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VOLUME IX.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1892.

NUMBER 10.

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1892.

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Spirit Instruction.—Written by Dictation.

BY RAYMONDE.

No. XVI.

A WORD TO THOMAS.

MY DEAR SCRIBE:—Should doubt be expressed concerning the things of which I speak, you will kindly bear in mind that I am in better position to give accurate information than those who so confidently deny my statements. It is the pleasure of many to doubt, and they also claim the privilege of expressing their doubts in language which is altogether too positive considering their limited opportunities for acquiring facts.

Their bold utterances may give them an air of profundity but it does not make them more valuable as teachers. Why should I deceive you my child and through you lead others wide of the truth? For such conduct I would be cast out of heaven, and the punishment would not be unjust; but, as I have no desire to change my abode, nor any intention of imparting error, you may confide in my instructions as heretofore, and not be shaken in your faith of things unseen by the ever present Thomas. Spiritual unfoldment is a slower process in some than others. This is everywhere observable. Those who believe in miracles will decide that an idiot mind can be restored by the laying on of the icy hand of death. Those who do not will conform to the more reasonable idea of natural growth. Do you think that an infant becomes a man when he emerges from the grave? You laugh at my question. Then no more deny the feeble-minded child ample time to expand his dwarfed faculties. The body, physical and spiritual, matures more rapidly than the mind, because that is not a matter of volition but a decree of nature; whilst mental expansion depends much on the ability to acquire knowledge, and the desire for it must be first awakened before much can be retained. It is an old and cherished belief of the church that at death the man is changed, whereas nothing is changed except the residence and raiment. You will be just what you are when you are stricken down. There is scarcely time in the death chamber to arrange your spiritual toilet. Your hair will most likely stand on end and your general appearance be disheveled from the flight from earth—but Bill Jones will be Bill Jones and not John Smith—an idiot will be an idiot and not a Solomon. You know that a clergyman never reasons about religion, and we have to admit that some Spiritualists follow his example; but it would be better for both to reduce their belief to common sense, and to be governed by it. If you question me, my scribe, as to why I make these remarks, I shall only say that they are for the benefit of those who are in the toils of doubts and the myths of orthodoxy, and if they should chance to read they may be induced to yield their preconceived opinions to actual fact. I am not more annoyed than others when skepticism is expressed, but I am troubled lest you become less anxious to speak to the public concerning us in this simple manner. It is a good way however, and I will continue to dictate until a broader avenue is opened, trusting to your kindness to reach as many as possible with the words which are given for the benefit of friend and foe. Our lesson to-day will be fragmentary. First I will direct your attention to

ART IN THE NEXT WORLD.

The earth inhabitants are altogether too conceited at present,

concerning their achievements in artistic ways. How pleasant it would be if your pastor would occasionally deliver himself of a sermon relating to the future life, thereby acquainting his congregation with more agreeable pictures of the beyond than the two most commonly drawn by him of the rival thrones and the reigning Kings upon them and the ever singing and wailing subjects which move respectively around each; but, as there is not the least hope that he will at once paint new scenes for your encouragement, it devolves upon spirit men to come to earth to do the best they can by way of relieving the hunger of the multitude. The fragments of the loaves and fishes left over from the spiritual feast of the past were long ago consumed—and, by way of comment, I wish to tell you that to take that ancient story literally is the pinnacle of absurdity; but to give it a spiritual interpretation removes from it the accusation of its being too big a fish story for the nineteenth century.

The multitude are as hungry now, as then, for spiritual nourishment; and it is our intention to appease them, not in a miraculous way, but in the most simple and natural manner, by talking not in parables but in plain English.

When turning your thought to the spiritual art worlds, remember, when looking at the best representations in stone and brush work by mortal hand, that they are only shadowy visions of greater works in the spirit realms where art has birth. The difficulties surrounding the student of earth, such as poverty, opposition, lack of appreciation and other hindrances, are removed as soon as the spirit is free from the coarser environments. There is no obstacle in the way of success when death befriends the aspiring artist; he can then rise on the wings of morning into the azure of heavenly worlds, leaving the clouds beneath. Oh, what a happy release, when the weary and burdened soul is borne aloft, toward the sphere from whence cometh the inspiration that has never been expressed because the exigencies of life denied the gratification. Have you not heard both men and women lament, saying, “I desired to be an artist, but poverty prevented.” They feel that their lives have been of little value to themselves or others—that they have lived out of their plane of thought and henceforth they must walk a dreary road. The church gives no consolation to the disappointed ones whose toil is most prosaic when it should be artistic. But the Gospel of Truth now comes to comfort such as have been discouraged by ecclesiasticism, saying unto them, “Thine hour is not yet come. Thou art not to-day what thou shalt be to-morrow, when thou art born into spirit life.”

ART IS IMMORTAL.

Does that sentence convey to your mind, as it should, that where man lives there must be congenial employment? To make the words agreeable you must consider unhesitatingly that spirit worlds are peopled with men and women engaged in active and beautiful occupation, and if I could take you for a moment to the sculptor's atelier or painter's studio, you would be satisfied that I am not romancing when I inform you that the greatest triumphs of art on earth are but crude and clumsy attempts in the scale of perfection. Is there a point then, you ask, where perfection is reached? I think not, because of the ever increasing beauty of form, color and ideas to be portrayed by the hand of genius. There is no limit, dear pupil, to the goodness of our Maker. Through the door of dissolution it is possible for mortals to enter the closed

chambers of spirit, and to dwell beyond in fuller enjoyment of their God given talents.

Many spirits have already come to earth and have described minutely some of the remarkable groups of statuary, and have in word coloring revealed the beauty of rich tapestries and wonderful canvas scenes. Therefore, it is not my pleasure to confine myself to well trodden ground, but to convey a general idea to the readers of my letter of the never ending worlds where art is loved and followed without thought of pecuniary compensation. The streets of the heavenly cities are beautified at every turn by the creations of the sculptor, and the interiors of the buildings are lined with the reflections of nature. The pigments used are better adapted to imitating landscapes, flowers and figures than any used by mortal artist.

NOT BY VOLITION.

Perhaps you have imagined that if statuary and pictures were to be seen in the spirit world, that they appeared by an act of the will, that is, they were imaginary things, not substantial and portable as they are upon earth. But why should not the spirit man enjoy the same or even greater privileges than his mortal brother? Why must his brain conjure and his hand remain idle?

When the mechanical labor to produce works of art is pleasurable, why not admit that it is still the manner in which they are produced? Suppose that all these things, that add so much to the beauty of our surroundings, were made by will power alone—something after the Fairy Godmother style—do you think it would be of as much benefit to the artist as the carving out of his own brain pictures? Experience thus gained is the best instruction. Then, if you insist that all things in spirit life are the product of the will independent of the hand, the spirit child, who admires the heroic group before him, could reproduce it once, twice or thrice as his childish fancy pleased, and everywhere would one encounter sameness, and satiety would be the inevitable result. The artist and his occupation would be destroyed and the very foundation of heaven shaken by robbing those who follow art for art's sake of their share of happiness.

FITNESS OF OCCUPATION.

A great sculptor is not easily made of a common artizan, or a virtuoso of an organ-grinder, or a poet of a mechanic. They would be unhappy were they required to turn their attention to unsuitable employment. They would not be very successful, and probably fail to excite any other emotion than laughter by their efforts. When all on earth are possessed of the same gifts and the same degree of excellence is attained, then possibly the spirit worlds will be similarly inhabited and consequently monotonous; but as long as mortals differ, so so will the worlds of space be thronged with diversified talent, and various likes and dislikes will be man's inheritance hereafter, as now. Therefore, you will do well to consider the next world a counterpart of earth; only please regard the next as an improvement on the first, and believe that men are a little lower than the angels or messengers whom God sends unto them to disclose knowledge of the life to come.

INCENTIVES TO LABOR.

It has been said of man that he would not labor were it not a necessity. This is not true in its entirety. The savage supplies his needs with as little exertion as possible—so does the fashionable swell who pronounces all labor as savoring of vulgarity. There is then, you perceive, a similarity of opinion concerning the ease of living between these extremes of society. But who of sense would look to either for sound advice or valuable suggestions? One is as obstinate in his simplicity as the other. They both tread the mill of stagnation. There is a class, however, of brain workers and hand workers to whom all are indebted. They lead in science and art, and pave the way of civilization. They are happy only in activity. They would chafe under idleness. They move the lever of progress that turns the wheels of worlds onward. Their strongest incentive to work is their natural love of employment. If

wealth is the result of their labor, they accept it, because money, at the present time, is needful to rest and ease of mind. But the greatest strides have been made by men who have been prompted by other feelings than the gathering of shekels. It is thus in the spirit spheres. Employment is necessary to vigorous growth. Idleness is disease and death, and they who have tasted of the sweets of the higher life care not to stray into the graveyard of slothfulness. Man's purer ambition is more surely aroused by the expressed appreciation of his kind than by a vision of fleeting wealth. The true artist values fame more than material riches, and it is not altogether true that he would not work except for money.

When the question is propounded, Would the world advance were the incentive of gold removed? we answer unhesitatingly, it would; but we further add that society will have to be reorganized upon a new basis ere many generations come and go, otherwise, peace will not tarry with the people but will be driven hence by discontent and the inharmony that pervades all places where injustice is encouraged. The government of spirit worlds has been long ages in process of construction. The selfish and cruel systems of government under which the inhabitants thereof originally lived made them slow to reformation. A despotic ruler does not at death quietly relinquish his hold upon power. Spiritual education reorganizes the man completely, and then he is clear to perceive right from wrong—and when money is not in the balance the adjustment of life is more accurate. To mortal men must come a knowledge of spirit rulings, and thus avert the mischief that now threatens to overtake them.

THE SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS.

See ye not the dark shadow that obscures the present? What are the rumblings heard in the distance? Do they not portend the coming storm? Do you think, dear reader, that the existing and popular Christian theology will hold the oppressed and ignorant hordes in check for ever?

Christianity contains only a fragment of spirituality, and therefore is inadequate to direct the course of human events. Only the understanding of spiritual law will render peace and prosperity possible in the future. The organized bodies of religion will make it very difficult to bring about a better condition without bloodshed. Another and greater blood sacrifice may be required to appease the wrath of the offended God of justice. More than one son may suffer on the cross for the sins of the past. In that day modern Christianity will fall, and spirit counselors will be recognized, and love will preside with joy and tenderness over the hearts and homes of the people.

Know ye not, friends, why we, who love you, come into your presence? It is not altogether to tell you that we live, but to teach you how to live that you may become an aid to good and not an instrument of evil. We are sent to minister unto you and impart the wisdom of the spheres of heaven. Will ye not listen, then, when we speak, and become wise against the day of trouble?

HOPEFUL VIEW OF THE FUTURE.

The much loved pursuits that you now follow, or that you would wish to follow, will not be ended when you change from one world to another, but in that good day to come the angels will make it possible for you to achieve success by presenting every opportunity to follow the bent of your mind. Many a despondent and discouraged man will be radiant with hope and ambition when he enters the spiritual state to find life is just budding—that he is not in the sere and yellow leaf, but in the very springtime of existence.

And say you, my Christian brother, that Spiritualism is of the devil, when it teaches that man is not made to bear disappointment through all eternity? It seemeth to me that such encouragement is of heaven, heavenly? Call it as you will, it is a truth that "Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

We ask you to contemplate your future with heartfelt thanksgiving. Do not look upon the Great Spirit as your implacable enemy. Ignorance is man's only foe, and God is not ignorance.

but Wisdom and progression throughout the ages of eternity. Christian theology is heavy with the eternally lost souls of the departed. The broken hearts of the living are mercilessly denied consolation in the dreary hour of bereavement. Spiritualism, to-day, is the comforter of the people; and, when the weary and care burdened of earth understand, through its lessons, that their wrongs will be righted in the spirit life by individual effort to do right, they will become more patient under existing evils. When the autocratic oppressor of the poor realizes that his time is short, and that a day of reckoning is coming, he will relax his hold on his brother, rather than continue in wrong that his punishment may be increased. When the lawless and destructive realize that their acts of violence are productive of greater injury to themselves than others they will be more easily controlled and directed.

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

The first and the second coming of Christ is the acceptance of spiritual truth, not the birth or the reincarnation of Jesus of Nazareth. Cease looking for miraculous happenings, and apply your minds to reason. Ye who would that the will of heaven be done on earth, must hasten to bind unto your souls the precious teachings of the resurrected.

NO TIDINGS.

The Christian churches have rejected instruction from the spiritual side of life for nearly nineteen centuries, and it is not strange that some of the children of the latter days begin to doubt immortality and ask for proof. All honest clergymen have to refer skeptics to Spiritualists, as they have no recent epistles. Many who are not honest content themselves by defaming Spiritualism. Those who are in ignorance say ignorance is the best condition for the masses. Those, who delight in truth and progress become Spiritualists. Those who love position and salary a little better than persecution even for Christ's sake shout in defense of priestcraft. Those who value the truth above all else will not be deterred from searching for it by threat, ridicule or any other plan of robbery, knowing that the truth only will make them wise and safe.

If I should ask you, my dear scribe, concerning the future outlook of your republic, and you referred me to the earliest written history of it, I would either accuse you of stupidity or facetiousness. The clergyman of to-day who receives no revelations of spirit life, and turns a page of ancient history in answer to every direct and important question bearing on the future of man, makes a plain confession of his unfitness to guide enquirers aright. While all revelations of immortality are good, present revelations are better.

If any man say "nay," he is challenged by the spirit world to prove it. Our lesson for the day closes with the admonition that you think upon the things I have said unto you and gather up the fragments against the hour of need. Upon thee rest the blessing of your instructor.

A SPIRIT MAN.

The simplest war brings a train of horrors behind it; but we bear them with comparative equanimity. Personal hatreds are not called out on such occasions. The actors in them are neither necessarily nor generally fiends. The grass grows again on the trampled fields. Peace returns and we forget and forgive. The coldly ordered massacres of selected victims in political and spiritual struggles rise in a different order of feelings, and are remembered through all ages with indignation and shame. The victims perish as the champions of principles which survive through the changes of time. They are marked for the sacrifice on account of their advocacy of a cause which to half mankind is the cause of humanity. They are the martyrs of history, and the record of atrocity rises again an immortal witness against the opinions out of which it rose.—*J. A. Froude.*

Miss Mitford, the authoress, had a pleasant and good-humored face, but of the art of dress she knew nothing. On her way to an evening party she purchased a most unbecoming yellow turban, which caused her to be for some time an object of merriment to the whole room, owing to the fact of the shopkeeper from whom she had bought it having forgotten to remove from behind it a large ticket bearing the printed inscription, "Very charming, only 5s 6d."

The Education of Woman.

BY DR. E. J. SCHELLHOUS.

Until recently it has been the custom in all ages to confine education to man, so far as its uses in life are concerned. It is true that some women have distinguished themselves in spite of the degradation of the sex by the selfishness and sensuality of man; but they constitute the exceptions to the rule. It is only within the present century that much attention has been given to the education of woman with a view to its practical use. Previous to that time our knowledge of human nature had not reached the point that would make it possible to discriminate between the sexes in such a way as to secure the best possible results to each.

It is unfortunate that since woman has demanded a more useful education, and the other sex is conceding the demand, that the course adopted by her is the same in its essential features as that pursued by man. The difference in their natures and the consequent difference in their spheres in life is ignored in her education; and the "higher education" that woman seeks is the stereotyped collegiate course of four years of Greek, Latin, Mathematics and Metaphysics, together with such branches of physical science as may be introduced into the curriculum. Notwithstanding the clear and well defined sphere of woman's activity, as ordained by Nature, in her desire to stand upon the same plane, and occupy the same sphere as man, she does violence to her own nature.

SPHERES OF THE SEXES.

Nature asserts herself in spite all that man can do, and inflicts with relentless persistence her punishments for his disobedience. In every nation and in every age of the world, in the great activities and industries pertaining to it, the two sexes have sustained separate and distinct spheres in life. They are not interchangeable, though some of the less important functions may be performed equally well by both. They are not supplemental; they are complementary. They are essential each to the other;—the life of the one cannot be complete without that of the other. The one fells and clears the forests and subdues the soil; builds habitations and cities; establishes lines of communication and transportation by land and by sea; carries on commerce; opens and works mines; constructs machinery and prepares the raw material for the needs of life.

The other superintends the household; dispenses the means of comfort; attends to the wants and requirements of its inmates; rears the children, adorns the home, and administers the expenditures of the family. These two spheres are not only essential, *per se*, but they are essential to each other, and the nature of the two sexes is admirably adapted to the performance of the functions of each. The proper union of the two is necessary to a complete life. Neither can be happy without the other; and their greatest desire, their highest ambition, should be to study each other in such a way as to secure the proper union.

It is folly to attempt to ignore the different spheres of the sexes, and as their activities in life are so distinct, the preparation for their discharge, by the performance of their respective duties by means of appropriate education, seems too plain for anything more than a mere statement of the fact. It is the writer's purpose here to briefly inquire as to what that education should be.

NATURAL DISTINCTIONS.

At the outset, it is well to consider the essential distinctions that exist in the two sexes. If the formation of the brain is any indication of character, we are informed by competent authority that the base of the brain, which is the seat of the animal propensities, is smaller in woman, and the superior portion, which is the seat of the higher and nobler faculties, is relatively larger. This is exactly in accordance with her character. Man is more given to the indulgence of his passions, consequently he is more inclined to immorality and crime. It seems evident that Nature intended these forces for the characteristic sphere of man in the more stern

and vigorous duties peculiar to it; while, on the other hand, the very qualities indicated by relatively larger superior brain in woman corresponds to her character, fitting her most admirably for those tender, delicate and graceful duties that pertain to the household and the home. If this is true—and who can doubt it?—the education of the sexes should be in accordance with their respective spheres.

There are several functions that belong exclusively to woman; and in the performance of these, her education must be equally exclusive, in order that she may be enabled to perform them completely. The difference in sex begins to distinguish itself early in life, intensifying it more and more until maturity is reached. This distinction is as marked in the mind as in the body. Its first manifestations are of a mental character, and constitute the chief charms of the sex. Those functions requiring special education will first be considered:

MATERNITY.

1. The wisest and most beneficent provisions for maternity are made by Nature, because it is the most important of all functions. It is incomparably so, because all others in life are dependent upon it. Nature has designed woman for maternity, and by so doing, has crowned her with honor and glory. If she conforms to that design, she is made happy, and maternity is the essential condition for her complete happiness. If she escapes maternity she suffers the unsatisfied yearnings of maternal love, the strongest and most endurable of emotions, gratification of which is the source of her highest joy. If she fails in the proper performance of the duties of this function, pain, anguish and disappointment are hers to endure. Therefore, to avoid these, her only course is to obey the natural laws that control this function, and this obedience is dependent on a practical knowledge of them, and this can be obtained only by the proper education. What it has done is in the wrong direction. Fashionable life is detrimental to maternity. More women in wealthy and fashionable circles suffer and die in the performance of this function, and more of their children perish than in the middle walks of life; not because they are less intelligent—for they are not—but because the means for indulgence in luxuries and excesses are more abundant.

Nature is ever beneficent; she wills no one to suffer or die because of maternity; but with many women it is a thing to be dreaded. This is because of a false education. No one should be accused of platitudes in repeating what has been so often said of the evils of fashionable life. It is a severe reflection on those who fail to heed and profit by the benevolent efforts so often put forth for their benefit.

Much, however, that has been said is so characterized by exaggeration, born of enthusiasm, as to create doubt and indifference, and to destroy confidence in the statements made. No one not familiar with the structure and functions of the human body can appreciate the truth or realize the evils consequent upon disobedience of the natural laws that control the vital economy.

As love of the beautiful is one of the female characteristics, dress which adorns the person more than anything else is employed for that purpose. False notions of form prevail in the fashionable world. To conform to the prevailing conceptions of form the body is made to suffer most cruelly. Prof. B. W. Richardson, an eminent medical writer and an acknowledged authority on this subject, in his work, "Diseases of Modern Life," has given his views in regard to this matter. He says in the chapter "DISEASES FROM ERRORS IN DRESS."

"The worst mechanical errors in clothing are those which affect the chest and body. The tight band round the waist and the tightly laced corset still play too important a part and interfere with the free and healthy movements of young girls and women. The effect of the pressure is injurious to the organs of digestion, respiration and circulation. The liver and stomach compressed, the digestive functions are impeded; a distaste for solid food, and with symptoms of pain and flatulency after eating, are the common proofs of the injury that is being inflicted. The great breathing muscle, the diaphragm, which separates the chest

from the abdomen, and which by its descent in contraction, causes the chest to fill with air, is impeded in its motion, and is therefore unable to sustain free respiration. The large veins from the lower part of the body which pour their blood into the right side of the heart are compressed, and in the worst instances the heart itself and the lungs themselves are constantly subject to strain.

By these means the organs of the circulation, not less than the organs of respiration and digestion, are disturbed to the detriment of the whole of the body which depends on these organs for its nervous power, its muscular force and its nutrition in every part. To the symptoms of indigestion are added breathlessness on slight exertion or excitement, coldness of the extremities, weakness of muscles, constipation, headache, and other evils not less severe. The effects of mechanical pressure of the kind described are not confined to the mere periods of time at which the pressure is applied. They extend to after life, and when long continued produce an imperfect build of the chest and of the trunk of the body which is never lost.

Women thus deformed when it is their turn to become mothers pay a penalty of suffering which would have been spared them if their bodies had developed into the healthy and beautiful form devised by the hand of Nature. (Diseases of Modern Life, pp. 447-8.)

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that maternity is dreaded; the vital forces being so impaired as to render the function painful and dangerous. The escape from maternity has gone so far in some communities as to indicate in a great degree this dread, coupled, no doubt, with the desire to avoid the labor and trouble of maternal cares.

It is stated in an esteem journal that in one school district, in one of the New England States, there has not been a birth for thirteen years, and the schoolhouse has been closed for want of pupils.

If the mother suffers so much from a false education, children suffer still more; and what makes it much worse, they are the innocent victims of ignorance and false pride. To send a child with enfeebled constitution into the world, either to go prematurely to the grave or to struggle on in pain and sickness, is an act of cruel injustice. It is worse; it is a crime. Statistics show an infant mortality most fearful to contemplate, and call for the most prompt and vigorous measure to remove the cause for so fearful a calamity.

THE HOME.

2. Another duty that Nature imposes on woman is the management of the household. It is to be regretted that some women disclaim this duty as peculiar to their sex; but Nature proclaims it with unerring certainty. Not only do women voluntarily assume household duties, both in the savage and civilized world, but Nature speaks out in little girls who have no conception of duty. They proclaim their future office of maternity by their fondness for dolls and the care they bestow upon them, without the least idea of the functions of maternity, as well as their love of toy dishes and other household toy furniture. They delight in their little cupboards and tables on which they arrange their little dishes with admirable neatness, order and skill. It is as natural for woman to occupy the house, superintend its culinary operations, attend to its laundry and keep the house in order, to beautify it and make it pleasant, as it is for man to build the house and supply it with the necessary means for carrying on the household duties that fall so readily and so gracefully into the hands of woman.

HYGIENIC EDUCATION.

3. Another department pertaining to woman's sphere, and requiring special knowledge, and that to be acquired by special education, is hygiene and the management of infantile diseases. How to ventilate a house and regulate its temperature; how to prevent undue moisture and the escape of poisonous gases; these and many other things of equal importance are necessary to the comfort and health of the household; the proper care, attention and skill of which would prevent much of the disease and death that are so prevalent in all civilized communities. Maternal affection naturally prompts to the care of children. It is not lack of inclination but of ability to prevent fatality in infantile life which

would be materially lessened with the proper education.

When we contemplate how much of disease is preventable by means of the right education, and how many die of preventable diseases, the thought is appalling. It is a principle recognized in common law, that a death or disaster that could have been prevented by one standing near it, attaches to him a crime. A person standing within easy reach of one being drowned without extending a hand to save him is guilty of manslaughter. The same principle applies to persons suffering or dying of preventable diseases; not to the mothers—although they cannot escape a share of the guilt—but to those who have the control and management of education.

It is not presumed that diseases are always under control, but the causes that produce them are largely under control, and should be made as clear to the mother and the house-keeper as it is possible. Therefore, education on this subject is most imperatively demanded.

WOMAN NATURALLY ESTHETIC.

4. It is the special province of woman to promote the amenities, the elegance, the grace and the charms of life. Her nature is far more esthetic than that of man. Order, neatness, adornment, are her characteristics in the household. Music, poetry, painting and ornamentation are her delight. In a word, to make home cheerful, beautiful, attractive, happy, is the office imposed by Nature on woman. Since home is the basis of society, and without which society could not exist, the importance of this department of woman's sphere is of inconceivable value and should receive due appreciation.

To educate woman in those duties pertaining to her sphere is of greater consequence to mankind than anything else that can be conceived outside of education. In regard to that of maternity, a formidable obstacle stands in the way. Under the guise of corrupting public morals, the subject of maternity is suppressed. Think of it! Morals corrupted by teaching the natural laws and processes of maternity! This is a most severe reflection on Mother Nature. The next step will be to be ashamed of being born! This is most consummate folly. It is worse; it is criminal. Science is a record of the revealments of Nature. We can only become wise and happy by a knowledge of, and obedience to her imperative mandates. To despise these, or to be indifferent to them, is the most inexcusable folly.

The knowledge that is attainable by those who should receive it is as essential to woman as navigation is to the master of a ship. She suffers as many wrecks in life as the navigator who has received no special instruction in his vocation. Thousands of young, innocent girls annually fall victims to the seductive wiles of designing and dishonorable men. The knowledge they will have gained will enable them to penetrate these designs and save themselves from ruin. In this way much misery will be saved. But in the various functions of motherhood will the greatest good be realized. The conditions for health secured by the knowledge here acquired may be established with ease and certainty; and the blessings derived from them will descend to future generations. The benefits of such knowledge would not be confined to woman; they would reflect upon the other sex. If women were properly educated, men would be vastly better.

HOME MANAGEMENT.

The management of the household is very seldom taught systematically, but when it is it is attended with the very best results. On the other hand its neglect is the cause of many evils. Prof. J. R. Buchanan says:

"We need in every school attended by women a professor of household duty and matronship, whose duty it should be to prepare women to make good wives, by a thorough knowledge and practice of every matronly duty. If this were the case, and if it were rightly conducted, there might be a degree of M. H.—Mistress of the Household, and a degree of A. M.—Accompanied Matron, which in the course of time would be considered as necessary for any candidate for matrimony as the degree of M. D. is for a candidate for medical practice."

If women would be more ambitious for such degrees as "M. H." and "A. M.," there would not be so much occasion for "M. D.'s" of either sex. The culinary art is mostly confined to the wealthy aristocracy. What is good for them would be equally good for other people, and should be a necessary part of woman's education. Prof. Buchanan has furnished the following extract from a very sensible woman:

"The cry is 'Education' just as it is all over the land; and the girls are *educated*—save the mark. The girls marry; they cannot make bread; cannot cook, nor make their husband's shirts—not even wash and iron them well. The young men admired them as students, showing off well in exhibitions, but when they find they have neither good food nor decent clothing, they 'get mad;' it ends in a quarrel; they separate, and then, alas for morality! All know of scores of just such cases among the freedmen of the South, where education—so called—is proving the cause of vice. The people gain more book knowledge, and very superficial at that, to the exclusion of all knowledge of daily life; the cooking, sewing, the neatness and thrift which make up the sum of daily life. And this is not at all, alas! peculiar to the South or to people of one color. Many girls go on rather longer in schools, if not in colleges, (we do not know where to draw the line,) and it has been study, study, all their days, with literary pursuits between times in the reading of sensational papers and flashy novels. As a rule—for, of course, there are exceptions,—of the ordinary daily routine of a woman's life, sewing, cooking, or doing a household washing and ironing, and the care of the children, they know little or nothing, and go on in the blind faith that these things will come somehow. And they often are *somehow*, as many a man knows to his cost. The man is disappointed and is cross; the woman worries and frets; but this does not teach her anything; he goes elsewhere for good food, or takes to drinking and smoking, to sooth the rasped nerves of dyspepsia.

If girls do not learn these useful things when they are young, they will, as a rule, never learn them well. Let us take a large school in New York of which I know something, where girls of comparatively humble parentage are carried through conic sections, trigonometry, Latin, astronomy, etc. Suppose, instead of being called out to solve a problem in algebra, they were asked to make two loaves of bread, how many could do it? Or, to make a shirt? Or even to starch and iron one. And yet, they will, as a rule, marry men who expect to work, and who might expect their wives to work also."

The defects of female education in regard to maternity are clearly and forcibly sent forth by Prof. Buchanan. He says:

"Women are deeply wronged in this, that they are not educated for their chief permanent duty in life, to which all their hopes, their affections and their energies concentrate,—the rearing of children. They are put forth to encounter the labors, the dangers and trials of maternity, often in the most profound ignorance, and a vast amount of disease and death is the consequence. They suffer in broken health, they suffer in children that are puny and die early, or die of preventable diseases; or in children that are morally deformed or criminal, and a constant source of anxiety and grief to the parents who have not known how to educate them." (*New Education*, pp. 236-7).

(To be continued.)

[This excellent article by Dr. Schellhous is so lengthy that the conclusion (which treats on the "Methods of reaching the results desired in the education of woman") is reserved for the November issue of the DOVE.—ED.]

GOOD BREEDS and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones, but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportions of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition, who is naturally kind, cheerful, hopeful, and has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get on with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a despondent and complaining fellow, a timid and care-burdened man, these are all born deformed on the inside. They do not limp, but their thoughts sometimes do.

The stand taken by women against the slaughter of birds is making itself felt. The Birds' Protection Society of England has just published its first annual report. In it the statement is made that a professional, a wild-fowler, declared he had not shot a single Kittiwake gull or sea swallow this year, because there was no demand for them, though the year before he had filled an order for 8,000 to one dealer alone.

Spiritualism and the Wisdom-Religion.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

CHAPTER XX.

One would hardly think, after reading the denunciations of mediumship and Spiritualism made by Mme. Blavatsky, that she had practiced mediumship nearly all her life, from early childhood; yet, if reliance can be placed upon the statements of herself and relatives, such is the fact. From Mr. Sinnett's biography of her, the following is gathered. As far back as she can remember, she firmly believed in an unseen world of supramundane and submundane spirits inextricably blended with the life of each mortal. She was reared in an atmosphere of superstition, and the beliefs of her nurses and attendants concerning undines and other nature-spirits fully possessed her soul. When only four years old she claimed to be able to see these sprites, and to be proof against their malignant powers. She tyrannised over her affrighted nurses by this pretense of her immunity from harm from these dreaded beings. On one occasion, a boy of 14 incurred her displeasure by some slight disobedience, and the precocious infant pretender to occult power screamed to him that she would have him tickled to death by a roussalka (undine). "There's one coming down from that tree," said she, "here she comes! See, see!" The boy fled, and his dead body was found in an adjacent pool not long after. In his hurried flight from the nymph, he had rushed to his death; and the incipient mahatma-manipulator boasted to her family that she had herself handed over the boy to her faithful servants, the water-nymphs, to be punished by them (Sinnett's "Incidents," pp. 20-24). This episode is typical of the Madame's after-career. This boy was the first victim of her alleged occultic power. Her ingrained propensity to falsehood we see dominant in her tenderest years, as well as the ever-present malignancy toward those offending her however slightly. Even then she was subject to "ungovernable fits of passion, and showed a deep-rooted disposition to rebel against every kind of authority or control." "The slightest contradiction brought on an outburst of passion, often a fit of convulsions . . . It was enough to forbid her doing a thing to make her do it, come what would." Her peculiar temperament "led her into the most unheard of, ungirlish mischief." "Her governesses were martyrs to their task . . . Spoilt in her childhood, . . . later on, in her girlhood, her self-willed temper made her rebel openly against the exigencies of society . . . She would bow to no one . . . She defied all and every one." (Sinnett, "Incidents," pp. 25-28). "She was the strangest girl one has ever seen, with a distinct dual nature in her . . . one mischievous, combative, and obstinate—every way graceless; the other as mystical and metaphysically inclined as a secess of Prevorst. No school-boy was ever more uncontrollable or full of the most unimaginable and daring pranks and *espiegleries* than she was." She devoured a book called "Solomon's Wisdom," in which every kind of popular legend was taught. Her sister, Mme. Jellihovsky, says that "for hours at times she used to narrate to us younger children, and even to her seniors in years, the most incredible stories with the cool assurance and conviction of an eye-witness." This *penchant* for fictitious narratives of marvelous events found full scope in later years in her numerous stories about the adepts, the elementals and elementaries, *et hoc genus omne*. She claimed to be persecuted by "terrible glaring eyes" invisible to everyone else, "and often attributed by her to the most inoffensive inanimate objects." She indulged in fits of laughter, caused, she said, by the amusing pranks of her invisible companions. She put pigeons to sleep, according to "Solomon's Wisdom" (the first exercise probably of her remarkable hypnotic power). She claimed that the

pigeons cooed to her fairy tales, and the birds and animals amused her with interesting stories. "The marvelous and sensational stories that we . . . heard from Helen," during visits to a field containing relics of antediluvian monsters, "were countless," says her sister. She gave picturesque descriptions of the past lives of these beings; and, if her tales were not the product of her teeming fancy, they may have been due to the exercise of the wondrous gift of psychometry. Perhaps they were a mixture of the two. She narrated to the younger children night after night "the most inconceivable tales about herself; the most unheard of adventures of which she was the heroine, every night." This habit continued in full force with H. P. B., through life, as we know. Each animal in the stuffed museum, she claimed, had himself told her his life-history, which she narrated to her companions. This may have been also partly psychometric, but that a part at least was due to her imagination is evidenced by the fact that a certain flamingo was said by her to have been formerly a man, who for his fearful crimes had been changed into "a brainless bird, sprinkling his two wings with the blood of his victims." In early youth Helena Petrovna Hahn seems to have graduated as a Master of Arts, in the school of "Occultic Mendacity." The innumerable fairy tales and superstitious legends of her old nurses were recognized as truth by her; and she maintained that "people could change into animals and take any form they liked, if they only knew how; men could fly, if they only wished to firmly. Such wise men had existed in all ages, and existed even in our own days, . . . making themselves known, of course, only to those who were worthy of knowing and seeing them." In proof of this, she pointed to an old man in the neighborhood, regarded as a magician, a sorcerer (Sinnett, "Incidents," 32-42). Here we have the germ of her latter-day mahatma tales,—a theory born of credulous superstitions, based on popular legends and fairy stories, and amplified under the domination of an all-mastering propensity to bamboozle, mystify, and promulgate fictitious accounts of the marvelous and the uncanny. As a child, she often sat in converse, talking, as she claimed, with invisible playmates. It is also claimed that she had visions of a mature protector, whom she met in after-life as a living man (*l. c.*, 48, 49). By this must be meant Mahatma Morya, her alleged special guide and master. It is very probable that the claim to have seen this protector was foreign to her childhood; that after she had evolved the mahatma-scheme, this story of her visions of him was added to her girlhood experience, just as so many of her latter-day ideas and fabrications have been antedated in Mr. Sinnett's works and other publications.

According to Mr. Sinnett ("Inc.," 49, 50) Mme. B. was born with all the characteristics of what is known in Spiritualism as mediumship in the most extraordinary degree, also with gifts as a clairvoyant of an almost equally unexampled order. Her aunt says that from the age of four she was a somnambulist and somniloquent, holding in her sleep long conversations with unseen personages, some amusing, some edifying, some terrifying. She would answer questions put by persons holding her hand, in apparently ordinary sleep. She would shock strangers and visitors by telling them they would die at such a time, or she would prophesy to them some accident or misfortune that would befall them (*l. c.*, 50, 51). In a letter of Mme. B., written in 1881, after development of her seven-principles theory of man, she asserts that for 6 years, from the age of 8 or 9 to 15, what claimed to be the spirit of an old lady came to her every night, and wrote through her a full account of her life and that of her family, describing her death, and giving the name of the pastor who gave her the last sacrament. Upon enquiry, it was found that there had been such a person, and that all the details given ^{as} from her were correct, including, as was believed, her death ⁱⁿ

Norway. When H. P. B. was 14 she became acquainted with the nephew of this old lady, and from him discovered that his aunt was not dead, but still living in Norway, and that other things written by the young Helen, which had been verified, as was supposed, were in reality untrue. What produced the writing, then? Mme. B. says her own mind,—her fifth principle. In the astral light, she claimed, is a record of all that has happened on earth, and the writing was a reproduction of what she saw and read in the astral light ("Hints of Esoteric Theosophy, No. 1," pp. 87—92). If this is true, how did the astral light deceive her? The astral light contains an image or record of everything that has occurred; how then did it record that which had never happened,—the death of the old lady and the death of her son, which had not taken place as stated? Again, why did the record in the astral light objectify into the alleged spirit of a woman, and produce writing in the first person, as from said spirit?

Then again, this "spirit," through the writing, told of whom she had seen in the spirit-land, and introduced two angels to the family, who promised to watch over them, etc. None of this was in the astral light; it was all false. Granting the truth of this story, it would appear that the psychic gifts of H. P. B. were of a very unreliable nature. During the time this writing was being done by her, her mahatma-protector was watching over her, it is alleged. Strange that he allowed his ward to be so grossly deceived for six years, with never a word of warning. For six years her mind was nightly deceiving her and all her family, writing falsehoods, and yet Mahatma M. did nothing to arrest its vicious career! For six years her mind produced one long continuous falsehood, and not one impression from the astral light or from all the adepts as to the true state of affairs! It is significant that no mention is made in Sinnett's biography of this incident, or of her being a writing medium in childhood. This is only one of the many things in Mme. B.'s career that are omitted from that work. Only such things, true or false, are inserted as would answer the purpose of its publication. I do not mean that Mr. Sinnett has knowingly inserted what is untrue, but it is evident that in various cases that which was not true was furnished him for inclusion in his book; and it is also evident that he has in some cases omitted from it facts of which he was cognizant. This book is as remarkable for the truthful things which it does not contain, as for those which are untrue that it does contain.

After running away from her husband, at 17, as narrated in a previous chapter, Mme. Blavatsky for many years wandered over the world. In 1851 we find her in New Orleans studying voodooism with the negroes; and in 1856—57 she is said to have been associated with a Tartar shaman, who assisted her in witnessing some psychological wonders at a Buddhist monastery in Tibet (Sinnett, "Incidents," 63, 67—72). Shortly after she had fled from her husband, she was in Egypt with Countess Kazenoff. Here Dr. A. L. Rawson, of New York, first met her. From an article by him in *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, Feb., 1892, and from a letter to me from him, Feb. 4, 1892, I take the following: The Madame was then, says Dr. R., a young widow (?) blooming, rich, free, enthusiastic, thirsty for knowledge of an occult nature or mysterious, and infinitely credulous. She believed everything, and hesitated at no statement. In Egypt she visited the chief of snake-charmers, and took lessons so as to become expert in handling live serpents without danger. Here she met a Coptic magician, Paulos Metamon, and she became his pupil; and by him, not the adepts, was she initiated into the secrets of oriental magic. "At Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, Madame told the countess that she had solved at least one of the mysteries of Egypt, and proved it by letting a live serpent loose from a bag she had concealed in the folds of her dress" (*Frank Leslie's*, p. 201). This

was the beginning, probably, of the slight-of-hand tricks in which she became so proficient in later years. If, as Sinnett admits ("Inc.," 59, 60), the Madame "picked up" occultic teaching from this Copt, how can this be reconciled with the statement that from her childhood her mahatma-teacher was with her? Why did he suffer her to obtain "very different and inferior" teaching from the Copt, as Sinnett calls it, instead of seeing that she got correct and higher instruction from those competent to teach it? What is the good of being a mahatma if one does not exercise the mahatmic powers? In 1858 she was in Paris. Here she met D. D. Home, the medium; and, in her autobiographical sketch in the *Graphic*, 1874, she says that he then converted her to Spiritualism, and that she had "seen Home carried out of a four-story window, let down very gently to the ground, and put in his carriage." She had read accounts of Home having been floated out of one window, in an upper room, and back again through another window; so she manufactured this story of having herself seen something still more wonderful. No such occurrence in Home's history was ever heard of outside of H. P. B.'s statement. It seems that, instead of being converted by Home, she claimed to be a medium while in Paris in 1858. In a letter to me from Mr. Home, dated Geneva, June 12, 1882, he says that she was in Paris in 1858. "I had taken no particular interest in her," says Mr. Home, "excepting a singular impression I had the first time I saw a young gentleman, who has ever since been as a brother to me. He did not follow my advice. He was at that time her lover, and it was most repulsive to me that in order to attract attention she pretended to be a medium. My friend still thinks she is mediumistic, but he is also just as fully convinced that she is a cheat."

In December, 1858, Mme. B. returned to Russia, joining her family, from whom she had been separated since 1848. She came back a full-fledged medium, if dependence can be placed in Sinnett's narrative. Knocks and raps, the moving of furniture without contact, increase and decrease in weight of objects, the sight by her of invisible things, of living but absent persons, and of the dead, are among the marvels said to have followed her return home. It is said that she denied then being a medium, and said she was a *mediator* between mortals and beings we know nothing about,—a distinction without a difference. At that time the phenomena were attributed by Mme. B. to "her *kikimorey* (or spooks)," it is said; but it is probable that their attribution to "spooks" is another case of antedating, to make H. P. B.'s latter-day theories agree with those of earlier date. Her sister says that she was known as the "medium" while giving these seances in Russia (Sinnett, "Inc.," 72—82); but in later years Mme. B. wrote to her sister that her powers at that time were not mediumistic, but that she was influenced by the power of the Hindu sages, and that the figures that she had seen all her life were not spirits of the dead, but manifestations of her friends in their astral bodies (*l. c.*, 81). As a "medium" she was, while in Russia, submitted to every kind of test; and as common with all "mediums" some people received excellent communications, while others got nothing. "At times she would wickedly revenge herself by practical jokes on those who doubted her,"—which was quite Blavatskyan. Among the phenomena said to have occurred were answers to mental questions, prescriptions for diseases, private secrets divulged, letters and answers to queries found in out-of-the-way places, appearance of objects unclaimed by anyone present, musical sounds heard in the air, etc. As an explanation of how it was made impossible for a table to be moved by any force brought to bear on it by those present, Mme. B., in later years, stated two modes of so-doing: (1.) Through her will power, and (2.) through the action of unseen beings with whom she was in communication (*l. c.*, 91). The latter explanation is in accord with the usual medium-

istic one. Here she acknowledges assistance from external sources in the production of the phenomena; but on p. 94 of Sinnett's work it is asserted that she never felt herself helped or led on by an external power,—i. e., that no "spirits" helped her,—after her return to Russia in 1858. Previous to that she had been a "medium," it is admitted. Answers by raps seem to have been the most common mode of communication with her, and, just as with mediums generally, three raps meant yes (*l. c.*, 95). Her father was very skeptical, and made light of the phenomena, but he told her that if she could give him a certain word, he would believe her "alleged spiritism," as he called it (p. 93). This shows that at that time her phenomena was known as "spiritism" and she as a "spiritual medium," despite her repeated denials of it in after years when she had parted company with the Spiritualists. Her father received the test demanded, and became an enthusiastic convert to his daughter's "spirits." One day, it is reported her father asked a police-officer, in search of an unknown murderer, why he did not try and learn something about the murderer from his daughter's "invisible agents." He often had heard of these "spirits" (more proof that the phenomena were attributed to spirits by Mme. B. and her family), and he said that they would hardly betray their own,—that is, that they were evil spirits like the murderer. The name and whereabouts of the murderer were then rapped out, and the officer proceeded to the place named and arrested him. Mme. B. in later years denied any intervention of spirits in this matter. She saw the whole in the astral light, and herself guided the raps. And yet the communications which were rapped out claimed to come from spirits. In one of them, it was rapped out, "We who are now giving you the information [about the criminal] have the means of knowing everything we wish to know" (*l. c.*, pp. 101—104); and just before this, the information rapped out at her seances is ascribed by her sister and Mr. Sinnett to her "invisible helper or helpers." If Mme. B. guided the raps informing of the murderer, why did the raps spell out that "we" who give this know everything? Who were the "we"? If Mme. B. produced by her will the phenomena, then she practiced a system of continuous deception in attributing them to unseen powers, "spirits," or "spooks."

Mme. B.'s sister tells us that in a majority of cases the phenomena were sporadic, and seemed independent of the medium's will, apparently never heeding any one's suggestion, and generally appearing in direct contradiction with the desires of those present,—that the best results were obtained when the family were alone, and the phenomena left to produce themselves at their own pleasure, not even Mme. B. assuming any active part in trying to guide them (*l. c.*, 105). On one occasion when several families of friends had come from afar off to witness the phenomena, nothing of importance was received from the "spirits;" but as soon as they had left the house a large number of the most marvelous phenomena are said to have occurred, lasting through the greater part of the night. Mme. B. in 1886 asserted that the reason these people received no phenomena was that she was tired and disgusted with the ever-growing thirst for "miracles" (*l. c.*, 106—111); that is, that her own will stopped the manifestations, which is not in consonance with her sister's allegation that they usually took place independent of her volition. Besides, if she was so disgusted with the thirst for "miracles," how was it that that same evening, a succession of the most astounding "miracles" that ever happened in her presence were allowed, by her will, to be produced? And how was it that these "miracles" were continued to be manifested through and by her, both publicly and privately, for many years after this? At this time the raps were produced by Mme. B. in two ways according to her latter-day explanation,—one called the mediumistic or spook rap, and the other the raps by clairvoy-

ant proxy. Until the age of 25, she admits that she had been "a very strong medium." After that period, by training, she was made to lose "this dangerous gift, and every trace of mediumship, outside her will, or beyond her direct control, was overcome." The spook raps were produced by her remaining passive and permitting the brainless elementals to act at their will, and they would repeat the thoughts of those present, and follow in a half-intelligent way the suggestions in Mme. B.'s mind. Elementals, it seems, are expert mind-readers, can intelligently answer questions and manifest all the attributes of human consciousness, and yet they are *brainless* and *non-human!* It is a marvel how any person, with a vestige of common sense, can believe such foolish ideas as these. Theraps by clairvoyant proxy were thus produced, she says: She sought in the astral light for the records of the life-line of some dead personage, and finding them, she identified herself with them and guided the raps, making them spell out what she found in the astral current (*l. c.*, 109—110). This is a confession of deliberate deception. Through her mediumship she professed to receive in many, many cases communications from the spirits of the dead. For years she pretended to receive these messages by raps and by writing; but, according to her own acknowledgment, it was a deception throughout. The messages never came from those who claimed to be communicating, and she knew it all the time. They came from elementals, and sometimes elementaries or "shells," on the one hand, and from her own mind, consciously producing the phenomena independent of any "spirits," on the other hand. She admits that many alleged communications were given through her, purporting to come from the illustrious dead, like Shakespeare, Socrates, Cicero, and Martin Luther; and that often the messages and answers thus received were of a low order, worthy of a "circus clown" (*l. c.*, 110, 111). She says that the elementals who produced these lower phenomena were guided in these communications by the suggestions of her own mind; therefore, these silly messages from Shakespeare, *et al.*, were the offspring of her own mind, rapped out by the elementals. She then, knowingly, profaned the memory of the great ones of earth by deliberately and continuously causing foolish, grotesque, and lying communications, as from their spirits, to be given to the world. Out of her own mouth is she condemned as a long-continued, systematic, deceptive spiritual medium.

On the evening referred to above, when so many wondrous things happened, after departure of the disappointed visitants one of the phenomena was this: The spirit of the great poet Poushkin claimed to be present, and gave a poem and other communications. In 1886 Mme. B. said this was a genuine spirit manifestation; that is, a clumsy impersonation of the poet by passing shells and spooks; and the thoughts given were not the reflections of her brain. Yet we are told that she had conquered her mediumship before this, and nothing could occur through her independent of her will. Here it seems some stray "shells" contrived to get in, and manifest independent of her will.

To be Continued.

AMERICAN PROVERBS.—There's a good deal of praying for missions that never puts any money in the basket. There are still too many people who enjoy seeing a tin pantied to the tail of some other man's dog. It is doubtful whether the Lord ever made a man who could be a church sexton and please the whole congregation. The religion that proposes to sell oyster soup by the dish whenever the church wants money is not the kind the devil is afraid of. The congregation that will pay its pastor well for telling them the truth about themselves is one that will be watched with a great deal of interest by the angels.—*The Ram's Horn.*

The Empress of Austria has ordered that 5,000 rose trees should be planted round the statue of Heine, to be erected on her property at Corfu, on a rock over two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

What Have I Done!

A Lecture delivered by Prof. Fred Bell, at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday evening, September 23, 1890. The first of a series of lectures on "Sunshine and Shadow of a Great City," and with special reference to the case of John McNulty, now under sentence of death.

REPORTED BY G. H. HAWES.

MR. PRESIDENT, MY DEAR FRIENDS:—My opening lecture of *Sunshine and Shadow of a Great City* is unusually interesting. The subject is one that has attracted the attention of not only San Francisco, but California, especially as we are making reference to that poor, unfortunate man, McNulty.

I want to say at the very outset that I am not here to-night to abuse anyone; abuse is not argument. It might be wondered and very rightly asked by some who are present, why a comparative stranger in your midst should become so intensely interested in this case. I will answer that by reminding those who were present five Sundays ago, upon my opening address upon this platform, that I said my work as a public teacher would call me outside the narrow limits, comparatively, of this Society which has called me to San Francisco. I told you then that I was going to give my voice and influence to all humane and benevolent institutions of the day, and that I should always be ready to plead for the poor, befriend the destitute, help the drunkard, fight the cause of the oppressed, and visit the convict in his cell. I have done the latter recently when I paid a visit to the poor, unfortunate man to whom we shall refer, and I am here to give my protest against the judicial murder of John McNulty. (Applause.) I do this for several reasons: first, because I am a Spiritualist. Now, you who have no sympathy with Spiritualism, I am not here to impose our creed, our doctrine, or our ideas upon you, only just to remark in passing that as a Spiritualist I do not believe it is right to launch the soul of a fellow man into the eternal world by placing him upon a scaffold; it lands him there in conditions that are certainly not conducive to his eternal welfare, notwithstanding the prayers of the priest. Secondly, because I do not believe in capital punishment as a preventive of crime. Statistics distinctly tell us that it does not prevent crime; and then, all punishment should certainly be corrective, and there is no opportunity to correct a man's life if you take it away. Thirdly, because I believe that an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blow for blow, groan for groan, life for life, belongs to the dark, barbaric ages of the past. (Great applause.) Further let me say to you particularly who believe in Christianity, that Christ entirely did away with this old antediluvian dispensation; he said it was no longer an eye for an eye. And yet, when a committee of these ladies waited upon some ecclesiastical dignitaries, and one of them a Bishop of the Methodist Church, he distinctly declared that he yet believed in an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and stated further that there ought to be a thousand such men hung in San Francisco. I have simply the endorsement of the Daughters of the Good Shepherd for that statement.

Lastly, why I believe in the course I am pursuing: I have read, through the kindness of these ladies and others, the evidence that was given at the trial, and I am convinced that at least there are mitigating circumstances, which I could prove had I time. It has been proved, and especially by the evidence that has been adduced since the conviction of the prisoner, that there are such circumstances.

"What have I done!" was the exclamation of a young man who was well raised, in the fall of the year of 1868, just twenty-four years ago. I was an eye witness to a scene in real life which made such an indelible impression on my mind, that if I should live to be as old as Methuselah is said to have lived, it would remain green in my heart and memory. This event to which I refer happened in the ancient city of St. Albans,

some ten miles from the City of London. Two young men were engaged in drinking that which sometimes cheers but never fails to inebriate if you take enough of it; high words were the result, and finally they came to blows. It was decided in English fashion that they should come outside the saloon and a ring should be formed by the crowd, and it should be settled by the arbitration of fisticuffs. The young men agreed to the proposition, and they stripped and fought; one of the young men caught the other on the point of the jaw, lifting him by an upper cut right from his feet; his head crashed on the edge of the stone sidewalk, and as a man went to lift him up he said, "My God! he is dead!" The other young man said, "Dead?—What have I done!" That young man who thought he had killed the other is the one who stands before you to-night. It is an incident in my own life. He was taken to the hospital, at that time thought to be dead; but in a couple of hours consciousness returned, and by miraculous powers of some kind and the aid of physicians, after remaining in the hospital for three months he was restored again to life and vigor, and so I was saved at least from the crime of manslaughter, for under those conditions it would scarcely have been called murder. Others said, who saw my face, that it was the very embodiment of horror, when I thought I had killed (though by accident) one of my fellowmen.

I mention this incident mainly to show, while I am a rank American citizen, that such an incident could not have happened in America without some shooting being done. I love England just for that alone. The greatest stranger in that country, should he get into trouble even in the lowest part of England, would always be sure to get fair play—a ring would be formed, and the stranger, if he is the best man, will probably win the fight. (Applause.)

But you will understand that I am not contending for the fisticuff argument, but for the principle that underlies it; the principle that sends every master mind in the world over on the side of the weak. Permit me right here to contradict the statement that I ever was personally a prizefighter; that came to my ears the other day. Do I look like a prizefighter? It is true that as an English boy, and with a love for athletic sports, I won 142 prizes, and 82 of those were for boxing—but only as an amateur. I never fought in a prize-ring, but I have fought hundreds of times in defending the weaker, or some man that was being imposed upon, and I did it twice while I was a preacher, and I believe that the gospel of muscular Christianity was justified in each case, because I whipped both men—and one of them was a preacher, too. He said naughty things which were untrue and refused to apologize, and that was the only way I could see at that time to settle the question. As I have never been a pugilist I am going to refuse to wear the laurel wreath. I am not a pugilist and I don't profess to be; but give me a man who can put the swaggering bully and the brutal ruffian where he belongs—in the gutter. (Applause.) And then after he has done that, knows how with tender hand to guide the trembling feet of childhood or the tottering ones of old age over the rough places and away from the danger which has met its strong repulse. I don't believe that if a man, forsooth, accepts Christianity or Spiritualism, that he is to lose his manhood. Why, a good big Newfoundland dog will see fair play, and I would, if it cost me my life. (Applause.) I think manhood is a little bit above doghood.

A week ago last Friday, I think it was, I visited your jail, there to find but the remains of what was evidently once a fine fellow physically. He had not then been sentenced to die on the 14th of October.

Right here let me ask one question: What are the steps generally taken in order to reach the gallows? Some time ago a man that was condemned to be hung for murder drew upon

the walls of his cell the steps of his own progress—"The murderer's doom." There were five steps. On the first he wrote, "Disobedience to parents;" on the second step, "Sunday desecration;" on the third step, "Drunkenness;" on the fourth step, "Murder;" on the fifth, "The fatal platform." How true, that the wicked shall not live out half their days. Why, the case of murderers is almost a literal proof of that statement. It is very seldom that a convicted murderer reaches the age of 35, and they are almost always men of great vitality. I have always been interested in these poor wretches; I had seven at one time on my hands in the Penitentiary in Columbus, Ohio. Among them was Blinkey Morgan, and I was with him two or three hours before he was executed. Some time ago fifty murderers were taken as they came along in Ohio, and not one of the fifty had reached the age of thirty-five years. So I think King Solomon, although he made a great many mistakes, said a very sad truth when he declared that "the way of transgressors is hard." Now, someone may ask what a transgressor is. I answer, one who breaks a law or violates a command, or any known rule or principle of rectitude; in short, I do not object to the old fashioned word of sinner. I might be asked what constitutes a sinner? I can tell you—sin. Let me have for a moment your undivided attention while I pluck off the painted mask that vainly tries to cover sin. Permit me to turn upon her face the lamp of truth. We start back in horror, for it reveals a death's head. I stay not to quote you what can be read in the Bible descriptive of sin; I tell you it is a debt, a burden, a thief, a sickness, a leprosy, a plague, a poison, a serpent, a sting, everything that man hates; it is a load of curses and calamities beneath whose crushing, most intolerable pressure, the whole creation groaneth. Can any of you name an evil that springs not from this root, or a crime that I may not lay at its door? Who is the hoary sexton that digs man a grave? Who is the painted temptress that steals his virtue? Who is the murderess that destroys his life? Who is the sorceress that first deceives and then blasts his reputation? I answer, sin. Who, with icy breath, blights the fair blossoms of youth? Who breaks the hearts of parents and brings down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? Who is it that brings about chaos and disaster? Sin. Who changes gentle children, hardly out of their teens, into vipers, tender mothers into monsters, and their fathers into worse than Herods—the murderers of their own innocence? I answer, sin. Who casts the apple of discord on household hearts? Who lights the torch of war and bears it blazing over trembling lands? Who, by divisions in the Church, rends Christ's seamless robe? It is sin. Who is this Delilah that sings the Nazarene asleep and delivers up the strength of God into the hands of the uncircumcized? Who, with winning smiles on her face, honeyed flattery on her tongue, stands in the door to offer the sacred rites of hospitality, and when suspicion sleeps, treacherously pierces our temple with a nail? What fair siren is this, who, seated on a rock by the deadly pool, smiles to deceive, sings to lure, kisses to betray, and flings her arms around our neck to leap with us into death? I answer, sin. Who turns the soft and gentlest heart to stone? Who hurls reason from her lofty throne? Who impels sinners, mad as Gadarene swine, down the precipice into the dark regions of despair and suicide? I answer, sin.

And so it is a life of sin that has brought this poor, unfortunate man, McNulty, standing this very night within the shadow of the gallows. But let me say to you that the Daughters of the Good Shepherd and myself are not here trying to prove to you that this poor man is a saint. He was not; and what was more, he never professed to be one. I would a thousand times prefer a bad man who owns up that he is bad, than a bad man pretending to be good. (Great Applause.) In the sight of heaven he will have a better chance on the other side.

I am told that one of the things that mitigates against McNulty is his domestic relations. I have seen several busy Mrs. Grundies lift up their hands to a holy altitude, turn up their eyes and their noses, looking, as it were, up to heaven and say, "Oh, see what his domestic relations were." I am sure that I profoundly regret that; but, my God, if everyone's life were to be judged by their domestic relations, where would we all be? (Applause.) Is McNulty being tried for his morals? Very few of us could stand a trial of that kind, not excepting church members, and even preachers of the Gospel. I can prove to you, and will when I deliver my lecture upon the subject of "The Stage versus the Pulpit," that there are more preachers, Sunday-school teachers and Y. M. C. A. young men in our penitentiaries than there are actors. So we can ill-bear to make any comparisons with regard to morality.

I want to stand here and thank God for such an order as the Daughters of the Good Shepherd, of which these ladies are the representatives. (Applause.) They are working for humanity, and there is no other Gospel; Christ taught no other gospel, and they are literally following in the footsteps of the divine Master. (Applause.) And what pleases me more than ever about them is, I learn that some of them are Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Spiritualists, Roman Catholics—they belong to all denominations; and I am told there has never been a single misunderstanding among them. Just fancy, and that among women. They tell me three sisters are men. (Laughter.) God bless them—I mean the men. That is the only time I have ever endorsed a man trying to imitate a woman. I despise a Mary Ann of a man, because he has all the weaknesses of a woman without any of her virtues. I do not object to a tomboy of a woman, but rather like her, if she only knows when and where to stop. These noble women are doing a work in which they do not have to wait until they cross the mystic river for their reward. They never lay their heads upon the pillow at night without feeling the gratitude that comes to them in trying to give justice and equity to a poor, unfortunate man. They are also working in other directions for the good of humanity.

I also want to express my thanks for a lawyer like Carroll Cook. (Great applause.) I have always been the friend of lawyers. I believe they have been greatly maligned. Of course, there are some who somehow or other get a diploma who have empty heads, but then of course they are briefless. I would rather be a successful shoeblack than such a lawyer. I spent an hour last night with our friend in my room. I never saw him before, but he is a man after my own heart. I want to tell you that I believe he is doing this for the absolute love of it. There is nothing sentimental about the average lawyer, but in this case he started in, no doubt, professionally, and became interested in the case when it was left just where it was, and to-day without fee or pay he is trying to get fair play (which is the greatest jewel, whether in England or America) for this poor, unfortunate man. I want to say to Mr. Cook that anything I can do, in addition to what the ladies are doing, he may command me, in trying to help this poor brother, or save him from the gallows.

Then what shall I say about Sheriff Laumeister? I have never met him, and I don't know whether he is here or not, but I believe him to be an honest, courageous officer, and not a mere machine, as Sheriff. (Applause.) I have just drawn my own conclusions. I do not know what his politics are, and I don't want to know, but in the future he shall have my voice and vote for whatever office he desires. (Applause.)

In regard to Judge Murphy, not a word will I say that will reflect on his honesty and integrity. I am not personally acquainted with him, but I cannot imagine that a man in so high an office would do that which he himself did not believe to be his duty.

As to the press, of course comparatively little has been said since I have been here, yet I have read much that has been supplied to me. I have had seven years' experience with the press, and during five years of that time I conducted a paper of my own. I have always found them inclined to be fair, especially to those in the position McNulty is in now. Of course, I know some of them are terribly warped by certain influences, but I believe the press cannot afford to be (and if they could they would not be) unjust and unfair in their criticism with regard to unfortunate men in the position of McNulty.

Now I come to Governor Markham. I don't know much about the Governor's disposition. The sister to my right had an interview with him three hours and a half last Thursday in Sacramento, and she has had conversations with him before. If I were the Governor I would be like that old Judge we read of in the Bible—I would let her have her wish, "because she will continually trouble me; and because she troubles me she shall have what she desires." I hope the Governor will do precisely that thing, not because he is troubled by this or any other lady, but because he can with a clear conscience under the circumstances and the evidence adduced since McNulty's conviction, exercise the power reposed in him to at least commute the death sentence to a life sentence, instead of death on the gallows. We are not asking that McNulty shall go free.

I want right here to read you a part of a letter that was handed me to-day, which was written by the mother of this unfortunate boy and sent to the ladies. I am not trying to work on your sympathies in the slightest degree more than the facts will show. You will remember that this unfortunate boy was only a little over twenty-one years of age when the crime was committed. I am not particularly soft-hearted, but I could not read from the original letter, and so I got my wife to copy this extract from it:

"I cannot expect anyone to fully understand the depths of my sorrow. Were it not for the care of my younger children on me, my broken heart would ere this have been in the grave. Whatever the faults of my poor Johnnie were, he was a good, kind son to me in every respect, and never forgot me in any way. His disposition was quiet and peaceable, never quarrelsome; so that he was goaded on to do what he did in self-defence." I have had absolute proof of this placed before me. I was always poor but always resigned to my position; but the sting of poverty was something awful, when, for the want of money, such terrible injustice was done my poor boy."

I have learned that Carroll Cook is in the audience, and I will not attempt any technical argument on the defence. It would ill become me. You are all aware of the facts as well as I. I simply touch upon this case to enter my protest against a judicial murder.

I want to get some expression from this meeting: All those who want this man to be hung, who are in favor of the death sentence being carried out, will you please stand? (No one rose.) All who desire this sentence be commuted to penal servitude for life, will you please stand up? (The entire congregation arose.) I wish the members of the press who are reporting this meeting to understand that this is a miscellaneous congregation, you cannot call it my own, for only a portion of it are Spiritualists. This expression has been given without any undue excitement, but calmly and deliberately, and there is not a single dissenting vote.

As I have promised, I will now read Carleton's poem "Death-Doomed," which I deem somewhat appropriate: They're taking me to the gallows, mother—they mean to hang me high; They're going to gather round me there, and watch me till I die;

All earthly joy has vanished now, and gone each mortal hope.—
They'll draw a cap across my eyes, and round my neck a rope;
The crazy mob will shout and groan—the priest will read a prayer,

The drop will fall beneath my feet and leave me in the air.
They think I murdered Allen Bayne; for so the Judge has said,
And they'll hang me to the gallows, mother—hang me till I'm dead!

The grass that grows in yonder meadow, the lambs that skip and play,
The pebbled brook behind the orchard, that laughs upon its way,

The flowers that bloom in the dear old garden, the birds that sing and fly,
Are clear and pure of human blood, and, mother, so am I!
My father's grave on yonder hill—his name without a stain—
I ne'er had malice in my heart, or murdered Allen Bayne!
But twelve good men have found me guilty, for so the Judge has said,
And they'll hang me to the gallows, mother—hang me till I'm dead!

The air is fresh and bracing, mother; the sun shines bright and high;

It is a pleasant day to live—a gloomy one to die!
It is a bright and glorious day the joys of earth to grasp—
It is a sad and wretched one to strangle, choke and gasp!
But let them damp my lofty spirit, or cow me if they can!
They send me like a rogue to death—I'll meet it like a man;
For I never murdered Allen Bayne! but so the Judge has said,
And they'll hang me to the gallows, mother—hang me till I'm dead!

Poor little sister Bell will weep, and kiss me as I lie;
But kiss her twice and thrice for me, and tell her not to cry;
Tell her to weave a bright, gay garland, and crown me as of yore,

Then plant a lily upon my grave, and think of me no more.
And tell that maiden whose love I sought, that I was faithful yet;
But I must lie in a felon's grave, and she had best forget.
My memory is stained forever; for so the Judge has said,
And they'll hang me to the gallows, mother—hang me till I'm dead!

Lay me not down by my father's side; for once, I mind, he said

No child that stained his spotless name should share his mortal bed.

Old friends will look beyond his grave, to my dishonored one,
And hide the virtues of the sire behind the recreant son.
And I can fancy, if there my corse its fettered limbs should lay,

His frowning scull and crumbling bones would shrink from me away,
But I swear to God I'm innocent, and never blood have shed!
And they'll hang me to the gallows, mother—hang me till I'm dead!

Lay me in my coffin, mother, as you've sometimes seen me rest:

One of my arms beneath my head, the other on my breast.
Place my Bible upon my heart—nay, mother, do not weep—
And kiss me as in happier days you kissed me when asleep.
And for the rest—for form or rite—but little do I reck;
But cover up that cursed stain—the black mark on my neck!
And pray to God for his great mercy on my devoted head;
For they'll hang me to the gallows, mother—hang me till I'm dead!

But hark! I hear a mighty murmur among the jostling crowd!

A cry!—a shout!—a roar of voices!—it echoes long and loud!
There dashes a horseman with foaming steed and tightly gathered rein!

He sits erect!—he waves his hand!—good Heaven! 'tis Allen Bayne!

The lost is found, the dead 's alive, my safety is achieved!
For he waves his hand again, and shouts, "The prisoner is reprieved!"

Now, mother, praise the God you love, and raise your drooping head;

For the murderous gallows, black and grim, is cheated of its dead!

As Prof. Bell took his seat there was a prolonged applause from all parts of the large congregation, which filled every corner of the Temple.

Prof. Bell invited Carroll Cook, Esq., to the platform and introduced him to the audience in the following words:

"It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you the lawyer who is championing the cause of poor McNulty and in behalf of the Daughters of the Good Shepherd. (Great applause.)

REMARKS BY MR. CARROLL COOK.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I came here to night to listen, not to talk. Although your worthy teacher has seen fit to call upon me to come to the platform, I feel like declining to talk at this time for the reason that speaking in an unprepared manner, I might do an injustice to the cause that in the proper form I am espousing, and words delivered haphazard may not be fully weighed. It is, however, very gratifying to one who has embarked upon any undertaking, to feel that he has the sympathy and co-operation of others in his work, and with the evidences of that sympathy that has been displayed here this evening, one should certainly feel that his burdens are lightened and that victory is in sight. (Great applause.)

When I was first called into the case of John McNulty, it was in the Appellate Court. I was called upon as an Attorney to do one thing, and I did it, and the poor man paid me all that he had and all that he could get for doing it. When that service had been performed there was yet another chance, and he looked to me and pleaded; he said, "Well, Mr. Cook, am I to hang? Must I hang? I suppose I must." He showed me a letter from that old mother thousands of miles away from her boy, and I could see through the trembling lines drawn by that bleeding heart that there was one at least in this great world who loved her boy. I knew that I, too, had a mother (great applause), and I gave to John McNulty my hand and I said, "I will stay with you, John, to the last moment. (Tremendous applause.) No effort shall be left undone in your behalf that I can do." But, ladies and gentlemen, there was more than this that urged me on. I had examined the record of John McNulty's case and was convinced that here was a case where I could act not as a mere Attorney, but as a man, believing that I was preventing an injustice being done. (Tremendous applause.) In the course of a lawyer's professional life he is called upon to defend any man; he is paid for it, and it is duty, and it would be violating his oath of office when he becomes a lawyer if he refuses a criminal case for motives personal to himself; it is his duty to defend a criminal case, even though he believes in his own heart that the party is guilty. But in this case I had examined the record, and I can say to you, ladies and gentlemen, that in the sixteen or seventeen years that I have been practicing law, I have never yet seen a case where I felt there was such an outrage upon justice being done as would be perpetrated were John McNulty hung. (Applause.) Feeling in that way, I have done what I could so far to prevent it. But what has been done I do not deserve

the credit for; it is not I who have done it. I am but an instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and it has been His will that until now John McNulty should not die. (Applause.) Even to-day—by accident, by Providence, or what, I do not know—I said to my wife and daughters, "I have not had a Sunday out of town for six weeks, and we will go to Sausalito and spend the day with some friends." On my return trip I met a gentleman whom I have not met to speak with for over six months; I would not have met him for six months more, perhaps, had I not taken that particular trip to-day. He said to me, "Cook, I want to speak to you." He called me outside and gave me the name and address of a gentleman well known in this community who, he said, had heard a lady who lives in this city say that she had seen the shooting at the time McNulty shot Collins; that she had not come forward to make any statement because she was afraid of the publicity and did not want to be drawn into such a public case. The name of the lady was given me, and the address is now in my possession, and I have just this moment informed one of the Daughters of the Good Shepherd where she can be found, and I hope that an interview to-morrow will bring further aid to the cause I am earnestly and with all sincerity working for. (Applause.)

There are petitions here that can be signed after this meeting is over. The mere signing of a petition is of itself looked upon as a perfunctory act, and the Governor is apt to look on them in that way, or not look at them at all, as he has often done. But in this matter, as in everything else, what is required is enthusiasm and determination. (Applause.) With enthusiasm and determination there is no such word as fail. (Applause.) When you vote that you desire the sentence of John McNulty commuted, if you are in earnest, sign the petition, induce your friends to sign it, but do not let your efforts stop there. In your own homes sit down and do that which will cause the Executive of this State to know that your act is more than a mere perfunctory act—the signing of a petition; in the cause of humanity be willing to spend the price of a postage stamp, and write to the Governor a letter stating your own individual feeling about the case. (Great applause.) I note that the people of this state are not backward in writing letters. I suppose that since the 12th day of last August I have received from three to twelve letters every day from all parts of this great State in relation to this case, cheering me on and encouraging me in the work that I was doing. (Applause.) If every person here who believes as he has to-night voted will write that kind of a letter, and procure his neighbor on either side of him to do the same, there will be such an avalanche of public opinion that no Executive can fail to see that it is the will of the people that he exercises that power which the people through their Constitution have clothed him with. With this suggestion to those who are in earnest and who feel in their hearts the same pity for their fellow man that your worthy teacher has expressed here to-night, those who feel there is a duty devolving upon them as men and as human beings—all children of one great Creator—to do unto their brothers as they would be done by, go to your homes and write those letters. (Applause.)

After Mr. Cook's remarks, Mr. Bell said: "I want to endorse the idea suggested by Mr. Cook with regard to writing letters. Just write a few lines expressive of your opinion, and if 1,500 letters are written to-morrow, and if each one gets another to write also, that will make 3,000 letters, and then the Governor will understand that the people of San Francisco mean precisely what they have intimated this evening, and that this man shall not hang. (Great applause.) I shall write my letter and tell him what happened here to-night.

Duty comes to us as something hard, and we shrink from it.

Psychical Research.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE, IN THE ARENA.

ONE more instalment of cases I am to lay before the readers of *The Arena*. After the two preceding articles, I need waste no time in words of preface or introduction. Concerning these I shall now relate, I only wish to say, as I have already said concerning all the rest, that I think I know they are genuine. These things took place. They took place in the conditions and in the precise way which I shall describe. I shall refrain from dogmatizing as to theories of explanation. Such dogmatism never convinces. People will accept a new and unfamiliar truth only when driven to it by overwhelming force of evidence. I seek only to help in the accumulation of evidence; the truth—whatever it be—will at last make itself manifest to the minds of all reasonable men.

For the sake of variety, and to hint at the breadth of the field now open for investigation, I will begin with a case unlike any of those so far presented.

There is a certain class of sensitives or psychics who claim to possess what is called psychometric power. Suppose it is a lady. She will take in her hand a letter, and, without reading a word of it or even looking at it, she receives from it certain impressions which she states. Sometimes she goes into such detail as to the contents of the letter and the character and personality of the writer as is utterly impossible on any theory of guess-work. Neither, in my judgment, is it to be classed with clairvoyance; for she does not read the letter nor even seem to see the writer. These phenomena of psychometry seem to constitute a class by themselves. At times it is not a letter that the lady holds in her hands, but any article or substance whatever. But in any case, the article so held appears to give impressions of so precise a nature that the psychic reads the story of its past, calls up different persons and scenes—distant both in space and in time. In presence of such facts, one finds himself wondering if even inanimate nature—if any part of nature is inanimate—does not carry with it a record or memory of all that ever concerned it. But I will suppress any tendency to dream, and turn to my fact.

On a certain morning I visited a certain psychometrist. Several experiments were made. I will relate only one, as a good specimen of what has occurred in my presence more than once. The lady was not entranced or, so far as I could see, in any other than her normal condition. I handed her a letter which I had recently received. She took it and held it in her right hand, pressing it close, so as to come into as vital contact with it as possible. I had taken it out of its envelope, so that she might touch it more effectively, but it was not unfolded even so much as to give her an opportunity to see even the name. It was written by a man whom she had never seen, and of whom she had never heard. After holding it a moment, she said, "This man is either a minister or a lawyer; I cannot tell which. He is a man of a good deal more than usual intellectual power. And yet, he has never met with any such success in life as one would have expected, considering his natural ability. Something has happened to thwart him and interfere with his success. At the present time he is suffering with severe illness and mental depression. He has a pain here (putting her hand to the back of her head, at the base of the brain)."

She said much more, describing the man as well as I could have done myself. But I will quote no more, for I wish to let a few salient points stand in clear outline. These points I will number, for the sake of clearness:—

1. She tells me he is a man, though she has not even glanced at the letter.
2. She says he is either a minister or a lawyer; she cannot tell which. No wonder, for he is both; that is, he had preached for some years, then had left the pulpit, studied law, and at this time was not actively engaged in either profession.
3. She speaks of his natural ability. This was true in a most marked degree.

4. But he had not succeeded as one would have expected. This again was strikingly true. Certain things had happened—which I do not feel at liberty to publish—which had broken off his career in the middle and made his short life seem abortive.

5. She says he is ill as he writes. At this very time he was at the house of a friend, suffering from a malarial attack, his business broken up, and his mind depressed by his life failure.

Now this lady did not know I had any such friend; and of all these different facts about him, of course she knew absolutely nothing. She did not read a word of the letter. But (note this carefully) even though she had read it all, it would have told her only the one fact that, as he wrote, he was not well. It contained not the slightest allusion to any of the others.

This case cannot be explained by clairvoyance, for the lady does not possess the power. Was it guess work? One case might be explained. But one does not guess after this fashion very often. So, as I put the case alongside many others that I know, the theory becomes too improbable for one moment's serious consideration.

I will now tell the story of my first sitting with Mrs. P., a psychic famous in the annals of psychical research, both in Boston and London. In one way the incidents are very slight, but for that very reason they were to me all the more striking; for it seems to me that *such* incidents are beyond the wildest theory of guess-work. She might have guessed a great many things about me; but that she should have guessed these particular things, seems to me most wildly improbable.

This sitting occurred in the winter of 1875. My father had died during the preceding summer, aged ninety years and six months. Most of his life had been spent in Maine. He had never lived in Boston, and there is no conceivable way by which Mrs. P. could ever have learned about him any other than the most general facts. But as she had no earthly reason for supposing that I was ever going to call on her, I do not know why she should have taken the trouble to learn anything about him. Even if she had taken such trouble, there was no one in the city who could have told her these especial facts. They were not known outside of one or two members of my own family, and at this time no member of my family had ever seen Mrs. P.

Such, then, was the condition of affairs when, one morning, I called at her house. She soon became entranced. That these trances, in her case, are genuine, there is no shadow of a question; and when she returns to her normal condition, she has no knowledge of anything that has been said or done. Her "control" said—what is common enough—that many "spirits" were present. Among them he singled out for description an old man. This description was general only, but correct so far as it went; for immediately he proceeded to tell me it was my father. Then he added, "He calls you Judson." Soon after this, as though her attention had just been turned to it, she exclaimed that he had a peculiar bare spot "right here." (The hand of the psychic was lifted and laid on the right side of the top of her head, about where the parting of the hair would usually be.)

This is by no means all that was said or done, but I single out thus these two tiny facts, so we may look at them a little by themselves. As to this matter of the bare spot on his head: Though living to so advanced an age, my father was never bald; but years before I was born, as the result of a burn, this particular place lost its hair. It was about one inch in width and two or three inches long, running back from the forehead toward the crown. He was accustomed to part his hair on the left side, and comb it over this bare place. Generally, therefore, it was entirely unnoticed. As I had every reason to suppose that Mrs. P. had never seen him, this struck me as at least worthy of remark.

But the other little matter appears to me still more worthy of notice. When I was born, away up in the middle of Maine, I had a half-sister, my father's daughter, who was then living in Massachusetts. She sent home a request that I be named Judson. She was to do for me certain things, provided her request was

granted. So I got my middle name; but she died suddenly before ever returning home, and I have never learned the reason for her wish. The only important thing about this bit of autobiography is to note the fact that (as I always supposed, out of tenderness for the memory of a favorite daughter) my father, all through my boyhood, always called me Judson, though all of the rest of the family uniformly spoke to me, and of me, by my first name; and (this is worthy of note) my father himself, in all his later years, fell into the habit of using my first name like the rest of the family. I doubt, therefore, if he called me "Judson" for as many as fifteen or twenty years before his death. Why, then, does the "control" of Mrs. P., after describing correctly this "old man," exclaim, "Why, it is your father; he calls you *Judson*"?

Neither one of these things was consciously in my own mind at the time, and I can imagine no way by which either the conscious or unconscious self of Mrs. P. could ever have found them out.

A very little thing! Yes, and so it was a very little thing to know that a piece of amber, when rubbed with silk would attract light bodies; but this little thing had in it the promise and potency of world-revolutionizing discoveries.

One other thing occurred at this same sitting. Towards its close, Mrs. P.'s "control" said: "Here is somebody who says his name is John. He was your brother. No, not your own brother; he was your half-brother." Then pressing her hand on the base of her brain, Mrs. P. moaned and rocked herself back and forth as if in great agony. Then the "control" continued: "He says it was so hard to die, away off there all alone! How he *did* want to see mother!" Then he went on to explain that he died from the effects of a fall, striking on the back of his head. The whole description was most strikingly realistic.

Now for the facts corresponding to this dramatic narration. I had a half-brother John, my mother's son. (The family was a three-fold one, my father and mother both having been married before they married each other.) He was many years older than I, and in his earlier life had gone to sea. A year or two before this sitting, he had been at work in Michigan, building a steam saw mill. Some hoisting tackle having got out of gear, he had climbed up to disentangle it. Losing his hold, he had fallen and struck the back of his head on a stick of timber, from the results of which he died. No friend was near him at the time, but afterward we learned that he had died talking of "mother"; and love for his mother had been a marked characteristic all through his life.

John was not consciously in my mind at the time of this sitting and I cannot even dream of any way by which Mrs. P. could ever have heard that any such a person had ever lived.

I will now relate a very slight incident, but one which I should like to have somebody explain. The psychic, in this case, was not a professional. She is a personal friend of many years' standing. Most of her friends do not know that she ever has such experiences. While interested in these matters, she is modest and undogmatic, and as much an inquirer as myself. Her present husband (she has been twice married) is a student in these directions, and so encourages her investigations.

One day at a little quiet sitting, she unexpectedly became entranced. It was only occasionally that this occurred, the "influences" commonly working in some other way. While thus entranced, she personated half a dozen different people, ranging from a little girl to an old man. Her facial expression, voice, gesture, and whole being took on and expressed the particular character in each instance. All this was utterly unlike her ordinary demeanor; for in her normal condition she is shy and diffident. She would have needed the art of the actress to have purposely assumed and played these various parts.

But only one incident of this sitting will I now dwell on. Her first husband claimed to be in control and to be speaking to me through her. He talked over many things of which I knew nothing, and left messages, the purport of which were "all Greek" to me, but which were of significance to her as I related them when

the trance was over. Among other things, he said, "Tell my wife that the friend she is expecting to visit her will come on Saturday." Then he added, laughingly "She won't believe that."

I knew nothing of any particular friend who was coming to visit her on Saturday or any other day; so all this meant nothing to me. But when I gave her the message, she smiled and said, "That is surely a mistake, for I have just received a letter from this friend (a lady in New York), saying that I am to expect her next week Tuesday."

This sitting was on Wednesday morning. In my next day's mail came a letter from my friend, in which she told me that, on reaching home, she found another letter from New York telling her the plans had been changed, and the visitor would arrive on Saturday.

I leave the explanation of this to the wise.

I wish now to tell some parts of an experience which a young lady friend of mine had with Mrs. P., the psychic already referred to. This young lady is remarkable for her level head, clear thought, and self-control. She and Mrs. P. had never met. A sitting was arranged, Miss S. (the young lady) writing and making the appointment under an assumed name, and giving the address of a friend instead of her own home: so anxious was she that there should be no clew to her personality. She carried a book and in it three envelopes containing three locks of hair. One of these locks was from the head of her mother, but concerning the other two she knew nothing. They had been given her by a friend to be used as a test. When Mrs. P. had become entranced, Miss S. gave her one of the envelopes containing a lock of hair. Immediately her "control" began talking about it. She told whose head it was from, gave the name, and not only this, but the names of other people connected with this one, and described their characteristics and the relations in which they stood to each other.

Meantime Miss S. was in entire ignorance as to the correctness of the statements being made. She however made a careful record of them all, and afterwards found that all which had been said was true in ever particular.

Now this case is not like the psychometric one mentioned above; for here the psychic is entranced, and it is the "control" that speaks. In the other case, it is the conscious psychic herself.

What happened in regard to this one lock of hair happened concerning them all. In each case names were given, facts referred to, persons described, and all with complete accuracy. I state the case in this brief and general way; but I have in my possession all the particular facts written out at the time.

I am now to relate the story of three most remarkable psychic experiences occurring in the life of the same person, then a girl not more than twelve years of age. The lady in whose girlhood they happened has written them out for me, and they are corroborated by witnesses who had full knowledge of the facts, so that they would constitute evidence in a court of justice.

Following the methods I have uniformly pursued so far, I will tell the stories in my own words. I do this for the sake of simplicity; but the autograph documents are in my possession.

When the first instance occurred, Miss D. was about eleven years old. She was an extremely nervous, sensitive child, afraid of the dark, always hearing strange sounds, and never willing to go up stairs to bed.

Her father was an educated man, a Harvard graduate, and at this time was teaching a class that met in one of the rooms on the second floor of the house in which they then lived. On this particular evening, just after supper, her father sent her up to this class room to remove the blower from the Franklin coal stove. This she did, and then started for the sitting-room below again. As she reached the top of the stairs, she saw what appeared to be a very tall man coming up, and he had nearly reached the top. She stepped aside to let him pass; and as she did so, she lifted her head and looked him full in the face. He looked down in her face for

a moment, spoke to her, and said, "I watch over you," and then vanished as if into the side of the wall.

He was unusually tall, over six feet, and Miss D. says she remembers his face now more distinctly than that of any other face she ever saw. She knew at once that she had seen him by virtue of some strange inner sight.

So far the "hullucination" would easily explain it all, but let us go on.

She went on downstairs, and spent the evening quietly with the family. She said nothing that night to any one of what she had seen, only all fear of the dark had gone; and when bedtime came, and they asked if some one should go with her, she answered "No." From that time forth all the old timidity had ceased. Instead of being frightened, as at a ghost, she felt cared for and guarded by a loving friend.

The next morning she went to her mother and told her what she had seen, adding, "I think the man I saw was my father's father." This grandfather had died when her father was a boy of only eleven. There was no likeness of him in the family, and her father remembered him only as being a very tall man. When her father heard her description, he said that it was, so far as he knew, a faithful likeness. The grandmother was still living, but, being a very strict Baptist, knew nothing whatever of these psychical matters; but she declared that she could not herself have given a better description of her husband than the one her granddaughter gave, from having seen this figure on the stairs. And she always believed that, for some especial reason, this visit from the unseen had been permitted.

A short time after, this same little Miss D. was seated in her father's study one evening reading a book. After a while she looked up from her book, and said, "Father, there is some one here in this room, and she wishes to speak." Her father was writing at his desk in another part of the room, facing away from her. But as she spoke, he turned, and said, "If any one wishes to speak with me, she must give her name, as I am busy." Then the little girl said, "Her name is Mary," and, waiting a moment, she added, "Mary Pickering." At once her father became greatly interested, and said, "If this is you, Mary, tell me something by which I may know that it is you." Miss D. then said (the information seemed to come to her in some inexplicable way, for she heard no words with the outer ear): "She had been in the other life many years. She was from twenty-two to twenty-five when she died. She died quite unexpectedly, after a very short illness, of a fever. She lived in B—. You met her and became acquainted with her while teaching in that town, and boarding in her father's family, before you left college. You knew her before you went to the divinity school. She has been often, often to you, and *you have known it.*"

The father had been educated for the Baptist ministry, and at this time had no faith in the possibility of spirits' returning, so far as any of the family knew. But he asked his daughter if she could describe this Mary, "She has marked peculiarities in dress and in the manner of arranging her hair." The daughter replied: "Yes, she has hair almost black, black eyes, so dark you would call them black; but as you look closer you see they are hazel. She wears this hair in *three curls* on each side of the face, and these curls reach down in such a manner that they make a frame for the face, while the rest of the hair is combed back and fastened by a comb in a twist at the back of the head. The last time you saw her she had on a cloth dress; it looks like a black wool, and is cut with a plain, full skirt, and a plain back to the body; but the front crosses one side over the other in three folds, and the sleeve has a look like a leg of mutton."

Then the father sat for a few moments in silence. But soon, taking his bunch of keys from his pocket, he unlocked a drawer in his writing-desk which his little girl had never seen opened before. From this he took a daguerrotype, and, passing it to her, he said, "This is a likeness of Mary Pickering; does she look like this?" Thereupon the little girl said, "Just like it; only what I see is a spirit."

The name of this young lady the little girl had never before heard. She did not know that such a person had ever lived; and no one in the family, except her father, knew that such a portrait was in existence; and only he knew of this episode in his past life. Yet everything that Miss D. had seen and said corresponded perfectly with the facts.

This Miss D., now of course grown up, is a personal acquaintance, and her father testifies to the strict truthfulness of all that is here written down. And this, let it be remembered, is no experience with a professional. This lady lives in the quiet of a wealthy home; has never "sat" for psychical investigation, either for money or for any other reason. Only all her life long she has been subject to these strange experiences. Also it is worth noting that she is healthy and sane, and practical to an unusual degree.

But now for one more experience of her girlhood life. Again she was seated with her father in his study. She was a great book-lover, and so his study was a favorite place with the daughter. This time it was a man she saw. So she said to her father, "There is a man here by the name of Rockwood." Her father said: "Yes, I knew a young fellow by that name once; but he has been dead for years now. Tell me where I knew him and how?" So she went on, and said, "You knew him in H., when you were attending the classical school then kept by G. R." Then she proceeded to describe the house in which he had lived and died. She told him it stood at the forks of the road, was a mile from the town; that the funeral was from the house, and not the church, as was the custom in the town at that time. She told the manner in which he had died.

Her father then said: "I do not know anything more than the fact that he died some years ago. If you can see all this," he added, "you certainly ought to be able to tell me where he is buried; and this I do not know any more than I know whether his funeral was in a church or in his own house."

In a few moments she went on, "I can go over the entire ground." Then, mentally, she went into the house, saw the body as it lay in the coffin, saw the face, and told how he looked and what he had on. Then she saw them take the coffin from the front right-hand room, and put it into the hearse, and go slowly to the cemetery, which was a mile away. She also described how the bell in the Orthodox Church tolled all the while the procession was on the way to the grave. She seemed to enter the cemetery by the middle gate. She described the lot as being on the left side of the main driveway, just before coming to the new addition to the cemetery at the farther side.

She had never been in this town in her life, and knew nothing about it. Her father knew nothing of the circumstances of the death or the funeral, or of there being any new addition to the cemetery. He however became so interested in the matter, that he asked her if she thought she could go unguided from the railway station to the cemetery, and then back to the house. She felt so sure that she could, that it was decided that a trial should be made. So one day they together visited the town. Her father kept behind, and let her go alone. As stated above, she had never before been in the town, and he had not visited it for many years; but she proceeded directly to the cemetery. When they reached the left-hand corner of the cemetery, she said, "I can go in here instead of going round to the main entrance, where the procession entered, and go straight to the grave." This she did, recognizing the place as the one she had seen mentally, and finding it as familiar as though she had known it all her life.

Now occurred a curious incident. At the grave they saw a strange gentleman neither of them had ever seen before. He was talking to the town undertaker. Seeing them come to this particular lot, he spoke to them. It turned out that he had married a sister of this Mr. Rockwood, by whose grave they were standing. After falling into conversation, Mr. D., the little girl's father, told him what had brought them there. He straightway became so interested in the matter, that he begged them to go to the old home

with him, and see if his wife confirmed the story as Miss D. had told it. He said he noticed them enter the cemetery; and though familiar with the place, he could not surely have gone more directly to the grave. They accepted the invitation, and, her father having renewed his old acquaintance with what was left of the family, they spent the night there. The sister of Mr. Rockwell remembered all the particulars of her brother's death, and confirmed all that Miss D. had said. He died in the chamber she had described; the funeral was in the house and not in the church; the bell did toll while the procession was in motion. In short, she had been correct in every detail.

This case seems to me a most remarkable one, and one not easily to be classed under any one head. She sees this Mr. Rockwood, and he tells her what she does not know. Her father knows a part of it, but by no means all. So, telepathy might help us in explanation of some of it; it does not cover all. Another part of it looks like clairvoyance; and yet clairvoyance, as ordinarily understood, sees only what is going on at the time. But here the past is resurrected; not only persons, but places and events. Let who can undertake to explain. All I will say is that it comes to me so supported by evidence, and first-hand evidence at that, that I cannot help but accept it as true.

One more case shall close this already long story of psychic experience. It occurred on a certain evening in June in the year 1890. The place is a well-known town in one of the New England States. The psychic is a clergyman who gives me the account, and it is confirmed by the autograph indorsement of the other principal man concerned. It seems to me to demand the presence and the activity of some invisible intelligence.

There were present Mr. and Mrs. B., two or three friends, and the clergyman. Conversation turned on this general subject, when Mr. B. remarked that he wished he could have a satisfactory test. The clergyman, Mr. L., thereupon felt a sudden and very powerful nervous shock. This always precedes, in his case an experience of this kind. He describes it by saying that this strange sensation commences at the cerebellum, and passes down the spinal column, and thence branching to his feet. The feeling is very like that produced by the action of an electric current applied to the base of the brain, and passed downward, especially if the surface of the skin is lightly touched by the sponge.

Immediately he saw (it was a subjective vision) the face and form of a gentleman who was a stranger to him. He bore a resemblance to Mr. B. who sat near. In this same subjective way, he saw the name of "Edward B." (I gave only the initial of the last name, though the full name is in my possession.) Then he seemed to have uttered these words: "Tell my brother that a piece of property which I once owned, and which by death fell to my heirs, and is now owned by my brother, is in danger of being lost to him. He must look after it at once, or it will pass out of his hands." The "spirit" was very urgent, and the psychic was very strangely thrilled and affected by his presence. Those in the room remarked on the changed character of the psychic's countenance, it being shining and apparently illuminated.

Mr. B. at once replied, however: "It is not possible that this can be true. I have all my tax bills on the various properties which I own in Nebraska. It is a mistake."

This Mr. B. is a cautious and careful business man; so what occurred is all the more remarkable. He was not a spiritualist, but was a candid inquirer.

In spite of the denial of Mr. B., the "spirit" was very urgent that the matter be looked up at once.

A few days later, Mr. L., the clerical psychic (he is still in the active work of the ministry, and not making a profession of this strange power), sailed for a vacation trip to Europe. He was absent several months.

On his return he met Mr. B. one day, and he said: "Oh, about that matter in Nebraska. I looked over my papers soon after you went away, and found that one of my tax bills on a certain piece

of property was missing. I felt sure I had received it. But I found that I had been mistaken. I at once wrote to my agent (in Nebraska), and requested him to send the tax bill to me. Several days elapsed beyond those required for an answer, but none came. I wrote again, and peremptorily, telling my agent that he could attend to the matter immediately, or I would transfer my business to another man. This letter brought a prompt reply. The agent wrote that, through his own oversight, the lessee had been allowed to pay the tax on the property, and had taken as security what is called a tax lien. *The payment of these taxes, and the taking of such liens for a certain length of time will, in the end, entitle the lessee to a warrant deed of the property.*"

This is Nebraska law; and many a dodge of this kind is resorted to as a means of swindling the real owner out of his property.

This seems to be a strikingly clear-cut case. At the time of this message, purporting to come from Mr. B.'s brother, no living man this side of Nebraska had any knowledge of the facts as stated. These facts proved to be correct in every particular. And here is one instance that a "spiritualist" might use in rebuttal of the common charge that the "messages" never tell anything that is of any value to anybody. In this case, certainly, a valuable piece of property was saved by the message, whatever may have been its source.

The story is authenticated in such a way as would make it good evidence in the hands of any judge, or before any jury in Christendom.

A Death-Bed Vision.

P. F. DE GOURNAY.

The widow of Marshal Serrano, the celebrated Spanish statesman and soldier, has just published a small volume of recollections in which revelations of historic interest concerning the life and death of her husband appear. Among other incidents related in "True Facts"—the title of this pious testimonial from a loving wife—is the following: After twelve long months of suffering, the marshal's end was fast approaching. His nephew, General Lopez Dominguez petitioned the King's council for permission to have Serrano buried in a church, as was the privilege awarded to other marshals. But Serrano had played too conspicuous a part in the revolutionary history of his country—he was once Regent of Spain—and King Alfonso XII would not grant the request. He was then at his castle of Prado, and, in a spirit of compromise, proposed to prolong his stay there in order that his presence in Madrid should not prevent military honors appropriate to his rank, from being rendered the marshal.

The rest shall be told in Mrs. Serrano's words:

"The sufferings of the marshal grew worse and worse every day; he could no longer rest in his bed, but remained constantly in an arm chair. One morning, at dawn, my husband, who was as paralyzed from the effects of morphine, and who could not make the slightest motion without the assistance of several persons, rose suddenly, firm and erect, and in a more sonorous voice than he had ever had in his life, cried out in the great silence of the night: 'Quick, let an ordnance officer mount horse at once and run to the Prado; the King is dead!' He fell back exhausted into his arm-chair. We all thought he was delirious and we hastened to give him a soothing potion. He fell asleep, but a few minutes later he stood up again. In a weak, almost sepulchral voice, he said: 'My uniform, my sword; the king is dead!'"

This was his last flickering spark of life. After receiving the last sacraments and the blessing of the Pope, he expired. The King died without these last consolations.

This sudden vision of the King's death coming to a dying man was true. Next day all Madrid heard with stupor of the death of Alfonso XII, who was almost alone at the Prado.

The royal remains were brought to Madrid. Owing to this fact, Serrano could not receive the homage due him. Every one knows that when the King is in his Palace of Madrid all honors are for him alone, even though he be dead, as long as his body is there. By a strange coincidence it was the order of service, approved by the King, prescribing the honors the army should render Serrano's body which served for the King. Alfonso XII had signed this order with his own hand, the date was left in blank.

Was it the King himself who appeared to Serrano? The Prado is far away; everyone slept in Madrid; no one but my husband knew of this. How did he learn the news? There is a subject for the meditations of those who believe in Spiritualism.—*The Better Way.*

Notes and Comments.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

The *Twentieth Century*, in referring to the congress of experimental psychology recently in session in London, which was participated in by some of the leading scientists of the world, says:

"Psychology, once the fad of Spiritists and believers in a supernatural world, is demonstrating itself to be the most natural of natural sciences."

No intelligent Spiritualist believes in a supernatural world, nor does any believe that there can be anything *supernatural* in any world. They believe (and Psychology teaches) that the soul is not only as natural as the body, but that it is the essential, the enduring part of the human being. Spiritualism is a science of which Psychology is a part. Psychology (soul science) furnishes evidence of the truth of the spiritual hypothesis. Scientists are beginning to recognize Spiritualism by a tardy recognition of its parts. The time will come when they will recognize it as a whole. Spiritualism is not only the "science of soul," but the science of life,—the solution of the whence, the why, and wherefore of being. In other words, it tells why we are here, and how to comport ourselves so as best to fulfill the object of existence. If there is any science greater or more nearly all-embracing than this, will the *Twentieth Century* please tell what it is?

God is one in person, possessing the three primal attributes of perpetuity; namely, the begetting principle (Father, the Lamb of God); second, the gestating principle (Mother), by which generation (production) and regeneration (reproduction) progress; and third, the principle of being born of the Divine self, and therefore of reproducing the fulness of the Godhead bodily in the Son, who, when reproduced, is Jehovah, the incarnate God, Creator of the universe, and biune parent of the sons of God—the fruit of the Tree of Life.—*Koresh (Teed)*.

The "primal attributes of perpetuity" will possibly be more readily comprehended if applied to another no less mythical character, the noted Mother Goose. Let us see:

Mother Goose is one in person, possessing the three primal attributes of perpetuity—first, the begetting principle (no gander required); second, the gestating principle (she incubates her own eggs); third, the principle of being born of the divine old goose herself (her own progenitor) and therefore of reproducing the fulness of the Goosehead bodily in her only begotten son Koresh, who, when reproduced, is the incarnate Mother Goose herself—the creator of all Goosedom, and not only the biune parent of the male progeny of Mother Goose (and therefore his own father) but he is the "glorified bridegroom" and "never-dying Savior" of various female geese, as well as the sanctified brother of the old geese of Lebanon (the Shakers) who are ready to give their all to feather the nest of the divine Koresh (Teed).

Great is humbug! and the greatest of all—the primal and overshadowing humbug of Christendom—is the assumption of a God, invisible and incomprehensible, of whom it is affirmed that after bringing himself into being, he created all that exists; that he is not only his own father and mother, but his own son, and that out of the father and the son proceeds the "holy Ghost," whom likewise no man has seen or ever can see, and that these three are one, and yet not one but three; and that the father, the son and the holy ghost (the mother is not "in it") constitute the Godhead, which no one can comprehend, yet which all must worship—human beings having been created for that special purpose, or, as it is said, "that they might eternally glorify the creator;" and the priests maintain that all who do not worship this unseen, incomprehensible being are doomed to suffer eternal torment. As no one can see, hear, or feel this "God" (who is so selfish and egotistical that he requires our worship), the priests have elected themselves as the ones to whom tribute may be paid. Costly temples are dedicated to "God," and people believe they are for his service, but the

priests know they are erected for men, not for God, because without houses of worship priests would have no excuse for demanding pay for their "services." These temples are closed six days in seven, only one day each week being claimed as holy, and of all the earth only these places are held sacred. The surrender of six-sevenths in time and nearly all the surface of the earth to the dominion of evil is undoubtedly due to the desire of priests to give wickedness headway, that they may have something to make a sham fight about. If the whole of the earth were held to be sacred, and if every hour of every day were considered a holy time, there would be no excuse for the existence of priests, therefore they would no longer be supported in idleness and luxury by their dupes the people.

The universe is governed not by the will of a god, but by law inherent in the universe itself; and some day science will prove this true. I have long considered the God idea as the curse of the world; and the more I reflect upon its evil effects, the more I am convinced that there can be no great advancement of mankind until we rid ourselves of this delusion.

An Appeal for Clemency.

[Lines respectfully Inscribed to Mr. Fred Bell.]

They'll hang me by the neck, mother! they'll hang me 'till
I'm dead!"

And fifteen hundred listened to the words the teacher said. *
With firm yet simple eloquence this tale of pathos ran—
For he was pleading fearlessly to save a fellow man!

As step by step he led us up the sombre steps of doom,
All hearts were touched, and victory seemed piercing thro' the
gloom.

The question thro' each mind rang out, "Shall John McNulty
hang?"

'Not if we can prevent it' fifteen hundred voices sang!

Shall this poor wretch be murdered, and lie in a felon's grave?
Not man should say, but only the Almighty God who gave!
'Tis thus, good men and women here are tireless in his cause,
With the reward of conscience, which alone can give applause!

Was there a doubt? Just wander thro' the records of the trial,
And say you, Is he guilty of assassination vile?

Was it premeditated? had he murder on his mind?

If we this sad case study, the reverse of such we find.

Have the Good Shepherd's Daughters been striving hard in
vain?

Will you his mother's pleadings pass by in mute disdain?

Shall superhuman effort defeated be to-day?

Shall this poor wretch be sacrificed? It is for *you* to say!

Will not the Chief Executive show clemency to him?

And save him from a murderer's fate—the gallows drear and
dim?

What was the provocation? more than mortal man could
stand—

And thus a quick reprieve of the death sentence we demand.

All credit to the workers in this bitter task of love —

They each will be rewarded by the Great Judge above!

All honor to the ladies who have nobly faced the strife

With all a Christian's faithfulness to save McNulty's life!

G. A.

Life, no doubt, is paved with enjoyments, but we must all expect times of anxiety, of suffering, and of sorrow; when these come it is an inestimable comfort to have some deep interest which will, at any rate to some extent, enable us to escape from ourselves.—Sir
John Lubbock.

Suggestive Thoughts.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I want the character of Spiritualism and Spiritualists so elevated that it will be unquestioned. I want it said of the former that it is the grandest and purest system of blended science, philosophy and religion possible for man to conceive; that Spiritualists are the most unselfish and magnanimous; the most devoted and affectionate of husbands and wives; the most kind and considerate fathers and mothers, the most devoted of patriots, with patriotism broad as the world.

Broad and deep has been the gulf between religion and morality, and a designing priesthood has ever sought to deepen and widen it, and break down the bridges adventurous thinkers might throw across. With the addition of hate, superstition becomes fanaticism and goes mad. Being finally persuaded that its dogmas are right and all others wrong, it wages unconditional war of annihilation, and propagates itself with the sword. At present the fangs which project from its gory lips cannot flesh themselves in the heterodox thinker. Its talons cannot lacerate, but the will is as strong as ever. This hog, ignorant of nature, of man and of God,—hating opposing beliefs, and trembling with fear—is subject to recurrent fits of madness. Within her influence the purest emotions of mankind gather mould from the dank and blasting atmosphere. Outside of it learning has thrived, morality increased, and government, upheld by the potency of justice gained by knowledge, has chained superstition and fanaticism, and forced them to respect human rights.

The toilers can have, at most, but little pleasure, and time for even that is denied them. Why wonder at excesses? The physical frame is exhausted by labor. Stimulants for a time restore its tone. It is as natural for the overtaxed to seek them as for the thirsty to call for water. A passing enjoyment is wrung from the soul-blasting intoxication. But draw the wreath of charity over their failings—it is all these poor, crushed souls can obtain. The fault is not so much with the individual as with society and the times.

In some countries written prayers are attached to a wheel turned by water power, and every minute of the day a prayer is presented to the sky. Who can say that the praying machine is not as efficacious as the praying parson? We change nothing by prayer but ourselves. We cannot in the least affect external nature. If a ship were freighted with a thousand saints, their united prayers would not keep her afloat were a plank torn from her side. The Divine power moves onward as heedless of our demands as a locomotive of the schoolboys' shout. If prayer gives us strength, it is well; but far better the self-reliance of the strong soul depending on no external power.

But what has Spiritualism to do with the rich and poor? It has much to do. Just ahead there is equality. The green fields of heaven are not owned or sold by title deeds. There are no mortgages there—no rents; but as the air is free here, so are all things free there. At once death shakes from poverty its dead weight, and its canker is no longer felt, nor souls crushed by what poor mortals call the justice of law.

The ideal man loves truth for its own sake, because it is truth—not from any good he expects to derive from it; loves justice because it is justice, and right because it is right.

Broad fields, fine residences, splendid equipages, bonds and bank accounts—these are the inheritances prized by the world. They are regarded as of paramount value, and to transmit such inheritances to their children, parents will become slaves to selfish avarice. Really, however, of all parents can bequeath to their children, **wealth is the least.** Of far more importance is a sound

and healthy body and a strong and vigorous mind. The sins of the parents are visited on their children and often become inheritance of most painful character. Crime, ignorance and debauchery stamp their effects into the constitution of the parents to re-appear in the children. Of this inheritance little thought is given. While the parents toil for wealth to leave as a legacy, they give less thought to the proper generation and care of their children than to the breeding of domestic animals, forgetting that the possession of wealth cannot atone for deficient moral and intellectual perceptions. The child on whom is bestowed a healthy body and an active, well-balanced mind has an inheritance of more value than the wealth of a Rothschild.

Ministers when arraigned for heresy are not sentenced nowadays to the stake, but are deposed and gibbeted in the bleak winds of public opinion. Of a recent case we ask what was the offense? Was the preacher immoral, impure, criminal, dishonest? Oh, no; he was only too honest. He had convictions, and his convictions troubled him, and he would not be silent. He believed "that the sufferings of Christ were not a satisfaction for violated law; denied the personality of the Trinity, and was unable to believe that the material body will be raised at the resurrection."

By what right do a few men, self-styling themselves "a church," impose an unchangable creed, and make eternal salvation depend thereon? It is to be noted that it is not transgression of vital moral laws, but disbelief in unessential dogmas which none pretend to understand, that calls forth the denunciation of the church tribunal. These ministerial autocrats might convince themselves that the first dogma is false by placing their hands in the flame, for they would feel thereby that there is no atonement for violated law. They have but to apply the axiom of mathematics that three units are not equivalent to one. They have but to read their Bible to receive assurance that the physical body perishes at death. The great thought-current sets past these grim doctrines of the past, and their acceptance has become a form rather than a living faith.

Berlin Heights, Ohio, Sept. '92.

A petition signed by 2,500 women teachers in the public schools of Philadelphia, Pa., was presented a few days ago, asking that their salaries be paid monthly. County Controller Thompson said that he was a strong advocate of paying these women monthly. They are the only city employees who are compelled to wait three months for their pay, the male teachers being on the monthly list; and he, the controller, was perfectly willing and able to sign the three thousand additional warrants per month.

"WITHOUT enthusiasm," said Montalembert, "your life will be a blank, and success will never attend it. Enthusiasm is the one secret of success. It blinds us to the criticisms of the world, which so often damp our very earliest efforts; it makes us alive to one single object—that which we are working at—and fills us not with the desire only, but with the resolve of doing well whatever is occupying our attention."

Miss Emily Clark, instructor in Latin at Wellesley, has been appointed principal of the ladies' department at Olivet College, Michigan. Fraulein Helena Meyer, instructor of the German department of last year, has accepted a place at the Howard Seminary, Bridgewater. Fraulein Emilie Eggers of the same department is to teach this year at Stanley Hall, Minneapolis, Minn. Miss Anna Van Vleck, instructor in mathematics, will study this year at Cambridge, England.

In an old farmhouse garret near Shamokin, Pa., a clock has stood for years unmoved. One night recently, without apparent cause, it struck seven times. On the following night at 7 o'clock a member of the family met with a sudden death.

Sixteen thousand women are now employed in the post-offices of England, besides 8,807 in the permanent staff of the department.

Letter from Leon M. Bowdoin.

STOCKTON, Aug., 1892.

My last letter to the DOVE was commenced in Santa Cruz and ended in Stockton. Now I will reverse the order, as I am about to start for that place.

We have no public meetings of Spiritualists here, and all there is of interest is what is afforded by the mediums who visit us. And when we have those who give something of the phenomena that is genuine, it should be made public.

Such was Dr. Schlessinger's visit here some time since. I called at his rooms, and as I went in, met two Italian ladies coming out. One of them said to me, "It is wonderful; my own people talked to me in Italian and told about things no one else knew of."

We have recently been favored by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Gilman of Los Angeles. She is a materializing medium and impresses one at first sight as being honest, and their acts here indicate genuineness. After one or two trial seances they ordered a wire cage made at the manufactory of Mattensen & Williamson in which to have the medium locked securely during the seances. Besides being locked, the lock was sealed and examined by a committee, and the forms came out all the same. Fifteen or twenty came out each night, and many of them gave names that were recognized. Three came to me, giving names correctly, also some messages which, owing to deafness, I couldn't understand. They all took me by the hand and led me across the room.

The part of the manifestations that does not satisfy is that it has to be so dark we cannot distinguish countenances. It is hoped that with more practice the lady will be able to stand a greater degree of light. Until this is the case, there will always be a want of satisfaction with those who pay their money.

Owing to my deafness I could not get the benefit of all that was said in the way of tests, but one gentleman who has witnessed over a hundred materialization seances in the East, and who was on the committee, said there was not a particle of doubt of genuineness.

SANTA CRUZ, Sept.

I find the mediums spoken of above gave some seances here, and most of their audience considered it genuine, though wishing for "more light." One prominent man in the society pronounced it all fraud, though giving no good reason for his belief. I find the society here prosperous and wide awake. Dr. Chamberlain is President, Mr. F. H. Parker, a pushing real estate agent, financial manager and—what looks like permanence,—their speaker, Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, has just completed a cozy little residence close to the "salt sea waves" at "Surfside" just beyond the terminus of the new electric street railroad.

It is to be regretted that more places have not a society on a basis as permanent. And one thing I wish to particularly note—I hear nothing of that inharmony that disturbs so many societies both of Spiritualists and the churches. The members of the society here can share with the speaker the credit of the perfect harmony that prevails.

The weather at Santa Cruz, which a few weeks since gave us an exhibition of fog and cold, is now just lovely. Last night we had a very novel exhibition for these parts. Over three hours there was kept up continual flashes of lightning from a number of different points, part of the time with heavy thunder, ending with a smart shower. This morning all is serene. The dust is laid; plowed ground was wet down one and a half inches. The last few days we have been viewing the natural beauties of Santa Cruz. Having done up the beaches, ocean cliffs, caves, natural bridges and breakers, Saturday we joined with some friends in a picnic at the big trees, some going by carriage road, others by narrow gauge railroad.

These trees are a great natural curiosity, more so than the great Calaveras grove, though not so large or so many in number.

There are 70 to 80 trees 10 to 20 feet in diameter. I measured "General Fremont," which is 46 feet in circumference three feet from the ground. "Jumbo" measures 45 feet, the "Giant" 60 feet at the ground. There is a cavity burnt out in most of the largest trees. "Gen. Fremont" has a room 16 feet across on the ground running up to a point 40 to 50 feet high. This is the tree the General camped in with his party during the winter of '46, '47. There are two windows that he cut through the shell of the tree, here about two feet thick, that have nearly closed up by the growth of bark, though every stroke of the axe in the wood is as plainly visible as when made 45 years ago—and the tree by the looks of the top as flourishing as though it had not a scar.

The tenacity of life with these trees is remarkable. Some stumps where trees have been cut down have sent up perfect trees a foot in diameter from their cut surface on top—and where an old patriarch of the forest has crumbled to dust, whole families have sprung up in a circle, mute witnesses that the parent tree once filled the vacant place.

The ride up the canyon of the "San Lorenzo" is through a more precipitous country than any passed over in going to the Calaveras Grove, or the Yosemite Valley. First, at the bottom we see the "San Lorenzo," winding along over its rocky bed, clear as crystal. In some places the narrow gauge clings to the mountain side nearly 1,000 feet above the river. Then nearly as far above the railroad is our carriage road from which we look down on to the track from our dizzy height, nearly perpendicularly. Both roads had to be cut into the side of the mountain their whole width to get a foothold, and the carriage road is protected by a railing for long distances to prevent the recurrence of accidents like one that happened some years since when a stage drove off the grade and killed two or three young ladies.

Now I found it all safe, though my horse never saw a hill till I left Stockton with him for this trip. There is no place where there is such a variety of scenery and attractions within such short distances as we find at Santa Cruz. One hour we can be among the big trees in the mountains and the next where the surf sends up its glittering spray continually for the edification of those who are enchanted by a marine landscape.

Not three miles out of the city up a wild canyon I passed the cabin of an Indian woman living there in her native simplicity, having made it her home there over 40 years.

The grave of her husband, who was an English sailor is on the mountain side just across the creek from her house, and she has kept his grave and memory green by diverting a little rill so that it runs around his grave.

It is easy while there amid the primitive surroundings to imagine ourselves hundreds of miles from civilization, and yet three miles from there we find electric cars and lights, and just erected a granite monument in front of the site of the old mission, commemorating the settlement of the mission by the old Fathers just a century ago. And to show still further the "truly rural" character of the city—there runs through a piece of land of mine within the city limits, where I water my horse, a brook in which little fishes are always to be seen darting around. Here for over a month we have been camped where we can see the broad Pacific and Monterey Bay on one side, and the mountains at the back of us.

One can never go about study or preachnig with success, if anything is heavy on the conscience. —Rodgers.

One element of shrewdness is to realise that the man you are dealing with may be shrewder than yourself.

No one is a large man if he does not feel that his duty is larger than himself — M' Kenzie.

There is sometimes superstition shown in avoiding superstitions, when men think to do best by receding farthest from the superstition that before prevailed. —Lord Bacon.

Original.

Angela to Her Angel Mother.

Mother, soothe your weary child,
 Summer dews are falling;
 Out upon the prairies wild
 Stranger voices calling.
 Angel mother, guard me yet,
 Life's dim paths are cold and wet,
 Love so fair proves oft a snare,
 Clouds my soul appalling.

Long and lonely are the years
 Since my mother, dying,
 Gave sweet love and tender tears
 To her children crying
 "Dearest mamma, stay with us,
 Tho' the sisters pray with us,
 Little feet in dreams will greet
 Your green bed lowly lying."

Like lost birds we took our flight
 O'er the ocean billows;
 Cheerless day and dreary night
 'Round those little pillows.
 Homeless doves without the nest,
 No sweet hymns nor mother breast,
 Oft betrayed, and sister laid
 To sleep beneath the willows.

Had you seen my happy heart
 When my love enshrined me,
 While he chose the coward's part,
 Would your arms entwined me?
 Angel mother, answer 'yes.'
 None to cheer me, none to bless;
 Dark the nights and earthly lights
 When the world maligned me.

Far from France I wander now,
 From my loved one ever,
 Could you hear his faithless vow
 That "we ne'er should sever?"
 Broken heart have I to hold,
 Drought of summer, winter's cold,
 Thus beguiled, your first-born child
 Drifts adown life's river.

Sailing swiftly, sad and lone,
 On the cruel water,
 Mother, guide your wounded one,
 Keep your orphan daughter
 Peace may yet abide with me,
 Tropic isles and summer sea,
 Vesper bells and Ave swells
 Across the golden water.

MARY BAIRD FLECH,

Clearwater, Nebraska, Aug. 3, 1892.

The Beautiful City of Old.

[Written by Eliza A. Pittsinger, with music composed by Margaret M. Hall.]

In some charming and beautiful city,
 Some wonderful city of old,
 I have lived, and I dimly remember
 Its marvelous fashion and mold—
 But through the dense matter that holds me
 Its splendors cannot be told.

A cottage arose in that city,
 Elshrouded in blossom and vine,
 And this temple of beauty was guarded
 By an Angel of Love Divine—
 She placed to my lips a chalice,
 I drank, and her kingdom was mine.

Fair mountains arose in the distance,
 And valleys were lying between,
 And bright were the fountains that mingled
 Their silvery spray with the sheen—
 Most charming and beautiful cottage!
 No other like this have I seen.

A valorous knight from the Highlands,
 In a region beyond the sea,
 Then came to that beautiful city,
 And dwelt in the cottage with me,
 And the sound of his voice was like music,
 And that music was only for me.

Though ages have passed upon ages,
 It seemeth but yesterday
 That we roamed through the forest and valley,
 And the lawns where the fountains did play;
 That we plucked the fair tulips and roses
 That were kissed by the dew and the spray.

Though ages have passed upon ages
 Since I dwelt with this valorous knight,
 Yet the charm of his eyes is upon me,
 So lustrous, and winning, and bright;
 And his hand, once so mighty in battle,
 Now sways the fair sceptre of light.

When the charm of the twilight is on me,
 And my soul is laden with peace,
 Then I think of this beautiful cottage,
 With its blossoms and vines and trees,
 While memory crowneth the spirit
 With a glory that never will cease.

When the beams of fair Hesper are brightest,
 And the valleys are flooded with light,
 Then a voice in the distance is calling,
 And a face shining out from the night
 Is the face that I saw in the cottage
 Long ago in that city so bright.

What Is My Mission.

Written by Raymonde in answer to the question of
 Dr. Schlesinger.

My mission is to sow the words of truth;
 To cultivate the hard and stony ground;
 To uproot tares wherever they are found,
 That fields may flourish and with grain abound.

To help the feeblest soul grow straight and strong;
 To lift the poorest when they burdened fall;
 To list with willingness to sorrow's call,
 And be a friend in troubled times to all.

To raise mine eyes to spirit friends beyond;
 To inspiration draw from purest sphere,
 Where thoughts of God and love are ever clear.
 This is my mission whilst I tarry here.

Alone and Helpless.

"Alone and helpless" no, not yet;
 Not yet alone while trembling hands
 Reach forth with feeble groping,
 While fettered spirits strain and fret,
 While sorrow by the wayside stands—
 The way grown sodden with her tears,
 The way grown thick with spectral fears,
 While hearts are praying for the hope of hoping.

"Alone and helpless?" No, not quite;
 Not quite alone while pale lips plead
 For words of tender kindness;
 While wanderers call from out the night;
 While dull ears listen in their need;
 While struggling ones cry out with pain;
 While tempted ones may strive in vain;
 While dim eyes seek a light to cheer their blindness.

"Alone and helpless? nay, not so;
 Not helpless while the self remains
 With citadel unshaken,
 With brave, bold front that dares the blow,
 Held high above earth's loss and gains.
 God pity when the watchfire pales!
 God pity when the courage fails!
 God save when Self is by itself deserted!

ISABEL DARLING.

My Twilight Message.

J. S.

I wandered forth at sunset
 When the weary day was done,
 For my soul was tinged with sadness
 And I longed to be alone;
 With the tender skies above me
 And the quiet earth below,
 I could watch the coming darkness
 And the fading daylight go.

As I mused upon the picture
 That around about me lay,
 I could feel a gentle presence
 And I heard a sweet voice say,
 "Life, my child, may well be likened
 To the day and night of earth,
 Half of darkness, half of daylight,
 From the very hour of birth.

"When the sunshine is the brightest
 Suddenly will storms arise,
 And the clouds of inky blackness
 Darken all the summer skies;
 Dazzling lightning, heavy thunder,
 And the fiercely beating rain,
 Fill the timid heart with wonder
 And the homeless ones with pain.

"But the tempest soon is over
 And the sweetly smiling sun,
 Like a tender wooing lover,
 Kisses now the timid one,
 Bringing faith and hope and courage
 Where was doubting, grief and fears,
 Filling fainting hearts with gladness,
 Giving peace in place of tears.

When this life seems dark, and shadows
 Hide the golden light of day,
 Loving spirits linger near you,
 Angel hands wipe tears away;
 And their gentle, loving presence
 Oft dispels the shade and gloom,
 Causing buds of hope and promise
 In your weary lives to bloom.

Then, dear one, be hopeful, trusting,
 Always looking towards the light,
 For there's just as much of daytime
 As there ever is of night;
 Stars shine brightest when 'tis darkest—
 Stars of truth will light the way
 To the world of summer sunshine
 Where is never-ending day.

To An Aged Friend.

J. S.

You may not know the hand
 Which guides your fragile bark;
 You may not see the land
 Through clouds so thick and dark;
 Yet know, dear one, you're near the shore;
 This tumult is the breakers' roar.

Fear not, though clouds of mist and spray
 Obscure the green-clad hills,
 Where golden sunbeams dance and play,
 Where murmur sparkling rills;
 There loved ones wait with outstretched hands
 To greet you on the shining sands.

Humanity looks upward,
 Its features all aglow,
 While its heart is wildly beating,
 And its soul, in deepest throes,
 Waits for the day's new dawning,
 When all the truth shall know.

The Mystery of Life.

BY MRS. J. L. YORK.

What is life? Who can tell? It is divinity diffused throughout all space—infused into every thing, both animate and inanimate, for life permeates every thing which has form or being. All is life. The air we breathe is perfumed with life; the flesh upon our bodies is impregnated with life, and as soon as the breath leaves the body it manifests itself. Whence the cause and what the purpose of life?

Herein lies the mystery. We know that life *is*. We know that nature is its mother through whose beneficent hand all things are fed. From her bounty all life is sustained. There is in nature food requisite for the support of everything; for everything is the subject of growth or change. We do not go to the Bible to find the origin of life, for it is spontaneous. Conditions are the only requisites. How life originates is now beyond the ken of mortals. Though all are familiar with the subject, none can answer the question. It is a secret which is yet locked in the storehouse of nature, wherein are hidden the mysteries which man has vainly sought to solve. But man is delving into its mysteries, and, one by one, science is bringing to light things which in the past man did not know; and who shall say that in the future the secrets of life may not be discovered?

Evolution, that wheel of progress, rolls onward and onward, carrying the mind of man with it. It is nature's order. The immature, undeveloped mind could not comprehend her grand truths, hence they were hidden until her children has advanced sufficiently to understand. Life is a school, and as generations pass they advance to higher grades of thought, and the purpose of life will be revealed to man.

The Mystery of Death.

And what is death? Who can tell? It is a word without meaning, for there is no death. There is but change. The undeveloped spirit, upon its entrance into earthly existence, is clothed with a body for the purpose of sustaining and protecting it in its probationary tour through earthly existence. The wheel of evolution carries man forward from the cradle to the grave. The spirit throws off the coarse materials required in earth life, and they return again to the elements from whence they came; but man, the spirit, still lives, and manifests itself through a material form more reneled and better fitted to his advanced condition. Upon leaving the earthly school man enters a higher class, where his surroundings enable him to advance more rapidly in the studies in which he is interested.

"Life is real; life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal."

"Death" is only a change of cars in life's journey. The train moves on freighted with higher hopes and joys. Say not that death ends all because we cannot read the purposes for which man was created. The universe is not a vast graveyard draped in black. The sun shines, and the ever revolving worlds which swing in space sing only of life.

J. L. Y.

Don't moan over your mistakes. The best of people are liable to make mistakes, and none of us are without sins. I don't like that kind of repentance that leads one to clothe themselves in sackcloth and ashes, and go whining around with the overplus of humility. If you make a mistake, instead of moaning over it, resolve not to do it again, and keep close watch over yourself. If you do any one a harm, atone for it if possible, and don't repeat the harm. Try every day to cut off some bad habit and acquire some virtue. Don't be negative. Do something, be something. I know people who never do anything bad, but they also never do anything good. Such people are namby, pamby, milk and water folks. Some wise person said, "cease to do evil, learn to do good." There's the whole thing in a nutshell. Doing good is the best way to keep from doing evil.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Resolutions

Passed by the Kansas Freethinkers' Association at their Annual Meeting at Ottawa, September 9 to 14, 1892.

Whereas—The so-called Christian Sabbath has no foundation in nature nor in the inherent needs of man, nor has it the authority which the prevailing sects called Christians claim for it, therefore:

Resolved: That its enforced observance as a holy day is in direct violation of our natural, inherent rights, and that the closing of the World's Fair on that day is not only an act of tyranny against the citizens of this Republic, but an insult to the citizens of other nations, and presents a spectacle to the civilized world inviting contempt and ridicule.

Resolved: That we indignantly protest against all religious or governmental control in the realm of thought, discussion and peaceable propaganda, as an unwarrantable interference with our liberties and a bar across the path of progress.

Whereas: It is considered a crime not to give warning when a contagious disease makes its appearance, that proper precautions may be taken to prevent its spread among the people, and,

Whereas: We consider it equally criminal not to give warning, and in language that the people can understand, when a moral disease, one which involves the physical life-center of the race, makes its appearance, and,

Whereas: Moses Harman of Topeka, Kan., editor of *Lucifer*, *The Light-Bearer*, is now undergoing sentence in Kansas State prison for having given such a warning, placing it in the hands of the people through the only channel at his command, therefore,

Resolved: That any law which tends to prevent the full and free discussion of whatever pertains to the physical and moral welfare and happiness of the people is in direct violation of our natural and inherent rights, and we earnestly urge the individual and united efforts of all lovers of Liberty to secure the abrogation of all such laws now upon our statute books and to see to it that no more such are passed.

Resolved: That the incarceration of Moses Harman demands the indignant protest of all progressive men and women as unjust, invasive, and tyrannical, as worthy of Torquemada, or the theocratic government of the dark ages.

Resolved: That in the imprisonment of a man whose integrity and personal moral worth have never been questioned by his most persistent persecutors, this while thieves, murderers and moral lepers who subscribe to and sustain the rule of the church as she acts through the state, are at liberty, we see foreshadowed, not only our own fate, but the fate of all who dare to oppose the superstitions of the past as embodied in the church of today, provided the church gains the power she seeks, which she is sure to do unless all Liberals are awake and active.

Resolved: That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to our imprisoned comrade, and that all papers friendly to the cause of human liberty be requested to publish the same.

The faculties of the orator are not exercised, indeed, as in other sciences, within certain precise and determinate limits. On the contrary, eloquence is the most comprehensive of the whole circle of arts. Thus he alone can justly be deemed an orator who knows how to employ the most persuasive arguments upon every question—who can express himself suitable to the dignity of the subject, with all the powers of grace and harmony; in a word, who can penetrate into every minute circumstance, and manage the whole train of incidents to the greatest advantage of his cause.—Pliny.

You may abuse a tragedy though you cannot write one. You may scold a carpenter who has made you a bad table, though you cannot make a table. It is not your trade to make tables.—Dr. Johnson.

Work out Your own Salvation.

One glaring evidence of deficiency in the spiritual accomplishments of the majority of so-called Spiritualists is the widely prevalent habit of halting in their own good works, to criticize or condemn the idiosyncrasies of others. It shows only too plainly that the alphabet of our philosophy has either been overlooked, or unappreciated, viz, the fitting up, and sustaining of each individual tabernacle within with those treasures of spirit that not only produce to each sincere student, charity instead of judgment, but so cleanse and upbuild and fortify oneself against the ills of mind and body that the shaft of the enemy, nor the disaster of circumstance can mar or destroy our time happiness. Are we not each day encountering fresh disappointments, or grievous burden? Do not our most precious idols suffer injury, and even demolition before our very eyes, rendering our hearts asunder through grief?

What other guide, and solace and cheer when *rightly applied*—yet given to mortals so reasonable, and tangible as the philosophy of "so-called" Modern Spiritualism? But its grand destiny can never be reached through inattention or indolence, nor through worse than wasted time, in the unjust criticism and censure of our neighbor! It can only come through the hourly conflicts with *our own* short comings—the persevering siege against *our own* selfish proclivities. The standard of spiritual excellence must be erected in our own hearts and lives, and the true helpers in invisible realms will fly to our assistance. While curious for another's moral status, our own golden opportunities for a higher unfoldment are slipping away, and trouble will overtake us all unprepared, and too feeble to combat with it. We really cannot afford to idle one hour—to depreciate the value of one moment. How much of weal or woe has been the *developement of a thought!*

O let us rise to loftiest height of man and womanhood, and thus live our angelhood, viz. the purifying and refining of our moral natures, and we will surely become sunbeams of light and warmth to those whose hearts and minds dwell in the shadows of spiritual ignorance.—*Ella Lucy Merriam.*

Mrs. Arabella Backley-Fisher, who has done much to popularize natural science, is a woman of about fifty, and has since her early youth been interested in science. She became amanuensis to Sir. Charles Lyell when she was only twenty-four years old, and held her position until his death in 1875. After this, she taught, and busied herself with literary work. She was offered the principal's chair at Girton College, but declined. Since her marriage to Dr. Fisher in 1885, she has done less scientific writing. At least one of her books has been translated into Danish and Polish.

The office of train despatcher on the New London Northern Railroad is held by Lizzie E. D. Thayer. As this is a single-track road, her position is one of great responsibility, since she controls the movements of all trains, from one end of the line to the other. Miss Thayer was for sometime assistant to the former train despatcher, and upon his resignation, pending the appointment of his successor, proved herself so thoroughly capable of doing the work of the place that the position was conferred upon her. She is at her office in New London from seven in the morning until six at night, superintending the 181 miles of track under her care. She has a man assistant, but the responsibility is all hers. During her two years of service there has been no accident for which she is to blame.

An exchange says that a lady who was looking about in a bric-a-brac shop with a view to purchasing something odd, noticed a quaint figure, the head and shoulders of which appeared above the counter.

"What is that Japanese idol over there worth?" she inquired. The salesman's reply was given in a subdued tone:

"Worth about half a million, madame; it's the proprietor."

Woman.

A STUDY FOR THE TIMES.

Another proof of the "high" estimation in which women were held, is to be found among the Fathers of the Desert, those blessed saints who were looked upon as patterns to Christendom, and whose lives were the ideals to which it aspired. These "ideals" held women in so high an estimation, that as a rule they never looked upon the face of any woman, and the greater the number of years they refrained from this contamination the more their merit, and the grander ideal did they present to their fellow worshippers. A few instances may prove of interest to the reader, and illustrate the more forcibly the blessed and purifying influence of Christianity that has placed woman in the position which she now enjoys.

"A young Roman girl made a pilgrimage from Italy to Alexandria, to look upon the face and obtain the prayers of St. Arsenius, into whose presence she forced herself. Quailing beneath his rebuffs, she flung herself at his feet, imploring him with tears to grant her only request—to remember her, and to pray for her. 'Remember you!' cried the indignant saint; 'it shall be the prayer of my life that I may forget you.' The poor girl sought consolation from the Archbishop of Alexandria, who comforted her by assuring her that, though she belonged to the sex by which demons commonly tempt saints, he doubted not the hermit would pray for her soul, though he would try to forget her face." St. Basil would speak to a woman only under dire necessity. St. John of Lycopolis for forty and eight years had not profaned his eyes by looking upon a woman. Lecky gives us some interesting accounts of these men, which go to show how high an opinion they had of women. "A monk," he says, "was once traveling with his mother—in itself a most unusual circumstance—and, having arrived at a bridgeless stream, it became necessary for him to carry her across. To her surprise he began carefully wrapping up his hands in cloths; and upon her asking the reason, he explained that he was alarmed lest he should be unfortunate enough to touch her, and thereby disturb the equilibrium of his nature. The sister of St. John of Calama loved him dearly, and earnestly implored that she might look upon his face once more before she died. On his persistent refusal, she declared that she would make a pilgrimage to him in the desert. The alarmed and perplexed saint at last wrote to her promising to visit her if she would engage to relinquish her design. He went to her in disguise, received a cup of water from her hands, and came away without being discovered. She wrote to him reproaching him with not having fulfilled his promise. He answered her that he had indeed visited her, that 'by the mercy of Jesus Christ he had not been recognized,' and that she must never see him again. The mother of St. Theodorus came armed with letters from the bishops to see her son, but he implored his abbot, St. Pachomius, to pervert him to decline the interview; and, finding all her efforts in vain, the poor woman retired into a convent, together with her daughter, who had made a similar expedition with similar results. The mother of St. Marcus persuaded his abbot to command the saint to go out to her. Placed in a dilemma between the sin of disobedience and the perils of seeing his mother, St. Marcus extricated himself by an ingenious device. He went to his mother with his face disguised and his eyes shut. The mother did not recognize her son. The son did not see his mother. The sister of St. Pior in like manner induced the abbot of that saint to command him to admit her to his presence. The command was obeyed, but St. Pior resolutely kept his eyes shut during the interview. St. Poentian and his six brothers had all deserted their mother to cultivate the perfections of an ascetic life. But ingratitude can seldom quench the love of a mother's heart, and the old woman, no"

bent by infirmities, went alone into the Egyptian desert to see once more the children she so dearly loved. She caught sight of them as they were about to leave their cell for the Church, but they immediately ran back into the cell, and, before her tottering steps could reach it, one of her sons rushed forward and closed the door in her face. She remained outside weeping bitterly. St. Poemen then coming to the door, but without opening it, said, 'why do you, who are already stricken in age, pour forth such cries and lamentations?' But she, recognizing the voice of her son, answered, "It is because I long to see you, my sons. What harm could it do you that I should see you? Am I not your mother? Did I not give you suck? I am now an old and wrinkled woman, and my heart is troubled at the sound of your voices." The saintly brothers, however, refused to open their door. They told their mother that she would see them after death; and the biographer says she at last went away contented with the prospect." And these were the ideals of Christendom! What then, could Christendom have thought of woman? She who belonged to the sex which the devil utilized—the devilish sex,—what could they think of her? Could woman be more degraded than this? Never in pagan Greece or Rome was she ever subjected to such an insult; never had she been lowered to such a depth of infamy as in Christendom; and it is this Church that to-day talks so much of having raised woman from her lowliness in Pagandom!

But this great show of sanctity was not always very genuine. It is almost an established rule that when you behold a great exhibition of piety, be sure it is generally a cloak to carry on rascality. The monks were not exempt from the rule. They were not always such chaste beings as they pretended, "St. Athanasius said that many of the bishops kept themselves even from matrimony, while monks were the fathers of children. As they grew richer, and dispensed with manual labor, they naturally became more licentious, and in time they led lawless and scandalous lives, and indulged themselves in all sorts of vices without control." Mosheim describes the monks of the West as most ignorant and profligate wretches? Hallam says that "their extreme licentiousness was sometimes hardly concealed by the cowl of sanctity." So it has been, and so it always will be. Sanctimonious hypocrisy will never entirely hide what is done under the garb of religion. One way or another it "will out."—*Modern Thought*.

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We are surrounded by the living dead,
Men whose whole lives seem purposeless and vain;
They're bubbles in the air, husks 'mid the grain,
Mere walking flesh-piles, without heart or head,
They're dead as those on whose old graves we tread,
Long years companioned with the flesh-fat worms;
To show they're men, they've nothing but the form;
They are not worth their daily meat and bread.
The marvels of creation move them not;
As well preach God into a fleshless skull.
Surrounded by the grand and beautiful,
They're cold as icy stone of mossy grot;
Their life's a dream, a festering in the sun;—
Snatched from this working earth, who'd miss them?
None!
—*Sheey*.

The Pope's Blessing.

The Pope's blessing ought be much more dreaded than his curse. I have better authority for making this statement than many may suppose, but I have only to refer to contemporary history to support me. King Bombay of Naples became the recipient of the golden cross sent by the Pope to him as a special mark of favor, and in less than two months he lost his crown and his kingdom. He bestowed his blessing on Frances Joseph, Emperor of Austria, and within a year he was defeated at Sadowa—and lost his Venetian dominions. Queen Isabella of Spain was also honored, in a similar manner, and she also within a year lost her crown and her dominions. He sent his blessing to Louis Napoleon, or rather to the Empress Eugenia, which is yet more noteworthy, as she was fond of calling the War with Germany "her war", and the fatal twelve months had not passed before Protestant Germany had put her heel upon Catholic France and Louis himself an exile in Protestant England. Mrs. General Sherman got the golden cross, but it was too much for her, and she died shortly after. The Pope cursed Germany—and Germany rose to rank as a first class power. He cursed Italy, as he cursed England under Elizabeth but Italy from being a mere cipher among the nations, became a voice, and a power in the Councils of Europe. The Pope blessed the French showman Boulanger, and three weeks after, he had fled from France and had taken refuge in Germany, and subsequently in Guernsey. Maximilian, as Emperor of Mexico, was killed soon after being blessed by the Pope, and his wife became insane soon after receiving the papal benediction at Rome. The Pope was much moved to bestow his blessing on some Sisters of Charity before they embarked in a vessel which was to take them to South America; the ship never reached her destination and every soul perished. The floating palace delayed her departure from Montevideo to Buenos Ayres, in order to receive assurance of safety in the papal blessing, the anchor was then raised, and put to sea, and two days afterwards sunk beneath the waves of ocean, I am therefore justified in saying that the Pope's blessing has wrought much more disaster than his curse ever did.—H. C. V. in *Modern Thought*.

LADIES who think of marrying ex-convicts to reform them can get points from Mrs. Chas. Callen of Oakland. That estimable lady, when Mrs. Ella Higby, became interested in the Convicts' Home of that city, and subsequently transferred that interest to ex-convict Callen, and married him to complete his reformation. The experiment does not appear to have proved a success, as Mrs Callen is now trying to recover \$5,000 that her husband appropriated as the proceeds from the sale of part of her property, and she had to seek refuge at a neighbor's to avoid an irate ex-convict spouse who was brandishing a revolver. Marriage as a reformatory institution for convicts and drunkards is decidedly a failure, whatever success it may be as an institution to be cultivated for its own sake, but this is a truth that ladies of a reformatory frame of mind have to learn by their individual hard experience.

HALF the misery of human life might be extinguished would men alleviate the general curse they lie under by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing, therefore, which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and in others, than that disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of good-nature, and is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.—Addison.

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Men whose whole lives seem purposeless and vain;
They're bubbles in the air, husks 'mid the grain,
Mere walking flesh-piles, without heart or head,
They're dead as those on whose old graves we tread,
Long years companioned with the flesh-fat worms;
To show they're men, they've nothing but the form;
They are not worth their daily meat and bread.
The marvels of creation move them not;
As well preach God into a fleshless skull.
Surrounded by the grand and beautiful,
They're cold as icy stone of mossy grot;
Their life's a dream, a festering in the sun;—
Snatched from this working earth, who'd miss them?
None!
—Sheey.

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Knowledge Better than Faith.

Christians claim that when the hour of death approaches, the only sustaining power is faith in Christ. The death-bed experience of unbelievers is described as full of horrors. On the 16th of September, Rachel Campbell, a life-long Spiritualist and reformer, passed to the higher life from her home in Grass Valley, California. She had for years been a severe sufferer from rheumatism, and death came to her at last as a happy release from physical torment. In the DOVE for August, page 249, will be found extracts from a letter in which she says: "I feel about life after death as I do about this afternoon, or tomorrow, or next week. The body will die of course, but *I* cannot die." On the 11th of September, propped up in bed, and writing on paper held against her drawn-up knees, she writes as follows to a friend who had doubts of future existence:

* * * "Last night Mrs. Lewis stood over me several hours thinking me dying, but I rallied in the morning and have had another day here. I have thought of you much to-day—have thought how different death would seem if it meant more to me than the death of the body—if there could be a doubt of continued existence. Existence is so much to me. 'Tis sublime to *be*."

The materialist tells me I have lived my life, have had my day, and that my course is finished. *This* stage of my course is finished, I see, but I do not see why the capacity for enjoyment, for loving, for seeing, hearing and understanding things spiritually has been developed within me if it has no further use. The capacity for knowing and thinking is of more worth than the little we here know, or than the result, as yet, of our thinking. It seems to be the mission of life to develop this capacity. What for?

As my body grows weaker my spiritual perception is clearer. I feel a sense of companionship with friends that have passed on. Without this sense life would be desolate. In 1870 a very dear friend—one whose presence made life worth living for me for fifteen years—"died and was buried," but to me he was never dead. I have him still. Mr. Lewis, in whose family I have lived for ten years, was very dear to me. He

had been like a brother in his kindness, and though his body was buried in March last, he himself is often with me still, and his presence is unmistakable. I know when he comes and when he goes; I sense his presence, not clairvoyantly, nor clairaudiently, but spiritually. These two friends I perceive clearer than others, though there are disembodied spirits whose acquaintance I have made by feeling their presence in this way, and the acquaintance progressed as with those in the form. I knew them better with each meeting until they came to be recognized as individuals, as one sees at once a familiar face. All this is real to me, and it may be some evidence to you; but to most it will be thought hallucination. I do not care what is thought so far as I am concerned, but from what you tell me of yourself I think you would be happier if you were more sure of the future; so I give to you my testimony hoping it may be just the one bit of evidence lacking to make up the required proof.

I do not feel any of that "joyful ecstasy" avowed by some Christians. If I meet Jesus I hope the acquaintance will be mutually agreeable, because I want (and expect) to meet pleasant people. I look for no heaven, no glory, no crown, no harp, but for a place just fitted for me. I have exhausted the physical life-power given me at my birth here, and must now move on. The moving isn't pleasant, but I presume it will be followed by a brief period of rest; then I shall find myself in a country peopled with men and women who have something to do and to *be*, and, whatever employment there may be for people there, I expect to bear a hand and do my share.

And now, my dear brother, take my blessing for all the kindness you have shown me. I will leave a card to be sent you when all is over with me here. Good-bye—*will see you later*.
Lovingly yours, RACHEL CAMPBELL.

The "card" referred to reads as follows:

THURSDAY, Sept. 15.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: This will be sent you after I am gone. A loving good-bye is all I am able to send you.
RACHEL.

To this was appended the following from Mrs. Lewis:

GRASS VALLEY, Sept. 17th.

Rachel Campbell passed away yesterday at half past five. For six hours she seemed to suffer greatly, but she may not have sensed it, as she did not recognize us or seem to hear when we spoke to her. For about two weeks she had chills and fever every other day. In her feeble state they exhausted her. She was anxious to be liberated from suffering. She was born in Hinchinbrook, Beauharnais, Canada, in 1834. When quite young she removed to St. Lawrence County, New York. Her age was 58 years, 5 months and 11 days.

The holiday Dove will contain a historical sketch of Spiritualism on the Pacific Coast; its lights and shadows, its victories and defeats; its friends and its enemies; its past and its present; and a prophetic forecast of its future. This article will be one of the most valuable contributions to the historical records of Spiritualism ever published.

Revival Insanity.

During the recent Mills' revival meetings in this city, a young woman went violently insane and commenced tearing off her clothing and screaming that she wanted a robe of white, she wanted to be an angel. It required the combined efforts of seven men to overpower her and get her out of the vast throng (it occurred at the Mechanics' Pavilion) and conveyed to the Receiving Hospital. Her husband was sent for, and in sorrow he declared that it was what he had feared would come, as his young wife had attended the revival meetings every day and he had noticed signs of mental derangement resulting therefrom.

The trouble with this lady was the fact that she *believed* what she heard preached, and as a natural sequence lost her reason. All that saves the majority of religious fanatics from a similar fate is the lack of belief in the infamous doctrines taught. No sensible, right-minded person could absolutely believe in a lake of fire and a limestone where the vast majority of the human family were to be eternally tortured and never consumed, and still retain their reason. The contemplation of such a terrible, horrible doom would unseat reason from its throne, and leave a set of gibbering idiots to run the religious business of the world and conduct its "revivals."

From the newspaper reports of the sermons of revivalist Mills, we learn that his stock in trade is a choice selection of sensational stories of deathbed scenes, most of which are of lost, unsaved, unrepentant, irreligious people, who had never "given their hearts to Jesus," and consequently were doomed to hell eternally.

And that is the kind of stuff that thousands of people flock to hear and think they are listening to a divinely inspired teacher. Why, such preaching is absolutely *wicked* and should not be allowed in the nineteenth century of civilization. It is a lie, and blasphemy against Divine Love and Wisdom. If there be a God, as our orthodox friends teach, he will not hold them guiltless who so defame and malign his goodness and tender mercy. God—means Love; and Love "worketh no ill;" but is long-suffering, patient, gentle, meek; in fact is anything, *everything* but the demon of implacable fury and wrath so graphically pictured by the religious revivalist as the God who would condemn to eternal torture countless numbers of poor, suffering, ignorant human beings, whose struggle through this life should entitle them to happiness hereafter, even if they never heard the name of Jesus, or dreamed there was a God.

Friends, Spiritualists, Freethinkers, what can we do to dispel the clouds of superstition and ignorance which have settled so darkly over us? How can we break the good news of the beautiful, immortal life the angel friends come back and tell us of, to these poor, deluded, mentally-shipwrecked souls? "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing," the glad tidings of great joy that come like healing balm to bruised and bleeding hearts, telling them of life, beautiful life, amid the fairer scenes of the eternal world, where every hope, every aspiration shall find sweet fulfillment; and feet that now stumble and grow weary shall joyfully climb the everlasting mountains of progression and unfoldment.

Oh, what a contrast between the disheartening, crushing, demoralizing doctrine of eternal punishment, and the inspiring, ennobling and elevating teachings of the angels, of a future full of promise, of sweet fruition, of endless growth and unfoldment!

We publish in this issue some of the facts brought to light through the psychical investigations of Rev. Minot J. Savage, and published in the September *Arena*. There is nothing more startling or wonderful in these reports than have come under the observation of Spiritualists hundreds of times and are the daily experience of many mediums; but coming from a man prominent in society as a scholar and thinker, they have influence and weight with some people who would not consider them for a moment if emanating from a pronounced Spiritualist.

Our Christian Congress.

The Government of the United States through its Congress has declared itself a Christian government. There can be no further controversy about that question. The Supreme Court has decided it. The condition upon which the appropriation of \$2,500,000 to the World's Fair was granted settled it. Church and State have now joined hands, and in the not distant future we can confidently expect their permanent union. The Sunday-closing condition on which the appropriation was made shows how near we stand to the critical point when the bigots shall succeed in having God in the Constitution, and the wheels of progress blocked, the liberties of people wrested from them, the horrors of religious persecution renewed, and the whole land enshrouded in the gloom and night of Dark Ages.

It is no use, apparently, to struggle against the inevitable. The liberty-loving element, the freethinkers and Spiritualists have contentedly slumbered and slept while their enemies were at their very gates, and no resistance was made to their encroachments and unlawful invasion of the people's rights and liberties. Delilah (the Church) has shorn Sampson (Uncle Sam) of his locks (strength) and he lies prone and helpless at her feet ready to enslave his children at her bidding. Her first mandate has been obeyed; and with the money wrung from his toiling, suffering, *motherless* offspring through taxation (unjust taxation of *one half* of them) he has propitiated his mistress, and secured her favor by still further defrauding the toiling ones by closing the gates of the great World's Fair on the *only* day they would be at liberty to enjoy its wonderful sights and learn its marvelous lessons.

Delilah has not only shorn Sampson, but she has toyed with, and sought the power and influence of Chicago Saloon Keepers to aid her in her damnable outrage. Of course they are agreed to the proposition; for to them, the Sunday closing movement means "many shackles of silver" from the thousands of idle curiosity-seekers who would not know what to do with themselves on Sunday and would readily fall into the thousands of man-traps all over that Christian City. That the churches would be better attended is doubtful. People can go to church any time; but a World's Fair is the one opportunity in a lifetime; and if its gates are closed the crowd will drift elsewhere, and seek amusement and enjoyment in places that would be overlooked or passed by were the greater attractions of the Fair open to them. It seems very strange that the wishes of the minority should have triumphed over the wishes of the greater majority of the people of this country; and that no redress is likely or possible.

Since Mr. Bell has been speaking for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists he has inaugurated a series of semi-monthly socials that have for their object the bringing together in a more united and harmonious condition the different spiritualistic elements in this city. The first one was held at Union Square Hall, Sept. 12th, and was a great success both in point of numbers and finances. The second, held on the 26th, was equally successful socially, although not so largely attended owing to the many other attractions on that date.

Another "Sacred Relic."

The Catholic Church is the greatest museum of ancient curiosities on the face of the earth. At least it claims to be the custodian of rare and wonderful "sacred relics." Only a few months ago the people of two continents went nearly wild over the exhibition of the "Holy Coat," which the priesthood had the cheek and audacity to tell the people belonged to Jesus, and was the veritable seamless garment worn by him nearly two thousand years ago. Then, shortly after the "coat" craze, another "relic" was exhibited which the lying priests said was a piece of bone from the arm of the *grandmother of Jesus*—the virgin Mary's mother. Many thousand fools believed it and thronged the churches where it was on parade and begged the blessed privilege of touching the box which contained the "holy bone" thinking that it possessed some great and miraculous virtue that would heal them of physical infirmities and restore them to health and holiness in the twinkling of an eye. Now another curiosity from the sacred museum at Rome, has been brought to this country and is on exhibition for the purpose of increasing the credulity of the simple, and exciting in them feelings of reverence and adoration for a myth, a fable and the greatest humbug that ever cursed the earth. This time the relic is a small piece of the veil worn by the "Holy Virgin." We are not informed as to the quality or texture of the veiling, or about the price Mary paid for it per yard, or whether it was the kind worn by the fashionable belles of those ancient days, or how the Catholic church came in possession of this delicate bit of probable lace, or why it happened that none of the more substantial and durable articles of apparel worn by Miss Mary were not preserved. None of these questions are answered by the priests, and people are allowed full scope to their imagination to settle them.

The newspapers making the announcement of the exhibition of the piece of veil do not comment adversely upon the farce. In fact, they seem to think the show a legitimate one; and yet these same newspapers would ridicule any Spiritualist or medium who claimed to possess any article brought or produced through spiritual agency, such as is frequently done at circles for physical manifestations where flowers are brought by spirit hands and spirit forms and clothing materialized. The farce two thousand years old receives far more credence and honor than the scientific demonstrations of occult power of the present age and day. People cling blindly and ignorantly to an absurd faith in the dead past, and reject with scorn and ridicule the light and knowledge of the age in which they live. The researches and investigations of the wisest minds, for centuries past, their wonderful discoveries in the realm of what has been denominated "the unknowable," are ignored by the ignorant rabble who bow in reverence and adoration before a bit of bone, or a piece of lace, or worn out coat which cratty priests with lying tongues would have them believe are relics of persons supposed to have lived two thousand years ago. The absurdity of the thing is only equalled by the gross ignorance which is required for its belief.

Transition of Dr. John R. Nickless.

The many warm friends of Dr. and Mrs. Nickless, who are well known in this State, will be surprised and grieved to learn that Dr. Nickless has finished his earth career and passed to the higher life while yet in the vigor of manhood and in the midst of successful work. When the Doctor and his wife left this city for Salt Lake he was suffering from what he thought was "La Grippe; but what upon their arrival in that city rapidly developed into pneumonia, to which the robust doctor soon succumbed, and on the 28th of August he entered the new and untried realities of the spirit world. The bereaved wife and daughter have the sympathy of a host of

friends in their bereavement; for no matter how strong the faith—how positive the knowledge of the spirit life and its blessed realities—the sorrowing one longs for the dear, tangible form, the sound of the old, sweet voice, and the clasp of the strong, true hand that never lost its tenderness or helpfulness, but was ever extended to aid and bless. We know that among the brave, strong, true-hearted souls who have gone before us, none will return more quickly to help and encourage those he left behind than will the genial, generous-souled Dr. Nickless.

William Stainton Moses, editor of *Light*, London, died on the 5th of September, aged 52 years. Mr. Moses was educated for the church, graduating at Oxford, and was ordained in 1865. Although an avowed materialist, he continued in the performance of his clerical work until 1870, when, after thorough investigation, he was convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, and severed his connection with the Church of England. He then accepted a position as teacher in a London college, retaining it until 1888, when ill health compelled him to resign. While in that position he contributed to various spiritual publications, and finally became the editor of *Light*. He founded the London Spiritualist Alliance, of which he was President at the time of his death, and did more than any other one man in England to elevate Spiritualism to the high moral and intellectual standard it now occupies in that country. He was the author, as "M. A. (Oxon)," of several volumes on Spiritualism, the most remarkable of which "Spirit Teachings," he believed to be the product of direct inspiration from the spirit world. "Spirit Identity," another excellent work, now out of print, is an attempt to prove that the claim of communicating spirits that they once lived on earth is sustained by facts. The "Higher Aspects of Spiritualism" presents the subject from a religious view. He also published several editions of "Psychography," a record of direct writing by super-normal means, describing phenomena in presence of Slade, Eglington and other mediums. A special meeting of the Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance was held September 7th, and resolutions adopted in reference to the great services rendered the cause of Spiritualism by Mr. Moses, and expressive of their high appreciation of his character.

Dr. York's Lectures.

Dr. J. L. York is giving a series of interesting free-thought lectures on Monday and Tuesday evenings of each week at the Bijou Theater. These lectures are well attended and evince the growing liberal sentiment of the masses. The live thinking people of this day and age are not satisfied to feast on the old theological rubbish that has been handed down like some Arabian Nights' tale from the past two thousand years; they want the fresh living inspirations of the advanced minds of the present progressive age when men and women *think* and *reason* instead of *believe* and *accept* without questioning the old grandmother stories more incredible and difficult to believe than any fairy story ever conceived by the most fertile imagination. Dr. York is a grand man, and a most eloquent, radical and sensible speaker.

Dove Notes.

Prof. Fred Bell has promised an interesting article for our holiday number.

Mediums and speakers should work harmoniously together, and both are necessary to the success of all public meetings, and one would be incomplete without the other.

It is poor taste for mediums to manifest a spirit of jealousy and envy toward one another. No one can do another's work in any place or niche but his own; and if they attempt to do so the result is failure.

Mrs. M. Waite has been giving grand tests at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday afternoon. Her mediumship bears the stamp of genuineness, and the cry of fraud need not alarm her, for she will come out victorious every time if she relies entirely upon the aid of her spirit friends for the information required, and not upon her own means of knowing whereof she speaks.

We will resume in our holiday number the publication of Biographical Sketches with the portraits of prominent mediums, speakers and Spiritualists generally who are identified in public work. In addition to that feature of the DOVE we expect to commence an illustrated serial which will run through several numbers. We are trying to give our readers a first-class publication, that will be worthy of preservation and reading for future reference as a history of Spiritualism on the Pacific Coast.

Prof. Bell's first social at Union Square Hall on the 12th of September was a great success in every respect. It was the inauguration of a series of social gatherings that cannot fail to be productive of good in bringing Spiritualists together in greater harmony and fraternal fellowship. It was a much needed movement, and should receive all needful aid and encouragement. These socials will be continued every two weeks.

The "Odd Fellows' Grand March" and the "Air Ship Waltz" are two of the latest compositions of Isaac Doles, Indianapolis, Ind. Both are musical gems. They comprise five pages each, sheet music size, besides illustrated title pages, not difficult in execution, but beautiful in composition, and sell at 50 cts. each. By way of introduction Mr. Doles will mail them to any address on receipt of ten cents per copy, when accompanied by this notice. Address, Isaac Doles, Indianapolis, Ind.



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Mrs. Ladd-Finnican, the well-known medium of this city, recently gave the writer a most excellent test at a public meeting on Larkin street. The test was not recognized at the time, as it referred to coming events; but in less than four days was literally fulfilled. On another occasion, some time ago the same medium gave the writer another test which also

referred to future events, and passed unrecognized at the time; but it also was soon fulfilled to the letter. This medium's communications are often of a prophetic nature, and may not be understood by the persons receiving them, but they will soon have occasion to recall the prophetic words if they come with the positive assurance and distinctness the ones above mentioned did. Mrs. Ladd, as she is more generally known, is a conscientious, reliable medium, and has hosts of friends in this city and in Portland, Oregon, where she formerly resided. Her address is 912 Laguna street, S. F.

A convention of Freethinkers was held in Chicago September 4th, to organize "The Freethought Federation of America," the object of which is to secure the entire separation of Church and State in America. The work is to be first done by using the balance of power between existing political parties. The excuse for such action is that the Church is already organized to secure amendments to the Constitution and laws so as to declare this a Christian nation, make Sunday observance obligatory in nation as well as State, sustain church schools, and otherwise infringe upon the religious liberties of citizens. The action of Congress in relation to closing the World's Fair on Sunday was the immediate cause of the movement.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 5th, Mr. Charles L. Swanson, of San Miguel, and Miss Nellie M. Johnson, of San Francisco. The ceremony was performed by Prof. Fred. Bell, at the residence of the bride's parents, in the presence of a few select friends and members of the family. An elegant breakfast was served, after which the happy couple departed on a wedding tour through Southern California.

The DOVE extends hearty congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Swanson, and acknowledges the receipt of a generous piece of bride's cake, which was distributed among a number of young people to "dream over."

Stormy Vacation Days Made Pleasant.

One can hardly expect to take even a week's vacation without one or two stormy days—and the question arises how to pass such times pleasantly. In the country or mountains where reading cannot be easily obtained, time hangs heavily. This all may be avoided if you will take the precaution to procure a package of *Waverly Magazines*. Each copy has from ten to fifteen short, clean and interesting complete stories, (none continued), Notes of Travel, Items of Interest, Jokes, etc., besides a page of Music. They are not like a book that one has to read for hours, but are entertaining for ten minutes or a day, and can be caught up at any time. We have a few odd back numbers that we will sell in bundles of twenty-five for \$1.00, postage prepaid. You cannot buy the same amount of reading in twenty-five cent novels for less than \$10.00. Send five cents for a sample, read it carefully and you will order a bundle.—*Waverly Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

The *Hanford Sentinel* says: Forty-five trays of grapes a day is the average day's picking. The women and girls hold the men and boys level, and if anything do better work; and in some parts of the country the girls have adopted the bloomer and jacket to work in—in fact, the same style of clothing the Chinamen wear, except a belt around the waist. It is certainly better to work in those dresses and easier to get around the vine.

Tests from the Rostrum.

The following tests and communications were given through the Spirit Medium, Mrs. M. Waite, under the auspices of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Sunday afternoon, September 25, 1892. An audience of fully 800 were present. Reported by G. H. Hawes for the CARRIER DOVE.

The first influence comes with a bunch of violets. It is the spirit of a gentleman who has not been long in spirit life. He is an elderly man and says: "I come to one whom I loved very dearly while I was in the body; I wish Lilly to know that I am with her. I am not related to her." This gentleman was a lawyer, and he gives the name of John McComb. (Recognized.) He says violets are his favorite flowers, and tells you to give his love to his companions who belong to the Lodge.

Ans. Yes.

He loved you most dearly. It is the first time he has been able to communicate. He says he will do for you all that spirit power will enable him to do. You are worrying about your health. He says, "Stop that everlasting stitch, stitch." Do you understand that?

Ans. Yes.

Could I have known this unless by spirit power?

Ans. No, not at all.

Another spirit comes and says, "It is the first time I have ever come back." His name is William, and he comes to his son Arthur. He says you have wondered, if spirits returned, why your father did not come. You are a printer. I am taken back in your life, up on the Sacramento River, and I find you in an old house used as a printing office, with stairs on the outside. Is that right?

Ans. Yes.

Your father says he has been with you all along; that you also have a brother in the body. There is one thing that troubles him; quit the use of tobacco and he will be happy. Did I know anything about you?

Ans. No.

The next influence is a lady who has been in spirit life some time. She says, "I come to my daughter Sarah. I know her heart is full to-day, longing and wishing that mother might say a word. I have been with you many times, but could not always accomplish what I desired. Father is also here." The father gives me the name of William, and the lady the name of Mary Hamilton. Is that correct?

Ans. Yes.

Could I have known this except through spirit power?

Ans. No.

And there is Lizzie—she is in the body.

Ans. Yes, a granddaughter.

Your father died when you were four years of age.

Ans. Yes.

I am taken away to the West Indies—were you born there?

Ans. Yes.

You have three there now that belong to you.

Ans. Yes.

One, the youngest, is breaking your heart inch by inch. Your mother says, "Have courage; we are working on him, and in a little while the obnoxious habit will be taken from him—the appetite will no longer exist." Are you inclined to asthma—to choke and smother?

Ans. Yes.

Your mother says to get an inhaler and use morning and night, and the smothered feeling will cease. She comes to the young lady, and you are a grandchild. Before a great while you will be

where I am. You are fighting against it. You often wonder if you are going back to the West Indies.

Ans. Yes.

You are not going back. There is a certain thing weighing you down; put it from your life forever, and you will be better off. Have I spoken the truth?

Ans. Yes.

A lady comes who has been some time in spirit life. She comes to a daughter who is present to-day, hoping somewhat to lift the load that is on her heart. She gives the name of Matilda Adams, and she wants Harriet to know that in a little while the family will be united.

Ans. Yes.

Are you Harriet?

Ans. Yes.

You are very anxious about a son—have you a son that is away?

Ans. Yes.

He will be here in a little while, but not to stay. He will get a position here and will then bring his family—four in all—two little ones, and the husband and wife—is that right?

Ans. Yes.

This is not very pleasant: There is one that belongs to you who will pass from the body before a great while. There is one in the body who will take your burdens; I mean your son; he will see you through life. Your mother says this is the first time she has been able to give her name. Is that right?

Ans. Yes.

She says, "God bless you; everything will come out all right." Were you ever told you would get money through a lottery?

Ans. Yes.

"You will get it," she says.

A gentleman comes who has been a long time in spirit life, and he wants to speak to Hannah, his wife. He gives the name of William.

Ans. Yes.

He says, "Hannah, I am often with you; as in the body, you are first in my thought." Could I have known that?

Ans. No.

You have been twice married. Your first husband is going to find your daughter. (The medium went from the North to the South side of the hall, took a young lady by the hand and asked her to stand up; then turning to the other lady she asked:) "Is this your daughter?"

Ans. Yes. (Great applause.)

(The medium then told the first names of the two husbands—one being William, and the other Willard, or a name that sounded much like it. The wife said they were each correct.)

Your father says that before a year passes you will have another name besides Wolf. That is right, is it not?

Ans. That is the correct name.

The next spirit is that of a lady who comes to her daughter. The first name seems hard to pronounce; it sounds like Cynthia; the last name is Glover. She wants to speak to Elmira, and she brings a spirit daughter by the name of Carrie.

(Not recognized.)

Another lady comes to her daughter. She has been some time in spirit life. She comes to Addie. She says the other mother is also with her, and she gives the name of Celia Lyman.

Ans. I recognized that; I am Addie.

She brings with her an uncle.

Ans. Yes.

The name of the second wife is Mary.

Ans. That is so.

Mary says, "I had a little of this light before I came to the spirit world, but it is even beyond my expectations." She also says she has been in spirit life scarcely a year—nine months going on ten. Correct. (Applause.)

Ans. With her comes your brother Horace, and also Hiram. Hiram is your husband, and your name is Mary.

Ans. Yes.
And I have never seen you before?

Ans. Never.
Your husband says, "My dear Mary, I am ever with you; I have tried so hard to let you know how much I love you. God bless you; you were always a good wife." Is that right?

Ans. Yes. (Applause.)

The spirit of a gentleman comes to his wife. He gives me the name of Charles Platt.

Ans. I recognize that.

Is he your husband?

Ans. Yes.

Have you his picture in your pocket?

Ans. Yes.

Could I have known that you brought your husband's picture with you?

Ans. No.

He says you are very anxious about money you lost. It was stolen by a lady you little dream of taking it. If you are not careful she will take more. It is not the first time she has done it. Is that correct?

Ans. Yes. (Applause.)

A gentleman stands here and gives me the name of Allen Wilson, and says he wants his wife to know he is here. (Recognized.) You have a son, Robert. Who is Bob? He says he is often with you. He says, "Dear wife, do keep up your courage over a certain affair—you understand it—in a little while it will come out just as you anticipate. The clouds have passed, the sun has risen; hope on." Do you understand it?

Ans. Yes.

The next influence comes from this bunch of flowers, which were sent in here. I do not know who brought them—maybe my own husband. With these flowers comes the spirit of a mother (now I know it was not my husband, for his mother is living), and she says, "Have courage a little longer. Mother is always with you, and the change you have hoped for will come soon; the road will not always be as rough as it has been. You will receive a letter from your sister, from whom you have not heard for a long time. You will be very much surprised to get it. She is still in the land of the living." Who brought these flowers?

Ans. I did.

Could I have known that you brought them?

Ans. No.

To whom did you hand them?

Ans. Mr. Schlesinger.

Is what has been told you true?

Ans. That is correct.

The next spirit is that of a lady who has been some time in spirit life, and she wants to speak to Eva. She gives me the name of Eliza Fulton.

Ans. I recognize that.

Are you Eva?

Ans. Yes.

That is your mother?

Ans. Yes.

Have you her picture about you?

Ans. Yes.

You are very much worried about something—about a deed you

think you should have in your possession. It is kept for a purpose, but you will get it; you will come out all right. She says, "Eva, do not fret; everything will be successful; at the close of the year you will receive this paper."

Ans. Yes.

It is the bringing of her picture has brought her here to-day. (Applause).

Another lady comes by the name of Elizabeth T—(last name so peculiar that it is impossible to spell correctly by sound).

Ans. I recognize it.

Are you Charlotte?

Ans. Yes.

Here is a spirit that shot himself—Bremer.

Ans. Yes.

And another who was drowned comes to you. The one who shot himself was a friend of yours. He says you are worried over a certain affair. He says, "Do not worry Charlotte; it will come out all right."

A spirit has been following me, and he stops by this lady, and says, "I want to speak to Maggie." His name is John Burns. Is your name Maggie?

Ans. Yes.

And John Burns is your brother?

Ans. Yes.

He wishes you to know he is here. You have been talking in your home a good deal about a new dress, and he was there at the time.

Ans. Yes.

The next spirit that stands here says he wants to speak to Emma, and gives me the name of Heinrich Umsen. (Not recognized.)

With this bunch of flowers come three spirits, who do not give me their names. They are speaking about a change that is soon to be made, and say, "Be cautious about this change."

Ans. I brought the flowers.

There are three in spirit who belong to you?

Ans. Yes.

Do you know anything about a change they advise you to be careful about?

Ans. Yes.

I would advise you not to make the change at all; I do not think it would be for the best.

An old lady gives me the name of Phœbe Church. Is she recognized?

Ans. I recognize it.

Is she your grandmother?

Ans. Yes.

Now I am taken over to Oakland, and I seem to be moving around over there. Are your father and mother going over to Oakland?

Ans. Yes.

A spirit stands here who says he does not know whether he will be recognized or not. His name is John Wilson.

Ans. I recognize him.

This is the first time he has been able to come for a long time. He stands right behind you now. He says you are worried about financial affairs.

Ans. Yes.

He says not to worry, for there is no need of it.

By this lady sitting here there is the spirit of her husband, and

he brings with him a lady who died from the effects of an operation for cancer.

Ans. Correct.

He says he knows that you have come so often and that it is terrible to be left alone. You are very anxious about money matters away from here, and are wondering if you will ever get it; you are so tired of waiting and getting nothing but promises. He says to wait a little longer and you will get it. Is that right?

Ans. Yes. (Applause).

A spirit father and mother comes; the name of the father is Ambrose Jeffries; he comes to Dora, and wants her to know he is here.

Ans. She is not here.

Do you know of her?

Ans. Yes.

Do you know who Ambrose Jeffries is?

Ans. Yes.

Is the name of his wife, Sarah?

Ans. Yes.

And the name of the daughter, Dora?

Ans. Yes.

Did the mother die in the hospital?

Ans. Yes.

Her trouble was "change of life;" it affected her head and made her insane. She comes to-day for the first time, to let Dora know that she has power to come back. She was not conscious when she went to spirit life. This daughter often wonders if she knew she was entering spirit life. She was perfectly conscious up to one hour; but she was delirious for a time, and they had to keep her right down.

Ans. That is so.

Is Dora away from her husband at the present time—is that right?

Ans. Yes.

She often wonders if he is going to do anything for her. You can tell her that he will not. Is that right?

Ans. Yes. (Great applause).

You are a stranger to me are you not?

Ans. Yes.

As I take up this bunch of flowers a gentleman comes and says the one who brought them is wondering whether they will take a journey or not. You will take it, but not just now. Is that right?

Ans. Yes.

You are a stranger to me also?

Ans. Yes.

Five spirits come with these flowers. Over them is a ring. There is some one in the home of the person who brought them that is soon to be wed. Do you recognize that?

Ans. No.

With those flowers comes a marriage. There is also a ring that is broken; there is a separation in one marriage, and another marriage to take place. I see everything turned upside down, as though you were moving. But you will not move until this marriage has taken place. Do you understand the broken ring?

Ans. No.

Is there somebody in connection with you that has been separated?

Ans. Yes.

Well, that is the broken ring. (Applause)

A child comes with these flowers, and says she is often in

the home. She seems to have passed out with trouble in the throat.

(Recognized.)

Here is a spirit who says he wishes to speak to Richard. He gives his name as Edward Rice.

Ans. Yes.

Are you Richard?

Ans. Yes.

And brother Tom comes.

Ans. Yes.

He says, "Dick, old boy, I am so glad to come to you to-day." Your father says that while he was in the body he knew nothing of this grand truth. He says, "How glad I am that the scales have fallen from your eyes." And now right here stands a Sister of Mercy. She says her name is Sister Mary Eloise, but in the world her name was Caroline Kelly. Is that right?

Ans. Yes.

This woman was a governess in your family—is that right?

Ans. Yes.

She comes with your father and Tom. You are worried about a little financial business, but you will make up your mind all right. Could I have known these things unless through spirit power?

Ans. No. (Great applause.)

With these white flowers tied with a white ribbon I get the sensation of choking, gasping, struggling for breath. A spirit is here who died in that condition.

Ans. Yes.

They were sick a long time, and much emaciated. This spirit tells you to be careful in regard to a certain affair you are thinking about. Do you understand it?

Ans. Yes, perfectly.

Do I know you?

Ans. No.

Have I seen you before?

Ans. No. I asked mentally for the spirit to let me know about it.

For this lady I see four children in spirit life.

Ans. Yes.

One passed out at four years of age, another lived but three days, another was born dead, and the other lived four months. These passed away in the West Indies.

Ans. No, in Australia.

As I come en rapport with you I take on a condition of craving for opium. Do you understand it?

Ans. No.

There were four children—that is all right?

Ans. Yes.

They say they are often with you, and everything is coming out all right; keep up your courage.

Two spirits come and one gives the name of Frank, the other Martha—brother and sister.

Ans. I recognize them.

Nathaniel Crum, a father, comes to his daughter, and wants you to know he is here.

Ans. I recognize him.

(As the medium was some of the time back in the audience, a portion of a few of the messages could not be heard by the reporter.)

DR. SCHLESINGER'S TESTS.

Seventieth Anniversary.

President Dodge asked for statements from ten who had had a private sitting with Dr. Schlesinger in an ante-room. Six reported the tests as satisfactory and very satisfactory. They were then invited upon the rostrum. Each said they were unacquainted with the Doctor.

Dr. Schleinger asked:

Q. Is your name Ellis?

A. Yes sir.

Q. I get the name of Ann—your mother.

A. Yes.

She comes in company with a friend of yours named Lewis Ambrose.

A. That is right.

She says, "Keep on the right track. I would speak more to you, but am not able at this time." (Applause.)

The first one that comes to you, dear little girl, is your father, and he he says, "be as good to your mamma as you have been to your father." He calls you Tillie, and he is dressed in Jewish garb.

A. Yes, sir.

He gives his name as Wolf.

A. Wolf Lovey.

And you have an uncle named Sam Barry?

A. Yes, sir.

He say "Cheer up, my blessed niece; there is a brighter hour for you." (Applause.)

Your name is Lillie Reese—is that right?

A. Rice.

The first to come is a child, a niece, and she gives the name of Rena Alice—is it Granger?

A. Yes—correct.

She says, "Auntie, won't you tell papa, Joseph Granger, I came?"

A. Yes.

A spirit gives her name as Cornelia Graham—is that right?

A. No.

Is Cornelia right?

A. Yes, but not Graham.

It is your mother?

A. Yes.

Cornelia Goodrich instead of Graham?

A. Yes, sir. (Applause.)

There is a lady present who has been a little disappointed; to her a spirit comes and gives the name of Harvey Wood, and he is her father.

A. Yes.

I feel compelled to speak for another spirit; she says to her son: "James, my child, you little comprehend the significance of your mission here to the people. Keep on as you have. I have often come to you, but you cannot hear my voice yet, or feel my spirit touch, but, my son, you shall." She gives the name of Polly York.

Recognized by Dr. J. L. York.

Spirit guidance is a true light "from within" and as a guide for the rugged highways of life it surpasses Bible, Koran, Vedas, or any so-called sacred writings. But even to this, common sense must be applied. Man's reasoning powers were not given him for mere argumentative uses, nor yet for display, but for use. *Better Way.*

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—*Franklin.*

A large party assembled at Mrs. F. A. Logan's residence in Neptune Gardens, Alameda, to celebrate her seventieth birthday, the 31st of August.

The tables were loaded with good things brought by the company, as it was designed for a basket picnic. At 12 o'clock all were seated and partook with a relish of tea, coffee and their accompaniments, with good home-made bread provided by the hostess, after which toasts were given in commendation of the many years of spiritual work of Mrs. Logan and wishes for many more birthdays while in the mortal.

Several Trance and Inspirational speakers were present, among whom were Mrs. Melissa Miller, who improvised beautiful poems. Professor Martin and Mrs. Seeley gave words of commendation. Mr. J. H. White (People's Party Lecturer and Organizer) recited a beautiful poem as a lament by the laboring class, which was responded to by Walter Hyde, Mrs. Logan's brother. Professor Martin gave beautiful words of encouragement to the hostess. Dr. Dean Clarke said he had known Mrs. Logan nearly twenty years, and it afforded him pleasure to be present and read a very appropriate original poem, which elicited much applause.

After every one of the large party had paid a tribute to Mrs. Logan, a present of the Substantial was tendered. The toast and donation were responded to by Mr. Logan, who said with all their kindly words of sympathy and encouragement, she would take a new lease on life and continue her spiritual work until the angels called her to their sphere, and then she would oft return to assist those who had assisted her so much. All repaired into her flower enwreathed hall in the Pavilion, and formed into a circle. After music by Mrs. Thompson on the organ, all joined in singing, and the entranced speakers and all encouraged Mrs. Logan to feel that she had many more years in earth form to disseminate the glorious truths of our spiritual philosophy. While the tests were being given to the circle the tables were re-set and nearly all partook of supper before the good-byes were said, and the trains and boats bore the happy company to their respective homes.

Dr T. B. Taylor and wife, Mr. Lewis and a lady came in the evening having misunderstood the time of meeting.

Their beautiful poems prepared for the occasion and kindly greetings and wishes will long be remembered by the true, tried and earnest worker, Mrs. F. A. Logan.

Miss Beresford Joy.

The many friends of Miss E. Beresford Joy will be proud and happy to learn that she is meeting with wonderful success as a singer. Miss Joy has been in Europe for several years studying for the lyric stage. She spent two years in Paris, under Mme. LaGrange, and is now singing in London where her exceptionally fine contralto voice is winning recognition from such artists as Mme. Belle Cole. Miss Joy was a soloist at the last concert of the Lyric Club, the musical authority of London, of which the following flattering notice appeared in a leading London paper:

"Miss Beresford Joy, who recently sang herself into favor with the Lyric Club, was among the artists who sang at Mme. Belle Cole's concert for the benefit of St. George's Chapel at the Hotel Metropole. Miss Joy is a young California girl, who has been a pupil of Mme. LaGrange in Paris for the last two years. She is petite and dark with a wonderful mezzo voice."

Go to Fowzer for beautiful photographs. His work is artistic and well executed, and cannot fail to prove satisfactory to the most fastidious belle who desires to look beautiful even in print. 337 Hayes St., and 1227 Market street.

It is not laws and orders that will reform us, if the men be not good and reformation commence at home.—*Baxter*

Obstinacy is ever most positive when it is most in the wrong.—*Necker*.

Two things indicate a weak mind; to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent.—*Persian Proverb*.

Example is not our warrant, but precept. Neither will it procure a man a discharge because he had a precedent in his sin. Would'st thou eat poison because another be so bold as to be thy taster? Surely his example cannot make the poison less deadly to thee that dost pledge him.—*Gurnall*

It was Garrick who first introduced footlights on the English stage, in 1765. He borrowed the practice from Italy, having just returned from a journey in that country.

The street gas-lamp, after numerous abortive experiments, established an uncertain foothold for itself in 1810, and by 1817 had become a permanent institution.

Voltaire defines a physician to be an unfortunate gentleman who is every day required to perform a miracle—viz., to reconcile health with intemperance.

Ambition it is that gives men the energy and the will to accomplish great things.—*Cole*.

Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.—*Zimmerman*.

A man who loves only himself, without regard to friendship and desert, merits the severest blame; and a man who is only susceptible of friendship without public spirit, or a regard to the community, is deficient in the most material part of virtue.—*Hume*.

Liberty is to the collective body what health is to every individual body. Without health no pleasure can be tasted by man without liberty no happiness can be enjoyed by society.—*Bolingbroke*.

Young Author.—You have read my new novel, I suppose?

Laconic Friend.—Yes.

Y. A.—What, in your judgment, ought that to bring me?

L. F.—Remorse.—*Ex*.

A subscriber wrote to a journal to make some inquiries about the next world's fair, whereupon the wicked editor replied that he was under the impression that the next world wouldn't have any fair.—*Ex*.

Enraged Contributor.—Your proof-reader made nonsense out of that article of mine this morning, sir—outrageous nonsense, sir!

Editor.—I couldn't make anything out of it at all. I'll raise that fellow's wages.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A London paper says that a young man had a younger sister by the name of Jessie who was sent to a fashionable boarding-school. When she went away he remarked that he hoped she wouldn't acquire any of the affectations so often learned in such places.

For almost a year he had no fault to find upon this score. Then came a letter signed "Jessica" instead of Jessie. He replied as follows:

Dear Sister Jessica: Your welcome letter received. Mammica and papaica are well. Aunt Maryca and Uncle Georgica started for Glasgowica yesterday. I have bought a new horse. You ought to see it. It is a beauty. Its name is Maudica.

Your affectionate brother, SAMICA."

The sister's next letter was signed Jessie.

The wife of Tolstoi is doing wonders in relieving the Russian poor. Her known character brings contributions from all quarters. Her sons and daughters cooperate.

An antiquary knows the value of every thing except time.—*La Fontaine*.

We stand in our own light wherever we go, and fight our own shadows forever.—*George Meredith*.

GRATITUDE is a short cut to sincere and lasting friendship. Some people complain that they have no friends. Have they never had a favor done them? Why every man has a score of favors done him every day of his life! Those who bear it in mind, who say a word of hearty thanks, who watch a chance to do a favor in return, never lack friends.

THE sublime rises from nobleness of thought, the magnificence of words, or harmonious and lively turn of the phrases.—*Addison*.

A HAPPY LIFE is not made up of negatives. Exemption from one thing is not possession of another.—*Landor*.

ANGER makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.

OF 430 women graduates from a single medical college in the United States, 390 are in active practice, at an average age of 27 years, with incomes varying from \$3,000 to 20,000 a year.

Mary J. Holmes, the authoress, receives annually a larger check from her publishers than the salary of many a bank president.

As the bee gathereth honey from flower to flower for the purpose of reproducing it, so may the practice of thrift gather from the various outcomes of national energy and enterprise fruit which is its legitimate dower.—*Captain Frances Pickett*.

Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day.—*John Ploughman*.

Let government be in the hands of the capable; that is the only formula; and it is as much a mistake to rule out capable women as it is to rule out capable Quakers, capable plebeians or capable men with red hair.

If principles of self-reliance and thrift were thoroughly observed by the working classes, the prosperity of the country would be wonderfully increased.—*Earl of Straffesbury*.

Prof. Fred. Bell

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