death-dealing elements and making room for a cleaner and purer condition. It changes everything to its primary state, becoming a perfect wonder worker, destroying, yet truly building at the same time. The idea of reducing to ashes the human body, under such conditions as to preclude every possibility of injury, or affecting any one in the least unfavorable manner, must appeal to every thinking mind as the most-sensible.

Cremation offers an inexpensive way of preserving the ashes of our loved, and yet satisfying the highest sense of propriety. The idea of being able to place the dust in an urn and keep it for all time as the mortal remains of one whom we have loved and cherished, must commend itself as more poetical, more feeling, more in keeping with our highest love, than to bury in the ground the loved form and leave it to decay through the slow spreading years until not a vestige of it remains.

There are five crematories in France, eleven in Germany, twelve in Italy, and twenty or more in the United States, while there is only one in England.

The cost to the companies of cremating and delivering the ashes in an urn varies considerably, as very expensive urns are frequently employed, but the minimum cost at present runs: In Japan, no urns, 94 cents; in Paris, with urns, \$1.60; in Italy, from \$1.10 to \$2, and in the United States the price ranges from \$2 to \$10. The cremation companies furnish the following as their list of charges: "The cost of cremation, including the case in which the body is carried to the cemetery, should not exceed \$40; the cost of a terra cotta urn of classic pattern, the most tasteful and appropriate possible, could not exceed \$5; add \$10 for a niche in which the urn may find a permanent resting place in case the friends should not wish to take it to their homes, and still another \$5 for an inscribed tablet under the niche, and \$60 will cover the entire cost."

A company has been formed in Boston for building the largest crematory in America. The plans will be completed early in September. Another one is at the point of being erected in Des Moines, Iowa, and several others are being seriously contemplated.

The principal objections are made upon religious and theological grounds. Those who believe in the resurrection of the body after death contend that the whole matter should be discountenanced and forbidden, conveying the idea that at the last great day the elements of the body could not be gathered together as if it had been buried.

Spiritualists and Materialists are enthusiastic in their advocacy of cremation. The Materialist says it doesn't matter what is done with his body when he has done with it, as there is no hereafter. Spiritualists assert that after a proper length of time the process of cremation would serve to wholly liberate the spirit from its earthly

conditions and allow it to enter upon its higher estate. They, however, insist that there is danger in having incineration follow too rapidly the great change, since persons are not always dead when they appear to be, or the spirit does not immediately withdraw from its connection with its body, so that the remains ought to be kept for some days before cremation, an idea about to be adopted in the new crematories, where a room suitably warmed and ventilated will be set aside for that purpose.—*New York Press.*

Curative Agencies.

It is claimed by many that there is no outside force, but that all effect springs from the patient's own mind. No doubt this is an exaggerated claim, but the force itself is undoubtedly the cause of such cures as are not produced by the mechanical removal of obstructions in the human system. The presence of many a doctor is itself a suggestion of cure to a patient. And mind cure, prayer or faith cure, mental science, metaphysics, etc., are all wielding this suggestive force so far as they effect cures. Get a patient to stop thinking about his sickness and begin to think about himself as quite well, and the suggestive process is begun. If you know how to tell a downright falsehood, and declare there is no matter, no pain, no evil, nothing but God, as some do; if it stops the patient thinking about herself and starts her to thinking health instead of disease, the cure has begun if the sickness be curable. The crying baby is amused by a rattle and forgets to cry, and all such assertions are excellent rattles for many a patient who forgets the pain and thus suggests her own cure. Great as is this power of suggestion, it is limited to those who are sensitive. A large proportion of humanity must be reached by other means. The world has evolved many a scientist whose labors have done more for mankind as a whole than could be done by the present school of untrained healers in an eternity. Hygiene has taught men how to master the dreaded pestilence and the deadly fever. It is pure water brought from yonder mountain that makes the large city often more healthy to-day than the old homestead on the farm. It is skilled drainage, cleaned cesspools and perfect ventilation that banish typhus, cholera and malaria. And it must be self command that means temperance in all things that compels health. The laws of heredity prove the insanity of those who declare all disease is in the mind, and charge a dollar or two for teaching you to deny matter. But poor human nature delights in fooling itself or others, and a little truth can be adulterated till it fills a barrel of ignorance.

The world of mortals is also sometimes indebted to the world of spirits for wise council and needed assistance in the cure of sickness. But here too experience proves that an ignorant mortal is far less valuable to a skilled spirit than one who has been trained in a liberal medical school. For the most part, sickness is the result of violation of the laws of health. If a magnetizer can cure your headache that is good, but if your headache is because you have played the glutton, his art is useless. And if he tries to set your dislocated ankle, he is making a fool of his patient. The hypnotizer can suggest much of good or evil, but soon reaches his limit too, and for most of us he can do nothing. In a case of poison, an emetic is far more likely to help than a devout prayer; and if it is fever, look to your drains instead of calling on God, or declaring all sickness is in the mind.—*Charles Dawbarn.*

RECIPE FOR PASTE.—Take two ounces clear gum arabic, one and one-half ounces fine starch and one-half ounce of white sugar. Dissolve the gum arabic in as much water as the laundress would use for the quantity of starch indicated. Mix the sugar and starch with the mucilage. Then cook the mixture in a vessel suspended in boiling water until the starch becomes clear. The cement should be as thick as tar, and should be kept so. It can be prevented from spoiling by the addition of a little oil of cloves.

Some frauds succeed from the apparent candor, the open confidence, and the full blaze of ingenuousness that is thrown around them.


POETRY

Written for The Carrier Dove.

To Loula.

BY S. T. SUDDICK.

"Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God."—*Bible.*

Dear Love, I know not why
I feel so sad to-night;
My soul its prison bars would fly—
I feel constrained to write:

I love thy supple form,
Thy limbs so light and free;
The arms that round me softly cling,
Thy mouth that kisses me.

I love thy eyes so bright,
Thy wavy hair so brown,
Thy face lit up with love's own light,
Thy cheeks of peachy down.

I love thy shell-like ears
That list my coming feet;
I love thy kindly voice
Which does my coming greet.

I love thy calm, sweet soul—
Immortal, pure and bright;
I love thee dearly as a whole;
And yet I'm sad to-night.

"Why are you sad to-night?"
Methinks I hear you say,
Because youth and beauty bright
Will not forever stay.

The form I now embrace
Must moulder back to dust;
What can supply thy sad, sweet face,
Soft arms, and rounded bust?

Thy soul may live for aye
In light of heaven's own glow;
But oh, the arms that cling to-day
Back to the dust must go.

Oh, what will heaven be,
Though sweetest songs we sing,
Without the lips that welcome me,
Without the arms that cling?

This makes me sad to-night;
Oh, would that heaven would give
Thy whole sweet self; then in delight
Eternal we would live.

For The Carrier Dove.

Be Patient, Sad Soul.

In all the courts of Spirit-Land
There lies not one dear soul
Shipwrecked through earnest effort made
To enter heaven's goal.

So then, dear one, whoe'er you are,
That sits and weeps to-day,
Arise and walk with heart of faith,
And God shall guard thy way.

Whate'er a soul craves as a strength
Shall sure in time be given;
Whate'er the heart most needs shall come;
Wait, dear; God rules in heaven.
Remember this, if thou hast strayed,
Go seek straight paths again;
If right thou art, then forward march,
And deem no effort vain.

Though trusted friends should break thy heart,
And sland'rous darts may fly;
Though clouds of sorrow threaten thy life,
This too shall soon roll by;

And thou shalt have thine own again
In home of heavenly bliss;
For that just realm by God's decree
Will right the wrongs of this. H. B.
DAVID CITY, Neb.

Written for The Carrier Dove,

A Sunrise From Gray's Peak.*

BY N. E. EHRENFELD.

I climbed to the brow of the mountain
That stood wrapt in eternal snow,
And waited the sunrise of morning
To light up the landscape below;
'Till it flooded the whole range in glory,
Leaping from peak unto peak,
Gilding each mountain-top hoary,
And the deep blue canyons did seek.

I stood thus spell-bound by the grandeur,
Drinking deep of its beauty sublime,
Till my soul seemed a mirror reflecting
The image of something divine;
And my spirit, o'erflowing with rapture,
Reached up beyond that it enshrouded,
And a moment earth's fetters forgetting,
It floated among the white clouds.

Then down came the snow like a curtain,
And over and round me did fall,
Veiling the beautiful landscape,
And earthward did my spirit recall—
But all through the years intervening
'Twill now and that long ago time—
In my innermost soul, clearly beaming,
I can still see that vision sublime.

* Gray's Peak, Colorado, over 14,400 feet above the sea level.

Had We Met.

Oh, had we met in the other days,
In the dreamy, the beautiful years,
When hope's star beamed fair, and to love was 'ruth,
And my soul had not tasted life's tears—

Oh, had we met by the balmy shore,
When my life and my heart-throbs were young,
In love's dream divine I had breathed thy name,
By the sea where the deep mosses clung.

Mid banks of ferns and moss-bowered paths,
By the shore in those garlanded days,
In the tender grace of the fair, sweet morns
I had dreamed of love's pleasantest ways.

But dark clouds swept o'er the summer sea,
In the pitiless tide of the years,
And the star of hope's gentle beams grew dim,
Till life's fruit tree bore bitterest tears.

Oh, had we met in the other days,
When my heart was so happy and free,
Ere a saddened, wronged, a defeated life
Had debarred thee forever from me.

The Saddest Thing.

RICHARD E. BURTON.

Quarrels come, and the days turn dark;
Partings are, and the parted moan;
Death stalks by, and a body stark
Lies where love once once claimed its own;
But the saddest thing is a love outgrown.

A word, and the quarrel's smooth again;
A time, and the parted clasp and kiss;
And even death is eased of pain
By hope of a reunited bliss;
But a love outgrown is stript of this.

'Tis the living form and the heart long dead;
'Tis the touching hands, yet the soul alone;
'Tis the trick to walk bride-garmented
With dust and ashes upon us thrown—
The saddest thing is a love outgrown.

Outgrown.

BY SUSIE M. BIST.

It is, to me, a sad thing, sweet,
And for regretful tears most meet,
That I have grown weary of
The ways of love.

Why do you look at me with such
Accusing eyes? It hurts me much
That in my heart no more I feel
Love's longing steal.

When I remember how I wooed
And with what ardor I pursued
Awhile your paths, I feel within
The shame of sin.

I would that I had never stirred
Your peace with love's imperious word,
For you are true, while I, alas!
Have seen love pass.

Yet I'm acquit of wrong intent,
For, sure as God lives, dear, I meant
My pledge of loyalty to keep
Till life's last sleep.

Yea, more than that—I meant to be
Faithful thro' all eternity;
I did not tell, by all that's high,
A wilful lie.

And yet, what would you? Moons must wane
After the plenilune—that's plain—
And fiercest passions must abate,
For such is fate.

And men are mutable, I fear,
And no love's long as life is, dear;
We but the ghost of love behold
When hearts grow cold.

I'm sorely grieved to listen to
Such desolated sobs from you;
Dear, all who love must learn this lot—
To be forgot!

There, there! you make me feel as if
I'd flung a soul across a cliff,
And that on me the woe were laid
Of one betrayed.

But you are suffering! Yes, I know—
Still, mine's a bitter pain, I trow,
To cease to care, though life endures,
How love allures.

'Tis not your fault, you're just the same,
Mistake me not, I do not blame
You that my heart has learned to change
And from you range.

We dread to face a bitter truth,
Yet well is it to learn in youth
Love is the thing most fugitive
That life can give.

But you are young, and time perchance
May lull in Lethe this romance;
Oh, yes, I know that now it seems
You've lost your dreams.

But take some comfort, dear, from this,
For all of us life goes amiss
A time or two. Why, e'en the gods
Endure some rods!

Now, all is said between us two—
You cannot win me back to you—
Of all tired things, love's tired breast
Is weariest.

Nay, were you seventy fold as fond
You could not keep me in your bond,
And tho' you think 'twill break you heart,
We two must part.

Yet, since it is to be for aye,
Your head upon my bosom lay,
And let us take one last sad kiss,
Sweet—such as this!

THE CARRIER DOVE

DEVOTED TO
Spiritualism and Reform.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT

121 Eighth Street, San Francisco, Cal.,

— BY THE —

CARRIER DOVE PRINTING and PUBLISHING COMPANY.

\$2.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Board of Directors:

M. B. DODGE, PRESIDENT; MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, VICE-PRESIDENT; MRS.
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MRS. J. SCHLESINGER EDITOR

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

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST, 1891.

"There's No Place Like Home."

So thought the DOVE's editor as she returned from a seven weeks vacation which was passed in the southern portion of the State in one of those beautiful little valleys a few miles from the "City of the Angels." The visit with old friends and relatives was very pleasant indeed, although tinged with sadness at the thought that it would in all probability be the last time this side of that beautiful river—misnamed Death—that we should have the privilege of looking upon the face of the dear old father who is now in his eighty-fifth year and rapidly nearing the other shore. The weather was extremely warm and uncomfortable to one who had for many years been accustomed to the cold, bracing winds of San Francisco, and when we neared the beautiful bay and the noisy city, and felt the cool, invigorating breezes of old ocean once more, we could but exclaim "There's no place like home" after all. Not being much of a traveler, preferring a quiet home life to the constant change of place and scene that so many delight in, this little journey was full of interest, and presented many subjects for contemplation and thought.

The morning of the day following that on which we took leave of the dear ones at home found us well on the last half of the journey and nearing the grand Tehachapi mountains, made memorable by the terrible railroad disaster which occurred there a few years ago. The long, tiresome night had passed, and the morning dawned clear and beautiful. The sun cast its first bright beams upon a scene of marvelous loveliness. The grand mountains loomed above and around, clothed in a silvery mist through which the morning sunlight shone with a tender glory, reminding us of those "beautiful mountains of life" where the everlasting springs abide and the glory and brightness of eternal day rests like the shimmer and sheen of a bridal veil upon their heavenly heights forever. Nestled between these mist-covered hills lay little green valleys, through which flowed the sparkling mountain rills, and here and there gleamed snowy cottages surrounded with a wealth of beauty in shrubs and flowers. On the mountain slopes and in the fertile valleys cattle wandered at will, feeding on the native clover and slaking their thirst at the sparkling brook.

A long stretch of winding mountain road—passing through dark tunnels, then suddenly bursting into the clear sunlight—all reminded us most forcibly of the similarity between that brief journey and the longer journey of life. We start out light-hearted and happy, thinking the trip will prove pleasant to the end; but by and by we begin to grow weary, and the enchantment of the starting fades into commonplace endurance. The long, dreary waste of desert, with its scorching

sun and burning sands, must be traversed as well as the shady grove or green meadow; the mountain heights must be climbed; the dark tunnels of sorrow and tribulation must be passed through, and when the end is near, the dim eyes begin to grow brighter, the languor and weariness give place to animation at the thought of meeting the dear ones who have passed over the same road before us and entered into and possessed the "land of Canaan," where the earthly journey ends and the long march of the eternities begins. What joyous greetings, what rapturous embraces, as love meets love after the long separation, perhaps of many years, that had cast its shadow between.

A shrill whistle breaks our reverie—the end has been reached—heaven's joys anticipated, as we look into the eyes of love once more and clasp hands that led us tenderly in years ago, and kiss the lips that taught us our first baby prattle.

Query and Answer.

ED. DOVE:—What do you say to such a fact as this? When the steamer *Atlantic* broke her shaft at sea and was detained a month unheard of, friends of passengers applying to spiritual mediums were told that the vessel had sunk and that all on board were lost. She arrived safely at New York with all alive and well.

JAMES C. YOUNG.

REPLY.

The most probable explanation of this "fact," if it be a fact, is this. The people who visited mediums did so with a strong impression on their own minds that the vessel had gone down and that their friends were lost. This impression was, without design on their part, transferred to the minds of the sensitives consulted by them, and the latter (the mediums) being ignorant of the source whence the impression was derived, believed it to be from disembodied spirits. When the laws governing spiritual intercourse are known such results will not be attributed to fraud on the part of medium or disembodied spirit. Most people do not know that they are spirits now as much as they will be after disembodiment. They are not aware that they influence every sensitive with whom they come in contact. Many of the mistakes of inquirers, now attributed to the mediums or to the lies of diabolical spirits, will then be known to originate in the minds of those who make these false accusations. People who go to mediums usually come away with the same sort of stuff they carry with them. If they go to deceive they get deception. If they carry lies with them they bring lies away. If they are honestly mistaken they are often (not always) confirmed in their mistake. This is a perfectly natural result. It does not show that mediums should not be consulted; but it does show that they should be approached with honest hearts, and that whatever is received should be subjected to careful scrutiny. People should no more surrender judgment to a spirit out of the form than to one still in it. There's no special sacredness belonging to a disembodied spirit. All things are sacred; none more so than the loved ones of this life.

Mrs. Ruth Scott Briggs, who presides over the Mediums' Meetings at St. Andrew's Hall, surprised her audience on Wednesday evening, August 5, by her marriage to Charles D. Voy, the ceremony being performed by Dr. N. F. Ravlin. Capt. Scott, brother of Mrs. Briggs, made some pleasant remarks, and Mr. Ravlin, briefly expounded the Spiritual idea of marriage, taking occasion also to refer in scathing terms to the insane notions of the Koreshan philosophers, who just now are separating families in San Francisco by proclaiming as sinful that which Nature has ordained for the preservation of the race. St. Andrew's Hall was crowded, and Mr. and Mrs. Voy were warmly congratulated by their many friends present.

American Psychical Society.

The active members of this society (re-organized in Boston, May 19th) having now entered upon an investigation of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, desire the co-operation of all truth-seekers. The officers of the society are Rev. M. J. Savage, President; B. O. Flower (editor of Arena) Vice President; Rev. T. Ernest Allen, Secretary and Treasurer. The Board of Directors include other well-known men and women: Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. R. Heber Newton, Prof. A. E. Dolbear, Mary A. Livermore, E. Gerry Brown, L. A. Phillips, W. W. Blackmar, Hamlin Garland and Rabbi Solomon Schindler.

The constitution of the society states that its object is "to institute an investigation of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism in accordance with the scientific method." The work of the society cannot be properly carried on without the expenditure of money, and although contributions may possibly be offered by some persons of wealth, the best way to secure regularity of income is through a membership fee, and the acceptance of members from all parts of the country. The following is an extract from the constitution:

"This society shall consist of active and associate members. Active members shall pay an annual fee of five dollars, shall be entitled to vote at meetings of the society, and (upon invitation of the Board of Directors) to attend experimental demonstrations. Associate members shall pay an annual fee of three dollars, and shall not be entitled to a vote. All members shall receive gratis all reports published by the society."

It will be seen by this that the associate members are merely contributors to the fund. That may be all right, but probably the Society would secure five times as many members at one dollar per annum as it will from a fee of three dollars, and at the same time the influence of the Society by a larger membership, would be much greater and more widely extended. It is to be hoped this clause of the constitution will be amended. (Perhaps it is necessary to charge three dollars so as to cover the expense of publications furnished subscribers.)

So far as income is concerned it might be better to have only one class of members, but probably it is not desirable to admit to voting power all who may apply, and not judicious to reject those who would pay; therefore two classes of members are provided for—one with power, the other with privilege, i. e., the privilege of paying for the others to spend. This is a privilege many will probably avail themselves of even at three dollars per head, but many more would contribute if the fee was only one dollar, or would pay five dollars if their residence at a distance from headquarters did not debar them from taking active part. No one is to be excluded from membership on account of belief or non-belief in any theological or philosophical dogma. Several hundred applications for membership have already been received.

The following are extracts from the information furnished by the directors:

"We are pleased to announce that the first instrument to be used in our investigation is now completed. It is a peculiar form of typewriter, called a psychograph, and should we succeed in finding a medium to operate it, apparently the only plausible explanation would be clairvoyance or the existence of an intelligent force exterior to the person present. Other forms of apparatus are under consideration.

"A journal will be published at such intervals as the Board of Directors may deem best. It will contain papers read at meetings, abstracts of discussions, descriptions of apparatus, records of experiments and other matter. It will be mailed free to all members and associates.

"As soon as practicable the Board of Directors will consider the feasibility of organizing local investigating committees or semi-independent societies in various cities and towns. A leaflet will be proposed, suggesting how to conduct investigations so as to render the results obtained of value.

"The Secretary urgently requests detailed statements from persons who have had experiences which *prima facie* fall

within the domain of spiritualistic phenomena, also information relative to mediums whom it would be advisable for the Board of Directors to investigate, or who are willing to volunteer their services. It is the purpose of the Board to call in the aid of well-known specialists in physical science, psychology, psychometry, etc."

Contributions are solicited. The Directors say: "Had we thousands of dollars at our disposal, we could use all judiciously and prosecute the work rapidly. Money must be spent for the traveling expenses of the Secretary, committee and mediums; for the construction of apparatus; for the purchase of needed literature upon psychical science; for printing the journal of the society, for rent, postage, etc." There are Spiritualists on the Pacific Coast who possess millions of dollars. Few of these ever aid Spiritual journals, but possibly some may be disposed to help the Psychical Society. Address all communications to the secretary, 63 Glenham street, Providence, R. I.

Let the Investigations Go On.

The more the phenomena of Spiritualism is subjected to the crucial tests of scientific investigation the better it will please intelligent Spiritualists and the more firmly those phenomena will be established as incontrovertible facts. Demonstration will succeed demonstration, piling fact on fact like successive mountain ranges, till the evidences of man's conscious existence beyond the grave can no longer be doubted and the basic claims of Spiritualism be no longer disputed. All that is necessary to insure their general acceptance is an honest, thorough investigation, in the light of science and reason, of the origin or source of the various phenomena that is awakening such widespread interest among scientific minds at the present time.

The organization of the American Psychical Society is opportune. As its directors are advanced thinkers, including, among them, Scientists, Philosophers and Theologians, the results of its investigations will not only be awaited with interest, but will most assuredly be of signal benefit to the cause of pure Spiritualism. The more thorough the investigation the better. Let the chaff be winnowed from the wheat, and the bogus metal be separated from the pure gold. After all, the truth will stand and the facts will remain immovable forever. They will be more clearly discernible as the mists are dissolved and the clouds of ignorance and prejudice are rolled away. The momentous question of man's future destiny is involved in the issue. The interrogation "If a man die shall he live again?" is being answered. Death is discovered to be only a process of life. It comes not as the curse of God, but as the necessary operation of the law of growth. There is no life without death. The one is as much an essential phase of human progress as the other. Indeed they overlap and interpenetrate each other, following in succession as day follows night and effect its antecedent cause. Spiritualism dispels the superstition of ages, and scatters the darkness and doubt that overhang the sepulchral generations of the past. It will enlarge the boundary line of scientific knowledge, remould or obliterate the creeds of Christendom, and establish the truth of the spiritual phenomena recorded in the Bible. It will pour a flood of light upon the resurrection of Jesus, and explain the various materialized forms in which he appeared to his disciples. It is even now revolutionizing the religious thought of the age, and gradually undermining the false premises of atheistic materialism. It is destined to remould society, revise social ethics, purify the domestic economy, bridge the chasm between labor and capital, abolish the slavery and lust of conventional customs, enfranchise woman, and establish a universal fraternity among men. As a philosophy, Spiritualism is grand beyond comparison; as a science, it is the exhaustless fountain-head of all sciences; and as a religion, it is the "bond of perfectness," the essence of all religions and the embodiment of all ethical principles. Scientifically investigated and esoterically understood, it leads from the realm of effects to the domain of

causes. While one deals with effects only, one cannot be said to be educated in the deeper spiritual sense. Theories, surmises, speculations and suppositions are not knowledge. To attain to profound knowledge we must not only cognize the cause, but we must enter the innermost of Nature's laboratory, and be on such intimate terms of acquaintance that she will impart to us the mystic word by which we may enter the sanctum sanctorum of the great Infinite Cause of all causes. There the mysteries that enshroud the origin of life, the beginning of species and the law of their unfoldment, will be fully explained, and the process by which worlds and systems, visible and invisible, are made will be clearly understood.

N. F. RAVLIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 2, 1891.

Passed to the Higher Life.

Miss Ella Stanley, one of the first Pioneers of the Topolobampo Colony, died at the "Ditch Camp," in Sinaloa July 12. She, with her family and Dr. Schellhaus, went to Topolobampo, in the fall of 1866, and has resided in the various camps of the colony ever since, remaining most of the time at La Logia. She was an invalid prior to her arrival at Topolobampo, and (wheeled about in her chair) has been the most patient of sufferers. She was moved to the Ditch Camp on the second of July. Soon after, she was taken worse, and nervous prostration following, she lingered ten days, suffering intense pain which could be mitigated only by the use of opiates. The remains were deposited under a beautiful evergreen tree for temporary interment—a place eminently befitting one whose gentle nature delighted in the songs of wild birds and the quiet of natural scenery. Beautiful wild flowers were gathered by loving hands to decorate the remains. The requiem of birds and sighing of breezes alone break the solemn stillness of her resting place. Dr. Schellhaus, who was summoned to her bedside, made the following remarks at the grave:

There is one sorrow from which we ever refuse to be divorced, and that is our sorrow for the dead. The reason for this is very obvious. Human affection is undying. The ties of consanguinity are as enduring as life itself. We indulge with a solemn and indescribable pleasure in the reminiscences associated with our loved ones when death has removed them from our sight. Even the tones of their voice are lovingly remembered, and their expressions of endearment are dwelt upon with strange and melancholy delight. Why is this? Because they are to us the same as ever. This is our consolation. We witness their sepulture and carry their image enshrined in our hearts.

THE GRAVE!

"We may go and weep beside it;
We may kneel and kiss the sod;
But we'll find no balm for sorrow
'Neath the cold and silent clod."

With this undying affection, this deep and ineradicable feeling, this all-absorbing love, we naturally inquire as to their condition when they are gone from our sight. The loving remembrance of them makes it impossible to feel indifferent in regard to their welfare. Could we but follow them to the new scenes upon which they open their wondering eyes; hear the welcome greetings that salute their ears; could we but realize the rapturous joy of their reunion with the loved ones gone before, and feel the assurance that we, too, in the fullness of time will join the happy throng, we would not only be reconciled to their release from earthly care and pain, but we would rejoice in the fact of such release. Why do we sorrow when they rejoice? It is wounded affection that cries out and makes us weep. We are accustomed to look upon them in the form, and when they depart our eyes are still riveted upon the life-

less body, and we vainly imagine that our loved ones are imprisoned there. Even if we admit the fact that life is continuous, and that when the body perishes the soul passes on to a higher plane of thought and feeling, few of us realize that those who have passed the portals that open into the realms unseen to mortal sight remember and love us still.

We have met to lay away the remains of one who has been with us from the earliest days of our colonial life. Landing on the 17th of November, 1886, she has been a co-worker and a co-sufferer with us. She was born in Placer county, California, and moved with her family into Humboldt county. When about fifteen years of age a spirited horse she was riding became unmanageable from the stings of hornets, and she was thrown upon the sharp point of a rock by which her spine was so injured as to partially paralyze the lower part of the body. I first saw her in this condition about ten years ago, while she was suffering the most intense pain and feeling that the remainder of her life would be that of a hopeless invalid, and I was surprised at the fortitude with which she bore her suffering, and the uncomplaining, even cheerful, disposition she always manifested in her hopeless misfortune.

Every effort was made to restore her to health, but the nature of her injury was such as to make it impossible. Under all these depressing circumstances she accomplished more than ordinary girls in good health and with the best opportunities. Although constantly suffering with pain, and unable to walk a step, she was never idle. Her hands and brain were always busy. Her ambition in early life was to be a teacher. This was not in the least abated by her painful accident. She was an indefatigable student, and became proficient in history, mathematics, English and Spanish literature, physiology, natural philosophy, chemistry and cognate branches. Not satisfied with these, she turned her attention to embroidery and various kinds of needle work, both useful and ornamental. She excelled in amateur painting and drawing. She also took an active part in music, and was an efficient member of the Stanley Band. She gave lessons in music, Spanish, embroidery and needlework, and was regarded as a competent and faithful teacher.

In disposition she was gentle and affectionate, and endeared herself to all who knew her. In general information she excelled, and was able to converse on the usual topics of the day with ease and ability. She has written articles preserved in the *Girl's Club*, a periodical in manuscript conducted by the Girl's Pioneer Club, that would grace the columns of a more pretentious sheet, and some poems that would be creditable to an acknowledged author.

She has crowded into a few years the experience of a lifetime, and not forgetting the future, she has acquainted herself with the principles of Spiritual philosophy, and enters into the Higher Life with some knowledge of its duties and advantages.

And now her eyes are bright and clear,
Yet still her love is with us here;
We may not hear her gentle voice,
But list! it says, "rejoice, rejoice."

At last the suffering soul is free,
For she has passed the mystic sea,
And there has found the shining shore
Where dwell her loved ones evermore.

To read well—that is, to read true books in a true spirit—is a noble exercise and one that will task the reader more than any exercise which the customs of the day esteem. It requires a training such as the athletes underwent, the steady intent almost of the whole life to this object. Books must be read as deliberately and reservedly as they were written.—*Thoreau*.

Dove Notes.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of Glenora, N. Y., has been engaged to speak at Casadega and also at Lake Pleasant.

John Slater is giving seances to crowded houses in Brooklyn, N. Y., but will soon go to Lake Pleasant campmeeting.

Mrs. L. May Wheeler, founder of *The Woman's News*, died in Orange, Mass., June 24. She has been an invalid several years.

Publishers of papers exchanging with the CARRIER DOVE will confer a favor by changing the address to 121 Eighth street, San Francisco.

The John W. Lovell Publishing Co., have just issued a book entitled "There is no Death," being the Spiritualistic experiences of Florence Maryatt.

The article entitled "Representative Men," on page 218, is very suggestive. It should have been in print several months ago, but "better late than never."

The Business Woman's Journal for July contains many interesting articles, and several fine illustrations. Subscription \$1 per year. Address Mary F. Seymour Publishing Company, 38 Park Row, New York.

Mrs. Lena Clarke Cook writes from Liverpool, England, that she arrived safely after a very pleasant voyage, and in improved health. Having just arrived (in fact the letter was written on ship-board), she had not yet seen J. J. Morse and family.

Dr. Schlesinger has been spending the last two months in Denver, Leadville, and other towns of Colorado. He expects to go further east before his return, and may possibly be in time to attend one of the late campmeetings.

Professor E. C. A. Sutton, after some years of retirement, would be pleased to hear from spiritual societies wishing lectures. Mr. Sutton, a clairvoyant, impressional medium, will give public or private lectures. Address No. 31 Monroe avenue, Detroit, Mich.

It is hardly necessary to call attention to the fine poem by Mrs. Pittsinger on the first page of this issue. The subject of the poem, as well as the name of the writer, will at once attract all spiritually-minded readers. Another and shorter poem by the same writer, "The Jesuit," will be found on page 223.

At Fourmies, France, on May Day, a number of workmen were wantonly shot down in the streets by order of the authorities, in consequence of which one of the members of Congress in open session denounced the Minister of the Interior as a murderer; yet the publisher of *La Revolte* has been sentenced to six months imprisonment for condemning the massacre.

Rufus C. Hartranft, publisher, Philadelphia, announces that he will soon issue a remarkable book containing information of historical importance which will settle the question "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" Perhaps this is to be the narrative of Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard; if not, it will give the truth regarding seances held by Lincoln with Mrs. Maynard and other mediums.

Gen. Refugio Gonzalez is authority for the statement that Spiritualism is making great progress among the most intelligent and influential classes of Mexico. The President, Don Porforio Diaz, is an avowed Spiritualist, as are also three of the members of his cabinet. Don Alfonzo Herrera, the eminent naturalist, is engaged in active work in behalf of Spiritualism, and the leading female physician is not only a Spiritualist but a medium.

A Congregational council was held in London July 14 to 18, the most notable address being that of Rev. Mr. Walker, of Melbourne, in condemnation of Unitarianism, which the speaker said is making great inroads among Congregationalists. Mr. Walker declared that he would rather drift towards the Church of Rome. The council decided that Congregationalist ministers must not hereafter exchange pulpits with Unitarians.

A letter from Watertown, N. Y., states that Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, of Fulton, is the regular speaker for the Spiritual society at Watertown, and has been for more than a year. She is an inspirational speaker, taking subjects from the audience. The attendance is large and the interest increasing, yet Mrs. Lyman, like many other mediums, feels attracted towards the Pacific Coast, and thinks she may visit California ere long, if she can secure engagements along the route.

Fowler & Wells Co., New York, have issued the first number of the "Science of Health Library," to be published monthly at \$3 per annum; 25 cts. per number. The first number, 84 pages, is entitled "Vacation Time, with Hints on Summer Living." It is by H. S. Drayton, M. D., writer on popular hygiene. He talks of life at the seaside, and in the mountains, of boating, bathing, games, excursions, etc. There are several illustrations. Address Fowler & Wells Co., 775 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor is writing a series of letters in the *New York Tribune*, in which she declares the flesh of animals to be the best food, and gives directions for keeping it until decomposition has commenced so as to "make it tender." If this lady had studied the subject from the present light of science she would have discovered that the flesh of healthy animals contains poisonous elements that are rapidly increased every day the body is kept after slaughtering, and these elements are so poisonous that if they come in contact with the arterial circulation, blood-poisoning ensues.

The *Progressive Thinker* publishes a well-authenticated account of a new phase of mediumship as manifested through the agency of W. A. York and his sister, Mrs. A. Adamson, of Spring Hill, Kansas. They have independent writing on slates and on paper tablets, also floating lights, and independent voices, but the most convincing and quite unique method of spirit communication is this: The mediums in broad daylight hold a blank piece of paper in front of the sitter's face, and answers to questions come on the paper, the words forming almost instantly, without use of pen, ink or pencil.

The *Banner of Light* proposes to publish a work on Spiritualism to be written by Dr. F. L. H. Willis, provided advance subscriptions can be secured sufficient to warrant its publication. Advance subscribers will have the book sent to them at a reduced price. The exact nature of the work is not stated, but the *Banner* intimates that it will contain spiritualistic experiences, addresses, etc., of Mr. Willis, who is one of the finest trance mediums in America. Send orders to the *Banner of Light*. Price not mentioned. Colby and Rich offer to subscribe \$100, payable in copies of the work.

The last public entertainment of the Children's Lyceum of San Jose (as reported by Mrs. H. L. Bigelow, Assistant Conductor) was of unusual interest. The programme (copy sent by H. L. B.) consisted of songs, recitations, dialogues, calisthenics and instrumental music. The following are names of those participating: Eddie Stone, Dottie and Lola Frost, Dora Fitzgerald, Gertie Vores, Minnie Richards, Dave Hambly, Sadie Schell, Mabel Hambly, Zinnie York, Maud Jacobus, F. Hambly, Mrs. Frost and Ollie Frost, Mrs. H. L. Bigelow, Ada Unglish, Eva McDonald, and remarks by the conductor, Mrs. Sarah Seal.

The Dove is indebted to J. J. Morse for a full report of proceedings of the National Conference of Spiritualists held on the 5th of July, forty-two societies and towns being represented. Among those prominent in the convention were Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten and Mr. Morse. The object of the meeting (to form a National Federation of Spiritualists) was accomplished to the satisfaction of all. The organization provides for an annual conference, a general union of Spiritual societies, the distribution of Spiritual literature, and work to extend a knowledge of Spiritualism. Resolutions were adopted advising societies to engage no speaker not known to be qualified, and protesting against the practice of sending for publication glowing accounts of ill-qualified speakers. Candidates for the rostrum are urged to prepare themselves by reading, study and elocutionary practice; and societies are recommended to establish weekly conferences for propaganda and as a means of aiding inexperienced speakers to perfect themselves. A public meeting following the conference was attended by over 2500 people.

Levi Elphic, better known as Father Elphic, or "the old news boy," went to Kaweah Friday, July 24, and on Saturday went out with a basket to pick beans. Not coming in at night, search was made, and his dead body was found under a tree with the basket of beans near by. He was 86 years of age, a mild, inoffensive old man, a tetotalter all his life, a hater of tobacco, and for many years a vegetarian. He was a Spiritualist, and of course a reformer. He was an Englishman, but when asked his nativity, he quoted the words of Paine: "The world is my country, and to do good my religion;" adding: "all men and women are my brothers and sisters." He enjoyed life, but had no fear of death, and used to say that he expected to die without pain and without regret, like going to sleep. Death came to him as he desired, finding him engaged in useful work, and ready, as at all times, to go. He owned shares in the Kaweah colony, and it is said he loaned the colony \$800 and took a mortgage on the printing material of the *Commonwealth* as security. H. W. Faust affirms that Father Elphic went to Kaweah to see about his loan. He made a will eight years ago, leaving all his property to his daughter. A memorial discourse was given by Mr. N. F. Ravlin at Washington Hall, Sunday morning, August 2. The vacant chair of Father Elphic was decorated with flowers and evergreens. A life size picture of deceased, kindly loaned by the proprietors of the Marceau Gallery, was also draped with smilax and white roses.

The Wednesday evening meetings at 111 Larkin street are sometimes disappointing, but usually the large audiences are fully repaid for the time spent there. The meeting of July 8th was of unusual interest, brief addresses being given by Mrs. J. M. Hendee, Mrs. Sarah Seal, Mrs. P. H. Ward, of Tuscarora, Nevada, and Dr. Wood. The latter also gave some excellent tests, followed by Mrs. Wait, the audience being so interested nothing was said about circles at the close. Mrs. Ward is a stranger to most Spiritualists here, but she made an excellent impression, giving in clear, concise style good thought worthy of her intelligent audience. Dr. Wood is very deliberate in manner on the platform, but his tests, when fully developed, are convincing. The meeting of July 15 was addressed by Mrs. J. M. Hendee on Psychometry, followed by several very successful psychometric readings. Tests were given by Mr. Gee, Mrs. Dunham, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Wait. On the 29th, after Dr. Wood had given some excellent tests, a brief address was made by Dr. M. M. Tousey, of Antioch, who also gave several very satisfactory psychometric readings of character, the subjects, entire strangers to him, rising in the audience. Mrs. Ladd Finnican closed with tests, all acknowledged, and a correct description of mining property made by means of a specimen of rock wrapped in a piece of paper. The hall was crowded.

Samuel Taylor and Alice M. Beighle, eldest daughter of Dr. Nellie Beighle of San Francisco, were married on Wednesday evening, August 5, in presence of a large number of friends, Dr. N. F. Ravlin officiating. After congratulations and refreshments Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left for their new home in Berkeley.

On Saturday evening, August 15th, there will be a Social at 111 Larkin street, the object being to assist in raising funds for the establishment of an Orphans' Home for the children of Spiritualists. The admittance will be 25cts. The first hour will be devoted to music, five-minute speeches and tests. From 9 to 10 P. M. the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Voy will have opportunity to wish them joy. The double object of the social may seem incongruous, but when friends of Mrs. Briggs ("as was") suggested an after-wedding reception she said she would prefer to make the occasion a benefit for the projected orphan asylum, hence the "double-header."

MOSES HULL is writing for *The Better Way* a series of articles on "The Lights and Shadows of Mediumship." Of course he says lots of good and true things. He considers the mediums the saviors of the world. They have saved the world from Materialism, and from the fear of death. Mediums are slowly elevating the world out of its sins and relieving it of its fleshly ailments. They furnish a vicarious atonement, by actually suffering for the sins of the world. In delivering the world out of its ignorance, sins, aches, pains and deaths, mediums carry a heavy load, taking upon themselves, temporarily at least, the burdens of others. Mediums are again the sufferers for the sins of the world, in that they are the objects at which the world hurls its most fiery darts of unbelief, of mistrust and misjudgment. The world knows very little of mediums, still less does it know of how to treat them, how to shield and protect them, and to call out of them what it so much needs, and what they, under proper conditions, are so capable of giving.

Here is the way Moses "pitches into" the pretenders to mediumship, the frauds, who for gain, deceive and mislead those who are seeking for the tokens of the better life. He says: "He or she who would play with the most sacred feelings of the human heart justly falls under the execration of every one who feels the sacredness of this holy communion! In proportion as we prize our spirit friends and the power which can bring them to us, do we feel to brand these lazaronii who impose upon our love for our dear departed and drain our purses of hard earned cash in the name of mediumship. Yet one can hardly expose and denounce these human ghouls without injuring, in the estimation of somebody, those sentinels who stand between the two worlds."

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Although not quite so numerous as we were a year ago, yet the attendance has been good during the summer so far, and promises a healthful, vigorous growth. Certainly it is reasonable to expect that so true an educational system will attract a large attendance. The subjects recently selected for consideration have satisfied the most exacting Spiritualists, being, "Charity," and "What are the Spirits Doing?" These occupied three Sundays of July. The general exercises have also been fair, both in performance and "words of wisdom," some of them being rich spiritual fruits. Lack of leaders is always a reminder that we need an adult group, or several of them, whose members, growing up familiar with the Lyceum, could thus be drawn upon at any time. More than one group has been left without a leader, but the groups have not lost their existence, twelve being yet preserved. The pleasant weather acts as a counter-attraction sometimes, but the interest in each other holds a number of us together through all seasons. Mrs. E. M. Briggs, who has been summering, and the conductor, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, are with us again, while Mrs. A. E. Fossett is enjoying a mountain trip, and Mrs. E. Lincoln is also away.

Dr. Briggs' Position.

The Directors of the Union Theological Seminary at their last annual meeting discussed the case of Rev. Dr. Charles A. Briggs, and the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst reported their action at the anniversary exercises. He announced that questions had been submitted to Dr. Briggs relative to his religious faith and had been categorically answered by him, and the answers subscribed to with his name. Their substance, it is claimed, is also clearly stated in the writings of Dr. Briggs. The questions and Dr. Briggs' answers are:

No. 1. (a) Do you consider the Bible, the Church, and the "Reason" as co-ordinate sources of authority?

Answer—No.

No. 1. (b) Or do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the only infallible rule of faith and practice?

Answer—Yes.

No. 2. When you use the term "Reason," do you include the conscience and the religious feeling?

Answer—Yes.

No. 3. Would you accept the following as a satisfactory definition of inspiration:

"Inspiration is such a divine direction as to secure an infallible record of God's revelation in respect to both fact and doctrine?"

Answer—Yes.

No. 4. Do you believe the Bible to be inerrant in all matters concerning faith and practice and in everything in which it is a revelation from God or a vehicle of divine truth, and that there are no errors that disturb its infallibility in these matters or in its records of the historic events and institutions with which they are inseparably connected?

Answer—Yes.

No. 5. Do you believe that the miracles recorded in Scripture are due to an extraordinary exercise of divine energy, either directly or indirectly, through holy men?

Answer—Yes.

No. 6. Do you hold what is commonly known as the doctrine of a future probation? Do you believe in purgatory?

Answer—No.

No. 7. Do you believe that the issues of this life are final and that a man who dies impenitent will have no further opportunity of salvation?

Answer—Yes.

No. 8. Is your theory of progressive sanctification such as will permit you to say that you believe that when a man dies in the faith he enters the middle state—regenerated, justified, and sinless?

Answer—Yes.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Directors:

Resolved, that this Board has listened with satisfaction to the categorical replies rendered by Dr. Briggs to the questions submitted to him, and that it trusts that the manner in which he has dealt with the points that are in dispute will operate to correct the misapprehensions that are so widely current; and to quiet the disturbed condition of mind in which as a communion we are so unhappily involved.

The foregoing is from the *Christian Union*, and therefore must be correct. As the answers defining Dr. Briggs' position do not harmonize with statements at other times made by him his honesty may well be doubted. He has apparently modified the expression of his views for the purpose of retaining his standing in the church; if not, then it is quite evident that much more has been said concerning the advance opinions and sterling independence of Dr. Briggs than there was any occasion for. A man who believes what he here professes is still wandering in the darkness of the Christian labyrinth constructed during the time of Calvin, and has a long way to travel before he reaches the light revealed by modern science and liberal thought.

The Arena.

The August *Arena* contains a fine likeness of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and an article from her pen entitled "Where Must Lasting Progress Begin? Also photogravure of Amelia B. Edwards and her "Home Life" written by herself. "The Tyranny of Nationalism," by Minot J. Savage; "Working Women of To-day," by Helen Campbell; "Psychic Experiences," by Sara A. Underwood, etc., make up a very interesting number.

An admirable full-page portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes forms the frontispiece of the July *Arena*. A critical paper by George Stewart, the well-known editor and critic of Quebec, treats of the life and literary labors of Dr. Holmes. Other notable articles are: Edgar Fawcett's "Plutocracy and Snobbery in New York", Prof. Buchanan's closing paper on "Revolutionary Measures and Neglected Crimes," and "National Control of Railways." Camille Flammarion closes his paper on "The Unknown." W. D. McCrackan contrasts the Swiss and American Constitutions. The well-known Nationalist and Christian Socialist, Rev. Francis Bellamy contributes an article in reply to Mr. Flowers' "Socialism." The Rev. W. E. Manley discusses Eternal Punishment. Prof. W. S. Scarborough, of Wilberforce University, discusses "The Negro Question" from a negro's point of view. The story of the month is a novelette, of twenty-four pages, entitled "A Prairie Heroine," by Hamlin Garland. The editorials, "An Epoch-marking Drama," "The Present Revolution in Theological Thought," and "The Conflict Between Ancient and Modern Religious Thought in the Presbyterian Church," are bright, vigorous, and suggestive.

Oregon Campmeeting.

The annual campmeeting of Oregon State Spiritual Society will be held at New Era, Clackamas Co., Oregon, beginning September 4, 1891, and continuing ten days. Good speakers and mediums will be present. One and one third rates on Southern Pacific Rail Road lines in Oregon. Hotel accommodations for those not wishing to camp. All are invited to attend.

WILLDA BUCKMAN, Secy. O. S. S. S.

The secretary probably means that full fare will be charged to go to the meeting and one-third fare to return.

A God of Love.

When Col. Robert Ingersoll arrived at Minneapolis recently to lecture on "Myth and Miracle" he is said to have received from a pious lady of that city the following letter and hymn:

My Dear Mr. Ingersoll: Excuse the term, as every unregenerated soul is "dear" to me. My object in addressing you is to implore you to change the theme of your coming lecture to something that will not tend to impede the success of our revival which the Holy Ghost is about to shower upon us; but if you cannot change it, then for the sake of many dying souls I pray you not to expose the, to you, unreasonable parts of the Bible, for if you prove that there is no hell our labor for Christ is lost. O! I have seen its saving grace work, as I did for many years with my father, who was a great revivalist. He was both exhorter and singer. And such a singer! And he wrote his own hymns. One I remember which, while praising God, tells the unpenitent sinner of his awful doom and of his chance of salvation if he will only believe in Christ. The precious words of truth in this hymn used to bring hundreds of souls to a belief in the goodness and justice of God, causing them to "flee from the wrath to come."

O, my dear sir! If you would only take in the whole meaning of this hymn, I feel sure that you would be admonished to turn evangelist, and with your great intellect you might make

amends for the awful injury which I fear you have done.

Would to God that you and the world might profit by these humble and prayerful suggestions. May the God of love and mercy be found in your heart, to the end that you may come to Christ and be saved, is the prayer of your humble friend.

This is the hymn:

Thou God of justice, who, when Adam fell,
Doomed all thy children to an endless hell,
Lead us to realize, in thoughts sublime,
Thy vengeance throughout never-ending time.

O, mortal, cursed e'en from thy mother's womb,
Pray let me warn thee of thy coming doom;
Imagination cannot picture true
The eternal agony in store for you.

Each grain of sand upon Sahara's plain
Counts for a million years of woe and pain,
And when these countless desert sands are run
Eternal vengeance will have just begun.

Thy quickening soul more sensitive shall grow,
Each pang remain an everlasting woe;
Yes thou shalt welter in a lake of fire
White with the heat of God's avenging ire.

He'll laugh at thy complaint and mock thy fear;
Thy wail will be but music to his ear;
His nostrils shall thy smoke of torments greet
As incense, but there will be no mercy-seat.

"Mercy for thee? thou art too late to pray,"
"Depart from me, ye cursed," he will say;
Thy shriveled soul shall cower beneath his wrath
Where thorns beset thy never-ending path.

The battlements of heaven above thee frown,
Thy sainted mother may be looking down,
She'll see thy agony, and bless the Lord
That he hath severed the maternal cord.

The heart-strings that in life had held her boy
Are now relinquished for eternal joy.
Her soul with thankfulness will ever thrill,
Knowing that this is all her maker's will.

Plunged in a gulf of deepest darkest despair,
The rocks and mountains cannot hide thee there;
The worm that dieth not shall haunt thy soul;
Thy journey ne'er will end—there'll be no goal.

The gauntlet of the dammed shall be thy race;
Demons shall goad thee on at every pace,
Wreaking hell torments on thy spirit sore—
God hath forsaken thee for evermore.

This reads very much like a travesty on the Christian religion as it is of Justice, but it may be genuine. No doubt there are people crazy enough to believe such an inconsistent and horrible doctrine. Those who oppose Dr. Briggs and some who sustain him (see article in another column) are not advanced very far beyond the position occupied by the writer of the foregoing lines.

The old Anthony homestead in Rochester, N. Y. has been renovated and refurnished by the Women's Political Club of that city to provide a pleasant home for Miss Susan B. Anthony. A room has been fitted up especially for Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who will spend the summer with Miss Anthony. This is the first home Miss Anthony could call her own since she began her work for woman suffrage.—*Womankind.*

What Women Are Doing.

The New England Woman's Press Association numbers 150 members.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is writing a memorial of her father, the late Professor Austin Phelps of Andover.

Mrs. Atherton, is looking up material for a new work to be called "Literary Women of the Pacific Coast."

The Phoebe Couzins case was decided against Miss Couzins. The court held that Miss Couzins is out of office and can not get back.

Miss Minna V. Lewis, of the BUSINESS WOMAN'S JOURNAL, New York, is in San Francisco, making a study of the Kindergarten System.

Mrs. Alice E. Whitaker, of *The New England Farmer*, has added to her duties the editorial management of *Health*, a Boston monthly.

The Boston *Herald* has more women on its editorial staff than any other journal in Boston, and it is perhaps the best paper in the city.

The Federation of Women's Clubs now number 108 clubs. At the last meeting of the council sixty clubs were represented by their presidents.

Mrs. B. A. Lincoln was invited by the State Board of Agriculture to read a paper before the Farmers' Institute recently held at Putnam, Connecticut.

At Lexington, Miss., Miss Dixie Cole is the express agent, Miss Emily Wright is the postmistress and Miss Mollie Hoskins has charge of the telegraph office.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the popular novelist, has been the mother of fifteen children. It is only of late years that she has discovered her ability to write stories.

An ingenious Western woman designs decorative novelties and makes up fancy and useful articles during the year, then holds a parlor sale just before the holidays.

A farm of two hundred acres in Ohio is owned and managed by Miss Antoinette Knaggs, a young woman who has received a college education. She is making a success of it.

The employment of women in English government offices is steadily progressing. The post-office led the way, and now the war-office is following. There are twenty women clerks in that department.

Dr. Sara C. Seward, niece of the late Wm. H. Seward, died at Allahabad, India, June 15. She was the first woman medical missionary to that country, and spent seventeen years in the work.

Mrs. Shepherd of Ventura and Miss Sessions of San Diego, school teachers who were in ill health, have recovered health, and are making money in the business of floriculture. Mrs. Shepherd sends calla lilies to the east by the car-load, and flower-seeds which bring a good price.

At the annual festival of the Woman's Suffrage Association of New England nine hundred people sat down to dinner, Hon. John B. Long presiding. Addresses were made by Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Miss Balgarnie, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, Mrs. Anna Christy Fall, and Mrs. Lelia Robinson Sawtelle.

At the annual closing exercises of Industrial art for women, New York city, many designs by women were exhibited. There were designs for calico, stained-glass, book-covers, carpets, wall-papers, linen, silks, ribbons, oil-cloths, handkerchief-borders, window-shades, and many other art industries. Diplomas were awarded twenty-seven members of the advanced class, and prizes were awarded to Miss Hattie Z. Bickford, and Miss Susie P. Johnson for proficiency in design.

The "Womens' Ministerial Conference" of which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is the president, was recently in session in Boston. Addresses were made by Rev. Ada C. Bowles, Recording Secretary of the Conference; Rev. Alma H. Shaw, pastor in a Methodist Church; Rev. Elizabeth H. Delevan, graduate of the Boston University Theological School; Rev. Ida C. Hultin, Pastor of a Congregational Church; Rev. Lorenzo Hayes and Mrs. Maria H. Bray. Remarks were made by Charles G. Ames, Pastor of the Church of the Disciples. He told the apocryphal story of Christ, who, when asked when the Kingdom of Heaven would come, replied, "when men and women meet and forget that they are men and women."